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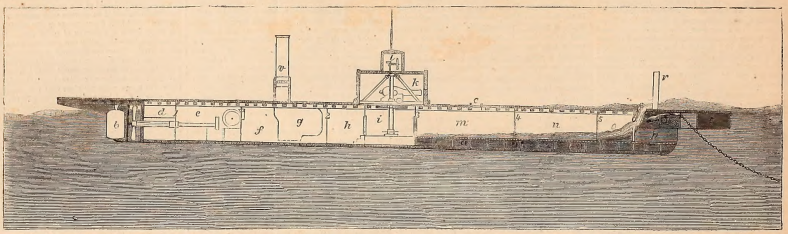


a. Overhang protecting Propeller.—*b.* Rudder.—*c, c, c.* Hatches.—*d.* Engineer's Stere-Room.—*e.* Engine-Room.—*f.* Fire-Room.—*g.* Boilers.—*h.* Coal-Bunker.—*i.* Turret-Chamber.—*k.* Turret.—*l.* Pilot-House.—*m.* Men's Quarters.—*n.* Officers' Quarters.—*o.* Captain's Cabin.—*p.* Anchor-Chamber.—*r.* Ventilator.—*s.* Anchor-Well.—*t.* Ram.—*u, u.* Lockers for Stores.—*v.* Smoke Stack.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Water-tight Bulkheads.

DIAGRAM OF MONITOR "WEEHAWKEN," SUNK IN CHARLESTON HARBOR, DECEMBER 6, 1863.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FREDERICK VII., LATE KING OF DENMARK.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CHRISTIAN IX., PRESENT KING OF DENMARK.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE WEAWEKEN."

THE Diagram on page 1, for which we are indebted to Mr. Ericsson, shows the interior of the *Weehawken*, and explains the cause of her loss, which, it will be seen, implies no want of adaptation for the purposes for which the vessel was designed. Lying at anchor in thirty feet water, during a storm, she shipped a heavy sea forward, which entered the fore-hatch, *c*, open at the time, filling the cable and anchor-rooms, *p* and *e*. She immediately began sinking by the head, the rolling of the vessel preventing this from being perceived by the officers and men, whose quarters were nearly amid-ships, and so went down before those on board were fairly aware of their danger.

THE DANISH KINGS.

ON page 1 we give portraits of FREDERICK VII., the late King of Denmark, and of his successor, CHRISTIAN IX., the present monarch. For more than four centuries the Danish kings have upon their accession assumed alternately the names of Christian and Frederick, laying aside, if necessary, their original names. Thus the late king's name was really Christian, but his father having been Christian, he took the title of Frederick. The name of the present king being Christian, he was under no necessity of making a change. On page 5 will be found a statement of the question of the Danish succession, which threatens to give rise to a European war. We here give a few points in the history of the two monarchs. Frederick VII. was born in 1808, and ascended the throne upon the death of his father in 1848. Shortly after the commencement of his reign the Schleswig-Holstein war broke out, and the conduct of the king made him at the time extremely popular in Denmark. As a ruler he appears to have been able and patriotic. His personal character, however, was unfortunate. He had been twice married and twice divorced before he became king. In 1850 he married "with the left hand" a woman who had been a governess, and opera dancer, and at last a milliner. He created her a baroness, and this affair lost him most of the popularity he had won. He died on the 15th of November. Years ago it was evident that he would leave no legitimate children, and by treaty to which the most European powers were parties, the proper heirs to the throne were passed over, and the succession vested in a remote kinsman, Prince Christian, who has now ascended the throne. The present king, who is father of the Princess of Wales and of the newly-elected King of Greece, was born in 1818. All accounts agree in representing his character to be every way admirable.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1864.

☞ HARPER'S WEEKLY and MAGAZINE will be promptly and regularly delivered without any charge in the residences of subscribers in *New York* and *Brooklyn*. Terms for either publication *Three Dollars a Year*. Both the WEEKLY and the MAGAZINE will be delivered to one address in these cities for *Five Dollars a Year*. A *Prize Page and Table of Contents* for Volume VII. can be had gratuitously from the principal News-Dealers.

PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.

THE gentlemen whose accession to political power depends upon the salvation of slavery are already casting about for available Presidential candidates. A year ago the nomination of Mr. Horatio Seymour was a foregone conclusion. But his obsequiousness to a murderous mob shamed the most shameless of his supporters. They hate Abolitionism; but a civil magistrate who calls the most reckless and brutal criminals his friends appalls them. Mr. Seymour, so long as his mouth spoke speeches merely, was to be nominated as "a Conservative statesman." But Conservative statesmanship in practical operation down the days of July was a little too repugnant to the popular common-sense. The Conservative statesman committed political suicide upon the steps of the City Hall. His alternate, if circumstances should require a military candidate, was General M'Clellan.

Poor General M'Clellan! Charles Lamb tells an ancient story of the man at table who preserved a dignified silence and solemnity which greatly impressed the company, until quet dumplings were brought in. Upon which the dignified silence was broken by the solemn exclamation, "Them's the jockeys for me!" So General M'Clellan patiently kept silence while the mob cheered for him and Jeff Davis, and while Mr. Cox, the special adviser of the Philadelphia landigham, extolled him as the hope of the future. He held his tongue while every friend of the rebel cause hurled him and every loyal man heaped on in painful doubt. But when the Pennsylvania election came, and the rebel papers prayed for the success of Woodward, and Lee moved to support his chances, and the lackeys of slavery and rebel partisans strained every nerve for Woodward, and every loyal Union man in the land knew that his election would be equivalent to a victory over the Army of the Potomac, then the late leader of that army chose to break his long silence by declaring that Woodward was the candidate for him. Poor General M'Clellan! His letter was as fatal to his political hopes as Governor Seymour's speech. And he should hold his managers to strict account, for he not only threw himself but the enemies of the Government with whom he allied himself off the track. He left them without a tolerable candidate.

The moment General M'Clellan subordinated his military conduct to his political aspirations he was doomed. A more tragical campaign than his upon the Peninsula history does not record. Not three volumes of a thousand pages each can explain away the profligate waste of the Chickahominy swamps. "Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." It was the penalty of not comprehending the war. He thought he could fight without hurting the enemy much for it would not do to exasperate one's natural political friends. He would try fighting with one hand and waving the olive branch with the other. He was a well-meaning Captain of Engineers, of no remarkable military capacity, utterly unable to the touch of political intrigue who hoped to make him their tool.

Does any body suppose that the same game can be played with General Grant? General Grant is a soldier who does not believe in olive branches but in unconditional surrender. He is a citizen who comprehends the scope of the war, and knows and frankly says that liberty, Union, and peace are henceforward inseparable. His politics are the overthrow of the rebel army in the field, and the overthrow of the rebel army that sends it there. He supports the Government and its policy. Would *he* have written a letter to help the divisions in the Union party? Would a rebel mob in New York ever couple *his* name with that of Jeff Davis? Would the friends of Vallandigham, and of peace by submission to the rebels, ever fasten upon him as Horatio Seymour for their candidate? The revolutionary Tories in Connecticut would as soon have nominated Benedict Arnold for governor as the Copperheads of to-day would wish General Grant for President. And from whom then is his support to come?

Certainly not from the friends of the Government: for hearty and unconditional as is their admiration for General Grant's military services, they have no less regard for the civil services of Mr. Lincoln. No man has more thoroughly won the confidence of the national heart as the President. It would be as soon think of removing General Grant from command of the army, because he is conquering the rebel host, as it would of setting aside Mr. Lincoln because his administration is restoring the Union. If the Presidential election took place next week, Mr. Lincoln would undoubtedly be returned by a greater majority than any President since Washington. And unless he is deserted by his great sagacity, or some blunder which shall shake the whole country, or some serious blunder is committed by the Union men in Congress, his election is as sure as the triumph of the nation over the rebellion.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

IT must make an English nobleman wince a little to answer a letter in which a man as Louis Napoleon calls the Queen "my sister;" and the fine society of London may hardly relish stealing a curious glance at Leicester Square, and wondering which of the queer figures there is next to turn up as an Emperor and King, and step from drilling with his wife-beater to embracing the Queen at Windsor. Yet the response of Earl Russell to Louis Napoleon's invitation to a European Congress is the best state paper he has written for a long time. It is clear and conclusive, and dextrously eludes the French snare.

The invitation sets forth with the assertion that the Treaty of Vienna is destroyed, as well as modified and annexed. But the Englishman extorts the concession from the French Emperor that the treaty is still technically in force, and then very strongly argues that although there are now, as always, disputed European questions, yet the only reason to suppose that they could finally be settled by a Congress. He proceeds to the chief questions in detail—shows, for instance, that what the diplomatic phrase of the day calls "material guarantees" is extract from Russia their union in a Congress can not effect. On the other hand, if the Congress demands and Russia refuses, as of course it would, what remains but immediate war for the Powers concerned or war? And how is that a peaceful solution of the question? With the great question, Earl Russell disposes of the reason that they could finally be settled by a Congress. He proceeds to the chief questions in detail—shows, for instance, that what the diplomatic phrase of the day calls "material guarantees" is not

prepared for every contingency, replied that he had already settled upon the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Barony of Bolebrook. The King immediately sat down, wrote the titles, and sent them to the Chancellor to have the business perfected. After which the gentleman, who had conducted the war which lost Great Britain her fairest colonies, retired from the royal presence a peer of the realm, and presently took his seat as Lord Sackville.

If Lord George Germain was made a viscount for such services, why might not the Mayor of London be made a baronet for his politeness to the Princess Alexandra?

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

LET nobody be deterred from reading the following extract because it is long. It is from a private letter of one of the most conspicuous of our friends in England, who has maintained our cause with a courage, ability, and fidelity which will be forever honored in this country:

"I wish you to know that although the opinions of the *Times* are the opinions of a respectable number of persons and journals, they are, nevertheless, many among or by whom the sentiments and tone of our press, and of what we said, wrote, and thought during great battles, regarded not only with regret, but with wonder and with shame.

"That the news of a dissolution of partnership between the free and the slave States would have been received with satisfaction in England was intelligible and natural. It seemed to be like the removal of a fever-patient from throwing away the worser part to live the purer with the other half. The free States, it was thought, would set forth to live to become uncompromising antagonists of slavery; would accomplish, would with energy and ambition of the globe of extent enormous to our insular ideas, and certainly, both large enough and rich enough to employ all their energies for centuries to come; would be strengthened, not weakened, by compression; and in making the slave States loose wools cast off the border of every one of the great nations which go to make up the national morale, manners, and policy. This view—and this I think was the view most generally taken at first—may have been short-sighted, but it was in conformity with all our English feelings, opinions, and habits of thought, and compatible with a sincere respect for all those feelings and the character of the United States as being property to the North, been in this light, the policy of a war for the preservation of the Union was a question fairly debatable; and if there are not among the supporters of persons who took the same view of it, I think, have been because the question involved elements known to you, but unknown to us. But then, the war having broken out, and the two parties being actually in conflict, no discussion, not commercially important, on the issue, should with the South to win, is a thing which I should have thought the most unbelievable, and which I can not now understand or explain. That having taken up a position as a minority here, that I should have persisted to support it as they have done, I see surprising; though the motives of partiality, misrepresentation, arrogance, and ignorance which has been exhibited by these gentlemen in the management of the interests in every of your affairs, must have been amusing to you—or would have been so, if the matters at issue had been less serious. I have nothing to say in excuse, and my only hope is that you will not only carry out and finish your work of asserting, you will be content with despising them. So treated, it will be well. I think, that all this pro-slavery animosity has no real mischief in it; it is only fretful, and has no power. It neither influences our government nor is to induce any national action, either administrative or popular.

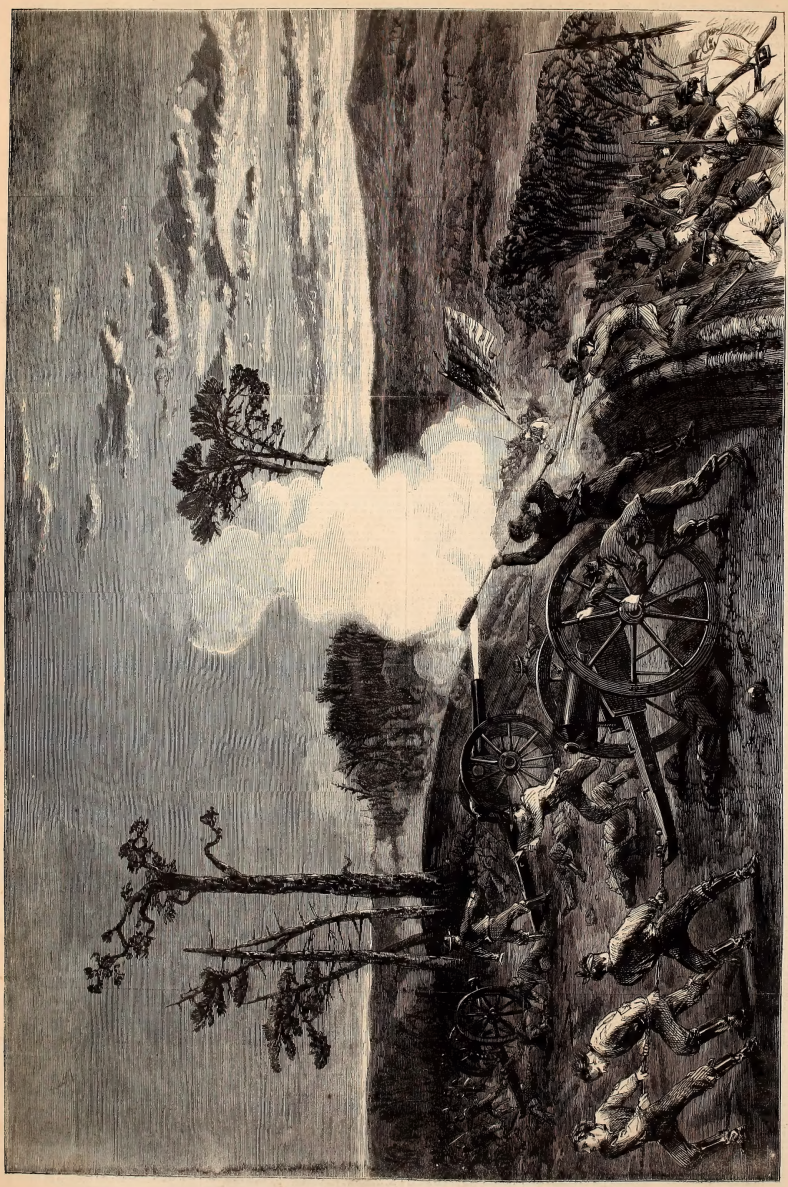
"The Government means to stand neutral, and is per haps no pressure. The laboring classes, who have suffered most, can not be persuaded to see that it is not all the slave interest on one side, and all the free interest on the other, that a war should subvert, or that it would be good for laborers to be slaves, and their sympathy has all along been with the North. So, I believe, is that of the middle class, in whose hands are the issue of elections; and if there should be a general election now, I suppose the question, 'Federal or Confederate?' I am persuaded that the Federal cause would be carried by a great majority. Emigration seems to be flowing toward the Northern States almost as much, scarcely checked at all by the war. The blunders away, but nothing happens in consequence. False prophecies and unjust criticism will be detected and disposed by the course of events, till the credit of the prophet is in danger. Then, as the Federal armies advance, and which is expected to lose the day, one or two leading articles will punish the feeble for a change of opinion. A new special correspondent (or the old one with new instructions) will introduce a new story. Everything that has been abused will be praised; every thing that has been praised will be abused, in a manner of course, but as if it had always been so. For about a week some of the readers may wonder, some laugh, some grave, some fret before a fortnight is over they will be following its lead just as cordially as they are doing now. Such seems to it judges, expecting what it foretells, believing what it the chances which are the most in accord with the interest strength are quite as touchy and chelatous on the point of honor as the fashionable classes are, and that they were never more loved to the Crown and all the belongings, and disposed friends with the government, were less disposed to let pass an affront to the nation, or not to go further to resent or to compel reparation. My queries taken up by the Government in visitation of its dignity and dignities of England would at this moment be supported enthusiastically by people of all classes; and again, while thing is will be of the most current should agitation between you and us. That we should have passed a century since, numerous instead of friends, is probably the greatest misfortune that has happened to the world. Since then, considering how much of good would have come to both through a more cordial understanding of each other, and to a larger degree the future of humanity depends upon our several characters and principles than on him. I had hoped that the remains of the hostile spirit was rapidly disappearing on both sides. I do not think it a mistake to say that the remnants of the Times for the sentiments of the English people may not lead to any revival of it."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*December* 16. By Mr. Wade, memorials from ladies for law emancipating all persons of African descent.

—By Mr. Saulsbury, memorial from clergymen asking to be exempted from draft; the Senator said that clergymen who attended to their spiritual duties should be exempt, but that political persons should be placed in the front ranks and made to fight till the war was over.—By Mr. Wilson, memorial from officers of colored regiments, asking for the same pay and bounty as given to other troops.—By Mr. Wade, reported back joint resolution of thanks to General Grant and his army, recommending its adoption.—Also, by Mr. Lane of Kansas, resolution of inquiry into the expediency of the Kansas prisoners in Texas being there has been seen seven Kansas prisoners in town, among others not treated, and that it was treated they were to be put to death; adopted.—By Mr. Hale, bill amending enrollment act.—Mr. Wilson reported back, with amendments, bill repealing back pay and bounty.—By Mr. Sumner, bill to satisfy claims of American citizens by reason of French spoliations.—*December* 17. Mr. Hale rose to a question of order. It had been charged that he had been guilty of bribery in accepting fees for defending a claimant before the War Department with offenses. The Senator explained the circumstances. He was employed as counsel and counsel of Mr. Bliss, Superintendent of the Armory Square Hospital. The result of the trial was that the accused was acquitted, and recommended to be restored to his place. Subsequently he was employed as counsel and agent for Mr. Hunt, with an offer of $5000 as a retaining fee; after consultation with his friends, he accepted the employment.—By unanimous consent, the following resolution was introduced by Mr. Hale: Resolved, That the Secretary of the Navy be requested to inform the Senate whether he has given orders to cease all contract investments with the rebel States or in States not under the control of the United States; if so, by what authority of law he has done so.—By Mr. Sumner, bill to confiscate the property of persons who have been engaged in the rebellion, and to provide for the liberation of their slaves.—By Mr. Wade, bill to amend the act to suppress insurrection, and to punish treason and rebellion, so as to confiscate the property of persons engaged in the rebellion, and to free their slaves.—By Mr. Sumner, bill to repeal the fugitive slave law, and all acts and parts of acts for the rendition of fugitives from service or labor



THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.—GENERAL BAIRD'S DIVISION CAPTURING THE REBEL GUNS ON THE LEFT OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

1. Albert's System.—2. Petin's System.—3. Henin's System.—4. Helle's System.—5. Julien and Samon's System.—6. Jarot's System.—7. Teisel's System.—8. Moreau-Seguin's "Captive Balloon."—9. Nadar's System.

DIFFERENT SYSTEMS OF SAILING IN THE AIR.—[SEE PAGE 11.]

THE TWO GENERALS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE WAR.

NEAR to the little State capital of Frankfort, Kentucky, there lived at Christmas-time of 1860, an old man, Major Breckenridge by name, whose life had been marked by many circumstances which had made him well known throughout Kentucky. He had sat for nearly thirty years in the Congress of the United States, representing his own State sometimes as Senator, and sometimes in the lower House. Once he had called a major he was by profession a lawyer, and as such had lived successfully. Time had been when friends had thought it probable that his might fill the President's chair; but his name had been too much and too long in men's mouths for that.

Upon the whole he had been a good man, serving his country as best he know how, and adhering honestly to his own political convictions. He had never been a slave-owner, but had voted in the Congress of his own State for the abolition of slavery in Kentucky. He had been a passionate man, and had lived not without the stain of blood on his hands, for duels had been familiar to him. But he had lived in a time and in a country in which it had been hardly possible for a leading public man not to be familiar with a pistol. He had been known as one whom no man could attack with impunity; but he had also been known as one who would not willingly attack any one. Now at the time of which I am writing he was old—almost on the shelf—past his duelings and his strong short invectives on the floors of Congress; but he was a man whom no one could tame, and still he was ever talking, thinking, and planning for the political well-being of his State.

In person he was full, still upright, stiff and almost ungainly in his gait, with eager gray eyes which the waters of age could not dim, with short, thick, grizzled hair which age had hardly thinned, but which ever looked rough and uncombed, with large hands, which he stretched out with extended fingers when he was vehemently; and of the life

self that a marriage between Ada and his brother must, if it were practicable, be ruinous to both of them. If this were so, would not it be better for all parties that there should be another arrangement made? North and South were as far divided now as the two poles. All Ada's hopes and feelings were with the North. Could he allow her to be taken as a bride among perishing slaves and ruined whites?

But when the moment for his sudden departure came he knew that it would be better that he should go without seeing her. His brother Cecil had made his way to her through cold, and wet, and hunger, and through infinite perils of a kind never even than these. He trust now would be full of softness toward him. So Frank Reckenthorpe left the house without seeing any one but his servant.

Of course General Tom was a hero in the house for the few days that he remained there, and of course the step he had taken was looked on as a strength for him the affection of the girl whom he had come to see.

Ada Carrier and her aunt were passionately Northern, while the feelings of the old man had gradually turned themselves to the direction in the nation to which he seemed to belong. They were just the matter on which they were all thinking—the subject which filled their minds morning, noon, and night—and banished from their lips because it could not be discussed without the bitterness of hostility. But, nevertheless, there was no word of bitterness between Tom Reckenthorpe and his sister. While these few short days lasted it was all love. Where is the woman whom one touch of romance will not soften, though she be ever so impervious to argument? Tom could sit up stairs with his mother and his betrothed, and tell them stories of the gallantry of the South, while the offices women were making, and of the deeds men were doing, and they would listen and smile and caress his hand, and all for a while seemed to be sunshine; while the old Major did not dare to speak before them of his Southern hopes. But down in the *parlor*, during the two or three long nights that the General Tom passed in Frankfort, open secession was discussed between the two men. The old man now had given way altogether. The Yankees, he said, were too bitter for him. "I wish I had died first; that is all," he said. "I wish I had died first. Life is wretched to a man who can not bear to live." His son tried to comfort him, saying that secession would certainly be accomplished in twelve months, and that every Slave State would certainly be included in the Southern Confederacy. But the Major shook his head. "Nothing good can come in my time," he said; "not in my time—not in my time."

In the middle of the fourth night General Tom took his departure. An old slave arrived with his horse a little before midnight, and he started on his journey. "Whatever turns up, Ada," he said, "you will be true to me."

"I will, though you are a rebel, all the same for that."

"So was Washington."

"Washington made a nation; you are destroying one."

"We are making another, dear; that's all. But I won't talk seceds to you out here in the cold. Go in, and be good to my father; and remember this, Ada, I'll be here again next Christmas-eve, if I'm alive."

So he went, and made his journey back to his own camp in safety. He slept at a friend's house during the following day, and on the next night he again made his way through the Northern lines back into Virginia.

After that came a year of fighting, and General Tom Reckenthorpe remained during that time in Virginia, and was attached to that corps of General Lee's army which was commanded by Stonewall Jackson. It was not probable, therefore, that he would be left without active employment. During the whole year he was fighting, assisting in the wonderful raids that were made by that man whose fame was soon to be Confederate throughout the Valley of Vicksburg or of New Orleans. And General Tom gained for himself mark, name, and glory—but it was the glory of a soldier rather than of a general. No one looked upon him as the future commander of an army; but men said that if there was a rapid attack to be stricken, under orders from one unforethoughtful head, General Tom was the hand to strike it. Thus he went on making wonderful rides by night, upsetting like a warrior ghost loaded, over prior ghosts in some quiet valley of the Federals, seizing supplies and cutting off cattle, till his name came to be great in the State of Virginia as that Ada Forster, Yankee though she was, was proud of her rebel lover.

And Frank Reckenthorpe, the other general, made progress also, though it was progress of a different kind. Men did not talk of him so much as they did of Tom; but the War Office at Washington knew that he was useful—and used him. He remained for a long time attached to the Western army, having been removed from Kentucky to St. Louis, in Missouri, and was there when his brother last heard of him. "I am fighting day and night," he once said to one who was with him during his own State, "and, as far as I can learn, Frank is writing day and night. Upon my word, I think that I have the best of it."

It was but a couple of days after this, the time then being about the latter end of September, that he found himself on horseback at the head of three regiments of cavalry near the foot of one of those valleys which lead up into the Blue Mountain ridge of Virginia. He was about six miles in front of Jackson's army, and had pushed forward with the view of intercepting certain Federal supplies which he and others had hoped might be within his reach. He had expected that there would be fighting, but he had hardly expected so much fighting as was that day in his way. He got no supplies. Indeed, he got nothing but blows, and though on that day the Confederates would not admit that they had been worsted, neither could they claim to have done more than hold their own. But General Tom's fighting was in that day brought to an end.

It must be understood that there was no great battle fought on this occasion. General Reckenthorpe, with about 1500 troopers, had found himself suddenly compelled to attack about double that number of Federal infantry. He did so once, and then a second time, but on each occasion without breaking the lines to which he was opposed; and toward the close of the day he found himself unhorsed, but still unwounded, with no weapon in his hand but his pistol, immediately surrounded by about a dozen of his own soldiers. After the advance of the body of his troops as to make it almost impossible that he should find his way back to them, he had made cleared away and had again looked about him, he saw that he was close to an uneven, irregular line of Federal soldiers. But there was still a chance, and he had turned for a moment his pistol ready for use in his hand, when he found himself confronted by a Federal officer. The pistol was already raised, and his finger was on the trigger, when he saw that the man before him was his brother.

"Your time has come," said Frank, standing his ground very calmly. He was quite unarmed, and had been separated from his men and ridden over; but hitherto he had not been hurt.

"Frank!" said Tom, dropping his pistol-arm, "is that you?"

"And you are not going to do it, then?" said Frank.

"Do what?" said Tom, whose calmness was altogether gone. But he had seen at once that threat as soon as it had been uttered, and did not even know to what his brother was alluding.

But Tom Reckenthorpe, in the confusion at meeting his brother, had lost whatever chance there remained to him of escaping. He stood for a moment or two, looking at his brother in amazement, at the coincidence which had brought them together, before he turned to run. Then it was too late. In the hurry and scurry of the fight no one of his own men had left him, and he saw that a rush of Federal soldiers was coming up around him. Nevertheless he could not yet start for life. "Give me a chance, Frank," he said, and prepared to run. But as he went—or rather, before he had left the ground—he took aim at his brother with his pistol—at shot struck him, and he was disabled. In a minute he was as though he were stunned; then he smiled feebly, and fell upon the field of his own.

"It's all up, Frank," he said, "and you are in at the death."

Frank Reckenthorpe was soon kneeling beside his brother amidst a crowd of his own men. "Spurrell," he said, to a young officer who was close to him, "it is a terrible thing to say it, but I've killed Tom?" said Spurrell. "Not dangerously, I hope?"

By this time the wounded man had been able, as it were, to feel himself and to ascertain the amount of the damage done him. "It's my right leg," he said; "just on the knee. If you'll believe me, Frank, I thought it was my heart at first. I don't think much of the wound, but I suppose you won't let me go."

Of course they wouldn't let him go, and, indeed, if they had been minded so to do, he could not have gone. The wound was not fatal, as he had at first thought; but neither was it a matter little consequence as he afterward asserted. His fighting was over, unless he could fight with a leg amputated between the knee and thigh.

Before nightfall General Tom found himself in his brother's quarters, a prisoner on parole, with his leg all but amputated, and his fate decided. The first day after that saw the leg amputated. For three days the two brothers remained together, and after that the elder was sent to Washington as a prisoner, there to wait his chance of exchange. At all the interviews between the two brothers were cold, guarded, and uncomfortable; but after a while it became more kindly than it had been for many a day. If Washington were cold or selfish, its nature, we may be sure, was such as to be the opposite of that made it. Tom was ready enough to forget all personal animosity as soon as his brother would forget self be willing to do so; though he was willing enough also to quarrel—to quarrel bitterly as ever did Frank during the days of his anger. But the threat of the pistol, it had passed away from Tom Reckenthorpe, as all his angry words passed from him. It was forgiven as soon as it was spoken, that he had not wished to kill his brother, but that such a deed was impossible to him. The threat had been like a flash of lightning, terrible, which caused by passion as its rendiest weapon when passion is impotent. But with Frank Reckenthorpe words existed that had been spoken in anger. The threat had rankled in his bosom from the time of its utterance to that moment, when a strange coincidence had given the opportunity for its accomplishing it. The remembrance of it was then strong upon him, and he had expected that his brother would have borne a scar on his wood. But his brother had spared him; and now, slowly, by degrees, he began to remember that also.

"What can we do for you?" he said, as he sat one day by his brother's bed before the removal of the prisoner to Alexandria.

"Plan," said Tom. "How should a poor fellow like me have plans? To eat bread and water in prison at Alexandria, I suppose."

"There'll be let you up to Washington on your parole, I should think. Of course I can say a word for you."

"Oh, will, then, do say it. I'd have done as much for you, though I don't like your Yankee politics."

"Never mind my politics now, Tom."

"I never did mind them. But at any rate, you see I can't run away."

It should have been mentioned a little way back in this story that the poor old Major had been gathered to his fathers during the past year. As he had said himself, it would be better for him that he should die. He had lived to see the glory of his country, and had gloried in it. If further glory or even further gain were to come out of this terrible war—even great gains to men and nations do come from contests which are very terrible while they last—he at least would not live to see it. So when he was left by his sons, he turned his face to the wall and died.

"I suppose you will get home?" said Frank, after musing a while, "and look after my mother and Ada?"

"If I can I shall, of course. What else can I do with one leg?"

"Nothing in this war, Tom, of course." Then there was another pause between them. "And what will Ada do?" said Frank.

"What will Ada do? Stay at home with my mother."

"Ah, yes. But she will not remain always as Ada Forster."

"Do you mean to ask whether I shall marry her; because of my one leg? If she will have me, I certainly shall."

"And will she? Ought you to ask her?"

"If I found her seamed all over with small-pox, with her hair burned off, disfigured by any misfortune which could have visited her, I would take her as my wife all the same. If she were penniless it would make no difference. She shall judge for herself; but I shall expect her to act by me as I would have acted by her." Then there was another pause. "I look here, Frank," continued General Tom; "if you mean that I am to give her up as a reward to you for being sent home, I will have nothing to do with the bargain."

"I had intended no such bargain," said Frank, gloomily.

"Very well; then you can do as you please. If Ada will take me, I shall marry her as soon as she will let me. If my being sent home depends upon that, you will keep me here now."

Nevertheless he was sent home. There was not another word spoken between the two brothers about Ada till Frank Forster lay dying, and then he might still have a chance through want of firmness on the part of the girl; or whether he considered that it was his duty to make up to her what his own had left him, and he saw that a rush of Federal soldiers was coming up around him. Nevertheless he could not start for life. "Give me a chance, Frank," he said, and prepared to run. But as he went—or rather, before he had left the ground—he took aim at his brother with his pistol—a shot struck him, and he was disabled. In a minute he was as though he were stunned; then he smiled feebly, and fell upon the field of his own.

"It's all up, Frank," he said, "and you are in at the death."

Frank Reckenthorpe was soon kneeling beside his brother amidst a crowd of his own men. "Spurrell," he said, to a young officer who was close to him, "it is a terrible thing to say it, but I've killed Tom?" said Spurrell. "Not dangerously, I hope?"

By this time the wounded man had been able, as it were, to feel himself and to ascertain the amount of the damage done him. "It's my right leg," he said; "just on the knee. If you'll believe me, Frank, I thought it was my heart at first. I don't think much of the wound, but I suppose you won't let me go."

Of course they wouldn't let him go, and, indeed, if they had been minded so to do, he could not have gone. The wound was not fatal, as he had at first thought; but neither was it a matter little consequence as he afterward asserted. His fighting was over, unless he could fight with a leg amputated between the knee and thigh.

Before nightfall General Tom found himself in his brother's quarters, a prisoner on parole, with his leg all but amputated, and his fate decided. The first day after that saw the leg amputated. For three days the two brothers remained together, and after that the elder was sent to Washington as a prisoner, there to wait his chance of exchange. At all the interviews between the two brothers were cold, guarded, and uncomfortable; but after a while it became more kindly than it had been for many a day. If Washington were cold or selfish, its nature, we may be sure, was such as to be the opposite of that made it. Tom was ready enough to forget all personal animosity as soon as his brother would forget self be willing to do so; though he was willing enough also to quarrel—to quarrel bitterly as ever did Frank during the days of his anger. But the threat of the pistol, it had passed away from Tom Reckenthorpe, as all his angry words passed from him. It was forgiven as soon as it was spoken, that he had not wished to kill his brother, but that such a deed was impossible to him. The threat had been like a flash of lightning, terrible, which caused by passion as its readiest weapon when passion is impotent. But with Frank Reckenthorpe words existed that had been spoken in anger. The threat had rankled in his bosom from the time of its utterance to that moment, when a strange coincidence had given the opportunity for its accomplishing it. The remembrance of it was then strong upon him, and he had expected that his brother would have borne a scar on his wood. But his brother had spared him; and now, slowly, by degrees, he began to remember that also.

"What can we do for you?" he said, as he sat one day by his brother's bed before the removal of the prisoner to Alexandria.

"Plan," said Tom. "How should a poor fellow like me have plans? To eat bread and water in prison at Alexandria, I suppose."

"There'll be let you up to Washington on your parole, I should think. Of course I can say a word for you."

"Oh, will, then, do say it. I'd have done as much for you, though I don't like your Yankee politics."

"Never mind my politics now, Tom."

"I never did mind them. But at any rate, you see I can't run away."

It should have been mentioned a little way back in this story that the poor old Major had been gathered to his fathers during the past year. As he had said himself, it would be better for him that he should die. He had lived to see the glory of his country, and had gloried in it. If further glory or even further gain were to come out of this terrible war—even great gains to men and nations do come from contests which are very terrible while they last—he at least would not live to see it. So when

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—One evenin', as I was a sittin' by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the sticking point, I, "Hetty, if a fellur was to ask you to marry him what would you say?" Then she laughed, and says, "That would depend on who asked me." Then says I, "Suppose it was Ned Willis?" Says she, "I'd tell Ned no, but not you." That kinder staggered me; but I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so says I again, "Suppose it was me?" And then she went and her pet up her lip, and says she, "I don't take no supposes." Well now, you see there was nothin' left for me but to push the gun off. So bang it went. Says I, "Let, Hetty, it's me. Well, she said Smith, she'd be quite a sight more willin' to be able to tell ye, for Junet and I are just tryin' to settle that point."

Poets, sitting at table next to a gentleman who had helped himself to a very large piece of bread, took it up, intending to cut off a slice. "I beg your pardon, gentleman, "that is my bread." "I beg a thousand pardons, sir," replied Poet, "I quoted I took it for the first."

WE THINK THEY MAY.—May not "sweet children" of Hebrew parentage be appropriately called little *Jew-bobs*?

SWEET BREAD.—Loaf sugar.

A young Cambridge student once contended with Johnson, whom he met at Boswell's, that genuine poetry and good sense could not be combined in one piece. "I replied the Doctor; "a man may like brandy in his tea, though he can see in his bason." The student was then silenced and what she thought of Dr. Johnson. "I think," said he, "that he is the great bear of conversation—his diction is all contradiction."

OH!—May a large fee given to a physician be looked upon as a medical fund?

One of the fair daughters of Northampton was recently giving a little party at which a lady from Ireland, a fine Irishman, who was passing by, rushed in with a look of astonishment, and exclaimed, "Sure, and I thought some one was being murthered!"

A TOUGH QUESTION AND A LUCID ANSWER.

Question. If your mother's mother was my mother's sister, what relation would your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew be to my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law?

Answer. As your mother's mother is to my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law, so is your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew. Divide your mother by my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law, and multiply my mother's sister's aunt by your great-grandfather's uncle's nephew's aunt's sister-in-law's cousin's aunt's sister—and you will have the answer—it is simple.

The *Baptist Chronicle* says: At an examination of girls for the rite of confirmation, in the Episcopal Church, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" the reply of a bright little damsel was, "Wet, sir; very wet, Sir!"

"WOMEN ARE GENTLEMAN SHIP A LADY!"—Certainly not; he would endeavor to *persuade* her.

A GHOST WE SHOULD LIKE EXCEEDINGLY TO SEE.—The Ghost of Crinoline.

KANSAS CITY is a gay place, and they have queer speakers at times in public meetings. The *Journal*, which we read the following from the *Journal*, about a woman of Wyandotte who was recently before the Provost Marshal: "She gave as an evidence of her loyalty that her husband had been killed in the Sixth Missouri and Sixth Illinois Regiment. 'When did your husband go to Illinois?' asked the Provost. 'He never went to Illinois the war, was it not?' 'Yes.' 'Why did you not go with him?' 'Well, I didn't like to go off so far with a man I wasn't much acquainted with.' 'You don't mean to say that your husband was so much of a coward that he would not like to go with him?' 'Yes, I do. I had only been married to him a few months when he went away to leave my folks and go off to Illinois with a man I didn't know more about.'" What could he do but discharge her?

A thief having stolen a cup from a tavern was pursued and a good mob was raised to apprehend him. A bystander was asked what was the matter. "Nothing," was the reply; "only a poor fellow has taken a cup too much."

A ONE-HORSE PEELER.—Why is Big Ben an hour after Big Bill like a whole regiment? Because he leaves.

A POST-TYPHOID CREATURE.—A stubborn cab.

The principal of a public school has been sending circulars to the parents, with a view to a written authority to "inflict such punishment, corporal or otherwise," as may in his judgment be proper. Some fellow has written to return that one of the priests, at least, was pleased with the plan. "Dear Sir,—Paying the bills for the boys is all I require, I hopes, as to my son John, you will flog him jus as often as you like, for he is a broth of a boy, but he has been in the habit of teaching him myself, it seems to me he will learn him nothink—its spoilin a illyshuble strugerly defficient. Wallop him well, Sur, and you will receive my hearty thanks. Yours respectfully, Pat Murphy." A reason for John being sich a bad scoller is that he's my nun by my wife's first husband."

People often make use of the expression, "where last year's snow is." After mature consideration we have come to the conclusion that it is somewhere.

A SERIOUS CONTRADICTION.—A suitable name for a man of no energy and feeble mind would be *Mr. Percy Vere—Mr. Perceverc.*

The *Christian Advocate* says: Meeting with a sick man the other day, we asked him how he was getting on. "I've got the measles." "Ah, indeed! And what are you taking for it?" "Oh, nothing but Cherry Pectoral." "The man had the asthma and was using Cherry Pectoral for it. Naturally he smelled cedar, and was hit upon happier words to tell the disease and the remedy.

A gentleman who took the occasion on Sabbath not to keep his eyes open during the sermon, was asked what he took by his good wife for laboring on the Sabbath. His reply was, "Why, Dearest, I believe I've been at work with the oil, for as he had been doing his best to refrain from doing so; "for," said he, "a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter."

Dr. Johnson was in company with a very loquacious lady, of whom he took but very little notice, and in pique she said to him, "Why, Doctor, I believe ye are at very fond of the company of ladies." "You are mistaken, Madam," he replied; "I like their delicacy, like their vivacity, and I like their silence."

NEW YE
NORTH

R'S DAY
SOUTH
64

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER LVI.

SERGEANT SAUNDERS thought it prudent to let the emotion subside before opening the defendant's case, so he disarranged his papers, and then rearranged them as before: and, during this, a person employed by Richard Hardie went out and told him this last untoward piece of evidence. He winced: but all was overbalanced by this, that Skinner's evidence was now inadmissible in the cause. He breathed more freely.

Sergeant Saunders rose with perfect dignity and confidence, and delivered a masterly address. In less than ten minutes the whole affair took another color under that plausible tongue. The faction began by declaring that the plaintiff was perfectly sane, and his convalescence was a matter of such joy to the defendant, that not even the cruel misinterpretation of facts and motives, to which his amiable client had been exposed, could rob him of that sacred delight. "Our case, gentlemen, is, that the plaintiff is sane, and that he owes his sanity to those prompt, wise, and benevolent measures, which no less eighteen months ago, at an unhappy crisis of his mind, to preserve his understanding and his property. Yes, his property, gentlemen; that property which, in a paroxysm of mania, he was going to throw away, as I shall show you by an unanswerable document. He comes here to slander you, gentlemen, of five thousand pounds; but I shall show you he is possessed of ten thousand pounds, the richer for that act of ours, for which he owes us five thousand pounds, instead of crediting us twice the sum. Gentlemen, I can not, like my learned friend, call witnesses from the shores of the United States, and from the grave, because it has not occurred to my client, strong in the sense of his kindly and honorable intentions, to engage gentlemen from foreign parts with woolly locks, and nasal twangs, to drop in accidentally, and eke out the fatal gaps in the case. The class of testimony we stand upon is less romantic: it does not seduce the imagination nor play upon the passions; but it is much higher in character for sober men's eyes, especially in a court of law. I rely, not on witnesses dropped from the clouds, and the skies, and the stripes—to order, nor even on the prejudiced statements of friends and sweet-hearts, who always swear from the heart rather than the head, but on the concise, cogent, but on the calm testimony of indifferent men, and on——tion documents furnished by the plaintiff, and on contemporaneous entries in the books of the asylum, which entries formally describe the plaintiff's acts, and were put down at the time—at the time, gentlemen—with no idea of a trial at law, to come, but in compliance with the very proper provisions of a wise and salutary Act. I shall call, by and by, before you the evidence of the medical witnesses who signed the certificates, men of probity and honor, and who have made those subtle maladies of the mind the special study of their whole life. I shall also call the family doctor, who has known the plaintiff and his infirmity, locally and mental, for many years, and communicated his suspicions to one of the first psychological physicians of the age, declining, with a modesty which we, who have less of insanity than he does, would do well to imitate—declining, I say, to pronounce a positive opinion in advance to the plaintiff, till he should have compared notes with this learned man, and profited by his vast experience."

In this strain he continued for a good hour, until the defendant's case seemed to be a thing of granite. His oration ended, he called a string of witnesses every one of whom bore the learned counsel out by his evidence in chief.

But here came the grand distinction between the defendant's case and the plaintiff's. Cross-examination had hardly shaken the plaintiff's witnesses: it literally dissolved the defendant's. Osmond was called, and proved Alfred's headaches and pallor, and his own suspicions. But then Colt forced him to admit that many young people had headaches without going mad, and were pale when thwarted in love, without going mad: and that as to the £14,000 on the phantom ha *knew* nothing, but had taken all that for granted on Mr. Richard Hardie's word.

Dr. Wycherley deposed to Alfred's being insane and abnormally irritable, and under a pecuniary illusion, as stated in his certificate: and to his own experience. But the fire of cross-examination melted all his polysyllables into guess-work and hearsay. It melted out of him that he, a stranger, had intruded on the young man's privacy, and had burst into a most delicate topic, his disagreement with his father, and he had himself created the very irritation he first discet down to madness. He also had to admit that he knew nothing about the £14,000 or the phantom, but had taken for granted the young man's own father, who consulted him, was not telling him a deliberate and wicked falsehood.

Colt.—I leave defendant's counsel to thank you for that. Come, never mind *dignity*; let us have a little *truth*. It is consistent with your dignity to tell us whether the keepers of private asylums pay you a commission for all the patients you consign to durance vile by your certificates?

Dr. Wycherley fenced with this question, but the remorseless Colt only forgi him longer under torture, and dragged out of him that he received fifteen per cent. from the asylum keepers for every patient he wrote insane; and that he had an income of eight hundred pounds a year from that source alone. This, of course, was the very thing to prejudice a jury against the defendant and Colt's art was to keep to their level.

Spency, cross-examined, failed to conceal that he was a mere tool of Wycherley's, and had signed in manifest collusion, adhering to the letter of the statute, but violating its spirit: for certainly, the act never intended by "separate examination," that two doctors should come into the patient's cell, walk in the one immediately then reunite, and do the signing as agreed before they ever saw the patient. As to the illusion about the thousand pounds, Spency frankly owned that the plaintiff had not uttered a word about the subject, but had peremptorily declined it. He had taken for granted, as he had taken for granted Dr. Wycherley was correctly informed about the said illusion.

"In short," said the judge, interposing, "Dr. Wycherley took the very thing for granted which it was his duty to ascertain: and you, Sir, not to be behind Dr. Wycherley, took the thing for granted at second-hand." And when Spency had left the box, he said to Sergeant Saunders, "If this case is to be tried seriously, you had better call Mr. Richard Hardie without further delay."

"It is my wish, my lud; but I am sorry to say he is in the country very ill; and I have no hope of seeing him here to-morrow."

"Oh, well; so that is settled at him. I shall not lay hearsay before the jury: hearsay gathered from Mr. Richard Hardie—whom you will call in person if the case goes on—is circulated have any basis whatever in truth."

Mr. Saunders said, coolly, "Mr. Richard Hardie is not dead, my lud," and flowed on: nor would any but a lawyer have suspected what a terrible stab the judge had given him so quietly.

The surgeon and Dr. Bolus gave their sworn, and produced the case book; and there stood the entries which had been so fatal to Alfred with the legal faculties. Suicide, homicide, self-starvation. But the plaintiff got to Mr. Colt with a piece of paper, on which he had written his view of all. The cross-examination dissolved the suicide and homicide into a spirited attempt to escape and resist a false imprisonment. In which he called it, by which the erotic monomaniac Alfred divested himself of all his money in favor of the Doctor. There was no disowning this dead away; and Crawford swore he had entreated the plaintiff not to insist on his drawing so unheard of a document; but opposition or remonstrance seemed to irritate his client so that he had complied, and the deed was to have been signed on the wedding-day.

All the learned counsel thought this looked really mad. Fancy a man signing away his property to his wife's relatives! Colt, in court, looked already a trifle worn by the usual time, broke up, leaving the defendant with this advantage. Alfred Hardie and Dr. Wycherley and Dodd. There in the hall outside, and talked excitedly over the incidents of the trial. Mr. Compton introduced Wallace and Verpoulet. They all shook hands with this, and thanked them warmly for the timely and most unexpected aid. But Green and the gymnastics broke in on the conversation. "I am down on Mr. Barkington, alias Noah Skinner. It isn't very far from here, if you will follow me." Compton was amazed as a fox-hound when Pug has begun to trail his brush; the more so that another client of his wanted Noah Skinner, and as the detective was doing a double stroke of business. He led the way; it was dry, and they all went in pairs after him into the back shops of Westminster: and a pretty part that is.

Now as they went along Alfred hung behind with Julia, and asked her what on earth she meant by playing a part that set every lawyer her and him. "Why, your last letter was full of love, dearest; what could you be thinking of to say that?"

She shook her head sadly, and revealed to him, with many prayers for forgiveness, that she had been playing a part for days: that she had concealed her father's death from him, and the fatal barrier interposed. "I was afraid you would be dishonorable, and lose your first chance, and perhaps your trial. But you are safe now, dear Alfred; I am sure the judge sees through them; for I have asked him for you. I know his face by heart, and all his looks and what they mean. My Alfred will be cleared of this wicked slander, and happy with some one—Ah!"

"Yes, I mean to be happy with some one," said Alfred. "I am not one of your self-sacrificing fools. You shall not sacrifice me to your mother's injustice nor to the caprices of fate. We love one another; but you would immolate me for the pleasure of immolating yourself. Don't provoke me, or I'll carry you off by force. I swear it, by Him who made us both."

"Dearest, how wildly you talk." She hung her head, and had a guilty thrill. She could not help thinking that eccentric little measure would relieve her of the sin of disobedience.

"I'll do it too," said he. "I'm not a man to be beat."

After uttering this doughty resolution he was quite silent, and they went sadly side by side; so dear, so near, yet always some infernal thing or other coming between them. They reached a passage in a miserable street. At the mouth stood two of Green's men, planted there to follow Skinner should he go out: but they reported all quiet. "Bring the old gentleman up," said Green. "I appointed him six o'clock, and it's on the stroke." He then descended the passage, and striking a light led the way up a high stair. Skinner lived on the fifth story. Green tapped at his door. "Mr. Barkington."

No reply.

"Mr. Barkington, I've brought you some money."

No reply.

"Perhaps he is not at home," said Mr. Compton.

"Oh yes, Sir, I sent a sharp boy up, and he picked the paper out of the keyhole and saw him sitting reading."

He then applied his own eye to the keyhole. "I see something black," said he, "I think he suspects."

While he hesitated, they became conscious of a pungent vapor stealing through the now open keyhole.

"Hallo!" said Green, "What is this?"

Fillalove observed coolly that Mr. Skinner's lungs must be peculiarly strong could breathe in that atmosphere. "If you want to see him alive, let me open the door."

"There's something amiss here," said Green, gravely.

At that Fillalove whipped out a tool no bigger than a pen-cracker, inserted the edge in, and set the door flying open. The room or den was full of an acrid vapor, and close to them sat he they sought miserably dead.

"Keep the lady back," cried Green, and threw the vivid light of his bull's-eye on a strange, grotesque, and pitiful scene. The floor was covered with bright sovereigns that glittered in the lamp-light. On the table was an open book, and a candle quite burned down: the grease had run into a circle.

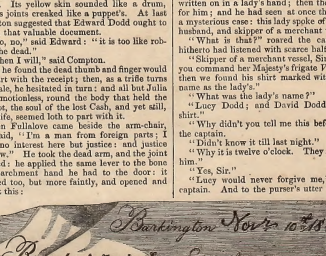
And as was that grease to the expired light, so was the thing that sat there in human form to the Noah Skinner they had come to seek. Dead this many a day of charcoal fumes, but preserved from decomposition by those very fumes, sat Noah Skinner, dried into bones and leather, waiting for them with his own Hard Cash, and with theirs: for, creeping saw-struck round that mummified figure seated dead on his pool of sovereigns, they soon noticed in his left hand a paper: it was discolored by the vapor, and part hid by the dead thumb; but thus much shone out clear and amazing, that it was a banknote receipt to David Dodd, Esq., for £14,000, drawn at Barkington, and signed for Richard Hardie by Noah Skinner. Julia had drawn back, and was hiding her face; but some curiosity struggled with awe in the others: they peeped at the Receipt; they touched the weird thing; it was not unlike a phantom of the brain, and its joints creaked like a puppet's. At last Compton suggested that Edward Dodd ought to have that valuable document.

"No, no," said Edward: "it is too like robbing the dead."

"Then I will," said Compton.

But he found the dead thumb and finger would not part with the receipt; then, as a trifle turns the scale, he hesitated in turn: and all but Julia stood motionless, round the body that held the Receipt, the soul of the lost Cash, and yet still, in its life, seemed loth to part with it.

Then Fillalove came beside the arm-chair, and said, "I'm a man from foreign parts: I have no interest here but justice: and justice I'll dew." He took the dead arm, and the joint creaked: he applied the same lever to the bone that had creaked: had he had to the door it creaked too, but more faintly, and opened and let out this:



A stately foot came up the stair, but no one heard it. All were absorbed in the strange weird sight, and this great stroke of fate; or of Providence.

"This is yours, I reckon," said Fillalove, and handed it to Edward.

"No, no!" said Compton. "See: I've just found a will, bequeathing all he has in the world with his blessing, to Miss Julia Dodd. These sovereigns are yours, then. But above all, the paper: as your legal adviser, I insist on your taking it immediately. Possession is nine points. However, it is actually yours, in virtue of this bequest."

A solemn, passionless voice seemed to fall on them from the doorway.

"NO; IT IS MINE."

CHAPTER LVII.

JUST before noon next day, on board the *Fulvare*, the bell on which the half hours are struck was tolled slowly to collect the ship's company; and soon the gangways and booms were crowded, and even the yards were manned with sailors, collected to see their shipmate committed to the deep. Next came the lieutenants and midshipmen and stood reverently on the deck: the body was brought and placed on a grating. Then, all heads being uncovered below and aloft, the chaplain in the solemn words read the dead.

Many tears were shed by the rough sailors, the more so that to most of them, though not to the officers, it was now known that poor Billy had not always been before the mast, but had seen better days, and commanded vessels, and owned lives; and now he had lost his own.

The service is the same as ashore, with this exception: that the words "We commit his body to the ground, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," etc., are altered at sea, thus: "We commit his body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead, and the life of the world to come." At these words the body is allowed to glide off the grating into the sea. The chaplain's solemn voice drew near those very words, and the tears of pity fell faster; and George White, an affectionate boy, sobbed violently, and shivered beforehand at the sullen plunge that he knew would soon come, and then he should see no more poor Billy, and grieve in his life for his.

At this moment the captain came flying on deck, and, jumping on to a gun, cried sharply,

"Avast! Haul that body aboard."

The sharp voice of command cut across the solemn words in a most startling way. The chaplain closed his book with a look of amazement and indignation as the sailors stared, and for the first time did not obey at once. To be sure it was one they had never heard before. Then the captain got angry, and repeated his command louder; and the body was almost jerked in board.

"Carry him to my cabin, and uncover his face."

By this time nothing could surprise Jackey Tar. Four sailors executed the order promptly.

"Boom, pipe to duty."

While the men were dispersing to their several stations, Captain Bazalgette apologized to the chaplain, and explained to him and to the officers. But I give his explanation in my own words. Finding the ship quiet, the purser went to the captain down below, and asked him coolly what entry he should make in the ship's books about the William Thompson, who was no more William Thompson than he was. "What do you mean?" said the captain. Then the purser told him that Thompson's messenger, in presenting his last night for interment, had found a little bag round his neck, and inside it a medal of the Humane Society, and a slip of paper written on a lady's hand: then they had sent for him; and he had seen at once that this was a mysterious case: this lady spoke of him as her husband, and a shipper of a merchant vessel.

"What is that?" roared the captain, who hitherto had listened with scarce half an ear.

"Shipper of a merchant vessel, Sir, as sure as you command her Majesty's frigate *Vulture*: and then we found his shirt marked with the same name as he is lady's."

"What was the lady's name?"

"Lucy Dodd; and David Dodd is on the shirt."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" cried the captain.

"Didn't know it till last night."

"Why it is twelve o'clock. They are burying him."

"Yes, Sir."

"Lucy would never forgive me," cried the captain. And to the purser's utter amazement he clapped on his cocked hat, and flew out of the cabin on the errand I have described.

He now descended to the cabin and looked: he cannot see enough to know the kindly face that had been his friend man and boy.

He hid his own with his hands, and moaned. He cursed his own blindness and stupidity in not recognizing that face among a thousand. In this he was unjust to himself. David had never looked *himself* till now.

He sent for the surgeon, and told him the whole and story: and asked him what could be done. His poor cousin Lucy had more than once expressed her horror of interment at sea. "It is very hot," said he; "but surely you must know some way of keeping him till we land in New Zealand: curse these flies; how they bite!"

The surgeon's eyes sparkled; he happened to be an enthusiast in the art of embalming. "Keep him to New Zealand?" said he contemptuously. "I'll embalm him so that he shall go to England looking just as he does now—by-the-by, I never saw a drowned man keep his color so well before; and that two thousand years after that, if you don't mind the expense."

"The expense! I don't care if it cost me a year's pay. I think of nothing but repairing my blunder as far as I can."

The surgeon was delighted. Standing over his subject, who lay on the captain's table, he told that officer how he should proceed. "I'll have all the syringes," he said; "a capital collection. I shall inject the veins with care and patience; then I shall remove the brain and the viscera, and provided I'm not stinted in arsenic and spices—"

"I give you carte blanche on the purser: make your preparations and send for him. Don't tell me how you do it; but do it. I must write and tell poor Lucy I have got him, and am bringing him home to be—buried."

The surgeon was gone about a quarter of an hour; he then returned with two men to remove the body, and found the captain still writing his letter, very sorrowful: but now and then slapping his face or leg with a hearty curse as the flies stung him.

The surgeon beckoned the men in softly, and pointed to the body, for them to carry it out.

Now, as he guided, his eye, following his finger, fell on something that struck that experienced eye as incredible: he uttered an exclamation of astonishment so loud that the captain looked up directly from his letter; and saw him standing with his finger pointing at the corpse, and a look of astonishment written on his face.

"Look! look! look!" said the surgeon.

The captain came and looked, and said, he saw not: ing at all.

"The fly; the fly!" cried the surgeon.

"Yes, I see a fly some of them has been biting him; for that's a little blood trickling. Poor fellow!"

"A dead man can't bleed from the small veins in his skin," said the man of art. "He is alive, captain, he is alive, as sure as we stand here, and God's alive! That little blood must have risen than us; he is alive."

"Jackson, don't trifle with me, or I'll hang you on the yard-arm. God bless you, Jackson! Is it really possible? Run some of you; get a mirror; I have heard that's a test."

"Mirror be hanged. Doctor Fly knows his business."

All was now flutter and bustle; and various attempts were made to resuscitate David, but all in vain. At last the surgeon had an idea. "This man was never drowned at all," said he; "he was stripped, and carried to a place where they could turn a water-cock on him from a height; and the surgeon had soon the happiness of restoring out to the captain a slight blush on David's skin in parts, caused by the flies' bites. A doubt ceased with this: the only fear was lest they should shake out the trembling life by rough usage. They laid him on his stomach, and with a bellows and pipe so acted on the lungs that at last a genuine sigh issued from the patient's breast. Then they put him in a warm bed, and applied stimulants; and by slow degrees the eyelids began to wink, the eyes to look more mellow, the respiration to strengthen, the heart to beat: "I forgive, now," said the surgeon, "patience, and lots of air."

Patience was rewarded. Just four hours after the first movement, a voice, faint but calm and genial, issued from the bed on their astonished ears. "Good-morning to you all."

They kept quiet. In about five minutes more the voice broke out again, calm and sonorous.

"WHERE IS MY MONEY? MY FOURTEEN THOUSAND POUNDS."

These words set them all looking at one another; and very much puzzled the surgeon: they were delivered with such sobriety and conviction. "I am here," he whispered, "ask him if he knows you."

"David," said the captain, kindly, "do you know me?"

David looked at him earnestly, and his old kindly smile broke out, "Know ye, ye dog," said he, "why you are my cousin Reginald. And how came you into this thundering Bank? I hope you have got no money here. Ware land sharks!"

"We are not in a Bank, David; we are on board my ship."

"The more we are. But where's my money?"

"Oh, we'll talk about that by-and-by."

The surgeon stepped forward and said, soothingly, "You have been very ill, Sir. You have had a fit."

"I certainly have not."

"Certainly, Sir."

The surgeon examined David's eye with his thumb and finger; and then looked into it to see how the pupil dilated and contracted.

He rubbed his hands after this examination. "More good news, captain!" then lowering his voice, "*Your friend is as sane as I am.*"

The surgeon was right. A shock had brought back the reason a shock had taken away. But how or why I know no more than the child unborn. The surgeon wrote a learned paper, and explained the whole most ingeniously. I don't believe one word of his explanation, and can't better it, so confine myself to the phenomena. Being now sane, the boundary wall of his memory was shifted. He remembered his whole life up to his demanding his cash back of Richard Hardie; and there his reawakened mind stopped dead short. Being asked if he knew William Thompson, he said, "Yes, perfectly. The man was a foretopman on board the *Argus*, and rather a smart hand. The ship being aground, he came out to sea on a piano: but we cut the hawser and he got safe ashore." His recovered reason rejected with contempt as an idle dream all that had happened while that reason was in defect. The last phenomena I have to record were bodily: one was noted by Mr. George Wyatt Rede, the surgeon: "Billy's eyes used to be White in these terms: Billy's eyes used to be like a nut's: but now he is a person gentleman they are like yours and mine." The other was more singular: with his recovered reason came his first gray hair, and in the one fortnight it was all as white as snow."

He remained a fortnight on board the *Vulture*, beloved by high and low. He walked the quarter-deck in the dress of a private gentleman, but looking like an admiral. The sailors touched their hats to him with a strange mixture of veneration and jocoseness. They called him among themselves Admiral Billy. He was supplied with funds by Reginald, and put on board a merchant-ship bound for England. He landed, and went straight to Richard Hardie's, and found the family were in London. He came back to London, and sought them; a friend told him of Jessie's death. He then went down Green saw directly who he was. But able men don't cut business short; he gravely accepted David's compliments, and left him to Dodd. Finding him so confident David asked him if he thought he could find Richard Hardie, or his uncle, Nick Hardie, and was answered in the affirmative by Green, who was on a hot scent as to Skinner, demurely accepted both commissions, and appointed David to meet him at a certain place at six.

He came; he found Green's man, who took him up a coach, and then over a crowded group determining the ownership of the receipt.

Now to David that receipt was a thing of yesterday: "I'll be even with Billy." He all turned to look at this man, with sober, passionless voice, and hair of snow. A keen cry from Julia's heart awoke every heart there, and in a moment she was clinging and sobbing on her father's neck. Eldred could only get his hand and press calm. Then the whole world Heaven had given them their father back mind and all.

Ere the joy and the emotion had calmed themselves, Alfred Hardie stepped out and ran like a deer to Berrobie Street.

Those who had so strangely reunited could not part for a long time, even to go down the stairs one by one.

David was the first to recover his composure: indeed, great tranquility of spirit had ever since his cure been a remarkable characteristic of this man's nature. He had suffered intensely, but have burnt out all his impetuosity, leaving him singularly sober, calm, and self-governed.

Mr. Compton's name occurred in the will, and promised the executrix Skinner should be decently interred and all his debts paid out of the estate. This was done by the next day.

And now a happy party wended their way toward Penbroke Street.

But Alfred Hardie overboard with them: he went boldly up the stairs, and actually surprised Mrs. Dodd and Sampson together.

As sight of him was to make him a low courtesy, and beat a retreat. He whipped to the door, and set his back against it. "No," said he, smartly.

She drew back astonished, and the color mounted in her pale face. "What, Sir, would you detain me here?"

"And no mistake," said the audacious boy. "How else can I detain you? when you hate me so?" Then he explained to both the startling eyes to see the reason of this strange conduct.

"Cway from the door, ye vagabin," said Sampson.

"No, no, my friend," said Mrs. Dodd, trembling, and still peering into his sparkling eyes. "Mr. Alfred Hardie is a gentleman, and events he would not take this liberty with me, unless he had some excuse for it."

"You are wonderfully shrewd, mamma," said Alfred, admiringly. "The excuse is I don't hate you as you hate me; and I am very happy."

"Why do you call me mamma to-day? Oh doctor, he calls me mamma."

"It's audacious vagabin."

"No, no, my friend; you think he would call me that unless he had some good news for us both."

"What good news can be have, except that his trial is going well, and you don't care for that."

"Oh, how can you say so? I care for all that concerns him: he would not come here to insult my misery with his happiness. He is noble, he is generous, with all his faults. How dare you call me mamma if you don't? Call it me again, my dear child: because then I shall *know* you are come to save my heart from breaking." And with this, the truth must be told, the stately Mrs. Dodd did fawn upon Alfred with palms outstretched and piteous eyes, and all the cajoleries of her sex.

"Give me a kiss then, mamma," said the impudent boy, "and I *will* tell you a little bit of good news."

She paid the required tribute with servile humility and coolness.

"Well, then," said Alfred, and was just going to tell her all, but caught sight of Sampson making the most expressive pantomime to him to be cautious. "Well," said he, "I have seen a sailor."

"Ah!"

"And he is sure Mr. Dodd is alive."

Mrs. Dodd lifted her hands to heaven, but could not speak. "In fact," said Alfred, hesitating (for he was a wretched hand at a fib), "he saw him not a fortnight ago on board ship. But that is not all, mamma, the sailor says he has his reason."

Mrs. Dodd sank on her knees, and said no word to man, but many to the Giver of all good. "When she arose she said to Alfred: "Bring this sailor to me. I must speak with him directly."

Alfred colored. "I don't know where to find him just now."

"Oh, indeed," said Mrs. Dodd, quietly: and this excited her suspicion: and from that moment she had a strong measure by in wait for Master Alfred. She plied him with questions, and he got more and more puzzled how to sustain his story. At last, by way of buttressing up his own net, he said, "But I am sorry to say his hair has turned white. But perhaps you won't mind that."

"And he hadn't a gray hair."

"It is not gray, like the doctor's; it is white as the driven snow."

Mrs. Dodd sighed; then suddenly turning on Alfred, asked him, "Did the sailor tell you that?"

He hesitated a moment and was lost.

"You have seen him," she screamed: "he is in London: he is in the house. I feel him even on me:" and she went into something very like hysterics. Alfred was alarmed, and whispered the truth. The sailor was waiting to meet them, and recommended caution: her nerves were in such a state a violent shock, even of happiness, might kill her.

This warned, Julia came into the room alone, and while Dr. Sampson was inculcating self-control, Mrs. Dodd's face darkened with superior smile, and took quite a different line. "Mamma," said she, "he is in the town: but I have not heard of him. He is not composed. But his reason is restored; but his nerves are not so strong as they were; now, if you agitate yourself you will agitate him, and will do him a serious mischief."

This crafty speech produced an incredible effect on Mrs. Dodd. She sat down directly: or rather, her great love gave her strength to be calm. "I will not be such a wretch," she said. "See I am composed. Bring me my darling, and you shall see how good I will be: there now, Julia, see how calm I am, and how calm I will be. Oh, my child, my misery, with Heaven's help, and do you think I can not bear this great happiness, for my dear darling's sake?"

On this they proposed she should retire to her room, and th'y would go for David.

"Think on, my dear, dear, dear mamma," said Julia, "and then you will behave well for his sake, who was lost to us and is found."

It found its way into the Mrs. Dodd's room. No eye, even of the children, ventured to witness a scene so strange, so sacred. We are not in the habit of intruding; but few of us can conceive it by the light of our narrow experience. Yet one or two there may be; the rest will forgive us for the adventures and emotions of our race so many.

One by one all were had up to that sacred room but Mr. Dodd's pair. They took David seated calmly at his wife's feet, her soft hand laid on his white hair, lest he should leave her again. He told them all the sorrow he had hind them; and he, genial and kindly as ever, told them all the happiness before them. He would go with Reginald to the house, the father of the family, the friend of them all.

But with all his goodness he was sternly resolved to have the whole case of Richard Hardie. He had an interview with Mr. Compton that very night, and the lawyer went a letter to Richard Hardie, telling him about the death of Skinner, but saying that his client, Captain Dodd, had recovered from Noah Skinner the receipt No. 1 for the £14,000 and £, and he was instructed to sue for it unless repaid immediately. He added Captain Dodd was mercifully relieved, and only desired distinctly every particular of the transaction.

SAILING IN THE AIR.

IF we may believe the poets and fabulists, the idea of sailing in the air is no new one. Every school-boy knows the story of Daedalus and his son Icarus, and of the wings of feathers stuck together by wax, with which they attempted to fly over-sea from Crete to Sicily. These, it is said, proved well enough for the use of Icarus, who, for taking an upward flight he approached so near the sun that the wax melted, the wings came apart, and the son fell into the sea and was drowned, while the father, keeping nearer the earth, made good his flight. The story is a fable, upon the explanation of which many learned commentaries have been written. But sometime in the eleventh century Oliver de Malmerburg, an English Benedictine, undertook to play the part of Daedalus. He fitted himself with a pair of wings with which he flew a hundred yards, but came down breaking his thigh. "This accident would certainly not have happened," he said, "if I had only thought of putting on a tail." However, he did not try the experiment again, with or without a tail. Towards the close of the eleventh century Jean-Baptiste Dante, a French mathematician, tried the same thing with the same result—a broken leg. About the time of the Restoration the Marquis de Bacqueville fixed wings to his legs and arms, and launched himself from the balcony of his hotel, situated on the quay at Paris, intending to fly to the Tuileries. He came down upon a washer-woman's boat in the river, and also broke his leg. So much for wings fixed to the body.

Meanwhile another kind of aerial apparatus had been invented by Besnier, a French shoemaker. It consisted of a couple of poles, with a frame-work covered with silk at each end; these were strapped to the shoulders, and moved up and down by the hands and feet. The *Journal des Savants*, for 1678, relates that he went above the roofs of the houses, but says nothing of the sad fall which he got.

In 1772 the Abbé Desforges made an aerial machine, consisting of a boat with wings hinged to the sides and moved by a crank. On the day of trial the hinged arms broke crank, the wings flapped vigorously, but the boat would not budge. It remained immovable on the top of the tower where the experiment was performed.

In 1777 the brothers Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier, of Annoney, in France, having read Priestley's work on "Different Species of Air," conceived the idea of sailing in the air. They made a balloon of paper, which was inflated by a fire lighted within, which rarefied the air in the balloon, making it specifically lighter than the surrounding atmosphere. The first ascension was made about the close of the year 1783. The balloon carried up Pilatre de Rosiers and the Marquis d'Arlande, who thus made the whole circuit of Paris. On the 1st of December following the art of aerostation was fairly created. M. Charles, a clever physician, in company with one of the brothers Robert, went up in a balloon of silk, coated with gum, and inflated with hydrogen gas. They reached a height of some 15,000 feet, descending several times during the voyage. The descents and ascents were accomplished by letting off gas and throwing over ballast.

The balloon invented by Montgolfier, and improved by Charles, having given the power of ascent and descent, men began to hope that means could be contrived for directing the passage through the air. Ours were the first trials. On the 2d of March, 1784, Blanchard went up in a car suspended from a balloon, furnished with oars and rudder, and was seen rowing backward and forward. He boasted that he had sailed against the wind; but it was demonstrated that he had only availed himself of different currents at various elevations. Sundry other experiments to the same purpose are on record. Among these was that of Alban (shown in Figure 1). His balloon consisted of a number of rotary oars, not unlike the sails of a wind-mill. This revolved slowly in calm weather. However, the French Academy pronounced the idea impracticable, and ceased its experiments.

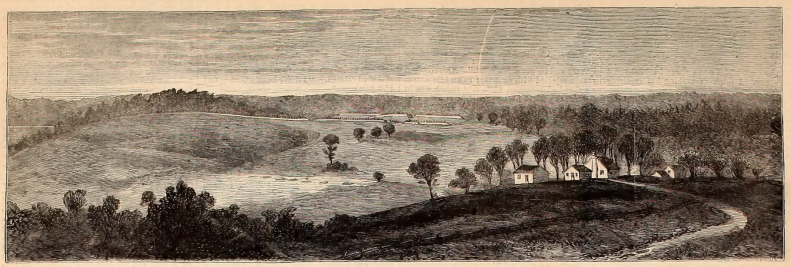
We come to the system which are now actually proposed. First is that of Mr. Henin's (Figure 2). This consists of four balloons mounted on a large platform. The latter has near its centre a "reversing" shutter, so as to offer more or less resistance to the ascent. Sails and "screws" are the means of propulsion. The former are to be elongated sails.—Mr. Henin's "reversed parachute" (Figure 3) has only sails fixed to the balloon and car. The parachute below the car is depressed to create the idea of ascent, and to aid the action of the wind upon the sails, which are managed as on a vessel—on the system of Mr. Wells (Figure 4), the combination of "fans" and "screws," moved by a couple of men below the car.

M. Julien and Sanson have given up the spherical form of the balloon as presenting too large a surface, and offering too great resistance to the wind, and have adopted one (Figure 5) as elongated as something like that of a fish. In Julien's balloon the "screws" are placed not under the car, but at the centre of resistance, beneath the balloon. A little balloon of this kind, in which the "screws" were moved by clock-work, was put in operation at the Hippodrome some years ago. It moved against the wind, and seemed to demonstrate that the fish-form was the one for aerial navigation; and many competent judges thought that with adequate motive power Julien would be able to overcome the currents of the atmosphere. Jarcot's system (Figure 6) has not, we believe, been practically tried. M. Teisel's project of a balloon drawn by birds (Figure 7) is ingenious. If it succeeds, we shall be happy to record the fact. M. Meresquin has projected a "captive-balloon" (Figure 8), the object of which is to give timid persons the advantage of an air voyage. This is to be moved by a locomotive on land. Who knows whether this may not turn out a profitable speculation in somebody's hands?

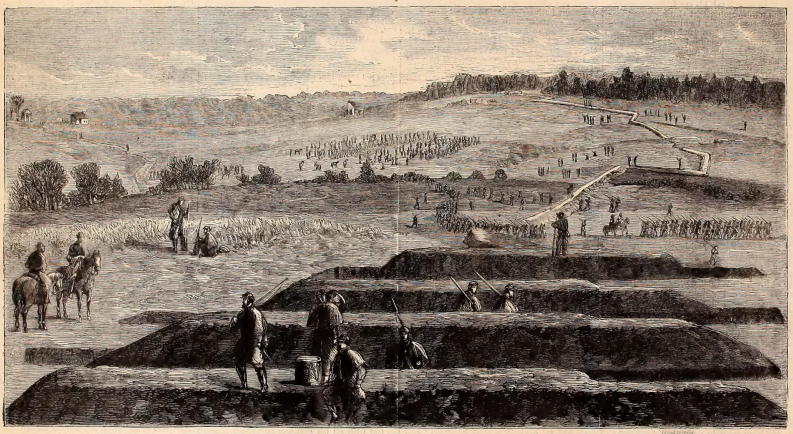
M. Le Verrière de Ponton d'Amecourt, finding in the great surface of a balloon the chief obstacle to aerial navigation, has propounded a system of which M. Nadar is the exponent. His design (Figure 9) stands at the head of our picture. Nadar's "Helicoptère" is composed of two screws placed horizontally on a vertical axis. When revolving, the wings strike the air obliquely, and send the machine up. For steering there is the third screw placed horizontally, with the axis perhaps oblique to those of the vertical screws. The motive power is furnished by a steam-engine specially designed for the purpose. M. Nadar, in order to raise funds to try this system practically, is now making the tour of Europe with his monster-balloon. If he raises the funds, we shall be glad to hear he raises the machine, we shall be more than delighted.

ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

PAGE 4 contains an illustration from a drawing by our correspondent, who was an eye-witness of the affair, of GENERAL BAIRD'S DIVISION CAPTURING THE REBEL GUNS AT MISSIONARY RIDGE. Our artist writes that "the twilight was just perceptible as this gallant division gained the crest, Baird's right joining Wood's left. The ridge is steep, and was only carried by the most determined gallantry. After gaining the crest the division swept to the left, where the fight lasted till long after dark, the rebels making desperate but unavailing efforts to carry off their guns."



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT MINE RUN—REBEL LINE IN FRONT OF GENERAL SEDGWICK.

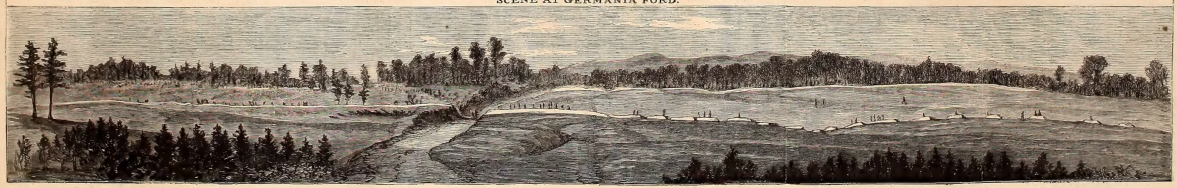


THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT MINE RUN—REBEL EARTH-WORKS COMMANDING THE PASSAGE AT GERMANIA FORD.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT MINE RUN—GENERAL WARREN'S TROOPS ATTACKING.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

THE REBEL POSITION AT MINE RUN.

SCENE AT GERMANIA FORD.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—REBEL LINE AT MINE RUN, OPPOSITE GENERAL WARREN'S LAST POSITION.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 7.]

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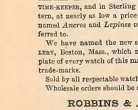

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Very fine Gilded Bead Scarf Pins or Rings

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IT IS A

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OFTEN PROVED HEREIN, AND RECOGNIZED TO BE.

The Apothecary finds it first among the medicines called for, and the Wholesale Druggist considers it a leading article of his trade. All the popular medicine speak alike in its favor; and its reputation as a medicine of the most unfailing virtue is fully established throughout the A. N. WILLIAMS, Parkersburg, Va., one of the oldest and most respectable druggists in that section, writes to the proprietors, writes:

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Shults' Unguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 50 cents. Address C. J. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 367.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE REBELS FIRING ON OUR SUPPLY-TRAIN.

On this page we give a graphic sketch of an attack made by rebel sharp-shooters upon our supply-train on the banks of the Tennessee. After the battle of Chickamauga, when our army had retired to its strong-hold at Chattanooga, it was the chief object of the rebels to disturb our communications, and if possible to break up its supply-trains. Of the particular instance given in the sketch the artist was an eye-witness. Upon the crags of Raccoon Mountain, and overlooking the river, were posted a small force of picked men of Longstreet's corps, armed with Whitworth rifles. The position was twelve miles in the rear of our works at Chattanooga, and was unguarded. Captain Gross had charge of the attacking party. The only way of reaching the position chosen for attack, and avoiding our scouts, was by taking the Indian trails through the forest heights. No sooner had the position been gained than the rumbling of the approaching train was heard along the river-bank. Thus when the train came up the gorge, preceded by a small infantry escort, and had fairly filled the open space of the road in front of the rebel sharp-shooters, it was entirely at the mercy of the latter. Then the word was given to fire, and a score of deafening reports leaped from crag to crag; and close upon the fire followed the confusion of a stampede. The teams in front were crippled by dead mules; and those behind, thus blocked in and unable to move forward, were equally cut off from retreat by the inextricably confused wagons in the rear. The escort, after firing a few shots, fled panic-stricken, leaving the train in the hands of the enemy.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

On page 28 we give an illustration representing the effect produced by one of Gilmore's shells bursting in the streets of Charleston. When Gilmore first began to shell the city it had more noncombatants in it than it has now; it was not believed that the city was within range until the actual reality brought conviction. The illustration is designed to represent the first occasion upon which the city was shelled, and depicts the overwhelming surprise of the citizens. The shelling commenced at midnight, but did little harm beyond terrifying the ladies left in the city. Only a single house was set on fire. In the particular scene presented by the artist a fireman is running through the streets giving the alarm, and a watchman, thoroughly overcome, is taking leave of his senses and his staff in the fore-ground. The gun burst after a few discharges. The distance was over four miles. At latest dates General Gilmore had recommenced shelling the city, having destroyed twelve buildings, killed one man, and seriously wounded some eight or ten persons. We give also on the same page an illustration representing the interior of Fort Sumter after a continuous bombardment by the batteries on Morris Island. The bombardment was from 200-pound Parrott guns, and every gun of the fort was dismounted, leaving the garrison to be passive spectators of the gradual demolition of the walls. Nearly the whole parapet of the fort was swept away. The gorge-face presents one mass of ruins, and the casemates scarcely afford shelter to the garrison. Beauregard, it is said, is determined to hold the fort till the last, by the bayonet, if need be.

LONGSTREET'S SHARP-SHOOTERS FIRING ON A FEDERAL SUPPLY-TRAIN.—[SKETCHED BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

THE NEW YEAR.

WE have the right to wish our friends a HAPPY NEW YEAR, for a year never opened more full of promise for the country and the cause, dear to all faithful hearts. No man who truly comprehended the magnitude of our war, or who has thoughtfully studied its development, could have expected that we should stand at this time with so firm a hold upon the future as we have. Forced to learn to fight while we were fighting, we have patiently learned our lesson, amidst the doubts of friends and sneers of foes, until at last the fidelity, tenacity, and courage of the people begin to tell again at their enemies, and the great experiment of free popular government, victorious in domestic revolt has always been in foreign war, was never surer of its triumphant vindication than on the New-year's Day eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

This confession is extorted from the bitterest foes of our loyal enemies at home and abroad. Directly, by its words, the British aristocratic jealousy of a republic concedes that, without foreign intervention, we shall put all in the contest; and, indirectly, by their acts the rebels allow the desperation of their cause. The late law of the rebel Congress compelling every private citizen to be a commissioned officer, and physician to serve for the war, regardless of the conditions of enlistment; the law forcing those who have supplied substitutes to take place in the ranks by their side, the demand that the rebel currency shall be reduced by force, the terrible revelations of Memminger's report, with the wild nuance of abuse in the message of that "accomplished statesman," Jefferson Davis, and the resolutions offered by Foote in the rebel Congress—all these are signs that the greater resources and unwilling energy of the American people directed in the interest of humanity, civilization, and law, against a colossal conspiracy of crime and anarchy, begin already to be successful.

Surely the year may be hailed as happy that opens upon such a prospect—happy though a thousand homes, as Andromache, like Rachel, weeps for her children, who shall return no more. But dead, they yet speak, and shall speak forever. Unseen they hold as fast in love and honor to the holy cause for which they fell. The young, the brave, the true, who by night and day, through summer and winter, on land and sea, have fought the many foes, have consecrated us all to their own heroic fidelity. The land mourns—it is full of graves; but what the President so simply and solemnly said of Gettysburg is true also of the country: "The world will not note nor long remember what we say here, but will never forget what they did here."

The year that begins brings us nearer to the end of great military operations, and to the settlement of the war. Standing upon its threshold, with hearts saddened for those who are gone, and hopeful for those who are to come, let us take care through this year and through all years, to stand as fast for the victory our brothers in the field have won as they stood firm in winning it.

MR. PHILLIPS'S SPEECH.

THE late speech of Mr. Wendell Phillips has naturally provoked a great deal of censure. His sharp and direct criticisms upon men and measures can not fail to exasperate the friends of both, and his sarcasms, while they sparkle, sting. We do not agree with Mr. Phillips in his estimate of the President, of Mr. Seward, or of Mr. Chase; and we certainly do not acknowledge the justice of a criticism of the public action of public men which takes no account of circumstances. Statesmanship is no more the doing, or the attempt to do, what the accurate scientific individually think to be abstractly right, without regard to the conditions that surround him, than seamanship is laying a course and persisting in it, spite of the wind. In fact, the wind will control the ship, and public opinion the statesman.

Probably no man in the country would more heartily assent to this than Mr. Phillips; and the apparent injustice of his criticism of public men arises from the fact that he always regards the man instead of the officer. If the attainment of the end desired depended solely upon the will of the man, the work would always be easy enough. But when the cardinal condition of success is the consent of other men, the work is plainly difficult and gradual. If Mr. Phillips made the point clearer, not that the President ought to do this or that, but that the people ought to wish him to do it, and insist upon his doing it, he would be juster to what we suppose to be his real view.

For it should be borne in mind always, that there is but one key to all the discourses of this eloquent orator. A true Democrat, with the fullest faith in the people, even in "the pavement," as he expresses it, his constant purpose is to stimulate, enlighten, and elevate public opinion, in order that its servants, the magistrates, may obey it. Mr. Lincoln, he says, is a good man; he will do what the people wish; therefore the people must be made to wish the best thing. That is certainly fair enough. But when he adds that the President is a growing man, because we, the people, constantly water him, then, as it seems to us, the orator misapprehends the case. It is not the convictions of Mr. Lincoln, but the convictions of the President, that we water. A few years since Mr. Phillips called Mr. Lincoln the slave-hound of Illinois, and yet, three months before, this slave-hound had made the plainest statement of the vital and radical conflict between slavery and liberty in this country. Mr. Lincoln has learned upon that point nothing new. His convictions about slavery are substantially now what they have always been. So firm view of his military power over it was exactly the same when he nullified the orders of Generals Frémont and Hunter that it was when he issued the final order of January 1, 1863. But his convictions as a lawyer, and his power as a magistrate to fulfil them, are entirely different. He had no doubt, as appears from his letters to Generals Frémont and Hunter, that he had the right to emancipate slaves as a military measure, and he certainly had no doubt that slavery was the root of the rebellion. But he did not, for that reason, think it wise to begin the work of emancipation. For he was acting not upon his own convictions as to slavery and its relation to the war, but upon his conviction of what was wisest to be done under all the circumstances. And he acted otherwise he might have been a very good man, but he would certainly have been a very poor officer.

It is not, therefore, the President who is growing, but the popular conviction upon the subject of slavery. And we certainly know no man who has more faithfully and more patiently watered it than Mr. Phillips. His work in arousing the public mind to the real issue of our times is already as historic as that of James Otis at an earlier day. Like him, he has been, of course, hated and defamed by the intetest he attacks, and also, like him, has often outrun the sympathy and tried the patience of many friends of the cause he serves. But in censuring him his critics should understand exactly his position. It is that of a man who will not be content with any thing done long as any thing remains to do; who believes that selfishness is always alert, and that the only way for men and nations not to go backward is to go forward. But to go forward they must not be hindered, and, in urging must often be sharp and stern. While, therefore, he is glad of every step gained, he leaves to others the joint ringing down of congratulation. For himself he steps forward and asks, What next?

Now this is the spirit which saves society. It is real genius, earnest and manly, which the man inspired by it may be. It must be always in the minority; for the moment the path is accepted and popular the pioneer is already far out of sight, seeking new impediments. It seems often rough and unfeeling; for sleepers can not be always or wisely roused by gentle taps and soothing tones. And this is of this spirit, of which the career of Mr. Phillips is our most complete illustration, is to discover in good things how they may be made better; in him men may become more and more of America more American. The President, for instance, can supply reasons enough for what he has done. Mr. Phillips would supply public opinion with reasons for asking him to do more. These reasons may be good or bad; but a man whose purity of life and nobility of character, no less than his genius command the public confidence, class him among the truest Americans, is not to be disposed of as a scold or a professional caviler. For it is precisely such men as he who have kept the sacred fire of liberty burning in this country, while other men sneered and slept.

FIRST IN THE FIELD.

AT length General M'Clellan is first in the field. More unfortunate in his friends than in his enemies, he has been formally nominated for the Presidency by a knot of gentlemen in Philadelphia, of whom—to make an intelligible ball—the only one who is publicly known has been long ago forgotten. For the Hon. Amos Kendall is only remembered with powerful pity as the Postmaster-General of the United States, who tampered with the mails at the bidding of the master of the men who are now rebels. That he should preside at a convention to nominate or to ratify the nomination of a candidate for the Presidency who, since his letter to Judge Woodward, must be considered a Copperhead of the clearest type, shows that he is of the same mind still, and that his age worships the dreary old idol of his youth.

Alas! we think of two years ago, when, amidst universal acclamation, General M'Clellan was called to the head of our armies, with the hope and faith of a nation lavished upon him in advance, with thousands and thousands of our best and bravest soldiers committed joyfully to his charge, with the President, his only superior officer, resolved to give him every chance, with the national determination that he was a great soldier because a great soldier was a national necessity—when we think of all that fond and persistent blindness in which we slumbered, and of all that has followed since down to the letter urging the election of Judge Woodward—it is hard not to hang the head with sorrow for the soldier and shame for the nation. But when from that letter we descend, although logically, to this nomination, the tragedy becomes farce, and it is impossible not to explode with laughter.

For genuine fun there is to a very great man, in this the body of politicians who have ever shown any true perception of the public sentiment? Did this not spell gentlemen, by whatever name they choose to call themselves, ever do more than make themselves politically ridiculous? When they nominated Mr. Fillmore in 1856, and Mr. Bell in 1860, they intended to help the slaveholders as they do now. They were in the political market, but they never pretended, as now, to lay hands upon the price they had paid in by handling. They offered their flabby little veal chops, and knew that the great beef dealers would buy them up. But this time they put their bill of fare in print, and then, upon the baron itself. Do they seriously expect the Copperhead Convention to take a candidate from them?

General M'Clellan will perhaps thank Mr. Amos Kendall and his friends for this expression of their good-will, but will await a more emphatic indication from the public desire. Or he may delay, and give time for that outburst of popular enthusiasm which we have been constantly assured was to follow the presentation of his name to the country. Or, again, he may accept the nomination upon the platform of his Woodward letter. Or he may let the whole matter go by default. But it is useless to consider what he may do. The nomination, when you remember, as every man will, that all the friends of Vallandigham, all the apologists of the rebellion, all the Copperheads in the country will ratify it. And can any man, or any course, which the Copperheads approve save the honor of the nation, the integrity of the Union, and republican government? It may be a loyal citizen, and may think that justice has not been done to General M'Clellan; but you can not evade that searching question, and you can give it but one answer.

OUR MEN AT RICHMOND.

THAT the rebels give the best food they can to our prisoners in their hands may be true, but the best food is neither plenty enough nor of the right kind for them. We know of a letter of late date from General Neal Dow, at the Libby Prison in Richmond, in which he says that he has at his table rice mixed with a little water—in other words, flour paste. Of course the fate of the private soldiers is worse than his; and an eye-witness of the return of our starved soldiers to Annapolis describes to us their suffering condition as incredible.

This, then, is the way in which the rebels make good their threat of the black flag. They do not massacre, but they use new impediments. It seems often rough and unfeeling; for sleepers can not be always or wisely roused by gentle taps and soothing tones. And this is of this spirit, of which the career of Mr. Phillips is our most complete illustration, is to discover in good things how they may be made better; in him men may become more and more of America more American. The President, for instance, can supply reasons enough for what he has done. Mr. Phillips would supply public opinion with reasons for asking him to do more. These reasons may be good or bad; but a man whose purity of life and nobility of character, no less than his genius command the public confidence, class him among the truest Americans, is not to be disposed of as a scold or a professional caviler. For it is precisely such men as he who have kept the sacred fire of liberty burning in this country, while other men sneered and slept.

Do not let us become callous to the tales of horror which reach us every day from Richmond merely because they are incessant. Let the hapless prisoners who are there, and the soldiers in the field who have that possible fate before them, understand that the people hear their sighs and comprehend their fears, and will insist that in this matter the rebels shall be held to the sternest account.

SOLDIER'S PAY.

NOW that, in obedience to the demands of national common-sense, colored men are enrolled as soldiers, every citizen ought to insist that they shall have exactly the same treatment, chance, and pay as other soldiers. Hitherto they have been paid, under a general law regulating the labor of contrabands, ten dollars a month. This sum was offered to the freemen of the Massachusetts Fifty-fourth, the first colored regiment raised in the Free States, and they declined it. The State of Massachusetts then resolved to pay the soldiers the difference, and Major Emerson was sent with the money to Morris Island. But they declined that. Was this unreasonable upon their part? Let us see.

These men, free citizens of the United States, were enlisted in Massachusetts under the express written guarantee of the Secretary of War to the Governor of Massachusetts that they were to stand exactly upon the same footing with all other soldiers. Every body who knows the feelings of the Secretary of War in this matter knows that such was his wish. With that solemn assurance the men were mustered in, and have proved themselves as heroic and docile and patient as soldiers can be. And they simply decline any thing less than bare justice. They do not mutiny. They make no trouble whatever. They say simply that the United States Government pledged its honor, and they will wait the fulfillment of the pledge.

Is this unreasonable? Would any white regiment do otherwise? And have we a right to require of men, whom we are so ready to call less than men, more than our own average manhood?

The remedy is immediate and thorough. Instead of wasting time in abusing men who merely claim what we all confess that we owe, let us urge upon Congress the passage of a law to pay these soldiers of the Union army exactly what other soldiers are paid. For if we reproach those who ask for higher wages than others get for the same service, what shall we say of ourselves who hesitate for a moment in agreeing to the demand? The Secretary of War has recommended the passage of the necessary law. Is it unreasonable in the soldiers concerned quietly to await its passage?

A NOBLE PUBLIC INTEREST.

THERE has been another illustration of the generous manly art of self-defense. The London papers give copious details. The news is transmitted across the sea as an affair of public interest. The story has large headings in our own papers. But what is it? Simply that one man has tried to squeeze the breath out of another and failed, while the other pommeled the squeezer to a jelly. There are several columns of the story. There are editorials in the *Times*, in the *Saturday Review*, in almost all of the great papers. It is very fine, it is very noble, it is manly, and full of the true heroic art of self-defense; but there was a much more remarkable occurrence in London a few weeks ago, which has most lamentably failed of that universal popular interest which waits upon the reduction of a big man to a jelly.

A man in London called a cab at a railway station just after dark. He and his wife and two children stepped in and the driver drove as directed. On the way the cabman is told to stop at a public house for some porter. It is drunk by the passengers, and the cab driven out. By-and-by the gentleman calls to the driver to let him out, but to drop the lady and children at a certain point. The gentleman moves off; the cab drives away, and when it reaches that point and cabby alights and opens the door he sees the woman and children dead; murdered in a cab quietly driving in the evening through London streets. Here is a matter infinitely more remarkable and important than the beating a man to a jelly; but alas! it has had no large headings, and doubtless many a reader now knows it for the first time.

If two men should train themselves to lift heavy weights, and then strike each other with sledge-hammers, it would be just the same thing as hardening their muscle to iron and then fighting with their fists. But why is it manly? Why is it any thing but a wretchedly debauching of man? Why should any body feel a livelier or more elevated interest in it than in the butting and goring of prize bulls? Of course we do not deny that there is the profoundest interest. But why is that particular form of brutality, and utter want of every distinctive manly trait, so fascinating that it must be elaborately reported, and thoroughly discussed upon? The persons who congregate to see the show are bullies, blacklegs, sharpers, the dregs of human society. Their haunts are the dens of ignorance, bestiality, and infamy. The encounter is an outrage upon the law and common decency. Why, then, should respectable papers do more than chronicle the fact that they do all other events painful or pleasing, elevating or disgusting? Would there be the public interest which they plead in justification if they did not pander to it?

A MYSTERY.

THE rebels resolved some time since that all our colored troops taken in war should be handed over to the State authorities and their officers hung. Since then we have heard of the hanging of all officers and men in Arkansas, and we know of the probable capture at others. How true is the Arkansas story, and what is the fate of such prisoners? The President promptly and righteously declared that he should retaliate for any ill-usage they might receive. But is care taken to ascertain their precise condition? We have already a colored army. The examinations for commissions in it are properly careful and strict. The officers are men of character and conviction, as well as of military skill and personal courage. They are among the best and noblest in the land, and they face peculiar perils. Does the Government know at this moment how many such officers, with their men, are prisoners, and what their treatment is? If not, is it not especially bound to ascertain? When it invites young men to peculiar peril, does it mean to surround them with less than ordinary care?

We ask the questions not supposing that there is neglect, but because of the singular mystery which overhangs the whole subject. Of every officer, for instance, who fell or was captured at the assault upon Fort Wagner we have accounts, except of

Captain Cabot Russell of the colored regiment. Had he fallen, the space was so small and the struggle so brief that the death of an officer of his rank would have been surely known and reported. But to General Gilmore's request to know if he were taken Beauregard returned answer that there was no such person.

If the resolution of the rebels has been carried into effect, many of these men have been sold into slavery or put to death, the duty of the Government is plain enough. But can it do nothing to solve the terrible doubt?

MY LORD SETTINGTON AGAIN.

It will be remembered that a young English gentleman, known as Lord Hartington, was in this country last winter, and signalized his visit by insulting all faithful American citizens by wearing a rebel badge in the drawing-rooms of Mr. Aspinwall Belmont, for which he was not reproved by his host, but was called to account by a young Union officer. The fact is not a private one, for it was the subject of universal public comment at the time.

This promising sprig of the British aristocracy does not seem to have learned from experience the danger of meddling with edged tools. He has lately been making a speech abusing this country, and especially New England. He also referred to Mr. Colden's late speech at Rochdale. Upon which his lordship received the following letter:

MONTREAL, 29th Dec., 1863.

MY LORD.—You will, perhaps, be good enough to take an early opportunity of correcting, publicly, your error—a bad almost said reckless—perversion of the remarks which fell from me in the course of an address at Rochdale.

While with my pen in hand, permit me to add, that, with better opportunities than your lordship of studying the system of popular education and the state of society in the New England States, I have always thought much greater accuracy in what you stated to the Hottingham meeting on those subjects than in what you said of myself. I quote the honor to be, my lord, your obedient servant,

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON, M.P., &c. &c. &c. R. COLDEN.

There is a punishment known in infant schools as sitting down hard. Perhaps the Marquis of Hartington knows something about it.

WESTERN STUDENTS.

THE University of Michigan, the leading college of the West, has some eight hundred students. Three years ago the fair proportion of Sophomore Copperheads to true men in the free States—lately went to see Vallandigham, and were regaled with rebel sympathy. They put their performance into the papers. It echoed through the country. The young men, then, are traitors, and accept Vallandigham as their idea and abuse of their country and Government as their doctrine? So many a man wondered, but the students of the University have answered the question for themselves. They held a meeting and passed this resolution, with others of the truest tone:

Resolved, That we feel deeply concerned and justly indignant that the University of Michigan, whose unflinching support of the Union has been so greatly assisted by the long "army list" and the unlimited enlistments of its rebles and most promising sons, should be brought under the unmerited censure of the press and other men by the ill-concerted holiday freak or thirty-five adventurers, seeking notoriety through their disgraceful exhibitions; and who represent neither the honor, intelligence, nor patriotism of the eight hundred men who constitute the membership.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*December 21*. Petitions presented for exemption of clergymen from draft. Mr. Sumner gave notice of bill for confiscating lands, and substituted resolution requesting the Postmaster-General to report whether legislation is necessary for new railroad line between Washington and New York.—Select Committee on Pacific Railroad appointed.—Mr. Wilson introduced bill prohibiting members of Congress from acting as counsel where the United States are concerned.—Mr. Howe submitted resolution requesting to Secretary for payment, of the amount of notes of public loan paid to Mr. Fessenden.—Resolution for promotion up various commanders proposed by the Committee was amended by adding exemplary commanders, and was rejected by a vote of 33 to 8. Mr. Hendricks proposed amendment that the naval forces be divided into three classes, the first to include unmarried persons between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-five years, to be enrolled in all others, not to be called into service until the first class had been called out. Mr. Wilson introduced the Conference report on appropriations in the army.—Mr. Wade introduced bill for reorganization, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and disqualification for office, any member of Congress from voting on matters of claim in any court or military tribunal, in which the United States is directly or indirectly a party, or from receiving any compensation for services, in any such case, before any department, bureau, office, or board of Government.—Resolution referred to Committee on the Judiciary.—Mr. Sumner introduced his Collection Act, which is the law of March, 1863, and which not only such enrollment has not been made: adopted.—Mr. Trumbull moved notice of inquiry as to granting without a command equal to a brigade, etc., was taken up and adopted.—Pending this question the Senate then adjourned till January 5.

HOUSE.—*December 21*. After minor business bill appropriating $100,000 for payment of men called out for home defense in the Missouri Department, was passed.—The bill making appropriation for the Military Academy was passed.—Mr. Johnson offered resolution that as the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania had decided the conscription to be unconstitutional, it is the duty of the Executive either to acquiesce or to bring the question before the Supreme Court of the United States: laid on the table by 74 to 58.—The Senate amendments to the $30,000,000 bounty bill were concurred with: bill passed.—*December 22*. Select Committee on National Bankrupt Law appointed.—Mr. Spaulding Chairman.—The Secretary of War sent in General McClellan's report of his operations while General-in-Chief and Commander of the Army of the Potomac.—Mr. Fenton, from Committee on Military Affairs, reported bill to facilitate the payment of bounties and arrears due to deceased soldiers.—Mr. Schenck, from the same committee, reported bill to create the office of Paymaster-General, and also bill repealing part of the Enrollment bill; designed to unite the two classes of enrolled men: debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Ancona offered a proposition to amend the Constitution, and declared slavery to be unconstitutional, because it takes from the States the question of their rights, and turning the Committees to bring in a bill for the repeal of the act, and the substitution of a more constitutional one.—Mr. Wood opposed the filling up our armies; Mr. Schenck said that the committee would not report a repeal, but would have numerous amendments to make it more effective.—Mr. Myers introduced a bill requiring the Secretary of War to, in paying the claims which permits its expenditure free of charge.—Mr. Dawes, from Committee on Claims, to-day.—Mr. Morehead introduced resolution requiring inquiry into the Improvement of the navigation of the Ohio River.—The House adjourned to January 5.

VIRGINIA.

No important movements on the line of the Armies of the Potomac are reported. General Meade has issued an order granting a furlough of thirty days to officers and men re-enlisting, and directing that when three-fourths of the officers and men of any regiment have re-enlisted as a company or regiment they will be entitled to return home, taking its arms and equipments. An ordinance includes that the two counties in Virginia in which the rebels have their positions—are upon the north side of the Rappahannock and Rapidan, the enemy is now on the south.

AVERILL'S EXPEDITION.

A brilliant account of the expedition of General Averill, who commands in Western Virginia, has been received, the object of which was to break the line of communication between the Confederate armies in Virginia and Tennessee. Two thousand cavalry were employed, with the object of misleading the enemy, all of which were successfully executed. The expedition left Beverly on the 20th ultimo to General Averill. On the 8th of December he started from Huntersville, with about two thousand men, two regiments and a battery, marching almost due south, through Pocahontas County, directly through the most secret arsenic in Virginia and Tennessee. On the 10th he struck the line of the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad in the work of destruction. The telegraphic wire was cut, three miles of the road was torn up, and the rails twisted, the track torn up, bridges and culverts destroyed for a space of 25 miles; that is, from Wytheville to Max Meadows. The enemy in the mean time had learned of his position and purposes, and sent six regiments of infantry and artillery, without generals, to intercept him on his return. They took possession of every road and ford by which retreat was thought possible. One road, which crossed the tops of the Alleghanies, and was very difficult, Averill's men mastered. By this Averill made his escape, carrying off with his material with the exception of the artillery, which were burned in order to increase the teams of the pieces. He came in on the rail via Gauley Bridge, after crossing a river, 4 wounded, and about 90 missing. He captured about 200 prisoners, and destroyed 1,000 stand of arms and of their inability to walk. In his report General Averill says: "The enemy was rebuilt as rapidly as we destroyed it, put in the icy mountains and the icy roads. I was forced to swim my command and drag my artillery with ropes across Gray's Creek seven times in twenty-four hours. The horses have suffered severely for want of proper country, and the officers and men have suffered cold, hunger, fatigue, and constant exposure. Many command has marched, climbed, slid, and swam 295 miles in 12 days." General Averill adds that the destruction of the is "one of the most hazardous, important, and successful raids since the commencement of the war. Its importance is not to be measured by the less actually sustained by the destruction of property, but by the delay and total direct communication between the armies of Lee and Longstreet.

TENNESSEE.

Nothing of definite importance is reported from the army in Tennessee. Longstreet's attack on Knoxville has been repulsed to the command of the rebel army formerly commanded by Bragg, and now by Hardee. The attack is reported to be in the neighborhood of Dalton, Georgia. Longstreet, it appears, has retired to the north of the 14th of December by a portion of our troops in pursuit as Dean's Station, Strawberry Plains, and Kelly's Ford, on the road through Southern sources, our troops fell back. The Confederates, it is said, say: "Averill's command consists of the enemy retreated toward Knoxville; we captured seventy wagon-loads of stores and ammunition, and 200 men. We killed and wounded was 600; 375 prisoners have come in." The Union loss in the affair was given.

CHARLESTON.

The report of disaster to the *Ironsides* and "Monitors" engaged in the attack upon Fort Sumter and the Charleston continues to be carried on. A fire took place on Fort Sumter on the night of the 19th, which was put out. Sharp firing is exchanged between the batteries and the ironclads, and the former appear to be slightly damaged, inflicting considerable damage. The latest accounts, received at Washington, are to the 22d inst. Operations on the 20th and 21th 12th shells were thrown into the city, but the fire from the forts was very slow, and the ironclads is not stated, destroying ten or twelve buildings, and killing and wounding several persons. The heaviest fire from three guns at Fort Gregg, one at Cumming's Point, and one at the Middle Battery. The fire from the ironclads on the 20th between our gun-boats and the Confederate batteries on Cumming's Point. The latest accounts represent that it is to have been a drawn battle; that they are no one killed and five wounded. On the night of the 20th the rebels were engaged in throwing up earthworks, and erecting new batteries on Cumming's Point, which the enemy are trying to prevent by heavy fire from their ironclads.

ARKANSAS.

A strong Union feeling is being developed in Arkansas. Several Representatives elected to Congress in the fall of election. The reports of the abandonment of the rebel cause by the people are numerous. The Memphis *Bulletin* of December 16th, from Fort Smith, stating that the Choctaw chiefain, Peter Pitchlynn, had surrendered himself to the Federals and surrendered themselves to General McNeil. They were then paroled and sent home. Also that Colonel Cooper, the naval themselves of the President's Amnesty Proclamation, so as to embrace the case of Pitchlynn. Commissioners being selected at Washington.

THE "ALABAMA."

The *Alabama* has turned up in the Eastern seas. In October she left Cape Town for the Straits of Sunda, and at the month made her appearance at the port of Malacca, and did not stay long. The British steamer *Sunda*, which left apparently early in November, she had captured and burned a number of vessels in the neighborhood of Malacca. One was the *Amanda*, bound from Manilla to Cork, the other the *Tycoon*, bound from Hong Kong to New York.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

It was supposed that arrangements had been made to secure an exchange of prisoners. The case of Colonel Butler, to whom the matter has been committed, was for the present postponed, and the prisoners sent to Fort Lafayette back. The rebel Government then refused any further exchange, since they had no more Union officers to offer which our Government has been contending, and their have in regard to officers and soldiers in negro regiments are recognized. They also refused to receive a flag of truce from General Butler, or to negotiate with him on the subject of exchange, because as Jeff Davis's proclamation outlawing General Butler last year. They have also refused to receive any further supplies for our suffering prisoners.

PASSPORTS FROM NEW YORK.

An order has been issued by the Government prohibiting any vessels from putting to sea from the port of New York until they, their crews, and passengers, have been examined by the authorities; all suspicious persons will be arrested, and the transmission of arms and munitions of war will be prevented. It is said that the existence of a considerable trade with the enemy in these articles has been discovered, and several arrests of prominent merchants on this account have been made. The general plan has been to send revolvers, percussion caps, and similar articles, in packages supposed to contain provisions, apparently to California. Arriving at Panama, the goods are taken off, by orders from the shippers, and sent through Mexico to the Confederate States.

SOUTHERN TRADE.

The Confederate Congress has passed a new Military bill, which enacts that "All musicians, privates, and noncommissioned officers now in the military service of the States, by virtue of volunteering, enlistment, or conscription into the military service of the Confederate States, and the same are hereby retained in the said service for the war during the existence thereof, unless sooner discharged by law." A bill has been passed imposing a tax of 10 per cent upon the value of all sweepstakes in the entire South.——A resolution has been adopted confiscating the real estate of all persons in the Confederacy who hold by alien enemies; the same principles is to be applied to all property of persons not amenable by delivery.

The Richmond papers contain statistics from which they arrive at the following results within the Confederate lines: contains provisions sufficient to support the whole army of Virginia and the population of the State.

Governor Clarke, of Mississippi, has issued a proclamation requiring all persons between 18 and 45 to enter the service before the 1st of March. Those below or above that age will be liable to be called into service in same as citizens.

North Carolina, North Carolina, has for some time been the only Confederate port with any considerable trade; but now, as a result of the victories in captured vessels, may now be considered effectually blockaded. Accordingly the Richmond papers state that the usual exportation of cotton shipped thence during the year is less than 20,000 bales, but that this has been shipped by blockade runners from all other ports east of the Mississippi; the whole sent abroad by the rebels during the year will not exceed 40,000 bales, against more than 4,000,000 exported the year before the rebellion.

General Forrest, commanding at Atlanta, has issued an order threatening arrest and confiscation of property against all who refuse Confederate money.

The Legislature of Texas has refused to pass a resolution repealing Congress to repudiate the Confederate Treasury notes legal tender.

The Richmond *Inquirer* says that in case colored soldiers are "sent to the field and put in battle none will be taken prisoners—they will be shot down on the spot by the score. If any negroes have been captured during the year of soldiers in the service, they will be shot down like dogs."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A PRIZE fight between Heenan, an American, and King, an Englishman, which came off on the 8th of December, created much excitement in the Province of Leinster. The fight was for £200. King was victorious, after a terrible struggle of about half an hour.

The British Government seem to be determined to prevent the building of war vessels in Great Britain for the Confederates. Besides the rams heretofore seized, the steamer *Pampero* has been seized at Liverpool. On the 22d December, by order of the Lord Advocate of Scotland, Commissioner Adair, with a force of marines thereto, have broken out in India. Some of the Hill Tribes assisted in the Lushai Expedition, but they have been repulsed. Two British officers were killed and five wounded. 150 British troops have been killed and wounded.—Lord Elgin, the Governor-General of India, died on the 20th of December, and will be succeeded by Sir John Lawrence.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

Several of the European Powers have replied formally to the proposal of the French Emperor for a general Congress. Austria and Prussia accept, Great Britain absolutely declined to take part.

The reply of the Czar is cordial in terms, and professes a readiness to join in the scheme on certain conditions. It should be remembered, however, "if your Majesty's proposition lead to a loyal understanding between the sovereigns; but it must be first realized in order that any act proceed from the consent of the other Great Powers. It is indispensable that the Congress should define the question upon which an understanding should be arrived at, and that both agree to submit to the decision to be arrived at by the Congress." The Polish question is the leading one, it is assumed that the reply of Russia will contain a refusal.

The King of Prussia is quite ready to take part in a Congress, but thinks the Minister of the Interior of different States should prepare the proposals to be submitted for consideration. It is said that the Emperor of Austria is most anxious to form the foundation of the European peace, and that the Czar is cordial in his reception of the proposal.

The Emperor of Austria, in his reply, wished to know the programme of the Congress. To this the Minister added a dispatch, insisting that the French Government should define the question to be submitted to them, that the Austrian Government could decide upon the advantage of taking part in it.

The Pope seems to the proposal, and declare that he shall "protest against the establishment in Catholic countries of the real pre-eminence naturally appertaining to the Holy See, and which it has ever held." Russia, Italy, Denmark, and Greece seem to the proposal in the most cordial terms.

The King of the Belgians answers dubiously. "It would be desirable," he says, "to be in effect of a pacific movement the existing causes of anxiety in Europe could be settled." But he adds that the Government is declaring that his Government "would be quite inclined to join in it, so far as its rights." The King of Portugal answers coldly in his reply, lays down certain conditions precedent, and says that "it will be for the Cabinet to decide upon the invitation, and take part in the Congress, by sending a special plenipotentiary, or would be thing with the members of the Confederation who had received individual invitations.

MEXICO.

In Mexico every thing appears to be in utter confusion. The French are fighting with the Juarez guerrillas every day. General Comonfort was killed on the 31th of November, fighting for the Juarez Government, or by a band of robbers, is a matter of doubt.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

For many months a war has been going on between the States of Guatemala and Salvador, the advantages being on the side of the latter. A decisive battle, it is said, took place, about the close of September, shut up in the capital, and shortly thereafter the Salvadorian blood a surrender when Barrios received to cut his way through the beleaguering force. He succeeded in doing so with the most terrible loss of the latter. Most of these were killed or captured during the march through a hostile country, and left the General with a few followers at last succeeded in reaching the coast, where he found a British man-of-war steamer, which conveyed him to Panama, whence he took passage for Europe.

Troubles have broken out between Ecuador and the United States in consequence of the seizure of arms which are obscure. The Ecuadorian General Flores has marched on the New Granadian territory, capturing the town of Ipiales.

Honduras is likely to be agitated by a dispute as to the Presidency. It seems that when Guardiola was assassinated, a couple of years ago, the Presidency was assumed for the remainder of his term by the Senator Medina. At the recent election Medina was elected by a small majority. He then announced the Congress to meet in February, expecting that this body would declare him elected, upon what grounds we do not know.—Nicaragua is in echo way involved in the quarrel between Salvador and Guatemala. Costa Rica seems to be the only Central American State which remains tranquil.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL MICHAEL CORCORAN died on Tuesday, the 28d of December, at Fairfax Court House, Virginia, from injuries received by a fall from his horse. General CORCORAN was born in Carrickfest, Slige County, Ireland, on the 21st of September, 1827, and emigrated to this city in 1849. In the summer of 1859 he became Colonel of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. He was being court-martialed for his refusal to take part in the reception given to the Prince of Wales when the rebellion broke out. His regiment was mustered, and he was allowed to take command of it. At the first battle of Bull Run he was wounded and taken prisoner, and remained in confinement for thirteen months. He was released in August, 1862, when he returned to this city, upon which occasion he was honored with one of the most brilliant receptions which New York ever gave. He then received his rank as Brigadier-General and commanded the regiments. The CORCORAN Legion, which he has since led on the battle-field.

A few days ago JOSEPH LÉVE, alias JOHN KENDALL, a conscript or substitute from Thirty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, was shot at Morris Island for desertion.

Major-General BUTLER has been in Fort Lookout on a tour of inspection among hospitals and prisons. There has been some rumor of an intention on the part of some rebels to release the prisoners confined at that point, and of a readiness to revolt among the prisoners themselves. This was doubtless the occasion of his mission.

On Christmas-day the Rondout arrived at Hampton Roads at noon, steaming our flag. The *Minnesota* replied.

The steamer *New York* left City Point on the 25th, with two hundred deserters, for Dutch Gap Canal.

A few days ago the New Orleans steam-ship *George Cromwell* was seized by Marshal MURRAY, with a large quantity of powder and percussion caps were found on board. Several persons were arrested. A suspicious appearance were arrested. The shipment of the materials of war—which are supposed to be intended for the rebels—was traced to a certain prominent house in Cortlend Street. The goods were found to be the property of one of the authorities—no doubt for good reason—and it is therefore enveloped in some mystery for the present.

The steamer *Peterhof* has been put in commission at the Brooklyn Navy-yard as a thorough man-of-war, carrying ten guns, and will be ready for service in the most successful manner. She will in a few days be ready for active service.

Captain WILLIAM W. BADGER, who was dismissed from the 13th Regiment N. Y. Forty-fifth New York Volunteers in August last, for an alleged insult to his colonel and lieutenant-colonel, has been honorably restored to the rebel LINCOLN, and has been appointed a captain in the Irondequoit Regiment, Forty-fifth New York Volunteers, now in Louisiana. In the mean time the offended colonel and lieutenant-colonel have been honorably restored to their commands by the same Government. Captain BADGER leaves for New Orleans to-day.

It is stated that the Confederacy has sent Commissioners to Ireland to recruit clandestinely for the rebel army. Several have been sent to the United States, and have safely returned from Richmond. The plan is said to be as follows: Recruiting agents are to be provided a suspicious stating that 500 or 500 laborers, 100 mechanics, 50 clerks, etc., are required for immediate and permanent employments. The applicants are told that their passage will be paid free to Nassau, and that their transportation thence will be guaranteed there. Blockade-running steamers are to run at CORK and other ports to convey recruits for Canada to their destination.

Two steamers and eighteen rebels have, within the last few days, been released from the Old Capitol and allowed to go North, bearing a flag of truce. Amongst them are two hundred rebels who have expressed a desire to do likewise.

The Senate have postponed the period at which the three hundred dollar bounties are to cease from the 5th of January to the 1st of February next, and the bill will probably be put off for the same length of time.

The Second Connecticut Cavalry, A. Fifth Vermont, and Private —— BROWNE, Company B; Third Vermont Regiment, Company K, have been promoted a sergeant-major for desertion and found guilty were executed on December 19.

Commodore MONTGOMERY will relieve Commodore HARstone of the command of the Charleston blockading fleet on the 1st of January. At the same time the popular commander officer of the Canandaigua, Captan MARCY, will assume the command of the Potomac flotilla.

It is said that the Eastern Gulf Coast Rebels Blockading Squadron will be relieved from duty in the Chesapeake with the North River, by the arrival of the Potomac flotilla.

On Wednesday evening, December 23, General Burnside arrived at Providence. Governor SMITH met him at Dépôt, and a Major-General's Salute was fired.

In the skirmish which took place a short time ago at Rood's Station, the enemy admit a loss of 600 killed and wounded.

All the officers, soldiers, and sailors, captured at Galveston, Texas, have not been paroled, and are on the way to New Orleans.

The gallant number of re-enlistments into the Veteran corps from the Army of the Potomac is estimated at ten thousand.

The Soldiers' Relief Bureau of Boston will pay over one hundred and forty thousand dollars to the Sanitary Commission.

The United States steamer *Massachusetts* arrived at Hilton Head on the 20th inst. She had been chased by three rebel privateers, and also a portion of the obstructions which the rebels had placed in the channel of Charleston harbor.

Private —— New York regiment which has re-enlisted in the Sixth New York Cavalry, Colonel DAVIES. It has left Washington for the front.

Brigadier-General ROBERT O. TYLER has been relieved of his command and ordered to report to Major-General Halleck, lately commanded by CORCORAN.

The duty of superintending the exchange of prisoners has been transferred from General MEREDITH to General BUTLER, and a new regime will at once be inaugurated.

Several officers and soldiers of the rebel army have come into the Union lines at Newbern, North Carolina, and have taken the oath of allegiance, and expressed a gratified desire for Mr. LINCOLN's recent Proclamation.

The number of rebel deserters now at about to do the same thing.

On December 28 COLLINS and MCKENNA, two of the *Chesapeake* pirates, were arrested and brought before the police magistrate, Mr. BERGEN.

Lieutenant-Commander MCCREA, of the gun-boat *Kensington*, has captured a rebel schooner, the *Caroline*, with a valuable cargo of cotton, turpentine, and bound from Mobile to Havana. Her cargo, it is supposed, includes two hundred and fifty bales of cotton.

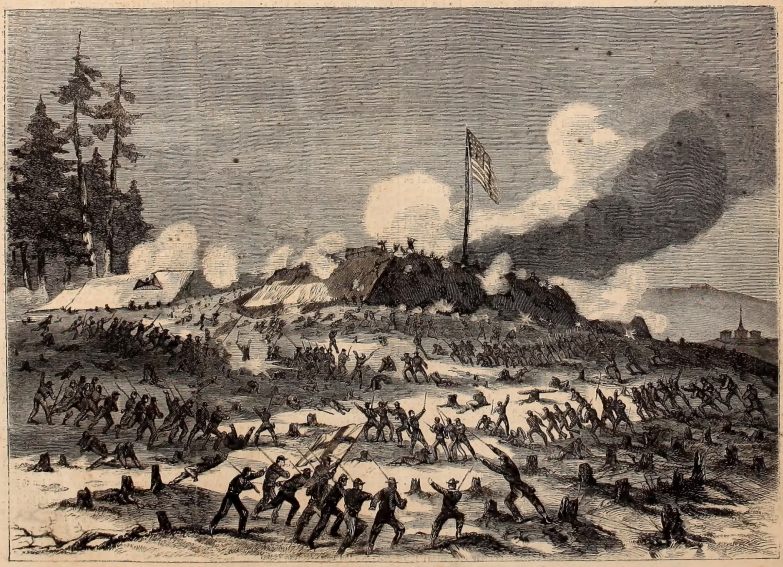
The Richmond papers are despondent over the effects of General AVERILL's late raid.

A new cemetery, called the Chattanooga United States Cemetery, has been established [illegible] and any soldier who has fallen in the vicinity of [illegible] will now be properly interred but in such a manner as to secure him readily his identification by his friends.

The trouble in the Ordnance Department at Alexandria will foot up millions. The Secretary of War has taken the matter in hand. These frauds have been in progress seven months.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS—THE CAPTURED CANNON.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 24.]

CHARGE OF COLONEL CREIGHTON'S BRIGADE AT THE BATTLE OF RINGGOLD.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 23.]



FORT SAUNDERS ASSAULTED BY A PORTION OF LONGSTREET'S CORPS.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 23.]

LOOKOUT.

[The following stirring poem was sent by Dr. Meigs, of Philadelphia, father of General M. C. Meigs, whose vivid description of the "Battle in the Clouds" has become classic, to his son, with a note, in which he says: "If my verses were worthy of being presented to General Hooker I should be glad to give them to him, with the blessing of an old man, who has many a time prayed to God in his behalf, and is now thankful and proud for the honor with which his life has been crowned."]

LISTY, right! left, right!—
Left, right!—March!
Steady, men! so—
For aloft we go
To rescue our country from tyrant and foe.
Not a word, my good men—not a sound,
Save the tramp of your feeble round.
Till you win the mountain's topmost head,
Where trenches and bulwarks stand circling them round.

Not a shout! no hurrah!
Not a musket-shot,
Nor the scream of a shell,
As nearer you draw;
Not a trumpet's blare,
Nor a bugle's note,
Till, blind with the daze
Of our tyrants' blaze,
Your loud hurrah shall sound their knell.
Left, right! left, right!
Steadily, ye firemen!—So!
Now forward we go,
Rushing o'er shattels, breast-work, and wall,
Victorious, in triumph o'er slavery's fall,
Shouting peans. To to our glorious stars!
Hurrahing loud anthems to the Red, White, and Blue!

As they fly with their bright constellation of light,
Proclaiming to traitors and tyrants inditht
That "Victory the Wingless" dwells ever with you.

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THEY all thought in their innocence that Hardie v. Hardie was now at an end. Captain Dodd could give Alfred's sol-diant opinion for him in simple truth. But Compton let them know that this evidence had come too late. "What, may we not get at and say here it papa, and it is all true?" cried Julia, indignant.

"No, Miss Dodd, certainly not, our case is closed."

"But suppose I insist on doing it?"

"Then you will be put out of court, Miss Dodd."

"Much I care, Mr. Compton."

He smiled, but convinced them.

Well then they would all go as spectators, and pray that justice might prevail.

They did go: and all sat together to hear a matter puzzled over, which had David come one day earlier he would have set at rest forever.

Dick Absolom was put in to prove that Alfred had put two sovereigns on the stump for him to bowl if he could; and after him the defendant, Mr. Thomas Hardie, a mild, benevolent, weak gentleman was put into the box, and swore the boy's father had come to him with story after story of the plaintiff's madness, and the trouble it would get him into; and so he had done for the best. His simplicity was manifest, and Saunders worked it ably. When Colt got hold of him, and helped him, he showed something more than simplicity. He stuttered, he contradicted himself, he perspired, he all but wept.

Colt.—Are you sure you had no spite against him?

Def.—Nd.

Colt.—You are not sure, eh?

This candid interpretation of his words knocked him stupid. He made no reply, but looked utterly ill-used pained.

Colt.—Did he not provoke you? Did he not call you an idiot?

Def.—He might.

Colt (satirically).—Of course he might (Laughter). But did he?

Def. (plucking up a little spirit).—No. He called me SORT TODDY.

This revelation, and the singular appropriateness of the nickname, were so highly relished by an intelligent audience, that it was a long time before the trial could go on for roars. The plaintiff's ringing laugh was heard among the rest.

The cross-examination proceeded in this style till the defendant began to drivel at the mouth a little. At last, after a struggle, he said, with a piteous look, that he could not help it—he hated signing his name; some mischief always came of it; but this time he had no option.

"No option?" said Colt. "What do you mean?"

And with one or two more turns of the screw, out came this astounding revelation:

"Richard said if I didn't put Taff in one, *he* would put me in one."

The Judge.—In one what?

(Def). (weeping bitterly).—In one mad-house, my lord.

In this peal that followed this announcement Colt sat down grinning. Saunders rose smiling. "I am much obliged to the learned counsel for making my case," said he: "I need not prolong the sufferings of the innocent. You can go down, Mr. Hardie."

The Judge.—Have you any defense to this action?

"Certainly, *my lord*."

"Do you call Richard Hardie?"

"No, my lord."

"Then you had better confine yourself to the question of damages."

The sturdy Saunders would not take the hint: he replied upon the whole case, and fought hard for a verdict. The line he took was bold; he described Richard Hardie as a man who had acquired a complete power over his weaker brother: and had not only persuaded him by statements, but even compelled him by threats, to do what he believed would be the salvation of his nephew. Will you imitate the learned counsel's cruelty? Will you strike a child? In short, he made a powerful appeal to their pity, while pretending to address their judgments.

Then Colt rose like a tower, and assuming the verdict as certain, asked the jury for heavy damages. He contrasted powerfully the defendant's paltry claim to pity with the anguish the plaintiff had undergone. He drew the wedding party, the insult to the bride, the despair of the kidnapped bridegroom; he lashed the whole gang of conspirators in the entire, repeated and retested that they could only make one of all these villains smart, but hinted that Richard and Thomas Hardie were the two he had, and that heavy damages inflicted on Thomas would find the darker culprit out. He rapped out Mr. Cooper's lunes on liberty, and they were not the jury, though to nobody else: he warned them that all our liberties depended on *them*. "I am," said he, "here to behended the tyrant, and banished another, to secure those liberties, if men are to be allowed to send away their own flesh and blood into the power of all pretense for life and not smart for it, in those lamentably few cases in which the law permits the weak to have hold of them." But it would task my abilities to the utmost, and occupy more time than is left me, to do any thing like justice to the fervid, rapid eloquence of Colt, Q.C., when he got a great chance like this. Tonst, fulgurets, et rapidis eloquentiæ fluctibus omnem obruit auditorium. Bursts of applause, that neither crier nor judge could suppress, bore witness to the deep indignation Britons feel when their hatred of kidnapteries are tampered with by power or fraud, in defiance of law; and when he sat down, the jury were ready to fly out at him with £3000 in hand.

Then rose the passionless voice of "justice according to law." I wish I could give the very words. The following is the sense as I understood it. Lawyers forgive deficiencies!

"This is an important, but not a difficult case. The plaintiff sues the defendant under the law of England for falsely imprisoning him in a madhouse. The imprisonment is admitted, and the sufficiency of the plaintiff's evidence. The question is, whether he was insane at the time of the act? Now, I must tell you, that in a case of this kind it lies upon the defendant to prove the plaintiff's insanity, rather than on the plaintiff to prove his own sanity. Has the defendant overcome this the difficult task? He has called from him hearsay and conjectures of respectable persons, but very little evidence. Illusion is the best proof of insanity, and no such evidence was certainly made to fasten an illusion on the plaintiff about a sum of £14,000. But the proof is very weak, and would have been a sanction-that all error is hallucination: this is illusory, and would, if acted on, set one half the kingdom imprisoning the other half. Again, after all, they did not quite prove that the plaintiff was *in error*. They advanced no undeniable proof that Mr. Hardie had ever made or owned this £14,000. I don't say it was proved on the other hand that he did embezzle that sum. Richard Hardie was not put in the box, and he is on this evidence might possibly obtain a verdict: for then the burden of proof would lie on Alfred Hardie: but here I am bound to say that he is insane. The fact appears to be that the plaintiff imbibed a reasonable suspicion of his own fellow's integrity; it was therefore founded on fair evidence; imperfect, indeed, but of a high character as far as it went. There was a letter from Captain Dodd to his friend, announcing his return with £14,000 upon him, and, while as yet unaware of this letter, the plaintiff heard David accuse Richard Hardie of embezzling the properly £14,000, the identical sum. At least, he swears to this, and as Richard Hardie was not called to contradict him, I am bound in law to suppose that Richard Hardie could not contradict him on oath. Here, then, true or false, was a rational ground for every man in the land to right to a rational suspicion of his neighbor, and even to utter it within due limits: and, if he overstep those, the party injured has his legal remedy; and, if he omits his legal remedy, and makes an attempt of doubtful legality not to redress but to stifle the voice of reasonable suspicion, shrewd men will suspect all the more. But then comes a distinct and respectable kind of evidence for the defendant. It appears that the plaintiff was going to sign away his property to his wife's relations. Now, this is proved, and a deed of the deed put in and sworn to. This taken singly, has a very extraordinary look; still you cannot consider the plaintiff's reasonable suspicion that money belonging to the Dodds had passed irregularly to the Hardies, and then to the wonder of the whole world, Young and noble minds have in every age done these generous, self-denying, and delicate acts. The oldest we get, the less they seem to be connected for a crime of this character. But we are not to imprison youth and chivalry because we have outgrown them. We go from particulars to generals, the defendant on whom the proof lies, has advanced hearsay and conjecture, and not put their originators into the box. And the plaintiff, on whom the proof does not lie, has advanced an overpowering amount of evidence that he was sane at the time of his incarceration: this was proved to demonstration by friends, strangers, and by himself." Here the judge analyzed the testimony of several of the plaintiff's witnesses.

"As to the parties themselves, it is curious how they impersonated, so to speak, their respective lines of argument. The representative of evidence and sound reasoning, though accused of insanity, was clear, precise, frank, rational, and dignified in the witness-box. The party who relied on hearsay and conjecture was as feeble as they are; he was almost imbecile, as you observed; and looking at both parties, it seems monstrous that the plaintiff should be the one confined as a lunatic, and the defendant allowed to run wild and lock up his intellectual superiors. If he means to lock them all up, who is safe? (Laughter.) The only serious question, I apprehend, is on what basis the damages ought to be assessed. The plaintiff's counsel has made a powerful appeal to your passions, and calls for vengeance. Now, I must tell you you have no right to indulge yourselves instincts of vengeance, nor even to punish the defendant in a suit of the kind: still less ought you to strike the defendant harder than you otherwise would, in the vague hope of hitting indirectly the true mover of the defendant and the other property. Let me solemnly warn you against that unfortunate suggestion of the learned counsel's. If the plaintiff wants vengeance, the criminal law can give it him. Threatening by your verdict, he can still indict the guilty party or parties. Meanwhile he comes *here*, not for vengeance, but for compensation and restoration to that society which he is every day falling to adorn. More than this—and all our sympathies—it is safe for us to give him. But then the defendant's cause went too far the other way. His client, he says, is next door to an idiot, and so forsooth his nephew is not entitled correctly. This is all very well if it could be shown ignorance implies the plaintiff and his just claim to compensation. If the defendant instead of being weakminded were an idiot, or a lunatic, it would be error, and the plaintiff would be a felon, but not for damages in a suit. A sane man is not to be falsely imprisoned by a lunatic without full compensation for the loss of his time or his estate; a fortiori, he is not to be so imprisoned by a mere fool without just compensation. Supposing your verdict then to be for the plaintiff, I think vindictive damages would be unfair on this feeble defendant, who has acted recklessly, but under the error, and therefore not a bad faith. On the other hand, nominal or even unsubstantial damages would be unjust to the plaintiff, and this plaintiff seems entitled to a doubt. I am sure you do not entertain, as to the plaintiff's perfect sanity during the whole period of his life.

At noon on Friday had ended. The foreman of the jury said their minds were quite made up long ago.

Silence in the court.

We find for the plaintiff, with damages three thousand five hundred pounds.

The verdict was received with some surprise by the judge, and all the lawyers, except Mr. Colt, and by the people with acclamation; in the midst of which Mr. Saunders announced that the plaintiff had just gained his first class at Oxford.

"I wish him joy," said the judge.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE verdict was a thunder-clap to Richard Hardie; he had promised Thomas to bear him blameless. The Old Turks, into which he had bought a lot of Peggy's, and that implied a loss of five thousand pounds. On the top of all this came Mr. Compton's letter, neatly copied by Colt: Richard Hardie was doubly and trebly ruined.

Then in his despair and hate he determined to baffle them all, and to steal the hearts of some of them once more.

He would give Peggy his last shilling; write a line to Alfred Hardie to Julia, assure them he had no money, and they had killed him. And with that leave them both the solemn curse of a dying father, and die by himself.

Not to be interrupted in his plan, he temporized with Mr. Compton; wrote that, if the Receipt was really lost, he would pay the costs of the loss must fall on him; it was a large sum, but he would not be ruined and his heir in days from date. With this he went and bought a pistol, and at several chemists' shops a little essential oil of almonds; his plan was to take the poison, and be killed without pain well and good; but if it tortured him, then he would blow his brains out with the pistol.

He also arranged his worldly affairs, and on the day gave Peggy his £500, and told her she had better keep it for Julia, who should be arrested. He sent her on an errand to the other part of town: then with his poison and the pistol

He ran the risk, with a brief but emphatic curse for his son, and Julia; and a line to Peggy to thank her for her fidelity to one so much older than herself, and to beg her to take a tobacconist's shop with his money: when he had done all this, he poured out the fragrant poison and tasted it.

Ere he could drink it, one of those quidnuncs who are always interrupting a gentleman when he has important business on hand came running in with all manner of small intelligence. Mr. Hardie put down the glass and gave him his full attention, because he would then go away and let him proceed to business. And at last his visitor did rise and go. Mr. Hardie sat down with a sigh of relief to his fragrant beverage.

Doesn't the door open, and this bore poke in his head? "Oh, I forgot to tell you: the Old Turks are going up to-day like a shot." And with this he slammed the door again, and was off.

At this the cup began to tremble in the resolute wretch's hand. The Old Turks going up! He poured the poison back into the vial, and put it and the pistol, all the letters, carefully into his pocket, and took a cab to the City.

The report was true; there was an extraordinary movement in the Old Turks. The sultan was about to pay a portion of this loan, being at six per cent., this had transpired, and at four o'clock the Turks were quoted at 73. Mr. Hardie returned a gainer of £5000 instead of a loser. And he locked up the means of death for the present.

And now an ordinary man would have said to, and got clear of the fatal cup: but this was not an ordinary man: he would not sell a share that day. In the afternoon they rose to 74. He came home, unloaded his pistol, and wrote himself some brandy-and-water, and with a grim smile, favored it with a few drops of the poison that was a delicious tonic. The Turks rose again up, up, to 82. Then he sold out, and cleared £49,000, and all in about ten days.

With this revived the habits of his youth; no more cheating: nothing could excuse that but the dread of poverty. He went to his appointment with Mr. Compton, asked to see the Receipt; said "Yes; that was his form, and Skinner's handwriting; he had never personally received one bullring of the money; Skinner had clearly embezzled it; but that did not matter; of course, Captain Dodd must not lose his money. Send your bill of costs in Hardie v. Hardie to *me*, Mr. Compton," said he, "they shall not be taxed; you have lost enough by me already."

There was an air of dignity and good faith about the man that imposed even on Compton. And when Julia called, he told her the same, and said, "I should be grateful if you would forgive me the interest but for a great piece of good fortune on the Stock Exchange. I could never have paid the whole principal," he said, warmly.

"The interest should never be demanded through *him*."

He called in Colts, delivered up the Receipt, and received the £14,010, 12s. 6d. from Mr. Hardie.

* * *

"O Immortal Cash! You, like your great inventor, have a kind of spirit as well as a body; and on this, not on your grosser part, depend your potential activity. So long as that survives, your body may be recalled to its lawful owner from Hearent knows where.

Mr. Compton subdued to Dorcas Street and put this hard, hard Cash in David Dodd's hands once more.

* * *

Love and Constancy had triumphed; and Julia and Alfred were to be married and go down to Albion Villas, to prepare for the whole party: tenants no more: Alfred had bought it. The Commissioners of Lunacy had protected his £20,000 resolutely from the first: and his trustees had now paid the money over.

Alfred, consulted by Mrs. Dodd, whose pet of pets he now was, as to the guests to be asked to the wedding-breakfast, suggested "none but the tried friends of our adversity."

"What an excellent idea!" said Mrs. Dodd, naively.

Dr. Sampson being duly invited asked if he should bring his friends.

This proposal puzzled all but Mrs. Dodd. She was found laughing heartily in a corner with not any one to laughter. Julia and Alfred had pointed out by Julia, she said, with a little crow, "He means his wife! Yes, certainly, bring your Euclogue!"—pretending to have had the most elegant word—"and then they will all see how well you can behave."

Accordingly he brought a lady, who was absurdly pretty to be the mother of several grown young ladies and gentlemen, and two shades more quiet than faded they were. She was quietly had her chair placed by Dr. Sampson's, and, whenever he got racy, she put a hand gently on his shoulder, and by some mesmeric effect moderated him as Neptune did the waves in the Æneid. She was such a mistress of this mesmeric art that she arrived on a perfect conversation with her other neighbor, yet modulated her to her husband's tone of the moment. Dr. Sampson had a peculiarly jovial manner, and while looking another way.

This hand, soft as down, yet to all appearance irresistible, suppressed the great art of healing, vital chronometry, the wrongs of inventors, the columns of many Medical Mo., and set her drawing-room topics, at the very first symptom, and only just allowed the doctor to be the life and soul of the party.

Julia and Mrs. Dodd had a good cry at parting. Of course Alfred consoled them; reminded them it was only for a few weeks, and took off his lovely prize, who in the carriage soon dried her eyes upon his shoulder.

Then she applied to her new lord and master for information. "They *say* that you and me are one, now," said she.

He told her confidently it was so.

"Then from this moment you are Julius and I am Elfrida," said she.

"I am a barbarian," said he, and sealed it on the sweet lips that were murmuring Heaven so near him.

In this sore-tried and now happy pair the ardor of possession lasted long, and was succeeded by the calm but full feeling of conjugal love, high esteem combined. They were so young and elastic that past sorrows seemed but to give one more to the great draught of joy. Sometimes they now drank day by day. They all lived together at Albion Villa, thanks to Alfred. He was by nature combative, and his warlike soul was roused at the current theory that you can not be happy under the same roof with your wife's mother. "That is cant," said he to Mrs. Dodd; "let us you and I trample on it hand in hand."

"My child," said poor Mrs. Dodd, sorrowfully, "every body says a mother-in-law in the house bores a young gentleman sadly."

"If a young gentleman can't live happy with you, mamma," said he, kissing her, "he is a little snob, that is all, and not fit to live at all. Everlinds est Cantilena! That means down with Cant!" They did live together: and behold eleven French plays, with their thirty-three English adaptations, confused to the end of time.

Creatures so high-bred as Mrs. Dodd never fidget one. There is a repose about them; they are balm to all those they love, and blister to none. Hem, no stranger could tell by Mrs. Dodd's manner whether Edward or Alfred was her own son.

Oh, you happy little villa! you were as like Paradise as any mortal dwelling can be. A day came, however, when your walls could no longer hold all the happy inmates. Julia presented Alfred with a lovely boy: enter nurses, and the villa showed symptoms of bursting. Two months more, and Alfred and his wife and boy overflowed into the next villa. It was but twenty yards off; and there was a double reason for the migration. As often happens after a long separation, Heaven bestowed on Captain and Mrs. Dodd another infant to play about their knees at present, and help them grow younger instead of older: for tender parents begin life again with their children.

The boy were nearly of a size, though the nephew was a month or two older than his uncle, a relationship that was early impressed on their young minds, and caused those who heard their prattle many a hearty laugh.

"Mrs. Dodd," said a lady, "I couldn't tell by your manner which is yours and which is your daughter's."

"Why they are both mine," said Mrs. Dodd, blissfully.

As years rolled on Dr. Sampson made many converts at home and abroad. The foreign ones acknowledged their obligations. The leading London physicians managed more skillfully: they came into his ideas, and bit by bit reversed their whole practice, and, twenty years after Sampson, began to strengthen the invalid at once, instead of first prostrating him, and so causing other long sickness or sudden death. But, with all this, they disowned their forerunner, and still called him a quack while adopting his practice. This dishonesty cost them into difficulties. To hide that their whole practice in medicine was reversed on *better information*, they were thus shuffle to shuffle, till at last they reached this climax of fatuity and egotism—THE TYPE OF DISEASE IS CHANGED.

Natura mutatur, non ne mutamur.

O, mutable Nature and immutable doctors!

O, unstable Omniscience, and infallible Nescience!

The former may err; the latter never—in its own opinion.

At this rate, draining the weak of their lifeblood was the right thing in Cervantes's day; and when he observed that it killed men like sheep, and said so, said tit Sangrado, he was confounding the age with an age to come three hundred years later, in which coming age depletion was *going* to be wrong.

Moliere—in bashing the whole scholastic system of lancet, purge, and blister as one of slaughter—committed the same error: mistook his century for one to come.

And Sampson, thirty years ago, sang the same tune, and mistook his inflammatory generation for the dead generation unborn. In short, it is the characteristic of a certain blunder called genius to see things too far in advance. The surest way to avoid this is not to see them at all; but go blindly by the cant of the hour. Race mountebanks, va!

Sampson was indignant at finding these gentry, after denouncing him for years as a quack, were pilfering his system, yet still reviling him. He went in a severing passion, and laid about them by tongue and pen: told them they were his subtractors now as well as detractors, asked them how it happened that in countries where there is no Sampson the type of disease remains unchanged, depletion is the practice, and death the result, as it was in every age?

No man, however stout, can help being deeply wounded when he sees his ideas stolen, yet left naked and publisher disowned. Many men's hearts have been broken by this: but I doubt whether they were really great men.

Don't see Lilliput ever really break Brobdignab. Except of course when Brobdignab takes medical advice of Lilliput.

Dr. Sampson had three shields against subtraction, detraction, and all the wrongs inventors endure: viz., a choleric temper, a keen sense of humor, and a good wife. The first stormed and rages at his detracting pupils; but ends with tears of love at their independence. I am told he still hopes to meet with justice some day, and to give justice a chance he goes to bed at ten, for, says he,

Jinny oh, jinny oh,
Take care of your carcass,

and explains that no genius ever lived to ninety without being appreciated.

"If Chatterton and Keats had attended to this, they would have been all right. If James Watt had died at fifty he would have been all wrong; for at fifty he was a failure: so was the painter Etty, th' English Tishin." And then he accumulates examples.

His last distich bearing on Hard Cash is worth recording. "Miss Julee," said he, "y' are goen to marry int' a strange family—

Where th' ills pass the jinny us
In—ill a mad-house,"

which, like most of the droll things this man said, was true: for Soft Tommy and Hard were the two intellectual extremes of the whole tribe of Hardies.

Mrs. Archbold, disappointed both in love and revenge, reposed her understanding and soothed her mind with Frank Beverley and opium. This soon made the former deep in love with her, and his intellect grew by contact with hers. But one day news came from Australia that her husband was dead. Now, perhaps I shall surprise the reader if I tell him that this Edith Archbold began her wedded life a good, confiding, loving faithful woman. Yet so it was: the unutterable blackguard she had married, he it was who labored to spoil her character, and succeeded at last, and drove her, unwilling at first, to other men. The news of his death was like a shower-bath; it roused her. She took command of herself, and hope revived in her strong head and miserable heart. She told Frank, and watched his face. He was a man of honor. He blushed, and implored her to marry him directly. She gave him her hand and turned away, and shed the most womanly tear that had blessed her for years. "I am not mad, you know," said poor Frank; "I am only a bit of a muff." To make a long story short, she consulted all her intelligence, and with her help Frank took measures toward superseding his Commission of Lunacy. Now, in such cases, the Lord Chancellor always examines the patient in person. What was the consequence? Instead of the vicarious old Wolf, who had been devoured at a mouthful and fourth hand, Frank had two interviews with the chancellor himself: a learned, grave, upright gentleman, who quickly saw that his kindly counsel by and finding him to be a young man of small intellectual grasp, but not the least idiotic or mad, superseded his commission in defiance of his greedy kinsfolk, and handed him his property. He married Edith Archbold, and she made him as happy as the day was long. For the first year or two she treated his adoration with goodnatured contempt; but, as years rolled on, she became more and more his loving counselor. They are now a happy pair, and all between her first hostile love and this her last, seems to her a dream.

So you see a female rake can be ameliorated by a loving husband, as well as a male rake by a loving wife.

It sounds absurd, but that black-browed jade is like to be one of the best wives and mothers in England. But then, mind you, she had all ways—Brains.

I don't exactly know why Horace puts together those two epithets, "just" and "tenacious of purpose." Perhaps he had observed they go together. To be honest, I'm afraid the reason of this is so on the grand scale. But certainly these two features did meet remarkably in one of my characters—Alfred Hardie. He left the bank broke he had said he would pay the creditors. He now set to work to do it by degrees. He got the manager to allow him a share of his income, and paid half away to these creditors; he even asked Julia to try and find Maxley out, and do something for him. But that, Julia, let me see him," said he, trembling, "for I could not answer for myself." Maxley was known to be cranky but harmless, and was a public man of the country. Julia wrote to Mr. Green.

Alfred's was an up-hill game; but fortune favors the obstinate as well as the brave. One day, about four years after his marriage with Julia, being in London, he found a stately figure in the corner of a street, soliciting out his hand for alms, too dignified to ask it except by that mute and touching gesture.

It was his father.

Then, as truly noble natures must forgive the fallen, Alfred was touched to the heart, and thought of the days of his childhood. The temptation came. "Father," said he, "have you come to this?"

"Yes, Alfred," said he hard, composedly: "I undertook too many speculations, especially in funds and shares, and secured profitable at first too; but now I am overwhelmed: if you would but relieve me of them, and give me a guinea a week to live on, I would forgive all your disobedient conduct."

"Come home with me, Sir," said the young man.

He took him to Barkington, bag and baggage, and his good Christian wife received the old man with delight: she had prayed for any sight but this reconciliation. Finding his son so warm, and being himself as cool, Richard Hardie entrapped Alfred into a commercial scheme, and lodge him, and pay him a guinea every Saturday at noon; in return for this Alfred was to manage Richard's business, and sell off his goods, if any. Alfred assented; the old man chuckled at his son's simplicity, and made him sign a formal agreement to that effect.

This done he used to sit brooding and misery the nearly all the week till guinea time came; and then brightened up. One day Alfred sent for an accountant to look after his father's papers, and see if matters were really desperate.

The accountant was a long time at work, and told Alfred the accounts were perfectly clear, and kept in the most admirable order. "The cash balance is £20,000," said he, "and no bills, or rents are due. It is an agent you want, not an accountant."

"What are you talking about? a balance of £00,000?" Alfred was stupefied.

The accountant, however, soon convinced him by the figures of the case.

Alfred went with the good news to his father.

His father went into a passion. "That is one side of the account, my fool," said he, "think of the rates, the taxes, the outgoin's. You want to go from your bargain, and turn me on the world; but I have got you in black and white, tight, tight."

Then Alfred saw the truth, and wondered at his past obtuseness.

His father was a monomaniac.

He consulted Sampson, and Sampson told him to increase the old man's comforts on the sly, and pay him his guinea a week. "It's all you can do for him."

Then Alfred employed an agent, and received a large income from his father's land and houses, and another from his consols. The old gentleman had purchased westward of Hyde Park Square, and had bought with excellent judgment till his mind gave way. But Alfred never parted a farthing of it on himself: all he took was for his father's creditors. "All justice is good," said he, "even wild justice." Some of these unfortunate creditors he found in the work-house: the Nemesis Lunley that survived, were there also! He paid them their four thousand pounds, and restored them to society. The name of Hardie began to rise again from the dust.

Now, while Richard Hardie sat brooding and miserable, expecting utter ruin, and only bright-ened up on guinea day, Julia had a protégé with equally false views, but more cheerful ones. It was an old man with a silver beard, and a bamboo with which he stamped feather into round pieces of silver, in his opinion. Nothing could have shaken that notion out of his mind. Julia remembered it. She let it be known that she would always cash five pieces of round leather from Mr. Matthew's mint per day, and ten on Friday, when guinea day went on paper.

She contrived this with diabolical, no, angelical cunning, to save the old man from ridicule, and to do him much good. All souls were dear to her. What was the consequence? He went about with his mint, and relieved poor people, and gratified his mania at the same time. His face began to beam with benevolence, and innocent self-satisfaction. On Richard Hardie's will was cordage: and deep gloom sat on his ever-knitted brow.

Of these two men which was the rich man; he who left Alfred, yet thought he possessed enough for himself and his neighbors: or he who rolled in wealth, and writhed under imaginary poverty?

One reflection more. Do not look to see Providence dash the cup of prosperity from every disagreeable hand: you will often be disappointed: yet this, if you look closer, you shall often see: such a man holds the glittering cup tight, and nectar is in it, but also that *one* drop of unwholesome sauce some subtle ingredient, which turns that nectar to wormwood.

Richard Hardie died in the end being hastened by fear of poverty coming, like an armed man, and his guinea a week going. Matthews met him in the street, and was impressed with pain, but subject to death, was laid beside his poor mistress in St. Anne's church-yard. Julia buried him, and wept for the same pat to his grave; and, when this was done, she took her husband to see it. On that stone was fresh carved the name of the deceased, Matthew Hardie.

"I have done what you told me," said Julia, solemnly.

"I know it," said Alfred, softly. "I saw who your Matthews was; but I could not speak of him, even to you. You have done right my good Christian wife. I wish I was like you. My poor little Jenny!"

Richard Hardie's papers were all in order; and showed them an old will leaving £14,000 to Edward Dodd.

On this being announced to Edward, he remarked with a sigh, "Alfred has been dead at him for a long time with offers of money, and failing these had lost his temper and forged a will, by Jove. I wish I was like you."

This scandalous defense broke down. The document was indisputable, and the magic sum of £14,000 made Edward's livelihood for life pretty comfortable. Thus rose the Hard Cash once more from the grave.

All this enabled the tenacious Alfred to carry out a deeply-considered design. Hardie's late bank had been made into a shop; but it belonged to Mr. Dodd, and he heard it of her, and set up the bank again, with Edward as managing partner. This just suited Edward, who sadly wanted employment. Edward's character, still young and soon wiped out the late disgraceful episode, and being a man of great acuteness of business, a good credit. No creditor of Richard Hardie was left unpaid. Alfred went in for politics; and Barkington, being educated by seventeen clergymen, took it as a matter of course; told his friends he had never succeeded in any thing at first; nor should he succeed again, and returned Alfred M.P. for Barkington, whence to dislodge him I pity any one who tries.

For a long time Mrs. Dodd was nervous, and used to wake with a start at night, and put out her hand to make sure David was not lost again: this was over at last.

For years the anniversary of that fatal day, when he was brought home on a stretcher, came to them all as a day of gloom: but that was over off.

Sometimes the happiness of her family seemed incredible to her, remembering what they had all gone through. At first, their troubles were too terrible and recent to be discussed. But now and then they would talk of it all; and things bitter at the time became pleasant to remember.

One mid-summer day they had all dined together rather early, at Albion Villa, and sat on the lawn with Mrs. Dodd's boy and Julia's boy and girl playing at their ladies' knees. Now after a little silence, Mrs. Dodd, who had been thinking quietly of many things, spoke to them all, and said: "If my children and I had not been born friends, we never should have survived that terrible time we have passed through, my dears. Make friends of your children, my child."

"Ah, that I will!" said Julia; and caught up the nearest brat, and kissed it.

"It wasn't only being friends, mamma," said Edward; "it was our sticking together so."

In looking back on the story now ended, I incline to the same conclusion. Almost my first word was that Mrs. Dodd and her children were bosom-friends; and my last is to congratulate them that it was so. Think of their various trials and temptations, and imagine what would have become of them if family love and unity had not abounded. Their little house was built on the sure foundation of true family affection: and so the winds of adversity blew distracted, and the floods came, and burst upon that house, but could not prevail against it; it was founded on a rock.

THE END.

THE UPPER AND LOWER RIVER.

I STOOD, by the young, glad river
That watered the prairies wide,
And held the face of their gallant blooms
Enshrined in its crystal tide:

And I asked of the dimpled water
Its secret of happiness,
And it answered full from its heart of joy,
"I am blessed; I learn to bless."

Its voice was lost in the singing
That rose from the wheat-fields near,
And the lark-winged song of the reaper's child
From the opening whistled clear.

I stood by the old, sad river
That threatened the lowlands wide,
And the shout and the shame of the Spanish beard
Held in its poisoned tide:

And I asked the stream the secret
Of its fishery to threaten,
And it answered deep from the heart of woe,
"I am cursed; I turn to curse."

Its voice was lost in the clanking
Of chains in the cane-fields damp,
And a hungry buzzard, gaunt and still,
Flapped off to the cypress swamp.

THE BATTLE OF RINGGOLD.

The charge of Colonel Creighton's brigade at the battle of Ringgold, a gallant though disastrous assault, which ended the series of battles lately fought by the Army of Chattanooga, General Grant, is presented to our readers on page 21.

Colonel Creighton, killed at the very front of his men, with his last breath gave them, "Three cheers for the First Brigade, and God save the Union!" Nearly every officer of his regiment, the Seventh Ohio, was either killed or wounded, and the loss in the brigade was great.

The warm feeling between the divisions of General Grant's army is illustrated by the hearty and mutual gallantry in their side-by-side struggle for our cause, was a gladdening sight to witness.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS.

In front of the head-quarters of General Thomas, a sketch of which is given on page 20, we now parked the greater portion of the cannon captured in the late battles.

Each one answers of the soldiers and officers may be seen gathered about the spot, and if space could be given their stories of the manner in which each battery or piece was taken would be of exciting interest to their many friends who are readers of the *Weekly*. To them the thought that they may look at the same guns that their soldier friends daily view must be gratifying.

ASSAULT ON FORT SAUNDERS.

On pages 21, 24, and 25 we publish sketches representing the ASSAULT MADE BY THE REBELS ON FORT SAUNDERS, November 29, 1863. Fort Sanders had lasted two weeks, and tidings had come of the defeat of Bragg's army by Grant. KNOXville, if taken, therefore, must be taken at once. Fort Saunders was believed by the enemy to be the key to the whole position, and accordingly a forlorn hope was ordered out of the obscured earth of Longstreet's corps to carry the fort by assault, their success to be the signal for a general assault.

At early dawn the assaulting column moved up to the attack over the slope in front of the fort, as seen in this illustration on page 21. This slope was covered with dense undergrowth, and was woven a net-work of wire. This and a galling fire from our rifle-pits, into which the men were crowded, threw their ranks into confusion, but they struggled on. As soon as they came within easy range shot range the guns of the fort opened upon them with grape and canister. Around the fort was a deep ditch, twelve feet wide, upon which the enemy had not calculated. The parapet was high and steep, the lighting point to be represented in the illustration on pages 24 and 25.

The enemy, staggered by the fire, stumbling through the wires, at last reached this ditch, and sprang for the parapet. Unseen wires caught and threw them. The ditch was full of them. Rebels with faces cut short, and lighted, were thrown over the parapet among them. A few struggled to the top of the parapet, but were shot, killed or captured. Half a dozen, who made their way into one of the embrasures, were blown to atoms by a discharge of grape from the gun at whose muzzle they stood. This work lasted for half an hour, when, broken and terribly punished, the enemy withdrew. The ditch around the fort, as well as the slope, was full of the bodies of the slain and wounded. In the ditch they were piled eight and ten deep—a most horrible sight. The loss of the enemy in the assault exceeded a thousand, besides two hundred prisoners. Our loss did not exceed six. With this attempt the siege of Knoxville practically ended.

THE REBEL ASSAULT ON FORT SAUNDERS—THE FIGHT OVE

ER THE DITCH.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis—[See Page 23.]

THE SCOUT'S NARRATION.

IT was in the bleak mountain country of East Tennessee; the evening was growing late, and the camp-fire was smouldering lower and lower, but we still sat around it, for the spell of the scout's marvelous gift of story-telling we were none of us willing to dissolve. Captain Charlie Leighton had been a Lieutenant in a Michigan Battery at the commencement of the war, but a natural love of excitement and restlessness of soul had early prompted him to seek employment as a scout, in which he soon rose to unusual eminence. He is a man of slight, even form of the real nervous type, of much refinement, well educated, and of a "quick, inventive brain." The tale I am about to relate is my best recollection of it as it fell from his lips, and if there is aught of elegance in its diction we have presented it all his own. He had been delighting us with incidents of the war, most of which were derived from his own experience, when I expressed a desire to know something of his first attempt at scouting. He willingly assented, took a long pull at my brandy flask, and commenced his yarn; and I thought that I had never been a handsomer man than Charlie Leighton the scout, as he carelessly lounged there, with the ruddy glance of the dying camp-fire occasionally flickering over his strongly-marked intelligent face, and his curling black hair waving fitfully in the night wind, which now came down from the mountain fresher and chillier.

It happened in Western Virginia, said he, I had been pretty much acquainted with our commander, General R., before the war commenced, and having intimated, a short time previous to the date of my story, that I desired to try my luck in the scouting service—of which a vast deal was required to counteract the guerrillas with which the Blue Ridge fairly swarmed at that time—one night, late in the fall of the year, I was delighted to receive orders to report at his head-quarters. The General was a man of few words, and my instructions were brief.

"Listen," said he. "My only reliable scout (Mr.Cockwell) was killed last night at the lower ford; and General F. (the rebel commander) has his head-quarters at the Selley Mansion on the Ronney road.

"Very well," said I, beginning to feel a little queer.

"I want you to go to the Selley Mansion," was the cool rejoinder.

"To go there! Why it's in the heart of the enemy's position!" was my amazed ejaculation.

"Just the reason I want it done," resumed the General. "Listen: I attack to-morrow at daybreak. F. knows it, or half suspects it, and will mass either on the centre or the left wing. I must know which. The task is thick with danger—twenty-four hours in the enemy's lines from here, midway to the enemy's outposts, and six paces beyond the second mile-stone, are two rockets propped on the inside of a hollow stump. Mackworth placed them there yesterday. You are to slip to F.'s quarters to-night, learn what I want, and hurry back to the hollow stump. Fire the rockets on the centre, let one rocket; if on the left, let off both. This duty, I repeat, abounds with danger. You must start immediately and alone. Will you go?"

Every thing considered, I think I voted in the affirmative pretty readily, but it required a slight struggle. Nevertheless, consent I did, and immediately left the tent to make ready.

It was nearly midnight, having received a few additional words of advice from the chief, I set forth on my perilous ride. The country was quite familiar to me, so I had little fear of losing my way, which was a considerable advantage, I can tell you. Riding slowly at first, as soon as I had passed our last outpost, I put spurs to my horse (a glorious gray thoroughbred which the General had lent me for the occasion) and fled down the mountain at a rapid pace. It was a cool, misty, uncertain night—almost frosty, and the country was wild and desolate. Mountains and ravines in endless multitude, with here and there that diversification of the brawny, irregular plateau with which our mountain scenery is occasionally softened. I rode rapidly and pace with but little caution until I arrived at the further extremity of one of these plateaux. Here I brought up sharply beside a thicket-belt, which I recognized as the second mile-stone. Dismounting, I proceeded to the hollow stump which the General had intimated, and finding it all right there, examined them, and to make sure of their efficiency—remounted, and was away again. But now I exercised much more caution in my movements. I rode more slowly, kept my horse on the turf at the edge of the road, in order to deaden the hoof-beats, and also shortened the circle of my sabre, binding the scabbard with my knee to prevent its jingling. Still I was not satisfied, but tore my handkerchief if two and made two bits of it, and tied the sword of my sword, which otherwise had a little tinkle of their own. Then I kept wide awake, with my eyes every where at once, like the eyes of cutting a glimpse of some clew or landmark—the glimmer of a campfire—a tent-top in the moonlight, which now began to shine faintly, or to hear the snort of a steed, a signal of a picket—any thing, any thing to guide me or to give warning of the lurking foe. But no; if there had been any camp-fires they were dead; if there had been any tents they were struck. Not a sign—not a sound. Every thing was quiet as the tomb. The great mountains rose around me in their mantles of pine and boods of mist, cheerless and repellent, as if their solitude had never been broken. The moon was driving through a weird and ragged sky, with something desolate and solemn in her motion that seemed like an omen of ill. And in spite of my efforts to be cheerful I felt the iron loneliness and sense of danger creep through my flesh and touch the bones.

None but those who have actually experienced it can properly conceive of the apprehensions which throng the heart of him, however brave, who well knows himself to be alone in the midst of enemies who are *invisible*. The lion-hunter of Abyssinia is encompassed with peril when he makes a pillow of his gun in the desert; and our own pioneer slumbers but lightly in his new cabin when he knows that the savage, whose moccasinia is vengeance, is prowling the forest that skirts his clearing. But the lion is not always hungry; and even the Indian may be conciliated. The hunter confronts his terrible antagonist with something like mutual decency. The hand that levels and the eye that directs the rifled tube are nerved and fired by "the mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark," which, in this case, is indeed a "tower of strength." And the settler, with promises and alcohol, may have won the savage to himself. But to the solitary scout, at midnight, every turn of the road may encounter him with a hair-trigger; every stump or bush may hold a foe in waiting. If he rides through a forest it is only in the deepest shadow that he dares ride together; and should he cross an open glade, where the starlight or moonshine drops freely, he crouches low on the saddle. Danger is around, for every second he feels he may be a target. His senses are painfully alive, his faculties strained to their utmost tension.

By way of a little relief, I made a very successful scout, who met his death, however, on the Peninsula, who would always require a long sleep immediately after an expedition in which he had lasted out a few hours, and had apparently called forth no more muscular exertion than was necessary to sit in the saddle. But strong as he was, he would complain of overpowering fatigue, and immediately drop into the most profound slumber. And I have often informed him that I frequently envied him. I can only attribute it to the fact that, owing to the extreme and almost abnormal vivacity—I think of the better word—of his brain, he was relieved on these momentous occasions like *twice on thrice as fast* as ordinarily; and the usual nerve-play and wakefulness of a man's brain, was for him concentrated in the brief period of a few hours.

But to resume: I felt to the full this apprehension, this dread, this sense of danger, from my knowledge of my position and the issues at stake kept my blood flowing. I had come to the termination of the last pasture or plain, when the road led me down the side of a ravine, with a prospect ahead of nothing but darkness. Here, too, I was compelled to make more noise, as there was no sod for my horse to tread on, and the road was flinty and rough in the extreme. But I kept on as rapidly as possible, when suddenly, just at the bottom of the ravine, where the road began to ascend the opposite declivity, I came upon the dark outlines of a group of several horsemen, so suddenly that they seemed to have sprung from the earth like phantoms.

"Why do you return so slowly?" said one of them, impatiently. "What have you seen? Did you meet Colonel Craig?"

For a moment—a brief one—I gave myself up for lost; but, with the rapid reflection and keen invention which I generally exercised under circumstances of peril, I grasped the language of the speaker, and formed my plan accordingly. "Why do you return so slowly?" and "Colonel Craig!" thought I. "What have you seen?" I had been sent as a spy, then. "Did you meet Colonel Craig?" Oho! I thought, I've found a clew. No, I won't; I will be Colonel Craig's orderly. So I spoke out boldly:

"Colonel Craig met your messenger, who had seen nothing, and advised him to scout down the edge of the creek for half a mile. But he dispatched me, his orderly, to say that the movement will be retreating in heavy masses. I am also to convey the intelligence to General F."

My voice had started at the tones of a strange voice, but seemed to listen with interest and without suspicion.

"Then the Colonel think the movement a real retreat or only a feint?" asked the leader.

"He was uncertain," I replied, beginning to feel more and more confident—"uncertain; but he bade me to say that he would ascertain; and in an hour or two, if you should see one rocket up to the north centre, yet might be confident that the enemy are retreating; if you should see two, then you might guess that they were not retreating, but stationary, or, perhaps, flanking our position. *Tally, tally*—I'm not to do. Now, owing to their mistake, the countersign had not been thought of; but the next picket would not be likely to make the same mistake in advance, and it was a lucky thing that the trooper led the way, for he would catch them first, and I would be in no danger. But I was in a terrible state of fear. But he passed the picket so quickly, and dropped the precious syllables so indistinctly, that I only caught the first and last of them—*Tally*—and the remainder might as well have been Greek. *Tally, tally, tally what?* Good Lord! thought I, what can it be? *Tally, tally*—here I am almost up to the pickets!—what can it be? Tallyho? No, that's English. Tallyho? No, that's French. God help me! *Tally, tally*—

"TALLAHASSEE!" I yelled, with the inspiration of despair, as I dashed through the midst of their levelled carbines sank toothless before that wonderful spell—the Countersign.

Blessing me politely without further mishap, I reached the place indicated by the trooper, which was high up on the side of the mountain—so high that clouds were forming in the deep valley below. Making my bridle fast, I clambered with some difficulty the still ascending slope on my feet. Extraordinary caution was now necessary. I crept toward the farm-house, and soon perceived the tent of the rebel chief. A solitary guard was pacing between it and me—probably a hundred yards from the tent. Perceiving that boldness was my only plan, I sauntered up to him with as free-and-easy an air as I could muster.

"Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign."

I advanced as near as was safe, and whispered "Tallahassee," with some fears as to the result.

"It's a d—d lie!" said the sentry, bringing his piece to the shoulder in the twinkle of an eye. "That answers the pickets but not me." Click, click, went the rising hammer of the musket.

I am a dead man, thought to myself; I am a dead man before the cap falls. Wonderful, marvelous to relate, the cap *did* fall. The hammer dropped with a dull, harmless thug on the nipple. With the rapidity of thought and the stealth of a panther I glided forward and clutched his windpipe, forcing him to his knees, while the gun slipped to the ground. There was a fierce but silent struggle. The fellow could not speak for my hand on his throat; but he was a powerful man, with a whole-limb'd body to him, if he could only get at it. But I got it first, bestirred a moment, and then drove it in his midriff to the hilt; and just at that last stab grinders closed on my arm and bit to the bone. Restraining a cry with the utmost difficulty, I got in another blow, this time home, and the man fell. I had now spar with a start, for my blade had pressed the spring of the casket. Breathless from the struggle, I lay still to collect my thoughts, and to consider how if the inmates of the tent had been disturbed. But no; a light was shining through the canvas, and I could hear the low murmuring of voices from within, which I had before noticed, and which seemed to be those of a number of men in earnest consultation. I looked at the corpse of the sentry, and groaned. The shocked but had fallen off in the scuffle, and the pale face of the dead man was upturned to the scant moonlight. It was a young man, and exceedingly handsome face, and I noticed that the hands and feet were small and beautifully shaped; while every thing about the body denoted it to have been the remains of a gallant, gentle soul. Was it a fair fight? did I attack him justly? thought I; and, in the sudden contrition of my heart, I almost knelt to the ground. But the sense of my great peril recurred to me, stifling every fine and generous worthy. I took off the dead man's overcoat and put it on, threw my cap away and replaced it with the fallen sombrero, and then dragged the corpse behind an outhouse of the farm that stood close by. Returning, I picked up the gun, and began to saunter up and down in a very unconcerned manner indeed; but a sharp observer might have noticed a furtiveness and anxiety in the frequent glances I threw at the tent, which would not have been well for my safety. I drew nearer and nearer to the tent at every turn, until I could almost distinguish the voices within; and presently came to a pause under the canvas. There were half a dozen rebel chieftains within, and a map was spread on a table in the centre of the apartment. The thought the consultation was at an end, and the company rose to depart. I ran back to my place, and resumed the watchful saunter of the guard with the utmost an air as possible, drawing the hat well over my eyes.

The generals came outside of the tent and looked about a little before they disappeared. Two of them came close to me and passed almost within a yard of the sentry's body. But they passed on, and I drew a long breath of relief. A light still glimmered through the tent, but presently that, too, vanished, and all was still. But occasionally I would hear the voice of a fellow sentry, or perhaps the rattle of a halter in some distant manger.

I looked at my watch. It was two o'clock—about by the moon. I could fire the signal, and the attack was to be at daybreak.

Cautiously as before, I started on my return, meeting with no further accident. Here I abandoned the gun and overcoat, remounted, and started down the mountain. "Tallahassee" let me through for the first picket; but something was wrong when I cantered down the ravine to the troopers to whom I had been so confidentially dispatched by Colonel Craig. Had I slyly the genuine messenger, or perhaps the gallant Colonel himself had paid them a visit during my absence. At any rate, I saw that something unpleasant was up, but resolved to make the best of it.

"Tallahassee!" I cried, as I began to descend the ravine.

"Halt, or you're a dead man!" roared the leading trooper. "He's a Yank!" "Cut him down!" resound in the others.

"Tallahassee! Tallahassee!" I yelled. And something my soul to God, I charged down the gully with sabre and revolver in either hand.

Click—bang! something grazed my cheek like a hot iron. Click—bang again! something whistled by my ear with a sharp, venomous hiss. And then I was in their midst, shooting, stabbing, slashing, and swearing like a fiend. The rim of my hat flopped over my face from a sabre cut, and I felt blood trickling down my neck. But I burst away from them, up the bank of the ravine, and along the bare plateau, all the time yelling "Tallahassee! Tallahassee!" without knowing why. I could hear the shouts pursuing me down the mountain by halloos and drums, and presently the clatter of pursuing steeds. But I fled onward like a whirlwind, the mad, limitless excitement and loss of blood, until I reeled off at the hollow stump.

Fix, fix! one, two! and my heart leaped with exultation as the bursting rockets followed each other in quick succession to the zenith, and burst on the gloom in glittering showers. Emptying the remaining tubes of my pistol at the nearest pursuer, now but fifty yards off, I was in the saddle and away again, without waiting to see the result of my plan. It was a wild ride for the few moments I had. I pressed as noble a steed as ever spurned the footstool, and as we neared the Union lines the pursuit dropped off. When I attained the summit of the first ridge of our position, and saw the day break faintly and rosily beyond the pine-tops and along the crags, the air fluttered violently in my face, the solid earth quivered beneath my feet, as a hundred cannon opened simultaneously above, below, and around me. Sentried columns of men were surging irresistibly down the mountain toward the opposite slope; flying field-pieces were dashing off into position; long lines of cavalry were hurrying the gullies, or hovering like vultures on the steep; and the blare of bugles rose above the roar of the artillery with a wild, victorious peal. The two rockets had been answered, and the veterans of the Union were bearing down upon the enemy's weakened centre like an avalanche of fire.

"So that is all," said the scout, rising and yawning. "The battle had begun in earnest. And maybe I didn't dine with General R. when it was over and the victory gained. Let's go to bed."

A VOICE FROM BELLE ISLE.

"Sick, and in prison."
Poor Tom's just gone! I closed his eyes.
He died in muttering low the text
That says, "They never hunger more."
I lie and wonder who'll be next.
So many waiting at Death's door—
To some it opens Paradise.

Oh help! oh help! We'll all go mad!
The dreadful, gnawing hunger-pain
Comes back, and with a giant's grasp
Holds life and reason in its clasp:
It works like hell-fire in the brain;
If Death would come we could be glad.

Once we had friends and country too.
Did all die serving? tell me, Jack!
Where's mother? where's the dear old flag?
Hurrah! I'll fight while there's a rag.
Off boys! why do you keep me back?
Stand by the old Red, White, and Blue!

Ah, is it death? I can not see!
I had a dream. Oh help! Be quick!
Come mother, Ruth! (Don't say I died!
With Tom, poor Tom! dead by my side.)
Who says, "*It was in prison sick,*
And yet came not unto Me"?

"*I was athirst, and hungered too.*"
Ah then He knows our agony!
Read, Jack, how cunning Satan tried
To tempt Him! I'd be satisfied
To die ten deaths, Jack, just to see
Our army marching here for you!

How many, Jack, are on the floor?
Poor fellows! There is little Jim!
How can they starve a child to death?
Cry, dead boy, loud! My dying breath
Must bring our boys to rescue him
And all the thirteen thousand more.

Why don't they come? How could we see
Them starving, prisoned here? I'd choke
At food until I'd raised a band
Who'd vow with steadfast heart and hand
To dare and die until we'd broke
Their prison-doors and set them free.

But, Jack, no matter! We won't *think*
From *death* by *starving*, of the Lord
Do suffer this. But still I know!
I'd slay my country's deadly foe
In honest battle with my sword,
But *not in prison, tied by inch*.

Oh, Jack, come close! I'm going fast!
If you get home tell mother this:
I died for love of Right and Truth.
God bless her and my little Ruth!
Dear Jack, give mother my last kiss.
Good-by. Our boys will come at last!

All's over with that faint "Good-by."
Ah, brothers, comrades, is that all?
His mute lips still cry out of wrong—
The martyr's wail, "How long, how long?"
And thrill us with the trumpet-call,
"Help, help! before the thousands die!"

THE SHADOW.

I WAS traveling toward evening on one of those great moors, covered with low gorse and scattered stones of granite common enough in Cornwall. The gorse was covered with snow, and the thick mantle of snow lay there and there, pushing their way out of the earth from the stratum below, locked detailing in thick white coverings. I was on foot. I had come a long way, and was weary. It was, then, a matter of great anxiety to me when, after an hour's walking, I discovered I had lost the track. It had never been more than a bridle-road, and it was quite choked up now with snow: it was easy to lose it. The inclement weather, a wild bit of Cornwall, had evidently deterred any traveler from choosing this shorter route, and the great bleak steps were before my eyes in unbroken whiteness, unmarked by step of man or beast.

In vain I turned to the right and left, seeking to recover the lost path, or at least to find some blessed footprint that should speak to me in accents clear as human voice of help and shelter. None such met my view. If any wayfarer had lately passed that solitary waste, the fast-falling snow had effaced his steps with the white covering that had my way track almost as quickly as my weary feet marked their way.

I stood still in despair and gazed around. As far as I could see stretched one wide waste of snow,

dotted here and there by the rugged granite that rose in solid masses from the earth. The snow fell thickly, blinding me as I looked; but I fancied in the dim distance I could define the form of a solitary tree. I stood patiently waiting till some momentary lull should quiet the sharp wind, which was now whirling the blinding snow into my face, and thus enable me to judge whether this indistinct object were a tree or not. In a short time such a lull occurred: the snow ceased suddenly to fall, and I felt certain there was a tree, being thus enabled to certain it could not be growing on the common itself. This inhospitable soil, scarcely an inch thick, resting on the primeval granite, could not shelter the roots of a tree. Here, then, were the limits of the moor. By-the-tree I should at least find a more hospitable country—meadows, roads, perhaps a village. I determined to steer straight for this point, abandoning all hope of reaching the place for which I had set out. By this means only could I hope to escape from this interminable waste, which, perhaps, stretched on either side of me. Shutting from my eyes with my hand, I looked at my landmark, and judged it to be about three miles off; and with cheerful courage, counting the distance but little by my new hopes, I started at a brisk walk in spite of my weariness.

Night fell suddenly around me as I sped on, but the moon had risen early in the afternoon, and her bright light enabled me to keep the tree constantly in view. I soon discovered that I was right in my conjecture when I supposed it to lie beyond the moor. The changed character of the ground suffered to prove that I was approaching the other side of the common. The gorse grew thicker and wilder, and here and there a little corner, inclosed by a low hedge of stone stones, showed that cultivation was encroaching on these desolate borders. These little patches in the great waste, covered as they were with snow, had an inexpressible, dreary look, making me feel the solitude more acutely from their very association with life and labor.

I plodded on, ever keeping the tree in front, while an oppressive sense of loneliness, weariness, and cold weighed heavily on me, added to an indefinable fear, more painful still, that seized my flesh creep and shiver. Suddenly I found myself obliged to halt before a steep embankment rising like a natural edge in the plain. At a point of length to some extent on either side of me, I scrambled up the side in order to see if I might not, by crossing the inclosure, avoid the detour of a mile or ill. On reaching the top I perceived it inclosed the workings of an abandoned mine. The yawning shaft was still there—a black spot in the white world, telling of depth and darkness. The ruins of building-by-the-way snow-covered heaps; fragments of walls, piles of rubbish scattered here and there, glittered in the moonlight with dazzling whiteness; while behind all rose a dark stream, just flowing up in frost, but brawling over stones and rocks in a precipitous descent, till it reached a cliff, where, in a shower of foam mingled with driving snow, it descended into some unknown valley lost to me in the darkness.

I stood for some moments contemplating this scene. Drear it would have been at all times; but now, in the silence of this winter night, clad in its snow garment with that cold, still moon lighting up its chill desolation, it had to me something appalling in its ruin. The fear of some hidden shaft, or open pit, deterred me from crossing the stream, and determined me to skirt the embankment, which indeed scarcely deserved this name, as it was in fact but heaps of stones and rubbish flung here from the mine.

The great shaft lay almost at my feet. By the light of the moon I could see some way into its depths, and mark where the snow speckled its dark sides. At the edge of the yawning pit lay a pile of heavy timbers covered with snow. Apparently the moonlight shone brilliantly. I was about to turn and descend, when I was struck by the strange appearance of my shadow on this pile. It had its arms folded as I had, it gazed into the pit as I did. It was not larger, or colder, or grayer than other shadows, and yet it filled me with an inexpressible sensation of strangeness. I do not know what possessed me to do it, but I flung my arms into the air, and as the shadow did the same, there was not the expression of measureless despair in the action that unable to bear the sight, I turned and fled.

In this fright which had a *fear* in it that words can not express, I lost my footing in the treacherous snow, and fell heavily. As I arose from the ground I fancied I heard a cry, like the sound of a human voice, arise from within the embankment, mingle with the rush of the stream, and die away in the roar of the fall. I stood still and listened, but all was silent save the dash of waters; and the reassuring myself, I essayed to continue my journey. The moon had at my right hand, the wall of stones on my left, and on its glittering surface of snow my shadow stood out distinct and clear. For a moment my shadow only; but in an instant I saw, with a sensation that lifted every fluttering hair on my head, the shadow had stood on the brink of the shaft, creeping stealthily behind my shadow, mocking every motion of mine, and of it, even to the terror that my own feelings impressed on this gray image of myself.

I had been a spectre-haunted man all my life long; but the shadow that had ever followed me had come in the shape of a murdered woman, sometimes accompanied by a pale sweet face. I knew too well. But this was strange, unlooked for; and bewildered, fascinated gazed, I turned and faced my tormentor.

This shadow I thought was none of my raising: the sharp outline of that haggard profile there was no likeness to my spectres. The pointed beard, the old-fashioned dress, the waving curls, spoke of by-gone period. I marked it well, as for a moment the shadow and I stood face to face; then, flinging my steps toward the dim tree, I strode resolutely forward.

The thing followed. In vain I turned and faced it, or in despair dashed rapidly to the right or the left. It was always behind me, always mocking my movements. I gathered up snow and flung at it; in horrid mockery it repeated my action. Then serving myself for the effort, I sprang on it and tried to grapple with its impalpable form. I only grasped the cold snow, while it stood by with its unchanging face, ever expressing that one look of dire, boundless despair.

In face of this thing I was powerless, and, feeling this, I resolved on flight; but when, on turning my head, I saw it gliding on, without apparent movement, at a pace equal to me, I lost my self-possession, and ran hither and thither on the moor, till sense failed me, and I fell headlong on the snow. When I recovered myself, the shadow still stood over me like a sentinel: the same despair in the sharp lineaments, the same strange appearance of *life* in its gray form.

I arose sick and numbed with cold. I began to feel that if I could not escape from some human habitation I should die. In this new fear I almost ceased to regard the spectre; was I not used to witness sights hidden to others?

All my energies were concentrated on reaching the tree, whose snow-laden branches gleamed distinctly before me. I had a small bottle of brandy in my pocket; putting it to my lips, I drank all it contained, and then, less pallid, less numbed with cold, I walked on with a surer step.

Often I turned to look at my companion. Some new demon surely possessed it: a thousand wicked smiles lurked in it. On that haggard profile, with its deep lines of despair, a new malignity sat triumphant. It mocked no motion of mine now; it had a hundred of its own. It stepped in my shadow, and seemed to shake it, as it laid its thin long hand, of which I marked the bony fingers, on its shoulder, making me feel every pat at the touch. Though it was not on me that gray hand rested, but only on the dim sigillitude of myself on the snow. Sometimes it flung its arms upward with those strange gestures of measureless despair that I had marked when I first saw it standing by the old shaft.

I went steadily on, but impossible feeling of relief stealing over me as I neared the gaunt tree. For hours its rugged branches had loomed before me as an object to be reached in effort. A thousand fancies had sprung up round its figure—hopes of rest and refreshment, visions of ruddy fires, of kind, helping hands, pitying voices, and merry faces—all, in my loneliness and pain, appearing to me with a beauty and happiness that extremely like had been formerly familiar to me.

I reached the borders of the moor. The tree stood right against the sky, so distinct every snow laden branch that I could have counted them. It was straight before me. I hurried on, with a step that had something of unreason in it, so eager and fierce had it become. A few feet now were separated me from the object I had so long striven to reach. I leaped it with a glad cry, and found myself in a narrow lane directly fronting the tree, which was planted precisely at the point where four roads met. I had reached the goal sought for, an eager was I to clasp the gnarled trunk, and feel that this thing, that for so many hours had seemed to mock my endeavors to reach it, was no phantom like that gray shadow lying on the moor. Quick though I had been, this creature of my spectre-haunted brain was gone—gone, motionless, dead, and yet only like the shadow of death.

With one arm round the trunk of the old weird tree, I stood regarding it till I gradually, in all my frenzy I determined to cover it up, and hide it from my sight in the snow. I flung armfuls on it; heaps of anguish fell from my hands unheeded, and dashed on it—always in vain. It lay there still, ever on the surface, in inflexible calmness, more terrible and unconquerable than the phantasies with which it had haunted my path on the moor.

Exhausted, I ceased these strange exertions, and drops of anguish fell from my brow as I gazed at it in vain to leave this haunted place. Some invisible chain—some horrible attraction—kept me there, in spite of all the efforts made by my will and my reason to resist the spell. This struggle between me and the viewless power that held me was terrible: the sweat stood on my brow, and the veins in my temples swelled like cords. I felt myself giving way, when a little wooden cross standing just at the head of the shadow caught my attention, and in spite of that horrible presence I stooped to regard it more attentively.

By the light of the full moon I read this inscription in deeply-cut letters:

To the Memory of Reginald Carbyhon. May God have mercy on the self-murderer!

I started back. I stood, then, on the grave of the suicide. And this phantasm was his ghost!

I was not afraid of such things; from an early period of my life I had been shadow-haunted, but I had the peculiar transcendental temperament, unless state into which I was thrown, either by the visions themselves, or by some power which, in my abnormal state, they enabled me to see them. I wiped the sweat from my brow, and, with one arm clinging to that strange tree that had beckoned me on so far so many weary hours, I looked and contrated all my faculties in the one sense of listening. A human sound—the faintest echo of any human life—reaching me there, would, I felt, break the spell whose horrible chain bound me to this spot. Gradually on my strained ear came the ripple of running waters: gratefully, pleasantly, it fell, bringing a new sense of power—a feeling of recovered strength. I unwound my arm from the dead ey tree and stood upright. Another moment, and the bark of a dog, mingled with the cheerful, hearty voice of some rustic, broke the music on my ear. With a cry of joy—released, free!—I bounded from the accursed spot—from that shadow of some unseen dead man, and, rushing on at headlong speed, found myself by the side of that little brook the sound of whose rippling waters had come to me like a holy whisper of heaven in an evil place. I sprang across the stream; and whether its clear springs had a power of their own to change the current of my magnetic or spiritual influence that had held me, I know not; but the moment I had crossed I felt myself free, calm, and with full power to perform any task well in my thing on which I might resolve: in a word, I was master of myself.

A CRY FROM THE ARMY.

A cry from starving Ireland
Was borne across the sea,
And many hearts were melted by
That wail of agony.
Soon white-sailed vessels, outward bound,
Laden with bread were seen;
And plenty reigned in that fair land,
Where famine late had been.
And there lives no true Irishman
Who will not proudly say,
When he hears this story told,
"God bless America!"

On Britain's isle, not long ago,
Gaunt famine reared its head;
And parents wept, as round them rose
Their children's cry for bread.
Again our Western land sent forth
A messenger of peace—
A noble ship, whose noble freight
Fed Britain's hunger cease;
And Albion's sons will ne'er forget
Until Time's latest day
The ship which brought her starving poor
Bread from America.

Another cry is heard to-day:
It comes not o'er the main;
And God forbid that earnest cry
Should e'er be made in vain!
It comes from the North—come and tried,
Who felt such stern delight,
With Thomas, Garfield, Whitaker,
In Chicamagua's fight;
Who in that dark and bloody hour
Rolled back the tide of war;
Who bear the tokens of that field
In many a glorious scar.

It comes from the Potomac's side—
From Rappahannock's bank,
Whose waters clear so oft are dyed
With true and traitor blood;
From far Arkansas, Tennessee,
And from the mouth of Red
Which Gilmore leads to victory
On Carolina's coast;
From that proud bulwark of our land,
Who guards with their lives,
Thy cry comes, "Watch you well, we pray,
Our mothers, children, wives!"

Men of the rich and fertile West,
Your lives and lands you owe
To those brave men who stand between
Your firesides and the foe.
And while they face the battle-storm,
For all the heart holds dear,
Can you refuse their earnest cry,
They utter now, to hear?
While fathers, brothers, husbands, sons,
Bleed for their country's sake,
Shall mothers, wives, and children dear
The pangs of hunger feel?

No!—hands which oft have *strangers* fed,
And thus the heart have shown,
Will not withhold when such a cry
Arises from our own.
No!—in our nation's history
It never shall be read,
That soldier's mother, wife, or child
Have ever lacked for bread.
No!—when our noble boys come home,
And we around them stand,
They shall have welcome, cheer, and shout,
"God bless our native land!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The "Mystery" of Paris—Napoleon.

The Greatest Swell out of London—Nadar's Géant.

Why are Quakers like Railway Engines?—Because there's a go-ahead in their principles.

Advantages of Smoking Tobacco.—We have often heard it stated that a Pipe assists one much in arriving at a correct solution of a knotty problem. This arises no doubt from its giving one a Birdseye-view of the whole matter.

A Caledonian Gem.—A Scotchman, upon being informed by one of his fellow-countrymen of the name of the inventor of the Gatling gun, replied that it was pretty nice; because, if he were asked to go up in it, he should not hesitate to say "Shoo-ther."

The Out-Series.—In a recent bankruptcy case it transpired that one of the debtors for which the petitioner, a lady, was indebted to one of her creditors, had in fifty-two years of life. Strangers measures must be adopted to prevent our fair ones from going such lengths—or to speak mile-ily, such distances—in dress. When the wife's dress covers an amount of space which we may be pretty sure that the husband's waistcoat will sooner or later cover as near as the length of purse will allow.

Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen. When a farmer has bad crops does he generally make a rye face?

A "Consummation devoutly to be wished."—For the Atlantic to become Pacific.

A Poser.—If a man knows roundly to a falsehood can he be found guilty of flat perjury?

When a clergyman denounces the age may he be said to "speak against time?"

The editor of the Kinderhook *Branch Notes* says he shall not raise the price of his paper for the present, because he is not able, as a general rule, to raise more than half of what he charges now.

When Archbishop Laud was on trial, he was told that if he had not committed one great act of treason, he had perpetrated so many small crimes taken together, made him a traitor. "I never knew," said the Archbishop, "that one hundred black rabbits made up a black horse."

"Another Blow for Life"—Eight hours at the seaside during the equinox.

A Consolation.—"The money-market is easy."

What will probably be the last language spoken on earth?—The Finnish.

"In Mr. Jones in Pocket on Irishman of the porter in a hotel. "No," was the reply; "will you favor your name?" "Och, do you think I'd be after going home without a name?"

"What a pity, mamma, that papa wore his best coat today." "Why, my dear?" "Why, because he said that the thickest part of his head did nothing but pick holes in it."

Constant motion is the first law of Nature; nothing being stationary except pen, ink, and paper.

The evils from which a morbid man suffers most are those that don't happen.

A debating society has under consideration the question, "Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The result is expected to be, "No! but impossible."

Lady Yarmouth asked Garrick why Love was always represented as a winged god. "Because," the artist retort, "he never reaches the years of wisdom and discretion."

Politeness is like an air cushion: there may be nothing in it, but it makes one wonderfully.

A certain Scotchman, who is not a member of the Temperance Society, being asked by a dealer to purchase some fine old Jamaica spirits, drily answered, "To tell you the truth, Sir, I canna say I'm very fond o' rum; for if I tak' mair than six tumblups it's very apt to gie's a body the headache."

Why is a tale-bearer like a bricklayer?—Because he belies stories.

Not more than a hundred years ago an artist painted a portrait of Mr. Jenkins, who was noted for his frequent libations. The artist invited the gentleman himself to see it, and they inspected it and pronounced it excellent. One of them, however, who was rather near-sighted, complained of the light, approached it to change its position, when the artist exclaimed, "Don't touch it, Sir; it isn't dry." "No use of looking at it then," replied the gentleman. "It can't be my friend Jenkins."

A ship belonging to a gentleman named Hewers, sailed from the port of Gaspé recently for Canada with a cargo of coals. Shortly before the left it was ascertained that the vessel was not quite down to Plimsoll's mark. The vessel, and the agent startled his clerk by the order, "Telegraph to Hewers for more coals!"

Mrs. Partington says that Ike, who has just returned from France, "speaks French like a Parishioner."

Lord Keeper's housekeeping was not liberal, nor his dinner good, which occasioned many harsh reflections upon it. "It is best all the year round in his kitchen, and Passion Week in his parlor."

"Does the razor take hold well?" inquired a darkey, who was shaving a gentleman from the country. "Yes," replied the customer, with tears in his eyes; "it takes hold first-rate, but it don't let go worth a cent."

The Peal of Bells.—The Chapter of Worcester Cathedral are making an appeal to raise a peal of bells, as a compliment to the Prince of Wales, and have given rise to the following *Jew Irregard*:

When Governeth to deumhip raised a Peal,
They ask a penny from what might well be worse;
And now, to keep the first one's memory green,
To raise another peal the thought is worse.

Peal and the peal should unlike be and like—
The bells must be, the dean must be, hung—
And, though both voices should be lordly heard,
The dean must still be right, the bells must still be rung.

And long may they together work for good,
Each a fair share of duty undertake;
Thus, when for change the dean the bells may preach,
The peal must peal a peal ere Peel appeal can make.

Musicians are often hard to get along with; they are a crotchety people.

The young fellow who engaged himself to half a dozen young women is undoubtedly a beau of promise.

Jones writes to a friend and closes by saying, "I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

A young gentleman, visiting his intended, met a rival who was evidently rejected by the lady. Inquiring of his suit him, inquired how all he was. "I can't exactly tell," replied the rival, "but I can tell you that an ass is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

Why is a plow-boy like sandy's cloak?—Because he is a man under.

A Curious Fact.—Though twelve dozen make a gross twenty doesn't make a grocer.

"John, how do you like to have your tea ?"—"My tea? Strong."

"Hear, hear!" continually exclaimed an enthusiastic individual at a late political meeting. "There is mighty little hear here," dryly remarked a wag standing close by him.

"I'll bide you, my boy!" exclaimed an angry father. "I don't think you will," replied the mother, "for I have helped him to bide himself."

Dr. Thompson, a celebrated physician in his day, and consequently remarkable for the extensive use of his person, could not endure the sight of mouthing, and in his medical capacity always made it a point to have every one shaved. On his breakfasting once at Lord Melcombe's, when Garrick was present, a plate of shaffins was introduced, when the Doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently called out, "Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, "take away the ragamuffins!"

When is a luggage-van like a forest?—When it is full of trunks.

Do not put your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

The look that is sometimes forced—Wellock.

INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTEP AFTER BOMBARDMENT FROM MORRIS ISLAND.

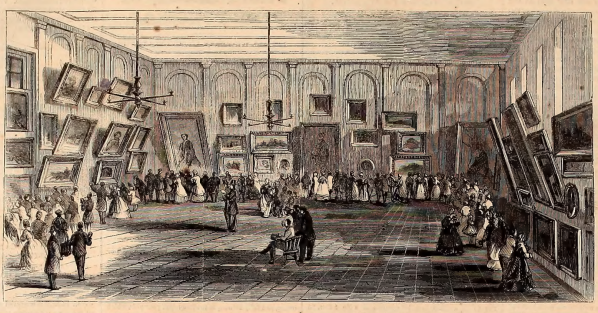
SKETCHED BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 17.]

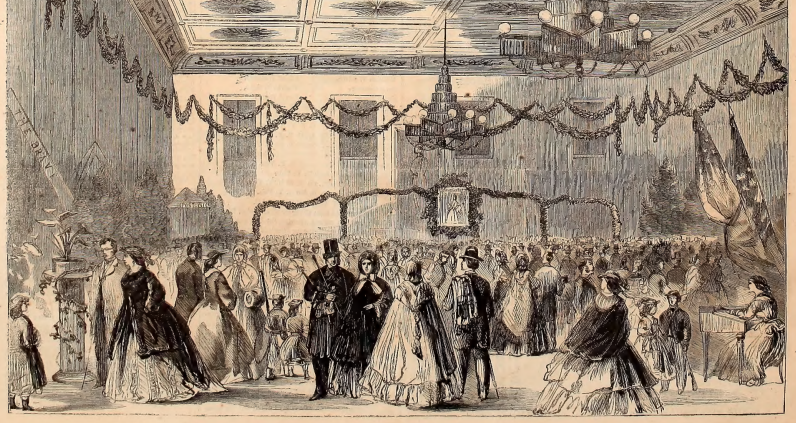
BURSTING OF A SHELL IN THE STREETS OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SKETCHED BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 17.]

THE GREAT WESTERN SANITARY FAIR AT CINCINNATI, OHIO.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

"Ten different departments of this Fair," writes a correspondent, "occupy several large buildings, two of which were built expressly for this occasion. One of these, the Lesley Barrack, would furnish comfortable barracks for a division of soldiers. It is furnished with 'works' thrown up by the hands of the ladies of Cincinnati and thereabouts. Any one who attempts to carry these works is met by a determined 'charge' from their defenders, by which 'Greenbacks' without number are captured. These 'Greenbacks,' I am assured, are, by a process of exchange, to be available for the benefit of soldiers who are or have been employed in the capture of 'Greybacks.'—In another large building is a collection of memorials of the war, curiosities, and paintings. In the Art Gallery, under the charge of W. P. Bennett, the author of the famous 'Harp of a Thousand Strings,' are many admirable works of Art. The 'Floral Collection' at Greenwood Hall found admirers not a few, and a Promenade Concert held there was a most decided success.—The Refreshment Hall was a delightful place—at least I found it so after a long course of rough experience with the Army of the Cumberland. In a sensible point of view I could not help thinking that this might have been better managed. When a 'plate,' the like of which I had not seen for months, was placed before me by one of the fairest of the daughters of Cincinnati, I felt almost like a swindler in paying the solitary quarter for that and the privilege of looking at the company 'waiter-girls.' I compromised with my conscience by giving only one look, and then addressing myself to my food. I would gladly have given twice as much for two looks without the food. I could then appreciate the sentiment of the honest tailor at the great Boston Fair for the Blind, years ago. He stopped for a moment before a table presided over by a lady, gave one glance at her, laid down a gold eagle, and was on the point of passing on. 'My good friend,' said the lady, 'will you not take something for your money?' 'Nothing more, Madam, I thank you,' said Jack, stealing another look at the lady. 'I've had more than twice my money's worth already.'—Any one who did not think he got more than twice his money's worth in the Refreshment Room at Cincinnati—not counting the refreshments at any thing—must have a high idea of the value of a quarter."





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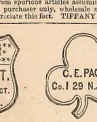

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HUNTER'S CONGUEST will force them to grow heavy, lp in a short space on the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Also, for bald Heads, in six weeks. Two Boxes for $1. Postage free. Address

C. HUNTER & CO., Box 674, Milwaukie, Wis.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,

MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen of Same Size—*selecting the same according to description, viz.:*

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Reliable Pen; and for $1, the Invincible Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Excellent Pen; and for $1 50, the Invincible Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridium-pointed Nibs, the same as are used in the most costly, but are fitted in cases of the best Steel Pens; *although they are sometimes sold, as Gold Pens, for much more.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The best of A, Morton's "Number One Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accidents.

The Numbers indicate *size only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are flexed. Coarse Business pens. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $3 75 a No. 9 Pen; $4 25 a No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 25 a No. 7 Pen.

For $4 50 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridium-pointed Nibs, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection when sent from the closest scrutiny and search.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Pens now in general use.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that they are engraved by the New and Improved Machines, he could not have made so Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the money, by any Machine formerly used nationally.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the Date they Paper—whether old or limber, coarse or fine.

All communications by mail in registered letters are at my risk; and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Further reliable information by letter will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $15, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40 if sent to one address at one time.

A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

Fish's Patent Lamp Heating APPARATUS.

Boiling—Frying—Stewing—Steeping—with the fame that lights the room. THREE ARTICLES COOKED AT ONE TIME WITH ONE BURNER. *Arranged for Cooking or Cold Cure.*

A Descriptive Pamphlet of thirty pages furnished gratis.

WM. D. RUSSELL, AGENT.
AGENTS WANTED. 326 Fourt Street, N. Y.

Portable Printing Offices.

For the Army and Navy Hospitals, Merchants, Druggists, and others who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., six cents. Adams Press Co., 31 Park Row, N. Y., and 25 Lincoln St., Boston.

Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolving Pistols made. Carry large balls (No. 33 cartridges), are rapidly loaded and fired—conveniently carried in the pocket—cannot get out of order—are four barrels—each rifled pain trifled. The Trade supplied.

ELLIOT ARMS CO., 404 Broadway, N. Y.

DR R. GOODALE'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Is a Positive Cathartic, Root and Branch, forever. Price $1. Send stamp for pamphlet. Depot, 612 Broadway, N. Y. NORTON & CO., Sole Agents.

Sixty Voices FROM ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

LET ALL WHO HAVE LOVED ONES IN THE ARMY RE.D.

BRANDRETH'S Pills protect from the arrows of disease, usually so fatal to Soldiers as the bullets of the foe.

THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM SIXTY RETURNED SOLDIERS.

Places Brandreth's Pills in so strong a light, as a remedy for our soldiers, that it is to be hoped President Lincoln and Surgeon-General Hammond will give it the attention it merits. For soldiers, no medicine can be compared to Brandreth's Pills, because they are as innocent as bread, and yet unfailing as a remedy in all cases where a purgative can effect a cure, and the field is wide, as the following testimony sufficiently shows:

NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1863.

DR. B. BRANDRETH:

SIR,—I noticed in the New York *Herald* of this date, a letter from the surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth Regiment N. Y. S. Vols., extolling your valuable pills, which I fully had freely indorse, having been in command of the company from the third day of August, 1861, until the 2d of June, 1863, when the company was mustered out of the service and discharged, in this city. The percentage of men reported sick during that time was much less than in any other company of the regiment, owing, as I fully believe, to the free use of your pills, which were not supplied to the other soldiers. I believe them to be invaluable in camp or in the field.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN VICKERS, Capt. Co. F, 17th Regt. N. Y. V.

EDGE SPOR, Oct. 28, 1863.

We, the undersigned, surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth New York State Volunteers, hereby certify that we have used Brandreth's Pills during our two years' service, and we most cheerfully attribute the fact that our constitutions are uninjured by the necessary hardships and privations of a soldier's life in the field. In convalescing from fevers, dysentery, diarrhœa, and typhoid fever, their prompt use cured us in a few days. Our health was often restored without having been entered on the sick list; in fact, a dose or two of our free pills usually cured what, under the regular treatment, would have been a serious sickness. Others, who appeared to be sick in no respect different from us, but who used the remedies prescribed by the regimental surgeon, either died or were sick for weeks in the hospital.

When we left Camp Edge, in June, 1861, you gave us a supply of these Pills, and we feel sure, from our experience, that if every soldier was supplied with this medicine, the general health of the army would be greatly improved. For ourselves, it is our sole remedy, answering all our wants in the way of physic, and we have known and tested it from our childhood, and our parents before us.

Sergeant, Patrick Cullen, *6th Sergeant.*
J. L. Smith, *1st Lieutenant.* Benj. F. Brown, *1st Corporal.*
William See, *1st Sergeant.* Wm. Mathers, *2d Corporal.*
C. H. Dauntry, *2d Sergeant.* Noah W. Miller, *3d Corporal.*
Dennis Shay, *3d Sergeant.* Theo. Crofut, *Drummer.*
Geo. B. Cox, *Drummer.*

PRIVATES.

Francis J. Jennings,	Lewis B Cox,
William W. Cornell,	Albert Lane,
William J. Charlton,	Ellis Jones.
Albert Wesley,	Wm. Van Wart,
John W. Griffin,	James B. Crofut,
William Holmes,	Roscoe K. Watson,
William W. Rider,	Frederick Hunt,
Martin See,	William Tuttle,
George Ackerley,	Arthur Spangler,
Hiram Seagle,	Charles Wright,
Aifred Wilkins,	Sanford Olmstead,
Charles Griffin,	Fuller Carpenter,
George Ayles,	James Bentley,
William J. P. Hewett,	Robert W. Westcott,
John D. Hemmingway,	Jacob H. Dykman,
Thomas A. Barlow,	John M'Bedine,
Henry Hannah,	James N. Dixon,
William Watkins,	Edgar Waldron,
John Conover,	Warren Wright,
Jacob Baker,	David Baker.

T. B. Lane, *1st Lieut.*, $38 Co. W.
M. C. Earle, *1st Sergt.*, Co. D, 176th N. Y. Vols.
Wm. Knight, Co. J, 6th N. Y. Artillery.
Abram H. Miller, Co. A, 6th N. Y. Artillery.
Millard F. Lansing, *Musician*, 1st N. Y. Vols.
Wm. Kenny, Co. B. Decker's Sharpshooters.
Cornelius Miller, Co. I, 2d N. Y. Vols.
Elliot See, Co. B, 13th N. Y. Vols.
Daniel Gillis, *Sergt.*, Co. B, 3d N. Y. Vols.
Caleb S. Fricks, Co. B, 3d N. Y. Vols.

LET THE AILING READ.

A gentleman had been ailing for some weeks: his stools had become light colored, showing the bile was retained in the blood, and symptoms of an attack of jaundice imphold Fever probable. He was nervous and irritable; sleep confused; acid stomach; dizzy; absent-minded; memory failing; tongue coated; limbs heavy; sense of weight a severe diarrhœa set in, which lasted for two days. When this stopped, severe pains of the bowels came on—*dysentery*. He took three Pills that night, and he had done nothing but now and then take a single Brandreth Pill; but now he understood the case admitted of no delay, and he at once took five Brandreth Pills, and perfect took plentifully of oat-meal gruel. The pills, in about six hours, operated well, and he thought the difficulty removed. This was not so, for in less than two hours the pains in the bowels returned with great violence, accompanied with a shaking feeling, and he thought he was going to die. He immediately swallowed two more pills and some warm broth. The pain soon abated, and he slept for several hours. The pills brought away pitchy-looking stools, and he had more severe pain in his bowels. For three more days he took five pills at night, and his bowels became natural, and his health fully restored by less than a box of Brandreth's Pills.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchases none unless by PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP'S on the box. Sent free to it. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

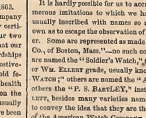
The First Grade has the name
AMERICAN WATCH CO. engraved on the inside plate.
The Second Grade has the name
APPLETON, TRACY & CO. engraved on the inside plate.
The Third Grade has the name
S. BARTLETT engraved on the inside plate.
All the above grades have also
AMERICAN WATCH CO. painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.
The Fourth Grade has the name
WM. ELLERY engraved on the inside plate, and has not the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial.
All of these grades of Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "Union Watch Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our Forms or Wm. Ellery grade, usually known as the "Soldier's Watch" "others are named the "Appleton Watch Co." others the "S. Bartlett," instead of our P. S. Bartlett, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company.
162 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT SMOKING CASE.



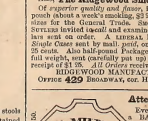
A Beautiful Holiday Gift.

Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe and Stem, Matches and Tobacco*, filled with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cane Case.* $3 is made for service, of waterproof silk, at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $5 and $6 00 the two latter richly *plated and engraved.* Sent safely conveyed in *Country, Utility,* and *Economy* for all Smokers, at Home or Abroad, in the Army and Navy. As a PRESENT to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more valuable. FOR THE SOLDIER AT ALL RANKS, in *Camp or on the March*, IT IS INVALUABLE. *Large Orders*, either Wholesale or Retail, promptly sent Army, daily attest this fact. **SKATERS** *will appreciate this Case.*

Also, **The Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,**

Of superior quality and *flavor*, in packages to fit the pouch about a week's smoking, $2 per box, and larger sizes for the Social Trade. SMOKERS, DEALERS, and Sutlers invited to call and examine the Article. Circulars sent on order. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT to Dealers. Single Case sent by mail, post, on receipt of price and 25 cents. Also half-pound Package of this *fine Tobacco*, full weight, sent carefully put up by mail, post, on receipt of $1. *All Orders* receive prompt attention.

RIDGEWOOD SMOKING CO.,
Office 429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, N. Y.



DROWNE & MOORE,
Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.
N. B.—All kinds of Gents' Jewelry Cut, Pin, Enameled, in Red, White, and Blue, by the case, 100, or 1000.

A. I. ROOT, Manufacturer of Pure Coin Silver Chains and Rings. Goods by mail as follows: Chains from $1 50 to $15 00, according to weight and design. Plain Rings, fine finish, 13 cts., 18, 25, and 38, and so up to $3, according to weight. Fancy Top Rings, chased and engraved, from $1 to $3 according to weight and design. Also Silver Keys, Chain Bars, Hooks, Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c. Liberal discount to dealers.

A. I. ROOT, Medina, Ohio.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and are to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 35 00 each.
200 Ladies' Hunting Silver Watches..... 15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Lockets..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Gents' Pins..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gents' Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Studs..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Plain Rings..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
3000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Pens, Silver M'td Holders 4 00 to 7 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, this giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and have the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Our responsible will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty-five for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in proposed to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

SALISBURY, BRO. & CO.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE CELEBRATED
ALBERTINE
Extension Holders and Gold Pens,

Of the most elegant pattern and durable construction, put up in new fancy cases of one dozen each, and not sold in any less quantities. They will retail for $3 each.

Price, per Dozen..... $30 25
Or 2 Dozen for..... 25 00

Sent by mail or express, prepaid. Address
SALISBURY, BRO. & CO., Providence, R. I.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Ground Burners*, and 13 other articles. 15 circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

AGENTS WANTED.—Call and examine, or 20 sample cost free by mail for 30 cents, that retail for $3, ureanly needed by every person, by
R. L. WOLCOTT, 175 Chatham Square, N. Y.

Cavalry Badges
Constantly on hand and Engraved to Order, and sent free on receipt of Price.

Terms Cash in advance. Send for a Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

ANY WIDOW, or Parent, or Orphan, or ANY Brother, or Sister of any Soldier, Sailor, Marine, Killed, or who died in the service of the United States, who desires Ninety-six Dollars ($96) a year Pension, FROM ONE TO FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS ($100 to $500) Cash Bounty and all the arrears of pay due him, should call at once or write to the Subscriber, DEWITT C. Cox, 207 Walnut St., Philadelphia. Also state pay, if there is any due.

RHEUMATISM.

USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, AND ANKLETS. THE ONLY RELIABLE REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. MEYER & CO., 409 Broadway, N. Y. Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 50 cents additional.

Look. Look. Look.

RICH, RARE, AND INSTRUCTIVE.—An excellent number. For portraits, character, and biographies of GEN. HARRIS, Lord Lyons, Forrest, with portraits of many beautiful women, Egyptian mummies, Sioux Indians, Love, Courtship, and Marriage, with 200 Men and Beasts, Children, Miss K. got a Husband, A Woman's Experience, The Secret of Beauty, Love-Signs in the Face, The Human Face Divine, Dreams, Causes and Effect, see the January number Phrenological Journal, now ready. Only 15 cents or $1 70 a year. New volume. FOWLER & WELLS. No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

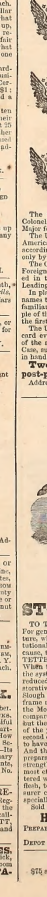
IMPORTANT to the PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.—Any Soldier of the Pennsylvania Reserve Regiments, who may have been discharged, or who is in the city, can hear something greatly to his advantage by calling upon or sending his address to JOSEPH E. DEVITT, No. 417 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., the Military and Naval Agency.

H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane, N. Y., **TWINES**, Rope, **CORDAGE**, and Yarn, Steam Packing, Wire, **CARPET WARP**, Fish Lines, Hooking Cord, Loom Cord, and Superior Tow, Wicking and Wrapping **PAPER**, Envelopes, and Paper Bags.

Winter Cloaks.

BRODIE'S
Great Clearing Sale.
The Entire Winter Stock
Will be Sold without regard to Cost,
Before making Extensive Alterations for the
Spring Trade.
BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions!
300 Canal Street, New York.

American Card Company's
New Union Playing Cards.
National Emblems.



Nine of Eagles.

The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. Colonel in place of King; Goddess of Liberty for Queen; Eagle for Jack.

The Union Playing Cards are the first and only genuine American Cards ever produced, and as they are printed according to Act of Congress, they can be manufactured only by the American Card Company.

The Cards are rapidly taking the place of Cards bearing Foreign emblems. The demand for them is unprecedented in the Card Trade, and they will soon become the leading Card in the American market.

In playing with these Cards, they are to be called by the names the Union regiments adopt, as the emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American Republic, they can be used as reading the first occasion as cards bearing Foreign emblems.

The Union Cards are the most pleasing and attractive card ever made. They are produced in the highest style of the art, and each pack is put up in an elegant Card Case, suitable to keep them in when not in use, and then in handsome dress home for the trade.

Two Sample Packs in Card Cases sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1.

Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
455 Broadway, or 165 William St., N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

TO THE DEBILITATED AND THE DECREPID—

For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, hard living, constant exposure, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When the fire of life seems to be absolutely dying out in its system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, this mighty restorative comes, as it were, to kindle the last spark of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and re-invigorate both the mind and body to the full vigor of health. The Captain of the Mennonghela, writes thus to Dr. Hostetter: "I can truly say that your Stomach Bitters were upon me a boon at the effect of a rain after a long dry spell in the fall of the year. It is the only thing on the passive state the second crop of grass, and your wholesome medicine seems to have united a second crop of life and energy in me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful invigorant, and the same happy consolation, or where strength has been spent by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful tonic, and it is advised to be used with great caution in instances or waiting of the flesh, by young females. In fact, it is a much safer and surer remedy for the surrery than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,
PREPARED AND SOLD BY
HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURGH, PA.
DEPOT FOR NEW YORK, 476 BROADWAY.

Salesmen Wanted.
$75 a month, or commission allowed on sales. Apply to HALE & CO., Newburyport, Mass.

SPLENDID
HOLIDAY
PRESENTS.

Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their chespness.—*N. Y. Weekly*, July 25th.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 31.

Prettiest, best and cheapest time-pieces ever offered. —*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 16.

Magic Time Observers,
The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it and connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Simple watches in neat morocco cases, $24 00 sent by mail, the postage is 36 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!
First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.
FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES ARE UNEQUALED.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced eye. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by outing or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in durability, the best manufactured **Solid Sterling Silver** in existence.

The rate of these watches in the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single pay-day by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! *Having many leaders open, beautifully engraved, white enamel dial, and fuffey end hands, in good running order, for the half dozen, $66; dozen, $3 38; registering, 29 cts. Sold only by the case.* Cash to be safely sent by mail.

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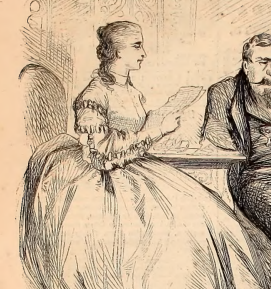

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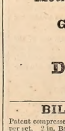

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 368.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

AVERILL'S RAID.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

AVERILL'S RAID.

We give on page 36 the portrait of GENERAL AVERILL, whose dash upon the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad is "one of the most hazardous, important, and successful raids since the commencement of the war." We must defer to a future time a sketch of the services of General Averill. The best account of his raid is contained in his own dispatch, the essential points of which will be found in our Number of January 9. Our sketch presents an instant in this expedition, which is thus described by a correspondent of the press: "All of the columns suffered severely from cold and hunger; but the severest suffering was endured by Averill's command. The nights were bitter. It rained, snowed, and hailed. Imagine the gathering of clouds, the wind approaching, the worried soldier and foot-sore horse climbing and scraping up the steep mountain roads; then the descending of the storm, the water freezing as it touched the ground, the line winding its way up one side and down another, entering passes that seemed to be the terminus of these mountainous creations, and then emerging upon open lands but to feel the fury of the storm the more severe, and he can form but a mere idea of what was the scene on this trying occasion."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1864.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE POLICE.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR has removed the Metropolitan Police Commissioners upon the ground that their report of the riots of last summer is sectarian and partisan. The passage of the report upon which he bases this objection is as follows:

"These violent proceedings had a political design and direction, and received encouragement from newspapers and partisans of influence and intelligence. The Board of Police had been threatened with summary removal, which was regarded as a near impunity. Resistance to the force desired the removal, and there were not lacking instances of lawlessness—too fruit of the expected change. A large portion of the mob were of the same nationality and political and religious faith of the riotous mob."

Certainly there could be no simpler or calmer statement of the facts than is here presented. Is it "partisan" to say that the riots received encouragement from newspapers and partisans of influence and intelligence? But Governor Seymour has surely not forgotten his own speech at the Academy of Music on the 4th of July, about ten days before the riots, in which, after sneering at the war and the Government, he warns the latter that mobs can play at necessity as well as a Government. Governor Seymour surely knows that every other man in the country knows, that the riots sprang from the bitter hostility to the Government and the war, and the incessant denunciation of the law of the land which distinguished the speeches of Vallandigham, Brooks, and other members of the regular meetings of Mr. Luke Cozans's Democratic Association. Mr. Cozans, as is well known, being a particular friend of Fernando Wood. Governor Seymour surely knows, what no law-obeying citizen has forgotten, that not only did the mob attack the officers sent to quell its riotous operation; but that he stood at the City Hall, the chief civil magistrate sworn to execute the laws, and told the rioters, reeking with unnecessary blood and raving in outrage of every law human and divine, that he had asked the Government to suspend the operation of the law, which they put forth as their excuse for arson and murder.

These are facts of history. Is not Governor Seymour a "partisan of influence and intelligence," who in an offense incapacitating men for public office to tell the truth of him as of all other instigators of the mob?

Or is it any less true that influential papers in the city spread these bloody and murderous mobs as "an uprising of the people," hoping that they would lead to some signal and fearful embarrassment of the Government in prosecuting the war? And will any honest man say that the daily issues of a single paper, *The World*, for a fortnight before the outbreak, and not say that it gave "encouragement" to the rioters? Is it, then, "partisan" to say so? Does a man cease to be fit for Police Commissioner because he thinks that the course of such papers was destructive of the public peace?

It seems also that it is "sectarian" to say that a large part of the police force were of the same religious faith with the mob. It may be a mistake, but how is it "sectarian?" Is it perhaps liable to that charge because it implies that the mob were of one religious faith? But can any fact be more notorious than that the mob was mostly composed of Irish, and that the Irish are generally of one faith? Why else did the late Archbishop Hughes summon them to his house, and address them as their spiritual head, and beg them not to disgrace the name of Irishmen and Catholics? To mention these facts, without which their report would be curiously incomplete and unfaithful, shows, according to Governor Seymour, that the Commissioners have departed from the impartial and dispassionate position of public officers, and have lost their usefulness.

It will be plain enough to every attentive reader of these reasons for the removal that Governor Seymour lends himself to the pitiful attempt of Mr. M'Keon to excite a religious rancor in this country. Do these gentlemen not know that they are playing with edged tools? that to excite such a feeling is to annihilate those for whose support it is in bid? Much may be pardoned to the desperate political extremity of Mr. Seymour. A year ago his prospects were unclouded for the nomination and support of the "Conservative" party for the Presidency. This year even the rump of the old Whig party passes him by for M'Clellan, and a man would be laughed at who should name Mr. Seymour as a candidate. Mr. Seymour therefore is at his coolest as "a partisan" during the riots, and his futile struggles to perplex the Government and the war. Much may be pardoned to his extremity. But when he tries to excite religious hate, it is an effort which shows his own consciousness of his desperate position.

THE TRUTH CONFESSED.

THE Richmond *Inquirer* of December 18 has a very remarkable article upon the rebel conscription, in which it states plainly the political philosophy of the leaders in the rebellion. It is exactly that of Mr. Calhoun. It is that which every honest supporter of slavery must logically hold. And when the mass of the people in the Southern States are once able to comprehend the intentions of the leaders they now so blindly follow, the retribution will be terrible and deserved.

The argument for the universal conscription, says the *Inquirer*, is "to secure the equality of every man, from which it is inferred that every man ought to go to the field. It then asks: *"Is not our war based on the principle and fact, which all history has established, that there is a truth—the inequality of man—for policy we say of races."* In other words, the rebellion is a reaction against the Declaration of Independence. Men have not equal rights, and slavery is not only not yet quite done to say so, that is what we mean.

The great need of the Southern people is a leader. Some man would show them how to live under pretense of holding colored men in slavery, the real purpose of the aristocracy is that capital shall own labor of every kind; and that, if secession could be accomplished, the reconstruction organization of society upon a strictly aristocratic basis would follow. Such a leader would show the people that the scriptural argument for slavery upon which the slaveholders rely, is an argument for the enslaving of white men, for the old Hebrew slaves were not black; and that, in fact, they are fooled to the most complete extent by the men for whom they fight so bravely. It was the knowledge that, if the right of free speech, guaranteed by the Constitution, were tolerated in the South, slavery would be destroyed by the common-sense of the Southern people, which made Calhoun and all his school insist upon suppressing it. Consequently, by the most imperious and peremptory law, the Constitution has been a dead letter in every slave State for more than thirty years.

Meanwhile as the rebel leaders are all slavedrivers, and bound by a common purpose and peril, and as the people have neither the habit of free thought nor discussion, but, being ignorant, are the easy victims of every fear, prejudice and the baser passions, it will be yet a long time before they fairly understand their condition, and see that they are deliberately to rivet their own chains. But some day we shall hear, that in some remote corner a few men have made a stand against the sweeping conscription. There will not be enough force to compel their obedience. Successful disaffection will spread; and once emancipated from the iron control of the slave-driving drivers, these men will see that their interest, their prosperity, their peace and progress, lie in the total overthrow of a system which makes a great slave driver like Jefferson Davis the head and overpowering rival of every poor artisan or laborer in the South who lives by the work of his own hands.

"OUR OWN."

MR. CHARLES MACKAY, the correspondent of the London *Times*, has returned to this country and to his vocation. When he left for England in the autumn it was supposed that he had been recalled on account of the ridiculous position into which his reports of affairs and opinions upon this side of the water had thrown the *Times*. The lavalier Lengo, more generally known as Mariotti (a family name), who filled the post of correspondent *ad interim*, was a man of very much greater ability than Mr. Mackay, but of a disappointed and bitter feeling, which rendered all his comments upon our affairs sharp and cynical.

It seems that it was a mistake to suppose Mr. Mackay recalled. He has resumed the duties of his post. It is not a pleasant one, and he has our sincere commiseration. To reside in a country for the purpose of finding fault with it; to supply information about it derived from its enemies; to live in New York, and to wish the rebels at Richmond to succeed, when success in Richmond would be anarchy in New York; and to do all this in exile, must be as dreary a business as the New Year is likely to see.

Let us, then, offer a word of friendly advice to this correspondent. We advise him to turn to his letters of last summer, in June and July—letters in which he plainly said that the loyal Union men had virtually given up the contest, and in which he announced that the riots were the beginning of the counter-revolution—and then consider whether it is worth while to suppose that the Copperheads are the true representatives of public opinion in this struggle, or that General Lee, who has not had a solitary success since Stonewall Jackson died, is the only "great captain" on this continent.

If he wishes to leave the London *Times* the least reputation for intelligent criticism or sagacious prophecy, let him consult other oracles than those which are inspired by the hope of attaining political favor with the New York Government. He has hitherto made himself the mouth-piece of a faction; retailing all their venomous wishes as probabilities, and their foolish gossip as the utterance of political talk. He has imbibed their frantic hate of what they call Abolitionism, and rails at the Herculean effort of a great nation to maintain its unity and civil existence, as if it were a mad ebullition of fanatic zeal. If henceforth he will try to understand that a loyal New York Copperhead is not the country, and that their hopes, and beliefs, and expectations in regard to this war are no more valuable than if he may proceed in writing such letters which will not, indeed, be friendly or true, but may be less conspicuously and absurdly wide of the mark than those he has been in the habit of writing.

THE SANITARY FAIRS.

THE call for the great Metropolitan Fair of the Sanitary Commission, in New York is a herald of her sister cities, and ought to bring up the rear with a metropolitan magnificence. Chicago made noble efforts, Boston a handsome one, and forty thousand, Cincinnati is making, let us hope, two hundred thousand, and New York should continue with not less than three hundred thousand dollars. Meanwhile Rochester has done nobly, Portland also: Albany is preparing, and in every town and city you hear the cry of the Sanitary Fair.

For what purpose more humane and lofty can busy the brains and the fingers of all loyal men, women, and children in the land than the unlimited care of the soldiers in the field? There they are—exposed to fever and casualties, on hills and in valleys, our friends, our brothers, our sons, our lovers, and as they turn their eyes and hearts and hands towards us at home, what joy so great, what cheer so encouraging, as to feel our hands outstretched and our hearts boating in response?

The Sanitary Fairs will enlist the industry, the thought, the interest of the country, hold us all closer together. It is a common cause, a common toil, and, because God is common victory. And as long as the war lasts the work of the Commission is unending. Its means of succor for the sick and wounded, for the prisoner, for hospital, and camp, and field—its agents, transports, and depôts—must be constantly maintained, replenished, and renewed. It is not an institution which, when once created, goes of itself. When the kind hands of the country stop giving, and the kind hearts of the country lose the impulse to bestow, then the great machine work stops, and the son and husband and father languishes in the field uncared for. As he, the soldier, our representative of rest, but is always ready for the summons, armed and equipped, so must all the rest of us be ready at all our posts with the supports which they have a right to expect.

MONUMENT TO ROBERT FULTON.

IF it is incredible that in this age and country of progress, the first steamboat by the waters of the river on which his great experiment triumphed, in the city which that river, by means of that triumph, has enriched, no monument has yet been built to Robert Fulton. Of a genius peculiarly American, and whose great victory was achieved within the limits of living men, the personality of Fulton is less familiar to us than that of any equally illustrious American.

It is meant that there is a Fulton Monument Association which is now engaged with this subject. They are understood to have selected a site in Fulton Ferry Square, and a sculptor, whose Fulton is buried. Henry R. Rowe, the sculptor, has made a design for a monument. It is a structure of the Egyptian type, massive arches and supporting figures representing American lakes and rivers. Above these are other figures representing the first steamboat which he offers to the attention of the world. A photograph of the design may be seen at the Fulton Insurance Company's office in Trinity Building.

It is undoubtedly imposing, and what Mr. Brown does not know is, that one, but we fear but at the height of forty feet the face of the statue should be lost. The object of such a work is not merely to commemorate Fulton, but to establish connection with the face and form of a benefactor, or hero, or statesman. If this can be successfully done at that height, the sculpture for the remainder of the design commends the whole. In any case, we hope to know before long that the work is to be done, and not above the clouds and smoke, and stately movement of the myriad steamers which fill the river, the traveler to the city may see, sitting enthroned, the figure of Robert Fulton from whose brain they sprang.

LITERARY.

DR. DRAPER'S "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe" (Harpers), which has just passed to a second edition in this country, and by its extensive scholarship and vigorous thought has already justly placed its author very high a place among living authors, is being reprinted in England by Messrs. Bell & Daldy in two splendid octavo volumes, with a steel portrait of the author. The work is also being translated into Italian, and will be published at Turin in April.

Charles Reade's "Hard Cash" is how issued complete by the Harpers. Mr. Dickens, who is now engaged upon his new story, declares that it is the master-piece of the author; and those who have read it as it has appeared from week to week are even wont to the usual attractions of his style this work has a peculiar value as a vivid picture of the working of the lunatic system in England; doing, in fact, for the Lunatic Asylums the service that his "Never too Late to Mend" did for the Penitentiary system. It is a tale of a great variety of interest, and of much broader, firmer grasp than some of Mr. Reade's later works.

"Dream Children." (Sever & Francis, Cambridge.) The author of "Seven little People and their Friends," published a year ago, has written another book, which, following Charles Lamb, he calls "Dream Children," and which is one of the most perfectly printed and completed little books of the year. At first glance the book seems to address itself to children; but it is really no child's book; it is too full and complex. It was something in it for every one who has not lost his childhood; who has not so matured himself as to have left out of his organization the finest effects of imagination and humor. This little volume will make an audience of its own, and for that audience there are no other books of the kind. The book is made up of short stories, having a vein of romance running through them, without any thing which we are in the habit of calling sentiment. All of the stories are characterized by a peculiar humor—not a broad humor like Dickens's, but nevertheless an exquisite, delicate humor. The author, in the introduction of his work, has shown an artist's skill and taste, with a great degree of enthusiasm, as if his heart were in every part of his life. The effect of the stories upon the imagination and upon the undercurrent of moral sentiment in advanced children of the highest refined and purest character.

Professor Henry Drisler, of Columbia College, has attacked Bishop Hopkins's positions upon the Bible view of slavery and routed him from every point. The Bishop's unfortunate pro-slavery and learned criticism is issued by the Loyal Publication Society, No. 863 Broadway, and is No. 39 of the publications. The answer to the attestments, inconsistencies, and inevitable conclusions of the Bishop's letter are unsparingly exposed. The learned Greek Professor Drisler proves that so far as it meets the Bishop upon his own ground. It follows him into the Bible history and into Biblical interpretation, and that whatever the manners of Hebrew slavery may have been, it constitutes no more excuse for African slavery than the polygamy of the Patriarchs, or the Mormon practice of to-day. So of the New Testament argument: if it proves any thing it proves that captives in war may be enslaved, but does not hold Apostolic sanction for slave-trade. Unquestionably there has been slavery in society before ours; and undeniably, if the fact is evidence of the divine approval, it is approved. But then crime of every kind has always abounded; and this fact is as equally conclusive of the divine approval of crime. Moreover slavery as an it emerges from barbarism into a higher civilization abolishes slavery. Dahomey, Turkey, and the African tribes that Captain Speke discovered, cherish slavery. But Western Europe and Northern America discard it. Bishop Hopkins pronounces for Dahomey, barbarism, and slavery. The human heart and conscience and the religion of Christ declare for civilization and liberty. This is the end of the matter. Mr. Hopkins will defend his position to the last; but he will see by a late English work that in that he is still following the line of calmness. Professor Drisler, in his sober, earnest, searching, and conclusive little pamphlet, has done the good cause good service.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

We have no sentimental tenderness for a miscreant, notwithstanding, but we think that the fate of Holmes he might be let alone. Not so, however, think the colonel—"that thing" is the felon's name—"must have been room—in short, his every thing?" "Yes, his drawing-room included," supplied his witty counsel.

A VERY CLEVER DISTINCTION.—A Lover is a Suer—a bookseller's a purse-suer.

Why is a ballroom like a man disinherited?—Because he is an heir-d-sanght.

When is an oarsman like a herring?—When he has a hard row.

"Where shall I go?" as the bullet said to the trigger.

To what order does flogging change a boy's complexion? —It makes him pell—O!

"I prefer being foremost," as the hare said to the hound's.

Why should turtles be pitied?—Because theirs is a hard case.

A West Indian, who had a remarkably fiery nose, having fallen asleep in his chair, a negro-boy who was waiting observed a mosquito hovering round his face. Quashy eyed the insect very attentively; at last he saw a slight on his master's nose, and instantly fly off again. "Yah, yah," he exclaimed, with great glee, "me berry glad to see you berry near fire."

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, when giving in their verdict, "we find the man that stole the mare not guilty."

"A LITTLE HELP IS BETTER THAN NONE."

An auctioneer, while engaged in his vocation, thus exercised the mantle of a priest:—"Gentlemen and ladies, some folks sell carpets for Brussels which are not Brussels, but I can merely positively assure you that this elegant article was made by Mr. Brussels himself."

An abbé having a violent cold on his return from Rome, where he had been unsuccessfully soliciting the rank of cardinal, it was observed that the malady was easily accounted for, as he had been all the way home without his hat.

Put was a volunteer, and he got sick. The first question the surgeon asked him was, "Pat, are your bowels regular?" "No, Sir; he loikes, I'm a volunteer."

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to "have his cold mother an orphan."

A friend in California writes us that they have fire-flies as large in that State that they use them to cook by. They bring the heifer to their black-legs, which are best for the purpose like pot-hooks.

A new mode of dispersing a mob has been discovered, which is said to possess the recommendation of a military force: it is to pass round a contribution-box.

One of the German Kings wanted his army heretofore to the use of the Armstrong gun. He accordingly got one, but was obliged to ask leave of the next king to have the secret sent to him. Meanwhile, he was not being big enough for the Armstrong range!

Sometimes a girl says no to an offer, when it is as plain as the nose on her face that she means yes. The best way to judge whether she is in earnest or not is to look straight into her eyes, and never mind her nose.

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry par who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

When you are running from a mad bull to slow don't to be sure.

"Do you hear who built this bridge?" said a person to Hook. "No," replied Hook; but if you go over you'll be told."

It is said that some babies are so small that they can creep into quiet measures. But the way in which some adults will force such measures is very astonishing.

The reason, no doubt, why people don't like to sit down thirteen to dinner is because, under those circumstances, they must necessarily be "at sixes and sevens with each other."

If an elephant can travel eight miles an hour, and carry his trunk, how much could he go if he had a little pupp to carry it for him?

"All!" said a Sunday-school teacher—"Ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?" "I suppose, mam," said Caroline, who was very much pleased with the compliment—"I suppose, mam, as I should ha' been a boarder."

When Jackson was President of the United States, Jimmy O'Neil, the porter, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which were offensive to the fastidiousness of Colonel Donelson, and caused his dismissal on an average of about once a week. But on appeal to the higher court, the verdict was invariably reversed by the good-nature of Mrs. Colonel Donelson, Jimmy was restored to favor in one flagrant offense, and was summoned before the highest tribunal in camp. The Governor, after stating the details of the mischief, observed, "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years, in spite of all complaints; but in this act you have gone beyond my powers of endurance." "And to you believe me sorry?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly I am," answered the General; "I have just heard it from two Senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed what that twenty Senators say about you, it's little I'd think you are fit to be President." "Pshaw! Jimmy!" exclaimed the General; "clear out, and go on duty, but be more careful hereafter." Jimmy remained with his Excellency for seven years, and to the close of his Presidential term, but, when he resigned, gave him to the Hermitage, we will him to the day of his death.

"Talk about women talking!" says a lady of our acquaintance, herself by no means deficient in eloquence; "why, look at the debates in the public dinners, the vestry meetings, and, above all, the gossip, gossip, gossip at those horrid tea-fights we have in a week when we do get in a year; though, to be sure, what we do say has got some sense in it."

An officer, who was inspecting his company one morning, spied one private whose shirt was sadly begrimed. "Patrick Duffy!" he called out the captain, "what is Hooz?" promptly responded Patrick, with his head to his ten. "How long do you wear a shirt?" "Twenty-eight inches," was the rejoinder.

"You have not a drop of the great Napoleon's blood in your veins, I would say, old Jerome one day to a boy who was nephew the Emperor. "Well," replied Louis Napoleon, "all at events I have the whole family on my hands."

A lady that would dress herself in marrying was wanted that her intended, although a good sort of a man, was very plain-look. "Well," replied the lady, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to be a good husband."

An old lady, who had been reading the famous moon story very attentively, remarked with emphasis that the idea of the moon's being inhabited was incredible. "For," says she, "what becomes of the people in the new moon when there's nothing but a little streak left of it?"

"Pat," said the captain of a ship to an Irishman who was a passenger on board, and who sometimes used to sleep rather soundly in succession, "how do you contrive to sleep so long?" "How?" cried Pat; "why, I pay particularly attention to it."

"Patrick," said a Judge, "what do you say to the charge; are you guilty or not guilty?" "Faith, that is difficult for your honor to tell, as also myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

"Have you read my last speech?" said a vain orator to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

We avail ourselves of the space gained by the adjournment of Congress from December 21 to January 5 to present a list of the members of the next House, together with an attempt to designate their political status. The former preponderance of Republicans and "Democrats" are wholly out of date, many members who were elected as Democrats acting with the Republicans. We have classified the members as "Administration," denoted by "A.," and "Opposition," denoted by "O." In the House this classification is comparatively easy. All the members who voted for Mr. Colfax as Speaker are marked "A." Those who voted for Messrs. Cox, Dawson, Mallory, and other Opposition candidates, are designated by "O." The whole number of vote cast for Speaker was 181, of which 101 were cast for Mr. Colfax. The entire number of members is 238. We have classed those who were not present according to our best knowledge of their politics. The list contains several names not inserted on the official lists. The right of these gentlemen to seats is disputed, supposing them to be confirmed, according to our estimate the Administration has 105 votes to the Opposition 81. As must be borne in mind, however, that several members who are classed as "A." are not friendly to the Administration upon the essential questions concerning the carrying on of the war, which will be before Congress. A majority of 59 members, among whom are two from "Virginia" (now in part in West Virginia), will be the vote on every test vote has come up, and in classifying the Senators as "A." or "O." we have been governed by our knowledge of their antecedents, and partly by an examination of the votes recorded on the Senate journals, so we think that our list will be found nearly correct.

MEMBERS OF THE SENATE.

Anthony, R. R.	A.	Howe, Tim. O.	Wis.	Mich.	A.
Bayard, James.	Del.	O.	Howe, Tim. O.	Wis.	A.
Brown, B. Gratz.	Mo.	A.	Howard, Jacob M.	Mich.	A.
Bowden, L. J. Va.	O.		Lane, Henry S.	Ind.	A.
Buckalew, Chas. R.	Penn.	O.	Lane, Jas. H.	Kan.	A.
Carlile, John S.	Va.	O.	M'Dougall, J. Cal.		O.
Chandler, Zach.	Mich.	A.	Morrill, L. S.	Vt.	A.
Clark, Daniel.	N. H.	A.	Morrill, Lot M.	Maine.	A.
Conness, John.	Cal.	A.	Nesmith, J. W.	Or.	A.
Cowan, Edgar.	Penn.	A.	Pomeroy, S. C.	Kansas.	A.
Davis, Henry.	Md.	O.	Powell, Lazarus W.	Ky.	O.
Davis, Garrett.	Ky.	O.	Ramsey, Alex.	Minn.	A.
Dixon, James.	Conn.	A.	Riddle, A. G.	Del.	O.
Doolittle, Jas. R.	Wis.	A.	Saulsbury, Wm.	Del.	O.
Foster, Ed.	Or.	A.	Sherman, John.	Ohio.	A.
Fowler, Joseph S.	Tenn.	A.	Sprague, Wm.	R. I.	A.
Foster, L. V.	Conn.	A.	Sumner, Chas.	Mass.	A.
Grimes, Jas. W.	Iowa.	A.	Ten Eyck, J. C.	N. J.	O.
Hale, John P.	N. H.	A.	Trumbull, Lyman.	Ill.	A.
Harlan, James.	Iowa.	A.	Van Winkle, P. W.	Va.	A.
Harding, F. P.	Oregon.	A.	Wade, Ben.	Ohio.	A.
Harris, T. M.	N. Y.	A.	Wilkinson, M. J.	Minn.	A.
Henderson, J. B.	Mo.	A.	Willey, Waitman T.	Va.	A.
Hendricks, T. A.	Ind.	O.	Wilson, Henry.	Mass.	A.
Hicks, Thos. H.	Md.	O.	Wright, Wm.	N. J.	O.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE.

Allen, James C.	Ill.	O.	Lazear, Jesse.	Penn.	O.
Allen, William J.	Ill.	O.	Leary, John.	N. Y.	A.
Ancona, Sidney.	Penn.	A.	Littlejohn, D. G.	N. Y.	A.
Allison, Wm. B.	Iowa.	A.	Long, Benj. B.	Ohio.	A.
Ames, Adam.	Mass.	A.	Longyear, J. W.	Mich.	A.
Ancona, S. E.	Penn.	O.	Loomis, D. B.	Ohio.	A.
Anderson, R. C.	Ky.	O.	Lovejoy, Chas.	Ill.	A.
Arnold, Isaac N.	Ill.	A.	Mallory, Robert.	Ky.	O.
Ashley, John.	Ohio.	A.	Marcy, Randall.	N. H.	O.
Bailey, Joseph.	Penn.	O.	Marvin, Jas. M.	N. Y.	A.
Baxter, Portus.	Vt.	A.	Maynard, Horace.	Tenn.	A.
Baldwin, A. C.	Mich.	O.	M'Bride, J. R.	Oregon.	A.
Baker, John A.	Va.	A.	M'Clurg, Jos. W.	Mo.	A.
Beaman, F. C.	Mich.	A.	M'Dowell, Jas. F.	Ind.	O.
Beaman, Jas. M.	Mich.	A.	M'Indoe, Wm. D.	Penn.	A.
Blair, F. P., Jun.	Mo.	A.	M'Kissey, J. P.	Ohio.	O.
Blair, John R.	Va.	A.	M'Knight, Jas.	Penn.	A.
Bliss, George.	Ohio.	O.	Miller, Sem. F.	N. Y.	A.
Boyer, Henry W.	Penn.	A.	Moorhead, J. K.	Penn.	A.
Boutwell, G. S.	Mass.	A.	Morrill, Justin S.	Vt.	A.
Boyd, S. H.	Ky.	O.	Morris, Isaac N.	Ill.	O.
Brandegee, A. Conn.	A.		Morris, Jas. R.	Ohio.	O.
Brooks, Jas.	N. Y.	O.	Morrison, Wm. R.	Ill.	O.
Brownell, J. M.	Penn.	A.	Moorhead, J. K.	Penn.	A.
Brown, Jas. S.	Ky.	O.	Myers, Amos.	Penn.	O.
Brown, Wm. G.	Va.	A.	Myer, Leonard.	Penn.	A.
Calvert, C. B.	Md.	O.	Nelson, Homer A.	N. Y.	A.
Chandler, L. H.	Va.	A.	Noble, Warren P.	Ohio.	O.
Clarke, S. A.	Kan.	A.	Odell, Moses F.	N. Y.	O.
Clarke, A. W.	N. Y.	A.	Odell, Moses F.	N. Y.	O.
Cobb, Amasa.	Wis.	A.	Olin, Abram B.	N. Y.	A.
Cobb, Amasa.	Wis.	A.	O'Neill, John.	Ohio.	O.
Coffroth, Alex.	Penn.	O.	Orth, Godlove S.	Ind.	A.
Cole, Cornelius.	Cal.	A.	Patterson, J. W.	N. H.	A.
Conkling, Roscoe.	N. Y.	A.	Pendleton, G. H.	Ohio.	O.
Cox, Samuel S.	Ohio.	O.	Perham, Sid.	Maine.	A.
Creswell, J. A. J.	Md.	A.	Pike, Frederick A.	Maine.	A.
Creswell, J. A. J.	Md.	A.	Pike, Fred. A.	Maine.	A.
Cravens, J. H.	Ind.	O.	Price, Hiram.	Iowa.	A.
Davis, Thos. T.	N. Y.	A.	Price, Hiram.	Iowa.	A.
Dawson, J. L.	Penn.	O.	Pruyn, J. V. L.	N. Y.	A.
Dawson, J. L.	Penn.	O.	Radford, Wm.	N. Y.	O.
Delano, C.	Ohio.	A.	Randall, A. W.	Wis.	A.
Deshler, Chas.	Penn.	O.	Randall, Wm. H.	Ky.	A.
Dixon, H.	Conn.	A.	Rice, John H.	Maine.	A.
Driggs, John F.	Mich.	A.	Rice, John H.	Maine.	A.
Dumont, Ephm.	Ind.	O.	Robinson, John C.	Ill.	A.
Dumont, Ed.	Ind.	A.	Rogers, And. J.	N. J.	O.
Eden, John R.	Ill.	O.	Rollins, Edw. H.	N. H.	O.
Eden, John R.	Ill.	O.	Rollins, James S.	Mo.	O.
Edgerton, Sid.	Ohio.	A.	Ross, Lewis W.	Ill.	O.
Eldridge, C. A.	Wis.	O.	Schenck, R. C.	Ohio.	A.
Finck, Wm. E.	Ohio.	O.	Scofield, Glen. W.	Penn.	A.
English, Jas. E.	Conn.	O.	Scott, John G.	Mo.	O.
Farnsworth, J. F.	Ill.	A.	Shannon, Jas.	Cal.	O.
Fenton, R. E.	N. Y.	A.	Smith, Green C.	Ky.	A.
Finck, Wm. E.	Ohio.	O.	Spalding, Rufus P.	O.	A.
Frank, Aug.	Cal.	A.	Sloan, Hamner.	Wis.	A.
Gansen, John.	N. Y.	A.	Stevens, Thad.	Penn.	A.
Garfield, J. A.	Ohio.	A.	Starn, John F.	N. J.	A.
Goodwin, Ozias.	Me.	A.	Stebbins, Henry G.	N. Y.	A.
Gooch, Dan.	Mass.	A.	Stebbins, H. G.	N. Y.	O.
Grider, H.	Ky.	O.	Stebbins, H. G.	N. Y.	O.
Grinnell, J. A.	Iowa.	A.	Steele, Wm. G.	N. J.	O.
Grow, Galusha.	Penn.	A.	Stevens, Thad.	Penn.	A.
Hale, Jno. P.	Me.	A.	Stiles, John D.	Penn.	O.
Hall, Jas.	Iowa.	A.	Stiles, John D.	Penn.	O.
Harding, Aaron.	Ky.	O.	Stone, John T.	Ill.	O.
Harrington, H. W.	Ind.	O.	Strouse, J. D.	Penn.	A.
Harris, Chas. B.	N. Y.	A.	Sweat, Thos.	Me.	A.
Harris, Chas. M.	Md.	O.	Thayer, M. R.	Penn.	A.
Herrick, Anson.	N. Y.	A.	Thomas, Lorenzo.	Mich.	A.
Hickman, John.	Penn.	A.	Tracy, H. W.	Penn.	A.
Holman, Wm. S.	Ind.	O.	Train, Chas. R.	Mass.	A.
Hooper, Samuel.	Mass.	A.	Van Valkenburg.	N. Y.	A.
Hotchkiss, A.	N. Y.	A.	Van Valkenburg.	N. Y.	A.
Hubbard, John.	Iowa.	A.	Wadsworth, W. H.	Ky.	O.
Hubbard, J. H.	Conn.	A.	Walton, C. D.	Ohio.	A.
Hulburd, C. C.	N. Y.	A.	Washburne, E. B.	Ill.	A.
Hutchins, W. A.	Ohio.	O.	Washburn, W. D.	Minn.	A.
Hutchins, W. A.	Ohio.	O.	Webster, Jas. W.	Penn.	A.
Julian, Geo. W.	Ind.	A.	Wheeler, Chas.	Wis.	A.
Johnson, Philip.	Penn.	O.	Wheeler, Ezra.	Vt.	A.
Johnson, Wm.	Ohio.	O.	White, O. A.	Ohio.	O.
Kalbfleisch, M.	N. Y.	O.	White, J. W.	Ohio.	O.
Kasson, John A.	Iowa.	A.	Wilder, A. G.	Kansas.	A.
Kelley, Wm. D.	Penn.	A.	Williams, Thos.	Penn.	A.
Kellogg, F. W.	Mich.	A.	Wilson, Jas. F.	Iowa.	A.
Kellogg, O. N.	N. Y.	A.	Windom, Wm.	Minn.	A.
Kernan, Francis.	N.Y.	O.	Winfield, C. H.	N. Y.	O.
Knapp, Chas.	N. Y.	A.	Winfield, C. H.	N. Y.	O.
Kitchen, B. M.	Va.	A.	Wood, Benj.	N. Y.	O.
Knapp, Martin.	N. Y.	O.	Woodbridge, F. E.	Vt.	A.
Law, John.	Ind.	O.	Yeaman, G. H.	Ky.	O.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January 5.* A message was received from the President, recommending that the payment of bounties to veteran soldiers be continued until the 1st of February; accompanying this were letters from the Secretary of War and the Provost Marshal General in favor of the bounty system as opposed to that of drafting; referred to Committee on Military Affairs.—The Secretary of the Navy sent a list of naval officers who have left the service and joined the rebels.—Several petitions were presented and referred.—Mr. Powell asked a bill prohibiting army and navy officers from interfering in State elections; referred to Judiciary Committee.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill restoring the $300 bounty to veterans and $100 to volunteers who re-enlist, and offering $100 bounty to veterans of African descent residing in States now in rebellion.—Mr. Ten Eyck moved to take up the Indian bill.—Mr. Sumner, of that part of the President's Message relating to the restoration of the States; he spoke at length in favor of the President's plan; agreed to.

HOUSE.—*January 5.* Mr. Stevens introduced a bill providing for paying bounty and pensions to soldiers from Ohio and Kentucky.—A Message from the President transmitting the estimates for paying bounties till February 1 was received and referred to Military Committee.—Mr. Pendleton gave notice of a bill admitting loyal citizens for damages inflicted by the troops of the United States.—Mr. Dawson introduced a resolution inquiring into the services rendered and compensation received by Jay Cooke & Co. in the sale of Government bonds.—Speaker Mr. Harrington gave notice of a bill paying bounties to soldiers who have served two years.—Several bills have been honorably discharged. Several unimportant subjects were also introduced.

VIRGINIA AND TENNESSEE.

Our two great armies are enjoying a season of rest, which is necessary after the unprecedented exertions of the figures from the Potomac or the Tennessee.—The rebel press continues to represent the Confederacy as the refuse of the enemy to treat with General Butler in relation to exchanges, and the Administration refuses to do it. It is reported that measures are to be taken which must induce the authorities to consent to some other mode.

FIGHT IN THE CHEROKEE COUNTRY.

We have unofficial reports of an engagement on the 18th of December, which took place between 1000 rebels under Quantrell and our forces under Colonel Phillips, resulting, after several hours' fighting, in the complete defeat of the enemy, who scattered in all directions.

TEXAS.

All accounts represent that the expedition to Texas is meeting with great success; but the details are indefinite. We present a letter from Governor Lubbock.

Governor Lubbock, in his message, urges the enrollment of all males between the ages of 18 and 45. In the last census why able-bodied old men should not be required to defend the State. There are 90,000 persons in the State to arm, while its highest vote was 65,757. He estimates that the number of troops in the field will be in the field not more than 27,000, and of these a large proportion had since been drafted. He says that the State officers should be obliged to enter the ranks whenever their enemies had been driven from the border.—Indians on the frontier are troublesome; they murder and steal horses, instigated, he believes, by the rebels. "They are Lincoln's enemies, and the renegade whites among them." These Indians have been driven from Louisiana and Arkansas, in Texas must be forced into the army equally with citizens. Judge Oldham has returned from Richmond, and reports with their views. They should be welcomed. "It is better," he says, "to arm a negro than that they should fall into the hands of our abolition enemies, to be used against us. The refugee is more patriotic than the native citizen. The refugee's home is far more endeared." says Gov. Lubbock, "to our respect, sympathy, and support than the wretch who is content to remain within the enemy's lines taking the oath of allegiance in the vain hope of preserving his property. We have not the courage or patriotism to defend."—Texans sometimes desert, and it is recommended that the penalty of death be not had hitter in the penitentiary.—Distilleries ought to be closed; they are wasteful of provisions, corn meal and soldiers.—Nobody capable of bearing arms should be allowed to leave the State.—Conscription should be the rule without discount; something must be done to raise their value: the best thing to do with cotton is to export it and bring in the entire trade in cotton, tobacco, and naval stores.

General Magruder, writing from Galveston Dec. 27, announces to the citizens of Texas that a formidable invasion is threatened. The enemy is in possession of the Lower Rio Grande, captured Aransas and Corpus Christi Pass, and are in force at Brownsville. The recent organization of President Lincoln left no room for hope for any one to serve his purposes, "except as subjects of his usurpation. Moreover, the enemy had brought with him from Louisiana 5000 negroes, armed and drilled, to be used against their masters." General Magruder therefore recommends that every able-bodied negro capable of bearing arms, or within fifty miles of the coast, should, at any cost, and by any means, be impressed into service. "Let your negroes, he says, "and your lands will become comparatively worthless."

General E. Kirby Smith, commanding in the Department of Texas, has issued a proclamation to the people of that State, announcing the invasion of the State by the enemy. He has placed the matter in the hands of the Governor, and calls upon him for half of the ration, and pay for it in Confederate bonds or stocks, and that the Governor be empowered to remunerate from impressment. Any planter delivering to the Government one bale of cotton for every two consigned abroad, upon terms, will be allowed to remove and sell the other half to the best advantage. He calls upon the Governor, therefore, to say, "attempted to be moved without the protection of an overwhelming force, will be liable to the impressment for Government purposes; and any interference with the Government officers in the discharge of their duties of empties or by any of his agents, either by attempting to forcibly take property, or by offering or giving a still higher rate of freight than proposed by this office, will entail cabinet exemption.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR.

The Legislature of New York convened on the 5th of January. Governor Seymour's Message received a decided majority in both branches: 73 to 50 in the House. The Message of Governor Seymour is in a great measure devoted to an attack upon the policy and measures of the National Administration. The Governor also has summarily removed the Police Commissioners of New York; basing his action solely upon the ground of a paragraph in their Report in which they imply that a majority of the voters of last June were in favor of drafting. The Governor claims that any the right of the Governor to remove them without a formal trial, and to appoint in their place persons who will execute the duties of their office. The new Board appointed by the Governor has assumed the duties, and has no measures to assume the direction of the police force.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRENCH EUROPEAN PRESS is little of importance. The English journals continue to discuss the question of Prussia and Austria and Lincoln. They think the plans of the latter to be impracticable. The Emperor of Austria's reply to Prussia is not yet yielding.

In the French Senate there has been sharp debate, in which the foreign policy of the Emperor was called in question; but the Government commissioner, Baroche, replied, and the Emperor replied in a conciliatory manner.

No definite changes have taken place in regard to the Danish complication and the Congress of the rulers.

THE DANISH QUESTION, AND THE CONGRESS.

It is now affirmed that the Archduke Maximilian will not accept the Danish throne at this present moment, owing to the complicated grounds. Meanwhile the position of affairs is unchanged, and the negotiations of the rulers daily more perplexing.

The troops of Sweden, under General Floree, who invaded the States of Colombia, have met with a serious defeat. Mosquera, the President of Colombia, having succeeded in gathering about 4000 men, attacked Floree, who had 2500, and routed him after a sharp action, killing and wounding, according to report, 500, and taking 2000 prisoners. This action occurred on the 6th of December.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE following Union officers have died at Camp Groce, Texas, during December, in the hands of the rebels:

Lieutenant FRANK BAXLEY, Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, captured by Quantrell, Aug. 21, 1863.

Surgeon A. J. CHESTER, Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, captured Aug. 21, 1863.

Lieutenant JAMES W. INNERY (formerly a compositor in the New York *Herald* office), One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York Volunteers, October 11, 1863.

Lieutenant MARTIN HATES, One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York Volunteers, October 10, 1863.

Colonel J. F. PETERSON and Captain J. A. SCHNEIDER, belonging to the Sixth Louisiana, were captured at the recent meeting held at the Cooper Institute, to visit the Army of the Potomac, and, after an unsatisfactory fruitless search for bounties, etc., have left for the army. The total bounty received by each of the party will not be less than $217. Of this $400 will be paid by Government; $300, and in some instances more, by counties, and $20 by the State. Each man re-enlisting should receive from his mustering officer a paper showing to what town, city, and county he is to be credited. The State and county bounties will be paid when the men come home on furlough.

It has been ordered that but one passenger train shall run each day between Washington daily for the army of the Potomac—namely, at a quarter before ten in the forenoon. This arrangement is to expedite the delivery of soldiers' mail. Stamp-my their goods, provided their passes have been countersigned by provost-marshals.

Fifty of Forrest's guerrillas, a Colonel, Major, and Chaplain, were captured by General Dodge's mounted infantry, on the 27th of December. The Colonel has three of them in chains, charged with the murder of Federal soldiers in cold blood. The chains will be preferred men, placed as steamers on the muzzle-pieces, were found in the rebel camp.

The enlistments in this city under the last call have been 1911. In order to bring the troops to the number of enlistment-brokers, who enlist men here for other States, Governor SEYMOUR has issued the following order:

ALBANY, *December 19, 1863.*

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 561.—The Judge-Advocate-General is directed to take legal measures for the arrest and punishment of all persons who may, in violation of the laws of this State, be engaged in enlisting men in this State for the recruited and credited elsewhere. By order of Commander-in-Chief.

JOHN T. SPRAGUE, Adjutant-General.

A dispatch from Fredericksburg announces the enlistment of the Sixth Ohio Battery have been captured by the rebels, but that they have since gradually returned. Some have died or trees, shot, and their bodies thrown into the river.

Captain THOMAS WILSON has been appointed Chief Commissary of Subsistence, and on the staff of General Meade, with the rank and pay of Major.

The ordnance officer of the Monitor *Patapsco* has furnished the following data for the expenditures of ammunition of shot, shell, and powder by that vessel during her period of service in the attack on Fort Sumter:—Number of the *Patapsco* is one 8-inch rifle and one 15-inch Dahlgren (smooth bore). The number of shots that up to December 1 the Monitor expended, for the 8-inch rifle, 44 toss plus 640 pounds of powder; for the 15-inch, 103, 103, and 1440 pounds of powder for rifle gun, 14,970 pounds. For her 15-inch gun she expended 1439 pounds of powder for 139 rounds of shot. Expenditure of powder for 15-inch gun, 12,065 pounds. Shot for 15-inch gun, 139 rounds. Shows that the 8-inch rifle has fired 341 rounds (109,360 pounds of powder and shot), and the 15-inch gun 242 rounds (13,405), while the 15-inch gun has fired but 43 times—17,150 pounds of shot and powder. The 15-inch gun approximate weight of the shot of the 15-inch gun): that is, more than 400 rounds of shot have been fired from the Monitor rifle for every one from the 15-inch Dahlgren.

On account of the amount of work to be provided for, General MCCLELLAN'S report can not be issued for several weeks yet, as there are to be twenty maps engraved for it.

The Richmond *Examiner* says that the rebel army in East Tennessee is in a state bordering on mutiny.

At its late anniversary, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church elected Governor Seymour a life member. Rev. J. F. MARTIN communicated the fact to Governor Seymour in the following letter:

DEAR SIR,—Through you permit me to express my thanks to the Board for the honor they have conferred, and to say for the compliment they have seen fit to pay me by electing me a life member.

I accept the election as a token of earnest support, by members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of the Christian Conference, to the cause of our country in this crisis.

I have the honor to be, very truly, your obedient servant, JOHN F. MARTIN, Corresponding Secretary.

MAJOR THOMAS D. ARNAST and Lieutenant DANIEL DAVIS, two rebel officers recently captured by Colonel Streight, and confined in the Union lines, were on Saturday conveyed to Fort Warren, sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

The Legislature of Alabama has voted that the carpets of the State Capitol be appropriated to the use of the sick blankets for the Alabama soldiers in the rebel army.

The War Department has ordered that one hundred vessel in the service of the United States, which shall make a proper display on making a signal, shall be entitled to a prize-money as if she belonged to the navy—subject, of course, to the usual rules.

General ROSECRANS is to take the place of General SCHOFIELD in the Department of Missouri.

General FRANKLIN, Chief of the Cavalry Bureau, has, at his own request, been relieved of that command, and has been assigned to the command of the Nineteenth Corps. General GORDON has been placed in charge of the Bureau.

The Third, Fourth, Seventh, and Thirty-fourth Indiana regiments have re-enlisted for three years, to a man. They will have a short furlough, and will join Sherman. They were now at Chattanooga. Recruits from all portions of Indiana are pouring into Indianapolis. At least one hundred arrive daily, and are sent into the numerous camps.

Captain H. T. ANDERSON, Fifty-first Indiana Regiment, and J. T. BERDON, Seventeenth Iowa Regiment, escaped a short time ago from the Libby Prison at Richmond. They report that the prisoners are being removed and were sent in quantity and miserable in quality, but the best they could get.

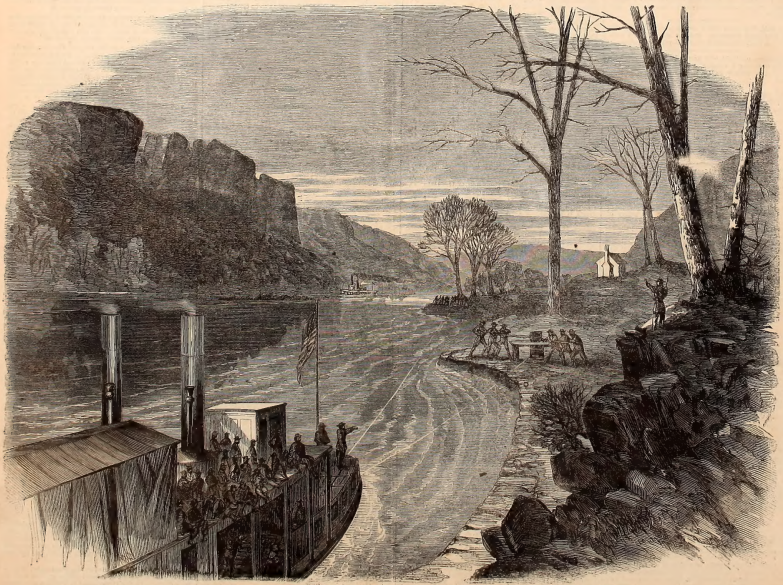
General PEYTON has been sent on important order, previous to the departure of Longstreet's corps, to visit some of their families in the Department of Virginia and North Carolina.

MAJOR-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS.

GENERAL WILLIAM W. AVERILL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 34.]

GENERAL HUMPHREYS.

THIS veteran commander, whose portrait is given above, entered the Military Academy, from Pennsylvania, in 1827, graduated in 1831, and was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Artillery, but acted for a short time as Assistant-Professor of Engineering. He then served on the sea-board and in the Cherokee Country until assigned to duty with the Topographical Engineers. Afterward he served in the Florida war, and was specially mentioned for his gallantry in the engagement of June 9, 1836. In 1838 he was again assigned to the Engineers, and in 1844 was put in charge of the Central Office of the Coast Survey at Washington. In 1848 he was appointed Captain, and in 1850 was directed to undertake surveys and investigations upon the Mississippi River and Delta, the object being to determine the means of preventing inundations and increasing the depth of water on the bars. This work occupied nearly ten years, in the course of which he visited Europe. He had, moreover, the charge of the railroad explorations from the Mississippi to the Pacific. In 1861 he became Chief of Topograph-



THE "RUSH" IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 33.]

THE WRECK OF THE "AQUILA," AT SAN FRANCISCO.

ical Engineers on General M'Clellan's staff, and in April, 1862, was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In September he was placed in command of the Third Division, Fifth Corps—a new division, with which he made a forced march from Washington, performing 23 miles in one night, and joined M'Clellan early on the morning after the battle of Antietam, supposing that the battle would be renewed. The heroic charge of this division at Fredericksburg and its brilliant conduct at Chancellorsville are fresh in remembrance. When this division of nine months' volunteers was mustered out of service its gallant commander was appointed Major-General. At Gettysburg he commanded a division of the Third Corps, whose noble conduct needs no fresh mention. Since that time General Humphreys has acted as Chief of Staff to the commander of the Army of the Potomac.

THE WRECK OF THE "AQUILA."

THE *Aquila* was some months ago sent from New York to San Francisco, having on board, as freight, the "Monitor" *Comanche*. Surviving all the perils of the voyage around Cape Horn, the *Aquila* was sunk while lying at a wharf at San Francisco. Our correspondent furnishes us with a sketch of the vessel, taken as she lay on the 20th of November, just after the accident, which we give on this page. He writes: "Early yesterday morning it was announced that the *Aquila*, having the *Comanche* on board, had sunk in the night at Hathaway's wharf. It was too true. After surviving storms and escaping pirates, she had gone down within a stone's-throw of our business thoroughfare. I send you a sketch of her as she lies, with only about twenty-five feet of the after-hull and deck visible, the sea sweeping through and over her decks. The vessel was brought in and moored alongside the wharf, the wind blowing freshly down the bay, raising a heavy sea, to which the broadside of the vessel was exposed. Under her stern was a hard bottom, against which she beat, or rather was beaten, until a hole was made, and down she went. At high tide there is 37 or 38 feet of water above her bow.

THE ITALIAN IRON-CLAD.

WE present on this page a view of the iron-clad steam-frigate *Re d' Italia*, built for the Italian Government by Mr. William H. Webb, of New York.

THE IRON-CLAD SCREW FRIGATE "RE D' ITALIA.

Her length at the spar-deck is 258 feet, extreme breadth 56 feet, depth of hold 33 feet, draught of water 23 feet. She has two back-action horizontal engines, built at the Novelty Works, of 800 horse-power together, with cylinders of 84 inches diameter and 46 inches stroke of piston, supplied by six horizontal tubular boilers. Her engineer's trial trip was made on the 12th of November, and though not intended as an ultimate trial trip, her performance was so satisfactory that the vessel was at once accepted by the agents of the Italian Government, which had reserved the right of rejecting her if she failed to answer the stipulations of the contract. On the 30th of December she made an experimental trip down the bay of New York under the charge of her own officers. She ran ashore in a fog, but was got off in a day or two without serious damage. The vessel is in every respect one of the most beautiful specimens of naval architecture afloat. It is supposed that she will attain a speed of 12 knots an hour, being considerably greater than that of any other ironclad yet constructed. Her armament consists of 32 guns.

THE "SUCK" IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

The river at the "Suck" is about 300 yards wide and very deep, but the current is so rapid that steamers can not head against it, and are obliged to be pulled up by a windlass. The water runs comparatively smoothly until within a short distance from the "Suck," when it breaks into waves and dashes against a rock on the left, flinging the foam high in the air. Waldron's Ridge, on the left bank, resembles the Palisades on the Hudson; the trees, however, run nearly to the top. On the right is Raccoon Ridge.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE picture on pages 40 and 41, sketched during the late campaign in Virginia, gives an idea of the appearance of this army when moving into battle. In the extreme distance the enemy's artillery is seen on a crest, his infantry below, disputing the advance. Between are our own guns supporting the troops. Brigades, recognized by their flags, are pressing on at double-quick; artillery, enveloped in dust, are galloping to a position. Near by is a group of ambulances. In the fore-ground are French and Birney, with their staffs. In the front is Meade's line; his generals Sykes, Humphreys, and Pleasanton, with Chief-Engineer Duane. The whole picture, though representing but a single division of action, gives a fair idea of an army going into battle.

THE PICKET.

WHAT ruddy stain is this?
Freshness of morning flowers—
Of dew-cups, whose fairy flowers
Did ever mother, ever maiden kiss,
On cheek of new-born dawn,
Or sat with bearded brown,
These flowers, and think the inner heaven of heaven
Had an exact hue?
It may be morning blooms are passing fair;
But since to human cheeks their tints were given,
The sweetest blooms are there.

A pale face motionless,
Close by the stain of flowers,
The stain of heat or flowers,
Did ever mother, ever maiden press
White fingers on the stone,
And think to be alone,
And not feel if were very far from heaven
And happiness?
It may be. Since white fingers once have pressed
Such sculpture, the quick pulse through them drives
Are very near to rest.

A grave dug in the sand,
Near to the stain of flowers:
The red stain, the red stain of flowers;
Shall ever mother, ever maiden stand
Within a lonely home,
And say, "When will he come
Out from strange parts?" How long he lingers
With his victorious hosts!"
It shall be. Tender, loving lips have kissed
Their last: not more shall thrill white fingers
For that one picket missed.

MISS SMITH.

I saw her in a photograph album, and my doom was sealed.

We were eating creams and jelly in Mrs. Paulding's parlor. I had done the usual amount of dancing, and had been merrily round in the waltz and redowa; but there was now a cessation in the music, and flirtations went on in a low tone over our tea-spoons. My partner set down her plate with a sigh of disappointment.

"It is vanilla, and I never eat any thing but chocolate. I can't trouble myself, Mr. Featherstonhaugh. Nothingmore for me but a small lady-finger. Shall we look through Mrs. Paulding's album? I dote on photographs."

She opened it, I don't know whether with malice prepense or not, but she opened it in the middle. A vignette, with dove-like eyes, angelic smile, curls *à la Eugénie*, and a white waist, looked me in the face. I bent rapturously forward for the second glance. Over went my tea and Charlotte on Miss Wigham's pink silk double-ruffled skirt. She screamed, I blushed and stammered, a crowd of sympathizing damsels gathered round. Miss Wigham was conducted, half-fainting, to the dressing-room, and I retreated in a cruel collision condition to the nearest corner. But the spell was already upon me. No matter whether I upset a pyramid or all destruction on the entire supper-table, I must get back to the album. The "Looners" struck up ife to cover my advance. Miss Wigham, pale b composed, with an eminent dampness in her dress, and a curl of her lip in my direction, swept forward to the head couple, while I, possessed with the one idea, edged toward the table.

The book lay open still. No cream had soiled, no Charlotte profaned it. On the opposite page sat a stout lady with an ugly cap and still uglier baby; but there on the right hand gleamed out the eyes of my enchantress. What grace! What loveliness! The arch of that snowy neck! that bewitching mouth! even the buttercup-leaves of the ribbon that circled the beautiful throat! Life without her was, I felt, a blank. I must find her; must woo and win and wear her as my bride and rule in her heart. My hostess, like a benevolent fairy, approached me. She was in the "grand chain," but I arrested her. "Mrs. Paulding, dear Mrs. Paulding, the name of this—this"—angel, "was on my lips —but in deference to the conventionalities of society I substituted "lady?"

"That?" said Mrs. Paulding, dancing past, "oh, that is my cousin, Mrs. Peck. A sweet child, is it not?"

The last sentence fell upon unheeding ears. I was stupefied, confounded, dashed into an abyss of woe. This Peri—this priceless Pearl, Mrs. Peck? The bride of another? Lost to me forever?

The book still rested in my unwitting hand. Still my eyes were fixed upon the fated page. Mrs. Paulding *chuckled* by again.

"Ah, Feathers!" said my friend Stokes —"Feathers" was the usual unpleasant abbreviation by which I was disrespectfully designated—"it's past midnight, I believe. Don't you mean to apologize to Miss Wigham? You'd better see her home. She could n't get a carriage now."

"Miss Wigham be hanged!" I returned, almost unconsciously.

Stokes stared.

"I mean I—I'm very sorry," I resumed, with a stammer, beginning to come to myself. "I'll send her a bouquet to-morrow." The conversation shone before me a vision of the bouquets—all forget-me-nots and blush roses—which I should send some day to Miss Smith. "Stokes, you see, Stokes; I must bid good-night to Mrs. Paulding."

"A delightful evening, my dear Madame!" I observed, with my politest bow. "In your rooms we find always the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul.' But the photograph which I was admiring. It is, it is"—what I say next? "I am uncommonly like a dear lost aunt of mine. Could you tell me where I should be likely to find Miss Smith?"

"Why, I scarcely know, Mr. Featherstonhaugh," returned the lady, dubiously. "I have never seen her myself; she is an acquaintance of my sister's, Miss Smith, Miss—yes, I'm positive of New York; but that is all I can tell you."

"Perhaps your sister—?" I suggested, pertinaciously.

"Oh, my sister is in Europe! Will he absent still next summer. You are sure you don't mean Mrs. Peck?"

I left in desperation.

Returning home I stirred up my fire, lit a cigar, and sat down, in the orthodox midnight fashion, with my feet upon the fender. Rosy dreams flitted through my brain. What were the "Pet" and the "Bachelor" compared with mine? Pshaw! had I written the book my lines would have glowed with the breath of Cupid. But my genius would be locked out from every page. Twelve editions in six months would have enriched the publishers, and given me a fortune to lay at her feet. As to my poems, even though not pecuniarily profitable, opened to me an Elysium. Miss Smith beamed out at me through the embers; Miss Smith cheered my evening, at three in the morning, I retreated to bed; Miss Smith awoke with me, and—metaphorically speaking—held my shaving cup; Miss Smith accompanied me to the banking-house, hovered beside my stool, and almost signed the bills. I lived and breathed in an atmosphere of Miss Smith. Broadway was peopled with her image.

For two days this luxurious delirium bore me up on the high tide of bliss; then my reason got a vacancy in the world around me. I must find her—must fly to her—must pour out the fullness of my heart! But whither should I fly? The East was wide, and Smiths abounded. Was my *inamorata* a daughter of John Smith, Esq.? What sacred spot, from Harlem to the Battery, should be to me the Mecca of my pilgrimage? It was, as you see, a cruel question; and I decided upon another application to Mrs. Paulding, as I reflected if the Atlantic Telegraph Company would not hasten its preparations, that I might draw through the briny waves the intelligence of Miss Smith. I had already been the message of Queen Victoria to the President compact with them? But the Company was dilatory. Cyrus W. Field had probably other knows Miss Smith; and I hastened up to Mrs. Paulding's, finding I must see her or die. I was ushered into the parlor. The Album, that shrine of my idol, lay upon the table. I seized it, of course, and feasted my eyes upon her image. I don't know how long the waiter staid up stairs—Time was swallowed up to me in Miss Smith!—but he came down again with Mrs. Paulding's compliments. She was to leave the city that afternoon, and was very much engaged; would the gentleman excuse her? The servant withdrew. I shut the book in despair, opened it again; cast one wild glance around; saw I was alone; and then—I blush to confess it, but even love's crimes are sacred—I stole the photograph, and didn't leave my card!

The lagging hours of the ensuing week were beguiled by all-potent Smith. Anticipating the expiration of that time fortune appeared to smile. I received an offer of a clerkship from a Wall Street broker, and, with very much the *nonchalance* of individuals who independently advertise "Salary no object," hastened to New York in person to signify my acceptance. It is true I seemed not much nearer the goal of my existence than before; but I breathed the same air as Miss Smith, perambulated the same pavements, and rode daily in the same omnibus. Omnibuses indeed afforded me one of my greatest hopes. From the Battery to Eighty-fourth Street I rolled daily and weary over Evangeline chasing her lover was nothing to my exploits; yet I cherished a fellow-feeling for Evangeline, and sympathized with her as she hung over a shaving-glass. The precious photograph was kept in my left vest-pocket next my heart. Also, alas! I kept the location of Miss Smith's every *arrêt* in the. I entered, for example, the Sixth Avenue cars; at the extreme end sat a lady with primrose gloves, black lace veil, and a cashmere. There was the dove-like eyes and drooping curls—ah, Eureka! I could it be Miss Smith? Or and on we glided. Yorkville was in sight. At last we alighted; I followed. She dropped her handkerchief; I picked it up. "Miss Smith?" I timidly murmured. "Sir!" she responded in a bass voice which I contrast with the curls, "Do you wish to insult me? My name is Van Thumpkin, Esquire!"

A love like mine must leave of course its impress. I began to grow haggard—even pale and thin. It may be well to mention that I had formerly appreciated a weight of two hundred. My eyes became of a hawk-like and prying. Our office-hours I walked and rode incessantly. I have said that I sympathized with Evangeline; I began also to sympathize with the Wandering Jew. My melancholy ambition surmised that I was a young man in the same office found his feelings moved toward me. I had not confided to him my secret, but he pityingly fancied me in love, and counseled me. "I say, Featherstone," he remarked one twilight, when gold was down and business dull, "what you need is cheerful society. Come home to-night to a little party. My cousin, Miss Smith—"

"Bless you! bless you! my dear fellow!" I exclaimed, falling upon his neck. "Let us go at once. Lead me, oh lead me to my adored Miss Smith!"

"Now, now, Feathers!" he repeated, soothingly. "Be calm! be calm! I don't know that it will be safe to trust you. If we had a dose of valerian!"

I will swallow it by the bottleful," I returned, excitedly. "Only take me to Miss Smith."

"But you will be sick, unless you're quiet," he expostulated in gentle tones. "Go home and rest yourself. Take nothing but weak black tea and valerian. I will call for you at eight. You are sure you will be quiet?"

"Any thing for Miss Smith!" I answered, with an effort at composure. "But you will not tell me?"

"No; punctually at eight. It is a small party, you know."

"And it is given by Miss Smith?"

"Precisely. I will get you an invitation. But do you know her?"

"You shall see, my dear fellow," I returned, collectedly. "But not a word to Miss Smith."

Briggs departed on my errand.

True to his promise, however, he entered my room at eight, and found me irreproachably attired in a dress-coat and white kids. I was pacing up and down with frequent pauses before the mirror, and a heart too full for words. We left. I presume, indeed, that I floated above over the Bass pavement; but to me we seemed wafted through translucent skies on the wheels of Apollo's chariot. We passed over my private avenue. I groaned. Briggs's arm convulsively. Another moment and we were ushered into the apartment where three Misses Smith, all in white, were in pink, and no other in blue, received their friends. The blue lady stepped forward to meet me with undisguised curiosity: To this one white? the pink blushed. Ah me! my heart sank down to zero. I might be among the Graces, perhaps I was; but none of them was my Miss Smith. I felt myself growing pale, but with one heroic effort controlled myself, and even though the usual wretched formula of a night's enjoyment. At the end, however, a glass of virtuous satisfaction rewarded me. I had done my duty by Briggs. He danced successively with his three cousins, and not betrayed my despair. But the mockery of pickled oysters and Champagne I could not keep down. I began to experience an insane desire to sup upon prussic acid; but taking refuge instead in a forlorn stoicism, I escaped myself early, refused all invitations to oysters, and went to bed. The next morning I began a novel in three volumes, entitled, "Miss Smith;" and while apparently engaged in my office, would be discount was in reality pondering the weighty question which publisher was most worthy to receive proposals for the publication of my work. It might be well, I thought, to step in in the afternoon at Harper's, and offer them the favor of advance sheets. But the more I reflected the more I passed by Stewart's a lady gilded before me and entered the store. A magnetic thrill trembled through my frame. A graceful figure met the eyes of my chaos beneath the flowery roofing of her bonnet; the dark curls rippled from her forehead down those peach-blossom cheeks. It was Miss Smith! Miss Smith! The discovery of the philosopher's stone, of the northwest passage, of the Garden of the Hesperides, was as nothing compared with mine. I followed her, of course; and naught but the proximity of policemen restrained me from throwing myself at her feet in the open yard of marble. Again —how well I remember it!—at 87 cents, and then tripped like a fairy into the street again—up, up, interminable distances, I close behind, till she ascended the steps of a Madison Avenue mansion, stopped to caress a King Charles spaniel—how I envied him—who whined for joy at her approach, rang the bell and went in, while I stood without, transmuted to stone, like the gate of Paradise, though blessed indeed with the transporting sight of "Josiah Smith" upon the door-plate. A little bundle lay upon the sidewalk. She had dropped it. I picked it up and pressed it to my lips; then, struck with a happy thought, took from my pocket my own *carte de visite* (I carried a package of them always about me), wrapped it in the bundle, collared a small boy and sent him up the steep with particular directions to leave it for Miss Smith. It was a bold stroke, perhaps, but the spirit of a Cæsar began to animate me. I could now say, "I came, I saw, I loved also and, "I conquered." At least if I didn't it shouldn't be my fault. One hour I remained, rooted to the spot, till the passers-by began to look upon me suspiciously, and the evening of nature drew me imperiously off to dinner. With the gaslight I returned again. How breathe to her

"To the front, Doctor!" and the brave fellow tried hard to stand firm and speak boldly as he saluted the surgeon.

"To the front! What! a man in your condition? Why, Sir, you can't march half a mile; you haven't the strength to carry yourself, let alone your knapsack, musket, and equipments. You must be crazy, surely."

"But, Doctor, my division are in the fight!—here he gesticulated the wheel of an ambulance to support himself—"and I have a young brother in my company. I *must* go."

"But I am your surgeon, and I forbid you. You have every symptom of typhoid fever; a little overexertion will kill you."

"Well, Doctor, if I *must* die, I would rather die in the field than in an ambulance."

The Doctor saw it was useless to debate the point, and the soldier went as he desired. On the evening of the next day it fell to my lot to bury him where he fell, his right arm blown off at the shoulder, and his forehead pierced by a Minié ball. His name we could never learn; we only know that he belonged to the Second Division of the Sixth Corps, and that mark we placed at the head of his grave.

Shortly after 5 o'clock the bugle sounded "Fall in." At once drivers of ambulances sprang to their seats, and the rank and file to their feet from the road-side where they had been reclining, all alike covered with dust. But little cared they for the graces of the toilet; the bugle called "Forward," and they stepped out gladly to their work. A march of considerably less than an hour brought us to Chancellorsville, in which we were drawn up by brigades, about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the centre of the Federal line of battle. Here we stacked arms and sat down in our places.

Here again the brave, indomitable temper of our boys found expression in a variety of ways. The duty of the surgeons found it almost impossible to prevent the men in the ambulances getting out and taking their places in the ranks. Some were found in even worse condition than the soldier already mentioned insisted, in spite of the protestations of surgeons, officers, and comrades, that they were not run no more risk in the field than in the hospital-train; and I saw three men whom the surgeon was obliged to place in an ambulance by force, and then put over them a guard with loaded muskets, so determined were they to go with their comrades into the fight.

Our rest in the ravine was by no means undisturbed. The enemy having observed our advance over the hill shot and shell very soon began to fly about us thick and fast, battering far and near like swift-winged hail. Right in the midst of the storm this exhibition of soldierly coolness met my observation. Some twenty-five feet from the right of our regimental line of muskets ran a ditch, or rather bordered on either side by large trees. A fallen tree served as a bridge or crossing. One of the drivers of the Ambulance Corps was stooping over this log washing his hands. A spent-shell came ripping through the trees behind him and buried itself just deep enough in the log to trouble the water. He turned about and with the heel of his boot kicked the shell into the water, saying, "Now, old screech-owl, hoot if you want to." And hoot it did; but a second or two after blowing one end of the log into splinters and completely deluging the driver with water, dropping himself and the rest of the remainder of the bridge, he surveyed himself coolly and exclaimed, "Well, I came here to wash my hands; but hang me if I expected a shower-bath to such an out-of-the-way place as this!"

The firing at the front continued, and the rebel reinforcements in the form of shells still drop over us casionally around us. At half past six the bugle sounded again "Fall in." Instantly every man grasped his weapon and took his position. The Second Division—but one division, the Third, had as yet been in the fight—moved off first. Our appearance on the hill was the signal for a storm of fire from the rebels; some of their heaviest guns were opened upon us; shell after shell came "singing its devilish song through the air;" but the soldiers kept straight on, facing the storm with unshrinking front. Presently we came to—but is called a "frightful place," and so known all over the field. Over this we had to climb. A sergeant in my company while getting over fell through. Picking himself up he turned to a comrade and said, "Do you know why I am like the President?" The comrade apparently had no disposition for joking; but the sufferer found the answer as he took his position: "I'll tell you," said he; "it's because I'm a rail-splitter." We laughed, and just then, not two yards behind me, a solid shot plowed its way through our ranks and the joking sergeant with three of his companions was killed almost instantly. The sergeant, with his joke lying nettlesome on his lips, was literally torn in two!

After this we entered a thick wood, upon the other side of which we could see our line of battle. The firing had abated considerably, the cannonading entirely. We were halted, and received the order "Rest" was given. A division—the Second of the Fifth Corps, I think—which had been all day in the fight, had been relieved by the Third Division of our corps, were going to the rear, taking many of their wounded with them. One man, who was supported by two comrades, had had his lower jaw taken off, and as he moved along held up in his hand the bloody bone, mischapen and splintered, with the teeth still remaining in it. Another, by a log upon a stretcher, had lost both feet by a solid shot. The bleeding stumps had not yet been dressed, and the stretcher was covered with the blood of the dying hero. Yet, for all this, amidst the roar of musketry, and with the pain his wounds must have caused, he was singing in a clear voice, with enough of the Irish accent to make the strain musical:

"The Star-Spangled Banner, oh long may it wave
Over the land of the free and the home of the brave."

While I was yet looking after the footless soldier, a little drummer-boy attracted my attention by saying, in a childish voice, as he held up his left arm from which the hand had been severed, while he held his drum with the other:

"Will you do as much as that for the Union?"

"Yes, my little fellow, if I must.

"Well, I'd do more," said he held up his right hand; "but then I would have no hands at all to work for mother, and father was killed at Antietam."

I should suppose, from the little fellow's appearance, he was not over twelve or thirteen years of age; he was a young hero, but a thousand one—a child worthy of the Republic, worthy of its inspirations, worthy of the Future in which, maybe, he shall sit crowned with honors.

Hardly had my notice been withdrawn from the drummer-boy when Corporal S—— turned toward me, and exclaimed, "Look here!" I did so, in the direction indicated, and beheld a sight at once so horrible and sublime that it will ever form a lively picture in my memory. A brave, stalwart fellow, with the *chevrons* of a sergeant on his arm, rugged and torn, was limping slowly toward us. The shoe on his right foot was covered with blood, and a large rent in his pantaloons, just above the knee, from which the blood was also trickling, solved the question of the location of his wound. He was hatless, his hair was disordered, his face and hands were begrimed with smoke and powder, and he looked altogether unmanned, ill and exhausted. *But he had his colors with him!* His regiment, or the greater part of it, had been either killed or captured; he had lost his colors, and was on his forward captured himself. He watched his opportunity, killed the rebel who held his flag, and escaped with it safely into our lines. Ought not the name of one so brave as he to be chiseled in monumental marble, that the ages as they go may read it and admire?

Night came at last—the next day passed—and the evening of the fourth settled down upon us, bringing to some of us a welcome hour of duty. Shortly after dark, as I was about to lie down in my blanket for a nap, I was directed to take charge of a squad of men and report to a superior officer for orders. Obeying, I was soon after ordered to proceed to the wood immediately in our front and there commence to bury the dead—to bury indiscriminately both the enemy's and our own; to do all in my power to obtain information likely to lead to the identification of the bodies, and to remain out until midnight. We procured a lantern, armed the men with shovels and pick-axes, and started.

Gaining the edge of the wood after wading some distance through a deep marsh, I lighted my lantern, and its first ray fell upon the bloated face of a rebel lieutenant. Either he had died systematically or some friend had placed him in the position in which we found him, for he was sitting with his back with his arms folded closely across his breast, and his lips tightly compressed. But, nicely as he had been arranged, the flies had done their work, we found a soft strip of land—elsewhere it was a rocky soil—and here we determined the rebel should have his last resting-place. The men stooped, and by candle in the dead man's haversack, lighted it, and went to work upon the grave. Meanwhile I took charge of the dead lieutenant's effects. These I found three of our men, but, as far as I went, could see no more of the enemy's dead. I came back; there was room for another, and, with a second two rails, placed one under the shoulders and the other under the legs, just below the knees, and thus the body of the dead rebel was laid away in the earth to wait the day of reckoning, in whose glare all of us must stand.

I told the men to dig a grave a little further on for three. They went at it, while I proceeded to examine the bodies I had discovered. The first was that of a lieutenant-colonel of the 18th Regiment of the Fifth Corps. His right hand was placed close to his mouth, and tightly clenched: a torn wad of the kind was his way in loading, and he bit off so tightly held in his teeth that it was impossible to withdraw it. His pocket had been cut out, his shoes and boots taken off, and all else missing whatever was to be found on his person by which to identify him except the corps mark on his cap.

About two feet from him lay a private, bateau, and stripped of shoes and stockings also. His pockets had been cut out, and his pantaloons, and found in his pantaloons a golden locket, with the picture of a fair young woman therein, and in the latest-conceived style of fashion of that period. person, with a card on which was a lady's address. I have since ascertained it was that of his wife.

The third body was that of a Rebel lieutenant of artillery; and how he came there in the woods was a mystery we could not solve. No battery was placed where he lay, consequently he was not gunner, either right or left. But be that as it may, there the body was, stripped of every thing in the shape of clothing except one solitary stocking, which was on by one end only. His little finger had evidently been cut off, as the print of a large sealing could be seen upon it; and his pocket-book, of course, was not caused either by a Minié ball or a fragment of shell.

As length the grave was ready, the three were buried, and again we passed on. As best we could we were making our way in the dim light of the lantern, when, suddenly, I found that I had thrown my arms in self-protection, my left hand came in contact with the cold forehead of corpse. My feet rested on another body, and my lantern was out. A fit for a match. I had none. But presently some one who was more provident than I struck a light, and the glare revealed a sight which I pray God your eyes may never look upon again. The body upon which my hand had fallen was that of a negro, but's legs were blown completely off. That over which I had stumbled was the body of a private with one arm severed, not entirely off, at the shoulder. Two trees of perhaps four inches diameter had been splintered, one about eight feet the other five feet from the ground, and had fallen right where the bodies lay. Within a circle of twenty feet from these trees I counted seventeen bodies, all, alas! of our own brave boys. The fight among so many to find some of the gray-backed ones.

How we buried these seventeen bodies you would not care to know. The lantern gone out, the candle which the men had procured lasted but a little time, but the moon had risen and the pale rays it cast through the trees aided us in our task, though they added much to the ghostliness of the terrible scene over which they fell.

We found one body, that of a young, light-haired boy, not over nineteen at the furthest, whose forehead was pierced by a ball; in his left hand he firmly grasped his rammer; his right hand or its forefinger was in the watch-pocket of his pantaloons. We examined the pocket, and found in it a small silver shield with his name, company, and regiment engraved upon it. We took possession of this memento, and fortunately finding a fragment of a cracker-box, marked upon it in pencil, by moonlight, the inscription found on the shield. We buried him with his comrades, one of whom belonged to the Fifth Corps, and placed the rude board at the head of his grave in the hope that it would one day enable some kind-hearted friend to find the body. Since that day the shield has been sent to the soldier's father; its inscription was, "S. L. Caldwell, Company D, 118th Pennsylvania Volunteers."

It was half an hour after midnight when we came into camp, and half an hour after lying with our feet across to the stars, dreams enfolded us, and we were as though no battle horrors had ever pained and no battle dangers had ever menaced us.

THE FALSE LOVE.

In sight of the starry sky,
In wood of the rustling sea,
With a beating heart and a tender smile,
Did my own true love kiss me.

Under the solemn sky,
Close to the throbbing sea,
With words of love, and vows of faith,
Did my own true love kiss me.

I gaze on the same bright sky,
I hear the same rustling sea,
But never again on earth, or in heaven,
Will my own true love kiss me.

True are the holy stars,
True is the restless sea,
True are the thoughts of my heart to him,
But my love is false to me!

Hear it, O changeful sky!
Hear it, O moving sea!
Ye are true to me, as true as eternal laws,
But my love is false to me.

Why should the moonlit sky,
Why should the moaning sea,
Recall the memory of the past,
When my love is false to me?

Pierce to his soul, O stars!
Thrill to his heart, O sea!
It may be, mid vows in sudden pang,
My love will come back to me!

BRAIN SPECTRES

Ture brain makes ghosts both sleeping and waking. A man who has lying in troubled sleep when a phantom, with the cold hand of a corpse, seized his right arm, awaking in horror he found upon his arm still the impression of the cold hand of the corpse, and it was only after reflecting that he found the terrible reality had to be due to the deadness of his own left hand in a frosty night, which had subsequently grasped his right arm. This was a real ghost of the brain, while the awakening of the senses and the understanding explained. M. Gratiolet narrates a dream of his own which is sincerely illustrative of how the brain makes ghosts in sleep. Many years ago, when occupied in studying the organization of the brain, he prepared a great number both of human and animal brains. He carefully stripped off the membranes, and placed the brains in alcohol. Such were his daily occupations, when one night he thought that he had taken out his own brain from his own skull. He stripped it of its membranes. He put it into alcohol, and then he looked at it. The brain out of the alcohol and replaced it in his skull. But, contracted by the action of the spirit, it was much reduced in size, and did not at all fill up the skull. He felt it rattling about in his head. This feeling threw him into such a great perplexity that he awoke with a start, as if frightened.

M. Gratiolet, every time he prepared the brain of a man, must have felt that his own brain resembled it. The idea of possessing a brain in a perfectly asleep, while neither the senses nor the judgment were active, the physiologist carried on an operation of his sleep which probably had often occurred to his fancy when at his work, and which had then been supremely dismissed very frequently.

A person who has for the last become one of routine, and the association of himself with his study, explain the bizarre and ghastly dream of M. Gratiolet. A person who is in the grips of a fever hand, misinterpreted by the imagination acting without the aid of the discerning faculties, accounts for the ghastly vision of the other sleeper.

Every one is conscious of a perpetual series of pictures, sometimes stationary, sometimes fleeting, generally shifting; not consciously fixed in his mind. Sleep is the period in which the nerves derive their nourishment from the blood. The picturing nerves, like those of the senses, are generally inactive in their functions at feeding times; and thoroughly healthy nervous systems dream very little or not at all. Dreams betoken troubled brains. The brain of a woman who had lost a portion of her cranium used to swell up and protrude when she was dreaming, and then contract and become tranquil again when she was sleeping soundly.

The wakeful dreams, the nightmares, and the will even of the strongest and soundest minds, are not always able to control the false and perverse impressions of the nerves. I knew once a commander in the navy whose left eye was shot clean out by a bullet in a naval action in the beginning of this century, and whom, forty years afterward. It was impossible to convince that he did not see all sorts of strange objects with his lost eye. "It is not impossible," he would quietly say; "I know it too well." Every body has known men who suffered amputation in legs long lost and replaced by wooden ones.

A nervous, dreamy, imaginative lad was walking one day with some comrades among rank grass. The place was noted for adders, and the youths talked about them. Instantly this lad felt something enter his leg of his pantaloons and twist itself with the swiftness of lightning round his thigh. He stopped terrified, and a careful examination proved that no adder was a creature of his imagination. The vividness of the fancy of this youth made his waking senses and his discerning faculties of no more use to him for the moment than if they had been asleep.

This condition of the brain is called by the savants hallucination. Mueller, the physiologist, and Goethe, the poet, have both described hallucinations to which they were subject, and which they compared in consequence together. The poet says Mueller, is that of an individual who, while perfectly healthy in body and mind, has the faculty, on closing his eyes, of seeing any object he wishes to see. History cites only a very few instances of this phenomenon. Carden and Goethe were examples.

Goethe says: "When I close my eyes and stoop my head, I figure to myself and see a flower in the middle of my visual organs. This flower preserves only for an instant its first form. It soon decomposes itself, and out of it issues other flowers, with colored and luminous leaves green. They are not natural but fantastic flowers, yet regular as the roses of the sculptor. I could not look fixedly at that creation, but it remained as long as I held without increasing or diminishing. In the same way when I imagined a dish full of various colors, I saw combined before me from the memory of the appearance new forms like those of the kaleidoscope."

Mueller talked this subject over with Goethe in 1823. In this interesting to them both. "Following," says Mueller, "that when I was calmly lying on my bed with my eyes shut, although not asleep, I often saw pictures which I could observe very well, he was very curious to learn what I then felt. I told him that my will had no influence either upon the production or upon the changes of these pictures, and that I had never seen any thing symmetrical or of the character of vegetation. They appeared at will, on the contrary, chosen his theme, which transformed itself forthwith in a manner apparently involuntary, but always displaying more symmetry and harmony. Mueller used to get rid of the figures which haunted him by turning his face to the wall. Although he did not see these figures, yet they were still before him, but they soon began to fade. Jean Paul recommended the observation of these phenomena as a cure for all thinking-sick.

These are hallucinations of sane minds. The delusive sensations of flying and falling are known to many persons. Young girls have often told me when sleeping and waking, at the epoch of life when their girlhood is growing into womanhood, are especially apt, like the religious enthusiasts, to dream of flying. And nearly every body is familiar with the hallucinations of falling from personal experience. When a leg is laid over the side of the full asleep, or to warm the cold sheets, the patient feels as if sinking through the floor, and stretches out his arms either to save himself; yet nothing has happened except the coincidence of a cold shiver with a complete expiration.

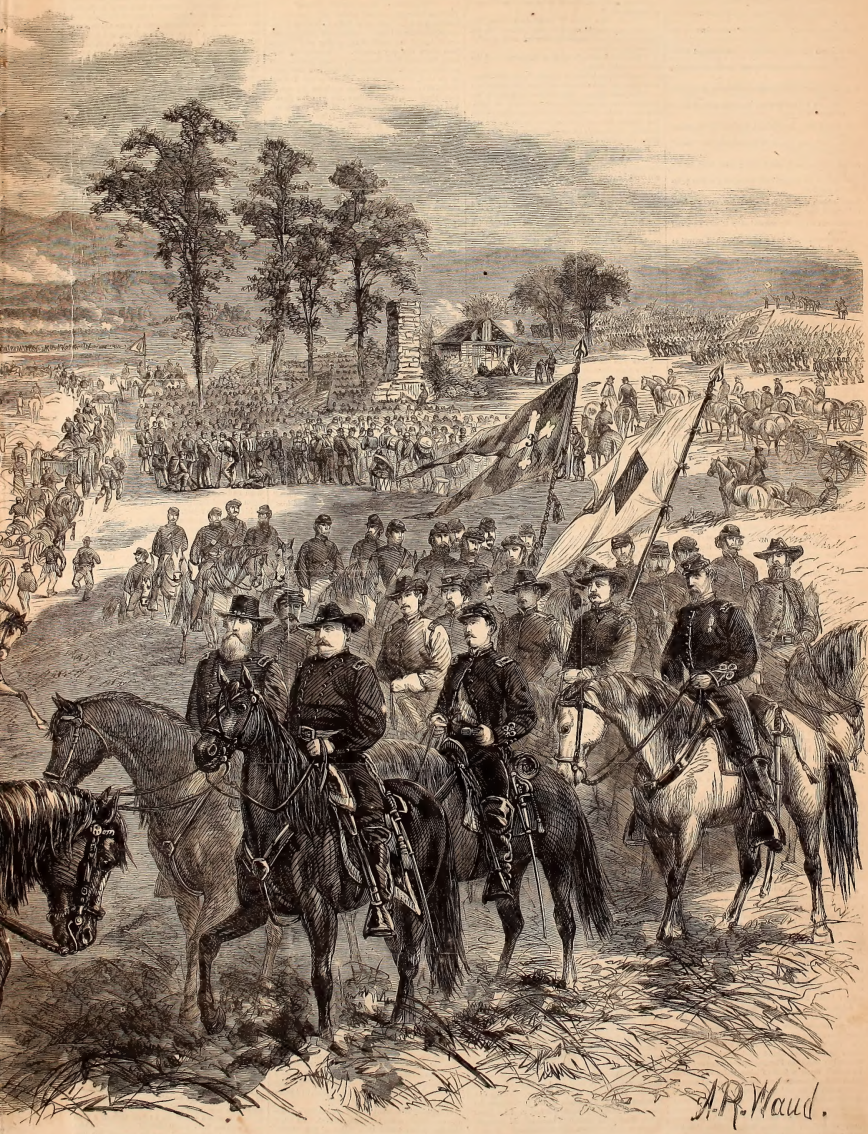
Physiologists and philosophers of authority say we are all mad in our dreams; and, if the absence of the control of reason is a true definition of insanity, there is no gainsaying the proposition. But madness means something more. In dreams the faculties which control the picturing or imagining powers are simply inactive; they are there but absent nor incapable. Far from identifying sleeping dreams with madness, I feel disposed to contend that voluntary and arbitrary hallucinations are owing by the blind, hearing by the deaf, the senses of smelling, touching, tasting things which do not exist—we do not say insanity when these faculties needful for correct errors of sensation are diseased. Persons unaccustomed to imaginary hearing are not insane, although for many minutes they often believe the train is going backward, because they are not capable of correcting the hallucination by watching the objects they are passing.

The senses are seeing, hearing, smelling, touching, and tasting instruments. The will and the judgment are the powers of intelligence nerves performing the functions of carriers. Even after the instruments are destroyed to carry impressions it continues to carry messages—false messages. When a man has lost an eye, during the inflammatory stage of suppuration the eye contains the complete images of fiery figures. It is the carriers who convey the pain of rheumatism from the lost limb.

A man whom we knew once long from typhus fever believed he had two bodies, one of which was toiling in pain on an unwieldy bed, and the other lying sweetly on a delicious couch. He was disposed to ascribe this hallucination to the duality of the brain, but to a conflict between the recollection of his sufferings and the experience of his present ease. If a patient should have been permanently unable to overpower memory by reality he would have been insane. His two bodies would have been found to be stalks of straw, or their bodies fragile as glass.

Pictures have produced hallucinations. Leering at the eyes of Madonnas, cases in which the power of religious ideas come into play, I may mention another instance of their effects on a mind keenly sensitive to the beauties of the fine arts. A French physiologist, while studying intensely an English engraving of Lawrence's "Beatrice Cenci," took horn burning, and fixed the idea in his mind for the moment that the small came from the foot of the horse in the engraving.

AN ADVANCE OF THE ARMY OF THE POTO



OMAC.—Sketched by Alfred R. Waud.—[See Page 33.]

SEND THEM HOME.

Send them home to his mother—mournful relics and few!
All that he left behind him, our soldier tried and true.
The cap with the Maltese cross, and badge of honor, the mark
Made by the cowardly bullet at the picket-post in the dark:

The uniform torn and mended by hands unused to the toil,
Faded by sun and by rain, browned by the dust and the soil.

Send them home to his mother—the pictures we found on his breast,
Her own, and his father's, and hers, the girl whom he loved the best.

Send it—the Bible he cherished, and read by the flickering light
Of the candle that burned in the tent, till the "taps" sounded at night.

Mother, weeping afar, and breaking thine heart for the boy
That God and his country have taken, we give thee treasures sing and joy!

Never a blush shall creep, like a shadow, over thy brow
For him—a man of worth, a saint in glory now.

Blessed art thou among women!—thy tribute pure and sweet,
Thine ointment costly and precious, thou hast poured at the Master's feet.

So softly, tenderly fold them, and send the relics away:
Mother, a mother was with him, and kissed the boy to-day.

The colors he loved are lying on the heart so lately thrown:
With dirge, and prayer, and weeping, we'll carry him to his grave.

Then go, little mournful packet, and by that desolate hearth
Tell that march and battle are over, and the soldier's "off duty" on earth.

CORP TYLER HUNTLEY, Bastrop, La.

MISS NILSON'S GAITER-BOOTS.

ADJUTANT AMES sat at Captain G——'s table, in the little library the Captain had turned into an office and reception-room since he had been appointed Provost-Marshal there. He sat bending over a memorandum-book, and writing rapidly to the Captain's dictation. Grier and Donovan were at the window smoking, idly observant of Ames and his work. All four had been old acquaintances long ago, in the old times of peace, when the opera, the club, and the ball-room had been chief topics of interest. Very old times these seemed to the four young men in their well-worn and a little shabby uniforms, with cords and ribbons and buttons, and faded stripe, a ru ty bit of gold-braid, a whitened seam, etc. These four, who had once stood full-less in wasteful cloths and multitudinous ties, waiting for the first step of a Redowa to come stealing out from the drum sounds, and the "flute violin basses," as then their ears had been attuned to different meanings when they stood waiting for the sounds of the drum; and their companions were no longer white-robed fairies, whose light weight rested on their arms like soft plumy down as they glided down the gay rooms; but men, worn and swart, and sometimes savagely in earnest, stood instead, and for all weight there was a gleaming sabre, or an interval the dead burden of a fallen comrade. Donovan, the quondam dandy of the party—the "carled darling," whose warm Irish blood throbbed at any touch of festivity—was perhaps remembering all these past scenes that offered their broad contrasts to the present; for as he smoked, a sudden flushing from his short pipe and burning a clean hole in his tawny beard gave him this ejaculation, with a grim smile:

"That I do, eh, for a bullet-hole, to take back for glory to Kate Morris's soldiers' party, Jack?"

Jack Grier laughed, answering lazily, yet not without a kindly interest in poor little dandy Tom Donovan, now turned into fighting Tom:

"Go in your waistcoat, Tom; that's riddled enough with bullet-holes already."

"Waistcoat!—then, that reminds me—good for you, Jack! I say, Ames, I want a new waistcoat. Will you just write to Young, eh? ditto for Brown, you know. Sievier has my measure. I'm not sure though, by Jove! I know the inches, however. Here—don't give glory out—hand the memorandum to me; I'll put it down."

Ames, who had finished his work, had risen, drawing on his overcoat. He tossed the book to Donovan at this, and sat down, waiting. Talking with the Captain, he didn't notice that Donovan, instead of immediately adding his commission to the list, was idly twiddling the pencil between his thumb and finger, while he ran his eye down the column: "Coat for Loring, eh? ditto for Brown; cap, coat, and trousers; shaving-soap, toothbrushes, nail-brushes, blank books, and blankets; *Harper's Weekly* and *Magazine*—that's jolly! watch for Latham, chain; um, um, um—how much more? In a low, running under-tone, which suddenly broke into a louder key, that brought all the rest to a clear knowledge of what he was saying—"Eh what? Miss Nilson's gaiter-boot?"

Adjutant Ames abandoned himself enough to keep his seat. He was sorely tempted at the first to dash from his seize the memorandum, and administer some sharp reproof as once to the offender. The next moment proved his wisdom. There was general laughter, good-natured, and gentlemanly; and then Fletcher Ames was very glad he hadn't made a fool of himself by overrating what was, after all, only a careless natural action. How many times had they pored over each other's memorandums when a week's furlough had sent one and another to the city laden with commissions for the others! He had never thought of himself annoyed before; but then before "Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots" hadn't been on the list. He flushed to the roots of his blonde hair as he pondered this. And Donovan was running on gayly:

"What a lucky fellow you are, Ames! I might go to the city twenty times, with a list of orders as long as your arm, all sorts of bearish thing to buy, but never such a duck of an order as 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots!'"

"Who is Miss Nilson?" asked Jack Grier, lifting his large shoulders out of the depths of the old leather chair, and bending forward with slowly-gathering interest.

"The prettiest little rebel in the whole country about here!"

The flush on Adjutant Ames's light skin deepened, and he broke hastily upon this assertion:

"No such thing. Miss Nilson may not be enthusiastic in the Federal cause, but she is no rebel. If you must make utterances of conclusions when you expect her to think of the South as we do. Besides, she doesn't know any thing, nor care any thing for politics any way."

Nobody had expected this earnest protest, and Donovan and Grier shouted; but over the face of the grave Captain a keen look shot, and he came out from heavy eyebrows a clear glance of scrutiny at the annoyed and flushing face of his Adjutant. In a moment, without being observed, he finished his scrutiny; the usual grave, calm mask dropped down over his features; and he said:

"Oh, I remember the young lady: lives with her aunt there, over in the Reynold mansion. She ought to be a good Union girl: the aunt is staunch as steel. What hinders Miss Nilson?"

"What hinders? oh, early association," laughed Donovan. "I know the whole story. The aunt is Northern, bone and sinew, and has only had a dozen years ago—a second wife to old Guy Reynold; first love or some sort of romance. Before the war broke out the Reynolds, including Miss Reynold with the guardianship of his niece, and her lot into this slave property that she must stay here, will be all mine. So there is the whole thing in a nut-shell. There's the reason why the aunt is a staunch, loyal, steel-true friend. Such early associations' you see of Miss Nilson to hinder."

This time Fletcher Ames kept silence; but the blonde cheek changed its color frequently as he conceal the deep interest he felt in the matter, and the uneasy gnawing of his lip gave signal of annoyance. In a moment other than he had gone, Captain G—— renewed the subject with Donovan, asking some leading questions. How long had she been there? and so forth.

"Oh, don't you remember that night when Mrs. Reynold was 'at home,' for the first time, last February, I think, and we all went? and you say our compliments and drink Johannisberger? I don't believe Ames has missed one of those 'evenings' since, if not the first, at least getting spoony on the niece at once. A pretty little creature to be sure; not a bit your idea of a Southern girl. A little thing—not over five feet—and very fair, with a skin like a wax-doll, and such a head of hair, as if she'd as lief you held your tongue as not."

Grier roused with a laugh here.

"No," he answered, "I don't think wouldn't like that, his tongue is his strong point."

So the subject passed off with a laugh for the time. When these later renewed it again, no one of them felt like laughing.

"What interested the Captain so much in Ames's flirtation?" you ask.

Yes, Grier had noticed, and did think it rather queer; but in half an hour they had forgotten all these apparent anxieties about "Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots," while he who had most to do with them was on his way to Washington.

And it did seem a very small item on his long list so quickly. Remembering it, he remembered a large pleasant parlor, where the deep embrasured windows looked out upon the dark flowing river and the distant hills. A room whose twilight gleams, where the musky odors of old wood, of cedar and sandal, of dried rose, cast the spell in memory, as indelibly as it had been stamped upon his young impassioned heart. Sitting there in the cool of the darkened parlor, he could see her on that first "evening," when he had stood with his brother officers in her presence. "A little thing to add to a life," explained Grier, "and yet, for that cool, serene silence which had baffled and held aloof the gay assembly Donovan, who dwelt in extremes, had called 'Fletcher Ames's infatuation,' a thrill had surprised him as he had met those dark lovely eyes—eyes which held his own for a moment longer than the calm of their gaze would have discovered a different nature in him; and then the few cool tones—Donovan would have called them a little chilly—had duly dropped like fine pearls before Adjutant Ames.

We have all of us, perhaps, at some time felt this sudden impression, this fascination for a stranger, that to others seemed cold and indifferent; and we all know how fascinating it is, and how it usually ends in arousing an answering and a certain relation which no amount of expressed cordiality could do.

He could do all this, and more, as the "stranger" was a woman youthful and fair. It would be difficult to tell why Adele Nilson thus specialized Fletcher Ames. Difficult, because what might appear so natural a thing for a girl whose eye was pleased, and whose sensibility was touched by the manly and spirited address of the young officer, united with that gentle air of deference, was a stranger and unaccountable one for Miss Nilson; because she was not impulsive nor enthusiastic, and became beneath that exterior as "soft as silk" there was a strong purpose and a strong quality, and an ambition that stopped at no slight barriers, and that stooped to nothing less than the loftiest places. It had been said of her too, that she had rejected some of the finest names in the State for these lofty reasons of hers, and had kept her heart under the strong control of her head all through. This was Adele Nilson at twenty-three. Does it seem strange that with this character one should question and marvel at her special favor to Ames? to look or tone, to young Adjutant Ames in the presence of as handsome men and superior officers? Perhaps, unconscious to herself, nature asserted itself for that time, and

"She looked at him as one who awakes."

Perhaps later she pleased herself with the youth, letting her heart out these lofty and simply, because unaware of herself, because she thought both too little and too much of this young man to suppose there was any danger. Whatever the reasons, from that first "evening," when her aunt, as a relief to the formal ceremony that had been performed, up so long, sent out to the officers of the Federal army, who now held the town, cards for her reception, these two, Adele Nilson and Fletcher Ames, had progressed more rapidly in their acquaintance than any of the others, though Donovan had essayed all his grace of pleasing, which was more than most men's, and even the General had paid deferential attention to his hostess's charming niece, who, accordingly, "Captain G—— ought to be a good Union girl, but who, by Donovan's assertion, was "the prettiest little rebel in the country round." But Fletcher Ames had a blender proof in his own experience of this assertion; and it was perhaps unjust for him to assert upon the garbled accounts of others. He did not think he had ever personally heard much more than a few things like this.

Standing one evening in the vicinity of his General, who was in conversation with Miss Nilson, the following bit of talk reached him:

"You were in Newport three summers ago?"

"Yes, and almost every summer previous. I never missed but one season, when I loved Newport locally. Ah me!" with a little sigh, "I don't know when I shall stand on those beaches again."

"Why not this summer? as a Unionist you are safer there than here;" and the courteous General smiled down the pensively interesting face.

"Am I?"

Just the two syllables; but Donovan facing a mirror caught a reflection of which the General lost. Long after, when subsequent events made every thing connected with that time a matter of deep interest, Donovan was fond to tell of "that look," which he called a "concealed sneer," "hard and triumphant." Then once, later than this, just a few of those words, in the drawing-room on a windy rainy night, drinking the rare Johannisberger, which Mrs. Reynold, in her zeal for the cause and hers, brought out from her well-stored cobwebs for their use. As before, they stood facing the mirror, and the General held the younger lady of the house by the talk.

"This is fine old wine," he said, as he lifted his glass to the light; "but you have none, let me—" as he took a step forward, but a motion stayed him, and the words,

"No; pardon me, I only drank this with my uncle."

"Ah yes, I can understand. I should be glad to drink this wine with the owner who had stored it for so many years, but I can understand; and even to one who has no nearer tie of association."

If the owner had been here you had never stood there drinking this Johannisberger, General."

Looking with a pleased sense of enjoyment into the face of the speaker, the conscious only of comfort in the warmly-lighted rooms, the sparkling fire, the General did not catch any bitterness in the tone. Donovan, who did observe a change in the serene girl-face. But looking into the mirror, Donovan averted that the beautiful face had changed, and that the voice was not smothered with hatred; but as he said, the General merely took it for a simple fact, and, laughing good-humoredly, answered:

"No, no; I suppose not: your uncle would have stranded on the State rights, you think?"

"A moment's reflection convinces me that I was observing her," continued this suspicious young historian, "and she spread her little hands with the natural gesture of the world, and in a voice declared she had no interest in politics; with did seem rights enough to her."

From this Donovan came to the conclusion that Miss Nilson was the prettiest little rebel in the country round, and that she had smiled upon him at first—if she had looked into his eyes at all—those alluring eyes of her own—if she had spoken to him with that special significance which appealed to Adjutant Ames—he would not have been so sharp-sighted. He might then have followed Fletcher Ames's lead, become of the garden set those early days of spring, feeling only the charm of her magic presence, and ready to "do or die for, sigh or swear" for her, as the latter; for who under these circumstances could ever doubt or disbelieve in Adele Nilson, could ever believe her on any other side than that of the broadest humanity? He might from some subtle magnetism have taken so much for granted, that like young Ames he would have been aware that never on any occasion had he ever heard Miss Nilson "commit herself" on the side of humanity, or indeed upon any subject at all, that she had not talked with him, approached with the simplest frankness, yet guarded or utterly silent on the grant question of the day. Major Donovan from his first had never been smiled upon, never been spoken to with special significance, therefore he was not spelled into unasking sympathy and belief like young Ames; and perhaps, too, readier to suspect from the little shadow of pique which might have been natural, Donovan observed Tom Donovan. But his thought went no further than this fact: That Miss Nilson, that "little thing as soft as silk," was a rebel sympathizer. Captain G——'s sent further.

"What interested the Captain so much in Ames's flirtation, eh?"

Something that went deeper than Ames's flirtation: as a simple matter of heart-interest. He knew Fletcher Ames better than either of the others. Knew him to be one of those single-minded, ardent-hearted persons, who will go straight on to death or into misery, without so much as suggestion, when his heart is roused. One of those earnest believers whose faith sometimes makes them blind. So when he sat there listening to the buildings about Miss Nilson, he suddenly caught a look on Ames's face that set him thinking. He knew that look, and all it meant. He remembered a time not so very long ago, when Ames was in college, and had got his head set the wrong way with the full belief that it was the right way; and when his friends opposed him he put his face resolutely against them, with just that pained determination for expression. It was an awful scrape at last, Captain G——, who was then one of the seniors, remembered, and throughout it that look had haunted him.

With this previous knowledge of him, of his warmth, his enthusiasm, his sincerity, and that blind devoteedness of character, he felt at once what depth of feeling the thinking check, the silence, the cleverly-veiled under-lip, meant at the discreet and light talk of Donovan and Grier on that day. He saw, or, by the wide reeds of attempted exculpation which he threw out for Miss Nilson, how really ignorant and in the dark he was with regard to her political sentiments. With his peculiar qualities, argued the Captain, that "little thing as soft as silk" may do infinite mischief. Not that he believed that Miss Nilson would be able to poison her admirer's mind with traitorous principles. "Go! forbid!" ejaculated the Captain as he brooded over the matter in his room; "but when once Ames gets to going it blind, there's no knowing what to expect; and so he'll believe in her any way she likes, and will even make an unconscious tool of him, and pump him for anything she wants to know." And every day he would find himself growing more and more interested by that small commission Donovan had read out: "Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots." "What sends that into my mind in persistency?" he thought. "Last night I dreamed of them; seven-leagued boots they were, transformed into them, and pounding away, with all sorts of capitals in place of ours, into the wind-cloud. And this morning the first thing I thought of when I awoke was, 'Miss Nilson's gaiter-boots.' Condemn it, why should I let it do with me for booty? She's not my fair enslaver. What ails me? Zounds!" The grave Captain got up and walked down the room with the excitement of his new thought, which at that moment flashed into his mind. The new thought gave him some trouble: he couldn't get reconciled to it. Being calm, sensible fellow, with no fanciful imaginings, this new idea looked suspicious to him. He looked at it from all quarters. He accused himself of over-acuteness, then laughed as he glanced at his physique; the healthy flesh and muscle. He smoked upon it; he slept upon it; and finally accepted it as something out of his power to reject.

"There's something on your Captain's mind more than ordinary," said Donovan to Lieutenant Grier. "It's something about Ames, I'm thinking. Heard any thing?"

No, Grier had heard any thing. Grier looked straight ahead, and smoked his pipe in peace like a steady healthy worker as he was.

This was the day before Adjutant Ames was expected back. The next afternoon Captain G—— went over to camp.

"I wish to Ames Ames when he returns," he had said to Lieutenant Grier as he was mounting his horse. "If I'm not here when he comes just send me orders by Grier. Directly he returns, you remember."

Donovan had come over from his quarters, and stood by, on the piazza. He gave a wink as when the Captain rode off, and said to Grier:

"I told you so." Turning into the house, he followed the Lieutenant into the Provost's little office, minded for a dish of chat; if he had been of the other sex, it would have come under the name of gossip.

But Grier had other employment—writing for the Provost-Marshal must be done; so there was no chat for Donovan there; and away he sauntered smoking his short pipe, and laughing good-humoredly at "that young rebel plods by so early."

Grier sat there writing until the town was dusted, throwing his head up occasionally when an iron wheel rang on the pia zza-walk or a shadow darkened the window: but twilight fell, and no Adjutant Ames had appeared, though a boat had sounded whistle down the river, and the scream of a locomotive had proclaimed the last means of arrival.

It was growing dark, and he was sending a servant for lights, when a head at a window-pane of voice stopped his meditations, and sent them flying into another channel.

"Jack, Jack, Ames has come."

"Where is he?" And up jumps Grier all alert.

"Gone down to Neale's quarters. He met the Colonel and Captain Lee, and they sent for waistcoat him to take tea with him. Here, where you going? Wait and hear the postscript. Coming up street who should I see but Ames with Nilson and her aunt. Ames dropped behind with the bright-eyed face you ever saw, and I heard him say, 'I shall have the pleasure of seeing you both round this evening, Miss Nilson.' The girl actually trembled, and turned red and pale as he spoke. I didn't think she had so much in her. By George, Jack, I believe it's a go there!" And Donovan, fairly started, was lounging in for his "gossip" when the Lieutenant vaulted over the sill and dashed past him, calling out to an orderly passing:

"Smith, find Captain G—— my horse and my sword, and give Captain G—— this!" handing Smith a slip of paper containing the intelligence of Ames's arrival. Finding Smith already attached for duty by the Colonel, and no other messenger in view, he mounted and rode off himself.

Incurious as Lieutenant Grier was, an emotion of surprise and wonder did come over him as he noted the eagerness which the Captain manifested in being desire to get back; and though a man of few words, Grier found himself repeating to him Donovan's "postscript." As he finished, his listener ejaculated, under his breath: "I shall be too late!" and the next moment was urging his horse

to his topmost speed. The Lieutenant followed at a more leisurely pace, his wonder not lessened by that low-breathed sentence.

"Too late for what?" One would think it was a case of high treason," he mused.

And while they ride, in that old dark parlor, half lost in twilight gloom, Adèle Nilson waits for her young lover. Her young lover! Does she know herself at last? Does the head—that proud noble head—acknowledge so much to the heart? Her young lover?

There is certainly impatience in that waiting figure: the head bent, the eager eyes straining into the gathering dark, the unvented flush upon her cheek, the burning scarlet of her lips—these all denote the fever-pain. Will she dare to meet him with these signs? Will she confess so much to him? A step turning upon the stone-step, the muffled heel upon the doorway threshold, and the question is answered. She goes out to meet him with two hands extended, all the dark soft curls softened into her eyes, her lips parted into smiles, and a faint exhilarant excitement visible as she says,

"Ah, you have come!"

What lover could ask more than those words, in that tone, with that face?

He went down, and she felt a pressure warm and fervent upon the two hands he was holding; then the white hands of his fine beard fretted softly over her fingers as he lifted his head. She grew suddenly pale; an embarrassment that was not shyness oppressed her. Out of it she spoke quickly:

"You brought me something?"

He was not disconcerted nor troubled by this pallid embarrassment. The power of his nature was making its assertion; and still with his look holding hers, though nobody now, he answered her question:

"I have brought you Cinderella's shoes."

She flamed into color again as she touched the package, and her hand was unsteady and cold, that had lately been so firm and warm. He saw and felt all this; and there was a look in his face as if he would guard her from all confession for her pride's sake until he himself stood confessed before her. But what he thought perhaps was he entered the gateway that he should speak so soon, that the end was so near; but the night was full of promise. He—was it Fate?—led him there.

And filled with hope, which lacked nothing of modest manliness and reverence, but which was simply faith with love, those prophets of success that even here could not be disputed—even here were not false prophets, though success lay mutilated, done to death on the very threshold of fulfillment by a false foe than death.

But with only that sweet hope thrilling at his heart he handed her hand again:

"Come, the garden is too lovely to-night to lose any of its enchantments."

She hesitated a moment, only a moment, then yielded to his spell. They had in some mysterious hour changed places. She must do his bidding. But before she went he noticed, as he noticed every thing she did, that she turned and dropped the package—her Cinderella shoes—into the yawning mouth of an Egyptian bronze; a thing half vase, half idol, which somebody had brought from old scenes of splendid barbarism, to put here like an ugly blot of evil amidst the singing birds and flowers.

"Do you think they are quite safe there?" he asked, smiling.

She lifted a startled look; and again the hand he touched grew icy. He drew it without more ado over his arm, smiling still, though his heart went beyond his words, hardly heeding them indeed:

"Are you quite sure the old monster won't make a sacrifice of them?"

That was all; but it seemed to please her, for she laughed out some gay sweet response, and the warmth stole back into the cold palm.

Always while his own true single heart-beat he tested here, still through these sudden changes the breath of ice, the swift recall of flame and fire, he read her story, over and again, these same pages, till now, her memory mood settled into softer stillness than before. And so the summer night deepened: the twilight died into cloud and shadow. The wind came up, and through the gusts the thunder muttered distantly, and lightning played in vivid haste, as a storm stood beneath the blue of pity at the furthest range of the garden, whose bare branches soughed wildly in the wind; and all about them and the nearer coming lightning, when he found his words to tell her what she must have already known. But who would have dared, if he would have dared to tell her? Him, Adèle Nilson! Did she herself think he would be so bold? If she did—if on that night he carried her on to surprise, perhaps the surprise carried her out of herself.

For the blood beat upward into her brain, how swift her pulses ran, throbbing, throbbing, all through her being, as under the soughing pine: "I love you, Adèle, I love you!" sounded in her ear above the wail of the wind.

On that very hillock where they stood how many had she turned away from her in disdain! And this one, this young Adjutant with not half their claims, why did she not disdain him? Because for that moment nature rose up strong within her; and it was a rebellious nature breaking through the deadly crusts of the world's coldness and selfishness and ambition. Because, when he said, "I love you, Adèle," there was no place on earth but this where they stood; the "world" "reeled unheededly by;" and the tumultuous elements of the night seemed to enter into her blood as she listened to his pure masterful voice, which claimed her in his very confession. For a moment, as a longer, nearer gleam lit up the heavens, he met her eyes. They were full of all soft, tender, impassioned emotion. For a moment. In that moment, and the breathless rapture that followed, what held them apart? What silent mysterious power warned him away? As they stood thus a plunging footstep through the thicket, the panting of some one in haste broke into the "divinity that hedged them round." Then a voice broke farther yet. Some one was calling him, some dire necessity had arisen for him. He was as brave a fellow as ever fought on battle-field. He was never known to shrink from the most sudden alarm of action; but a sick shiver went shuddering through him as he heard this voice. Alas, poor prophetic heart!

Back by the same path he went, and she was by his side, and now and then her voice was in his ear, and once, in some dark moment, she slipped and her arm upheld her. And all that mysterious distance, and the sick shiver at his heart. At the door the light from within streamed out upon a really breathless, wild, stormy face, the riding boots splashed with mud, and great beads of perspiration standing upon his forehead. He had ridden hard.

"Captain G——!"

"Adjutant, just a moment, if you please;" and the Captain lifted his hat to Miss Nilson for apology as he drew her companion away.

Their conference was brief, but it had wrought a strange change upon the pallid and beauty that shone so joyfully a brief time since.

When had Adjutant Ames ever been known to hesitate in the service of an order? Never. But now he not only hesitated at the charge given him by his Captain and Provost Marshal, but he actually refused. His private relation and all military etiquette, as he had never done before, and expostulated in vehement under-tones that had a note like a repressed cry breaking through.

"It is absurd, preposterous, Richard!" he said, going back to their old relations of intimacy in expostulation.

"I will stake my own loyalty upon this."

But the Captain shook his head.

"No, no; it will not do. Something will do but what I have said. I have charged you with it, Ames, because I trust you in this matter. But it would be too painful for you to carry it out than to intrust it to any one else; for if it happened that I was mistaken in my belief, I should like to share his secret; but perhaps I have been wrong in assigning the task to you. If you prefer, I will—"

"No, no. If this must be, I will do it myself. You will see how absurd the whole suspicion will be proved, Richard." And he looked into his companion's face with the ghost of a smile before he left him.

Straight through the house to the opposite entrance he went. Miss Nilson, meanwhile, she now paced slowly up and down, singing an old love-song half unconsciously, he went to her.

His clear-headed loyalty, the world's duty echoed him, as he told her his errand. Her own chess caught his color, her eyes sprang up ablaze with wrath; then, as he spoke again, fell under the fiery storm settled into cold disdain. "Truly a pretty story," she said, icily, "that I carry about correspondence in my embroidered satin and silk garters-boots! Whose brain had the honor of conceiving so stupendous a fancy?" and she laughed a little low laugh of derision that curdled his blood to hear.

"And you are set upon the search? My Cinderella shoes are of great trouble to you, Adjutant Ames."

She flung a rapid glance at the Bronze looming up dark and Sphinx-like at her side. His glance followed hers, but he shuddered more at the satirical recurrence to his own words than at the dark and meaning look in her eyes. That he failed to interpret. For a moment space or two they stood there, motionless and silent. Then he stepped forward. He told her as he had told her when he first spoke, that it was his duty, were fate or duty; that he had no doubt of her; that he would stake his own loyalty upon the utter absurdity of this suspicion; and as he spoke again his hand touched the Bronze. The ugly features of the thing seemed to mock him with its sardonic grin. An awful fate seemed to have fallen in the

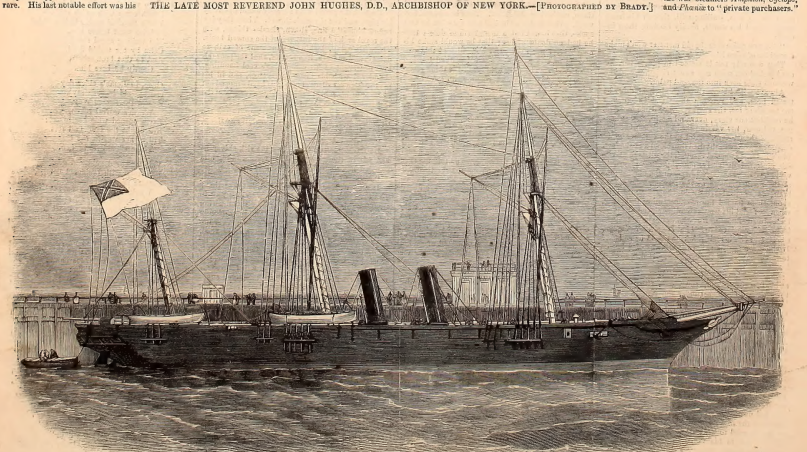
ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

THE Catholic Archbishop of New York, the Rev. JOHN HUGHES, died on Sunday evening, January 3, aged about 67 years. Few men of his day exercised so wide an influence, social, moral, and political, and few men have exercised it, upon the whole, so honestly and wisely. He was born in Ireland in 1798, the son of a respectable farmer. He came to America in 1817, and soon after became a student at the Catholic College at Emmetsburg, Maryland. In 1825 he received ordination, and was appointed to the charge of a church in Philadelphia, and became recognized as a man of mark in his Church. In 1838 he was appointed coadjutor to the venerable Bishop Dubois of New York, who was fast sinking under age and infirmity. A fortnight had hardly passed before Bishop Dubois was struck down by paralysis, and the oversight of the Diocese fell upon Mr. Hughes, who four years later, upon the death of his superior, became Bishop of New York. In this position he had full scope for the exercise of his great administrative powers. To the general public he was best known by the various controversies in which he was at several times engaged, prominent among which were those with Dr. John Breckenridge, that upon the Public School Question, that with his fellow-countryman, Dr. Nicholas Murray (Kirwan), and one with the Hon. Erastus Brooks. But his true work was in the organization of the affairs of his diocese, and the establishment of its educational and religious concerns upon a firm basis. It would require a volume to detail his labors. It is sufficient to say that he gradually gathered into his own strong hands the entire control of the Catholic schools and churches of his Diocese. The amount of church property nominally vested in him has been stated at fully five millions of dollars. He found his Diocese weak and disjointed; he left it strong and consolidated. His position gave him great political influence; this he rarely used except when he thought the interests of the Church were in question, and then always with telling effect. In 1830 the Diocese of New York was divided by the erection of the Sees of Albany and Buffalo, while that of New York was raised to the dignity of an Archbishopric. After the breaking out of the insurrection, Archbishop Hughes, at the desire of our Government, went to Europe on a mission to aid the Union cause; for his exertions in this mission he received the official thanks of the authorities of the City of New York. Within a few months his health began to give way, and his public appearances became more rare. His last notable effort was his speech to the Catholics of New York, at the time of the riots of last July. This speech was sharply and, we think, justly criticised. Its intent was good; but we thought at the time, and must think still, that it contained some highly objectionable features. We apprehend that the mental, as well as the physical, strength of the Archbishop was impaired when he made this speech, which we are confident was heard or read with regret by the best and wisest of his friends. Apart from this speech, conceived and delivered when the venerable prelate was not his old self, we think it would be difficult to point to a single important act in his long administration that was not wise and politic, and which, viewed from his own standpoint, was not right and honorable. He died as he had lived, a true man, and a sincere Christian. There will probably be a sharp contest, open or concealed, as to who shall succeed to the post left vacant by his death. It will be well for the Church and the country if the second Archbishop of New York be, all in all, a worthy successor of John Hughes.

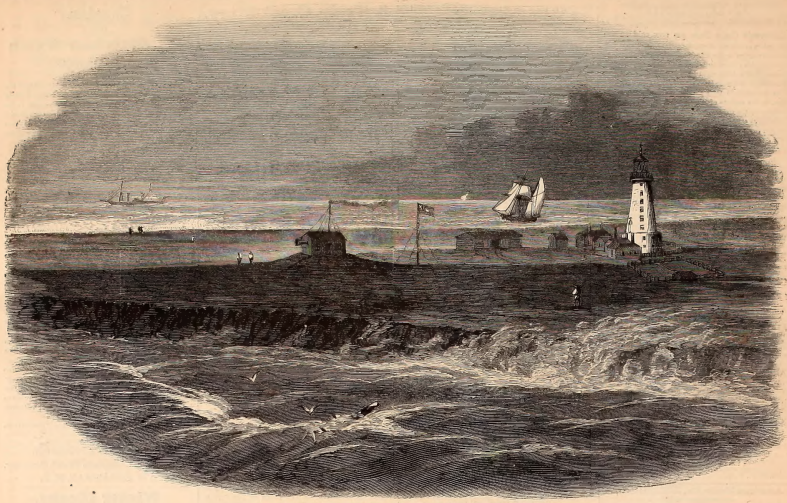
THE LATE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE "RAPPAHANNOCK."

THERE are some curious circumstances connected with the screw steamer *Rappahannock*, alias the *Sylph*, of London, alias her Majesty's steam-sloop *Victor*. The English Admiralty, a short time ago, disposed of her Majesty's screw gunvessel *Victor*, and, on being sold, she was permitted to undergo some repairs under the superintendence of the dock-yard officials. It was stated that she was intended for the China trade, and she was ostensibly fitted with that view, while her name was changed to the "*Sylph*, of London." Several suspicious circumstances, however, occurred, and the dock-yard officials made a report to the Admiralty. The result was the receipt of an order at Sheerness directing her to be stopped. The order, however, arrived a few hours too late. Those in charge of the vessel evidently suspected the intentions of the Government, and had her taken out of the harbor. She immediately afterward hoisted the Confederate flag, and she now sails under the name of the *Rappahannock*. On leaving the Nore the *Rappahannock* sailed direct for Calais Harbor, in France, which she entered as a Confederate privateer. The Customs authorities at Calais, in answer to a question, have received instructions from Paris to allow the *Rappahannock* to leave whenever her captain pleases. It is said that the English Admiralty have also sold the war steamers *Aquitaine*, *Cyclops*, and *Phœnix* to "private purchasers."



THE REBEL SCREW STEAMER "RAPPAHANNOCK, LYING AT CALAIS, FRANCE.



DABOLL'S FOG-TRUMPET IN THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

DABOLL'S FOG-TRUMPET.

WE give on this page an engraving of Dungeness Light-house, in the British Channel, where the English Government has recently stationed the FOG-TRUMPET invented by Mr. C. L. Daboll, of New London, Connecticut, and which is destined to produce a complete revolution in fog-signals for light-house purposes. An experiment on the trumpet, in connection with a bell and steam-horn previously put there, was made by the Trinity House Committee of London, on board their steam-yacht, on the 17th of November last, commencing at noon. The trumpet, bell, and horn were each tried in succession for three minutes; then they were all sounded together for the same period of time, and afterward made continuous until 2 P.M., when the bell and horn ceased, and the fog-trumpet continued to give its signals at intervals of ten seconds, with five seconds' length of blast, until 3 P.M., when the trial ceased, and the yacht then steamed away for Dover.

There was a strong wind at the time of the trial, with frequent squalls of rain, and a heavy surf on the beach, but the result was so satisfactory to the Committee that the English Government purchased the apparatus of Mr. Daboll, and have made it a permanent signal at Dungeness Light-house. It is placed in the smaller building, as shown in the illustration.

The American public have been made familiar with this signal through repeated discussions relative to its being placed on Cape Race. Captain Judkins, of the Cunard mail-steamer *Scotia*, in a speech at Liverpool on the removal of Captain Stone for allowing his vessel to get on shore in a fog at Cape Race, gave strong testimony in its favor. He said that but for the action and hostility of the British Government to this signal it would have been placed at Cape Race before this time, and not only the disaster of the *Africa*, but many others would have been avoided.

OBSTRUCTIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.

AN occasional correspondent from before Charleston sends us a sketch of a Floating Battery now ashore near the beach, and of several obstructions to the harbor washed ashore during the late storm. They will be found below. He says: "The battery was built to carry four heavy guns. It broke away in the recent gale, and brought with it a portion of the rebel obstructions. These consist of large pieces of timber, 15 or 20 feet long, to some of which were attached pieces of railroad iron joined together by links. The timbers were badly worm-eaten."

REBEL BATTERY AND OBSTRUCTIONS IN CHARLESTON HARBOR.—[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at odd prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, *Cents* for Pens, and one a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage and insurance free.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will give you writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen almost in proportion to the large sum spent in and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS.
MORTON'S GOLD PENS.
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description, viz.:*

THE GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

The Second Grade has the same Solid Gold Pens, with Iridomin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a great deal of the Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number" and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for the periods hereinafter mentioned.

The Numbers indicate size only. No 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for Ladies'. No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, and 6, are made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For 9? 25 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 60 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $3 75 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

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GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

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For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridomin Points, manufactured at Office of Gold Pens, and are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1861.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say, that, previous to opening his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Reliable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

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Will forward to any address, on receipt of order, Photographs from life of any of the prominent

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A New Selection of Songs, Duets, and Trios, comprising the Vocal Embellishments of the Most Popular Italian, French, and Italian Words, and Piano-forte Accompaniments, arranged to go with the popular song books—"Home Circle," "Shower of Pearls," and "Silver Chord," and sold at the same price, viz.: Boards, $1; Cloth, $1 25; Full gilt, $3. Sent post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

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From the pen of the gifted

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Altogether, we doubt if a more exciting—and at the same time a more useful—story with the moral which it conveys—was ever offered to the public, and we shall be much mistaken if its publication does not lead to widespread commendation. The first instalment appears in Monday's issue of the New York Weekly, a large number of fine POEMS, and a variety of departments, of a useful and entertaining character, including "PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS," "NOTES AND COMMENTS," "KNOWLEDGE BOX," "ITEMS OF INTEREST," etc., etc., etc., the whole going to form a *family* newspaper which, as is freely admitted by all who take it, has not its equal either in this country or the old. Price, five cents for a single copy, $2 00 per year, and liberal terms offered to getters-up of clubs.

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All the above grades have also
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Price, per gross $25 00
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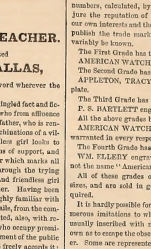

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HUNTER'S ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Sent on Gold Heads, in two sizes. Two Onguents for $1. Postage free. Address
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2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
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2000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
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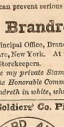

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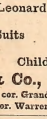

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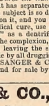

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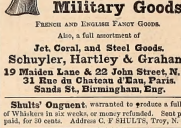

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SUFFERINGS IN A SNOW-STORM ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.—[SEE PAGE 59.]

FOUND DEAD.

"Found dead, an unknown man." How trite the phrase!
And yet God knows what volumes may be said
Of bitter suffering or of crime's dark ways,
In that one short epitome—"Found dead!"

When haggard poverty from famine flies
To seek for labor, or to beg for bread,
And in the streets from cold and hunger dies,
Its only epitaph is this—"Found dead!"

Grim murder gripes his victim in the night—
A quick, fierce struggle, desperate and dread—
A quivering soul shrieks out in sudden flight,
Yet all is summed up in two words—"Found dead!"

The wretched suicide, whose broken heart
Its final hope and ritual had shed—
Priestless—considered love—dishonor's smart—
'Tis briefly told—"An unknown man found dead."

"Found dead!" What hopes are blighted—what, woes drowned—
What's lost or gained when human life has fled
Who knows or cares? The selfish world goes round:
'Tis but another "unknown man found dead."

O ye whose thoughtless case brooks not to scan
Death save with loving friends around your bed,
Seek out and bid your unknown fellow-man,
Lest ye to God be "unknown" when "found dead!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1864.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"Christmas is here!
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

"Evenings we know
Happy as this,
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

WHILE those who knew and loved him with the most intimate knowledge of Thackeray's, the kind heart and true that first sang the song was lying stilled forever. He has taught us how to speak of him, not only in the simple, tender appreciation with which he spoke of the dead, but by the many works in which his shrewd insight, kind heart, mobile wit, and searching satire, held the mirror up to nature, and pleaded for humanity and truth. He was a man of heroic simplicity and candor, with the profoundest hate of all kinds of hypocrisy—a hate which became indignation from his consciousness that neither he nor any man could entirely escape the influence of the social atmosphere he was compelled to breathe. "I is in the air, gentlemen," he always seems to say; "we all have the disease more or less. I have no doubt that I should be very glad to be seen walking down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm." It was this impatience of falsity which the more that it was gilded was the more repulsive to him, because more dangerous, that made him often blunt, rough, stern in his manners, although he lived in the most courtly circles. He ranged through British clubs and drawing-rooms, a Berserkir in the mask of Mephistopheles, refusing to accept amiability for fidelity, or politeness for humanity. He was called a cynic by the snobs, and a snob by the cynics. He was in reality a preacher—moralist, preaching trenchant sermons from the most familiar texts; honoring love and truth, full of pity and charity and wisdom, loving the noblest men and women under all conditions, and not afraid to describe the weaknesses and faults of either.

As a pure novelist, or delineator of manners, he is not surpassed. He constantly reproduced certain types of character within the same range of society; but with such incisive skill and completeness of portraiture that they take a prominent place among the creations of human genius. He chose deliberately the profession of literature, worked steadily and faithfully in it, honored its illustrious chiefs, and won and wore its laurels. But to him it was a noble profession; and his task in it, at which he labored until the hand that held the pen fell forever, was to make men better by every kind of stern, sweet, witty, wise, sarcastic, or humorous representation of the life and character he saw around him. When Miss Bronte declined to him the second edition of "Jane Eyre," she did so in the strongest and most unqualified words of praise; but they express the final and mature verdict upon the character and power of his genius. Not the least of his charms as an author is the sweet, sinewy English of his style, which is nervous, transparent, picturesque, and exquisite.

The death of every great story-teller is like a personal loss to the world; but the American friends of Thackeray who personally knew him probably were not aware how much they loved him until they saw that he was dead. It seems as if there were less life in the world now he is gone. He enjoyed so fully; his great, blithe nature came ringing out in song and jest in genial festive hours so exuberantly, yet so tenderly still, that feasts will always be less festal hereafter to the guests who eat with him. His social sympathy, his love of children, his universal charity, and his constant allusions to the delightful season, especially associated him with Christmas, and he died, a month ago, on the day before it came. Farewell, great, generous soul, kindly teacher, faithful friend, true, tender, honest man! How sadly and solemnly and fitly now sound your own Christmas words!

"My song save this has little worth;
I lay it on your side,
And with you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth.
Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth
To men of gentle will."

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR'S Message has been thoroughly discussed; but, as its main purpose is to express in the most plausible way all the bitter hostility of extreme partisans throughout the country toward the Administration, it is worth considering. If it were possible to forget that Mr. Seymour early declared against the war, and charged its responsibility upon the head of the Free States; that he expressed his willingness to see the Union perish rather than slavery; that he insisted, while the rebels had their hands at our throats, that we should offer them the olive branch; it it could be forgotten that in every way, under pretext of saving the rights and dignity of the State, he has endeavored to embarrass the National Government, always in smooth phrases fiercely denouncing it, while treating the rebellion as the work of honorable men goaded into violence—if it were possible not to remember that he was the warm advocate of Thomas Seymour for Governor of Connecticut, and of Vallandigham for Governor of Ohio, and that all bitter partisans, under the thinnest veil of candor, Horatio Seymour is the chief—it might also be possible to believe that his criticisms of national affairs are friendly to the country and to the Union, and that he sincerely prefers patriotism to party. But with his record it is simply impossible. His official messages are a mere expansion of his manifestoes as the speeches of Vallandigham or Wood. And there is probably no heartily loyal Union man in the country who does not consider Mr. Seymour just as hostile and unfriendly as Vallandigham, and just as fervent a Unionist as Mr. Wood.

The Governor undertakes to argue the cause of the draft against the Government, declaring that "the safety of our country demands that the sympathy between our citizens and our soldiers should be kept alive." The sympathy is there of it. But, as the soldiers *are* our citizens, the Governor need not be alarmed. Does he think it a promising way of maintaining that sympathy to bar out the distrust of the citizens toward the minds of the soldiers? "The army must not be estranged from our people," he repeats. Very true. Does he think it promotes mutual sympathy to stand in the Academy of Music, while that army is fighting and falling, and "twit" it with the victories it has not won? "We were promised Vicksburg on the 4th of July," and proceed the Governor to the "citizens" on that day. The army gave it to us while he was sneering. It gave us Gettysburg also, and Port Hudson, and parts of a whole people, that field of heroic death was consecrated as holy national ground, one of the chief newspapers in the interest of Governor Seymour calls the army "a grand national wake." Is this the way to prevent estrangement? So also when it is proposed that the citizen fighting in the field as a soldier for the Union shall have the same rights at home that Governor Seymour says that he shall, and interposes his veto. This is his method of keeping alive sympathy between our citizens and our soldiers. If there is any man in the country who has done his little all to estrange the citizen in the field and the citizen at home, it is the author of this Message. We beg every soldier to watch the Governor's action when a bill is again presented to him empowering the soldiers to vote.

In the next place the Governor also undertakes his own defense in the matter of the July riots. He quotes his proclamation to the people of New York, and celebrates his vigorous efforts to preserve the peace. The whole question lies in a nutshell. Governor Seymour had done his full share in inciting the riots by his speeches; by his vehement denunciations of the Government and the draft; by his appeals to the best prejudice against colored citizens; and by his open menace that the national authorities must beware, for a mob could use pretenses as well as a Government. The riot began. Its pretext was opposition to the draft. Mayor Opdyke tells us that the vigorous policy agreed upon before the Governor came was not superseded by him because of the unanimity of the civil and military authorities of the city. But the Governor did all he could to prevent the policy to any thing, to supersede that policy. He deliberately told the rioters that he had asked the suspension of the law, which they made the pretext of their bloody crimes. Of course he had. It was his plan of treating the rebellion in the South: to excuse it, and do what it commands. The July riots should never be mentioned by the Governor or his friends.

The rest of the Message is an assertion that the policy of the war, which the Governor concedes that the people have approved, is national. The only hope for the country, in his estimation, is returning to the original policy of the war. That policy, as this is very simple, now it is that there has been but one policy in the war from the beginning, namely, to restore the authority of the Government, and consequently to overcome every obstacle to that restoration. He quotes the resolution of July, 1861, that the war is not waged to subjugate people or to overthrow institutions. No, and it never has been. Neither has it been waged to take a single life, or destroy a single dollar's worth of property. Yet thousands of lives, millions of dollars' worth of property, and at last slavery, have fallen and are falling in the process of maintaining the Constitution and restoring the Union. Slavery is destroyed, precisely as supplies, and cities, and lives are, in obedience to military necessity. That a partisan politician chooses to misrepresent the fact does not alter the truth. That he chooses to say that the Union is lost, civil liberty destroyed, and the nation ruined, because the American people, in saving their nationality, overthrow by the way the system of human slavery which has always threatened their existence, and now seeks to destroy it, is but another of the melancholy proofs with which History teems, that the extreme party public peril will not extinguish party malignity.

THE POLICE REPORT.

OF all the messages and reports with which the year opens the most simple, direct, and lucid is that of the Metropolitan Police Commission. It should be carefully read and pondered by every citizen as the record of the most diligent and faithful public service, and, in itself, the ample justification of a system which gives a peace and security to the great city hitherto unknown.

It appears that the population of the whole district which the force of the Commission is about 1,000,000 in the city of New York and 350,000 in Brooklyn. The authorized number of patrolmen for the former city is 1,800; in the latter, 200. This gives to New York one patrolman to every 527 inhabitants; to Brooklyn, one for every 1620. This proportion the report justly represents as heavy, because Brooklyn covers nearly as large a territory as New York, which has nine times as many patrolmen. It recommends that the number in Brooklyn be increased to 500.

In the regular course of their duty the patrolmen pass over every portion of the graded streets of the city every hours of the day and night, and, without serious increase of labor they could perform the duties of health wardens, sanitary inspectors, and inspectors of weights and measures. And, as one of the City Inspector's Department the police force could do without increase of numbers or pay. In view of Mayor Gunther's statement that the present expenses of the city are larger in proportion than those of any city in the world, this is a very significant suggestion.

The report wisely recommends the establishment of a Morgue, or dead-house, for the identification of bodies found drowned. It also suggests that as police officers, with the exception of a whole police force, are entirely useless in the plan of making mock-auctioneers refund their robberies has proved to be futile, the conviction of fraud should operate *per se* as a revocation of license. The Board having failed to abate the nuisance of concert saloons—dens of drunkenness and prostitution—the report declares them illegal, and licence in numbers until the Legislature shall authorize a thorough prosecution in every case. It also recommends that, as thieves and burglars are generally but the servants and receivers of stolen goods, the system of rewards by which the banks have so successfully suppressed counterfeiting shall be adopted, and the Board be authorized to offer rewards not exceeding \$500 for the conviction of receivers of stolen goods. The case of truant children, growing up in the practice of every crime, should be met, as far as possible, by a truant school.

The report sums up the operations of the Sanitary Company of the Police, under Captain Lord, the object of which is to keep the city clean, and so to prevent disease. 20,942 cases of nuisance have been abated during the year, of which 584 were dangerous. The law should be amended so as to provide collecting the expense of cleaning his premises from the owner when he refuses or neglects to do it.

The successful use of steam fire-engines requires a new organization of the Fire Department. The members should be paid for their services or released from duty, for the voluntary system is unjust, oppressive, and not always trust-worthy. The members are brave and daring, and were formerly exempted from military service, but the interest of the public has no right to demand or enjoy their service without reward. Only a small skilled force is now required, and it is but just that the Insurance Companies should help bear the burden of supporting a department which is mainly useful to them.

The experience of the July riots has shown the value of a large and trusty police force armed and drilled as a military command, to be used, as an armed force only, under the same circumstances that would authorize the calling out of the militia. A fourth of the police could be so organized at small cost, and often save the expensive necessity of summoning the militia.

Finally, in a few calm, moderate, and perfectly truthful words the report depicts the circumstances of the July riots. They had a political motive and direction. They received sympathy and encouragement from influential partisans and papers. The militia were absent. The Police Board had been threatened with summary removal. Many of the force desired the removal, and there were some instances of insubordination. A large part of the force were of the same nationality and of the same political and religious faith as the rioters. There was therefore fear of failure in united action, or of embarrassment from sympathy with the mob. But the apprehension proved to be entirely groundless. The force acted as a unit, with the utmost heroism and success. Neither political, religious, nor national feeling impaired their efficiency. Eighty were wounded in the terrible conflict, but three only have died.

Could any statement be simpler, truer, or more manly? Could faithful officers make any other report of facts which are historical and known to all men? Could any thing be juster or more creditable to the members of the police force? The Commissioners may well say of a system which has produced these results: "The marked fidelity, vigilance, and efficiency of the Police in ordinary occasions is the legitimate fruit of the system. Instead of fearing or despising the Policeman, the public have learned to trust him as the defender and protector of social order. The Policeman's labors, risks, and deprivations are great—he earns and deserves not only public respect but just compensation; and the only reason that, with the enhanced rates of living, increased pay is not recommended, is the hope that there may soon be a return to the former scale of prices, and that the injustice of small pay to the Policeman may not be of long duration."

It is hard to believe that the report of which we have given a faithful abstract was made the excuse for the removal of the Police Commissioners. If every officer in the State were as faithful to duty, as loyal to the nation, as firm, unbesitating, and heroic as the Metropolitan Police, from the Commissioners to every patrolman engaged during the terrible July days proved themselves to be, it would be well for the State and an imperishable honor to the officers.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

THE late Archbishop Hughes was a man of irreproachable character and of acknowledged ability, who had justly earned the highest honors of his profession, and was greatly beloved by the people of his Church. But he was in no other sense a public man than every bishop of every Church and every able and worthy clergyman is. By its resolutions of respect to his memory, passed under the pressure of the previous question, the New York Legislature has established the agreeable precedent of observing with respectful mention the death of all good and eminent citizens. We do not remember that the late Bishop Wainwright's decease was so observed; but unquestionably that of all other distinguished clergymen and men of other professions will be. And if they are passed as these were, by force of the previous question, they will have exactly the same weight as these. But the utterly unobjectionable of such resolutions would seem to be to allow opportunity for the expression or respect and admiration from various minds. But the previous question summarily shuts debate, and also, as it seems to us, the intended respect.

Mr. Lyon said that he supported the resolutions because of the distinguished services rendered the country by the Prelate. But as he did not mention what they were, and as Archbishop Hughes conspicuously confined himself to his ecclesiastical duties, the public services must be left to conjecture. If Mr. Lyon referred to the Archbishop's visit to Europe, it is for Mr. Lyon to show what public service he did there.

Certainly we do not cavil at any respect shown to the memory of good men. But of the seventy-six members who carried the resolutions, twenty-six members who carried the resolutions, twenty-six members, as a citizen, or because he was an Irishman and the head of the Romish Church in this State; and whether they mean to honor all virtuous New Yorkers in the same way? for the ecclesiastical office, as Mr. Douglas truly said, has nothing to do with the State.

Good men, distinguished clergymen, able lawyers, skilful physicians, and men noted in every sphere, are constantly departing from us; but we submit that only citizens who have con-

spicuously served the State, like Generals and Magistrates, are the proper subjects of legislative resolutions of respect; and that to disregard that rule is to set a most inconvenient precedent.

THE OLD SOPHISM.

MR. RUSSELL, of the London *Times*, says that when he was in this country he met Mr. Horatio Seymour at dinner, and regret for the war was the topic that was being talked over, that the National Government had no power to coerce States. It was by such a subterfuge that the more reckless of the Northern friends of the rebels hoped to paralyze the Government, and convince at the success of the rebellion. And in his "Life of General Butler," Mr. Parton tells a story, of course derived from the General, that in February, 1860, Butler was in Washington on visit with the leaders of his party, and that the Southerners contemplated war. They told him that the North would not fight. He said it would. They smiled, and said they had friends enough here to prevent it. Why did it not occur to them that for every Seymour there would be a Butler; for every Vallandigham, a Logan; for every Wood, a Grant; for every Fierce, a Burnside?

The sophism by which these gentlemen hoped to do the work of the rebellion in the North has just been repeated by Governor Seymour in his Message. "If the draft is revolutionized," he asks, "its property devastated, its industry broken up and destroyed, will this benefit the North?" But that is no more question upon the coercion of States was in the beginning. The Government is maintaining its authority over rebellious citizens, and the whole question is not whether the North will be benefited by the success of the Government, but whether it is better for the country that the rebellion shall be suppressed by every means known to honorable warfare, or whether the war shall be infamously prolonged and shuttlecock holding out olive branches to men who spit at them. The difference between a man like Davis and one like Seymour is, that one is loyal and earnest and the other is playing a political game. When the rebel chiefs drew the sword they had at least the courage to say, "Let this decide between us." They will be destroyed by it, and their section sadly blasted by the war they have invoked, but they will leave cursing and whimpering to others.

RAILROAD ANNOYANCES.

WHILE the railroads in the South are going, and the means of keeping them have already gone, our own are worked beyond precedent. The enormous increase of freight, the passage of soldiers, and the immense profits which the fruit now added, charge all times and trains, so that it is hazardous to count upon making any connection or upon arrival within hours of the appointed time.

The recent delay, most vexatious if not dangerous, in the Susquehanna, and the constant complaints and frightful disregard of the comfort and health of passengers upon the single route between New York and Washington, may persuade Congress that something should be done for the relief of the public. But relief in the winter passage of the Hudson River at Albany seems to be beyond hope. Even if something ludicrous, if it were not outrageous, in the helpless way in which hundreds or thousands of people are daily and nightly shut out of civilization upon the river, in all winter weathers, rainy, snowy, sleety, blowy; when the ice is hard, and you may ride or walk; when it is soft and unsafe, and you must plank across the floating boards and in slush with the chance of breaking through, so that an inconvenience and exposure so barbarous is to be found in all our civilized travel, except, in another form, upon the Washington route.

And this is upon the great Northern line between the East and the West. The only reason urged in the confusion of the enormity is that Troy is opposed to a bridge at Albany, and that a paper Albany fear the loss of the business of transhipment. That reason is not one that long prevails with this country over the public convenience. The former is surely one that ought not to prevail, since it is enough to build a bridge which should neither obstruct the river nor navigation. As it is, the winter-crossing at Albany is a disgrace to our civilization.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January 6.* Select Committee on Pacific Railroad appointed, as follows: Chandler, Wade, and Howe. To prevent army and navy officers from interfering in elections more effectually than contained, in the course of a day. Saulsbury asserted that in the State of Delaware a majority of the votes had been driven from the polls because they were not in favor of the Administration. Mr. Trumbull defended the Government. The bill was finally referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, to report back to the Senate after the recess, who denied that it should be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.——*January 7.* Resolutions were presented and disposed of. Mr. Carlile offered a series of resolutions defining the relations of the General and State Governments, declaring that both lie in the exercise "that is to competent for the General, or any military commander in any State, to impose obligations interfering with the State laws;" and that "the true power of the Government should be used against the rebel States, as such, but against the citizens of the States only as they take part in the rebellion." The first was defeated and referred to the Committee on Finance. The second was adopted, and the third indefinitely postponed. Mr. Howe offered a series of resolutions for the relief of our soldiers now held as prisoners. The substance of which is that the President be requested to call for a million of volunteers for sixty days, and to issue a proclamation; that General Grant be placed in command of them; that Congress adjourn until the 4th of March, and that each member under fifty years of age join the army, and be elected to the House of Representatives.——*January 8.* Morrill offered resolution that notice be given to Great Britain of the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty.——The Committee on Military Affairs reported the bill of thanks to Generals Hooker, Meade, Banks, and Burnside, with their officers and troops.—Mr. Wilson introduced bill to promote enlistments; the chief features are that all enlistments in the regular army shall be for three years, and colored soldiers receive the same pay, etc., as white.—Mr. Grimes introduced bill fixing the pay of officers in the army.—Mr. Hale submitted a resolution for a Committee to inquire into the condition of the navy, and especially into the efficiency of the steam engine lately built. Debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Hale assailed the management of the Navy Department, and Messrs. Chandler, Wade, and Grimes defended it. Mr. Davis also took part in the debate, assailing the Administration generally. Foster offered a resolution for the expulsion of Senator Davis, of Kentucky, on the ground of a series of resolutions passed by him on the 8th of January, from which the following phrase was taken: "That the people of the North are not fighting against the war leaders, and take the matter into their own hands." Saulsbury said Mr. Wilson's speech was "to the people of the United States to revolt" against the Government.——*January 9.* Senate rejected warmly declining, by the Senator's interpretation of my resolution is false in letter and spirit, and false in fact."——Without disposing of the resolutions for expulsion, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the Army Appropriation Bill. Sumner moved that the $300 commutation clause, Mr. Sumner proposed an entirely new system; commutation should be furnished only by Government; commutation to be fixed at $300; no one drafted man seeking exemption by hiring substitute, and if his income exceed $500 an additional sum as follows: On incomes between $500 and $600, ten per cent.; on incomes from $600 to $800, twenty per cent.; on incomes over $800, thirty per cent. Debate ensued upon this proposition. Mr. Wilson said that, though interested in the proposition to repeal the law authorizing the commutation clause, he was in favor of its retention, and proposed to vote against the repeal. Mr. Wilson's coming to debate action on this subject, the Senate adjourned.——*January 11.* Senate resumed the bill. Mr. Johnson offered a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to furnish information regarding the commutation of certain soldiers from Minnesota at Jefferson City, Missouri. Mr. Wilson's amendment was rejected. Mr. Powell's bill to muster bad entered the Confederate service, and that his name and children were not to be struck from the roll of pensioners. Some of the soldiers went to the care, and liberated the prisoners on their parole. The prisoners were arrested and thrown into prison. Mr. Lane, of Arkansas, stated that the case was one for the Executive rather than for the Legislature of Missouri; the officers appointed by Governor Gamble were responsible for the outrages committed by patriarchs with treason.——Mr. Brown, of Missouri, indorsed the statement of Mr. Lane. Mr. Loan, the commander of General Schofield, the commander in Missouri: resolution agreed to.——*January 12.* Resolutions were offered by Mr. Davis came up; Mr. Davis wished for immediate action; other none should be taken at present.——*January 13.* Mr. Henderson proposed amendments to the Constitution. He would prohibit slavery, or involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime, shall not exist in the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction; the Constitution shall be proposed and adopted.——The Senate then proceeded out of executive session.——*January 14.* Session of Virginia.——*January 12.* The Committee on Finance reported back the House bill extending the time for the payment of duties on Sugar. Mr. Fessenden from the Secretary of the Treasury setting forth the necessity imposed by the failure of increased duties on Sugar.——The House bill for paying Missouri troops was reported by the Committee on Military Affairs: a communication received from the President in answer to Mr. Lane's inquiry of December 16, relative to the arrest of certain State prisoners. It inclosed letters from General Halleck and the Secretary General of War, stating that no order had been issued authorizing the arrest of persons for opinion's sake, and that the Government had no desire to violate the Constitution.——*January 15.* Debate ensued in regard to the enlistment of colored soldiers. Mr. Johnson said that slaves were considered property, as well as persons. Mr. Saulsbury said that he thought they were liable for their master's debts; as persons were liable for taxes if found in the State.——*January 16.* It learned that in Maryland slaves had been recruited without the consent of their masters, and that a protest against this procedure. No vote was taken on the bill.

HOUSE.—*January 6.* Resolution was offered to report our railroad from Washington to New York adopted: Mr. Pendleton introduced resolutions declaring that the Committee on Election reported a bill fixing a uniform time for filling vacancies in Congress, and providing for special elections to vote.—The Committee on Military Affairs reported a bill extending the time for paying bounties, which passed unanimously. The Appropriation bill was passed, after general debate. Mr. Arnold made a set speech upon the state of the country. Mr. Brooks criticised Mr. Arnold's view of the course of the President, and urging the entire defeat and crushing of the spirit of slavery. Mr. Arnold said of Mr. Lincoln, "he said, "to carry out the regeneration of the country by force of arms, and to overthrow by force the whole fabric."—Mr. Blaine offered a resolution declaring that the rebellion created by the slaveholders of the present insurrection should be assumed by the General Government.——Mr. Baldwin introduced a resolution for the adoption of "any proposition to negotiate with the rebel leaders at Richmond, or elsewhere, for the restoration of the Union, which should be rejected. The resolution, after some opposition from Mr. Cox, was adopted by 78 to 64.——Mr. Brooks moved which declares that "the organized treason which has its capital at Richmond exists in fact and in law outside of the Federal Constitution, and has no claim to be treated otherwise than as an armed enemy of the United States, and no contrary vote.—The Committee on Naval Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing a navy-yard and depot for the construction and repair of iron-clads.——Mr. Kalbfleisch introduced a resolution declaring that the rebellion is wicked; that the war against it is wicked; that the policy of the Administration is desirable; and that therefore commissioners should be appointed to confer with rebel commissioners upon the subject. Mr. Stevens moved to lay the resolution on the table, which was agreed to by 86 to 64.——*January 7.* Resolutions were introduced and referred.—The use of the Hall was granted to the Union Association, and to the Art Union for the funds of the Freedmen's Aid Association.—Mr. Fernando Wood offered a resolution that the House will not legislate into the conduct of General Butler while in command of the Department of Virginia.——Mr. Stevens called up the bill of thanks to the Army and Navy Departments, in the Treasury Department, which was passed.——*January 8.* The bill was taken up and passed by a vote of 77 to 65.—On motion of Mr. Paxton a resolution was adopted requesting the return of information in the New York Custom-house to the Committee on Public Expenditures.—Mr. Brownell offered a resolution to the effect that the Government endeavor to induce the rebels to lay down their arms by offering to pay for so doing them full pay and bounties, and by guaranteeing them freedom and protection when they do so.—Mr. Cox moved that the resolution on the table unless the mover would consent to its immediate consideration.—Mr. Brownell declined to do so. The motion to lay on the table was refused. 73 to 74.——Mr. Stevens offered a resolution requesting that the Military Affairs inquire into the expediency of paying to soldiers the money withheld from them on account of clothing, etc., thrown away by command of their officers; adopted.—The Committee on Ways and Means reported bill to reimburse to Pennsylvania the amount expended by her in calling out the Militia during the late invasion.——The House adjourned out of respect to the memory of the late Senator Bowden.——*January 11.* The Judiciary Committee reported bill for revising and consolidating the laws of the United States.—The Committee on Ways and Means reported bill for increasing the revenue. The main provisions are: a duty of 60 cents a gallon on distilled spirits; a duty of 5 cents a pound on tobacco; a stamp such as is sold by the United States; a drawback of 2 cents a pound on tobacco upon goods exported if manufactured from cotton which has paid the duty.—The bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and on motion of Mr. Colfax came up, and was debated at length. The House adjourned without any definite action upon this bill.

THE BATTLES IN THE CLOUDS.—A CORRECTION.

AN important error seems in General Meigs's graphic account of the "Battle in the Clouds," near Chattanooga, as published. By a mistake of the telegraphic reporter, the name of General Thomas was substituted for that of General Sherman in the paragraph describing the pursuit of the Tennessee and the seizing and fortifying the position on Missionary Ridge. General Meigs, in a letter to General Sherman, says, "I wrote your name, and it was sent to the telegraph." The approval of General Thomas have been many and great, but the credit of this achievement belongs to Sherman, and he should not be deprived of it through the error of the telegraph.

GRANT'S CONGRATULATORY ORDER.

GENERAL GRANT, in General Order dated December 16, returns "his sincere thanks and congratulations to the brave troops of the Army of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and their comrades from the Potomac, for the recent splendid and decisive successes achieved over the rebel host. Since you have recovered from him the control of the Tennessee River from Bridgeport to Knoxville. You dislodged him from the mountain fastnesses of Lookout Mountain, drove him from Chattanooga Valley, wrested from his possession Missionary Ridge, and followed his shattered forces with heavy loss to him his repeated assaults upon Knoxville. Closing the campaign in the midst of winter, with all its points, utterly routed and discomfited, beyond the reach of further hope, you have exhibited a valor and endurance not courage you have most effectually defeated the plans of the enemy for the conquest of Kentucky and East Tennessee, and relieved the loyal citizens of East Tennessee and Kentucky and Tennessee. You have secured positions from which no rebel force can drive or dislodge you."

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A detachment of two hundred and eighty men, commanded by Major Wells, marched on the 24 of December at Jonesville, in Western Virginia, by a large Confederate force, numbering from 1,500 to 2,000 men. After the resistance, in which we lost 30 killed, and as many wounded, the detachment of the command were made prisoners.

The enemy, under General Early, by way of reprisal for Averell's raid, undertook a great expedition into Western Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Ohio Railroad, and other important points. A dispatch from General Early, dated Salem, Va., December 21, says: The rebel force has retreated toward the Shenandoah Valley. The force of Averell's command, consisting of three brigades, under the command of General Fitzhugh Lee. Deserters report that it was the intention to capture the entire garrison at Petersburg, take New Creek and Cumberland, destroy our bridges, break the railroad, burning the bridges. The great rain has thus far resulted in a complete failure. An attempt was made to surround Averell's command, but was turned by a portion of the enemy's force. With this exception they have not been able to intimate pursuit in any injury.

On the 19th of January a battalion of Maryland cavalry was attacked by Mosby's guerrillas. After severe fighting for an hour and a half, the enemy was driven off and wounded on the field; among the dead were four officers. We lost two killed and eleven wounded.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

AN expedition under Colonel M'Cherney, of the First North Carolina Cavalry, left New Berne, North Carolina, on 20, for Greenville, met the enemy near Washington and defeated them. The lieutenant-colonel in China troops in charge was killed. The loss on the other side was not lieutenant and five men. The troops engaged on our side were ingrams.

CHARLESTON.

Our direct intelligence from Charleston to the 7th of January. On that day General Gilmore had thrown twenty shells enough into the city to set it on fire, but no such result was achieved. A week before, however, the same number had been thrown into the city, and had set fire to the city, causing an extensive conflagration. Heretofore, it is said, the shells generally struck the earth and rebel batteries, and thus their object. This fault is said to be remedied by the use of the Parrott shell, by which the explosion takes place at the proper moment.

NEW ORLEANS AND TEXAS.

THE Department of the Gulf, by General Orders dated January 5. Information had been received from various sources of a combined movement of the rebels organized on the part of the rebels. It was said that all the rebel troops who have been operating on the Mississippi, on the west side of the Mississippi and other points, were gathering for Central Texas, and subsequently, with a heavy army, to attack or new acquisitions on the coast of Texas, and would probably be a number of thousand men. Preparations have been made to meet this rebel force as well as possible with the number of troops at his command.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

The Richmond *Inquirer*, of December 31, says that the gloomiest view of the situation has been conducted; that neither the hopes of intervention, nor the fall in the spirits of the rebels in 1861, nor the victory of Fredericksburg in 1862, checks them, at the conclusion of the past year. It admits that the check given to General Sherman's advance and that the successful defense of Vicksburg, etc., are a poor set-off to the severe loss of Tennessee, and to the fall of the mountainous assault of Knoxville.

FRAUDS IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Fraudulent transactions by persons occupying important positions in the New York Custom-house are reported to have been detected. Several arrests have been made, and the alleged culprits have been sent to Fort Lafayette. The following is the list of persons thus committed:

THE CASE OF THE "CHESAPEAKE."

The case of the *Chesapeake* before the British Admiralty Court at Halifax, Judge Stuart said he was of the opinion that the vessel should be given up to her owners. The counsel for the Confederates asked him to contemplate the possibility of an application for the vessel on the part of the Confederate States. Judge Stuart said he would not. The Advocate-General for the Crown also expressed his opinion that the vessel should be given up to the owners. The case is still open.—Several persons have been under examination relative to the matter, charged with receiving the three prisoners taken on the *Chesapeake* from the U. S. steamer *Ella and Anna*, in New York; but they must be legally decided, and should be handed over to the Crown officers. They were privately sent away to avoid for their appearance before the Supreme Court.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

No intelligence of special importance has reached us during the week. Advices from Poland to the 31st of December are hardly characteric.—No collision had occurred between the Russian troops and the insurgents.—Field-Marshal Prince Friedrich had been proclaimed sovereign in opposition to the King of Denmark, and at least five votes had been illuminated in consequence. This town was evacuated on the 24th of December by the Danes, at the approach of the Federal forces.—It is said that the Monarchland, the builders of the Confederate ram in Great Britain, had refused to sell them, though they had received several offers.—The United States Ministers at London and Paris were making strenuous efforts to prevent the escape of the rebel steamer *Rappahannock*, then lying at Calais.—An incendiary movement in Hungary, with Kossuth at its head, is reported to have been commenced.

INDIA.

The hostilities in India, the breaking out of which was noted in our number for January 9, have assumed an alarming aspect. The first accounts merely stated that some of the Hill Tribes attacked an English position, drove it, broke, but finally repulsed, the British garrison, leaving 158 men, in killed and wounded, most of them being native troops. Subsequent accounts speak of a series of engagements, from October 30 to November 24, in which the British lost 1,000 men, more than 600 being killed and wounded. The Indian papers consider the affair serious. One says, "We are no longer engaged in an insignificant row with a few men in a few mountains, but with a powerful force, in an almost inaccessible country. It is difficult to overrate." Another says, "It is clear that our position there is a critical one, and that the most effective measures must now be adopted to save our force from annihilation."

MEXICO.

From Mexico our accounts, derived from various sources, are utterly conflicting. The general tenor of those which appear to be most reliable represent the French and "patriotists" as meeting with almost uniform success in the progress of their movement through the country.—Under the 8th of December they took possession of Guanajuato. The Mexicans, under Doblado, retreated toward Zacatecas, having destroyed the aqueduct, water reservoirs, mining works, and burning and leaving the country a desert. They were pursued by a division of the French army.—On the 9th of December they, at the approach of the French, was defeated near Guadalajara by the loyalists, under General Ogazon, with about 500 prisoners. The numbers on each side are stated at 3,000.—On the 17th of that month the Mexicans attacked the rear guard of the French, attacked them at Morelia, where they were strongly intrenched. The fight continued for five days, in the course of 2000 killed and wounded, out of an entire force of 3500. A letter from Senor Juarez, dated January 1, 1864, has been published, in which he says that he trusts, when our war is ended, we may be prepared to aid you in the Mexicans, for the purpose of driving the French from the continent. In the mean while the Mexicans can only carry on a guerrilla war.

ST. DOMINGO.

Some months ago the Spanish Government took formal possession of and "reannexed" to Spain the Republic of St. Domingo, which was founded by the negroes in the insurrection against the Spaniards broke out not long after, and a desultory warfare has since been carried on, apparently being in favor of the Spaniards. Present appearances indicate that this war is drawing to a close.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

A GENERAL court-martial, held in the Army of the Potomac, has recently passed the following sentences:

Major Le Roy Sunderland, Ninth Regiment cavalry, for absence without leave, misbehavior before the enemy, and conduct prejudicial to good order and patriotism, dismissed the service of the United States.

First Lieutenant Charles Wilson, Third Indiana Cavalry, for drunkenness and conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, to be dismissed the service of the United States.

Captain William D. Fauldino, Fifty-sixth New York Volunteers, for drunkenness, to be cashiered, and be dismissed.

Second-Lieutenant Lafayette Cashion, Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, knowingly making a false return of the clothing of his company, to be cashiered.

First-Lieutenant John Galvin, Seventy-first New York Volunteers, for drunkenness on duty, etc., to be cashiered.

First-Lieutenant Reuben R. Wynn, One hundred and Fourth New York Volunteers, for disobedience of orders and absence without leave, to be dismissed.

Second Lieutenant Charles W. Gaskin, Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, disobedience of orders, drunkenness on duty, and neglect of duty, to be dismissed from the service, and to be forever disqualified to hold any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States.

Second Lieutenant Urib. D. Bullos, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers, misbehavior in the face of the enemy, to be dismissed with loss of pay and allowances.

Private Joseph Richardson and Corporal David M'Gahan, Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers; Private Lieutenant Wm. Ellis, Fifth Maine Volunteers; Private and Private Peter Chatelaynt, Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, for desertion, to forfeit all pay which they were sentenced to be shot.

General Orders No. 1 has been reported, it to be given a command in Texas.

General Grant has been ordered to report to General Grant at Knoxville.

Major-General Curtis has been assigned the command of the Department of Kansas, which consists of Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and the Indian Territory.

Governor Brough, of Ohio, has issued a proclamation ordering military commandants, where a loyal citizen is liable to be drafted or conscripted, to assist the rebel sympathizers in the vicinity of the outrage.

Captain Semmes has been appointed to the service on account of his difficulty with Lieutenant Cuyes, at Cincinnati, but he declined to take any position.

There were 10,529 Federal prisoners in Richmond on the 18th ult. There were eleven deaths among them on the same day.

About $7000 have been collected lately at Paris for the Salisbury Committee. A concert by the choir of the Madeleine Church, and a fancy fair in aid of this fund, at which the performers will sell, will take place in January.

The Confederate army of the Southwest has gone into winter-quarters at Dalton.

The following list of sick soldiers have died in Washington since the 1st of January and been buried by the Government: Isaac Hoffman, 72d Pennsylvania; Jacob Cavin, 6th New York; Henry Warners, 4th New York Artillery; Thomas Lowry, 79th New York Volunteers; Henry Cooney, 150th New York; Geo. C. Sweeny, 1st New York Artillery; Wm. Lewis, 1st New York Artillery; Wm. Ryan, 38th New York; Henry Wiggins, 4th New York Artillery; Jos. Lowry, 79th New York.

Rebel prisoners, spies, and guerrillas, are being sent in small parties to Fort Lafayette. At the latest dates there are now in this institution nine hundred and ninety-seven inmates.

General Thomas has issued an order assessing $10,000 on rebel sympathizers living within ten miles of the encampments of soldiers sent into Kentucky to collect the money to be divided between the families of the soldiers killed.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, Jan. 18.

In pursuance of sentence by General Court-Martial, Lieutenants Isaac N. Whitehead, Nineteenth Indiana; Thomas A. Dunn, Fourth Michigan; Edward Hastings, Pennsylvania; Edward F. Conway, Seventy-first New York; Owen M. Sullivan, Sixty-second New York; Lieutenant Mc-Mee, Forty-seventh New York; and Adjutant Ezekiel Fitzgerald, Fifty-fifth New York Volunteers, were dismissed the service.

The total cost of the Monitors built and being built, will be $25,100,000.

The Seventy-eighth and Fifty-first New York Volunteers are on their way home from the West.

COLORED TROOPS, UNDER GENERAL WILD, LIBERATING SLAVES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 54.]

UNDER THE FLAG.—[SEE PAGE 54.]

NEGRO SOLDIERS LIBERATING SLAVES.

GENERAL WADE'S late raid into the interior of North Carolina abounded in incidents of peculiar interest, from which we have selected a single one as the subject of the illustration on page 52, representing the liberation by the negro battalion of the slaves on Mr. Tarebee's plantation. As the reader may imagine, the scenes we both novel and exciting in all its features. General Wild having scoured the peninsula between Pasquotank and Little Rivers to Elizabeth City, proceeded from the latter place toward Indiantown in Camden County. Having encamped overnight, the column moved on into a rich country which was covered with wealthy plantations. The scene in our sketch represents the colored troops on one of these plantations freeing the slaves. The morning light is shining on their bristling bayonets in the back-ground, and upon a scene in front as ludicrous as it is interesting. The personal effects of the slaves are being gathered together from the outhouses on the plantation and piled, regardless of order, in an old cart, the party meanwhile watching themselves in a promiscuous manner of the Confiscation Act by plundering hens and chickens and longer fowl; and after all of these preliminary arrangements the women and children are (in a double sense) placed on an eminence above their chattels and carted off in triumph, leaving "Ole Massa" to glory in solitude and secession.

UNDER THE FLAG.

The above is the title which we have given to an illustration on page 53, adapted from an exquisite drawing by Thomas, a well known English artist. The original sketch represents the little girl holding a sprig of heather over her grandfather's coffin—for a Christmas emblem not popularly understood in this country. For the misletoe we have substituted a miniature flag of the United States, as an emblem which will be understood and appreciated by all of our readers. The picture, in every other feature unaltered from its original, will speak for itself both to the eye and heart. Let us hope that another New-Year's may find not only our own households under the flag, but also those of our enemies—turned friends.

[FROM CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

On the twelfth of March, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven, Mr. Basil Humpage, merchant and banking-agent, departed from his mansion, shaded by three big elms, in the rural precinct of Jermyn Street, London, and never returned.

It may illustrate his unexampled regularity to mention that, at the expiration of four minutes from the usual time of the merchant's appearance at his office in Cripplegate, the old head clerk turned pale, slid feebly down from his stool, and became temporarily incapacitated from business. He tottered up and down with nervous steps, pausing at every turn, now to gaze half incredulously at the clock, now to gape through the glass partition which fenced off his chief's apartment from the general office, as if he thought it less improbable that that good man should have shot up furtively through the cellarage than be missing altogether from his place. For it was a well-known fancy of the worthy old merchant, who was frequently before, never after, his time, to loiter about the door, in such a manner that, with the last stroke of nine from the neighbouring clock, he might insert his latch-key, and with a general nod, and a "Good-morning, Middlemiss!" to the head clerk, assume his accustomed seat, and commence the duties of the day.

Although Mr. Middlemiss was not a man given to superstitious fancies, it might certainly arise from his bearing on this occasion that the prophetic whisper which sometimes reaches us—who knows from what unearth-place?—far outgoing the ordinational argument for anxiety, had awakened in him a conviction of misfortune with which his reason refused control. At all events, as the minute hand sates past nine the head clerk summoned his best messenger, usually reserved for hurried and important missions, dispatched him, on foot (indeed, but at double hackney-coach pace, to the house of Three Elms.

We shall get there before him.

Mr. Humpage had risen, that long-remembered morning, at his accustomed hour—half past six. There was nothing remarkable in his demeanor or conduct, except that, on rising, he kissed his wife—a circumstance which that lady attributed to their having had a little tiff overnight. The morning standing had not been of a serious character, having nothing worthier to ,,e question whether Polly-my-Lamb should be condemned to wear frilled pantaloons for six months longer, c- pass at once into long short-waisted gowns like her mother. Sleep had interposed, and left the point undecided.

Polly-my-Lamb was the only child of Basil and Alethea Humpage. The name was of her father's sole invention, but had been adopted, first cautiously, then freely, by the entire neighborhood.

The chocolate was ready at half past seven. Mr. Humpage not appearing, a maid went to his dressing-room door and announced that her mistress was waiting breakfast; to which he returned no answer. Another ten minutes, and maid Kezia went again, knocked, and repeated her message. Still no reply.

Polly-my-Lamb was the next embassador. The maid had met her on the stairs, and begged her to speak to master, as she, Kezia, could not make him hear.

The little girl came flying back, with her violet eyes swimming in tears—she could hardly tell why; perhaps it was from peeping through the keyhole; perhaps it was because, for the first time in his life, papa had been deaf to the voice of his darling. At all events, he had locked his door, and would make no audible reply. Was he *there*? Yes, certainly. He could not have been seized with any sudden illness; for she had heard his familiar step move steadily across the room, and had further recognized the peculiar creaking accompanying a particular drawer in his dressing-table, as he opened and reclosed it.

Past eight o'clock. It had now become a matter of impossibility for the punctual merchant to eat his breakfast and appear at his office at the accustomed time, and a message was dispatched to extend through the household. Even deaf Stephen, the footman-butler, whose great red ears had for the last thirty winters been considered sentimental, and who was in the habit of relying for his knowledge of passing events purely upon his own skill in physiognomy, perfectly understood that something was amiss, and pulled off his coat, with the view, it was surmised, of being in a state of general preparation and armament for whatever might ensue.

A thrilling scream from above brought matters to a crisis below. The alarm was re-echoed by the cook, and although to Stephen she only appeared to yawn, the movement that followed quickly understood him. Up-stairs he bounded then, Stephen after. Mrs. Humpage was on her knees at the dressing-room door, knocking, screaming, imploring, in frantic terms, that her husband, himself, she declared, from the clothes-hook on the door. She could hear his boot-heels kicking against it—forgetting, poor lady, that if her supposition were correct he could hardly be expected to comply with her hysterical requests to open the door. The servants' network of their matters' affairs is close. Does it seem strange that every body was so suddenly plunged into consternation? Mr. Humpage had been but half an hour behind-hand in getting over his dressing. But this was the first infraction of a custom of two-and-twenty years. Self-imposed laws have the best observed. Habit is the most orderly establishment, if questioned, that human conduct can suggest—a more reasonable explanation necessary than that they are "master's way."

Mrs. Humpage, making an eager gesture which might be interpreted as an order to break in, Stephen the strong, without further ceremony, put his broad knee against the door, which, secured only by a slight catch, yielded instantly.

The first moment with it served to convince them that no one was in the apartment. The next, Stephen caught his mistress by the arm, and somewhat peremptorily insisted on her leaving the room. His quick sight had managed to sweep in details he did not wish her to be among the first to investigate. With the like determination he had ordered the other women to quit the room, and then, putting a strong restraint upon his own anxious curiosity, secured the door on the outside, and stood on guard like a police officer in Bow Street as fast as his legs would carry him.

A shrewd and able man was Sir James Pothill, at that time chief magistrate; and he, after receiving a hasty communication from Stephen, dispatched a sturdy officer, Bob Ryves, with white neckcloth, and long red waistcoat—called a "runner" because they always walked—to the house of Three Elms.

Isaac Surtees, the constable-runner, subsequently deposed that, from information which had been conveyed to him, and from certain directions he had received (Stephen had reported "Sam at wrong corner our way," and the magistrate had ordered him to "see about it"), he proceeded to Jermyn Street, Saint James's, where he observed a crowd of persons assembled at the house of Basil Rose, Number Twenty-seven, by the three great hellens, opposite the public, next the chapel, round the corner, left-handside. Information was obtained in the neighborhood, especially in and about the Three Jolly Coonsters, partly owing to what had transpired at Number Twenty-seven, and in the precincts of the miscuous implement of a little boy—by the trowser—on the spikes of the hairy, Number Twenty-seven aforesaid. Admittance was sought, and was admitted in the ordinary way. ("Well, man, we don't suppose you got down the chimney," growled the magistrate.) Servants' hall shoes. There was a large Tom cat in the passage.

"Got on, officer. You need not be *too* precise," said the magistrate.

Likewise a door leading to a back staircase, conducting to apartments on the first floor, through a pantry and anti-room. Pantry locked, and all one, whereby you come to another room, whereof Stephen Gould, the butler, which has lived in the family half twenty years, was in charge by his hearing complete in the great fog of 'twenty-seven, produced from the left-hand pocket of his peach-colored reference inexpressibles, the key.

The apartment—to condense Mr. Surtees's report—was in much the same sort of confusion a gentleman might believe his premises were in, if the burglars were thrown about. In the middle of the room was a large pool of blood—other traces being noticeable in a direction toward the window. The sash of the latter was up, one pane broken, and one cut clean out, as if by a principle diamond. Two towels, on which bloody hands had been wiped, lay near the washing-stand, on the floor. But the most significant trace of all presented itself in the shape of a lock, or tuft of grizzled hair—pronounced by Stephen to be his master's—which was picked up, soaked in blood, and placed in a drawer. There was nothing, apart from this, to indicate that a murderous struggle had taken place, nor, indeed, was that compatible with circumstances at a later period deposed to. The murder—if such it was—must have been effected completely and suddenly, by surprise.

The motive? The closest scrutiny failed to establish the fact that any article of value, with one exception, had been taken away. That exception was the merchant's watch: a chronometer worth, as he had been accustomed to declare, one hundred pounds sterling. Not a drawer, chell, or cupboard, had been disturbed. Gold and silver money was scattered on the table—a massive gold snuff-box, gold pencil-case, and other things of undoubted value—all these were safe. The outrage, whatever its nature, and by whomsoever perpetrated, had been either directed against the person, not the property, of the missing man.

The singul rity of the circumstances, even at a period too much stained with desperate crimes, attracted unusual attention. The merchant had been held in high esteem by a very large circle of acquaintance. A magistrate himself, Sir James Pothill, had been of the number of his friends.

After hearing the testimony of the officer Surtees, and, also, of other witnesses, Sir James took with him two of his most astute thief-catchers, and went down in person to examine the premises.

The visit was barren. Nothing must have been effected was twenty-five feet from the ground. It was at the side of the house fronting the elm-trees, and looked down upon a narrow but well-frequented thoroughfare, faced on the off-side by an iron railing, and leading into Piccadilly.

To believe that through such a window, in broad daylight, a gentleman murderously assailed in the very midst of his family and dependents, could have been taken away secretly and successfully smuggled, and borne safely away, was more than the magistrate, familiar with the modus operandi, and the usual haunts of crime, could school his mind to do. It seemed absolutely incredible that no alarm should have been given. Presuming that a sudden and well-delivered blow had rendered the victim insensible, how lower and transport away the insensate body, without exciting the curiosity and suspicion of the passengers, from whom the presence the alley was scarcely for a moment free?

Sir James Pothill was leaning from the window, revolving the matter in his mind, and wondering, casually, how far a slender leaden water-pipe which passed up to the roof almost within arm's-reach might have been concerned with the burglar's successful entrance, when a squabble of the boys in the back-way attracted his attention.

A little burlesque of a highly popular ceremony appeared to be in progress.

The assistants were of the group, with his elbows pinioned, his hands tied, and a dirty Welsh nightcap half concealing his blubbered face, was lifted on the shoulders of a porter, by way of ladder, while an amateur Ketch in corduroys endeavored to adjust a fragment of rope round his neck. A fourth performer, with a long, frouzy hair ensconced down over his face, and a sheet of street-ballads in his hand, enacted the part of reverend ordinary.

The spectacle was, however, rendered a decidedly impenitent and contentious frame of mind. It was clear that he repudiated the whole proceedings, and now rebelliously, and bowed to an extent that had already filled the narrow thoroughfare with deeply-interested spectators, who, with an instinctive reverence for the more majestic aspects of the law, offered no interposition whatever.

Annoyed, as well he might be, at this unbecoming travesty of one of the most venerable and cherished institutions, the excellent magistrate shouted angrily to the boys to disperse, making signs, moreover, to one of the mounted fellows, whose figure, in the distance, to scatter the tumultuous assemblage. The condemned urchin was quickly reprieved, and the latter, mounted on his back, was in the act of joining with the executioner and chaplain in a savage dance round his deliverer, when the latter was seen to pause upon and recognize him.

After a minute, during which certain inquiry of much interest seemed to be proceeding, the officer entered the house, accompanied by the boy, from whose neck he had taken the piece of cord. The boy had been the first to find the watch early in the morning, saying that he had picked it up under the window of the dressing-room. It bore at that time fresh marks of blood, and there was a noise at the end, which circumstance had perhaps suggested to the juvenile populace the idea of playing the little instrument that had just been interrupted.

There was no reason to doubt the boy's statement. After the most cursory view of the premises, suggesting nothing more than a supposition that the cord might have been a portion of that used in venetian-blinds, the boy, with his hearing complete in the great fog of 'twenty-seven, produced from the left-hand pocket of his peach-colored reference inexpressibles, the key.

The apartment—to condense Mr. Surtees's report—was in much the same sort of confusion a gentleman might believe his premises were in, if the burglars were thrown about. In the middle of the room was a large pool of blood—other traces being noticeable in a direction toward the window. The sash of the latter was up, one pane broken, and one cut clean out, as if by a principle diamond. Two towels, on which bloody hands had been wiped, lay near the washing-stand, on the floor. But the most significant trace of all presented itself in the shape of a lock, or tuft of grizzled hair—pronounced by Stephen to be his master's—which was picked up, soaked in blood, and placed in a drawer. There was nothing, apart from this, to indicate that a murderous struggle had taken place, nor, indeed, was that compatible with circumstances at a later period deposed to. The murder—if such it was—must have been effected completely and suddenly, by surprise.

The motive? The closest scrutiny failed to establish the fact that any article of value, with one exception, had been taken away. That exception was the merchant's watch: a chronometer worth, as he had been accustomed to declare, one hundred guineas. There were the points of a good partisan leader about Lord Lob. Alas! that he had never skirmished against any thing but law and justice. He wanted nothing but social order, dispelled no foe but his peaceful fellow-citizens!

The pillage of a bank, an opulent City warehouse, a goldsmith's shop, the waylaying of a distinguished band of travelers, the forging and uttering of notes of startling amount occasionally (by way of variety), the running a perfect agency full of silk and spirits under the very noses of the excise officers—these were the meanest matters to which Lord Lob's genius would nothing but descend.

He had no need of much money. He had wretched of smaller vices. Such poor excesses as drink and play he had long since abandoned to those aristocratic bloods of the day; but when he had absolutely not a great remaining, my lord would quietly step into his carriage, and, sallying forth on the fashorite preserve, the Lincoln road, take the first purse he judged weighty enough for present necessities. He did this at his pleasure, on the leader's sole prerogative; all other proceedings of the gang being carried on in concert, and with a common end.

These gentlemen, who had given themselves the name of the "Black-Thumbs," numbered about thirty, seldom more, as it was thought that any larger circle might include a traitor or two; seldom fewer, for no sooner did the insatiate maw of justice devour a member of the brotherhood than another stepped eagerly into the shoes kicked off at the gibbet. Such casualties, however, were far from numerous, even in those regretted "good old days," when nothing in the range of sublavar was considered by the people bonded; for every well-known Black-Thumb was adored as he was daring, and there was, moreover, a law—which being the only one recognized by the fraternity was complied with the more fidelity—that no member of their little commonwealth should imperil his valuable existence by the commission of crimes so long as any greater action was impending.

To their leader one and all were heartily devoted, executing his every command—whatever it was—both with that blind and absolute confidence which goes far toward insuring the rapidity of success.

Lord Lob, it will be seen, was a man of very startling outrage, marked with peculiar features, was added to the daily catalogue of crime, suspicion, as to the author, naturally turned upon the dreaded Black-Thumbs, and hence the worthy magistrate believed he saw the impression of these sooty digits in the hall he was investigating.

As yet, he felt, the conclusion was premature, and suggested by the mysterious and motiveless character of the outrage.

What, in the first place, was its real nature?

It must have been one of three things: a planned assassination, an interrupted burglary, or a vindictive supervening. A simple abduction, or kidnapping.

That it was a purposed assassination seemed the least probable of all. The generous, frank old man had not an enemy on earth. It was beyond the pale of likelihood that such a deed could have been attempted under such circumstances, by day, in the victim's own dwelling, when the slightest scuffle would be unavoidably heard. And then, no murderer would multiply the chances of detection tenfold by seeking to remove the mutilated body?

The theory of an interrupted robbery was surely negatived by the fact that those who carried off the body might with infinitely greater facility have possessed themselves of the money and valuables they came to seek. Such things, it has been stated, were left untouched, and they could not escape notice, and in the very drawer that had been heard to open and reclose there was found, on examination, a banknote of large amount, and twenty-three guineas and a half in gold.

As touching the abductional hypothesis, had the object been that of possessing little Master, Polly-my-Lamb, the enterprise, though lawless, were at least intelligible, but what advantage commensurate with the hazard could be realized by assailing him in the possession of the portly person of her excellent father?

After an interview with Mrs. Humpage—a kind but weak-minded woman, whom alarm and anxiety had rendered nearly imbecile—and with Polly-my-Lamb, who, being looked on as a lily, but sensible wept nor lamented, the magistrate returned to his office in a moot of unaccustomed depression. He was about to recall from some important country service an officer named Henry Armour, distinguished no less for his bull-dog courage than the sagacity that he should be tracked like a wild beast. Mr. Armour, however, was beyond recall. The game he had been hunting had, for once, given him the slip in Liverpool, and away for North America. Without a moment's hesitation the stanch pursuer had flung a brace of pistols into his valise, and had started in chase by a ship then in the act of clearing out. So, for some months, Henry was not available.

The affairs of the missing gentleman were found to be in perfect order and high prosperity. For the last two or three years, as much of his private business as could be done profitably restricting the sphere of his commercial operations, with the intention of withdrawing altogether from business as soon as practicable. This circumstance greatly facilitated the scrutiny that took place. The result of it went to show that Mr. Humpage had been in a position to retire with a fortune of upward of ninety thousand pounds.

By the time this conclusion was established poor Mrs. Humpage was no longer in a condition to take much interest in the matter. Many months had now passed since her husband's disappearance, and yet her health, whether bodily or mental, showed no symptom of recovering from the shock it had sustained. On the contrary, as hope faded, her feebleness of frame and disturbance of spirit augmented together. She was rapidly sinking into imbecility, and presently conceived an idea that her husband was not only alive, but in his own house, observing, however, some peculiar line of

conduct which she could not comprehend. She was perpetually hearing his voice or eyes. Sometimes caught sight of him as he passed from room to room, and on one occasion believed that he had entered her dressing-room, and bitterly upbraided her with failing to send aid to him in the deadly scuffle in which his life was taken (such was her incoherent story), and now with employing insufficient means for the detection of his murderers. It was in vain to combat these hallucinations, in which she was at last permitted to indulge. Before the expiration of a twelvemonth from the fatal day the poor woman had sunk into a state which admitted no hope of amendment.

The change that had come over Polly-my-Lamb's mind was, though widely different, scarcely less remarkable. Those months of feverish anxiety had dealt with her as might an unnaturally fervid atmosphere with blossoms of another kind, and had led to a forced maturity. Gone, gone forever, was the merry, saucy little romp, whose whole existence was like a continuous laugh; from whom sweet fun sprang itself could scarcely chase away the smile; whose small feet, decorated with the well-known frilled pantaloons, came twinkling down street, sending thrills of delight and jealousy to the hearts of the susceptible youthhood of the precinct, whose idol and empress she had been. In place of her, there sat beside the mother's bed a calm, stern, self-reliant, jealous-judging little woman.

Between Polly-my-Lamb and her kind papa there had existed a degree of attachment rarely witnessed even in that dear relationship. Except in those hours when the elder play-fellow was immersed in business, the two were seldom seen apart; and it is certain that the merchant would have grudged even that momentary interval of separation from his darling, had it not been devoted to the work of building up for her a fortune it was his intention to tender, according to the estimate of that time, liberal.

That state of amusement with which youth receives the first fuller in the battle of life, like a wound that stuns, came mercifully to deaden the actual smart of the child's wound at first. Polly-my-Lamb could not at all realize the fact that her father was *gone*. Her heart seemed to grope round in a bewildered way, seeking something that was missing from its daily sensible existence. Then, after a little time, the child rallied her reasoning powers—proceeded to deduction from by the necessity of attending much to her mother, whose grief, loud and incessant, importuned all within its reach. Strength is gained by helping the weak. The child then began to reflect, and to be strong. Bitter as was her grief, and deep the wound that was galled and irritated by every sight and object the household circle supplied, the sentiments of rage and revenge were entirely dominant. Polly-my-Lamb would have marched to the fiery stake (women did so, in her day, for counterfeiting crown pieces in pewter), if she could by no other means have included in that torture the assassins of her father.

Before the close of the year a second victim was borne from the mansion of the Three Bells. Mrs. Humpage yielded up her life and sorrows, and was laid to rest in the neighboring vaults of Saint James the Martyr.

CHAPTER II.

So poor Polly-my-Lamb was left in the rich desolate house alone. Neither of her parents possessed any near relations. As for friends, the sad mischief rebelled every attempt to comfort her, every offer to bear her company, in her affliction.

Two weeks only, after a short time, were admitted, Mr. Bellamy, the family solicitor, and Sir James Pothill, the chief magistrate. The former laid before her her father's will, in which he had bequeathed one half of his large fortune to his wife, with remainder to his daughter, the other moiety to trustees, for the benefit of the latter until her marriage or coming of age. Thus the whole property, producing, in those days, nearly six thousand pounds income, would likely to centre shortly in the little young mistress, now just fifteen, of the house of Three Elms. Sir James could with difficulty repress a look of complete a transformation had for last two or three months effected in the appearance and demeanor of his young friend. He had come to visit the little thing, as on former occasions, in a sort of cressing, comforting, head-patting way, and here was a young woman with set features and chill blue eyes, waving him to a somewhat distant seat, and awaiting with polite frigidity the explanation of his visit.

Sir James found himself stammering words of commonplace condolence, and general offers of service, and was scarcely astonished when she cut him short:

"You can neither help nor comfort me, Sir, nor can you even recompense for this injury"—(little benevolent look stopped her as though he had held up a warning hand)—"interruption of the grief I prefer to indulge in privacy, except in one case. Tell me that the law has overtaken the—murderers."

A deadly paleness overspread her face as she ground the last word, almost inaudible, between her set teeth.

"Such tidings, my dear young lady, we hope shortly—"

"I know, I know!" burst in the child, clutching her fingers together, and beating them impatiently against her bosom. "Always the same, always the same!"

"We—we have done our utmost," replied Sir James, rising.

"I am glad to hear you say so," was the unexpected answer. "It is time, then, that others began."

"My dear?"

"It can never be meant that this wicked murder should go unpunished, even in a world that can not, as it seems, administer the laws it makes as well as that it is to be found out, and it shall—yes, it *shall*," she added, her eyes wide open, and gleaming like a sibyl's. "If you can not trace these wicked men, I—child as you think me—will do it. For me other and will I breathe. The wealth he left will help to secure it. Henceforth I know no hope, no care, no pleasure, but to revenge his death. If you will to be assured that I am in earnest, read this."

And she put into his hand a copy of the *Newsman*, published that day.

The magistrate read:

"A reward of one thousand pounds sterling will be paid to whosoever shall furnish reliable information touching the disposal of the body, living or dead, of Basil Humpage merchant, of Kenyon Street. Address the Police-office, Bow Street."

"This is tempting, indeed," said Sir James. "When was this notice sent?"

"Yesterday."

"And your friends—do they approve this offer?"

"I have no friends—and I want no father."

"Well, well, my dear," said the good magistrate, "I, at least, have no right to thwart your plans, though we can not delight in your action. You are a young lady of remarkable energy and self-reliance. If these be well directed, good results may no doubt follow; as strongly they had been the fruits of greater experience. I was about to tell you, a moment since, that I hope to-morrow to introduce a new auxiliary, for whom I have been waiting somewhat anxiously. For the present, farewell."

Polly-my-Lamb sat at the window this day, for the first time since her mother's death, and looked out with orphan eyes upon the world. It was dreary, dripping weather. At intervals the wind swept the street, which was filled with staggering chairs, the bearers hardly able to make good their way against the storm and the load of mud strewn.

The poor child's eyes were hot and dry, but her heart was full of tears. One thought possessed her wholly, raged within her, consumed her, as either. But, how to obtain it? Scheme after scheme was revolved and dismissed, as being too-contrived grasp, but from the difficulties that attended every attempt to reduce them to detail. Thus it was not so easy, in practice, to realize a project of dispatching men, each sworn, upon enlistment, to spend the last drop of his blood in the quest of Humpage. There were, again, the difficulties lying in the way of fitting out a vessel for the purpose of visiting every country in the world, and ransacking its jails for any relentless villain within it, for months to come. Polly-my-Lamb might have been kneeling before the portrait of her father, pledging herself to Heaven, by the most solemn vows and with fearful earnestness, to yield her hand and fortune only to him who should discover and make known to her her father's fate.

She was happier after that. Polly-my-Lamb resented herself in the window, and once more gazed out upon the dreary street.

What object can that be that first enchains her eyes with a fixed and wondering gaze, then makes her reckless, flings every thought away, and yet again steal back for another wistful look?

Nothing more extraordinary than a little white face, under yellow ringlets, and a little yellow hair, through which two large heavy-lidded eyes gaze sadly out, as if answering for the fate of the world at large. A little girl about her own age, supported by pillows, in the window of the opposite house. The little lady's first impression on seeing her was that her worst invalid was one of pity—her second, of mingled wonder and interest, as the singular beauty that even such trying circumstances could not wholly reveal itself. Divided from him only by a few yards, she could easily distinguish the change of expression that each hour wrought upon it; up every lineament, as he faintly put back the clustering locks, and fastened his large eyes upon his young neighbor, as if to make sure that for which alone he had fought successfully with death.

"If it were not sick, I should have imagined it an angel," thought Polly-my-Lamb, simply.

She had shrunk, with instinctive delicacy, from the fixed gaze, but now crept back for a moment. The sick face had returned the languid gratify again at sight of her, light and color reappeared, while the large eager eyes feasted hungrily as before. The girls next began to talk—challenging counsel of reason or will—replying at once to this strange homage. Who and what could he be?

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

SOME years ago two gentlemen and a lady had taken their places in the diligence from Paris to Havre. One of the gentlemen, M. Malleput, a merchant of the capital, as indolent in mind as in body, slept profoundly from the commencement; the other, M. Lussac, a commercial traveler, a person of a very animated character, did not allow his tongue to rest a minute. Among other things which he mentioned he let it escape that he had on him fifteen thousand francs in bank-bills, and that the greater part of the sum was intended for the purchase of colonial produce, and the rest as a present for his wife.

M. Malleput, on the contrary, during the rare intervals when he was sufficiently awake to speak, said simply that he was going to Havre.

The diligence arrived at Honfleur, where the horses were changed. As the road from that point ascends, the conductor proposed to the travelers that they should walk up hill. Lussac embraced the proposal with pleasure, and Malleput, from politeness, affected to be no less delighted, though, in fact, he had no desire to put his legs in movement.

They both started up the hill, then, and the diligence followed them.

Soon darkness came on. But the travelers continued to hear the diligence rolling behind them. At the end of some time they both remarked that they had wandered from the right road. They wished to return, but, the sound of the wheels being no longer reached them. The indolent Malleput grew afraid. Muttering a few oaths he began in much of a more rapid rate, and this sudden change gave birth in the soul of M. Lussac to a soubre pervertissant. Remembering his imprudent avowal about the fifteen thousand francs which he had with him, the most lugubrious ideas agitated his mind. He asked himself whether his companion and the conductor to rob him in some solitary place. Perhaps, he also thought, another accomplice might be lurking in some spot near, ready to pounce on him. In truth poor Lussac deemed himself a lost man; he determined, therefore, to be on his guard.

With regard to Malleput, when he saw Lussac become suddenly silent, he at once conceived similar suspicions of the disposition of his companion. He had not, it is true, like Lussac, been guilty of any indiscretion endangering his own interests; but his pockets were filled with important papers, and the avowal of his companion appeared to him now only an adroit trick to inspire him with confidence. Keeping at a great distance from the other on each other, the two travelers watched each other's movements. At last a march coming in the way forced them into contact with one another, even partly. Their alarm and distrust went on increasing. Malleput raised his hand to wipe his brow, bathed with perspiration. He took this movement to think that he saw in his companion's hand an instrument of murder. Then, he resolved to engage in a fight, he likewise raised his hand to take a pinch of snuff. Malleput, seeing this, stooped down to the muddy pavement, and picked up a pebble.

After some time passed in the anguish of these mutual suspicions, Lussac determined to give vent to his fears. "My dear sir," he said, in a low tone, "be thoroughly on our guard here. It is the very demon himself who has thrown us thus on the high-road in the midst of the night. Fortunately if we meet with any misfortune or attack there is nothing to be found on me but empty pockets."

"Indeed," replied Malleput, "you surely forget the fifteen thousand francs which you have with you."

"Oh! that was all nonsense," cried Lussac; "my words on this point were the merest wind, of course I was only joking."

This speech did not fail to increase the terror of Malleput.

"Well, whatever happens," he said, after a few moments' reflection, "I am determined not to yield till I have fired my pistol as often as I can."

"Pistol!" exclaimed Lussac; "but do you not know that it is useless to carry arms?"

"Forbidden, do you say?" continued Malleput, assuming an air of great courage: "there are resolute fellows, however, who do not much regard—who, in fact, laugh at—such prohibitions."

This conversation was interrupted by the trot of the horse; the driver, in addition, who told our travelers that they had gone astray, and that they had, at least, a walk of two hours to the nearest posting-station. At this unwelcome news, Lussac sought relief in furious oaths.

Presently a carriage passed; Malleput and Lussac rushed toward it, but Lussac wanted to get up behind, but the coachman struck him so fiercely with his whip that he was forced to let go his hold. He and his companion, then dragging their weary limbs anew along the high-road.

A light gleamed in the distance. Our travelers drowned in perspiration and crushed by fatigue, marched toward the spot where the light was shining. It was a house of entertainment, and a country-house; but they at last succeeded in discovering an inn.

Fresh mishap! All the rooms were occupied but the landlord, yielding after a while to their passionate requests, gave them the room which he had reserved for himself, and which was, however, the two companions felt the irresistible need for some food. The delay caused by the repast was marked by a new incident, and in exactly the same silence Malleput and Lussac prepared with their exhausted frames to taste the sweets of repose.

"The moment is critical," thought Malleput.

"I shall pretend to be asleep. I shall even snore with tolerable emphasis if needful; but I shall keep myself alert for the least sign of danger."

As for M. Lussac, after having slipped his portfolio under his pillow, wished his companion good-night, and blown out the candle, he placed himself as coolly in the bed as he could, but kept his eyes fixed in the darkness on the corner of the room where the traveler lay.

Two hours passed away, marked by the most complete immobility on both sides. The first feeble light of the dawn was beginning to peep through when M. Lussac perceived his neighbor rising with precaution, and approaching his own bed on tip-toe. Malleput then stopped close to M. Lussac's face. M. Lussac's heart beat like a steam-engine. Fortunately, however, he had his knife opened and ready under his pillow. He asked himself whether he ought not to be beforehand with the assassin. But a little cowardice, and the excess of his emotion, forced him to wait, without stirring, the development of events. M. Malleput again gathered some assurance from the air of tranquility which he, who deemed himself a victim, simulated. He went back to bed with contented heart. And the result was, that neither of the travelers having slept, but neither of them also having suffered any greater harm than a good fright, they set out in the course of the afternoon in arm for Rouen. They became intimate friends, and ended by forming a commercial partnership. The house Malleput and Company still prospers at Paris, and each of the partners amuses himself with telling the singular circumstances which led to their business relations. It is never, however, without emotion that M. Malleput hears M. Lussac speaking of the moment when the knife was kept under the bed-clothes for a fatal stab.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE WAYS OF LIFE.

THERE'S a right way, and there's a left way, and there is, also, a middle way. The latter course is apparently the most defined, for meet a decent people in the course of the day, and the chances are that eleven out of the twelve will, if you ask them, "Which are you going on?" instantly reply, "Oh! middling, thank you." There are some middle men in this world than any others.

The other day, one John Double was convicted of bigamy under extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. That was not much; but still, if Double is worthy of his name, has he not a right to have two wives?

"The reason why ladies' watches are made of the diminutive size they are, is because time is generally such a very small object in a lady's eyes.

ODE TO MY WIFE'S MILLINER.

Dearer to me than I dared to think:
Dearer to me than the flowering Pink!
Dearer to me than many a Rose
Of the little Milliners now full blown.
Yet, When she sends me for her bill to call,
Then, then I found she was dearer than all.

LITERARY NOTICE.—*Books for every Month.*—The Bankers' Book, illustrated by the Bank of England. The Bankers' motto, "The times are out of joint." "Some suits for a Barrister, with a long account of the Same," by our own Tailor.

"Masters and mistresses are fond of calling every one 'the best servants or life.' We are extremely curious to know what servants are in the habit of calling their masters and mistresses? Depend upon it, it is something extremely endearing!

If the clerk were to burn a pastille in church, what would be the effect?—That the congregation would be incensed, and the parson in a fume.

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.—The very bluntest observations are often pointed.

SUBSTITUTE FOR EAU SUCRE.—Take a quantity of chalk, and sweeten it with charcoal.

A man attains his majority at twenty-one, but it is difficult to say when a woman attains hers. There are different opinions on the subject. For instance, whoever heard of a lady spoken of as being "under age?"

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPES.

To Stuff a Hen.—First cook the bird; next then invite him to your table, and stuff him with all the good things that you are able. In pressing them upon him do not be rebuffed, and if your heir be young he will soon be nicely stuffed.

To Dish a Bore.—Invite your bore to dinner, and, as the usual invitations must be kept to be sure to come, just drop a casual hint that you intend to have some turtle. This you will be certain to forget to order, and if you tell your cook to send up nothing in its place, and then let your bore sit down to a cold shoulder of mutton, with no pudding to follow, you will find his speech an arrow-minded one.

Economic Curse.—Cut away as much of your corns as you are able, then place your kitchen poker in the fire, and when it is white hot, apply it gently ready to each corn in succession, until you feel quite certain that they are all removed.

QUEER QUERIES.

Ought a pair of trousers which have been obtained on credit to be considered as breaches of trust?

When a man happens to speak with a quiver in his voice, is it right that his speech-an-arrow-minded could?

Would a promissory note which is made payable at sight be a legal tender to an inmate of a blind asylum?

PLAIN TRUTHS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

Clean is nothing unless it is played on the square.

Small talk is like small beer—little of it goes a very great way.

Love talk, unlike the pure truth, is good for nothing when drawn from the well.

Time is money, that is, but no man of the name of Smith likes being joked about it.

Talking of dogs, the late Mr. Job Caudle was wont to remark, in his quaint way, that children, that Ma's tiffs were utterly, destructive of Pa's time.

Never interrupt ladies when speaking—you may beg of something to be allowed to finish the sentence.

To the Editor.—Sir, I am about to write a letter on this rule, is it perhaps where one of the interlocutors is a Solicitor-at-Law.

THE NEAREST APPROACH TO THE MILLENNIUM.—If we would only love others one half as much as we love ourselves, what a happy world it would be!

Pearls are found in oysters, and oysters rarely cost more than a shilling a dozen, but still it strikes us that a man would have to go out to a pretty considerable extent before he could expect to meet with a single pearl.

At Abbotsford a little child's cradle is shown, not as belonging to the great poet, but as being actually Sir Walter's Cot!

Mrs. Grundy says she can't abear that nasty prize-fighting, because it sometimes occasions the employment of Lynn Wiggins.

A COMMERCIAL TRUTH.—Money, like a boot, when it's tight, is extremely trying.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DISTRESSED LIFE.—When pretty women are in at the door, the Turkey carpet hangs out of the window.

POOR DYING.—Why is a selfish man a good Christian? Because he loves his neat-money that is, himself.

A short time ago there was in vogue a hand-dress called the sugar-loaf bonnet. Young ladies generally considered it a sweet thing.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—The best thing you can do with measly pork is to cure it.

Grow before meat—as the young lady said when she heard herself too tall to be swallow.

CURE FOR BALDNESS.—Onions rubbed frequently on the head are said to restore the hair. They will certainly make it grow strong.

RETURN OF VETERAN VOLUNTEERS ON FURLOUGH.—[From a Drawing by Mr. Daniel R. Knight.]

THE GREAT STORM IN THE WEST.

THE Western papers come to us full of the most thrilling accounts of the recent great snow-storm in the West, which covered an area of three thousand miles, and was of unparalleled severity. Those who were completely buried against the extremities of cold easily avoided the stinging punishment of this great calamity; but what hurricanes could be between it and exposed poverty! The recital of the sufferings of those on board the Western trains is peculiarly affecting. The Chicago *Times* of the 3d instant tells the story of a single train on its way to that city, and the fearful extremities to which it was reduced. The page is one we give as illustration representing the disastrous incident.

The Michigan Central, due at Chicago at half past 10 o'clock in the evening, reached with considerable difficulty for seven miles—a distance which it was able to reach only at a crawl, the next morning, when the train plunged into an immense drift, which barred all further progress. The situation was one of great peril, and the only hope of rescue lay in the arrival of the Michigan Southern train, which must cross the track of the Central head at a distance of four hundred yards from where the train was imbedded. But who could tell but that this expected train might also be in a like situation? Over a hundred passengers occupied the three passenger cars, and many of them were women and children, besides two wounded soldiers. The fires were almost out, and it not replenished there was no escape from a frozen death. The wood was the only element for the emergency, and, digging through snow-banks ten feet in depth, found some few rails, which they brought on board for fuel. But out of this momentary relief arose a fresh disaster. The widest door of the wood-house being burning, one son brought the stoves and pipes to a red heat, and the roof of one of the cars soon caught fire above. What was to be done? If the flames were not put down every car was doomed, as it was impossible to remove the passengers. The question of life or death rested between the strength of the passengers and the fire. Men, women and children fought the flames with snow, until at length they were thoroughly subdued, when, after the necessary and ornamental bookbinder for the murdered man. Through his influence, not only brother, but the two younger brothers, Ralph and Gerald, received into the same establishment, and worked under him at the bookbinding. Gerald, however, left after a certain time to time, until George could furnish the cottage he had taken, which was somewhat larger and better than Ralph's, and contained a set of rooms and fastidious tastes, which had been cultivated and fostered by the beauty of our employments. Besides, George was a bachelor, without some relative to ask, and though the murdered man was always considered very close and miserly, still he had business sense enough to pay well for the labor he received, and by which George brought repute and money to his establishment.

The last embroidery I ever traced was an altar-cloth of crimson velvet, upon which I had just finished working the letters "I. H. S." with rays of golden glory for the sacred name. Ralph Denning rushed in, ghastly and almost breathless, and followed closely by a policeman. He said, though his white lips scarcely moved, that my father, that old Mr. Saxon had been found dead in the paper-room, and that Willie was missing. Though his voice shook, he spoke distinctly enough to me, police-man could check him, as if to give me a hint to conceal any thing I knew. But I knew nothing. All the money missing had been in a bank-note, and on urgent want of a stitching-woman, but he also required one who would live in the house, as his family were in the country for the winter; and that no person who had applied for the place would consent to that arrangement. To me, on the contrary, it contained a promise of success, which I seized instantly.

"Sir," I said, "I know all the circumstances; but I am willing to live there, and I shall be willing to agree to your terms. I am not easily frightened; and I have been used to living in a house alone for many years."

He seemed relieved by my words and steady tone; but he regarded me with a slight air of surprise and curiosity, owing to my being only a very ordinary person, dressed in the plainest garb of a work-woman. Such terms he proposed were liberal enough, and I agreed to them; the spot; only stipulating him to let me look over the work-rooms and dwelling-place. Mr. Saxon called his assistant to take charge of the shop, and then led the way himself. The house was empty of furniture, save a few articles of the most plain kind. It was to inhabit, and in a kind of office for Mr. Saxon's use directly behind the shop. Passing through the empty chambers—we used the terms he proposed over and entered the binding-room, a large, low, unceiled workshop, containing an old unused printing-press, and the binding-stone and tools

that fatal attic, where the daylight lingered some half-hour after it had forsaken the streets below; and amidst the countless pages of blank paper, wondered whether any of them would ever be employed in sending forth the haunting secret to the world. These walls which I could touch; yonder eye-like window with its beam of disclosing light; those bed sheltered and alone upon the murderer in his deed, as they sheltered and shone upon me. This dead and secret closet, lying in accumulated darkness like a lurking-place for crime, what could not it tell us were the oppressive silence of the tainted attic once broken? The deep shadows always dwelling in the corners and on the steep rafters were only a degree less ghastly, for they seemed still to curtain it, than, the murderous scene itself; yet they were there, as a constant reminder will before my eyes, from morning till evening.

At first there was been expectation to keep me up. Every morning, when I heard George Denning's foot upon the stair, my heart beat with the hope that to-day he would break through his awful reserve. Every evening, as he tarried until all the work-men had left the premises, sometimes lingering and loitering about with a restless step and uncertain air, I felt certain that now he was about to speak. All day long he was in the same room with me. I could look at my moment into his set face, or compel him to reply to my questions about the work; but it was not possible to tear this secret from him after he had sealed it down in his unseen heart. It always seemed so near to me, so close to my possession; not a minute but it was in his power to utter it into my bewildering ears, but no coercing, no supplication of mine could force that minute, or that utterance to come. With a dreary fellowship of despair and bitter regret, we were stifling day after day the love, which had been more the steady and long-tried affection of a man and woman than the fond fancy of a boy and girl. There was in his manner a grave and sufficiently-slight, but also a hopeless silence. It was as if some mute, mar-tirelom had created a knowledge that was essential to me, and I could read at times a faint hint of it in its troubled eyes, but could never hear it in its urgent tongue.

After twelve months of this desperate conflict between us, I was told he was going to be married. The girl was young, silly, pretty creature, who took a fancy to him, and did all the wooing perceivingly herself. The knowledge of it in the way of gossip from the other workmen; but he told me himself a day or two before his wedding, speaking in a low and trembling voice, while his face was turned away from me over his work. I had nothing to say, and my silence provoked him. He threw down his tools, and drew nearer to my table, but slowly and doubtingly.

"Have you no pity?" he cried, with an undertone of suppressed fierceness: "you are sacrificing yourself and me for a wild fancy. I have no secret to tell you; yet you haunt this place with your pale, sickly face, till I shall rather see the ghost of my dead man himself. Rachel, I will marry you now, if you will have me. Or I will pay your passage over to America, if you'd leave this place. Do not torment me with your everlasting presence."

"No," I said; these twelve months my suspicion has been proving, and I'll remain here till I've proved it. Maybe I am ordained to be the avenger of that murder, and I shall find it out in time; in the appointed time. Marry you, George Denning? Marry you, when you know, and I know, that there is a guilty secret on your soul, perhaps even to the crime of murder? We are fellow-workpeople, and we will remain so till the end comes. If there is no consciousness of sin in you, you will at least tolerate my presence."

"I can not," he groaned, "I can not!" and he strode across the floor, and mounted the winding staircase into the paper - room, where he remained during the rest of the day, being busy, as it seemed, with the crowded rooms of paper, with which our present employer overstocked himself until the attic was filled to the roof. I made an errand once to follow him, and found him toiling, with all his great strength, at arranging the heavy packages; and when the time for leaving work came, and he passed through the binding-room where I was waiting for me, he looked darker and haggard with exhaustion. During the past winter I had left off lighting my fire in the kitchen, choosing to sit by the one kept burning in the workroom; and all that night I fancied I heard again the heavy sounds of his day's toil in the attic overhead.

He was married on a Sunday, and came back to work the next day, not allowing himself a full silly young wife even a brief holiday; and once, when in the folly of the first month of marriage she made some effort to follow him to his work-shop, she went home in tears from his stern chiding. I thought his marriage would not touch me; yet it made a sad difference. Hitherto there had been a subtle hope underlying all my suspicion, that the secret was less deadly than I feared, so that once known to me by the extenuating circumstances there might still be a possibility of loving him again, but its confession or its discovery now could never remain so. That was over; and only for Willie's sake, who wrote piteous and heart-broken letters from his place of banishment, I would persevere to the end. A new form of my life began, with no hope in it; only a feverish anxiety in its stead. We were together day after day; more together than he and his wife. As I sat at my sewing-press, stitching the sheets that he bound into books, there was both the perpetual consciousness of the other's presence. Almost every word that varied the quiet of that dreary room was spoken by his voice or mine. Few footsteps crossed the floor save ours. Every movement of the one was heard, seen, felt by the other. I had only to glance aside from my press, and my eye caught his face, grim and stony, yet with flashes of despair under my scrutiny. It was necessary for him to speak to me often, to give instruction or to ask questions about my work, and his voice always faltered as he spoke, but never changed in tone as it did if he were compelled to utter my name. On my side I was very calm, but always watching. Whenever he mounted the corner staircase his last glance showed him that I was noticing and listening to every movement. I knew every expression of his face, and every tone of his voice, so as to measure accurately every emotion that thrilled through his heart and soul. Sometimes for a few words from the pages under my hand, or by a softly sung verse —he used to love my singing—I'd come hymn of pity, burst and tenderness, I could read in his stern features quiver like those of a child in dread of punishment. At him come a day in the middle of the morning, I was seated at my press before him; and in the evening he left me still sitting by side the work-counter. There was no interval of his working life, the daily hours of toil in which he earned his bread, but I was beside him, haunting him—the embodiment of his secret suspicion, set against him as a living sign of an unuttered and as yet undefined accusation.

But this was not all. From his early youth George had been a member of a Methodist congregation, holding a somewhat honorable position among them; and in his religious life I was with him, at his side; noticing, listening, catching up every word he suffered to fall from his lips. All the professions required of a man that were sealed up for from the wrath to come; and if ever hopeless wretches needed to escape from coming wrath, he, George Denning, was one, and I, Rachel Ashley, was another. In our weekly meetings, where each in turn gave an account of his inner life during the past week, I, placed with George, where each in turn gave an account of his inner life during the past week, I, placed with George, where my face could be fixed upon him in that circle where all else sat with closed or downcast eyes, while he gave utterance to his soul's trouble, communplace empty words he dared to speak before me, let his heart burn within him as it would. I was the monitor of his self-condemnation, the dead image of a living fellowship. Twice he broke out into wild, ungovernable lamentations, full of accusing bitterness against me, when others who join in every nerve, and left him without strength or speech; while it was in my power, by a chance statement read here and there, some awful threatening, some dread suggestive verse which hinted at an unknown sin, to have set his pale face in fear, and his quivering conviction, while his strong frame heaved with groans he dared not utter.

But the bitterness of all his—scarcely more has than mine. Alas for the dreary dying away of all the hope and bloom of womanhood! Only seven years of loneliness and forgetfulness, and the seventeen remaining burdened with one maddening thought. I marveled to myself, as day after day I dredged at my task, that I had ever fancied that possessed me against this man, who had been the object of my most tender love. Was it he and I who had wandered hand in hand by the quiet dusk or sleeping moonlight, with low-toned voices and twined hands and half stolen kisses—was it he and I, truth, and love, and confidence had been together? Or was it not some dreamy Paradise, some deception of my crazed brain? Then I scarcely ventured to look at him, lest I see his face looking at me; now it was he whose eyelids fell before my glance, and who turned aside his head and shrunk away from my approach. Even when, as years rolled on, I saw the strong frame showing tokens of early age and incurable decline from the imprisoning air of his mind, I permitted no relenting from my fell purpose. I was rather jealous lest disease should snatch from me this wavasting man, who had stolen my love, and hurt the secret for which I had sacrificed all my womanliness, and for which my brother yet pined in miserable banishment. I also rejoiced in the agonies of despair before this speechless possessor of a secret that had robbed me of all the hopes and joys and love of life.

But it came to pass that after seven years of ceaseless watching, when I had grown old and worn, from into a mere shadow of the substance of my condition, there awoke within me one Eastertide a strange and vehement desire. Through my native town, where I had left no trace of myself, except a vague rumor that I was soon going to join my brother in America, I found myself on my return to take holiday from the eve of Good Friday until Easter Monday, and started forth a gray, nerveless, hollow-eyed woman, to enjoy the sensation of the solitary house into the noise and bustle of the world. Once more, with shaking heart, I trod the doorway of my long-shut-up home. I had left behind me there the eyes and whispers of our two brothers and sisters; and once more I stood before the threshold crossed by my mother's feet and those upon paralytic Sunday evenings I had watched Willie and George going away with many backward glances and gestures of farewell. I had left behind me a home, I'd empty, and deserted like the house I came from, and that I might have wandered alone through the rooms again; but there was the same old familiar window, and the shadows of flitting figures upon the lighted curtains, and I turned away to seek the only spot I had visited for seven years.

It was one of a row of poor alms-houses built amidst the graves of the church-yard, and under the shadow of the church tower. A short flight was trodden down over the little mounds, and I was guided across it by the glimmering from the windows of the small dwellings. Again I turned on a threshold, listening; for I did not know that my father and aged friend was still living, and my heart bounded as the sound of a cheery voice, shrill with years, like the high notes of an old flute, came like music to my ear. It was a voice I remembered well, if the aged woman had done forever with fear or distrust, and was ready to welcome the whole world to her poor hearth.

"Charlotte," I said, faintly, "I am Rachel Holland." Don't you know me? Willie Holland's sister?"

In a moment the withered hand had caught mine, and led me in from the dark night, and seated me in her own chair by the fireside, with many muttered words of delight and amazement. The poor desolate old creature rejoiced over me as if I had been her daughter, and spread her scanty meal for me with the finest edge of hospitable gladness. For a little while, as I looked round the tiny room, unchanged since the time when as a child I came here on busy days at home, to be out of my mother's way, and had played at keeping house, compelling my old dame-woman to leave the work to me and let me wait upon her—for a little while I felt that if but one more shade of forgetfulness would come over my brain, I could be content. I could be once again a buoyant, thoughtless girl. It was not till Charlotte settled herself on the colder side of the hearth and began assiduously from behind her spectacles that the bitterness of the present returned.

"Has thee come across the seas?" she asked, with a woman's keen glance at my poor dress.

"No; I've been at work," I answered; "I've never been in Wales yet."

"Thee has been ailing," she continued, "and fallen behindhand, maybe, with the world. Why did thee not come home to me for a bit, Rachel? Eh! I've thought of thee many a night and day, thee and Willie. Lass, Willie never did that; there's nothing he is said it out loud to satisfy myself; little Willie never could do. But it will be made clear, Rachel, in its own time."

Weeping, she rose from beside me; but I wept then, with old Charlotte's shriveled arm round my neck and her broken voice speaking homely words of comfort. Placed upon my vacancy came ever, and a strange sense of soothing; in being once again cared for and wept with. The alms-woman's simple, cheery attendance contained with, with those rows of polished tins, the sanded floor, the low bed, where I lay down to fitful slumbers, on a level with the window-sill, and looked at the church-yard, and its quiet graves asleep in the moonlight—all seemed to restore me to my childhood. Only now and then, in the midnight silence, there crossed my fancy visions of the empty, echoing, haunted house left behind, with the dead man in the attic, and the locked-up, glass, and ghostly feet gliding to and fro with a silence worse than the sounding of my own steps.

In the morning—the morning of the emblematic passover from the house of bondage—I went to church with Charlotte, and found that I had a chance upon the seats set apart for the alms-women. There was a sense of freedom, a deliverance from a corroding secret, in my joy. I could pray; for George Denning was not in the same house of prayer. Before me, beneath the fair white lines both which crossed and connected elements, was the altar-cloth of crimson velvet with its sacred initials, and the golden lab round them, which had been made by the slender fingers on that horrible doomday that had fallen upon us. The "I. H. S." was just beneath the edge of the snowy cover, and I saw the golden ravage side of the solemn service. Dimly and vaguely, but irresistibly, these words had hold of my thoughts, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

A profound peace—"peace on earth, and goodwill toward all"—possessed me as I left the church with the aged woman, and while the alms-women, in her simple faith, remained for the concluding service, I paced to and fro in the church-yard, past the graves of my parents, with this peace deepening, mingled a strong yearning for action, for returning once more to my house of bondage, and freeing myself at once and forever from the doleful captivity. Even the thought that I should set George Denning free was pleasant to me, for here, close to the lanes and fields where I had played as children, and loitered as lovers, I remembered him as he was before the sear and blight came upon our lives. He, too, should be free on this day of accomplished sacrifice. He also should be forgiven, if he knew not what he did.

The alms-house the aged woman gave me leave to depart; though my face, long set into sorrow, was beginning to soften into a shadowy smile. The day was fine and bright, when I returned to the streets through which I had crept, a bard and desolate woman, the night before; but I had tasted love again, human and divine. I had stooped to taste it, and in my hidden heart I blessed the groups of happy beings whom I passed. The bells of the churches chimed together overhead, making a gladsome music all the way along, as I pressed on to the central street, where my father's house was waiting for me, with its tainted attic and empty chambers. Under a lamp I met George Denning's silly young wife, with a child in her arms, and talking gayly with some companions; but though my heart stopped in its rapturous throbbing for a moment, I moved gently on with my head, and did not permit her laughter, for little mirth had she with her stricken husband. She might have been coming from the house I had left forever, and it rose before me on the opposite side of the street, with its steep roof overtopping all the others; and there in the little dormer-window, unchanged, like a feeble glowworm, there shone the palest, faintest mote of light from within, just visible in the gathering darkness of the night.

I understood the tell-tale beam, and a sudden tingling ran through all my veins. At the very moment it was lighted I comprehended the purpose of my life. I was to receive its fulfillment. I entered the house as silently as death. The smouldering fire upon my hearth was not kindled by me, nor the light for the sounder—at slippers, with which I could steal unheard upon the busy laborer, who was at work upon an universal holiday. Doors that would be creaked under less careful and less steady fingers turned noiselessly upon their hinges as they admitted me; and the smoldering floors gave no warning of my stealthy approach. Only my heart beat, and my pulses throbbed clamorously in my ears, until I had to tarry for a minute underneath the attic, where there was the dull heavy thud of weights and measures being thrown down in bulk, crept partly up the winding stairs, and stood still in the deep shadows where I could see him, myself unseen, at the furthest end of the crowded room. He had been toiling long, for the sweat and white of exhaustion were upon his haggard face, and his white lips were pinched for breath; but still he labored, bearing piles of paper, upon which the dust of years had gathered, out of the dark closet into a scanty space he had cleared, upon the very spot where the murdered man had lain. Each packet he unwrapped and examined carefully, laying it down with a growing pallor and a deeper sigh, and then replacing behind the dark closet door which hid him from my sight. At last he staid so long that I stole on warily over the piled-up papers to see opened door of the secret closet. He had sunk to his knees, and was holding to the feeble light of his candle a yellow page, with writing almost effaced by time—the one stained paper among thousands of blank and empty sheets. His thin and wasted fingers grasped it with a desperate clutch, but he trembled throughout his whole frame, until he could not steady himself to read it. One step forward and I stood beside him, leaning over him, and in a moment detecting that the time-stained lines were in his own handwriting.

"My God!" he gasped, as he felt the touch of my dress, and looked up straight into my bending face; but his painful breath failed him, and he fell prostrate at my feet, only drawing under him the paper which he grasped so desperately. I stood motionless, for before me were passing, in dreary procession, all the years; every day that I had dragged through waiting for this moment; my seared life, and months, and years, crossed in funeral pageant across my bewildered memory, until had all came the vague and dim but heavenly vision, when on the morning of this day I bowed my head in prayer, and, lifted, was my soul, my beautiful thought, "I. H. S." and heard a secret voice in my soul whispering, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

Kneeling by his side, and stooping over him, and laying my hand gently upon the gray head at my feet—

"George, I came back to tell you I would leave this place to-day, and now," I said, "to-day and yesterday Heaven has shown me that there is yet love for me. I have waited for vengeance too long. Now it is made clear to me that I am worse than you, even if you are a murderer; for I have given your destruction body and soul."

"That is true!" he cried, hoarsely, though his voice was very low; "help me, Rachel; I can not rise alone. Help me up."

I lifted him up in my arms and rested his head against me, fanning the stifled air about us to bring him back from his quivering faint. As he revived, he came back a little I supported him over the scattered packets, and opened the narrow window for the refreshing night air to breathe upon us. The streets below were dark and quiet, as with a Sabbath rest from labor, and no illumination rose up from open doors. The stars were come out in their glory, and the moon was shining, though we could not see her own dusters gleaming still the written paper. Yet the dimness of the changes that had come and trouble had made; and in that confused glimmering the features I looked upon were the features of my playmate of two years gone by, my betrothed husband, to whom I had linked myself for life.

"It is fit for me to die here," he muttered; "I have only fifteen inches more and I shall be at fit for me to be buried off at last. Take the paper, Rachel; it is found to late. There, take it; it is no paper to read now. You have waited for it, Rachel."

He thrust the paper in my hand, making a helpless effort to close my fingers upon it, but I let it flow and fall unheeding on the floor. There was no thought in my mind but of the days of old, when he and I were boy and girl together. This hideous secret would be over now, and I should wake to his morning call under my window, and my fearful fancies would be half-laughed and half-caressed away.

"I'd no thought to do it," he said, speaking painfully: "it was only a bond of mine for a hundred pounds, and he never let me rest. I was fitting up my house for Rachel, and he was threatening me with a prison. I was in my mine that night in the closet yonder, and when he found that I had seen him go to it—it was late, and he believed every one in the house to be fast asleep at me like a madman. I never meant to murder him."

The moon had gone under a cloud; and behind us the candle in the attic had burned out, but his face was only a blank whiteness, with two burning eyes in which the light of life glimmered fitfully; and his hands moved slowly and feebly, as if even to glance round the attic, where the evening wind was fluttering and rustling many a sheet of paper, until the whole place seemed alive with restless sounds and movements. I drew his head down again upon my bosom, and laid my cheek against his clammy forehead.

"I was so strong," he murmured, clenching his feeble fingers, "I did not know that death could be so feeble. Rachel, I wrote a confession—it is there on the floor; take care of it when I am gone —and I placed it in a room of which nobody would be opened shortly, only giving me time for a sure escape. But Willie had come back to seek me, and had seen and met fled, for my sake and yours. If the lad had been convicted I would have saved him at the price of my own life; but there was nothing against him, and there would have been every thing against me. When we searched for a trace of the murderer I hid the paper far back in the closet under hundreds of other papers, thinking to secure it when a safe time came. But you have been ever watching me."

Down in the quiet street below there came the patter of children's feet upon the pavement, and the chatter of children's voices. The dying man heard them, and tried to raise himself.

"I have had children," he sighed, "but they never laughed and clapped their hands for me. Another morning it came from their voices to look upon your face, Rachel; and there was always a curse in it. Now the sin of the father will be vis-

ited upon them. You have shut me out from prayer and penitence; you have been a living doom against me. Yet I am dying at last in your arms."

While he whispered, the words falling with difficulty and pain from his faltering tongue, there came to me once more a sense of ineffable peace and love brooding over us. By some subtle and finer influence the dying man shared it, and opened his eyes again to meet mine looking down upon him with that mysterious renewal of affection. All the long-known consolations, which had been to us only as a very pleasant song, or as good failings for others from which we ourselves were shut out, entered into our souls in the hour of their extremest need. The pale evening star, steady but very far away, pointed the beginning of the immeasurable distance that was about to separate us; and from my lips, lying close to his dull ear, there fell, almost unconsciously to myself, the words that had dwelt all day in my heart, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

I descended into the Easter streets from the fatal room, which had been the starting-point of both the murdered man and his murderer, into the boundless eternity. No one knew that I had been there; and without distinct aim or design, only hiding in my bosom the sullied and time-worn paper, I wandered back to the poor alms-house. There, with my face turned to the quiet church-yard, which offered me no refuge, though I longed for it greatly, I lay still and silent through weeks of illness, with the treasured paper in his handwriting lying under my pillow, or held for safety in my feverish hands. Afterward I remember, though vaguely, voyaging over miles of voiceless waters, and hailing Willie, not a heart-broken exile, but happy in a new house, and renouncing the land of his troubles and mine. But I was restless there, and must return; and returning found that the old empty house, with its death-stained attic, had been pulled down as an accursed dwelling, and not one stone of it remained upon another. Yet for me at every Eastertide it is erected again, and the tragedy of my life is acted out once more. Whatever else I forget, or whatever else my mind refuses to receive, there abides with me ever and ever the memory of my fell, remorseless purpose, and of my cruel hatred, darker in its sin than George Denning's unmeditated crime.

HON. LELAND STANFORD, PRESIDENT OF CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

EX-GOVERNOR STANFORD, OF CALIFORNIA.

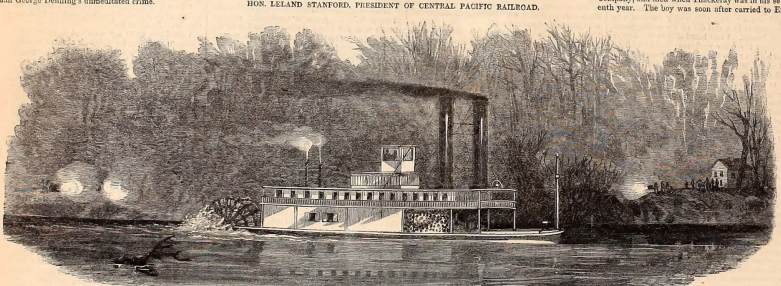
WE present our readers this week with an accurate Portrait of LELAND STANFORD, President of the Central Pacific Railroad of California, and late Governor of that State. The Company of which Mr. Stanford is President was organized in 1861. In 1862 the Pacific Railroad Bill was passed by Congress; and under the provisions of this law the Company are pushing their end of the proposed road across the Sierra Nevada Mountains into the Great Basin, with the permission to continue it until it shall meet and unite with the Eastern section. We need not speak of the importance of this road, which connects the East with the gold-producing region on the coast of the Pacific, and will only say that Governor Stanford has been intimately connected with the enterprise from the first, having at an early period appreciated its value, and having devoted to it much of his time and energy.

THE STEAMER "BRAZIL" FIRED UPON BY GUERRILLAS.

ON this page our readers will find a sketch representing an attack made upon the steamer *Brazil* by a band of guerrillas on the banks of the Mississippi, the 11th of last December. The scene is two miles below Rodney. Two ladies were killed in this attack, and three men wounded. The event has been one of frequent occurrence for several months, though it is hoped measures are already being taken by Government to prevent its repetition.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, one of the great English novelists (whose portrait we give on page 61), was born in Calcutta, in 1811, and died in London on the 24th of December, 1863. His father was a civil officer in the service of the East India Company, and died when Thackeray was in his seventh year. The boy was soon after carried to En-



THE STEAMER "BRAZIL," FIRED UPON BY GUERRILLAS ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT THE UNITED STATES NAVY YARD, MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

gland, but he never forgot the scenes of his earliest childhood, and in his novels the characters and circumstances of Anglo-Indian life vividly reappear. Mr. Jos. Sedley, the Begum, and Colonel Newcome, one of the tenderest and most beautiful characters in fiction, all—as it were—smell of bamboo and camphor trunks. On his way to England the ship touched at St. Helena, and the boy, strolling in the charge of his attendant, saw the Emperor Napoleon, an incident which was always fresh in his memory, and to which he alludes in one of his lectures upon the Georges. In London he was sent to the Charter House School, which he has described in "The Newcomes;" and went afterward to the University at Cambridge, which he left without a degree. His recollections of university life supplied him with the material of delightful chapters in "Pendennis." Soon after leaving Cambridge he came into possession of a pretty fortune of twenty thousand pounds; and to pursue his studies in Art, for which he had much love but less talent, he lived upon the Continent for several years.

Abandoning the profession of an artist, however, in which he felt that he was not likely to excel, and losing much of his fortune by unlucky speculations, he returned to England and devoted himself to literature. His first essays were in the London *Times*, where he wrote a paper upon Fielding, whom he always considered the great master of English fiction; and he contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* a great variety of essays and sketches, sparkling with exuberant humor and satire, under the names of Michel Angelo Titmarsh and George Fitz Boodle. The first, which was his favorite pseudonym, is itself a stroke of his peculiar humor, for he had a Michel-Angelesque nose, and his frame was large and tall, and he assaulted with tremendous vigor what are called the little things of society. In one of the author-portraits of *Fraser* called "Our Contributors" (which is reproduced in Bohn's edition of Father Prout's Reliques), there is the head which we publish in this paper—a score of years younger, but with the same clear, penetrating expression—as of a mind on the scent—and the same unshrinking sincerity and humor—a Saxon Rabelais. Yet so little impression was made by Thackeray's earlier writings that Horne's Spirit of the Age, published in 1848, which contains sketches of many authors now forgotten, does not even mention Michel Angelo Titmarsh.—

THE LATE WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"Jeames's Diary" and "The Snob Papers," published in *Punch*, to which he was one of the most constant and the cleverest contributor, made his reputation.

But "Vanity Fair," begun serially in 1847, the preface of which is dated June 28, 1848, and for which he found a publisher with difficulty, established Thackeray's position among the chief English authors.

"Vanity Fair" was followed by "Pendennis" and "Henry Esmond," and by the Lectures upon the English Humorists, which were delivered in 1851, to great and delighted audiences in London and elsewhere in Great Britain, and subsequently in this country. They were, in many respects—as delivered by him—the most delightful lectures ever heard. His American visit was altogether agreeable and profitable to him. Upon his return to England he published "The Newcomes," the ripest and finest of his works, and the best novel of English society since Fielding's "Tom Jones." This was followed by the Lectures upon the Georges, which were delivered in Great Britain and in America, to which he made a second visit in 1855–6. They were even more popular at home than the earlier series.

Upon his second return to England, mindful of Addison and Prior, Thackeray was not unwilling to try his political chances, and offered himself as a liberal Parliamentary candidate for Oxford in 1857. He was defeated by a majority of 67. He immediately began the serial publication of "The Virginians," a story of English and American life during the Revolution. But his heart was clearly not in the work, and it was less successful than its predecessors. In January, 1860, the *Cornhill Magazine* began under his editorship. He remained in charge of it for two years, and contributed to it "Lovel the Widower," "The Adventures of Philip," and the charming essays lately collected, and the last book of Thackeray, called "The Roundabout Papers." A new novel by him was already announced in the *Cornhill*, but on the day before Christmas, 1863, after but a day's illness, he was found dead in his bed, not having completed his fifty-third year.

We but mention here a few names and dates, which are of permanent interest and significance in English literature. Elsewhere in these pages we endeavor to say something of the character and genius of a great author, of a tender, true, and generous man.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1864.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great assortment sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens: and at the present almost universal High-Premium Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, send "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next colonna.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*suitable for him, after describing to description, viz.:*

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Good Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not considered, for Mailing, a size to number 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Good Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

The Pencils are Gold-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridomin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a dozen of the best Steel Pens: *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

GOLD PENS, WITH GOLD CASES.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size only: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the standard, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Handwriting Points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

FOR GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality.

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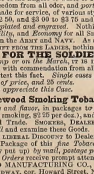

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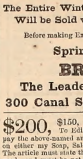

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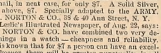

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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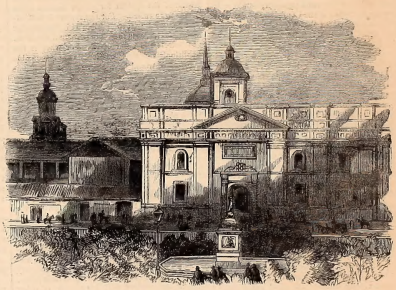
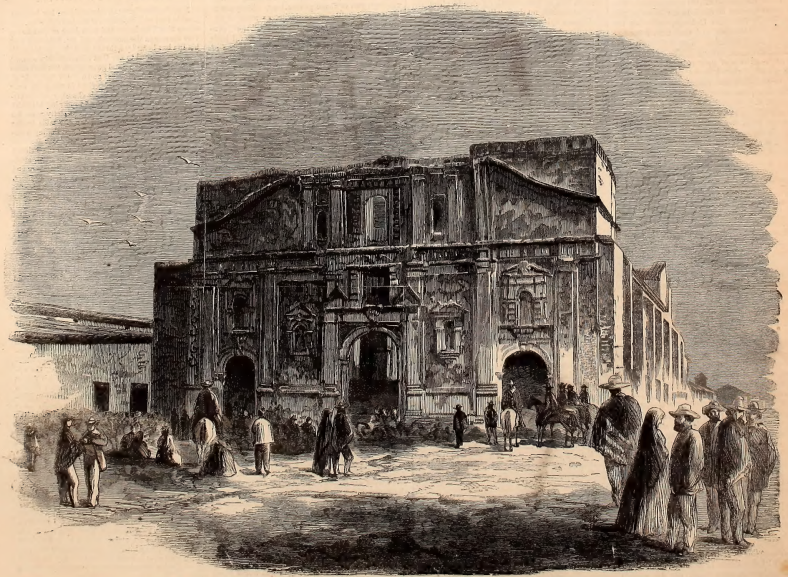
THE CHURCH OF THE COMPANIA IN THE DISTANCE.



THE CHURCH OF THE COMPANIA.



RUINS OF THE CHURCH OF THE COMPÁNIA, AT SANTIAGO, CHILI, AFTER THE CONFLAGRATION.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

REBEL PROSPECTS.

WHAT are the prospects of the rebellion? The year opens upon our firm hold of our advanced lines, but from beyond them comes no sound or sign of submission from the leading rebels. These leaders, of course, contemplate exile as the last resort. But in the mean while what are they waiting for?

The actual situation of affairs within the Confederacy, as we may conveniently call the area of the rebellion, is easily comprehended from any intelligent witness. We had lately the pleasure, for instance, of talking with a Mississippi merchant who left his home at the end of last September. He says that the despondement in the result of the rebellion is universal. The Southern people had been deluded into the belief that secession was the easiest thing in the world, and that peace and prosperity would wait upon the unfolding of the Confederate flag. But they have discovered that a war, which is now more hopeless for them than ever, has already ruined them. Trade is at an end. Money is worthless. All industrial activity of every kind is devoted exclusively to the army. In every little hundred throughout the spare population of the South there is a perfect system of military despotism—the Provost Marshal and his guards exercising a direct supervision over the conduct of men who are individually known, so that the Union men have a tacit understanding only, and every man must always seem zealous in support of the rebel Government. The conscription has swept away every body who can go, and our informant left to avoid being forced into the rebel army. The slaves, who are not ignorant of the reason, are drawn toward the interior; and throughout the rebel domain a terror prevails as absolute as that of France in the worst days of the French Revolution.

Meanwhile the leaders, seeing these things, knowing that general gloom is settling upon the hearts of their followers, that their army is suffering, emaciated, and deserting; that the tenacity of the North begins to tell fatally upon the ardor of the South; that the English Government clearly believes the rebel cause to be hopeless, and no other friend yet appears—still doggedly persist, nor even try the experiment upon the North of a bold offer of negotiation.

What is the ground of this persistence? The late correspondent of the London *Times* in this country, the Chevalier Galenga, said that the rebels were desperate, and that is the reason men who work miracles. But their position is not difficult to comprehend. The leaders know that the condition of their section could not be more wretched than it is. Their army is now the supreme dominant power, and that removes the fear of popular disturbance. While the army is faithful they are safe from revolution; and as the entire industry of the section is tributary to the army, and the army, composed of the poor whites, is well subordinated to its chiefs, so long as those chiefs are faithful the fidelity of the army is tolerably secure. The pledge of the chiefs' fidelity is in their allegiance to their own class, the slaveholders, for whose interest the war is waged, and in their personal peril. The rebel leader of the rebels, therefore, is General Lee, who is called "the great Captain;" and if he should declare himself Dictator there is no personal hold upon popular affection or enthusiasm which could save Jefferson Davis, who is regarded as a cold, aristocratic man, whose ability has not been demonstrated by the event of the war.

The rebel leaders, thus comparatively sure of the army, and consequently of the domestic quiet secured by military despotism, count further upon the ultimate fatigue of the North in waging so costly a war, upon the natural reaction which always follows a prolonged tension of the public mind, and upon the financial confusion which they believe will presently overtake us, as it has already overwhelmed them. They count upon the prejudice against color, and the name Abolitionist, to which the Northern allies of the rebels constantly appeal in the effort to prove the war an "Abolition war;" and upon Copperhead success in persuading the people that if the war is constitutionally waged it is impossible to subdue "our Southern brethren," while if it is not constitutionally waged, then the rebels are no more traitors than we.

To these grounds of rebel persistence must be added the expectation of aid from Louis Napoleon, from the necessities of which the Mexican conquest. For if the Government of the United States subdues the rebellion the French Emperor can not suppose it will remain utterly indifferent to the success of an enterprise undertaken in the full expectation of the overthrow of that Government. But snubbed abroad by Earl Russell in the affair of the European Congress, politely threatened at home with a stoppage of supplies by Thiers, can he retire from Mexico without a loss of prestige fatal to his future? On the other hand, can he remain there upon any terms so sure as the division of this country; and can that be secured so effectively as by direct recognition, treaty as a preferred power, and forcing the blockade? If Europe were likely to assent to such a course he would hardly be deterred under the circumstances by the prospect of a war with this country, because he would rather take the chance of helping the rebels fight us, than of withdrawing from Mexico and losing Europe to recover his prestige. In pondering the question, the struggle of England when he beheld the immediate aggrandizement of France if she assented, and the threatening victory of republican principles in this country if she refused to assent. Her political instinct leads her to fear our success; but her present position seems to imperiled for a policy which planted France upon this continent, giving her the mines of Mexico and the cotton of our Southern States. And as England always acts upon present and not upon future contingencies, we may believe that she would not favor French interference in our struggle.

It is in such considerations that we find the explanation of rebel persistence after their cause is apparently lost. And they point very plainly to our duty. It is to destroy their armies in the field, and the system for whose defense those armies were raised. For the system is radically and absolutely incompatible with free popular government, and is therefore a personal rebellion. The war is the proof of it. For whether the Abolitionists or the Secessionists are responsible for it, there would have been no rebellion Abolitionists nor Secessionists without slavery. Every good man and faithful American citizen, therefore, rejoices that to save the Union it was necessary to destroy slavery, and, destroying slavery to pierce the heart of rebellion.

THE NEW UPRISING.

"IF you can succeed in putting your new army in the field," said a rebel Georgia officer lately to a loyal Captain, "we shall have nothing to put against it." If the Georgia prisoner could take a run through the western part of the State of New York he would not doubt that the new National army was coming; for the enthusiasm of enlistment is as great and universal as it was at the beginning of the war. At every military post the crowds are constantly arriving, and the men who are joining the army are of the very best kind. This is true not only in the States, but, as our readers will have seen, of other States, from Vermont to Indiana. The prolongation of the time for paying the bounties is a wise deference to the financial fatigue of the people, and unless something should check the present feeling, no draft will be needed.

What a splendid and imposing testimony this is to the character of the people! What an evidence, which no foreign statesman and no student of men and history can overlook, of the tenacity and strength of a popular Government! It is the third year of the war; we have spent enormous sums; we have endured disasters, delays, and dangers of every kind; we have seen the noblest and best of the land lay down their lives for the country and human liberty; every call of the lawful authorities has been seconded by the popular heart; the draft, a measure always distasteful, however necessary, precipitates a desperate movement of resistance in the city of New York, which was utterly quelled—has been ostensibly submitted to—and whenever we go to terms;—and now the whole people rises to respond to another call, cheering for the American Union and Liberty until the air rings from the Lakes to the Mississippi.

Let us hope that the great shout may be heard by the hearts of the betrayed and deluded citizens of the Southern States, who feel that the load of despotic chiefs, have taken up arms against the Government of their country. For however deep and just and enduring may be the national indignation with those leaders, however firm may be the national resolution that the cause of rebellion shall be destroyed at the same time with its armed hand, in order that the great mass of Southern men, of every kind and color, may enjoy all their rights and peace be permanent, there is not, we sincerely believe, even in the hearts that have been most deeply broken by the chances of this war, any feeling of hostility to the citizens of the South. Of slavery, which they perceive the Government, by which had left those citizens poor and ignorant and wretched, there is now an intelligent and therefore an immortal hate in the breast of the American people. But the cause of the masses of the country in the North and the South is really one, and therefore it is that we hope the present may be not only an uprising of the North, but an awakening of the South, and consequently a final victory of the people over oligarchs and traitors.

SLAVE CHILDREN.

WHEN the war began two things were inevitable: first, that the loathsome secret history of the slave system in this country would be exposed; and, second, that the appalled and indignant common sense of the people would see that no honorable peace was possible except upon condition of the annihilation of the system. Indeed all that the friends of liberty and human rights in this country have ever asked is the freedom of speech. In the days when the Abolitionists were hunted as wild beasts they said calmly that if they were only allowed to speak and tell the truth their victory was sure. And because through fires of hate and rage they persisted in speaking they are the saviours of American liberty. The slaveholders and their political allies at the North knew equally well that if the constitutional right of discussion were allowed the horrors of the system would be known, and the outraged decency and humanity of the American people would sweep away the iniquity in a flood of wrath. So at the South these gentry hung, and tarred, and feathered, and mobbed every citizen who chose to speak or was suspected of wishing to speak; while at the North the panders of slavery denounced the discussion of the subject, incited mobs against the speakers, and drivled through all their papers and speeches, smooth and dreary slop about the Christianity, and fraternity, and simplicity of "the institution," until people who were prevented by these same efforts from hearing the facts of the case really believed that a society planted upon slavery was a kind of scriptural idyl and patriarchal Arcadia.

The moment these genuine saw political power torn from their hands they knew that the terrible truth would be told, and annihilate their "institution," and therefore they made their grand and desperate movement to destroy the Government and involve us all into common ruin. And they are right so far as they anticipated the consequences of a popular knowledge of slavery. The war has brought the people of this country face to face with the unspeakable infamy of slavery. The working-men of the Free States, now soldiers in the field, no longer owe their knowledge as to what Governor Seymour, or Mr. S. F. B. Morse, or Judge Woodward, or Bishop Hopkins, or any newspaper chooses to say of it to advance a political party: they see for themselves. Here is Mrs. Kemble describes it, as Mr. Olmsted describes it, as Thomas as Jefferson describes it, as John Randolph describes it; there is the record, as no human pen can describe it, exactly as General Butler, so long its apologist through ignorance and partyspirit, found it in New Orleans, and as it is in every State, in every child, on every plantation, a double-handed curse, smiting both slave and master.

A terrible illustration of this truth of the outrage of all natural human affections we present to-day in the engravings, from photographs, of slave children upon page 69 of this paper. These are, of course, the offspring of white fathers through two or three generations. They are as white, as intelligent, as docile, as most of our own children. Yet the "chivalry," the "gentlemen" of the Slave Oligarchy, and the awful logic of the system, doom them all to the fate of swine; and, so far as they can, the parents and brothers of all such children deprive the light of humanity in their souls. Then, lest the "chivalry" that sells its children, and the "gentlemen" who seduce the most friendless and defenseless of women, should withdraw their custom, the St. Lawrence Hotel, in Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, turns the children—flying not for life only, but the girls for their honor, and the boys for their manhood, into the street; upon which they were received and kindly welcomed at the Continental. At a time when, to perpetuate the system which defies the law of God and the instinct of man, the slaveholders are destroying loyal men, noble sons of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania with the rest, the St. Lawrence Hotel proposes to emancipate those in South who do this iniquity, and those at the North who support them in it, by refusing to receive the children whose portraits we give. So every where humanity fails at the touch of this "institution." And so, by God's blessing, the humanity and wisdom of the American People is at this moment touching Slavery to its destruction. Little children like these in the picture this country no longer turns away into untold horrors and despair; but its heart whispers to them, gently, "Suffer little children to come unto me!"

DELAYS ON THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.

THE passengers from Boston by the night train on Saturday the 16th January were due in New York early on Sunday morning. The train reached New Haven at half past two in the morning, where it should have met the train upon the Shore road, and the same locomotive would have drawn both to New York. The Shore train was not there. It did not arrive for more than five hours; and during all that time the passengers were detained in the cavern called a station at New Haven, simply because the New Haven Company does not choose to provide for the most common occurrence, namely a delay upon the Shore road. Arriving in New York toward Sunday noon, about six hours late, there was not the slightest provision at the station in Twenty-seventh Street for the convenience of the passengers. There was not a carriage to be found, and even the luggage was carried off into the Harlem station. ''

The overcrowding of the cars upon this road is notorious, and is the subject of indignant but fruitless complaint in the daily papers; but such an outrageous delay as that of Saturday night, caused by the stinginess and total want of consideration for the public convenience upon the part of the management of the New Haven Company, ought to be universally exposed. The poor conductor was badgered with every form of impatient complaint, but his instructions, he said, were imperative, and he could not disobey them. Some of the passengers, hearing that one of the directors or managers of the road lived in the city of New Haven, proposed a call upon him before light on Sunday morning; but the conductor declined to tell where he lived. There was in fact no remedy whatever; for the instructions are that the Shore train shall be waited for on Saturday night at New Haven until two hours' delay enables the conductor to push on to New York in time to return on Sunday evening.

We doubt if there be another great line in the country which acts with such a want of knowledge enterprise; and we warn every passenger who proposes to make the journey on Saturday night by rail from Boston to New York, that he is exposed to the risk of this grievous delay at New Haven.

LICKING BOOTS.

LET us hope that Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, and all other gentlemen in Congress and elsewhere, will spare us any further propositions that the Secretary of the United States Navy shall ask the rebel chiefs what kind of Union prisoners they are willing to exchange. For the rebels have but one kind of prisoners, namely, United States soldiers. To allow them to say that they will not exchange young men, but that we may have all the old men; that they will not exchange Irishmen, but that we may have as many Irishmen as we want; that they will not give us white men, but we may take as many colored men as we choose, or vice versa, is simply to offer to the rebel leaders a decision, which, until a Government is utterly humiliated, it always retains. It is for us to show clearly that when we choose to accept the service of a soldier we guarantee him a respect and protection exactly equal with that of all other soldiers. Mr. Randall and his friends will probably learn that truth before long, as well as Mr. Jeff Davis and his friends.

THACKERAY'S GRAVE.

MR. JOSEPH DURHAM, the sculptor, has begun a marble bust of Thackeray for the Garrick Club. It seems that Thackeray had been long subject to severe pneumonia in the stomach, and he says that his life has hung by a thread, and that, in his smiling way, he used to say that his machinery seemed at such times to stop and go on again, but that some day it would stop and not go on. On the night of his death his widow, who slept in the room over him, heard him moving in his chamber, as she often did when he was ill. In the morning his valet found him and saw Thackeray quietly resting on his back. He put some coffee upon the table by the bedside, and upon entering again and finding it untouched, saw that it was not sleep but death.

The funeral was a noble tribute to the beloved friend, the great author, the simple-hearted, affectionate man. All the famous men in literature and art were there; and his daughters broke through what the *Spectator* truly calls a "senseless and degrading etiquette," and came with their mother's body to the grave, and saw the last that human eye shall see of the kind parent. Long ago, in his first burial service, he took out his purse one day, and holding up a bright gold dollar, said, tenderly, "That is the first money that I touched in America in his death. That goes to my little girl. I wish to see them!"

Thackeray was buried in Kensal Green. It was general feeling that Westminster Abbey should have been his monument, as it is of so much else that has been illustrious in England. But it was not meet. His grave will be a shrine of affectionate pilgrimage wherever it is. Could there be better epitaph written than the inscription upon those he wrote in the beginning of his lecture upon Swift? "The humorous writer professes to awaken and disturb your love, your mirth, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the test of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the weekly preacher to many persons. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him. And, as his business is to preach other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralize upon *his* life when he is gone—and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—We often hear of the good Samaritan—I saw him the other day in a Jersey ferry omnibus. When I took my seat, I found on the floor, near the door, there was a sick soldier. Very ill, was, and emaciated he looked, with dark circles round his eyes, and the cape of his overcoat put up over his cap to keep off any breath of air, while his thin hands were bare to the winter cold.

Some one got out who sat next him; immediately the place was taken by a man from the opposite side, who pulled off his own warm gloves and handed them to the soldier. He feebly attempted

to decline them, but the other insisted, and he gratefully put them on and looked at his well-covered hands with a sigh of satisfaction. The man was a plain, quiet-looking person, and did the little act of kindness without the slightest ostentation, as if it were a matter of course with him to clothe the naked. Nor was this all, he asked where the soldier was going. I could not hear the reply, but caught only the word "Albany." At the corner of Warren Street the good man got down and lifted the poor fellow out in the arms with the greatest care, readjusted the cape of his coat over his head, and supported him to the sidewalk, and the last I saw of him as he went marching down Warren Street. I was deeply touched, and said in my heart, God bless him! for had I not two brothers soldiers? and one I was to meet the other is still in the service of his country; and I thought I would tell you, dear Mr. Editor, that through you others might perhaps be prompted to "go and do likewise."

E.

LITERARY.

The first number of the *North American Review* (Crosby & Nichols, Boston), under the editorship of James Russell Lowell and Charles Eliot Norton, appeared punctually with the first of the month, and has been read with the interest and curiosity which are naturally great over oldest Quarterly, with which the names of our most illustrious authors and eminent scholars are associated, and which now proposes to take its part in the work of national regeneration. By this we do not mean that the *Review* intends to act as a party-politics; but the present number is the sufficient proof that it does intend to discuss with the utmost ability, earnestness, and good temper the fundamental principles of society and government which are presented by our war: of course this will not be done to the exclusion of its purely literary discussions. In this January number, for instance, there is a very thorough transcription and reduction of Mr. Parkman's life of the friend of Sebastian Foscarli, and a very skillful paper upon Mr. Winthrop's early Life of his great ancestor, John Winthrop. The article upon Bremer's "Life at Home" is the most genial and delightful in spirit that we have seen. It exposes the undue sentimentality of the popular idea, and the frequent dullness of his argument; but it is just to the idyllic charm of the work and the sincerity of the author, while it establishes its own difference from the more good-humored scholarly courtesy. It is a model paper for the gentle and generous tone in which it discusses a very serious difference. The article upon the Ambulance System and the Sanitary Commission, written by the most competent hands, are of immediate practical value, and the three political papers grapple vigorous points of our great public debate with a cheerful vigor, insight, skill, and grasp which are the best proofs that *North American* among the leaders of American thought. The copious literary notices are neither puffs, sneers, nor commonplace reviews, but are genuine opinions. As an illustration we may refer the reader to Lieutenant Heath's History of the Sioux War and Massacres. The book and notices are not only useful to the short but valuable to the public. The *North American* is but a quarterly visitor: and there is no Review, outside of Europe, that we could more heartily commend to universal favor.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—JANUARY 11. The Committee on Military Affairs reported back the bill authorizing the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War. Military Committees were instructed to inquire whether any obstacle had been thrown in the way of access of officers men, not liable to military duty; if so, by whom and by what authority.—Mr. Lane of Kansas introduced a bill prohibiting the sale of gold at a higher price than that paid in the regular market in New York for United States 6 per cent. bonds, and for the purpose of ascertaining the payment of debts, or for the purpose of paying interest upon United States bonds. The penalty is a fine of not less than $1000 or more than $10,000, and imprisonment for not less than twelve months nor more than two years.—The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis came up and was discussed by Senators Dixon, Powell, Sumner, and Wilkinson. No vote was taken.—*January* 14. The bill authorizing the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of War for one year, at a salary of $5000, was passed.—The Enrollment Bill was taken up. The amendment of the Committee exempting any person who should pay $300, until the first day of October next, from the draft, was agreed to by the exhaustion of the enrollment under which the draft was made, and inserted in place of $500; and then the whole amendment was not agreed to. Various amendments of $500 should be made to exempt clergymen and non-combatants were finally passed.—*January* 15. An appropriating $300,000 to pay the paying officers and men in the Western Department of Missouri, and also other current business, the Enrollment bill came up. An amendment making persons who have resided in the United States two years, and who have voted, liable to draft, was adopted. The substitute amendment was then adopted carried, by 32 to 19, the question being fixed at $300. The final question, therefore, is that upon the passage of the bill as thus drafted under the previous call is exempt from this draft, but is liable for any future draft.—*January* 18. Mr. Morgan introduced a petition from citizens of New York, remonstrating against the exemption of persons drafted from the draft. The Enrollment bill was taken up and debated, the discussion turning upon the paying qualities of certain cities.—Mr. Grimes offered an amendment that the word "white" should be inserted into the bill, so that colored men should not be accepted as substitutes for whites. Mr. Hale moved to amend by striking out the word white, and could be employed with the same results as whites. The colored men should not be accepted as substitutes for white men. Mr. Davis said that a great proportion of the labor in Kentucky was performed by slaves, and he could not be reconciled to substitutes, stripping the border States of their laboring classes, or substitutes for Northern laborers who remained at home. Mr. Johnson said that it was not believed in Maryland that colored troops could do the duty of white. Mr. Grimes's amendment was rejected, 28 to 18. Amendments were adopted providing that veteran troops re-enlisting should be credited to the quotas of the districts from which they originally enlisted; and that commutation money should be applied to procuring substitutes. Amendments were offered that colored troops be credited to the States from which they enlist.—Mr. Trumbull offered a resolution that the President call out 300,000 men for 100 days, for the sole purpose of driving the rebels from Virginia; rejected.—The Senate adjourned till Monday, 18th.—*January* 19. After voluminous business the joint resolutions offering thanks to Hooker, Meade, Howard, and the Army of the Potomac, and to Burnside and Banks, and their officers and men, were adopted.—The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—Mr. Pomeroy introduced a bill to incorporate the North American Land and Emigration Company," with a capital of $1,000,000, with privilege to increase it to $5,000,000. The object being to promote the sale and settlement of emigrants upon the lands of the Confederate and agricultural resources of the country; referred to Committee on Agriculture.—The Enrollment bill was taken up. Various officers amendments were passed, by 29 to 10.—A resolution of thanks to Admiral Dahlgren, U. S. N., for assuming to command of the steamer *Vanderbilt*, was passed.—*January* 20. Resolutions of thanks were passed to Generals Thomas and Sherman and to troops for services at Chattanooga, and to Admiral Dupont and the officers of Admiral Rodgers, and officers and men of the frigate *Sabine*.—The Finance Committee reported a bill to authorize the Secretary to increase the pay of certain inspectors of customs, not exceeding one dollar a day.—The rule requiring an additional oath from Senators came up. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, spoke at length in opposition to it. As he was the only Senator who had not taken the oath this rule was aimed at him. He questioned the constitutionality of the rule; and said, in conclusion, that by loyalty he understood steadfast adherence to the principles as defined by the Constitution, and an honest support of the guarantees thereof and of liberty which it was the design of the framers to perpetuate. If loyalty meant anything else than adherence to the letter and let of the Constitution he wished to be considered disloyal; and thus it was as decided he would stand in the issue to become his dignity as an American Senator. Mr. Collamer rose to reply, but gave way to a motion for an order that the Senate might go into executive session.

HOUSE.—*January* 13. The Committee on the Judiciary reported a joint resolution explanatory of the Confiscation act; it provides that the forfeiture of slaves shall be a forfeiture except during the lifetime of the offender, as provided in the Constitution, with a proviso that no warning shall be required except the President's Proclamation of July 25, 1862; the resolution to be in force "if it be the resolution was laid over.—After some business of detail the Judiciary Committee reported a bill "to enable the President to carry into immediate effect the Emancipation Proclamation of September 22, 1862, in relation to certain persons as slaves in designated States.—Debate arose on the bill.—Mr. Yeaman of Kentucky denied that the States could be restored to their former position by the President's proclamation and confession should be left to Congress.—Mr. Thomas, of Massachusetts, said that the rebellion by force of arms; but rebellion did not work forfeiture of the rights of property. The bill was to be a declaration of the rights of people to resume the functions of sovereignty in the States of the Confederacy, and to be loyal States. The ordinances of secession were the most unconstitutional law ever framed by any Congress.—The use of the flail was granted to the Christian Commission of the anniversary of the birth of Washington.—Mr. Cox, who animadverted severely upon Miss Dickinson's address on the evening of the 19th, in which she offered a series of resolutions to the effect that the President be requested to recommend to Congress that a law of retaliation shall submit all hostilities against it shall cease, and it shall be competent for the President to confederate with its local laws and institutions: laid on the table by a to 56.—Mr. Ashley offered a resolution requesting the President to appoint Commissioners to negotiate with the Southern authorities for an armistice of ninety days, and that "the negotiation be withdrawn from the hands of Jefferson Davis.—Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, introduced a bill from cases connected with his pass military conduct; to add intercourse with those in arms against the United States.—*January* 14. The bill was taken up and passed. Mr. Ashley's bill to amend the act of 1862, and repeal the act of 1863, was passed by 86 to 56.—The Military Committee reported back the bill to establish a Joint Select Committee to report on the conduct and expenses of the war; joint resolutions were presented. The House was agreed to by 106 to 33.—Mr. Harding offered a resolution that the policy of each party to the present contest in own local affairs is essential to the balance of power on which our political system depends; laid on the table.—Reports on Rebellious States.—The Military Committee were instructed to inquire into the expediency of authorizing Robert Anderson, with full pay and allowances.—Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, introduced a bill to abolish slavery in the political, civil, moral, and sacred duty of the people to insist the rebellion.—Mr. Ashley's bill to abolish slavery establishing perfect and unalterable liberty" a motion to lay on the table was negatived by 78 to 69, and the resolution passed by 112 to 16.—Mr. Holman offered a resolution condemning the practice of appointing civil and military officers with undefined leave of absence, and instructing the Military Committee to report a bill remedying the evil.—*January* 19. The joint resolution explaining and amending the Confiscation act was taken up and passed by 82 to 64, on which the House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, Mr. Schenck in the chair, on the tax upon distilled spirits. Various sums, ranging from 50 cents to $1.75, were proposed as the amendment to increase the tax 50 cents per gallon was rejected. Mr. Morrill said that the tax proposed by the Committee was $1 per gallon.—Yea, was the opinion that spirits would bear as a revenue measure. The Committee rose without coming to any definite conclusion.—*January* 20. The Committee on the bill to reimburse the city of New York for expenses incurred in calling out troops to suppress the riots.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

No active operations of any consequence have disturbed the quiet of our army in Virginia. On the 15th, a force of Stoart upon Leesburg is proved to have existed only of rumor. On the same day a reconnoissance through mountain forces in Virginia exhibit a good degree of activity. The rebel force was found to be under General Jones, which they have been fortifying ever since last April, with a view to the defense of the passes of the Shenandoah Valley. Our army is in the most excellent condition, and is about to be divided into two grand corps, preparatory to the active reorganization in respect of its command. General Meade will retain the command of the Fifth Corps, which is constituted by the flotilla, has lately made a raid upon Westmoreland County, Virginia, and has been successful in destroying large quantities of provisions, burning a bridge at Fairbanks's Creek, and capturing five prisoners.

EAST TENNESSEE.

A cavalry fight took place on Sunday the 10th inst. at Strawberry Plains, between Knoxville and Morristown. General Longstreet has been strongly reinforced from the armies of Lee and Bragg, and is reported to be now making a tour of his department, having erected references at the chief points of interest. He has made the objective point toward which the enemy will be most likely to move. Burnside has been reinforced by troops, and is now engaged in strengthening the Border States of their laboring classes, or substitutes for Northern laborers who remained at home. Mr. Johnson said that it was not believed in Maryland that colored troops could do the duty of white. Mr. Grimes's amendment was rejected, 28 to 18. Amendments were adopted providing that veteran troops re-enlisting should be credited to the quotas of the districts from which they originally enlisted; and that commutation money should be applied to procuring substitutes. Amendments were offered that colored troops be credited to the States from which they enlist.—Mr. Trumbull offered a resolution that the President call out 300,000 men for 100 days, for the sole purpose of driving the rebels from Virginia; rejected.—The Senate adjourned till Monday, 18th.—*January* 19. After voluminous business the joint resolutions offering thanks to Hooker, Meade, Howard, and the Army of the Potomac, and to Burnside and Banks, and their officers and men, were adopted.—The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis was referred to the Judiciary Committee.—Mr. Pomeroy introduced a bill to incorporate the North American Land and Emigration Company," with a capital of $1,000,000, with privilege to increase it to $5,000,000. The object being to promote the sale and settlement of emigrants upon the lands of the Confederate and agricultural resources of the country; referred to Committee on Agriculture.—The Enrollment bill was taken up. Various officers amendments were passed, by 29 to 10.—A resolution of thanks to Admiral Dahlgren, U. S. N., for assuming to command of the steamer *Vanderbilt*, was passed.—*January* 20. Resolutions of thanks were passed to Generals Thomas and Sherman and to troops for services at Chattanooga, and to Admiral Dupont and the officers of Admiral Rodgers, and officers and men of the frigate *Sabine*.—The Finance Committee reported a bill to authorize the Secretary to increase the pay of certain inspectors of customs, not exceeding one dollar a day.—The rule requiring an additional oath from Senators came up. Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, spoke at length in opposition to it. As he was the only Senator who had not taken the oath this rule was aimed at him. He questioned the constitutionality of the rule; and said, in conclusion, that by loyalty he understood steadfast adherence to the principles as defined by the Constitution, and an honest support of the guarantees thereof and of liberty which it was the design of the framers to perpetuate. If loyalty meant anything else than adherence to the letter and let of the Constitution he wished to be considered disloyal; and thus it was as decided he would stand in the issue to become his dignity as an American Senator. Mr. Collamer rose to reply, but gave way to a motion for an order that the Senate might go into executive session.

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SNOWY MORNING—ON PICKET.

Wilson Chinn. Charles Taylor Augusta Bourg y. Mary Jonnson. Isaac White. Rebecca Roger. Robert Whitehead. Rosina Dowse.

EMANCIPATED SLAVES, WHITE AND COLORED.—THE CHILDREN ARE FROM THE SCHOOLS ESTABLISHED IN NEW ORLEANS, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.—[SEE PAGE 71.]

(From Charles Dickens's "All the Year Round.")

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

Polly-my-Lamb rang the bell for Mrs. Goodall, her mother's old attendant and housekeeper, and, pointing out the little pale figure, inquired if she knew by whom that house was tenanted.

"It's little Arthur Haggerdorn, as I live!" ejaculated Mrs. Goodall, holding up her hands. "If I didn't think he was dead, poor boy, and buried with his mother!"

She then informed her young mistress that the house was let in lodgings. Some weeks since a lady and her son had arrived, it was supposed from abroad, and had taken up their abode there. Both —the lady especially—were suffering from indisposition, which, after a few days, resulted in what was a dangerous kind, and horrified the poor woman to her grave, whether the boy had nearly followed her. Indeed, Mrs. Goodall, too much excited with the troubles at home to keep her usual vigilant eye upon her neighbors, imagined that he had really died.

Little or nothing was known of the pair beyond their name, which had an outlandish sound; but the lady having left behind her, among other things, several rich jewels and at least a hundred guineas in money, the worthy landlady, Mrs. Ascroft, saw no insecurity in exercising her kindly feelings, and had accordingly nursed the youth, with the greatest solicitude, through his illness up to his then present point of convalescence.

"If you please, miss," concluded Mrs. Goodall, "I'll pop over presently, about tea-time, and ask the good lady of the house something about him, poor orphan!"

If, however, "popping over" implies speedy return, as well as rapid movement, that portion of the plan was not adhered to. It was nearly three hours before Mrs. Goodall popped back. But, *then*, she was, like *Jonah*, "full of matter."

"If you please, miss," she began, "Mrs. Ascroft says you've been and saved his life."

"Saved his life!"

"Before he was ill, that's Arthur, he used to make Mrs. Ascroft tell him all about our misfortunes here. He would sit at the table together, neglecting his lessons and every thing else, and watching for you, though he could only catch a glimpse now and then, because you never went near the window, only walked wild-like up and down the room. He couldn't help crying sometimes (for you see, miss, his only a child, and weak with his long illness), because he could do nothing for to help and comfort you; and then, the day he thought to too, and made them promise that when they knew he had only a few more hours to live they would pray him up in his window, that he might see you once perfectly, if God would give him that comfort. And strange enough, you did come; and, what's stranger still, his sickness took a turn, and to-night the doctor said if the boy's kept quiet, and soothed, and let sleep, he will live. I went up and saw the poor thing—that's left of him, that is. He's like the ghost of an angel," concluded Mrs. Goodall, with vague psychology. "Such a beautiful countenance *I* never set eyes on!"

Polly-my-Lamb said little that evening, but her thoughts were not idle. The great purpose of her soul stood firm, strong and dominant as ever; but a new idea had become associated with it. This boy, with his deep sympathy, and patient, persevering will, fathed even to the very threshold of success by his orphan, like herself, endowed with similar resolution—might be not, boy as he was, be the predestined instrument in the hands of that Providence which works by means unlooked-for by the wise to assist her in her filial purpose?

The thought never fact trembled somewhat as they bore her, more slowly than she had ever walked before, toward the window, on the morrow, and for a moment she could not raise her eyes. When she accomplished this, a warm blush—which must have been lying in ambush, so promptly did it appear—spread upward to the very roots of her auburn hair. There sat, or rather reclined, the beautiful boy, white and wasted indeed, but with light and life in his eye, and a gay smile on his parted lips, his bright glossy hair dressed and curled as if for a holiday.

"It is a child, as Goodall said," soliloquized Polly-my-Lamb, half amused at her own agitation, half disappointed as the prospect of an efficient ally melted into air. "He looked so much older yesterday, the little thing!"

As she gazed the lad inclined his head respectfully, and did not raise it again for a moment, during which Polly-my-Lamb debated hastily with herself whether she should return his greeting. Just as she had resolved to indulge him by doing so, Stephen entered the room, and announced Sir James Polhill, who presently appeared, followed by another person. This second individual was a very slender man, with a bronzed face, and bright intelligent eyes. He bowed to the young lady, and remained near the door.

"Good-morrow, my dear young friend," said Sir James. "I hold you yesterday that I hoped to introduce into our plans a new and very important auxiliary. Here you see him—Henry Armour—our most capable, and I may add, successful officer, for he has never yet been foiled in any of the cases (and they are not a few) confided to him. He has been in England but a few days, and yet, strange to say, has managed to hit off the track which has evaded the rest of us, till your patience, like our own, has all but failed."

"Do you mean, Sir, that you have got upon the track of the murderers?" said Polly-my-Lamb, clasping her hands.

Mr. Armour bowed distinct assent.

"Oh!" she continued, hurriedly. "Oh, never leave them! Why are you here now? They may escape the while."

"Calm yourself, my dear," said the magistrate, "and you shall know as much as we know. Tell her every thing, Armour."

Thereupon Mr. Armour produced a small packet and, opening it, displayed a richly enamelled snuff-box, in the centre of the lid of which appeared a gold shield bearing heraldic devices, and surmounted by an earl's coronet. This he placed upon the table, as if it were to be his text, and, in clear and quiet tones, delivered himself as follows:—

"Sir James has been pleased, Madam, to pay me a compliment, of which, in this case at least, I am wholly undeserving. It is to about second fortune, and sagacity, we owe this clew. After having been made acquainted with all the circumstances of this case, and satisfied myself that no sort of suspicion attached to any of your household, while, at the same time, it was clear that the habits of your father had been ascertained by the assassin, it occurred to me that strict inquiry should be made in the immediate vicinity, with a view of learning whether any new person or persons had been noticed *watching* the house and its inmates, prior to the occurrence. At the very first place—a lodging-house —exactly opposite—"

"Mrs. Ascroft's!"

"You know her, Madam? A very respectable, honeywitted woman. She told me at once that, about the period we were speaking of, a person of gentlemanly demeanor, with light bushy hair, and rather pretty beard, engaged two rooms, front and back, on her second floor. He took a dislike to the back room, complaining of stable noises, and so took, instead, the back room on the third floor, certainly far less quiet, apartment, and there, though to all appearances in the enjoyment of perfect health, he passed the greater portion of his days, and probably all the nights, in bed! Occasionally he walked out in the evenings, always carefully muffled up. Although he had, apparently, so little satisfied with her lodger's singular ways that she was rather pleased than otherwise to receive a note from him, on the very morning that thought he had engaged his lodging for another week he did not purpose to return; and requested that his luggage might be forwarded to the address from which his communication was dated. Now, what was the date of this man's occupancy? Unfortunately, Mrs. Ascroft was unable to determine within several days. It was certainly in March, and, as nearly as she could remember, just previous to the pressure murder. His departure, leaving only of a small quantity of clothes and linen—the latter marked with the initials "H. L."—"were sent to Sim's coffee-house, as he had directed."

But now came the important feature. That back room, abandoned by the lodger, Mr. Smith, whose few days, been denoted of its principal furniture, preparatory to some repairs in the wainscoting, when, between the boards and the clothes-press, was discovered the snuff-box now submitted to the young lady's inspection. Well, it was but a snuff-box; but certain circumstances connected with it rendered it a clew of no ordinary consequence."

As it chanced, no one had since occupied the room, excepting for a few days, the deceased Mrs. Haggerdorn, and hers the box could not be, since her son, who had the charge of all the possessed, remembered no such article.

"Our inference is," concluded the officer, "that the mysterious lodger, Lord Lyndhurst, in one of the disguises in which he excels; that the snuff-box accidentally slipped out of his sight and memory, and was consequently supplied a clew of which we will never let go."

"You see, therefore, my dear," said the worthy magistrate, as the officer ceased, in defiance of his subordinate, "there is, at length, every probability of success attending our efforts. Your liberty, I own, the suspicion of the real murderer, the leader of Black Thumbs were not sufficiently defined to justify the risks that must be run in getting hold of him. Armed with this little talisman—[he touched the snuff-box], we shall be no longer trouble with such scruples; though I warn you that we have to deal with, the first, of London, is the most crafty, as well as the most daring of outlaws, and must be encountered with qualities like his own—ingenuity and hardihood. If Armour succeeds—"

(Mr. Armour smiled slightly, and his lips mutely assumed that form which would be necessary to pronounce the word "if.")

"—he will have well earned the most liberal reward your generosity has proposed for him. You look pale and agitated, and no wonder. Leave, I beg my dear, for the present. When I come again, I trust it will be to bring you important tidings."

Why does the girl pace her room again and up and down the room; and, stopping at length, sinks on the window-seat, and looks intently on the boy whose life had so lately recorded her solemn vow?

In the afternoon Polly-my-Lamb made up her mind to send for Mrs. Ascroft, and question her further on the subject of her lodger and her snuff-box.

That lady came, and not only related at considerable length what she could bring to bear on this topic, but further touched upon the subject of her late lodgers; and, receiving no check, launched out boldly into praises of the poor boy, whom she had nursed and cared for, till she was as fond of him as though he had been her own.

"He thinks of you all day, and I am confident dreams of no one else all night. Whatever you may call it, this fancy of his will be his life or death, according as you please to behave.

"*Behave!*" repeated Polly-my-Lamb, aghast at this plain speaking.

"Well, miss," continued Mrs. Ascroft, "last night, for the first time, he slept so quietly it was a treat to look at him; and he was up to-day as fresh as a rose; you might see him getting well under your very eyes! I wish, ma'am—if I might make so bold" (dropping a courtesy), "you would be so kind, now and then, as just to look out of the window!"

Polly-my-Lamb blushed scarlet, and executed a frown, which, however, having no consolation to speak of, faded presently away. The blush, conscious of itself, remained.

"Just to look at *him*, you see," pleaded Mrs. Ascroft, earnestly.

Polly-my-Lamb smiled, and the landlady, with a woman's quick perception, saw it was a favorable moment to take her departure.

"It will be the saving of an innocent young life, if you should, miss."

This shot was fired from the door, and Polly-my-Lamb was alone. Suppose we leave her so? What do you think? She is a dear, good girl, and may be trusted. Goodness forbid that we should be guilty of the meanness of watching her!

All we know is that, about three o'clock that same day, Master Arthur Haggerdorn rallied considerably: so much so that if, in the morning, he appeared a little worse, or a trifle less bright, in the evening, have been easily mistaken for a peony.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir James Polhill sat in council with his vizier.

"Yes, I do think it will," said the chief. "After all, however, we want motive, eh?"

"We have that also, Sir James, as I will shew you, with proofs positive. I found a memorandum, this morning, to have some talk with the clerk Middlemiss. He has always been persuaded that his principal had private dealings with the Amsterdam house, Dietrich & Co., who failed about a year since under circumstances which rendered them liable to the charge of fraud. Middlemiss believes that Mr. Humpage, from motives of generosity, assisted the house with considerable advances, though, as he thinks, not securities in their names can be found among his papers. The clerk's belief is grounded upon other circumstances with which I am not yet acquainted. Some suspicion of the rectitude of these people—Dietrich & Co.—may have induced Mr. Humpage to discontinue his correspondence with them, and to transact none of his former loans—and, in revenge, or to evade such claims, this crime may have been devised or perpetrated. Middlemiss's book is known to the Dutch police as one of the most reckless scoundrels unhanged—a commercial pirate. However, this latter part, as well as Dietrich's character, is only our conjecture, since no record exists of Mr. Humpage's transactions with them beyond the payment of their bills, without apparent consideration, are at least of which passed through the hands of their agent in London."

"If we can identify Lord Lyndhurst, in one of the disguises in which he excels; that the snuff-box accidentally slipped out of his sight and memory, and was consequently supplied a clew of which we will never let go."

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Why does the girl pace her room again and up and down the room; and, stopping at length, sinks on the window-seat, and looks intently on the boy whose life had so lately recorded her solemn vow?

In the afternoon Polly-my-Lamb made up her mind to send for Mrs. Ascroft, and question her further on the subject of her lodger and her snuff-box.

That lady came, and not only related at considerable length what she could bring to bear on this topic, but further touched upon the subject of her late lodgers; and, receiving no check, launched out boldly into praises of the poor boy, whom she had nursed and cared for, till she was as fond of him as though he had been her own.

"He thinks of you all day, and I am confident dreams of no one else all night. Whatever you may call it, this fancy of his will be his life or death, according as you please to behave.

"*Behave!*" repeated Polly-my-Lamb, aghast at this plain speaking.

"Well, miss," continued Mrs. Ascroft, "last night, for the first time, he slept so quietly it was a treat to look at him; and he was up to-day as fresh as a rose; you might see him getting well under your very eyes! I wish, ma'am—if I might make so bold" (dropping a courtesy), "you would be so kind, now and then, as just to look out of the window!"

Polly-my-Lamb blushed scarlet, and executed a frown, which, however, having no consolation to speak of, faded presently away. The blush, conscious of itself, remained.

"Just to look at *him*, you see," pleaded Mrs. Ascroft, earnestly.

Polly-my-Lamb smiled, and the landlady, with a woman's quick perception, saw it was a favorable moment to take her departure.

"It will be the saving of an innocent young life, if you should, miss."

This shot was fired from the door, and Polly-my-Lamb was alone. Suppose we leave her so? What do you think? She is a dear, good girl, and may be trusted. Goodness forbid that we should be guilty of the meanness of watching her!

All we know is that, about three o'clock that same day, Master Arthur Haggerdorn rallied considerably: so much so that if, in the morning, he appeared a little worse, or a trifle less bright, in the evening, have been easily mistaken for a peony.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir James Polhill sat in council with his vizier.

"Yes, I do think it will," said the chief. "After all, however, we want motive, eh?"

"We have that also, Sir James, as I will shew you, with proofs positive. I found a memorandum, this morning, to have some talk with the clerk Middlemiss. He has always been persuaded that his principal had private dealings with the Amsterdam house, Dietrich & Co., who failed about a year since under circumstances which rendered them liable to the charge of fraud. Middlemiss believes that Mr. Humpage, from motives of generosity, assisted the house with considerable advances, though, as he thinks, not securities in their names can be found among his papers. The clerk's belief is grounded upon other circumstances with which I am not yet acquainted. Some suspicion of the rectitude of these people—Dietrich & Co.—may have induced Mr. Humpage to discontinue his correspondence with them, and to transact none of his former loans—and, in revenge, or to evade such claims, this crime may have been devised or perpetrated. Middlemiss's book is known to the Dutch police as one of the most reckless scoundrels unhanged—a commercial pirate. However, this latter part, as well as Dietrich's character, is only our conjecture, since no record exists of Mr. Humpage's transactions with them beyond the payment of their bills, without apparent consideration, are at least of which passed through the hands of their agent in London."

"If we can identify Lord Lyndhurst, in one of the disguises in which he excels; that the snuff-box accidentally slipped out of his sight and memory, and was consequently supplied a clew of which we will never let go."

"No, Sir James," said the officer, with his accustomed coolness. "When do you want him?"

"No occasion that you can put the needful amount of salt on his tail."

"I shall take him to-night."

"To-night, Armour! Humour, you're a wizard!" cried Sir James, rubbing his hands, and becoming infected with the other's confidence. "But what's your plan?"

"There's a row among the gangs—a split. What it is I can not make out, but our luck is certainly in the country party. Last night, after we left Bow Street, and while I was getting my chop in the Haymarket, up comes a fellow dressed like a country gentleman, as they say, and tells me that my old pal son wouldn't wear, and sits down opposite. When the waiter's back was turned he took off his left-hand glove, and showed his thumb—black as the ace of spades. He's the revered gentleman. 'Hem!' says he. 'You want an audience of my lord?' says the country party. 'Well, 'tain't my lord, you're to pick: 'I—well—I *should* like to have a couple o' words with him; but it ain't pressing, or I could easily prevail on his porter, or one of the hackeys, to show me up.'

"'You're a liar,' replied the reverend gentleman, but not rudely. 'You couldn't do nothing o' the sort, and you knows it. Think you can gammon me?'

"'Would take a sharper chap than me to do *that*, Mr.—— Smith,' says I, civilly (for he's open to flattery, is that gentleman). 'But about this said porter. I still think—'

"The porter's come to see, Master Armour,' says he, interrupting me, 'to tell you that if you want my lord, you must look for him to-night, or not at all. Our establishment's broke up. The lease expires to-morrow. The butler's sold the lush and bolted with the money. There's a paragraph gone to the *Newsman*—you'll see it to-morrow!' 'Fush!' cries the gentleman—Lord Lob, he's giv' up his princely establishment in the Adelphi, and left London with his suite, for a prolonged tour.'"

"Are you telling me the truth?' I says, as a matter of form.

"'Yes, I am,' says he, grinding his teeth savagely. 'He's a tyrant and—and a thief!'

"No! Nonsense!' says I. 'You can't mean *that*.'

"'You come to-night,' he says, 'that's all. Nine o'clock, punctual. Here,' and he writes an address on a card. 'Bring a hundred redbreasts if you like, only keep 'em dark till the'r're wanted.'

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"A fortunate split," said the pleased magistrate, "Success attend you!"

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The man in black halted at the bottom, before a corner house, one face of which apparently looked up upon the river. As Armour closed up to him he muttered, interrogatively,

"You've enough?"

"Nine," replied the other, coolly, throwing in the additional four as a compliment.

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If he were a likely lawyer, Armour; and Lord Lob was a man exactly to their hand," said Sir James, a smile playing on the fact had been of the most providential character. "But now, mind what you are about in tackling this fellow. You'll find it a tougher job than you suppose. I have my ears on his each matters, as you will allow, but I don't mind owning that I shall not be entirely at ease in this till I hear that Lord Lyndhurst is safely lodged in a whole skin. You may smile, Armour, but I can not afford to have a vacancy in the police body, which, upon your own showing, will be at a loss."

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doubled up as no living man could lie, as he had been flung headlong from the window. The struggle he had overheard was fearfully accounted for.

"The fool forgot the window!" sneered the robber, his fair face distorted like a fiend's. "Let other fools take warning. Look here!"

He made a sudden movement, as though to leap through the window; but, checking himself suddenly, slipped under the officer's uplifted arm, and, making one bound toward the door, disappeared. Quick and unexpected as the action was, the ready officer had drawn a pistol and fired, even as the door was flung in his face. Then he dashed after. There was an alarm below; there were shouts, and the rattle of fire-arms, as the latter, roused by the attack of the police upon the house, hastened to contribute their quota of noise if not of execution. The alarmed inhabitants of the place, which were the appearance of a low lodging-house, ran to and fro in wild confusion. They were collected, and placed in custody for the moment, while the house was searched from top to bottom. All, however, was in vain. There was no trace of the fugitive nobleman. By what outlet he had escaped no one could divine. Gone he was—and there an end!

Burning with rage and disappointment, Armour hastened round to the rear of the house where he had seen the body of the murdered spy. There it still lay. They lifted it up. The bullet-wound was sure enough, but the body was represented by a brown pillow. Lord Lob had himself enacted the part of one of his own gags.

"Done, and doubly done!" growled Mr. Armour, as he moved disconsolately home.

HOSPITAL AND CAMP INCIDENTS.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

No. I.

Or the many beneficent organizations with which the spirit of sympathy with the army has originated undoubtedly the Sanitary Commission possesses by far the greatest capabilities for usefulness, and has accomplished the largest work in the direction of relieving the wants and promoting the comfort of the soldier. Comprehensive and minute in its operations, beneficial to a fault, reaching every want, and for the most part extending its aid where no other agency could penetrate, it watches over and cares for the sick, the wounded, and the suffering with the solicitude of parental affection; provides for the comfort and health of the soldier in camp, flies to his relief after every battle, nurses him in the hospital, brings to him in every relation something of the comforts of home, and everywhere is felt that his country is not forgetful of his necessities nor indifferent to his services. Co-operating in every thing with the Government, this Commission is yet peculiarly the representative of the popular instinct and purpose. It is emphatically the PEOPLE'S minister and almoner in the work of administering relief and consolation. It distributes *their* clothing, medicines, fruits, vegetables; it repeats *their* words of cheer and encouragement; it receives the spectacle of *their* noble sympathy to the soldier's waiting eye. From every corner of the land contributions have poured into and flowed out from this, to those whose valor has given a new lustre to our flag. The rich have given their thousands; the poor, where money could not be sent, have bestowed such supplies of clothing as they could spare from their scanty wardrobes; the gifted have lent their pens and voices, the unlearned the labor of their hands to the promotion of the common object. From the backwoods the adventurous settlers, in suits of homespun, have driven into camp their loads of wood, of potatoes, apples, and other fruits, that they might realize something to contribute to this Commission. In the cities noble-hearted women have gathered the dribblets of charity into common channels of benevolence, organizing fairs, concerts, and what not in aid of this cause. In the still darkness of many a night, in lonely farm-houses, and at pleasant fireside gatherings, mothers, wives, have worked rejoicingly in the preparation of garments for the lorn and suffering ones in field and garrison; in chill dawns, on rustling country roads, with the same end in view, bronzed and horny hands have "hooked" through busy days shocks of yellow corn, heaping the affluent ears in shining mounds, thoughts of the good the proceeds of the labor would do the soldier making warm and glad the hearts beating under the huskers' rough jackets.

The actual magnitude of the work performed by the people through this Commission can not, of course, be expressed in words. But an approximate estimate has been made, in a late report of the Assistant Secretary, from which it can be stated that the gifts of the women of the country, made through the Commission, exceed in value the sum of $7,000,000. The whole amount, in money, received by the Treasurer of the Commission up to the 1st of October last, was $857,715 33, which has been swelled, including the receipts of the recent great Fairs at Boston, Cincinnati, and Chicago, to certainly more than $1,000,000. These statements, however, by no means present any adequate idea of the results achieved; labors have been performed and services rendered to which no mere money value can be attached. The general superintendent of the Commission, with quiet every where in our armies, amount to $45,000 a month; hundreds of men needing "special relief" are daily cared for, and the "homes" it has established; and almost hourly, at some point in the extended theatre of military operations, fresh demands are made upon its resources and met. Not only do its steamboats and wagon teams follow the army every where, but its agents are constantly employed in the equally important works of sanitary and hospital inspection, and the like, the results of which, as revealed in the physical condition of the soldier, no arithmetic could probably estimate.

But while the country will never know, in any adequate degree, what has really been accomplished through this Commission, certain specific results will undoubtedly be discovered to the public which will amply confirm its title to a place in history. Some results of this character are already developed, and a few of these—as illustrating the vast achievements which must ever remain unknown, and as showing the benefits the Commission has conferred—we shall enumerate in this and succeeding papers.

THE WORK AT GETTYSBURG.

The work of the Commission at Gettysburg, in July last, was a type of that which it has performed on every important battle-field since the war commenced. With the first news of the battle a depôt was established at Westminster, the nearest point of railroad communication. Thither all the hospitables were pushed forward, under fire, to reach the wounded on the left wing of the army, and a large amount of precious supplies of every description to the corps hospitals, and to scattering groups of wounded on the field, long before any supplies arrived by railroad. Immediately after the battle a Lodge was established on the field, and this became at once the centre of a system of distribution, whose results were most beneficent.

At the railroad depôt in the town, the Commission had large tents erected for the reception and refreshment of the wounded when brought in from the distant hospitals. They had also large storetents filled to repletion with all manner of supplies. A cook-house was erected, and here, in large cauldrons, stoves, and a steam apparatus, all of which were in constant operation day and night, ten cooks and between thirty and forty colored people were employed in preparing and dealing out such nourishment as the circumstances admitted. All possible appliances, indeed, which experience and considerate forethought could anticipate for so extreme a necessity, such as clothes, crutches, shoes, pails, pillows, splints, lint, bandages, and every kind of stimulant were furnished with unceasing diligence and attention. Surgeons, commissioned agents, moreover, labored in the dressing of wounds which the surgeons on the field had been unable to give proper attention to. Every thing that was in this way, it is believed, was done by the country. Before leaving on the trains every wounded soldier had his canteen filled with coffee, and was supplied with an extra cup of coffee, soup, or broth, as was preferred; subsequently, when the corps hospitals had been relieved of the wounded, and as to be removed a long distance, the more seriously wounded were gathered up by the agents of the Commission, and carried to Camp Letterman, a large depôt established a permanent station, co-operating for a long time afterward with the corps of army surgeons and nurses in the work of relief.

GRATITUDE OF THOSE RELIEVED.

Of course such care as the Commission bestowed on the wounded and the sick deeply affected the majority of those to whom even a cup of cold water was a blessing. One wounded officer during the whole time the Commission labored in that field says, that of the sixteen thousand who were transported during their stay not one went away without a comfortable meal; and all, rebels and unionists alike, received the same kindness, and were seemed especially grateful—the more so, no doubt, as they had been taught to expect very different treatment. Indeed, the men, as soon as their own wounds were dressed, "That feels so good, I haven't been so cared for since I left home." After the wounds were dressed, they have been erected in clean clothes—socks, slippers, shirts, drawers, and often dressing-gowns, the latter seeming to afford especial delight to the rebels. "Now I begin to clean and comfortable rows—'on dress parade' as they called it—every face, as the nurses passed to and fro, seemed lighted up with a smile, and words of gratitude were uttered in the fervent gratitude inspired by the manifestations of interest in their behalf.

Among the contributions which were held by a town in New York State was a quantity of cologne. This seemed to reach the hearts of the men quite as quickly as their wounds. "Ah, cologne, now?" "That kinder gives a fellow life!" and similar exclamations, ran from tent to tent as the bottles were tipped on the clean handkerchief which some oth, or thoughtful aid society had furnished.

The touching incidents which the delegates of the Commission report from this bloody field are, of course, varied and numerous.

A REBEL LIEUTENANT AND HIS BROTHER.

Late one afternoon, too late for the cars, a train of ambulances arrived at the depôt of the Commission with over 100 wounded rebels to be cared for during the night. Many of them were but slightly injured, but one of them, a lieutenant, was so weak and faint that it seemed impossible to do any thing to restore him. In appearance he seemed a mere boy, with a clear, intelligent, bright blue eyes, and hair that any New England girl might have worn with pride. One of the nurses took him in charge; he was too weak to speak, but he had been willing to eat for days, his comrades said. Finally, however, he was induced to take a little gruel, which he kindly thanked her for, and after the hour afterward he talked of his "good supper," thanking his attendant with a fervor again for their kindness. But all the while he was growing worse, and at midnight a change came; and from that time he thought every one who came to see him was before he was a soldier, when he sang hymns in his father's church. He sang them now again, in a low, sweet voice, and "spoke of home" as a child of a sick soul in it. "Lord, have mercy on me!" he cried now and then; then sangs without words—sort of low intoning—rippled from his pale lips. His father was a Lutheran clergyman in South Carolina; and the lessons of his childhood were floating back upon him in the dark hours through which he was going down into the deeper shadow. All the day following the nurses watched him, sometimes fighting his battles over, sometimes losing his Lutheran chants, till suddenly, at the tent door, close to which he lay, appeared a rebel soldier, just arrived with other prisoners. He was brought in to see the Lieutenant, and, hurriedly kneeling by him, called him by name; but the ears were deaf then to the call of love. Then, rising, he told the attendants that the Lieutenant's brother was wounded and a prisoner not far away; upon which some of the party started after him, returning not long after, carrying him in their arms. But he too was a stranger to Henry—for so the Lieutenant was called; and the corpse lay down at his side on the straw, and there remained for the rest of the day, the little group gathered around watching and listening to the strong, clear voice singing, "Lead, have mercy upon me!" The Lord, looking down, *had* mercy. The day faded, and the night came on; but with the sunset the rebel brother grew still, and the stars, opening their soft eyes, saw only a pale face with the death dews on it in the midst of the group.

A rude coffin was made, the dead boy placed in it; but all night long the wounded brother lay close against it, as if unwilling to be separated even from the dead, and the nurse who had patrolled right beside his own all the way up from childhood to the borders of that river which all must cross some solemn day. At the appointed hour the rebel officer prisoners must march; and, with tears on his face, the bereaved one went away with his comrades, to be exchanged, to be buried from those who tenderly cared for him while living; first, however, thanking them all for what they had done, and giving them all his warm gratitude, together with a palmetto ornament from the dead brother's cap and a button from his coat. That same morning Henry was laid away in his long sleep, a surgeon of the Commission reading the burial service, and a delegate writing his name on the little head-board of his narrow bed. He was a Tennessee Fourteenth Regiment South Carolina Volunteers."

THE CRAZY SOLDIER AND HIS WIFE.

Among the wounded soldiers who one night came into the Commission Lodge was an elderly man, who, at first, was thought crazy, from talking constantly of home. The attendants did what they could for him, passing him especially a warm basket of a red flannel shirt, drawers, and red calico dressing-gown, in which he dressed himself, and then sitting down to rest, giving the letter to one of the nurses to mail for him. The next morning he was sent away with a detachment of the wounded, and his case was forgotten. Months after, in the early evening, two tired women appeared at the Lodge, who proved to be his wife and sister. They had come from their home in search of their lost one, and had arrived just too late. He had been crazy before the war, his wife said, but not for ten years past. He had been returning to get money with which having been wounded, and had written to his wife to come and carry him away. It seemed almost like wilful carelessness to leave these helpless ones, who had never been away from their own quiet town, to undertake to find a soldier among so many men in so many different directions; but the persons at the Lodge helped them all they could, giving them all the information in their possession, and so they started on their search. A few days passed, and nothing was heard of either husband or wife; then there came a letter full of gratitude, saying that the wife had found her husband, and soon he home again with his dear ones around him to console by tender ministrations for all pains and all losses.

THE GERMAN MOTHER AND HER QUILT.

Another night two fathers with their wounded sons and an old German mother with her boy arrived at the Commission Camp, and were furnished with supplies. The old mother had come all the way from Wisconsin, bringing with her a patchwork bed-quilt for her son, thinking he might have to lie a long time in the hospital. At the Lodge, that quilt covered him, and the mother's hand soothed and ministered to him, her kind eyes looking into his till the deep sorrow in them was shining through them. The old woman was intensely patriotic. She had three sons, she said, in the army; and if God willed that this boy would end; but she counted her sacrifices as nothing; she'd be a soldier herself if she could." How the sublime spirit of motherhood shone in that humble woman—and of thousands like her all through the land—should shame the miserable cowards who, in nooks and corners, and sometimes openly in the market-place, declaim against this righteous war, and clamor for a peace involving the dishonor and lasting humiliation of the nation.

WHITE AND COLORED SLAVES.

No. I MACON STREET, NEW YORK.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

The group of colored people whose portraits I send you were brought by Colonel Hanks and Mr. Philip Bacon from New Orleans, and are now the property of Mr. Bacon's Butler. Mr. Bacon went to New Orleans with our army, and was engaged as superintendent of the Government Intendent of Freedmen, under the care of Colonel Hanks. He established a plantation, and put these people, who were ex-slaves, and these children were among his pupils. He has since returned to Louisiana with them.

REBECCA HUGHES is eleven years old, and was a slave to Mr. Hughes, who resided on Canal street, in the city. She is older than herself. To all appearance she is perfectly white. Her features, hair, and forehead are not the slightest trace of negro blood. In the few months she has been with us she has learned to read and write, read well, and writes as neatly as most children of her age. She was eighteen months old when her father died, and they support themselves comfortably by their own labor. The grandmother, Mrs. Hughes, is a free woman. She states that she had "raised" a large family of children, but those are all dead or left by her.

ROSINA DOWNS is not quite seven years old. She is a fair child, with blonde complexion and light hair. Her father is in the rebel army. She has one sister as white as herself, and another who is quite darker. Her mother, then a bright mulatto, lives in New Orleans in a poor hut, and has to work to support her family.

CHARLES TAYLOR is eight years old. His complexion is very fair, his hair light and silky. These six of five boys in any school in New York are darker than he. Yet this white boy, with his mother, or he reckons, his born father sold to a slave. First by his father and "owner," Thornton W. Chilton, of Loudoun County, Virginia, to a trader named Harrison, who sold them to Mr. Thornhill of Jefferson County, who sold the negro portion of the family, and his slaves were liberated by General Butler. The boy is decidedly intelligent, and though he has been with us less than a year he reads and writes very well. His mother is a mulatto; she had one daughter sold into Texas before she herself left Virginia, and was one who, she supposes, is with his father in Virginia.

These three children, to all appearance of unmixed white race, came to Philadelphia last December, and were taken by their protector, Mr. Bacon, to the St. Lawrence Hotel on Chestnut Street. Within a few hours, Mr. Bacon informed me, he was notified by the landlord that they must leave. The children, he said, had been slaves, and must therefore be colored persons, and he kept a hotel for white people. From this hospitable establishment the children were taken to Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, where they were received without hesitation.

WYATT GRAY was born about 60 years old, he was "owned" by Jesse Howard of Woodford County, Kentucky. When Mr. Howard died he left Wyatt and his children and wife to Virginia Gray, a large planter about 45 miles above New Orleans. This man was somewhat kinder than his predecessors, and Wyatt has on his forehead the letters V. R. (Virginia Railroad) which he received from Mr. Gray at that time and came into the Union camp. Thirty of them had been brought like cattle with a view to sale. Most of them on the forehead and some on the breast or arms.

Wyatt can not say for fifty years old, however, he is almost white, was owned by her half-brother, named Solomon, who still retains two of her children.

Wyatt professes to be a member of the family in New Orleans. On her left arm are scars of three cuts given to her by her mistress with a cowhide. On her back are scars of more than fifty cuts given by her master. The mistress was the last one whipped by him. He struck behind him in bringing up his five o'clock cup of coffee. As Wyatt was always punished she was glad to escape her master, and has since been employed by Colonel Hanks as cook.

ISAAC WHITE is a black boy of eight years; but none would suppose him more than six years old. He has been in school about seven months, and I venture to say will not one boy in fifty of seven years of age make such improvements in this space of time.

The Rev. Dr. Chickering, Reverend Mr. Whitehead perhaps we ought to style him, since he is a regularly-ordained minister, and Mr. Bacon, the latter of whom is to Norfolk, Virginia, by a Dr. A. F. N. Cook, and sold for $1500; from Norfolk he was taken to New Orleans where he was bought for $1775 by a Dr. Leslie, who hired him out as house and table servant. Dr. Leslie was pleased and paid over that sum to his master, he suggested that a boy of Isaac's appearance would be quite acceptable. Dr. Leslie thought the request reasonable, and made him a donation of a white quarter of a dollar. The revered gentleman can read and write well, and is a very stirring speaker. He belongs to the Methodist Episcopalian, having enlisted in the United States army.

A large plantation in the vicinity of group which you reproduce has been taken, and *entre* its estate of the negroes. The crops are for sale at the benefit of the National Freedman's Relief Association. No. 1 Mercer Street, New York, and with them for your readers a copy of the price: $1 for the large picture, 25 cents each for the cartes. The profits to go to the support of the schools in Louisiana.

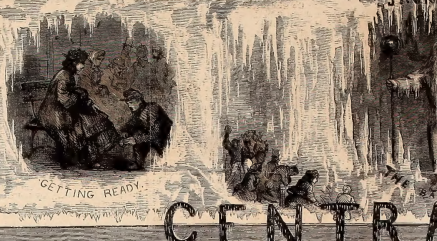
C. C. LEIGH.

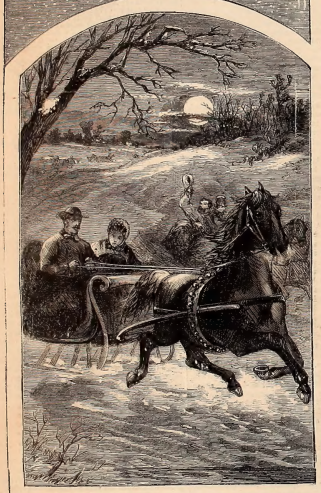
BURNING OF THE COMPANIA AT SANTIAGO, CHILI.

On the 8th of December last, at Santiago, the capital of Chili, occurred a calamity by which, in its kind, finds scarcely a parallel in history.

We give on page 65 engravings of THE CHURCH OF THE COMPANIA, and of the Interior, from photographs kindly sent to us by CHARLES S. RAND, Esq., Secretary of Legation. Ever since 1857, when the new church of the Compania de Jesus was born at Rome, this church has celebrated by the most magnificent of festivals the "Month of Mary," beginning on the 1st of November and ending with the 8th of December, under the auspices of the priest Ugarte, who stands at the head of the Sodalicio (or Daughters of the Virgin), in which were enrolled nearly all the ladies of the fashionable capital. For thirty days had this festival been going on, the prodigal of splendor that was now about to culminate in an illumination which Ugarte had promised the Roman Nuncio should outshine all those of the world. The evening had by had taken from mid-afternoon, for there were over twenty thousand lights, mostly camphene; and in the course time the church had filled to its almost capacity, until, at quarter past seven, it contained more than three thousand women and a few hundred men, all in a dense mass living and breathing, unlike those to which we are accustomed, being without pews. Over the altar was an image representing Murillo's Madonna of the Immaculate Conception, her feet resting upon a crescent, which, however, became a crescent of fire soon. But being illuminated, became a crescent of fire soon sooner as than, from one extremity, by the overflowing of the gas, a stream of flame issued forth, catching into a blaze the drapery around it, and soon stretching upward toward the tinsel and cauze with which the roof was decorated, followed by the rapid movement of a fire which the priest who saw mounted the kneeling multitude below. Those in the centre were the first to appreciate the peril, and turned toward the entrances, only to find, still kneeling near the door, were anxious to retain their places, and thus an obstacle was placed in the way of those attempting to escape, as the fire had now become hopelessly entangled in each other's dresses, while those still in the rear, hurried by the burning flames, pressed on and increased the general entangled above the double embankment of bodies underneath. There were but two avenues of escape, and before these lay the impassable fire which we have just described, barring all egress. More than two thousand women, most of them girls between fifteen and twenty years of age, were piled up pinioned beyond all hope of escape, when the lamps above, burnt loose from their fastenings, fell among the congested throng of maidens, setting their every article of dress in their very garments. Now the interior became one mass of flame, and the living struggled and closing the doors writhed as with one combined muscular effort, until it was so completely wedged together that the doors were rendered useless, and even saved with great difficulty, and with the loss of an arm or of life itself. And while this terrible tragedy was consummating in the church, Ugarte and his fellows were in the vestry—the door being locked to prevent escape in that direction—looking out for the safety of a few gewgaws of their own. It was not long before the entire roof fell through with a crash, and the huge belfry stood wrapped in flames, illuminating the ghastly scene beneath—a scene which we will not attempt to describe, for who can paint the agonies of the dying within, or the charred ruin which death leaves behind him? or who can portray the feelings of fathers and mothers and brothers, who stood without, looking upon the loved forms which, just at the door, defied all attempts at rescue?

SKETCH ON THE LARGE POND.


GETTING READY.



REFRESHMENTS.

FROST
IS UP.
PUT YOUR SKATES ON MISTER!
L PARK
NEW YORK SKATING CLUB.
DANGER
N
TER.
WARMING UP

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

AFTER a while winter spent in studying art at Rome, I had come down, sitting bokkin between two Germans in a cheap vetturino carriage, to study nature at Naples. I was so sick of huge picture-galleries, hired models, and the gossip of the studios, that I thought it would be a relief to paint landscape for a change: so I said to others, and so I said to myself; but my own heart contradicted me. I knew very well, in my innermost soul, that it was in bitterness of spirit that I left Rome, unable to bear the sight of other men's prosperity. It stung me to see men whom I knew to be inferior to myself in true knowledge of color, in originality, in every thing but a plodding, stolid industry, pass me in the race of life. This is a cold, hard, workaday world of ours, an age without sympathy for the flaws and failings of genius, and measuring all capacities by the same pitiful little footrule of the results attained to.

And so I went to Naples; and, when the heats of the Italian summer came on, I took a roving life among the coast-towns and petty watering-places within reach of the great city—now at Portici, now at Sorrento, and then dawdling away weeks at Salerno or Castellamare. A lazy, good-for-nothing life it was: a life of castle-building, of regrets that I could be lazier, and of hopes that I should never blossom into meritorious fruit. I was still young, not four-and-twenty, but I thought I had a right to count myself a disappointed man. Long before my disappointed. First, because I had not met with encouragement from connoisseurs and the public. Secondly, because Lucy Graham—dear little Lucy, whom I loved and had loved for years, and who would have shared my poverty unmurmuringly—was not to be mine. Her relations were set against it. "They could not hear," they said, "of the dear girl's throwing herself away upon an idle, purposeless man who would drag her down with him into the mire of merited poverty." How false and selfish such reasoning was! They might have known—Lucy knew it, and Lucy's brother, to whom I will her gentle nature deferred—that with such an inducement, such a talisman, as her love and her welfare, depending on my toil, I should have done fifty times as much as I had ever achieved without such a spur to exertion.

A pecuniary crisis can not live, even in that country, always cheap to those whose wants are few, without coming. It had arrived, but in an unambitious fashion that did not task my patience overmuch. Colored sketches of mountain scenery and bits of Neapolitan fishermen, with bronzed, fishermen, peasants in goat-skins and brown serge, square-cupped women with pitchers, nets, olives, vineyards, and vine-clad caps, I threw from time to time, and these sold freely. My chief patrons were the foreign visitors to Sorrento and Castellamare, who were glad to carry home with them some memento of the rich scenery of the Neapolitan coast. I worked when I was hungry, earned enough to pay for beef and macaroni, and lived altogether in an improvident, hand-to-mouth fashion, like an educated lazarone. All this time I was very far from happy. There was a much heavier heart in the kingdom of Naples than that of Hugh Edwards —British subject and artist, as his passport described him—at his wanderer's end out of the little inn at Portici one autumn evening.

The sun was going down; one could see the scarlet light flashing and blazing through the green leaves of the rustling chestnut-trees, but there was plenty of light as yet, and the prospect was a pleasant one even to jaded eyes like mine. Portici and its painted houses were soon left behind, and I struck off by one of the many paths that lead into the hills.

Presently I stopped, and looked around me from a small eminence that commanded a view of the surrounding country. There was one object that especially took my eye, the new railroad, then in process of construction, and which was being carried out, like most of the iron ways of Europe by English skill and English capital. As I looked I saw a gang of ting far beneath me, in which a gang of laborers were still at work. The low rays of the sun flashed on their picturesque red forms, their heads topped by the red Naples cap, or bound, turban-like, with a colored handkerchief, and the picks and spades that were now and then thrown up with vehemence I stood afar off and watched them, but not from any sympathy with their labor or its ultimate object. On the contrary, as I looked I felt my lip curl and my brow darken; for the spectacle suggested unpleasant thoughts. In the contractor who had undertaken that section of the new line was no other than Lucy's odious elder brother, that very George Graham who had been the chief obstacle to the sealing of the half engagement between his orphaned sister and myself. A clever, plausible man, who had succeeded, and was still the successful in this world, treated failure as a crime.

I had never met this prosperous relative of Lucy's, nor did I desire to meet him. His opinion of myself had been formed from the report of mutual acquaintances, from the conversation of Lucy and her aunt, and from the correspondence that had begun and ended in anger. To meet George Graham was more than I had bargained for, and I quickly made up my mind to quit Portici.

A strange whim had urged me to visit this little town, and that whim had been disappointed. While last at Salerno an American traveler had given me an animated description of some adventures among the banditti, and had told me a number of anecdotes of the most celebrated brigand chiefs of the day—Saltocco, Capo Rosso, Malingbetti, and another freebooter whose name, I think, was d'Angelo, or "the Lamb," ironically expressed his peculiarly ferocious disposition. My informant was a doctor, and to this circumstance he had owed his immunity from any ill usage while in the hands of his dangerous hosts, many of whom were at the time suffering from marsh fever, and among them their leader Saltocco. The American had been lucky enough, having a medicine-chest among his luggage, to cure the greater part of these invalids; and, in return for his medical services, they had set him free, uninjured and unansomed, retaining, however, his gold watch and chain, which the chief promised to wear as a keepsake. The account Dr. Hucks gave of the wild bivouacs, high up in the thin clear air of the mountain solitudes of the Salvator Rosa groups around the fires, the dances, the village merry-makings, in which the brigands took a part as welcome guests, had piqued my curiosity. My desire was to obtain, if I could, a safe-conduct to inspect the camp of these marauders. For the idea of painting a great picture, and growing famous as a single effort, haunted me night and day, as it had haunted all of many and many an idle man. Who knew whether some quaintly savage scene amid the hills might not suggest itself as a work that should even yet restrieve my blighted fortunes?

Most certainly, however, had been the failure of these romantic notions. I found the good people of Portici by no means desirous to admit the existence of any brigands in their vicinity. All stories of carriage and plunder were gross exaggerations. A petty theft might now and then take place; but, beyond the pillage of a beer-shop or a travelling fruit-procession was authentic. In fact I suspect the Bourbon Government at Naples, anxious to avert the troublesome advice of foreign powers, had issued orders that the banditti, if they could not be exterminated, should be ignored.

"I beg your pardon," but I conclude that your name is Edwards, and that you are staying at the Albergo d'Inghilterra—is it not so?" said a voice in English at my elbow, as I was confronted with the speaker, who had approached me, lost as I was in reverie, without my hearing his step. He was a strongly-built man of forty years of age, in a sunburnt face and quick blue eyes, that roved hither and thither, and seemed in an instant to take the measure of any object on which they fell. His voice was getting gray, but probably more toil and exposure to weather than from age, since he did not appear to me to be much above fifty years of age. His attire, of dark-colored Tweed, was neat and plain, and by the compasses and ivory rule that projected from his pocket-book I at once discovered

carriage than I am. Body of Bacchus! it's the English artist that came on Piero and me as we were eating our bread and melons by the well, and gave us a baiocchu apiece to stop quiet while he sketched us. The milordo is father, and has rot whiskers."

Indeed, an inspection of my passport and sketch-book convinced the brigand leader that I was not the wealthy traveler whom he had endeavored to ensnare. This discovery threw the Lamb into a paroxysm of dangerous fury. He began by cursing my captors for "blind bats," who did not know the difference between a beggarly spoiler of canvas and a "ricco" of the first quality. They excused themselves for their blunder by proverbial remarks, to the effect that night made every bird of one color, and that in the dark all cats were black. And the hum of assent which rose from the crowd proved that the brigands accounted their conduct all of a blame. Then the Lamb turned his flaming eyes on me, and, with a volley of choice Neapolitan abuse, declared that I should pay for both.

I reiterated the assurance that I was poor, and had no relative to whom I could apply for the price of my freedom.

"Per Eccole! but we will see to that," thundered the robber, "if you can not pay in silver you shall in skin. Strip off his shoes and warm his feet, my children; when they are roasted, this pert bird will sing a different song."

Instantly I was seized by several strong hands. I was thrown down, and very tightly bound with cords and thongs drawn savagely around my wrists and ankles, for it had often happened that a tortured prisoner had done mischief among the tormentors. Then my boots and stockings were torn away without meal, and I was thrust forward until the bare soles of my feet were close to the glowing red embers of the great fire. I was chilled with the black mountain air and with fatigue, and for the first few moments the heat was not disagreeable, but presently it became insupportable. I knew it should. The discomfort deepened into pain, the pain into agony, and I groaned and tried to crawl away. A robber took me by both shoulders and thrust me back again as if I had been a log; my scorched feet came in contact with the hot embers, and I could not suppress a scream which was mocked by a roar of laughter from the unfeeling savages.

"The roast meat will be burned," said one wag, and the joke provoked fresh mirth. A woman or two certainly did say "poverino," as I writhed and moaned, but no one offered to release me, and I began to fear that I should be martyred for life.

The fierceness of the pain drove that thought from my mind, conquered all sense of pride, resentment, and prudence, and I shrieked wildly and incoherently, sometimes beseeching the hard-hearted barbarians to have mercy, sometimes taunting and cursing them in the frantic hope that I might provoke some more irascible brute than the rest into ending my sufferings by a shot or a stab. Then nature was utterly spent, and I fainted.

When I recovered my senses I was lying in a wretched hut on a heap of straw. On a table of wine-cask at some distance sat a gray-haired old crone busy with one of those classic spindles which the Italian peasant women have used from the days of Etruscan civilization. For a time my senses were so dulled that I could remember nothing; and though I saw that it was morning, and that the air chilly, I did not try to realize how I came into my present position. At last a sharp shooting pain in my feet recalled my recollection of by-gone suffering, and I groaned and tried to rise, but failed. The old woman turned her head and bade me lie still, as if I had been a froward child, then came forward to unwind some yards of coarse linen in which my injured feet were wrapped, and proceeded to dress the wounds also afresh with some ointment of fully soothing ungent.

This old woman had, I suspect, saved my life. She alone had had compassion upon me as I lay insensible. The motive of this was very curious. Neapolitans of her class have little or no idea of philanthropy in theory or in practice, and it seldom enters into any one's head to pity the distress of those who are not akin to them in blood, or in love by friendship. But old Caterina had, it appears, been the mother of two sons, members of the gang, who had been hanged at Naples several years before, and, to the youngest and best beloved of these, I, in his mother's opinion, bore a strong resemblance. This lucky likeness had induced the old woman to undertake the cure of the lonely stranger. Thus she had restored some of the men to carry me to her hut—a comfortable deserted hovel—had laid me on a heap of straw beneath a tattered blanket, and had rubbed my blistered feet with an ointment which she declared infallible, and which would not allow me to "dance the Tarantella" in a month at latest.

But I was not yet safe. The Lamb, though convinced that I was not the traveler in whose stead I had been captured, was determined that I should not get off scot-free.

"He has fixed your ransom at eighteen thousand ducats. The milordo would have had to pay fifty thousand, but many profortress," "and he will pay the money. He gets money from all, even from begging friars and vine-dressers. Only last week he cut off the ears of a rich jeweler, first one, then the other, and sent them to his children in Salerno. The ransom was paid, but had it not been, I do believe would have chopped off every finger of the prisoner's hands joint by joint. That's how he serves the rich. As for those who are not rich he first toasts their feet and then stabs them with his stiletto—he does not waste much trouble on them; so, child, you had better think of some relation who would pay down the money to see you alive again."

Later in the day I received a visit from the brigand chief, who spoke substantially as follows: Every body knew that all Inglesi were wealthy folks, and, if I were not able to pay, probably I had kith and kin who would buy my safety. Failing that resource, were there not consule and embassadors of Inghilterra who might, could, would, and should forward the necessary cash to save the life of a British subject? To facilitate matters he, L'Agnello, would give me two weeks' grace, and would lower the terms to fourteen thousand ducats; but sooner than take a maravedi less, he would cause my head to be cut off and forwarded as a present to the Syndic of Portici, as he had done, four years since, in the case of Tommaso Bertoli, the vetturi.

Thus spoke the Lamb, not angrily, but with a kind of good-humored forcibly, and in the course of the afternoon a number of the brigands mustered into the hut, and one and all advised me in all seriousness to comply with their leader's recommendation. Some of these men were evidently sincere when they did not appear to be wholly without compassion for my wretched state, since my helpless plight gave very painful, and I should say that many of them very patted me on the back with rough kindness and bade me fear nothing as I should do well among them. Others nod and all agreed that since I obtained the sum demanded it would go very hard with me.

"The Lamb," said one tall youngster, who had been a boatman at Palermo, and was very proud of the five or six English words that he had picked up when plying among the foreign shipping—"the Lamb was out of temper yesterday, for three of his traps have caught no hare. Now, when the Cardinal, for whom nine of us watched for a week on the Sorrento road, a prince of the Church, whom ransom would have made rich for life, arrives, he gets nothing of the absolution he could have given us while we had him fast. Well, he slipped through our fingers, and so did the Milordo Inglese, but Signor Tazzi, who is wealthy enough to eat off gold and drink lacrima every day if he were not a Lichfilth, and so did the Lamb, and so he grows ravenfrige. The Lamb is not often so hasty as you found him, but he is a man of his word, and, per Domenico, you had better make haste to find your ransom, or of your friends as have the plumpest purses and the softest hearts."

Excellent counsel, no doubt, but, like much other advice of the same sort, easier given than followed. There was no one to whom I could turn for help in the wide world. My father, who was dead, was in London, above two thousand pounds of English money, and I could as soon have liquidated the National Debt as have raised it. Even if I had had any resources of my own. Rich friends were no more practical with me than they generally are with a man who is at once poor and helpless. Then I had no living relation who either could or would pay my ransom. The only hope, and that a desperate one, seemed to be that of an application to the British Embassy at Naples, and I knew too much of routine to expect much from that. Time was lost to me, and most likely, long before a letter official reply should be returned to my letter, I should be cast into my grave by the hands of the executioner. I was not improbable that my appeal would be treated as a hoax or an impertinence; there was "no precedent" for the case, and there was no precedence between a prisoner of L'Agnello and the Envoy of Her Britannic Majesty to the Court of the Two Sicilies.

In this emergency I bethought me of the stranger, the English engineer with whom I had been conversing immediately before my capture by the brigands. He had professed his desire to render me a service should real need of assistance arise, and I might as well try him as any one. Of course I was not so absurd as to dream that a salaried professional man could furnish the considerable sum that I required without reference to the price of his liberty, but I thought that if my new acquaintance were to press my case on the notice of the officials at the consulate, I might have a better chance of a hearing. With this idea I penned a short letter, addressed according to the direction that had been given to me, and intrusted to the brigands. He had professed his desire to render me a service should real need of assistance arise, and I might as well try him as any one. Of course I was not so absurd as to dream that a salaried professional man could furnish the considerable sum that I required without reference to the price of his liberty, but I thought that if my new acquaintance were to press my case on the notice of the officials at the consulate, I might have a better chance of a hearing. With this idea I penned a short letter, addressed according to the direction that had been given to me, and intrusted to the brigands. He had professed his desire to render me a service should real need of assistance arise, and I might as well try him as any one. Of course I was not so absurd as to dream that a salaried professional man could furnish the considerable sum that I required without reference to the price of his liberty, but I thought that if my new acquaintance were to press my case on the notice of the officials at the consulate, I might have a better chance of a hearing. With this idea I penned a short letter, addressed according to the direction that had been given to me, and intrusted to the brigands.

The robbers were by no means isolated from the sympathies of the rest of the community. They were on very good terms with most of the villagers in the mountain glens around them, at whose feasts and fairs they showed themselves openly, and from whom they received information and provisions. Indeed, many of them belonged to the district, and were akin to the more respectable and the very poorest of the people. Any fugitives and the very police who should have hunted them down; and this, perhaps, explains the fact that the sarabinieri never roamed able to discover the haunts where the marauders lurked, well known as they were to hundreds of so-called honest people.

The brigands were not idle. Frequent expeditions were undertaken with varying success, but no prisoner was brought up into the hills during my stay, though more than one carriage was stopped and its occupants plundered. On one occasion only was there any collision with the gens d'armes, and on that the detachment came back sullen and discomfited, with the loss of two of their number, who had been wounded and taken. This misfortune did not tend to make the Lamb more amiable. He gruffly intimated to his followers that they must prepare to set out for another lurking-place, since their unlucky comrades, in spite of the tremendous oaths by which they had been bound to keep the secret of their companions' retreat, would probably be tempted by promises of pardon to reveal all they knew. In fact, it was probable that the authorities would take active measures to destroy the wasps when once certain where their nest was to be found. Some of these men appeared to be much startled, and not appear to be wholly without compassion for my wretched state, since my helpless plight gave very painful, and I should say that many of them very patted me on the back with rough kindness and bade me fear nothing as I should do well among them. Others nod and all agreed that since I obtained the sum demanded it would go very hard with me.

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FACT NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—The proverbial unfathomableness of low lands is the reason why sick people are called valley-indisposed.

A recently-married gentleman was heard to declare that he was then as happy as the day was long. *Rather unfortunately, however,* he happened to be speaking on the *twenty-first of December!*

That atrocious James, who is always saying unpleasant things, was asked by a lady to whom he pay that a servant girl had broken out at the factory of a musical-string-maker. "Good!" said he, "capital! I'm sure I must have been completely gutted before the fire began."

Why can't the boots at a hotel be a good Churchman? —Because he's no lin-dependent.

A lawyer, the other day, went into one of our barber's shops to procure a wig. In taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head the boy exclaimed: "Why how long your head is, Sir!" "Well," said our worthy friend, "all lawyers must have long heads." The boy pondered in his vocation, but at length exclaimed: "Lord, Sir, your head is as *thick* as it is *long!*"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Pshaw! Stop your noise! Shut up this minute! I'll send one spank over the hoof your tongue! Let me be! Go away! Get away! Get out! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch it! Don't bother! Come here directly! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care! They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell ma! You mean thing! There, I told you so! You didn't! I did! I will have it! Oh, look what you have done! Now you've! Won't you catch it, though! It's my house! Who's afraid of you? Mah-ah-h! Boo, boo, boo, oo! Who's the matter? Get out of doors, directly! I'm you hear me? Dear me! I never did see in all my born days! It's enough to send one crazy! Would you put a tuck in it? Well, say I! Says he! Says she! Says they! There—I'm done! Hi! Hem! Is that you, wood! Three bounces! Gored! Worked crosswise! Trimmed with velvet! Oh, my head! I won't stand it! Stop that!

A ROMANCE—CHEFLY RETOLD.—They meet in the street, and they sigh passing by. Meet again, and lift to them their hats with additional zeal, and sigh to be for life. "Dear," says he, "you love me?" "Yes, I do. They, do you love me, too?" "Really." "Let us name no." Oh he goes to propose, and receive mother's leave. His says "Yes." Then he may come with her to tea. He employs various trades, by whose aids 'tis his wish to furnish for his spouse a fit home. When that's done by the rents one by the priest; give a feast; set off soon—honey-moon blossoms, kisses, mutter, misses—what a tale of true love this is!

A jolly fellow had an office next door to a doctor's shop. One day a gentleman left the old fogy school himself into the wrong shop. "Is the doctor in?" "Don't live here," said the latter, who was in full scribble over some old documents. "Oh, I thought this was his office." "No! Next door, Sir!" "Well, I've been next door to this many a patient?" "Not living?" The old gentleman told the story in his whisky, and the doctor threatened the lawyer with a libel suit.

A GOOD THOUGHT.—A son of the Emerald Isle, once riding to market with a sack of potatoes behind him, discovered that the horse was getting tired, whereupon he commenced, on the potatoes upon his shoulders, and again mounted, saying "it was better that he should carry the praties—he was fresher than the poor baste."

A collier having taken a locking-glass home in his trunk, one of his neighbor offspring was desirous to see the contents of the mysterious box. The mirror was on the top, when the little curiosity seeker put his eyes on the glass the box shook head, dropped the lid, and, with joy depicted on every feature, exclaimed, "O mother, mother, father has brought home a young puppy!"

"Mary, my dear," said a doting husband to the lady that was soon to be his, "if ever I turn flirt, and desert you, either helpmate, she shall be a Mary, too, for your own dear sake." "Well," answered the fair one, "and what if the loving wife" (in my opinion another would be merely a super-nor-mary)"

DYING FOR A KISS.—An inquest was held lately on the body of a young man who, in the attempt to steal a kiss from the unwilling lips of a girl, fell down the stairs and broke her neck in trying to escape a kiss. The coroner's jury, shall kissing be given up as a dangerous amusement?

"In faith, Captain," said a sot to a brother officer, "you are a cursed unlucky fellow; whenever you play with me you're a Jamaican on board?"—"No, I haven't."—"Tilia, I believe," replied Pat, "yet you shall have to take the weather as it comes."

A SHEEPISH PROCEEDING.—Seizing Messrs. Laird's rams.

A letter-writer describes a beautiful young lady as having a face so handsome might dwell upon. That would be a delightful residence.

An American shrod remarked at a *table d'hôte* on the Continent, recently, that Austria need never fear national bankruptcy so long as the Rothschild's held on Venice, for it was her "floating capital."

Why is a washer-woman a great fool?—Because she sets the sun tube to catch soft water when it is raining hard.

"MAMMA," said a little girl, "can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then why did you tell Anna to answer the door this morning?"

The best *souring* machine extant—the practical farmer.

Latest scientific discovery.—That bitumen is the greatest folds of nature.

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What is "villainy of the blackest dye?"—*Dye*-abolical villainy, of course.

Doctors disagree, but they ought not to. Their legitimate business is to find out what diagrees with their patients.

When you offer cats to a horse he may *say neigh*, but he don't mean it.

Women have many advantages over men; one of them is, that they can't be killed in battle. To be dead, whereas men generally takes effect in her lifetime.

Why are the Germans the heaviest fellows in the world?—Because they are all Hanoverians.

An Irishman, on being told that a certain kind of stove would "save half the coal," said, "Indade; then be jabers I'll take two of them stoves, and save it all."

Folks don't go to bed nowadays—they retire to rest. Nobody eats his dinner—people take some refreshment. Nobody goes to church—but people attend divine service. Nobody is buried—but people inclined into the ground. No one forges a check—he puts his name on paper.

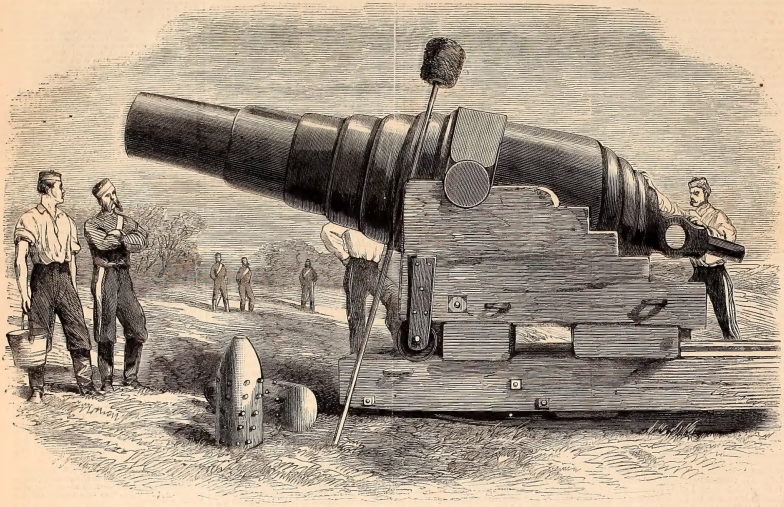
The late Charles Wynne, M.P., known in the House of Commons as "Bubble and Squeak," had a feeling, caring. Happening, for some reason, to be put in the same room with a blind old gentleman at dinner, he helped him, and made the remark to him, "Very fine weather, Sir." "Very fine, indeed, Ma'am," replied the other.

Said an Irishman to a telegraph operator, "Do you ever charge any body for the address in a message?" "No," replied the latter, "we don't." "And do you charge nothing his name, Sir?" said the customer. "No, Sir." "Well, then, I'll just call myself Mr. Nothing, and you'll never be knew I am here," handing him the following:—"To John Nothing, Esquire, eighteen Patrick M'Finn." It was sent as a tribute to Pat's drowdiness.

A person, speaking of the tenacity of life in turtles, asserted that he had seen one which had been cut out of its open its jaws six weeks afterward. The company seeming to disbelieve it, he said he would bet a hundred pounds he will doubt my word." Then turning to one gentleman, he asked him if he would be thought. The gentleman, observing that it was very remarkable, said to the relator, "If you yourself, Sir, had not seen the circumstance, could you have believed it?" "Indeed," said he, "I could not." "Then," replied the gentleman, "I hope you will excuse me if I do not."

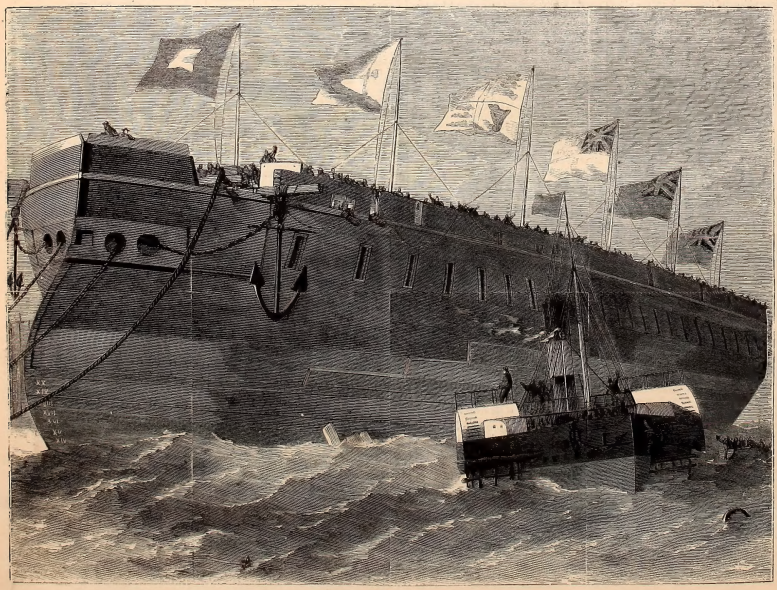
"No pains will be spared," as the Quack said when saving off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of its rheumatism.

Parties at a dead look should extricate themselves with a skeleton key.



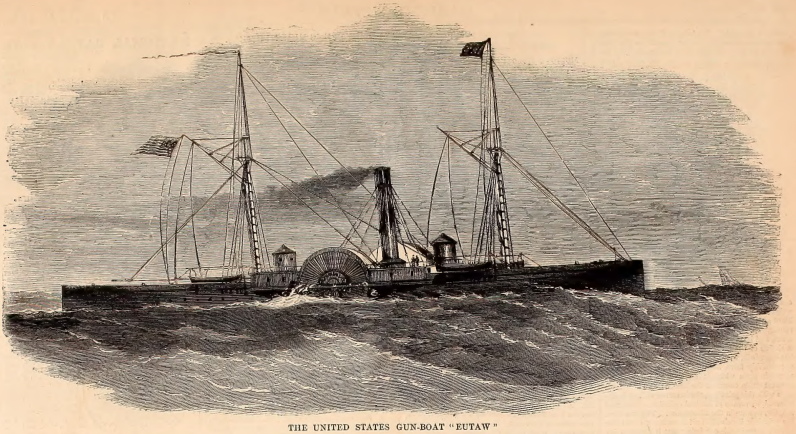
THE NEW ENGLISH SIX HUNDRED-POUNDER ARMSTRONG GUN.

[SEE PAGE 78.]



LAUNCH OF HER MAJESTY'S SCREW STEAMSHIP "MINOTAUR," FIFTY GUNS, AT BLACKWALL, ENGLAND.

[SEE PAGE 78.]



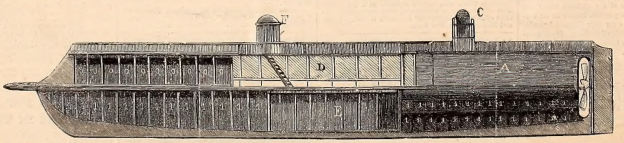
THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "EUTAW"

THE GUN-BOAT "EUTAW."

WE give above an illustration representing one of our war steamers, the *Eutaw*, now in the Washington Navy Yard. She is one of the only class of side-wheel steamers constructed by the Naval Department, and known as a double-ender. Several charges having lately been brought against the Department for building slow steamers, Secretary Welles has proposed, for the purpose of a trial, a match between the *Eutaw* and the fastest side-wheel steamer which the country can bring against her. This challenge was about a week ago read before the Chamber of Commerce, which body did not feel disposed to accept it. The tonnage of the *Eutaw* is 974, and her draught eight feet six inches, and the Secretary claims for her that she will run against the same draught and tonnage in any water. Her length is 234 feet; she has a direct-acting engine with a cylinder 58 inches in diameter. Several very interesting experiments have been carried on on board of this vessel with super-heated steam, and on the evaporative powers of the boilers with a steam jet. She is commanded by Commander HOSER C. BLAKE, who, it will be remembered, was in command of the *Hatteras* when she fought the rebel privateer *Alabama*. Commander Blake, although a young officer, is one of the most promising in our naval service, and deserves to have a fast ship.

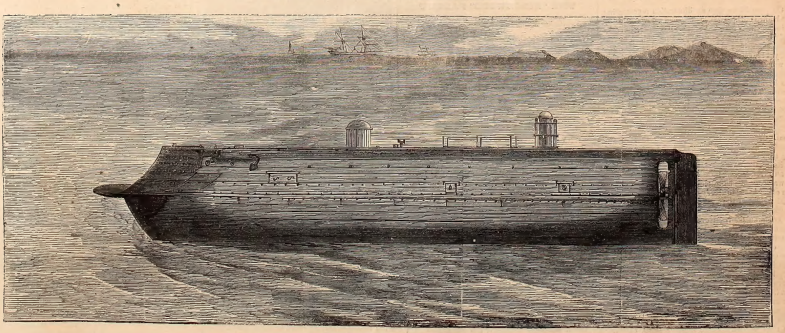
REBEL SUBMARINE BATTERY.

A M. OLIVIER DE JALIN sends to the French *Le Monde Illustré* drawings of a submarine vessel which we reproduce on this page, abridging his description. There has just been finished, he says, at Mobile a very curious little vessel, designed by Mr. Austill, which seems capable of destroying any ship in the world. It is of iron, 23 yards long. The interior is divided longitudinally by a partition into two portions: in the upper one are the machinery, armament, rudders, and reservoirs of compressed air; in the lower are chambers to hold air or water, as the case may demand, coal-bunkers, provision-lockers, and the like. On the deck, which is hermetically closed, are pipes for discharging air and steam, a smoke-stack, and a look-out, the upper part of which is of thick glass. The motive-power is a screw, worked either by steam or by electricity. At the stern is an ordinary rudder; at the bows another rudder, working on a horizontal axis, the object of which is to raise or lower the vessel. Now when no enemy is in sight the air-chambers are filled, and the vessel is managed like any other steamer. But when an enemy is in view the air-chambers are filled with water; down goes the vessel, and nobody is the wiser for its presence. Her perpendicular course is determined by the bow rudder, just as her horizontal course is regulated by her stern rudder. Turn it one way, and up she goes; turn it the other, and down she sinks. A pressure-gauge shows just the depth to which she has at any moment sunk. The man in the glass look-out governs the movement of the vessel. If it is sunk three feet below the surface it is invisible. On each side of the deck are placed iron cases filled with powder, joined two-and-two by chains of proper length. If a vessel lying at anchor is to be attacked, the submarine boat dives down, lets slip one of these twin torpedoes directly under the enemy; these rise by their specific gravity, and hug the enemy, one on each side, but kept from escape by the chain which, passing under the keel, unites them. The submarine, having accomplished her work, backs off to a safe distance, explodes these torpedoes by means of a galvanic battery, and up goes the enemy, in more pieces than one can well count. If a vessel under sail or steam is to be assaulted, the submarine dives down and lies hidden right under the track of her foe; then at the exact moment loosens a torpedo furnished with a percussion apparatus; the enemy strikes this, explodes it, and up also goes past all hope of redemption. The submarine, in the mean time, has dived down into the water so deep as to be quite safe from the shock which she has occasioned. "I can't stop to describe to you," concludes M. Olivier de Jalin, "the system of pumps to drive out the foul air, the air and water-pipes by means of which, with the aid of the compressed air, the air-tanks may in a few moments be filled with



A. Engine-Room.—C. Smoke-Stack.—D. Munition-Room.—E. Coal-Bunkers.—F. Look-Out.—1, 1, 1. Compartments for Air or Water.—0, 0, 0. Compartments for Compressed Air

LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF SUBMARINE BATTERY.



REBEL SUBMARINE BATTERY.

water or emptied." We believe M. Olivier has sold our French friend, and think that if our fleet has nothing to contend with more formidable than the invention of Mr. Austilt it will not suffer much damage.

THE MOONLIGHT LONG AGO.

You love me well, I know, wife,
In spite of frown and toss;
In the moonlight long ago, wife,
You didn't look so cross.
In your little scarlet cloak, dear,
You tripped along the snow,
And all at once I spoke, dear,
Though sadly at a loss.

You hung your pretty head then,
And scarcely knew it;
I scarce knew what you said then,
But I knew it wasn't no.
My joy I couldn't speak, love,
But a hundred times or so
I blazed a velvet cheek, love,
In the moonlight long ago.

ARMSTRONG'S 600-POUNDER.

THE latest reports from England bring us an account of a new gun, of extraordinary dimensions; weighing no less than 22½ tons. This enormous bit of artillery has been built by Sir William Armstrong, under the auspices of the British Government, and has been lately tested off Shoeburyness. A sketch of the gun will be found on page 76. It has been *built*, we say; for a piece of this size could not possibly have been forged as a whole. The principle upon which it is constructed is that the greatest strain comes at the breech; and in accordance with this principle, the immense weight is distributed, by means of laminal cylinders of different lengths, as seen in the illustration. This has been the principle involved in all Armstrong guns; the novel feature in this one being that it carries a six hundred pound shot, and is so wisely distributed as to its weight that it is only four feet longer than the 300-pounder, although it is more than twice as heavy. Not only is the gun made up of cylinders, one inclosing another, but each particular cylinder is composed of several small rings, or coils, of iron welded together lengthwise. The outward layers are turned without and within, and are subjected to a great heat when they are fitted over the interior cylinders, and, cooling, contract with such force of pressure as to be most compactly welded together. The guns is bored with ten grooves, and to secure the rotation of the shot the latter has upon its surface ten rows of studs fitting into these grooves: the bore being 13 3-10ths inches in diameter. It is proposed to carry guns of this description on iron-clad war-vessels, but it should be found practicable, it would necessitate a complete revolution in the defensive armor of ships of war, as no vessel in existence could withstand the effect of the 600-pound steel shot. The practicability of their use for this purpose is, however, extremely doubtful, as in a heavy gale much smaller guns are frequently displaced. But for harbor and coast defenses this enormous war engine is of the greatest value and perfectly available. Its possible range, at an elevation of 10 degrees, is over four thousand yards, the charge being 70 pounds of powder. If we compare our own progress in naval armament with that made by the British, we shall find that a preference has been always given by us to cast-iron guns, small charges, and heavy shot at low velocities; while in England steel guns are preferred, with high charges and light shot, at excessive velocities. Twenty-six guns have, however, been constructed in this country capable of carrying a 1000-pound shot, but these have been found, as probably this new 600-pounder will be, unavailable except for harbor and coast defence.

LAUNCH OF THE "MINOTAUR."

On page 76 we give an illustration representing the launch of the English iron-clad screw steamship *Minotaur* from the yard of the Thames Iron Work and Ship-building Company, in England. The English have three ships of this class, the other two not yet launched. The *Minotaur* is the largest ship of war afloat, being 450 feet long and 59 feet wide, and carries 50 guns. Her armor-plates on the waist are 24 inches thick, and 14 toward the bow and stern. There are two features worthy of attention about this vessel. One is, that running all along each side she has what are called "wing passages," 42 inches wide, and corresponding with the height between decks. The wings are again divided into small water-tight compartments, so that in the event of a shot passing through the outer skin of the ship the water from the leak will be confined to its compartment. Another noteworthy feature is an arrangement by which several hundred tons of water may be admitted into these compartments, the effect being to steady the vessel in action. The total weight of the vessel when completed will be 10,000 tons; yet it is expected that she will make 14 knots an hour. Notwithstanding the immense size of this vessel, it still seems to us that she would be no match for one of our Monitors, which, although they only carry two guns, yet by their revolving turrets are enabled to shift their fire continually. And then it must be remembered that the latter present very little vulnerable surface, being only 18 inches above the water, and their turrets only about 20 feet in diameter. The *Minotaur*, on the other hand, has an immense surface, which, if she were put in the situation of our Monitors at Charleston, would have surely given way at some point, and caused the ship to sink. These massive ships, carrying large armaments, are far less available for all the exigencies of offensive or defensive warfare than the turreted iron-clads of a less size. The English have no iron-clads with revolving turrets as yet, but we think that these represent thus far the highest result of naval skill and efficiency.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the manufactory at the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail. Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen has the advantage over pens, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, nearly equivalent to your usual style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High Premium Rates of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, send "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Brandreth's Pills

were understood, few families would be without

SO GREAT A REMEDY IN THE HOUSE.

This medicine is a wonderful cure for Small-Pox, and no person having that terrible disease should for a moment delay their use. Authenticated cures will be furnished all who desire by application at the principal office, Brandreth House, New York.

A lady of 56 was out of health generally: no food agreed with her—always violent pain in the stomach after eating. All the remedies she took did her no good, until at last she took Brandreth's Pills for a few days together, then rested for a few days. This method she followed for three months, which restored her to perfect health.

A young lady was obliged to leave school because of a constant severe pain in the region of the heart when she tried aloud or spoke, or sang or walked quickly. Her case was nearly a fatal one, by the remedies employed, of which bleeding was one. But at length she used Brandreth's Pills, which in one year cured her, and now her health is fully restored.

TUMOR OF THE NECK CURED.

A young gentleman had a tumor on the side of his neck, which had been years in growing, and was pronounced a cancer. Dr. Brandreth expressed the opinion that perseverance with his Pills would cure it. They were used according to the printed instructions which accompany each box, and soon the tumor began to give way. In a little over one year, they cured it perfectly, and the gentleman can not now be aware that he ever had it.

It is unnecessary to add that BRANDRETH'S PILLS are so largely patronised by

Principal Office, Brandreth House. Sold also at No. 1 Union Square, and by all Dealers. Get new style.

Short-Hand without a Master,

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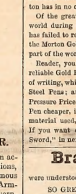

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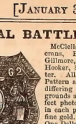

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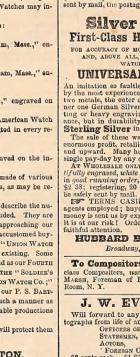

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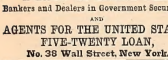

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 371.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THANKS TO GRANT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THANKS TO GRANT.

"*Be it resolved* by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of Congress be and they hereby are presented to Major-General ULYSSES S. GRANT, and through him to the officers and soldiers who have fought under his command during this rebellion, for their gallantry and good conduct in the battles in which they have been engaged; and that the President of the United States be requested to cause a GOLD MEDAL to be struck, with suitable emblems, devices, and inscriptions, to be presented to Major-General GRANT.

"Section 2. *And be it further resolved*, That, when the said MEDAL shall have been struck, the President shall cause a copy of this joint resolution to be engrossed, on parchment, and shall transmit the same, together with the said MEDAL, to Major-General GRANT, to be presented to him in the name of the people of the United States of America.

"Section 3. *And be it further resolved*, That a sufficient sum of money to carry this resolution into effect is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated."

[Passed without opposition in both Houses: Approved by the President and the Country.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

☞ OWING to some delay in the transmission of the advance sheets of Dr. CHARLES DICKENS'S paper, we are obliged to omit, in the present Number, the continuation of the story, "A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB." The story will be continued in our next Number, and will be regularly published until its completion.]

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

THE correspondence of the State Department, now published, shows how industrious Secretary SEWARD has been. The two most interesting points in it, of course, are the question of the English rebel rams and the French conquest of Mexico. Mr. SEWARD treats both of them with firmness, ability, and skill. The sailing of the rams would have been undoubtedly a cause of war; for, as Mr. SEWARD well and plainly says to Mr. ADAMS, on the 5th of October, 1863: "The resistance of foreign aggression by all the means in our power, and at the hazard, if need be, of the national life itself, is the one point of policy on which the American people seem to be unanimous, and in complete harmony with the President." It was doubtless the continued success of our navy, supported by the most unrelenting statement of this truth by Mr. ADAMS, which brought from Lord RUSSELL on the 8th of September, 1863, the extremely curt and crisp announcement that the rams would not sail. Throughout the correspondence Mr. ADAMS appears in the best light: prompt, calm, sagacious, persistent; nor has Lord RUSSELL the least reason to congratulate himself upon any advantage in argument, comprehension, or temper.

The treatment of the American question with France required of Mr. SEWARD not only firmness but adroitness. For, counting upon our defeat, Louis NAPOLEON has conquered and is occupying Mexico. It is a step already taken. His dilemma is obvious: how to remain with safety, or how to retreat with honor. Our question is not less embarrassing: how to assert our traditional policy so as to persuade him that he had better withdraw. It is not an easy task. The Secretary states our policy thus: The United States have no right nor will to interfere in the war between France and Mexico; but they believe that free institutions in the nations around them are essential to their own safety, and if France should adopt an adverse policy there would be great risk of serious collision between her and this country. On the 23d of October, 1863, Mr. SEWARD writes that this Government does not consider the war in Mexico ended, nor the Mexican Government with which it has friendly relations overthrown. Therefore it can not entertain any question of a new Government, but will recognize the sovereignty and independence of the Mexican people in whatever form they may choose, in the exercise of an absolute freedom, to manifest them.

This is rather foggy. Does it mean that if they choose to manifest them in the form of an Austrian empire upheld by French bayonets that it will recognize it? Or does it mean that the choice of an empire will be regarded as proof that absolute freedom of election has not been exercised? Or is it left purposely foggy? It is not satisfactory, and is very probably not meant to be.

We wish that Mr. SEWARD could have omitted one or two phrases in the French correspondence, and that, without losing the tone of diplomatic courtesy, he could have avoided all taint of obsequiousness. Surely there was no need of saying that Louis NAPOLEON assumed the reins of empire in France "in obedience to her voice," because the empire was notoriously a *coup d'état*. If his subsequent election was the result of an absolute freedom of choice, Mr. SEWARD can not refuse to acknowledge the same thing in MEXICO, and recognize MAXIMILIAN as assuming the reins of empire "in obedience to her voice." Thus, it is quite worthy the Secretary of State to present to Spain the continued enjoyment of slavery in Cuba as the reward of friendship for the United States? If we had no other inducement to offer her, wouldn't it be better to take the risk of her hostility?

These are blemishes in a very able and remarkable diplomatic correspondence.

PRIDE AND SENSITIVENESS.

THE "Life of General Butler," by Mr. PARTON, will show the interested reader why Mr. Beverly Johnson, who was sent to New Orleans to investigate the General's conduct of affairs, so constantly thwarted that most able and skillful officer, and so invariably favored the enemies of his country and Government. It was made a speech in the Senate of the United States, and incidentally drops the explanation. It is because he considers the rebels "proud and sensitive." That the pride of the Government of the United States requires that the rebellion be so subdued that it may not burst forth again does not seem to occur to him. That the loyal people of the land may be quite as "sensitive" as rebel slaveholders is a fact he has yet to learn.

Does Mr. Senator Reverdy Johnson really think that the time has not come for the ancient and foolish twaddle about the "high spirit," the "gentlemanly tone," the "pride," and the "sensitiveness," of men who sell their own and other people's children? That in every condition of society which is barbarous, and always is the distinctive sign of barbarism, there should be a certain dash and alertness of feeling, is attested by universal experience. The chiefs are always impatient of control, dictatorial, self-indulgent, dogmatic. They use the club, the bowie-knife, or the pistol, upon the least occasion. But why should a man like Mr. Johnson, who has had the advantage of mingling with a society of which most of the human rights is a cardinal principle, permit himself to repeat these phrases which are now as ludicrous as they are obsolete? Does this worthy and belated Senator really think that Charles Stuart was a man of higher "pride" than John Hampden, or that Strafford was more "sensitive" than Pym? The Southern people, who are not rebel leaders, may be an ideal folk; but tickling the "proud and sensitive" nerves of slave masters is not the business which the American people now has in hand.

A LOUD CRY.

OUR view of the rebel prospects has rather been startling confidence in the success of all the public as well as private news lately received from the seat of insurrection. The Raleigh (North Carolina) Standard, the most able, and very striking article, in which it sets forth the astounding fact that the rebel Congress is controlled by members from States which do not belong to the Confederacy, by representatives from Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana, impose, according to the *Standard*, "odious and oppressive laws," which can no more be enforced upon the people of those States than upon those of New York or New England!

Here is representative government with a vengeance! Here is a paradise of the people for which it was worth while to break away from the "Yankee despotism!" The rebel Congress, composed as we have seen of the basest tacs, impressments, and conscriptions upon the people of North Carolina, for instance, which it was not enough to bring into the most shocking prosperity has brought them untold woe. They see that the European powers, which were sure to take which we bring them, neither shoulder them or ever. They see their domain contracting; their families starving or carried off; trade at an end; industry only supporting an army which feeds upon them, and which may be shot or sold forced. They see their slaves freed, escaping, and restive. They see their soil saturated with the blood of their children. They see that they are opposed to them a nation constantly reinforcing its armies, prospering and active and resolved, holding out to the people of the South the hand of fellowship on such terms as honorable men will persistently reject. How long is this likely to continue?

The bold of the leaders of the rebellion upon the people is very tenacious, and its tenure is Slavery. For however wretched and poor the whites may be, just in the degree of their ignorance will they be content, so long as there is a proscribed race below them. Remove the proscription and you destroy their contentment. Remove the proscription and they turn upon their leaders and ask, "What are we fighting for? Without Slavery what is Southern Independence worth? And with Slavery are we not the most unmitigatedly wretched of American citizens?"

The very presence of our armies will teach them to ask these questions. We know, and the rebel chiefs know, and the Copperhead allies know, that to such questions there can be but one answer, and that these men will gladly agree that the Slavery which has enthralled them, and in which the head and could have no prospect of interest, shall be destroyed and forever. Then we shall have peace, and not before.

GENERAL BUTLER.

MR. PARTON'S "Life of General Butler" is a very valuable contribution to the history of the war, because it is so vivid a portraiture of the most remarkable man, upon the whole, that the war has developed. When the struggle began it was natural to suppose that the Yankee genius would show itself in prompt and daring action, in a perfect quality to every unexpected occasion, and a general readiness, wit, and practical wisdom, which are always associated with the Yankee name. But certainly there has been a profound disappointment in this expectation. Sturdy, steady, patient heroism we have seen, and clear principle and unshrinking resolution, but the typical Yankee traits have been more so plainly and constantly exhibited as in the career of General Butler.

In the winter of 1860–'61 we felt that the war was coming, and, grieved with his late political allies, went home to prepare to fight them as traitors and rebels. He apprehended the scope of the struggle, and from the moment he accepted Annapolis until that in which he is intrusted with the settlement of the question of exchange of prisoners, his shrewd insight, his selfpossession, his various knowledge, his motherwit, and his good-humored heroism, have enabled him to meet every kind of difficulty, and solve in every instance, except one, that the public confidence in his genius and resources is profound and general.

The earlier parts of his military career in Maryland are most interesting, and are related with great spirit by Mr. PARTON. That gentleman does not spare the military plans and conceptions of General SCOTT, and it is certainly amusing to read that while that General was maturing a grand programme for capturing Baltimore (as his successor did afterward, for bagging the whole army in which four companies of three thousand men each were to move simultaneously upon the city, General Butler advanced into the environs with a few companies, halted when he found his staff into the city, and Baltimore was taken. It has been held from that moment. The solemn snubbing administered to Butler from the head-quarters at Washington read, under the circumstances, like chapters from Gil Blas. The worship and cant of "strategy" had already begun.

The capturing of Baltimore was characteristic of General Butler's method. It is the application of common sense, heroism, and perception to the crisis before him. His disposition of the practical question of slavery, as he met it at Fort Monroe, was another striking illustration. The slaves in his eye were "contraband of war;" and Mrs. or Mr. Partington said, slavery was abolished by an epigram.

But the occupation and government of New Orleans is the most signal event in his history. Has the world ever seen another man who could have done that work? Whether with rebels, or conditional Union men, or slaves, or slaveholders, or non-slaveholders, shop-keepers, ship-women, Bank presidents, mayors, common councils, and merchants; with questions of law, of precedent, domestic, international, and foreign, of the most delicate and summary justice or the wisest forbearance—he carries the same high humor, copious resource, and inexorable decision; and there is no way left for rebels, who are baffled by him at every turn and in every wile, but to call him Beast, and set a price upon his head. Mr. PARTON very plainly intimates that foreign influence was exerted to the utmost by all rebels, and rebel accomplices, in New Orleans, tended to a disturbance of the equanimity of our foreign relations. But the Beast was equal to every obstacle, and the Secretary of State was really the cause of General Butler's removal from the Department of the Gulf. General Butler there is no way left for rebels, was an conciliation, which almost cost us Louisiana. That was a policy which General Butler never would have adopted because the rebellion, as he was profoundly persuaded that in trying to tickle tigers you run tremendous risks. General Banks did not persevere, and Louisiana has been retained.

From his previous intimacy with the leaders of the rebellion General Butler has always commanded the confidence of the war. He knew it was a radical struggle in which one principle or the other must prevail. The leaders he knew to be daring and desperate. The people he know to be deluded; and probably no man is less surprised than he by the course the war has taken. Of all our conspicuous actors in the struggle no one has thrown himself into it more heartily, intelligibly, and unreservedly; and although he is yet scarcely in the prime of life, the copious and delightful biography of Mr. PARTON shows Benjamin Butler to be already one of the most original characters in our history.

THE BROWN CODE.

THE new rebel conscription law, without which the insurgent armies can not be reinforced, makes Jefferson Davis as absolute a Dictator as ever Robespierre was in France. The Macon *Telegraph* in Georgia plainly exposes the scheme. By the law of Mr. Brown every able-bodied man in the Confederacy, including the rebel Presidents, Senators, Governors, and Judges is to be impressed into the service. Then if the lame, and blind, and supernumerated are not enough to do the work necessary for the support of the army, men are to be detailed from the army for the purpose.

But who is to detail them? The worthy President of the Confederacy! Thus he has it all in his own hands. He is to detail the governors, judges, merchants, farmers, senators! A more ludicrous plan was never proposed. It virtually puts the power over every person and all property into the hands of one irresponsible man. We commend this last stroke to the profound consideration of the foreign and domestic gentlemen who are fond of contrasting the far-reaching sagacity of the Southern statesman with the puerile plans of Lincoln's ministers.

OLD DOGS.

BEFORE the last Presidential election there were certain papers and orators who used to inform us that if we did not vote for Mr. Breckinridge, or if Mr. Lincoln were elected, the grass would grow in the city of New York. Mr. Lincoln was elected, but the grass has not yet started, except in the Central Park.

Now that another election approaches the same papers are beginning the same tune. That Mr. Lincoln is voted for this time blood is to flow, and the election is to end in universal massacre. Would people kindly refuse to avoid such terrible consequences, ask the wiseacres, vote for *our* candidate!

It does not seem to occur to these astute politicians that the election carried under any threat of this kind is simply the end of Government, and the failure of the Democratic principle. If we can avoid civil war only by voting for one man the election is a farce, and the one man would do us a signal service by taking the quietly possession of the Government without the form of an election.

These Bourbon gentlemen, who learn nothing from events, nor the use of words, are carrying elections by terror is, for the present at least, ended. When the leaders, now in rebellion, used to shake their bana solemnly and say that if they could not have their own way "the South" would be compelled to dissolve the Union, the nation used to surrender, and they promptly pretended that the Union is continue. Their organs at the North were so well broken to this kind of tactics that they can not emancipate themselves, and are beginning, in the old way, to threaten the horrors that will befall us if we elect a President who pleases us.

These are sensible old dogs in Italy which, long after they have lost their voices, still open their mouths fiercely and go through all the forms of barking. But they were never known to frighten any body.

LITERARY.

THE many friends and former enthusiasts for Alexander Smith will be surprised by the limpid purity and simplicity of style with which he has written a book of essays in the character of a placid old man in the placid old village of "Dreamthorp." (J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston), which gives the title to the book, which is most neatly printed and bound. There are twelve most pleasant, gossiping essays, not like Bacon's or Emerson's or Montaigne's, but ripe and quiet and sunny, and a great deal more genial and agreeable than the Rev. Mr. Boyd's. "Dreamthorp" is a charming book for the cars, or a frosty evening by the fire, or a summer day in the country. It is not unlike quite impossible that the author of a "Life Drama" should have written "Dreamthorp," but we are inclined to think that the liking for the latter will be more permanent and genuine.

In the "Life of William H. Prescott," by George Tickner (Tickner & Fields), we have a sumptuous quarto, a splendid typographical example and unique in American book-making; the printers being Welch, Bigelow, & Co., at the University Press, Cambridge. It is for those who are amiable scholar and gentleman, whose misfortune in the practical loss of sight not only did not sour his natural kindliness of nature, but enabled his activities, so that, devoting himself to historical composition, he became a famous author. It is a purely literary life, and a certainly very interesting, enriched with many letters from distinguished men of the time, and abounding in that personal anecdote and gossip which, while they consume the reader's time, clearly illustrate the subject of the memoir. Fortunate in all but his partial blindness, in family, friends, and wealth, and devoted to the soft, polished, conservative side of life; and throughout the tale you move in a society as select as the book is expensive. There in the rustle of silks and satins, the exchange of perfumed compliments and billet-doux; the steady stream of mutual incense on every hand; the evening-rooms, courts, high society; until cold winds, poverty, and the battle of life, seem simply impossible. Mr. Tickner's fine, and entire intimacy with Mr. Prescott peculiarly fitted him for writing the life, the successive events of which he has apparently most faithfully narrated. It would have been pleasant to find that Mr. Prescott had the heroism of a great scholar; that he did not shrink from contact with public affairs at a time when no man of influence and talent should have refused to give his heartiest sympathy and service, after his kind, to his country; and to discover that he was never deluded by the dull indifference to human welfare which calls itself conservatism. But every scholar can not be Milton or Languet; and Prescott's gay, genial, and graceful nature, fitted

for saloons, boudoirs, and libraries, went smiling and sparkling through life, faithfully devoted to his work, endeared to his friends, and making both of readers happy. In this beautiful volume we find many passages in which we of this Journal have a special interest; as in the sketch taken from the *We*. By of February 12, 1859, recording a conversation with Mr. Prescott, shortly before his death, by the Reverend W. H. Milburn; and in the many always friendly, allusions to his publishers in New York (who are also the publishers of this Journal). The relation each both sides was always most pleasant, and as such relations are of necessity an important part of the life of an author, they have due mention from the biographer. If we say, at last, that the spirit of this biography is entirely congenial with that of its subject, have we not given it the highest praise?

A capital book for boys is "Days and Nights on the Battle-field" (Tickner & Fields). It is written by "Carleton," the signature of Mr. Coffin, army correspondent of the Boston *Journal*. It describes the battle of Bull Run, the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, with the battle of Shiloh, and other operations in the West, in a style so easy, vivacious, and picturesque that no book is to be compared with it for giving an intelligent child a vivid conception of the war which shakes the country. The book is full of lively incident and shrewd observation. Its interest never flags, and it makes even the movement of battles intelligible. It is from such sources that the historian is to draw, and his elaborate touches will scarcely be more effective than these sketches of "Carleton."

[From the *Evening Post* of January 30.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—We have received the seventh volume of *Harper's Weekly*—for the seventh year 1863. It is a journal of the year, kept in the most interesting way, and as we turn over the pages we review many now almost forgotten sensations, and see, bit by bit, how history has grown. Here we find "The new Commander of the Potomac army," General Meade; here, "*Column Kilpatrick's charge*," which made him presently a brigadier-General; here, in pictures, for the most part drawn with admirable spirit, and clearly cut and printed, the live army and the staid capture of Vicksburg, the battle of the iron-clads *Atlanta* and *Weehawken*, and many other scenes which posterity will read of admiringly.

The volume closed and bound up becomes history, but it would not be just to this publication to exalt a single one to the influence which it has exercised during the year, and which it continues to exert. An illustrated journal like *Harper's Weekly*, which circulates, we have heard, over one hundred and twenty thousand copies per week, chiefly among families, and which has probably a million of readers, has necessarily a great influence in the country. The *Weekly* has consistently and very ably supported the Union, the Government, and the great principles for which they which the Union was made. The publishers have shown themselves true and wise lovers of liberty, and sterling patriots. And we have known no whole influence of their journal for the most vigorous and thorough prosecution of the war; and have ably and constantly supported every measure of the Administration calculated to put down the rebellion, and to destroy the cause of rebellion among the people.

Unlike most illustrated journals, *Harper's Weekly* has displayed political and literary ability of a high order, as well as artistic merit. Its political discussions are sound, clear, and convincing, and have done their share to educate the American people to a right understanding of their duties and duties. They complete in all the departments of an American family journal, *Harper's Weekly* has earned for itself a right to the title which it assumed seven years ago—"a journal of civilization."

In its specialty—illustrations of passing events —it is unequaled, and many of the pictures of the year do honor to the genius of the artists and engravers of this country. There is a more scene in the seventh number of the *Weekly* (page 80) which is worthy of a frame, and has more merit than many an oil painting of a similar scene. In fact, the war has done much to improve the art of designing and cutting wood engravings, and we find frequent wood-cuts in *Harper's Weekly* which we have not seen equaled in any European publication of the kind.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January* 29. Mr. Brown presented a memorial from a portion of the Missouri Legislature against reforming the nomination of General Schofield as Major-General; the Senator spoke in strong condemnation of the course of General Schofield as military commander in Missouri.—The Military Committee reported, with recommendations, bill for a uniform ambulance system.—Resolutions were presented from the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, asking for a modification of the Reciprocity Treaty.—The President was asked to furnish information touching the recent conflagration at Santiago, Chili.—The Military Committee was instructed to report on the advisability of consecrated fees for horses and mules.—The resolution for a committee on the conduct of the war was passed, with the House amendment requiring an investigation into contracts, in case of Mr. Harris's motion to take requiring a new oath from Senators come up. Mr. Collamer opposed at length the form of the oath, the object of which, he said, was to rid the senate of members like those who, in 1861 and before, while holding seats, exploited against the Government. If the Constitution was so framed that this oath could not be done, it was a defective. Mr. Anthony followed, arguing in favor of the rule. Mr. Hendricks compared the oath to the Dutch oath, but because he thought it proper, but to silence the element that might arise if he refused. Mr. Saulsbury moved in its particularly objectionable to him; but when the Senate proposed to make it a general rule, effecting all future applicants, he should oppose it. He thought that any man who came duly commissioned by his State had a right to a seat. He was determined that none of the leaders of the rebellion should have a seat in the Senate; but when the rebellion was crushed they would never seek a place in the Senate. He then went on to express his loath pat obstructions in the way of reconstruction; denounced the policy of the President, and wished to see a mode of reconstruction as would allow of the return of the seceded States into the Union as friends, and not as enemies.—*January* 31. The Senatorial oath and Mr. Bayard's case was again brought up, and debated by Senators Johnson, Howard, and Foote; but no action was taken, except the rejection of an amendment offered by Mr. Powell, by 26 to 12.—The Senate adjourned until Monday, January 25.—*January* 25. The Judiciary Committees were discharged from the consideration of the resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis, and proceedings introduced resolution precluding admission to the bar in United States courts to all persons who shall not have taken the oath prescribed by the Act of 1862.—The Secretary of War was directed to transmit all papers and documents concerning elections issued by military authorities in Kentucky and Missouri.—Mr. Wilson moved to take up a bill for the character of the heavy ordnance, and rifled guns, and the Senate proceeded accordingly.—Mr. Grimes moved an inquiry into the affairs of the Naval Department was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs.—*January* 26. Senatorial oath was brought up and debated, Senators Saulsbury and Johnson speaking against the oath. Supreme resolution. This resolution, effected December 18, to the effect that to the time of the rebellion, the Court of every Senator should take in open Senate the oath prescribed by the Act of July 2, 1862, was agreed to, by 28 to 11.—*January* 26. Mr. Bayard addressed the Senate in reference to the new oath. He had thought that if it were adopted there was but one alternative, either to comply with it or resign. He had resolved that he had been partly in error; the rule had been judicially adopted, and he was willing upon that ground to take the oath; but he should do this, and then resign the seat which he had held for thirteen years. The Senate then took up and resigned his seat, and refused the hall. Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, on the other hand, stated at first time, and that, while he doubted the policy of requiring the oath, he was prepared to take it under protest, and, if permitted by the rule.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to print the official report of the battle of Gettysburg, and authority to secure honorariums to persons engaged in the service of the United States' records.—Mr. Sumner introduced a bill for the rebellion; that was done, he let all the States come in with welcome, and let all the people be forgiven. Controlled by the proper judicial tribunals. He did not believe in vengeance.—The Senate then took up the Senatorial oath.—The Revenue bill came up. An amendment was offered by Mr. Fessenden to tax all liquors, from 20 gallons on hand for sale, whether distilled before or since the 1st of July, 1863, at the rate of 20 cents per gallon, after the act; adopted, 35 to 20. Another amendment imposing 10 cents per gallon on cordials, and that they which matter has been infused so that they are sold as medicines.—*January* 27. The Senate resumed discussions on the subject of a uniform system of coinage, weights, and measures.—The joint resolution amendatory of the Constitution act was brought up and debated; but no action was taken.—*January* 28. Senate took up the bill to amend the act to provide for the enrollment and calling out the national forces, and for other purposes. The first amendment was agreed to, taking all action in the bands of Governors, instead of Governors and Senators. Another amendment was agreed to, providing that all spirits imported previous to the 1st of January, 1863, should be subject to a duty of 20 cents per gallon. The whole bill, as thus amended, was reported, and together, with the amendments, passed.—Mr. Stevens, was ordered to be printed, as preliminary to further discussion.—*January* 29. The Committee on Coinage, Weights, and Measure was appointed, Mr. Ramon chairman.—The Senate then resumed the consideration of Mr. Stevens's substitute was rejected by 100 to 51; the amendment of the Committee on Ways and Means by 87 to 63; the main features are a tax of 60 cents per gallon on all first and spirits; brandies and other spirits distilled from grain, composed of whisky flavored so as to sell for brandy, rum, etc., whisky, upon importation, a duty of 60 cents per gallon, first proof, as levied. Upon cotton a tax of 2½ per cent. is levied, and upon all sales by the hands of manufacturers and dealers, upon which one-half cent has been paid, the tax of one-half cent per cents is imposed.—The resolution amending it. Confederate notes not now bonded in any and other purpose action was taken.—Mr. Ward offered a resolution to the effect that all officers and soldiers who had resigned for the reason within two years from enlistment, should receive the bounties heretofore granted to those who have every service: referred to Committee on Military affairs.—House adjourned till Monday, January 25.—*January* 25. After the introduction of several bills, which were referred to appropriate committees, Mr. Stevens offered a resolution instructing the Military Committee to introduce a bill for increasing the pay of officers and soldiers. A bill for the table was rejected by an almost unanimous vote, and the resolution was referred.—Mr. Pendleton introduced a bill to Mr. Dowell censuring the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, and by Mr. Kernan's resolution, the Secretary of State is instructed to the basis on which the war should be conducted, condemning the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and deprecating all revolutionary measures: debate arising, these two subjects were postponed, and the table was rejected by an almost unanimous vote, and the resolution was referred.—Mr. Pendleton introduced a bill to Mr. Dowell censuring the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, and by Mr. Kernan's resolution, the Secretary of State is instructed to the basis on which the war should be conducted, condemning the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus, and deprecating all revolutionary measures: debate arising, these two subjects were postponed, and the table was rejected by an almost unanimous vote, and the resolution was referred.—*January* 26. 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A STAMPEDE OF ARMY HORSES.—[FROM A DRAWING BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

SERGEANT JOHN CLEM.

OUR YOUNGEST SOLDIER.

SERGEANT JOHN CLEM, Twenty-second Michigan Volunteer Infantry, is the youngest soldier in our army. He is 12 years old, and small even for his age. His home is Newark, Ohio. He first attracted the notice of General Rosecrans at a review at Nashville, where he was acting as marker of his regiment. The General, attracted by his youth and intelligence, invited him to call upon him whenever they were in the same place. Rosecrans saw no more of Clem until his return to Cincinnati, when one day coming to his rooms at the Burnet House, he found the boy awaiting him. He had seen service in the mean while. He had gone through the battle of Chicamauga, where he had three bullets through his hat. Here he killed a rebel Colonel. The officer, mounted on horseback, encountered the young hero, and called out, "Stop, you little Yankee devil!" By way of answer the boy halted, brought his piece to "order," thus throwing the Colonel off his guard. In another moment the piece was cocked, brought to aim, fired, and the officer fell dead from his horse. For this achievement Clem was promoted to the rank of Sergeant, and Rosecrans bestowed upon him the Roll of Honor. He is now on duty at the head-quarters of the Army of the Cumberland.

SALTPETER CAVE NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

THE "Nick-a-Jack" Cave near Chattanooga is one of the main sources from which the Confederates have derived the saltpeter required for the manufacture of powder. Its loss is deplored by the rebels as one of the most serious results of our victory at Chattanooga. Six or seven years ago this cave was visited by "Porte Crayon" (D. H. Strother, of Virginia, lately on the staff of General Banks, at New Orleans), the genial artist-correspondent of *Harper's Magazine*. From his description in that periodical for August, 1858, we quote the following:

> The cave is situated at the base of Raccoon Mountain, which rises abruptly to the height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet above the low grounds. In the face of a perpendicular cliff appeared the yawning mouth of Nick-a-Jack Cave. It is not arched as these caves usually are, but spanned by horizontal strata resting on square abutments at the sides, like the massive entablature of an Egyptian or Etruscan temple. From the opening issues a considerable stream, of a bright green color, and of sufficient volume to turn a saw-mill near at hand. The height of the cliff is about 70 feet, that of the opening 40 feet, and about 100 in width immediately at the entrance, and of this the stream occupies about one-third. The roof of the cave is square and smooth, like the ceiling of a room, but below, the passage is rough and irregular, with heaps of earth and huge angular masses of rock, making the exploration both difficult and dangerous.

"Porte Crayon" goes on to describe how the cave was formerly the resort of a gang of banditti, whose occupation was plundering and murdering the emigrants and traders who descended the Tennessee River, the cave furnishing a convenient hiding-place for their booty. Since he wrote this cave had fallen into the hands of a worse and more desperate gang, who used it for purposes still more nefarious, extracting from it abundant supplies of the "villainous saltpeter" required for the manufacture of powder for the Confederate States of America. It has now—thanks to Grant and Sherman—fallen into honest hands. Our illustration on this page, for which we are indebted to a photograph furnished by Mr. Morse, of Nashville, gives the present aspect of the cave, showing the ruins of the rebel Saltpeter Works.

A RAILROAD "ACCIDENT."

A TELEGRAM from Pittsburg, published in the New York papers of January 15, says:

> The morning express train ran off the track, and two passenger cars were precipitated down the embankment, forty feet, and were destroyed by fire from the stoves. Several persons were injured, none of them seriously.

Our correspondent, who was on this train, and who furnishes us the sketch on page 92, writes:

> The cars made a clear leap of some forty feet into the bed of the Little Juniata River, and almost instantly caught fire, and were consumed. Some thirty out of fifty passengers were so severely injured as to be unable to care for themselves, while hardly one escaped unhurt. The good people of the town of Birmingham, and the country around, were soon on the spot, and exerted themselves in caring for the wounded, among whom were many soldiers returning home on furlough. We fortunately got out all the wounded before the fire reached them.

CAMP OF THE NEW YORK 103D.

THIS regiment, known as the "Seward Infantry," has been knocking service during the siege of Charleston. It is now recruiting in New York. Its rendezvous is at 218 Rivington Street, where applications for enrollment may be made, or to Colonel HEINE, 40 Bowery, Captain REDLICH, 27 Bowery, Lieutenant BRAKIN, Bowery Garden, or Lieutenant SCHMIDT, 243 Forty-fourth Street. The bounties paid to veterans amount to $382, to recruits $677—$300 cash in hand. Their camp, represented on page 92, is on one of the islands near Charleston Harbor, in a very healthy location. The rations furnished are excellent and abundant. As their names evince, the officers of this regiment are Germans, and very likely to this is owing that, by special permission of the Commanding General, the national beverage, lager-bier, is allowed.

MAJOR-GENERAL HERRON.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

GENERAL FRANCIS J. HERRON.

GENERAL HERRON is a native of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Some eight years ago he removed to Dubuque, Iowa, where he entered into business. Here he took an active part in the organization of the "Governor's Grays," which soon became one of the noted Companies of the Northwest. This Company, of which he was Captain, tendered their services to the Government in December, 1860. When the President's Proclamation calling for volunteers was put forth, the Grays became a part of the First Iowa Regiment, entering service in May, 1861. Captain Herron distinguished himself at the Battle of Wilson's Creek, August 10, where Lyon fell. He then returned home and raised a three-years' regiment, of which he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. This was attached to Curtis's forces, and took part in the battles of Pea Ridge, March 7 and 8, 1862, where Herron commanded the regiment, its Colonel having charge of a brigade. During the second day's fight Herron was wounded, his ankle being

SALTPETER CAVE NEAR CHATTANOOGA.

broken by a cannon-shot, which killed his horse. Yet he led his men for an hour, until the enemy's batteries were reached. Here he was surrounded and taken prisoner, but was soon after exchanged for the rebel Colonel Hebert. In July, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and at the Battle of Prairie Grove, December 7, he commanded two divisions, and though fighting against overwhelming odds, won the battle before reinforcements came up. Twenty days after he captured Van Buren, Arkansas. For his gallantry on these occasions he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, his commission dating from November 29, 1862. Early in 1863 Herron with his division went to Vicksburg, and during the latter part of the siege they formed the left wing of Grant's army. After the fall of Vicksburg they were sent to New Orleans, where they operated in the Atchafalaya and other districts of Louisiana. Herron's last fighting in October, 1863, he was relieved by General Dana. Herron, having recovered his health, has just gone to Texas, relieving Dana and assuming his old command on the 2d of January. If we can judge any thing from the antecedents of General Herron, we shall before long hear of his doings in the "Lone Star" State.

"WEEP THOU NO MORE!"

WEEP thou no more; a common lot is thine!
Fold thy meek hands upon thy heaving breast:
In silent sympathy see he no rest;
There is no lasting joy but trust divine.

O heart that long'st for death, but may'st not die!
O weary heart, all wasted with thy pain,
That strivest to unlade the stream, yet all in vain,
Weep thou no more, none hear thy weary cry!

The cold and distant stars are gazing still
In the hushed midnight on thy falling tears;
Thus have they gazed, for many thousand years,
On all varieties of human ill;

And yet they shine as on Creation's dawn,
Unlike to human mode. All things cease,
Sooner or later, lapped in perfect peace,
For nature knows not learning. All things born

Take sorrow for their heirloom with the light.
But wake and cry, and fail to sleep again;
So slumber has no sleep found after thy pain;
While more is breaking in the darkest night,

The billows fast return upon the shore,
The morn-dew on the myrtle to the sea!
Whatever is not true, there only are can be;
Thither thou drifted fast—weep thou no more!

MATTY ESMAINE'S RAFFLE.

"IT'S for the benefit of the sick soldiers, you know!"

Matty Esmaine was sitting on a low cricket in the very middle of the room, surrounded by a perfect maelstrom of ribbon, and velvet, and winking steel beads and shimmering gold braid—a little Fairy Disorder, whose wand was a diminutive thimble, and whose magic ring was marked by rainbow scraps of silk and tangled masses of embroidery floss! She was small and rosy, with liquid brown eyes, and cheeks tinted with the pinky pearl of the trailing arbutus you sometimes find hidden under the rustling layers of old leaves in scented spring woods. And her auburn hair—well, it was looped up with cherry-colored ribbon into what ladies call a "waterfall," and very pretty it looked in its chestnut shadows that changed to ripples of gold at every motion of the head.

Ellen Esmaine, the sober, elder sister—she sat in the window seat, threading sprays of coral on silver-wire—was altogether different; not a bit pretty, but very fresh and plump and lovable; and the dreamy way in which she watched Matty's difficult movements, as a grown-up cutting might tolerate a little kitten's freaks, was a sight to see! And Montague Carryer, sitting "at anchor" in a small clear space in the sea of drippery, was occupied in holding a skein of violet silk for the younger Miss Esmaine to wind. Of course he was dreadfully clumsy about it, perpetually dropping the ends, and catching his great thumbs in the meshes, and committing other awful sins that could be dreaded of in connection with a skein of violet silk; but then he enjoyed it so intensely that Matty hadn't the heart to deprive him from his position as swing, ex pro.

"For the sick soldiers, eh?" said Mr. Rayner.

"And aren't the *well* soldiers to derive any emolument therefrom?"

"Of course not; they don't need it."

"Don't they? I tell you what, Miss Matty—if you could be on pick-duty a night or two, or carry a knapsack up and down the muddy Fairfax hill ten or twelve times, on a forced march, you might possibly alter your opinion on the subject of well soldiers being the most fortunate creatures in existence. Haha! that's the matter!"

Matty had given a small deprecating shriek as Montague snapped the strands of violet silk in his enthusiasm.

"Nothing," said Miss Esmaine, dryly, taking the skein from him. "Uncle! what a sensation run through his nerves, well, your fingers touched his brown paws. "Only I prefer two chairs to finish this talk."

Indeed, Miss Matty, I'm very sorry," said Montague, penitently. "Just let me try once more; I'll promise to keep my hands as still as mice. I know I'm a clumsy blockhead; but—"

But Matty was inexorable, and the abashed defender of the country withdrew his batteries, and opened fire in a new spot.

"I suppose the girls and women are making heaps of gim-cracks for this fair, eh?"

"To be sure they are," said Matty, her eyes sparkling. "Such a lot of money as we shall make. There are to be seven different raffles, only think! Mrs. Vane gives a piano to be raffled for; and Kate Windham contributes a cashmere shawl, a love of a real India; and Major Hall has given us a silver dressing-case; and, oh dear!" sighed Matty, stopping in the very act of sewing spots of gold foil upon the blue velvet wings of a gorgeous butterfly that was to be put down in the catalogue as a "Fen-wiver, No. 18"—"if I could only give them something better worth having than these ridiculous little gewgaws!"

"Well, then, why don't you?" said Rayner, twisting his mustache argumentatively.

"Why don't I?" flashed Matty; "what have I to give? If I had a piano I'd sacrifice it in a minute. If I owned a sewing-machine I'd send it down to be raffled for to-morrow!"

"Indeed!" said Private Rayner, arching his eyebrows satirically. "I'm surprised at the extent of Miss Esmaine's patriotism. While we soldier only contribute the vital stream of our heart's-blood, or, it may be, a leg or an arm to the shrine of our country's need, Miss Matty Esmaine is willing to give up her piano if she had one."

And he lightly hummed the lines:

"Oh! would the ladies
If I could as well as not,
And I'm willing every body else
Should do as they see fit, they've got!"

Matty's cheeks had crimsoned with an angry glow.

"Montague! how can you tease me so?"

"Am I teasing you? Really I was not aware of it."

"To taunt me with papa's slender means, when you know I would give any thing in the world to aid the noble fellows who have fallen maimed on our battle-fields, or make any sacrifice that lay within my power!"

"Then you really feel anxious to raise money for this fund?"

"I can not tell you *how* anxious!" said Matty Esmaine, with passionate earnestness. "I have wished a thousand times that I were a man to shoulder the rifle my own self; but I am only a poor little woman that can but toil and *pray* for the great work in the midst of her weakness."

"I can give you an idea," said the young man, watching her with a half-smile in his eyes. "Did you know that you possessed a treasure worth a dozen pianos?"

"Now you're mean!" he whispered, in evident trepidation, "let's go away from here; that woman with the pink cap-ribbons has looked at me twice, and I can't imagine what she's listening to. She's counting this way, Mont; do make haste!"

"They are beginning to turn the wheel!" suddenly exclaimed Rayner, who had paid no manner of attention to his friend's spasmodic whispers. "This way, quick! Good Heavens! if my mad freak should be thus heralded for life!"

"Make who? What wheel? Who the deuce are you talking about?" ejaculated Carberry. But Rayner dragged him through the crowd, crinoline and all, to the spot where all his interests were centered—the slowly revolving wheel that was a destiny to him!

The gaslights seemed to whirl in mad circles around him, and the vague exclamations of the surrounding crowd blended into one stream of vague, uncertain sound; the five minutes were like five ages to him!

There was a moment's breathless silence, and then the lucky name and number were pronounced.

"Seventy-three—Share No. 60, has drawn the prize," said the spectacled secretary.

"Walk in, Sir, and take possession."

"I—I will return in another time! I'll call again to-morrow," stuttered the confused recipient of Fortune's favors, but all in vain; he was pushed forward to the astonishing accumulating all the way.

"Mind now!" he gasped, as he was precipitated through the doorway, "if it's a dog or a parrot I'll—"

And the clanging hinges shut in the remainder of his speech.

It was a tiny room, with one chandelier pouring white tides of light down on a fair young girl, who stood laughing and coloring in the middle of the passage—Matty Esmaine's dimpled, pretty self.

"Miss Esmaine!" faltered the blushing bachelor, looking round to see if there was any crack in the great wide entrance-hall through, and backing confusedly toward the door.

"Yes, Mr. Carberry," said Matty, demurely; called to take possession of my lot of lawn advertised when she knows 'em. "*I'm* the prize; won't you take me?"

"I'd sooner take—poison!" enunciated Josiah, breaking into a cold perspiration.

"But you *must*!" said Miss Matty, decidedly.

"Don't, Matty, Montague Rayner, calling himself into the room greatly to Miss Matty's confusion. "You've drawn the prize, Mr. Carberry, and you're justly bound to take possession of it."

Josiah stared at him with distended eyes, and pale, quivering lips.

"Unless," went on the ruthless private, "you can get some friend considerate enough to take the responsibility off your hands."

"Look here, Mont," exclaimed Josiah, seizing Rayner by the button-hole; "you're not the fellow to desert an old friend in such a strait as this. It was all your fault that I subscribed, and—and—Come now, you take her; there's a good fellow. Do."

"You legally transfer the prize to me?"

"Yes; any thing—only let me out of this confounded place, and I'll never go near a Ladies' Fair again I wish I may be hanged or married, I don't much care which."

And Josiah darted from the room in a species of semi-desperation. Private Rayner turned quietly to Miss Esmaine:

"A truce to these absurd jests! Oh, Matty, if you knew what I have suffered during the last hour!"

"I knew you would take care of me," said Matty, mischievously. "Wasn't Mr. Carberry frightened, though?"

"Do you sanction the transfer, Matty?" pleaded the young soldier. "Oh, my dearest, tell me, have I won you for life? Don't trifle with me. Tell me, now and forever, have you courage to be a soldier's wife?"

One moment she looked at him with saucy defiance in her eye and smile, the next she burst into a shower of jewel-bright tears.

"Oh, Montague, it is a wild, wayward heart, not worth your love—not worth a tithe of your noble affection, but it is all, *all* yours."

And this was the auspicious termination of Matty Esmaine's raffle.

A week subsequently the young lady sent off a check for five hundred dollars to the hospitals, and a seven-sheeted long epistle to a certain young soldier who had joined his regiment at Chattanooga, in which was the following gauntlet of defiance:

"Don't suppose I'm going to make any admiration on your patriotism, Sir, if you are to be my lord and master some day. No, indeed. Didn't I give myself for my country's benefit, I'd like to know? And have not I given something dearer yet—my lover? Oh, Montague, if Heaven sends you safely back to me, I shall never be unhappy again."

For Matty Esmaine's heart was full of the vague happy fearfulness that broods over the heart of every woman whose dear ones are standing on the battle-heights of Union.

ELSIE LEONARD.

SNOWED up in a lonely inn among Irish mountains, the writer of this little record paid a dreamy visit to the loose pages of romance-literature which floated about from the lips of those who came and went about the hearth-place. They leaped and fell in fitful sentences, just as did the blaze in the shadows; and among the rest the following little history glimmered forth from the smoke, and wrought itself for the hour into a tender shape in the embers. Referring to the fearful fall of 18—, which is remembered with horror in the district, they called it the story of the Sawyer's Daughter. Knowing what the words mean, it seems hard to turn one's eyes from the blank of the end, and dash warmly into the beginning: for the beginning was warm and bright, and this page should open, as a small door opens, into a garden of sunshine.

It was August, the glorious golden month. Hills were flushed with crimson ether, and grave and stern with gorgeous mystery. Valley rivers ran red at sunset, and rainbows hung about the waterfalls. The bronzed corn-fields palpitated faint for joy when a sharp breeze passed over a hedge and fanned their hot hearts, and in the cabin doorways the women joined their brown hands above their eyes while looking for the reapers coming home.

It was a sultry afternoon. The curlews on the burning beach below had not energy to scream as the flowing tide flashed like fire to their feet, where they perched luxuriously on the wet stones, and the fisherman's boats drifted idly out into the dazzling western haze, though toil and sweat had made a bygone dream, and they steered to the shores of eternal rest. High up on a stretch of golden moor a white cottage cast the shadow of its gable on the hot ground, and the faint smoke from its chimney hovered sleepily above in the lustrous air. The door lay open, and the threshold-stone was boldly marked with a red breadth of light. Beyond it there was a cool little hall, at present deliciously filled with the murmurous echoes of a pleasant voice ebbing and flowing from somewhere near. A white door opened from either side of the passage. In one of the rooms Elsie Leonard lifted a little chintz-draperied parlor, a pale lady was lying on a sofa. A great vase of fern stood behind her on the floor, and the green leaves were half let down, filling the place with a cool, dreamy atmosphere. The other room was the cottage kitchen, tiny, white, and glittering. A handsome fair-cheeked old woman, wearing a brilliant handkerchief folded like a turban over her white cap, and a big blue apron, was making some cakes which were "browning" over the fire, and at the white-curtained window, flung wide open to the sun, a young girl was baking at a table. Her gown was brown gingham, no brooch fastened her collar, a white apron was tied round her waist, and her sleeves were pushed up over her round arms her elbows. Many housemaids would have been discontented to wear her dress, yet a glance must convince the most skilful of comprehension that this little baker was a lady.

She prattled gayly as she baked, now and again looking her head round to shake back the waving dark hair from her throat and forehead, or flashing round a merry look from her bright face at the old servant.

"It's very ominous, certainly," she said, cutting out her cakes with an air of mock seriousness; "the cocks have been crowing all night and scarcely a breath without any awkwardness of yours, therefore most surely a stranger is to come. And how many times have I dreamt last week, which makes it doubly sure that if a stranger does come something terrible will be the consequence. Now, what do you think he will do, Ishy—decapitate us all? or bring an enchanter's wand, and change us into ducks and geese? That would not be so bad this hot weather. It would be so nice to swim in the lake all day!"

Bab shook her head. "It's all very well for you to have your fun out of it, Miss Elsie," she said, "but I hope he mayn't darken our door: that's all!"

Elsie laughed blithely as she untied her apron, and laughed again as she ran up the one little flight of white-painted steps to her small bedroom under the eaves. Coming quickly down again, in her outdoor dress, with a basket in her hand, she looked in at the kitchen, and said,

"I am going for some mats and flowers, Bab. Have the kettle boiling, for mamma will want her tea. And, Bab, if I meet the stranger I'll send him to you. Oh, perhaps he is coming to take The House!"

Not waiting to see the result of this suggestion, Elsie tripped through the door out on the sunshiny heath. "The House" was a large pile, standing

solitary in a wooded recess between hills, not far distant. It stood upon the lands of Elsie's ancestors, and the setting sun was just now blazing on the windows of her nursery. In that nursery Bab had sung her to sleep and taught her her prayers; and if Elsie's bright youth owned little that her life had fallen from its worldly high estate, the faithful servant suffered sorely over the cruel chance, and could not tolerate the idea of a stranger in the old house.

Elsie sauntered slowly along in the sun, filling her basket with mosses and water-lilies. She stood up to her waist among the reeds, and, shading her eyes, gazed round and round the welkin. All the earth was quiet; heavily, softly still, and at rest. Eternal ridges of mountains prisoned it between purple walls. A chill fever throbbed in its veins, but there was no effort, no varied action. Elsie had heard of the "busy world," and often wondered what it must be to behold the works of men, to live one in a crowd, to have variety in one's days, to see new faces, to make new friends. "It is so still," she murmured; "so eternally, intolerably still. Nothing changing, nothing renewing, nothing passing away. Nature going through her slow, monotonous courses; time making no older; and still the same dull, dull, quiet life! Oh, that I had a pair of wings to fly over yonder mountain, with its smiling, dancing face, half amazed at and half pitying my restlessness, or that I could paddle a boat right over that golden line, out so far, where the ships pass like gnats! There no peace of mind or cloudland streaming down the air in colored labyrinths ending in golden vistas; and they are crowded with travellers, fancies, and wishes, and hopes coming and going; but on that one weary, drowsy, yellow road that leads out into the world where men and women live and work there is never a shadow, never a speck! Bab's tongs!" she repeated, smiling to herself. "I wish some one—man, woman, or child—would come and pass us by, if only before we die of stagnation. Heigh-ho! Mamma says she had plenty of friends once; but nobody comes now. Well! I don't care; only one does tire of baking bread, and gathering flowers, and going out for walks. And I wish I had not read that novel. It was a delightful treat, but I don't think it was good for me."

She strolled again as she came near the house, and looked up at the windows. "Now, if I were in earnest with all this grumbling," she said, "how wicked I should be! For it is a blessing not to have such a pleasant little home to come to, and a dear, patient mother waiting for her tea!"

At this moment Bab appeared on the threshold gesticulating wildly and mysteriously.

"Why, what is the matter?" cried Elsie.

"Hev—ven!" gasped Bab, while her turban nodded with frenzied impulse.

"Who?" asked Elsie, opening her eyes wide.

"The stranger. He came up the road a bit ago, a tall and as grand as he can please. . And he asks, 'Is this Mrs. Leonard's house?' And I don't know what came over me that I said 'Yes,' as if I could have sent him about his business. But he's in the parlor; and oh! Miss Elsie, dear, hurry in and get him out of this as fast as you can."

Bab opened the parlor-door, and Elsie advanced to it mechanically, quite bewildered, and only half understanding the old servant, only half desirous to see a real stranger in the room with her mother. She walked in, fresh and bright after her ramble, with her curly hair, somewhat tossed, and twined in picturesque rings and tendrils from under her sheltered hat, and with her basket of mosses on her arm. A gentleman was sitting by her mother on the couch, and as he rose up at her entrance the girl almost sank into the earth with shyness. "Mamma," her mother say, "Elsie, this is Mr. North, the son of your father's friend who went to India. He has only been a short time in England, and has kindly come to see us."

Elsie, having nothing to say, gave him her hand, and then sat down. Too shy to look, she sat gazing at the fire and listening to the pleasant bass voice which was so unheard-of a novelty in that small parlor. She fell into a reverie of glowing romance at the strange, new sensation of having a friend. Where had he come from? Had he really traveled that peculiar yellow road; or had he landed with a fleet in the bay, or strode across the hills?

"You are not perhaps aware," said Elsie's mother, "that there is no hotel for very many miles from here. If you will accept such mountain hospitality as we have to offer it will be given most gladly."

The pale lady said this with a pink flush on her white cheek, while there hovered about her an echo of that sweet, stately dignity which in her youth had so well become the mistress of "The House."

And then the stranger, having gladly accepted the invitation, went into the hall to look after his gun; and Elsie, trying to shake off her bewilderment, went up stairs to lay aside her hat. She brushed back her curls, and shook out her dress, and tied a blue ribbon under her collar, and then her toilet was complete; for Elsie, in summer time, except on Sundays, never thought of wearing anything better than a gingham gown. As she came down stairs the strange stood at the open hall-door, and Elsie, having conquered her first impulse to turn and fly up again, came soberly down, and saw him plainly for the first time; for before he had only been to her a vague, kindly presence. He was tall and strongly made, handsome and brave-looking, with a bronzed skin and sunny eyes. The light fell on the little maiden herself as she came down the stairs with a strange spell checking her steps and veiling the frank light in her eyes. Elsie did not realize what a miniature place it must seem to him altogether, this traveled man; a miniature house, and a miniature young lady (not more so in stature than in the very small amount of the usual requirements which sufficed to proclaim her such), who dared to wear gingham at tea-time, and yet approached with as stately a little step as though she wore clad in silks and laces. Philip North saw, however, have found it a pleasant picture which the sunset illumined before him, for his eyes kindled, and a delicate thrill of appreciation hovered tenderly on his lip. Elsie tried to say something polite as she passed close by, but meeting those warm, observant eyes fixed upon her, she relapsed into shyness, and retreated to the kitchen, where Bab was preparing tea.

A glass dish of water-lilies stood in the centre of the tea-table, and Philip North said, "I think I saw you gathering these." They were the first words he had spoken to her; and Elsie colored and overflowed a cup, and then looked up surprise, and said, "Did you?" Where?"

"Down by the side of a little lake. And after you had got them you stood for a long time in a brown study, looking at the sky."

And this was all the conversation they had till after tea. Then Elsie's mother, having conversed too much and too eagerly for her strength, lay resting on her sofa; and Elsie, looking out into the starry shades of the twilight from the open window, forgot her reserve, and found herself talking quite frankly to the stranger, telling him how she spent her time (not concealing the fact that she baked the bread), what books she read, and a number of other small things too trifling to be recorded. And then the moon appeared between two mountains, large and yellow in the soft purple night; and Philip North enraptured Elsie by telling her that he had often seen the moon rise in any land. Then he described to her countries whose very names made her cheek throb. Pour little Elsie! that was a night on which to be forgotten while the light staid in those earnest eyes.

One evening soon afterward it happened that Elsie came to the door of the cottage, and arrived from the moors with his gun and his dogs and his day's spoil. He stooped and laid the dead game at her feet, and spoke to her in a voice of love. Some wild idea suggesting the poem of "Hiawatha" flashed darkly through her brain, and sent a fearful delight tingling through every nerve in her body, and trembling, like one who had got a blow, then rushed up stairs, and threw herself on her bed in a passion of tears—why, she did not dare to know. She felt something cold on her face, and, looking up, saw one of Philip's dogs standing over her with mute sympathy. She leaned forward to kiss his rough face, but checked herself, pushed him fiercely from her, and ran down to Bab in the kitchen.

Weeks passed, and still Philip North staid, and still Mrs. Leonard observing him, weighing his words and his looks, and still Elsie was unaware—still Elsie's mother was glad that he staid. And even Bab had forgotten her dream and blessed him for a kindly gentleman, who, by always bringing happily about her household work, did not care if he saw her through the open window baking her bread; nor was she ashamed to be seen by him as an artist asked her for one of her cakes fresh from the fire. And so her life were on toward that sunniest point of the year, the first fortnight in June, when the roses are the music was to be hushed, and the light to go down. Oh, dead eyes! if you can look back on life, how do you thank God for those few days of happiness that linked you to the end, and let the grave open beneath you unaware!

Was it the creeping on of the shadow of death, that restlessness which would not let Elsie be happy in peace? or was it the ghost of Bab's foolish superstition rising over the house that had in it? At evening, when she closed the door upon the sad mountains, Elsie longed so to shut out the world that they knew, and to be alone with her mother. At night she lay broad awake, assuring herself "Our friend is here." Then the shadow would reply, "How long will he be here? He is so kind, and you will never behold him again, never, never, till the last trumpet shall sound." And, weary and feverish, she would rise when the dawn had swept away the night-clouds, and in the fresh pale morning, while the birds were yet sleepily under the eaves, she would haunt the restful house, stealing out to feed and pet Philip's dogs, and then in again to watch the sun rising over the low window and now from another, reading the pale scrolls of early clouds and wondering at how recklessly we sleep away half our lives. Sometimes, when the dull dreams happy moments whose fast-waning measure she has been meted out to us with a nice balance, and at last, when the sun was mounted high overhead, she would steal to the garden, and bring a handful of flowers, and place them on her pillow, and, laying her cheek against their cool sweetness, would fall asleep.

One day Elsie, having been down on the beach, came in with a glorious light on her face, and told her mother a story, over which the pale lady cried, as women sometimes do when very happy. But Elsie could only look at her mother's mountains with a transfigured countenance, and whisper triumphantly, "What can come now, unless death?" The story vanished from her mind, and she was so ready to pray for that which God saw not right to give.

Philip North bought "The House," and thither Elsie's mother was to go in the autumn. Everything else had become its mistress. So, being merely fairly blinded, Elsie played with the goddess of their hearts. And Elsie went with Philip one evening to view the old place and arrange about alterations and furnishing. She wore a white lawn muslin dress and straw-hat, walking by Philip's side over the moors, and through the wood, and across the threshold into the deserted house, flinging back shutters, and letting in the light, and making the silent old rooms ring back the echoes of her quick feet and merry voice. And so they spent how this room and that should be appointed, and Philip made notes of all; for he was going back to the world to make many more purchases before Christmas-day, which was to see their wedding.

November came and Philip went, and in the joy of receiving his first letter Elsie forgot the pain of parting. One week went by, wet and dreary, and the next set in with heavy snows; falling, falling, whirling and drifting night and day till roads were filled up and roads were blocked, and all landmarks were lost. And on the first white morning Elsie stood at the window, with some dainty needle-work in her hand, watching and smiling at the eddying flakes, thinking little of how soon their cruel white sting would freeze up her young life, how soon the pitiless drifts would seal her dead eyes.

There were no more letters; the mails were stopped. Thick and unceasing the snow fell. The valleys, like overflowing seas, rose to the knees of the mountains. Dwellers in the lowlands fled for shelter to their friends on the hills, and forgot to return their visits. The great streams and rivers lay congealed like blood in the veins of the dead.

Every morning the day stared in at Elsie with its white blank face where she sat holding her mother's hand; and every evening the long piercing cold of that cruel snow was killing, while with daily sullen denial it forbade all aid to approach her. Day after day she sat so, holding the thin hand, while weeks went on and December was half spent, gazing out at the imploring hills and the mourning trees, and the ever-falling pitiless carriage while her eyes searched the relentless sky in vain for mercy.

Down deep a lamp burned constantly in the garnished parlor. Christmas decorations had been made, and white curtains were looped with the red and green of the holly. Bab kept the fire burning and the lamp trimmed, and Elsie stole down now and again to see that all was neat and bright; for the time Philip came near day, and Philip might arrive and her mother recover.

And the pale lady who lay up stairs, knowing herself to be dying, and which words to the child whom she feared to leave lonely, urging her to omit no preparation, to have all things brightly in readiness, to have the house shaked clean and Philip arrive her own wasting life might yet have a little time to burn, even until she beheld that which her heart craved to see accomplished.

"Christmas-day will be bright, love," she would murmur, stroking the faithful little hand that held her fingers, as if it would need to be a day long to death. "I dreamed this morning that the day had come, and the sun was shining, and you and I were both dressed in white, and I was quite well again. I know it will be a bright day."

And then the pale lady would turn her fastchanging face to where she could see the chimneys of her old home, and, thinking who knows what thoughts of the happy past passed under its roof-tree, she would gaze away above the white hills beyond with the eyes of one whose soul goes with them, forgetful of earth, trying but vainly to grow accustomed to the path by which it soon must go on its lonely journey to the unknown land.

And so the days passed away and the walls were garnished, and the lamp and fire burned brightly down stairs; and above Elsie's white dress lay in her room like a shroud, and the pitiless snow outside, which had drifted in through the window and remained there undisturbed. And the wind moaned, and the gale howled, and the locks of the doors rattled as if to warn that one was coming to whom closed doors were nothing. And that one came in the dead of a night when Bab commanded the watch from sleep. And opening her eyes she recognized the call, and, riveting one last prayerful gaze upon the dear face beside her, she turned her own from the world and followed the messenger.

Oh, pulseless earth! oh, tearless sky! you have no pity for the loving life that would fain have lingered yet a little space, how then could you melt for the unpraying dead that lay there, meekly decaying as it were in the sight of the patient dead-cold, waiting so stilly till you vouchsafed it a grave; or for the stricken figure that sat at its feet with a brain too deadened by weeping hour by hour for changed features in their unsympathizing repose, where all the flood-gates of warmth had been sealed dusky locks, and the seal of death on the still, unheeding smile?

So Elsie sat at her dead mother's feet, and old Bab stood with wet heart-broken, and could not cease her to weep nor to rest. And still the wedding-guests left the lamp in room, and the lamp burned down stairs, and the wind rattled at the locks, and still the earth and sky were a blank.

At last the thaw commenced slowly to work. Life began to appear, and passages were cleared here and there. And two of the kind-hearted Christians, the poor, with difficulty found Elsie's mother a grave. And after that was done, Elsie, shunning the light, crept home and lay down in her room, crept into the kitchen and laid her head on Bab's knees.

Late in the evening she roused herself and asked if it was not Christmas-eve. Yes, it was the eve of her wedding-day.

"Then, Bab," she said, "we must have every thing ready. Mr. North will be here to-night."

Bab shook her head. "No, no, Miss Elsie. The thaw has done wonders, but not so much as that. It's dark already, and no human bein' could know his way from the moor beyond where the roads begin. Mr. North will likely take the one that leads to the Black Crags, and if he did he'd go down headlong as sure as heaven and earth."

Elsie sat up straight and stared at the old woman, and then put up her hand to her head as if to collect her poor shattered wits.

"Some one must go," she said, "and watch on the moor all night to show him the way when he comes. He will be there as sure as God is above us. I feel it, Bab! I know it! Can not some one go?"

"Oh no, no, Miss Elsie!" cried Bab, wringing her hands at her young mistress's white distraught face; "no one could stay there the night through, he'd be dead-perished before morning."

"You are sure of it? Ask some one; I must know."

Bab went to inquire and came back. It was as she had said; no one dared venture to pass a night on the moor. The snow might come on again at any moment.

"Then God help me!" mouned Elsie, as she crept from the kitchen and felt her way up stairs in the dark. She went into her own room, where the wedding-gown still lay, and she could see from the window that line of moor where the reads met. There, with hands locked in her lap, and strained eyes fixed on the distance, and white cheek close to the pane, she sat. The sky had cleared a little, and the moon had ventured out, looking pale and meek, as if she, too, had had her troubles and wept away all her brightness.

Twelve o'clock struck; and Bab, who had vainly tried to move her mistress, had perforce laid her own weary old head on a bed in the room off Elsie's and fallen asleep. One o'clock, and the night had deepened. Then the moon shone out, and brilliant on the white ridges and levels of mountains and valleys. Two, and still Elsie sat fixed, and nothing had changed. Three, and the moon began to sink away among cloud-drifts low on the hills.

Four struck in the hall, and the sound roused Elsie from a state of numbness like unto that into which she had fallen. Was it the shock that made her start to her feet and, with bent brows and strained eyes, gaze toward the moor, while all her frame shook with the agony of suspense? Was it the fate that pointed to her a black something moving in the dim distance like one riding on with difficulty? Another instant and the window is flung open and heard and shudders are thrust out. A low groan, "My God!" bursts from her as the shadow seems to pause and then move away into that dim distance. Then she heard she has left the window, dashed from the room, and is gone.

Till her death poor old Bab remembered with remorse how heavily she slept that night till she seemed to dream that Miss Elsie's figure flashed past her through the room in which she lay. The hands made her sleep uneasily, and she awoke troubled, and, rising to reassure herself, searched the house for her young mistress. In vain; one look at the white bed showed it was empty. Elsie was gone.

Who shall tell where? The moorlands that screamed past her as she struggled on, fired to supernatural effort by the strength of her purpose, plunging through snow-wreaths, stumbling over rocks, and clogged numbly with ice, could not show Black Crags? Or the moon that pitied her as she carried her dead to her gods death?

But the moon waned, and the gray Christmas dawn broke, and a traveler, riding with difficulty through the partly-cleared snow, and cautiously, thinking he heard his own name called, a sharp, clear, bitter cry, fading suddenly into silence—"Philip! Philip!"

He wheeled about and gazed seaward, just as the red sun bared his brow above the eastern mountains, and perceived a lovely one stretched across waves of whiteness like a ruthless conqueror exulting after the carnage is done. And out, out far, just by the Black Crags, he thought he saw a light dark figure standing in the red light against the snow. But his eyes were dazed with the sun, and when he looked again the figure was gone. He pressed on his horse eagerly and thought no more of his cold fancy.

"Philip!" Oh, that last woeful cry falling unheeded into stillness just as the poor heart broke! And the sea, that cruel pool prayed for, entered at last that garnished home; but the hearth that had glowed so brightly for him all through the night, long years after, was forever cold, and the heart whose love had fed its flame, and the fingers that had trimmed the lamp, and the lips that had heard the little love-gifts lying about, where were they?

Ay, where? Who shall guess from what hollow gulf of woe, from the cave of what cruel rock, the side carried the dead girl? The sea-gulls may scream her miserere, and the waves roll their muffled dirges over her head, but the human mourner will ever kneel at her grave, for the body of Elsie Leonard was never found.

But Bab still lives, it wherever he goes the vision of that figure out on the snow in the red dawn will haunt him till death, and the echo of that last cry, "Philip! Philip!" ring in his ears.

Elsie is the story of the Snowy Christmas. It is told over the logs in the cabins at night; and children will turn pale if, in the wintry gloaming, a plover sobs from seaward or a curlew cries over the Black Crags.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

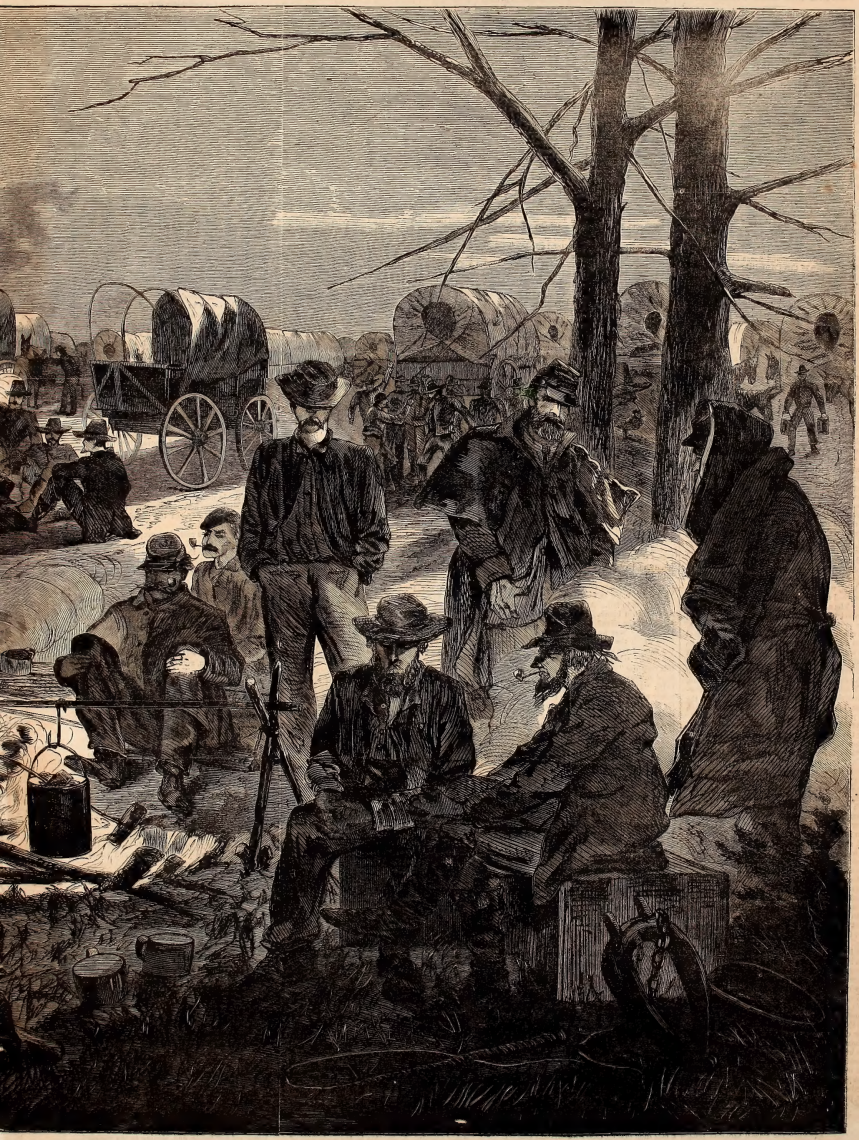
Tue oak-wood is waving,
The clouds gather o'er;
There white flowers are blowing
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing in white—with might:
And she sighs out aloud in the gloomy night.
And weeping, thus wailed she:

"My heart is broken,
The world is a void,
Nothing more can it give me,
Nothing it destroyed.
All the bliss that the earth can bestow I have proved;
Heavenly Father, I know it! take—I have lived—I have loved—
Oh! take back thy child to thee.

"The tears that thou weepest
Most surely be shed,
Ere no sorrow awakens
No sleep of the Dead!
Yet say, oh, can solace and comfort be breast,
When I mourn for the love by which once it was blest,
And the balm shall extract from above.

"Let the tears I am weeping
Still vainly be shed,
Though my sorrow can wake me no sleep of the Dead;
Yet all that can solace and comfort the breast,
When I mourn for the love by which once it was blest,
Are the tears and the sorrow of love."

HALT OF A W



AGON TRAIN.

HOSPITAL AND CAMP INCIDENTS.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

No. II.

In nothing does the Sanitary Commission more palpably exhibit its competency for the office it has assumed than in its celerity of movement and its spontaneity of action in every exigency. No matter where a battle may be fought, its surgeons and nurses are sure to appear instantly with needed supplies; no matter what difficulties may stand between it and desirable results, or how sluggishly other bodies may move, the Commission moves forward always with swift and steady pace, overcoming all obstructions with a resolution and faith in itself which holds all things to be possible in the name and service of humanity. The work performed by the Commission at Chattanooga strikingly illustrates this truth. The battle of Chicamauga, it will be remembered, was fought unexpectedly; the means of conveyance, moreover, were very limited, neither land nor water routes meeting the sudden exigencies of the service; the depôts of supplies, too, were far removed from the scene of action, inasmuch that for a time the army suffered materially from the want of rations; but notwithstanding all this, but scarce was the battle had ceased and the shattered columns had found pause in their bloody work, the nurses of this Commission were at work on the field, performing just the service demanded by the occasion. Within ten days after the action two thousand packages of sanitary stores were distributed. Their distribution was progressive and orderly of the Commission. Another fact exhibits with equal emphasis its thoroughness. The battle of Chicamauga was fought on the 19th and 20th of September. Between that time and the 17th of November seven thousand additional packages and boxes of sanitary stores, such as wines, stimulants, fruits, vegetables, and clothing were forwarded for the relief of the sick and wounded.

Probably the most considerable battle since the commencement of the war have the wounded been so well and promptly cared for as at Chattanooga. The agents of the Commission were every where. They fitted up rooms for the reception of the suffering, supplied them with clothing, bandages, and edibles, procured and put up stores, dressed the wounds of those requiring immediate assistance, and superintended the washing of rations for the men. On the second day of the battle these agents made comfortable nearly two thousand men, doing what they could to relieve the Government to do. One incident will clearly attest their usefulness and efficiency. Returning from the field on the evening following the second day of the fight, one of the principal agents found the steps of a church in Chattanooga, where services had been held during the day, crowded with wounded men. Entering the building, he found the whole interior filled with a congregation from the battle-field, crippled with the variety of wounds, with no medical or other officer in charge, without food of any kind, without water, and without even a candle to shed a glimmering light over their desolation. The agent at once carried a quantity of concentrated beef to a residence near the church, and there prepared immense caldrons of soup, which, with candles, bread, and water, the nurses carried to the sufferers and distributed, all receiving thankful gifts with the most grateful satisfaction. The next day they were supplied with vegetables and other food; comforts, shirts, and blankets were provided for the destitute; medical assistance was furnished, and hundreds of lives that would, but for this timely intervention, have been lost, were saved to the nation, to share in the triumphs of liberty through long years to come.

The service rendered by the Commission agents after the recent battles about Mission Ridge were no less important than those already rehearsed. Stores to the value of $25,000 were distributed within a week after the battle, and hundreds of instances are recorded showing the benefits of its noble work.

The gallantry of our men in the assault upon Mission Ridge is attested by hundreds of incidents which came under the observation of the Commission workers as they toiled in the wake of the army. A few of these may be recited here. A soldier fallen in the difficult ascent, and lying with a shattered shoulder, thus urged forward two comrades who had halted in the rear of the fight: "I'm of no account; don't stop for me; for God's sake push right up with the boys;" and on they pressed, leaving him in the possession of kindly, more loyal and and grand than kingly purple. At another place a colonel, toiling up the mountain, encountered two brothers, one wounded, the other bearing him along anxiously over him. The colonel, not seeing at first the fallen man, ordered the other to move on. "But this is my brother," he said, with a sob in his voice. The poor dying fellow on the ground rallied in an instant: "Yes, that's right, George; go on, go on!" and, looking up and look on the dying brother, clasped his musket and crowded on, fighting bravely until the summit was reached. Then, hurrying back, he knelt again over the prostrate brother, but he was dead; in the tumult of the battle his disinterested love, and calmly, gladly he had been mustered out and gone home.

At the first line of rifle-pits, in the grand advance of our column of the Fourth of the Forty-first Ohio Regiment fell terribly wounded. A General rode up as he fell, exclaiming, "I hope you are not badly wounded." The Colonel only said, "Do you think we'll make it, General?" "I do," the General replied. "Then," said the gallant fellow, with a smile, "I'm satisfied; I can stand this." And there, perfectly content, he remained while the battle throbbed and beat along the hills, with the shouts of the ascending heroes "speaking to him comfortably" now and then through the din.

In the charge upon the second range of rifle works a Captain fell, and two men came to his aid. But he would not suffer them to remain. "Don't wait here," he cried; "go back to your places. One useless man is enough; don't make it three." Just then a cheer floated down the mountain as some new success was achieved by the resistless columns. "Don't you hear that?" he cried. "March!" And away went the loitering soldiers, leaving their comrade where he fell. With such a spirit animating rank and file, rousing to sublimest heroism in the hour of peril, what wonder that all dangers are overcome, all opposition beaten down, and the flag of the nation carried lustrously wherever duty points the way!

A prominent and most useful feature of the Commission is its work among the soldiers in its Hospital Directory, which was originated in a humane desire to supply a record of the inmates of army hospitals, whether dead, living, or wounded, or from wounds received in battle, in order to meet the inquiries of the friends of the soldier unable to obtain any knowledge of the name or locality of his hospital. The benefit, however, conferred by the Directory has been much more extensive than the soldier, but also to the soldier himself, becoming, as it has, a medium of communication for wives and mothers searching for husbands and sons, a channel through which has flowed messages of love, and cheer, and hope, more grateful to the fevered brain and the agony of wounded than the tenderest care of surgeons and nurses. The total number of names on record in this Directory on the 1st of December last was 148,437; the number of inquiries made for information was 12,884; and the number of successful answers rendered 2203, or seventy-two per cent. upon the number received. In these nine thousand two hundred and three answers lies a history which only the Day of Final Assize can reveal. The gratitude which this branch of the service is acknowledged is not hidden nor concealed. Mothers write of "their undying gratitude" for the simple announcement that their boys are "doing well in hospital; others "invoke the blessing of God upon the labors of the Commission;" while others still express their love in the life long will cherish warmest memories of the service it has rendered.

Incidents illustrating the usefulness of this Directory might be cited by the volume. A few, however, of the more entertaining will serve our purpose here.

A poor woman from Wisconsin, whose husband had been wounded at Donelson, and whose brother was wounded at Lookout, made her way to Louisville, where she was sent by the Commission agents to Nashville. There the Commission refused its way communications it was impossible to send her further front, and the Nashville office accordingly telegraphed to the Commission agents at Chattanooga for information. The next day, which was Thursday, it was answered that her son was severely wounded, and had been taken to a hospital which was subsequently captured by the enemy, in whose hands he then was. It was sad news, but better than suspense. It was communicated to her as kindly and gently as possible; but, gently as the intelligence was imparted, it drove her almost frantic. Several times during the day Commission visited the office to hear more, but there was nothing more to tell. And so two days more slipped away, and a little, but unavailing, crowd still be. Was he alive? were his wounds cared for by the rebels? was he dead? Such were the questions which the poor mother kept repeating over in the ears of the agents. "Oh that I could hear!" she cried. "Even the worst would be better than this suspense." At last, late on Saturday night, the word so prayed and waited for came. It was this only: "Dead." It was a terrible blow. A very paroxysm of grief settled upon the mother's heart, and for hours her sufferings seemed beyond all human endurance. After a time, carrying her son's body now with her, she went away; but the next morning she returned to the office, still terribly stricken in heart, but calmer than before, and, pointing to the flag over the door, with tears in her eyes, *"That flag is dearly dear to me this morning.* It was core my sonnyson." Her strength was exhausted, and the Commission defrayed her expenses home. Thank you the memory of its work will not be forever safe by side in the hallowed heart with recollections of her boy slain in the battle's front?

One day a stout, clean-faced farmer from Dayton, Ohio, Montgomery appeared at the Nashville office, seeking information of his son. He was furnished with passes and, with necessary directions, went on his way. A few days afterward he returned, carrying a sword and haversack, and with a long white box in his care—a very quiet box, but very precious to the farmer. The sword and the haversack were his son's, and the son's corpse was in the quiet box. It had been recovered through the agency of the Sanitary Commission. It was in that, there would never have been in a Danvers church-yard the head-stone which tells now to the days as they go the story of that farmer's sacrifice in the country's cause.

Another illustration of the value of this Directory is furnished by the following incident. On the 23rd of November the following inquiry from a Northern city was received at the Nashville office: "Sanitary Commission, Nashville: Please inform me if Henry Ford, Company F, Thirty-fifth Ohio, alive? Hospital 15—Fifteen." Fortunately, the record books at the Nashville hospital, and this answer promptly returned: "Henry Ford, Company F, Thirty-fifth Ohio, is alive—wounded severely." Till the father became as soon as he can." Thus father and son were brought together, as they probably would not have been but for this Directory.

Some of the scenes witnessed at the offices of the Directory in Washington and at other central points are touching in the extreme. Thus, at the Washington office: A father presents himself—a strong man, and still young in years—asking for news from his son. The record is referred to; the boy is dead. The announcement, coming with the suddenness of a bolt from heaven, goes with sharpest agony to the heart of the father, and he sinks upon a seat in the shadow on his life that only the sunrise of some great hope can ever brighten. Another, with white face and trembling voice, pressing to the office-desk, begs for information of his boy: "He was a noble fellow! no father ever had a better son; can't you tell me something of him?" He is told that the "boy" is in a hospital but a little distance off; he grasps the hand with both of his, tears running down his cheeks the while, and without uttering another word leaves the room. Still another comes—a woman, who, with almost breathless voice, exclaims, "I want to find my husband! I have not heard from him for months! Can you tell me where he is?" His name and the number of his regiment is ascertained, and the answer is promptly returned, "You will find him at Lincoln Hospital." A momentary shade of incredulity appears upon the anxious face; then, turning her full eyes, swollen with weeping, she gave only one look of gratitude—a full reward for years of labor—and in an instant is in the street, flying at the swift feet to embrace the husband of her love. Thus, day by day, the varied scene goes on, each new incident adding fresh testimony to the value of this admirable system.

At the Louisville office scenes equally affecting have been presented almost daily ever since the advance marched from that Murfreesboro. One day an old man from Northern Ohio entered the office. He had traveled the long distance to meet his son, who was lying sick at a house called away. He had found his boy; it was a consolation to look into his face even though the sad shadows were upon it. He only said that they did not want away; a clerk going with him and procuring a coffin for the dear departed. Before the journey could be started for his Ohio home—in which, however, even now he would be missed, one step would never more be heard on the threshold.

A sprightly young wife appeared one day at the Louisville office, asking to have a dispatch written to her husband, who was stationed in Nashville. The clerks turned to consult the record for his name, which she at once pronounced a useless delay—"that is his name." She knew all the wanted was a dispatch written, and would be obliged for as much haste as possible. "But," said the clerk, "are you sure that he is in Nashville?" "Certainly; nothing is more certain." "You would have no objections to meeting him here?" the clerk inquired with a look to give me his approval?" "No; you will not need it. This 'abstract' will please you better. These are directions where to find your husband—a house in the city, and not quartered in Nashville. He

In five minutes I knew he was safely disposed of for some hours to come.

I called loudly in his ear, and shook him roughly, but he did not stir.

I shall never forget the earnest joy with which the poor girl clasped my hand and thanked me.

I don't know whose heart beat fastest then—hers or mine: I know that I forgot all about the dreadful cold, and only felt an insane longing to take her in my arms and kiss her.

Taking the sleeping man's great buffalo-robe and wrapping it round her, I bade her sit down, and asked her the cause of her father's murder, and why she seemed to be a prisoner.

As I spoke I could not help an involuntary shudder at the appearance of the corpse.

In administering the chloroform to the man I had accidentally displaced the rug, which the murderers had carefully arranged so as to hide the face of the supposed paralytic.

The eyes were closed and blue, the nose pinched, the mouth partly open, with curled and strained lips, the teeth set, and grinning horribly in the half-light reflected from the snow in which we were imbedded.

It had now ceased snowing.

In answer to my question she said:

"I am alone in the world; I can trust you—I will tell you all. The—the *body*"—here she grew paler than even she was before—"the body is not that of my father—oh no! I could not have borne it! It is my uncle. I am a Virginian: my father and mother both died when I was very young, leaving me, a rich orphan, to the care of my uncle.

"All I know was that I was well educated, and had whatever money I wanted; but when I left school my uncle was strangely altered: my presence seemed to irritate him.

"He tried to make me marry that wretch who has gone—he was my uncle's overseer, and a more cruel or wicked man never lived."

Here I suddenly thought, "What if he should not fall asleep?" the engine, but should arrive!"

I went out and found him in what I knew would be his death-sleep—crouched completely under the fire-box of the engine.

The engineer had left his now cold and useless machine, and sought shelter in the cars.

I returned to my lovely charge continued:

"I was often talked to by some of our old slaves, and in particular by my dear old nurse, about this man. She said he had come a few years ago, and in some way had obtained an undue influence over her master—ordering every thing, and treating the slaves, who had never experienced any thing but kindness from my father and uncle, with the greatest severity.

"This villain persecuted me with his odious attentions; and one day—I can't tell you—but I rushed to my uncle, who, when he heard, called him into the library, and in a furious passion said:

"'Although you have by your devilish cunning obtained my promise of my niece as your wife, I will not tamely submit to see her insulted. Take that, you villain!' firing a pistol full in his face.

"Fortunately the villain defeated itself, and my uncle was not a murderer.

"The overseer smiled an evil smile, and said:

"'Your mind: it was only a little mistake. We will settle affairs another day.'

"Not long after this the fellow who is asleep there, and who is the overseer's brother, came and joined him. He is a doctor. My uncle became daily more and more miserable; my old nurse saying it was because preying upon his mind, because he had appropriated my property.

"A few weeks ago my uncle's health began to fail seriously, and the 'Doctor,' as he was called, constantly expressed his opinion that paralysis might be expected.

"Last Monday I was awaked by my old nurse in a dreadful fright, to tell me that my uncle was dying. I rose, and found the 'Doctor' and the overseer with him.

"The 'Doctor' said that, as he had predicted, my uncle had had a paralytic attack—probably lost the use of his limbs and speech, and that he probably would not be able to move for some time to come. He felt his responsibility too great for his brother and himself, and consequently should remove him to S——, where he would be placed under the care of the celebrated Dr. W——.

"This was said intentionally in the hearing of several of the servants, and passed for truth; although I was unacquainted with all, protested against removing my uncle in such a state.

"Knowing the evil character of both men, I resolved that I would not part from my uncle, but would accompany him to S——.

"I fancied I saw a sinister smile on the face of the overseer as I said this; but he only remarked:

"'Oh, certainly; no objection can be made to that.'

"Yesterday we started.

"My suspicions were aroused by the 'Doctor' and overseer refusing to let me approach my uncle, either to dress him or to help him into the carriage.

"In spite of this caution, however, I obtained a glimpse of his face, and knew in an instant he was dead.

"I was too excited and horrified to faint.

"The overseer saw by my looks that I now knew all.

"He at once said, in a brutal tone,

"'Oh! I guess you see it all now! You're a sensible girl, so a few words will suffice. There wasn't much love lost between you and your uncle, so you need not make a fuss.

"The truth is, the Doctor there physicked him a *leetle* too strong, and it would not do to bury him here, for the job would have been blown. So we thought we would take him where no one will be the wiser. The poor old gentleman has died of cold and overexertion, don't you see?'

"I can't tell you what the wretch said to me; only that he said he had got all the old gentleman's plunder from the estate; that he meant to marry me whether I would or not; and that if I so much as spoke or looked at any one on the journey he would kill me at once.

"'I knew he would not hesitate to carry out his threat, so dare not utter a word.

"'Oh! how thankful I was to see you enter our car!

"'I felt a presentiment that you would in some way save me from these horrid men.'

Here the poor girl burst into tears.

I don't know what I did or said, only that I comforted her, and vowed I would never forsake her.

The time was now approaching when the two o'clock train was due. There was a deathlike silence, broken only by the mournful tones of occasional gusts of wind, which, like evil spirits sporting round us, rushed to and fro through the ill-made cars, uttering their unearthly wail.

Every one had huddled themselves in whatever they could find as a protection from the biting cold.

Although hardly any stood, I began to feel exhausted and benumbed, and probably should have fallen into a dangerous stupor but for my mind being racked with thought.

How should I act?

If I gave these two men up to justice (supposing the overseer survived), what proof was there that they had poisoned the "paralytic"?

I asked Alice—so we will now call her—whether the overseer had the seal on him or not.

She said he had admitted to her that he had gold, notes, and securities to a very large amount upon him.

I then searched the still sleeping "Doctor;" he was so motionless and deathlike that I began to fear that the chloroform had had a fatal effect upon him.

I found nothing but a few dollars and a revolver. I think I said, with the latter a neckerchief, securely tied his hands behind him.

It was now snowing heavily again; but I sallied forth once more to see that the man of evil sleep, overseer still under the engine, frozen as hard as the iron which covered him, and doubtless quite dead.

With fingers almost lifeless at his own I searched him, and found, besides the expected loaded revolver and bowie-knife, a large canvas bag fastened round his waist, containing the stolen money.

I hastened back with it to Alice, during she might be overcome with cold and fall asleep.

Just as I had my hand on the door of the car I heard a well-known sound: there was no need to think twice—the driver of the expected train, blinded by the snow, had not seen the danger-signal! With criminal negligence they had not telegraphed our non-arrival from S——, but were rushing on us!

I shouted loudly to the occupants of the cars to save themselves, and sprang into ours for Alice.

Even in the short time I had been absent she had nearly gone to sleep.

We awoke in time, girl! She had experienced hunger, thirst (for she dare not take food from the overseer, lest he should poison her), excitement, and cold.

I seized her in my arms, and had scarcely leaped from the car when the crash came!

I will not dilate on the horrors of the collision; we have too many such descriptions in our daily papers. Happily, our striking had not roused any of the passengers, but some three or four never knew how death came.

I laid the fainting body of Alice for a moment, carefully wrapped up, on the snow, while I searched for our late evil companions.

The murderers had met a milder fate than they deserved.

The frozen overseer was completely smashed: beneath the engine.

Whether the "Doctor" really died from the effects of cold and the chloroform I can not tell, and do not like to think.

He also was a bruised and almost shapeless mass; both had died painless deaths.

The engineer and fireman of the train which ran into us had jumped into the snow, and were unhurt.

The passengers were very few, and, surprising to say, only one was killed.

We made great fires of the *débris*, and waited the morning, when help should come.

Amidst all the horrors of the scene I felt a thrill of happiness in having Alice looking to me as her sole protector, and through the night I kept her head on my shoulder, in which she trusted and reposed.

I felt as if I had known her for years. Was the gentle girl weaned from her affections for one whom I had met under such strange circumstances—was she soon to be severed from me? No! never! Such was the thought I clasped her closer to my heart.

At last help came: about five o'clock in the morning an express came from K——, expecting to find a breakdown: they took us up, and we arrived at S—— about eight o'clock.

I asked Alice what she would wish to do.

In some confusion she said:

"I know not what to say!" But, putting her little hand in mine, she said: "Will you, who have watched over me through that dreadful night, who have saved me from horrors of which I can not think, see me safe back to my own home—my own. Indeed now?—it will be very lonely, no one to welcome me but the servants; but it is my right home. Am I asking too much?"

Need I tell the reader my answer?

I offered myself, a poor surveyor, as her husband as well as protector.

She did not say no.

The railway accident was universally believed to be the cause of the deaths of Alice's uncle, the overseer, and the "Doctor;" Alice, with pardonable deception, explaining that the "Doctor," not finding Dr. W—— at his own town, insisted on going on to the next, to some other surgeon.

Alice and I have now lived happily for years; but we never see the snow sparkle thickly on the ground without shuddering at the recollection of the night we passed in the snow-drift.

ABOUT CATS.

The palmy days for cats were in the times of Egypt's power as a nation, some 500 years B.C. They were held then as sacred as dogs or crocodiles, and death was the penalty for killing them. From their nocturnal habits and glossy fur the Egyptians deemed them symbolical of the moon, and a golden cat was worshiped at Syene. Herodotus tells us some marvels about them. The "toma," it seems, in his time, had a particular liking for making sport with kittens—a very fortunate thing, too, or the land would have been overrun with cats. Crowding would set in when a fire broke out the sole care of the natives is to keep the cats from it, to do which they post themselves as guards round the burning house, and think no thought for putting out the flames. A divine impulse, however (says the chronicler), seizes the cats: they dart under the men, or leap over them, and fling themselves into the flames. Then great mourning takes possession of the land. If a cat were found dead in any one's house the inmates had to shave off their eyebrows. The defunct animals were carried into the temples, where they were embalmed, and solemnly deposited in the city Bubastis. Specimens may be seen in the British Museum. Very different is their fate at modern Rome. A recent traveler tells us they are there as highly esteemed for culinary purposes as puppy-dogs in China. If you have a roast hare for dinner you may be sure it will make too many inquiries as to what kind of "Pussy" it was before it came into the *chef's* hands.

The ancient physicians had a firm belief in the healing powers of different portions of this animal, probably from some confusion existing in their minds with regard to its own nine lives. One of them gives us, as a valuable recipe to cure fevers, two pints of water mixed with three drops of blood taken from the ear of a black, and certain parts of a cat's digestive organs! The claw of an owl, or a wolf's eye was a good external application to accompany this dose. Catching at the slightest verbal resemblance, their system of medicine would at present be well represented by prescribing a cat in a case of catalepsy. The very ashes of the animal, sprinkled where mice were, would prove quite sufficient to scare them away, according to Pliny's belief.

The popular sayings connected with cats are so numerous, that they might be utterances of Father Cats himself. Italians are so grateful to the Dutch peasantry. Their tenacity of life comes out in the proverb, "Care killed the cat." Their familiar proximity to the domestic hearth is alluded to in "A cat may look at a king." Indeed, there could be no legal hamlet in the old Welsh constitution unless it possessed a cat. We confess ourselves puzzled as to the explanation of the Scotch proverb, "Grinning like a Cheshire cat," unless it alludes to Grimalkin's well-known habit of cruelty.

One of the most common natural antipathies is an utter abhorrence of cats. We know a lady who can not stay in the same house with one, and knows no hateful sensation more instinctively, even before she sees it. Blue-eyed cats, oddly enough, are always deaf.

Mr. Darwin has a curious speculation how a society of cats in any rural district would soon affect the neighboring vegetation, as the field animals they prey upon would, of course, proportionately increase, and their greater numbers would in turn tell upon vegetable life. Cats have always been known to have a strong objection to the scent of valerian; they are also very fond of rolling over the pretty blue nemophila of our gardens; so horticulturists should take notice accordingly. The best mode of prevention, we may suggest, is to keep a small terrier.

Much as we hate cats about our houses, however, they are capable of very strong attachments. We have known more than one instance where they have followed their favorite in his country walks like a dog. It is upon record, too, how an ancestor of Wyatt the poet was fed and preserved by a cat when concealed in a tree by Richard III. As for its sagacity, we knew one that belonged to an old lady which, at her invitation, would ascend the kettle-shaft of the cottage and heat her potatoes, look askant a minute at the narrow-necked cream-jug, and then (quietly sitting down by it) would insert the tip of her shoulder, in order to extract and enjoy the cream. The process she repeated till the jug was empty, with much apparent satisfaction. Another had the curious taste strongly developed in it of ascending to the open bedroom windows of an old mansion by means of the climbers on the walls, and then making away with all the soup the washingstands contained.

Considering how much the cat abhors cold water, our readers must often have wondered why sea-faring men are so fond of taking the animal with them on a voyage. This is explained by two circumstances. Marine insurance does not cover damages done to cargo by the depredations of rats; but if the owner of the damaged goods can prove that the ship was sent to sea unfurnished with a cat he can recover damages from the shipmaster. Again, a ship found at sea with no liv'ng creature on board is considered a derelict, and is forfeited to the Admiralty, the finders, or the Queen. It has often happened that a ship has been abandoned, some domestic animal—a dog, a canary-bird, or most frequently a cat, from its hatred of facing the waves—and the vessel from being condemned as a derelict. A singular occurrence of this kind was related in the papers last winter. A vessel was found abandoned on the Banks of Newfoundland, with only a cat on board: a crew that boarded her navigated her safely across the Atlantic to the Kintyre coast, when another storm broke upon the illfated ship. She soon went to pieces, and the crew were drowned, with the exception of the mate, who drifted to shore on a piece of wreck. At the last moment the cat sprang on to his neck and clung there till more than both washed ashore, when she concealed herself among the rocks, and will not probably care any more to tempt the sea.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Englishman on his return from a hunting excursion in India was asked how he liked tiger-hunting. He replied, "It is very good sport as you hunt the tiger; but, *if hard screwed*, he sometimes takes it into his head to *hunt you*, and then it has its drawbacks."

An infamous old bachelor being asked if he ever witnessed a public execution, replied, "No, but I once saw a marriage."

The age of a young lady is now expressed according to the present style of skirts, by saying that eighteen springs have passed over her head.

Of what trade is the sun?—A tanner.

What fish is most valued by a loving wife?—Her-ring.

When is a man thinner than a lath?—When he's a shaving.

The husband who devoured his wife with kisses found afterward that she disagreed with him.

Mrs. Partington says that because dancing girls are stars, it is no reason why they should be regarded as heavenly bodies.

French sorrow and sentiment are illustrated at Montmartre cemetery, where a tombstone has been erected with a colossal tear carved on it, and the words underneath, "Judge how we loved him!"

In the Court of Queen's Bench, in a lunacy case, a witness, a laundress, was asked with respect to the defendant: "What was his behaviour?" Witness certainly not knowing the meaning of the word): "I never saw her so."

A young man advertises for a situation as son-in-law in the Matrimonial Weekly. Would have an objection, he says, to go a short distance into the country.

Rather unexpected was the reply of the urchin, who, on being straitened in his circumstances for pocket-money, stoutly asked, "Do you know where those little boys go to who play marbles on Sunday?" replied innocently.—"Yes; they go to the devil," was the answer, and some on 'em goes down by the side of the river."

On a church, whose collar was rented as a wine-vault, a wag inscribed:

> There's a Spirit above
> And a Spirit below,
> A Spirit of love
> And a spirit of woe—
> The Spirit above
> Is the Spirit Divine,
> The spirit below
> Is the spirit of wine.

"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough." "Well, I did," said Jemmy, "I ran fast enough, but I did not start soon enough."

A young man in California, whose New England friends had ceased to correspond with him, woke up their interest by sending them tobacco to smoke in his native place, inquiring the price of a tolerably-sized farm. Seven affectionate letters came from friends by return of mail—one two or three a day have come ever since, including one from an old cattle owner—*horn*.

A sentimental cook says: "It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because both are good. Milk is good, and mustard is good, but they are not good for each other."

Book for Firebrands.—"Crabbe's Tales."

The gentleman who was lately tied to time has been released.

"I'll drop you a line in a moment," as the fisherman said to the trout.

A company—capital $500,000—has been started to supply non-combustible starch. It has not a chance of success, for it is impossible to conquer the feminine love of a "flame!"

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

If you see a man with a bandage round his eye, a sign he is out of spirits, and likely to be sla-ing.

If a young lady is discharged, her father is apparent she is discherging.

When a man throws up an appointment he is generally sick of it.

A man going to sleep in a field is sure to "lie on the face of nature."

When a servant-maid is blown up it is usually through her own carelessness.

It is perfectly true that there is but one cat in Catalonia.

"Well, Sambo, what's yer up to nowadays?" "Oh, I is the carp'ner and joiner." "Joiner! I guess yer is." "What is the difference between a carp'ner?" "Why, carp'ner I does the circular work." "What's dat?" "Why, I does the circular saw."

Why is a young lady verging in sorrow like a rebel gunboat?—Because it is a *private-teer*.

CALAMITOUS ACCIDENT.—A poor, thoughtless old gentleman fell down in the street, on the spur of the moment. His screams were frightful.

TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

I really take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
I have not seen you such an age—
(The weather's come in terrible).

Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here, and like the baby, dear—
(And give it pethaps the measles).

What, little Clara left at home?
Well, now, I call that shabby;
I should have brought her, sure as fate—
(A shabby, shabby babby).

And Sal and Jane—I hope he's well?
Although he lives so handy,
He never now comes near us—why—
(The better for my brandy!)

Come, take a seat, I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You've come, of course, to spend the day?—
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

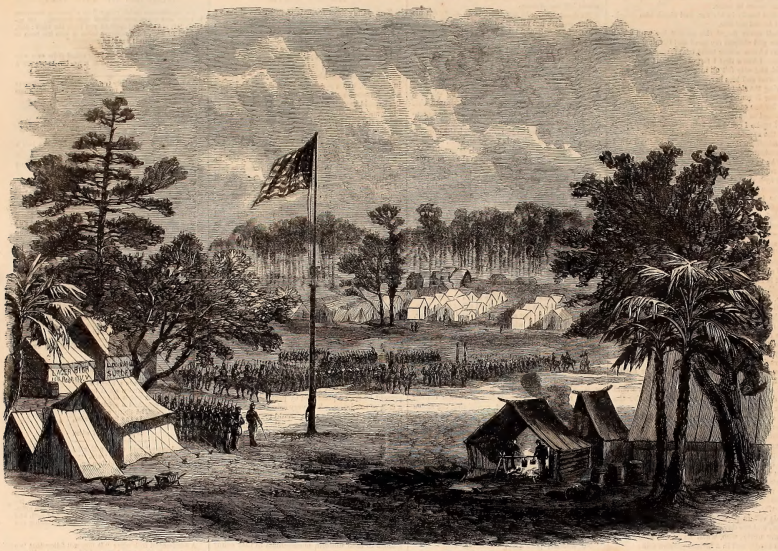
What, must you go?—next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay, I will see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure).

Good-by—good-by—remember all;
Next time you'll stay to dinner?
(Now, David, mind I'm "not at home"
In future to the Skinners.)

In a discussion with a temperance lecturer, a toper asked, "If your nose, your boots, what effect must it have on the cost of your stomach?"

Why is a pig the most provident of animals?—Because he always carries a spare-rib or two about him.

When is a tooth not a tooth?—When it is a-king.



CAMP OF THE NEW YORK ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD BEFORE CHARLESTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL W. HEINE.—[SEE PAGE 85.]

ACCIDENT ON THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.—[SEE PAGE 85.]

THE STAG DANCE.

THE STAG DANCE.

Our soldiers believe in the literal interpretation of the dictum of the Wise Man that "there is a time to dance." But to put their faith into works is not the easiest thing in the world, owing to the lack of partners of the feminine persuasion. However, by imagining a bearded and pantalooned fellow to be of "t'other kind," they succeed in getting up what they call a "Stag Dance," which is better than none, as is shown by the intense interest evinced by the spectators.

A VETERAN ON FURLOUGH.

Our Veteran Soldiers, the heroes of many a hard-fought field—and of what is perhaps still harder to endure, of many a long march and weary encampment—are now returning by thousands for a brief visit to their loved ones at home, before returning to the field. The scene which our artist has depicted, where a returned veteran is telling his story of that war, a part of which he was, is this day being enacted in thousands of homes in every section of the broad Union.

A VETERAN ON FURLOUGH.

LILY'S BALL.

LILY gave a party,
And her little playmates all,
Gaily dress'd, came in their best
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirr'd,
And, except in whispers,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin;
Learned old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted
Because the room was hot,
And went away before the rest
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Ross with Violet;
Silky Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonnette.

But when they danced the country dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowslip or Heather-bell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was to me
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over,
They went down stairs to sup,
And each had a taste of honey-cake,
With dew in a butter-cup.

And all were dress'd to go away
Before the set of sun;
And Lily said "Good-by!" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

ONWARD.

Non look, nor footstep backward turn,
Though many a vanished scene be fair;
There's less beneath the sun
Of charm than despair.
The Future we can carve at will—
The sculptured Past defies our skill.

Why summon up the weird array
Of spectres false—Delusion's train?
The idols Time has proved of clay
Will ne'er be gold again:
Nor defiest alchemy restore
The treasures that we prized of yore.

The wreaths that decked our youthful brows
Have lost their brightness and perfume;
We'll weave our crown from fresher boughs,
And flowers of richer bloom!
And brighter sunbeams than of old
Shall change our sails to beaten gold.

We will not think of roof or wreck,
Of latent dangers hurried o'er,
Of storms that whilom swept our deck;
Our Pharos shines before,
And gilds the wave that ceaseless sweep
On to the vast eternal deep.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing nearly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Dyspepsia Tablets,

For Indigestion, Heartburn, &c., manufactured only by S. G. WELLING, and sold by druggists generally. 50 cents per box. Depot No. 597 Canal st., New York, second floor. Sent free by mail for 65 cents.

"LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE."—All, born to love, and to be loved. Mistakes, Unhappy Marriages, The Remedy, Love—signs, in the face. Secret of Beauty. A Woman's Experience. Falling in love. Secrets of the Complexion—with numerous illustrative Portraits—in Jan Double No. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Try a new vol. Only 10 cts. Or $1 50 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen of Price—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 75 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in size to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

Gentlemen's Well-Finished, Gold-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridomin Points, the average wear of every one of which will fit out(ask a gross of the best Steel Pens) *although they are inexpensive, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only*. No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for Ladies' hands. No. 10 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No. 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 a No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $3 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $3 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $3 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $5 00 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridomin Points, carefully selected, and many of the finest are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest sorting can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Gauge Gold Pens, he begs to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made the Gold Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guarantee their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the coin received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $15, of 15 per cent. on $30, and of 20 per cent. on $50, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

Ballard Patent Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines.

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using the Common Cartridge.

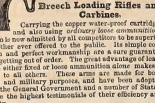
This arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. Its simple construction and perfect workmanship are a sure guarantee against getting out of order. The Peculiar Range of Sighting with either fixed or loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others. These arms are made for both sporting and military purposes, and have been adopted both by the General Government and a number of States. We have the highest testimonials of their efficiency and durability.

We also *offer to the Public* our new *Cartridge* and loose ammunition *bedding revolver*. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon. No one wishing a first-class arm should be without one.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.

MERWIN & HRAY, Sole Agents,
202 Broadway, N. Y.



Elliot's New Repeaters

Are now ready. The most rife, compact, durable, effective, sure, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (No. 32 cartridge), and shoot with great force. Are consequently carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrels—each rifled each twist. The Trade supplied.

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New Corps Pin.

We can now offer to Officers and all members of the Army our new style Corps Pin, in Fine Gold Plate, richly enameled and chased, with the Corps designation in Fine Jewels. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. Best, cost, and finest Pin ever offered. Mailed free for One Dollar. GEO. DEHERIT & CO., Jewelers, 305 Broadway, N. Y.

United States
Sanitary Commission.

"What is it doing to economize the Life and Health of our Soldiers?"

It is using all the means Providence has placed within its reach, or is it stiff-necked, and determined that so GREAT a MEMBERSHIP as

Brandreth's Pills

shall not be used "to economize the life and health of our Soldiers?"

Sagacious men believe that the administration of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, in its "Homes" and as "Special Relief," would more than quadruple the present value to the "Life and Health of our Soldiers."

Let the following testimony from

SIXTY REVEREND CLERGYMEN

be studied by members of the United States Sanitary Commission. If these statements are true, can they be doing their duty as CHRISTIAN MEN in not using the means Providence has placed within their reach?

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS,

READ!

BRANDRETH'S PILLS PROTECT FROM THE ARROWS OF DISEASE, USUALLY AS FATAL TO SOLDIERS AS THE BULLETS OF THE FOE.

SING SING, Oct. 26, 1863.

We, the undersigned, surviving members of Company F, Seventeenth New York State Volunteers, hereby certify that we have used Brandreth's Pills during our two years' service, and to them we attribute the fact that our constitutions are uninjured by the necessary hardships and privations of a soldier's life in the field. In costiveness, colds, chills, diarrhœa, dysentery, and typhoid fever, their prompt use cured us in a few days. Our health was often restored without having been entered on the sick list; in fact, a single dose of four or five pills usually cured what, under the regular treatment, would have been a serious sickness. Others, who appeared to be sick in no respect different to us, but who used the remedies prescribed by the regimental surgeon, either died or were sick or broke in the hospital.

When we left Sing Sing, in June, 1861, you gave us a supply of these Pills, and we feel sure, from our experience, that if every soldier were provided with this medicine, the general health of the army would be greatly improved. For ourselves, it is our sole remedy, answering all our wants in the way of physic, and we have known and tested it from our childhood, and our parents before us.

John Vickers, *Captain*, Patrick Cullen, *4th Sergeant*,
J. L. Seaman, *1st Lieutenant*, Henry J. Brown, *1st Corporal*
William Sea, *1st Sergeant*, Wm. Mathers, *3d Corporal*.
G. H. Young, *2d Sergeant*, Henry W. Miller, *3d Corporal*,
Dennis Shay, *3d Sergeant*, Thos. Croft, *Drummer*,
Geo. B. Coe, *Drummer*.

PRIVATES.

Francis J. Jennings,	Lorb B. Coe,
William W. Campbell,	Albert Lane,
William H. Thurston,	Ellis Jones,
Albert Wesley,	Wm. Van Wart,
John W. Cornell,	James B. Croft,
William Holmes,	Roscoe K. Watson,
William H. Alder,	Frederick Hunt,
Martin Sea,	William Tuttle,
George Ackerley,	Jotham Carpenter,
Hiram Scaggs,	Charles Wright,
Alfred Wilkins,	Sanford Olmsted,
William Griffin,	Fuller Carpenter,
Jacob Carpenter,	James Bowley,
William J. F. Hewett,	Robert W. Westcott,
Joseph Kavanaugh,	Jacob D. Dykeman,
Thomas A. Barlow,	John M. Bodine,
Henry Hannah,	James D. Dixon,
William Hannah,	Edgar Wilkins,
John Conover,	David Baker,
Jacob Baker,	Henry Scaggs.

T. B. Lane, *1st Sergt.*, Co. D, 175th N. Y. Vols.
M. C. Smith, *1st Sergt.*, Co. D, 175th N. Y. Vols.
Wm. Knight, Co. I, 6th N. Y. Artillery.
Abram H. Miller, Co. K, 175th N. Y. Infantry.
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Wm. Keasy, Co. B, Second Pennsylvania Cavalry.
Cassius Bishop, Co. E, 19th N. Y. Vols.
Elliot Sea, Co. B, 5th N. Y. Vols.
Daniel Gillis, *Sergt.*, Co. B, 2d N. Y. Vols.
Caleb S. Frisbie, Co. B, 5th N. Y. Vols.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
Westchester Co., ss:

I, WILLIAM M. SKINNER, a Notary Public, duly commissioned and sworn, residing in the Village of Sing Sing, County and State aforesaid, do hereby certify, that the foregoing Affidavit was subscribed and sworn to before me, hereto annexed, dated Oct. 26, 1863, concerning the value and efficacy of Brandreth's Pills, beginning with Capt. John Vickers and ending with Caleb S. Frisbie, were signed in my presence, and that I, as their request, witnessed their signatures to said Certificate.

I further certify, that I am personally acquainted with all who signed the same, and know them individually to be men of truth and veracity.

In witness whereof I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my Official Seal, this, eleventh day of January, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

WM. M. SKINNER, Notary Public.

STATE OF NEW YORK,
County of Westchester, ss.:

I, Hiram P. Rowel, Clerk of the County aforesaid, and also Clerk of the Courts in and for said County, Do Hereby Certify, that

WM. M. SKINNER, Esquire,

whose name is subscribed to the Certificate of the Proof or acknowledgment of the annexed Instrument, and endorsed thereon, was, on the day of the date of the said Certificate, a Notary Public, in and for said County, residing in the said County, appointed and sworn, and duly authorized to take the same according to the laws of the said State. And further, that I am well acquainted with the handwriting of the said Notary Public, and verily believe that the Signature to the said Certificate is genuine.

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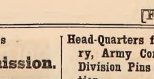

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WE have notice from the General Subscription Agent to 30 Loan that the whole amount of this loan authorized by law has been taken by subscribers. We can not, therefore, furnish as heretofore the bonds at par and interest.
We shall be pleased to fill orders for these bonds at market rates, and shall endeavor to help constantly on hand, ready for immediate delivery, a full assortment.
We also buy and sell all kinds of Government Stocks.
The new FIVE PER CENT INTEREST-BEARING LEGAL-TENDER NOTES.
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And Stuttering cured by Bates's Patent Scientific Appliances. For (New Edition of) descriptive Pamphlets and Drawings, address H. C. L. MEARS, 217 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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Dealers should secure their stock of Valentines in season. Send for a list.

Ten Dollar Package.
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1 Beautiful Valentine in Fancy Box, retail at ... 1 00
12 Juvenile Valentines, retail at ... 0 12
12 Fine Note, Comic, assorted, retail at ... 0 5
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6 Fine Valentine Cards of Poetry, retail at ... 0 5
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24 Large Size Envelopes, two sizes, retail at ... 0 5
12 Beautiful Fine Envelopes, retail at ... 0 10
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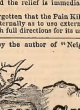
The new Novel, by the author of "Neighbor Jackwood,"



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IMPORTANT.
The public are respectfully informed that I have just received, per Steamer "Celia," a fresh shipment of the Jules Mumm & Co's

Verzenay Cabinet
AND
Dry Verzenay
Champagne,

of a new vintage, surpassing in richness, fineness, and delicacy of quality any Wines of the same grade ever before sent to this country. A detail of the name will convince the most fastidious.
The following houses have a supply of this shipment on hand:
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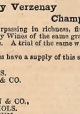

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Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.
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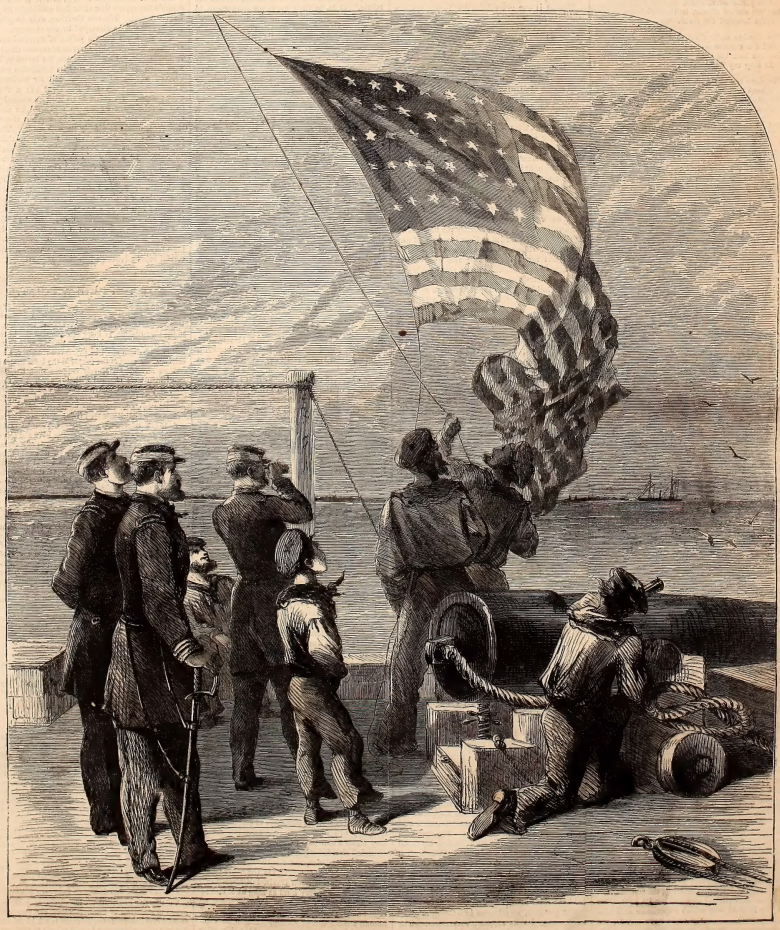
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 372.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



"OUR FLAG IS THERE!"—[SEE PAGE 101.]

KING COTTON.

KING COTTON looks from his window
Toward the westering sun,
And he marks with an anguished horror
That his race is almost run.

His form is thin and shrunken,
His cheek is pale and wan,
And the locusts of care on his furrowed brow
Are dread to look upon.

But yesterday a monarch
In the flush of his pomp and pride,
And not content with his own broad lands
He would rule the world beside.

He built him a mighty palace,
With gold from beyond the sea,
And he built cars the corner-stone,
And he called it Slavery.

He summoned an army with banners
To keep his foes at bay;
And, gazing with pride on his palace walls,
He said, "They shall stand for aye!"

But the palace walls are shrunken,
And partly overthrown,
And the storms of war, in their violence,
Have loosened the corner-stone.

Now Famine stalks through the palace halls
With her gaunt and pallid train:
You can hear the cries of famished men,
As they cry for bread in vain.

The King can see from his palace walls
As his pride betrayed—
Thousands of mothers and wives bereft,
Thousands of graves new-made.

And he seems to see in the lowering sky
The shape of a flaming sword,
Wherein he reads with a sinking heart
The anger of the Lord.

God speed the time when the guilty King
Shall be hurled from his blood-stained throne;
And the palace of Wrong shall crumble to dust,
With its boasted corner-stone!

A temple of Freedom shall rise instead
On the decorated site,
And within its shelter alike shall stand
The black man and the white.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

UNCLE SAM'S PENCE.

HOW is it that the Sanitary Commission spends so much money? is a question that is constantly asked. It has made nearly half a million by its fairs, and it still cries, More! More! Yes, but it has not made the half-million. The money collected at the great fairs has been entirely at the disposition of the local sanitary authorities, not of the Commission. The Boston fair chose to send fifty thousand dollars to the Commission; and it was well done, as it was truly needed, and will be wisely spent. But while the proceeds of the fairs will be converted into material supplies, there is a large monthly cash outlay which the Commission has to meet, or stop its operations. Distributing supplies is but one part of the work of the Commission; and if all the money raised should be devoted to that purpose more than half its benefits would be destroyed.

A moment's thought will show exactly the point, and Treat No. 73 of the Sanitary issues tells the story plainly. The Sanitary Commission works, as it were, with five hands. It distributes supplies. It inspects camps and fields-hospitals by medical men. It inspects general hospitals by the same agents. It organizes special relief with all its agencies, in all its departments; and it keeps an accurate Hospital Directory, so that the situation and condition of five hundred thousand soldiers may be known to their friends throughout the country.

Now this Sanitary Inspection may save more lives than hundreds of wagon-loads of supplies. Shall the Inspection be abolished? If not, it can be supported by cash only.

Or the Special Relief, which has lodges and homes all along the Atlantic coast and upon the Mississippi—shall it be relinquished? Ask the soldiers. But if it is to be maintained, it can only be with money.

Or the Hospital Directory? It costs very much, but it tells all about the sick and wounded, wherever they may be; and when it was lately a question whether it should be continued, there was such an earnest pressure from the friends of the soldiers every where not to give it up that it was seen to be a necessity of the service, and is continued.

Now, to keep all this machinery going, so essential to the welfare of the soldiers and the happiness of their homes, at least thirty thousand dollars are required every month. It is from the Central Treasury that the money for such expenses is drawn; and it is in this view that, while its branches in the Supply Department may be full to overflowing, the Commission may be hard pushed to continue its operations in the freefold way which experience and wisdom have demonstrated to be necessary for the complete success of any one department. Besides, all the agents, and they must be hundreds, in all the departments are *paid* agents, as they ought to be, both for effectiveness and discipline. There is the system of transportation also, independent of the regular army medical department, which enables succor to be immediate upon the battle-field, and there is the outlay for every form of relief at every battle.

For all these purposes ready money is essential. It must be as sure an income as that of any other business, and it must last while the war lasts, or this great mercy must stop. Now the revenue for the work is drawn and can be drawn only from the hearts of the people, for in this case it is the heart that opens the purse. The money given is the Peter's pence of the crusade of humanity in which the nation is engaged. Who wishes it to stop? Who, if he had but twopence, and a dear brother or friend in the war, but would say, "One of them shall be for Peter, whose name this time is Uncle Sam."

A GROSS INJUSTICE.

THERE is one gross injustice to our soldiers which Congress should not lose a week in correcting, and that is the pay of the colored troops. If colored men are paid, don't enlist them. If the prejudice of race and color is insuperable, yield to it. But why should the American people do an unpardonably mean thing? If we are ashamed to acknowledge the heroism of the colored troops at Milliken's Bend, at Port Hudson, at Fort Wagner—upon every field, in fact, and in every battle where they have been tried—let us at least be manly enough to say to them, "We can not treat you honorably, so go home!"

Men for man, the colored troops at present enlisted are not inferior to any of our soldiers. Whole regiments were recruited under the express statement from Washington that they were to be treated like all other soldiers. Whole regiments, finding that we did not keep our word, have declined to receive any pay whatever, and have respectfully preferred to wait until we were ready to fulfill our promises, meanwhile performing cheerfully the most incessant and onerous duties. How long would any regiment of white men, however brave and loyal, which had been enlisted like the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored), under the promise of thirteen dollars a month and three dollars and a half for clothing, remain quiet under a monthly payment of seven dollars and three additional for clothing? And who would blame them for demanding the fulfillment of the contract or a release from service?

Do we at this moment need all the stalwart arms we can gather to the national cause or the life of the nation when we can wisely disband the fifty or sixty thousand colored soldiers already in the service? And is there one Senator or Representative in Congress, excepting Fernando Wood's member, who can look upon the people with the colored troops to be paid equally with all others? "I suppose my body will stop a bullet as well as another," said a colored soldier with bitter sarcasm.

The prejudice from which this injustice springs is part of the foul fruit of slavery. What is called an instinctive antipathy is merely the feeling inevitably associated with the color of an enslaved race. If the Thracians had been of a blue complexion, the Romans would have declared that they had an instinctive antipathy to blue eyes. For why should not a Frenchman or an Englishman have it toward the black race as well as we? "I don't like my dog to play and eat a gentleman, at a dinner-table in this city, of an Englishman who had been describing a visit to the West Indies, "when you found yourself sitting at table between two colored men?" "They were gentlemen," was the answer, "and I felt as I do at this moment."

But the point for every honest man to ponder is this: We invited the colored men to fight for us: they have shown themselves brave, clever, and obedient, and we refuse to pay them what we pay other soldiers. Could any picture of the sheer breach of faith and wanton injustice of such conduct, a distinction like this, even if it were honorably made, tends to maintain a feeling of caste which would be fatal to the army. All that we ask is fair play for every man who will risk his life for the country; and against foul play, whether hung between Englishmen, Frenchmen, Irishmen, or Germans, whether with white, black, or red men, we shall not fail to protest as earnestly and persistently as we can.

HOW TO DO IT.

THERE are two policies of the restoration of the Union. One is that of the Copperheads, and the other that of the Administration and the Union men of the country. The first proposes that whenever the rebel leaders lay down their arms and take the oath to the Constitution the National armies shall be disbanded. The other proposes that, until the country has received some satisfactory proof that the rebellion is destroyed, and not merely smothered, it shall hold the rebel district by arms.

For instance, we advance into Georgia. The rebel army, let us suppose, surrenders. The people take the oath. A provisional Governor is appointed by the National authority, and he orders an election. Who shall vote? "Why, of course," cry the Copperheads, "those who are voters under the State Constitution!" Very well. The election is held, and a tool of Stephens or of Toombs, or Robert Toombs himself, is elected Governor. What will you do? Shall the Government order General Grant to evacuate Georgia? Is the State restored to the Union and peace secured? Or if in Mississippi Jefferson Davis—mere supposition, but equally false to the Government—is elected Governor according to the forms of the State Constitution, is he to be recognized and the troops withdrawn?

No citizen of the United States acts so absurdly in his smallest private matters. Does any body suppose that collectively those citizens will play the fool? Have they been sending their sons and brothers to be murdered for nothing? Do they mean to put a premium upon treason and rebellion? If the Constitution did not enable them to settle the question as it should be settled, their common sense would supersede the Constitution. The Copperhead theory of the Constitution is simply that of the rebels. It is, in their view, an instrument to prevent the maintenance of the United States Government, and to secure the local sovereignty of States in but an echo of Calhoun's theory, which was expressly devised to cover disunion and destroy the National supremacy.

The plan which the Administration has avowed in public approval is that of the Administration. It proposes first to occupy the rebel States by force of the National arms; then to appoint a provisional governor, who may order an election. By what authority? By that of the United States. And the same authority—not the State Constitution—will decree when, where, and under what conditions, that election shall be held. If it result in the election of men who conform to the requirements they become the rightful government of the State, because they represent the people of the State who are loyal to the United States. If these people are but a fourth of the population, and can not enforce their authority upon the rest, the United States Government helps them by force of arms, as it is bound to do by the Constitution. When the loyal State authority shall inform the Government of the United States that it is able to maintain itself the national force will be withdrawn.

Now the paramount condition of the election must be the oath against slavery, and this for two reasons. First, because the only sensible hope of quiet lies in the reason of the people of the South from . . e control of a slaveholding aristocracy; and, second, because the overthrow of the system is the only political victory of the North based upon slavery. There is no doubt whatever that so long as that absurd contradiction of the American principle, and conscience, and policy endures, just so long the peace of the country will be threatened. Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, a Southerner, a slaveholder, a Democrat, expresses the sense of the American people in saying: "Slavery has been the destroying element which tried to put down the Government, and the Government should put it down immediately and forever."

SENATOR DAVIS.

SENATOR WILSON has done well in withdrawing his resolutions for the expulsion of Senator Jefferson Davis. The letter of Mr. Davis declares that he meant only a legitimate Parliamentary opposition to the measures of the Government, and there is no reason for doubting his sincerity. "I am a man who always sympathizes with indignation, because his temper is so furious and ungovernable that every time he speaks upon the public affairs he becomes absolutely speechless," and he has lived through three years of the war without comprehending in the least degree either its cause or its inevitable consequence. The speeches and letters of such a gentleman must be patiently endured, like those of Mr. Roebuck in the British Parliament, or of the Copperhead orators in our own House of Representatives.

Mr. Garrett Davis is a statesman who believes that if a few secessionists and a few abolitionists had been hung three years ago there would have been no trouble. That civil wars are always the conflict of ideas and not of men, he does not perceive. He undoubtedly thinks that if Martin Luther had been quietly poisoned there would have been no Protestant Reformation, and if only Patrick Henry had been throttled, the American revolution would have been avoided. But all such men are fruit, they are not trees. So long as the trees last the fruit will be generated. Every form of injustice, of despotism, of tyranny, will forever produce enemies. You may shoot John Hampden, but you have not wounded civil Liberty. You may strike Charles Sumner into silence, but the barbarism of slavery will still be denounced. On the other hand, you may hang Jefferson Davis, but slavery will breed Davises of every kind as long as it lasts.

If Senator Davis were a younger man he might at last comprehend these simple truths of human nature and of history. But if, as Confucius said, a man never changes his habits after he is forty years old, how much less can a politician be expected to change his views after he is seventy? As long as he sits in Congress Mr. Davis will divide his wrath between the partisans of Slavery and the friends of Liberty, and believe ardently and sincerely that if you wish to prevent nettles from stinging you must reprove them severely.

MILITARY SURPRISES.

THE rebellion will not break up like a frozen river in spring; and amidst its waning fortunes we are not to forget that it has still a large, brave, and trained army, led by desperate chiefs, and that this army will not disappear until it has struck some strenuous blows. General Schenck, of Ohio, said pertinently in Congress last week that we must be prepared for wild movements from the rebels in extremity. For undoubtedly they will mass their forces and fall with overpowering weight upon some point of our extended lines. Exactly where they will strike it is impossible to say; nor is it unreasonable to suppose that their first onslaught may be successful. We can therefore only be prepared, and not be dismayed by the surprise.

Yet there are certain points of carefull importance, where a rebel surprise or success should be impossible. East Tennessee, for instance, is a position so important that its possession was deemed worthy of a special call for prayer and Thanksgiving from the President but a few weeks since. Its value to us and its necessity to the rebels are known to every soldier and civilian in the country. Any mishap there, therefore, would be simply unpardonable. The nation has the clearest right to require that, whatever expense of life or treasure, Knoxville shall be held. It is certainly unfortunate that we should have heard of General Grant's presence in St. Louis simultaneously with the falling back of our forces before Longstreet toward Knoxville; for what becomes of our Thanksgiving of two months ago if Longstreet can seriously threaten to dear Knoxville out? This should not be a debatable point; for any disaster in that region would shake public confidence more than any other conceivable event, except a successful rebel advance upon Washington.

NOT TOO FINE A POINT.

NOT to put too fine a point upon it, does any body really believe that Messrs. Vallandigham, Bryard, Brooks, Saulsbury, Seymour, & Co. are more loyal to the Constitution, or more anxious that the liberties of every man and the dignity of the flag and of the nation shall be preserved than Mr. Lincoln and the mass of the people in the loyal States?

Does any body sincerely suppose that, if these gentlemen were charged with the conduct of this war, a permanent and prosperous and honorable peace would be obtained more speedily than it will probably be under the present authorities?

Does any body doubt that if Mr. Jefferson Davis and Judah Benjamin, and Robert Toombs could have their way they would prefer to have the Government of the United States in the hands of Messrs. Seymour, Vallandigham, & Co.? And would it be because they suppose that rebels would be compelled to submit to the authority of the Government, or because they believe that, with the Government in such hands, the rebels could dictate terms of settlement?

Why is it, that, in the third year of a terrible war to maintain the Union and Constitution, the people of the country have overwhelmingly confided the men who claim to be distinctively the friends of the Union and the Constitution? Because not one of them—whatever he has said—has given proof of any sounder knowledge of the Constitution or sincerer devotion to the Union than Mr. Lincoln, or General Butler, or Andrew Johnson, or Mayor Swan of Baltimore.

The gentlemen who have been politically known heretofore as the most supple tools of the leaders now in rebellion—who have held with Governor Seymour, even if they have not said, as he has, that, if the Union could not be saved without destroying slavery, it might slide—these gentlemen claim to be peculiarly jealous of the principles of the Constitution and of the rights of the people. Why, then, do the people repudiate them?

Because, not to put too fine a point upon it, they do not believe them.

AN APOSTLE OF PEACE.

WE have alluded several times to the fact that in January, 1861, when the rebels were preparing to overthrow by force the Government of the United States, PEYTON MCCRARY apologized for their conduct that he could not help him obtain arms for that purpose. In other words, the new apostle of peace regretted that he could not furnish but the city of New York should in no way be made responsible for the outrage.

"AS MAYOR, I have no authority over the police. If I had the power, I should summarily punish the authors of this illegal and unjustifiable seizure of private property. —PEYTON MCCRARY.

This is the gentleman who waxes so pathetic over the shedding of brothers' blood, and proposes to send commissioners to Richmond to ask his friend Toombs upon what terms he will submit to the laws

of his country. If he had had the power, he says, he would summarily have punished those who tried to prevent Tombs and Company from murdering our brothers and sons. But when Toombs and Company have been engaged in that noble work for three years, the amiable Mr. Wood says nothing of summary punishment for *them*, but prattles of measures of fraternal conciliation. And he strikes a fine attitude. "What! does any body question my loyalty?" he exclaims. Nobody that we know of. There are many things that do not admit of question. Benedict Arnold's patriotism, for instance, or the honesty of a man who escapes the State Prison by the statute of limitations.

THACKERAY.

"THE last time the writer," Mr. SHIRLEY BROOKS, "saw WILLIAM THACKERAY was on Wednesday, the 16th of December. They were next-door neighbors at a dinner where all the intimate friends. THACKERAY was in his usual spirits, which were never boisterous, but always cheerful, and he had pleasant words for all present. He had something to say of the 'circumstances' touching which the National Shakspeare Committee has been under a cloud of regret, and which Mr. LUCAS has indignantly declared will cause posterity to 'point with scorn' at the assistance in the Committee's labors. They did not ruffle THACKERAY, however they may have incensed his friends; and it is not needful—at least at present—to reproduce his smiling judgment on those whom it concerned. He enjoyed himself much, in his own quiet way, and contributed greatly to the enjoyment of those who were something less quiet; and a question arising about a subscription in aid of a disabled artist, he instantly added to it a guinea. If memory assure me had previously promised. The writer's very last recollection of the cynic, therefore, is in connection with an act of Christian kindness. On the following Monday he attended the funeral of a lady who was interred in Kensal Green Cemetery. On the Tuesday evening he came to his favorite club—the Garrick—and asked a seat at the table of two friends, who, of course, welcomed him as all welcomed THACKERAY. On Wednesday he was out several times, and was seen in Palace Gardens 'reading a book.' Before the dawn on Thursday he was where there is no night."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*January* 27. A bill was reported back from Military Committee providing a bounty to soldiers enlisted before May, 1861.—A bill was referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs, providing for better administration of the Indian Affairs in California.—A bill introduced providing for the appointment of assayer from subtreasury at Boise City, Idaho.—The Committee on Naval Affairs reported a bill providing that persons belonging to the Volunteer Naval service shall be admitted to the Senate, and that all such appointments cease at the expiration of 60 days after the return of the vessel.—The bill to promote enlistments came up; an amendment was adopted authorizing the President to pay a sum not more than $100 to colored recruits, in lieu of two months' advance pay.—The time for closing the wills, children, and mother of colored recruits was debated; Mr. Powell wished to strike out the clause; Mr. Henderson wished it to apply only to recruited slaves belonging to delayed soldiers; Senators Grimes and Wilkinson advocated the retention of the clause; they would free all those connected with men fighting our battles; Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, said that he was in favor of Congress abolishing slavery wherever it had the power to do so; that if Congress had the power to pass this bill, it had the power to abolish slavery where this bill did not. Mr. Grimes seconded; he had no doubt upon the question, and would cheerfully vote for such a bill; Mr. Henderson continued, declining to debate the question of the powers of Government during the existence of the war, but that the action proposed would be calculated to irritate the loyal people of Missouri, who are now perfecting measures of emancipation; one of the blessings which would ultimately result from the war would be the abolition of slavery by the States themselves.—The case of Mr. Davis was brought up and further debated. Senators Davis, Saulsbury, Fessenden, and Lane, of Indiana, all Republicans, spoke against the proposition for a resolution of expression of censure.—*January* 28. After unimportant business the amendment of the Homestead bill was taken up and passed; it provides that any soldier or sailor who from being in service is unable to do the necessary acts to avail preliminary acts required by law, and any one of whose family depending upon the head which he has died in service, and upon which settlement and improvement have been made, and upon making affidavit before the commanding officer, and paying the necessary sum, be entitled to a homestead conferred by the Homestead act.—The President was requested to give information as to the steps taken to secure the colonization of colored persons by Hayti, Liberia, etc.—The case of Mr. Davis was resumed. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, moved that Mr. Foster opposed the resolution of expulsion or censure, Mr. Wilson spoke in favor of withdrawing upon the general course of Mr. Davis, and his resolutions in particular; but acting that the war had put upon record much evidence of disloyal but smug and flattering. Mr. Johnson opposing the clause forbidding the voluntary the relatives of deceased troops; this the Senator said would be unconstitutional, and subject to the decision rendered by the Homestead bill. The President was requested to give information as to the steps taken to secure the colonization of colored persons to Hayti, Liberia, etc.—The case of Mr. Davis was resumed. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, moved that Mr. Foster opposed the resolution of expulsion or censure, Mr. Wilson spoke in favor of withdrawing upon the general course of Mr. Davis, and his resolutions in particular; but acting that the war had put upon record much evidence of disloyal but smug and flattering. Mr. Johnson opposing his language, and as members on the Administration side were willing to take the Senator's construction, that the resolution of expulsion became a farce, and he accordingly withdrew it. The question matter was then concluded.—Mr. Sherman introduced a bill for the relief of Mr. Johnson, of Missouri, who was driven from his residence by the rebels, and who has since been murdered by them. The bill was referred to the Committee on Claims.—Mr. Sherman opposed the amendment, which made no distinction between persons who were and those who were held as slaves. It guaranteed to each one who entered the service freedom for himself, his mother, his wife, and his children. This guarantee was the inevitable consequence of the employment of the slave as a soldier; and Congress had no right to employ slaves without giving to the owner the employ slaves; if we can give them pay, bounties, and rations we can give them freedom. He was in favor of taking into the military service all the slaves we need. If our enemies took slaves into their service, he said that we should pay a reasonable compensation to loyal masters. He was prepared to vote for the most extreme system of emancipation, with compensation to loyal owners. Mr. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, while favoring emancipation, opposed the bill.

HOUSE.—*January* 27. The Deficiency bill came up; the House refused to concur in the amendment of the Senate appropriating money to be expended by the Secretary of Treasury extension to the amount necessary to protect them from forgery; the bill was then passed, the previous voting against it.—Mr. Kinney, delegate from Utah, reported the death of Mr. Fercuson, the author of the bill by which he denounced the Mormons as rebels and traitors. Mr. Kinney also presented the petition of Brigham Wood with disloyalty, referring especially to his regarding the detention in New York of persons arrested by the Governor of Georgia. He were a member of the House of Representatives, and was not a traitor.—Mr. Wood, Mr. Wood replied, asserting his loyalty, and declaring that Governor Seward, of New York, in refusing to his dispatch to the Governor of Georgia. All that he did was in accordance with the law. The persons against the arms had been detained by his order, replying that he would not have done it, and that the power was not responsible to the Mayor. [The correspondence referred to is as follows: Governor Seward's letter to Governor Wood, January 24, 1864, "*Is it true that any arms intended for and consigned to the State of Georgia have been seized by the public authorities in New York? Your answer is expected by the Governor of Georgia at once.*" The Mayor answered, "*In reply to your dispatch I regret to say that arms consigned to the Governor of the State of Georgia have been seized by the police of this State, but the Governor of Georgia will please to be made responsible for the outrage. As Mayor I have no authority with the police. I have, however, reason to apprehend disturbance of this illegal and unjustifiable seizure of property.*" A vote to notice that the correspondence had taken place was carried.—Mr. Kinney said he would "take advantage of their privilege to prevent the passage of the bill, and would speak against time. If the consideration was postponed till Monday.—The Confederate Act was discussed by Messrs. Wickliffe and Cox, the former claiming that modern usages of nations gave no right to confiscate the property of enemies, that the Constitution of the United States, nor to establish civil governments in any of the conquered States. Mr. Cox argued that under the war all the obligations of the Union were binding upon the people of the insurrectionary States, that the laws of nations they had put themselves beyond the privileges of the Constitution, and that the only question of the war in which peace could be secured only when we took away the resources of the rebels. The example of Cromwell should be followed, he said that he had put down rebellion by force. Mr. Cox opposed confiscation on the ground of public policy and Constitutional objections.—*January* 28. Mr. Wickliffe, in replying a tax of two per cent. on all transactions in gold; that the property of the rebels should be seized for the use of the Union army shall be opened to trade to all alike, and that the Government should issue paper. Mr. Hill, opposing for the temporary government of a new Territory, to be called Montana, out of portions of Idaho and Dakota. Mr. Kasson introduced a joint resolution disapproving of the French intervention in Mexico.—*January* 29. The report of the Committee on Elections relating to the election in Louisiana was discussed by Messrs. Dawes and Voorhees, who claims to have been elected from New Orleans in the session, and was opposed by Messrs. Hooper, Hale, Davis, from the Committee, said that the election arose from the military necessity of the case, and from no fraud, and that none had been legally held. No votes were cast at Port Hudson, and the Union vote was not a few from that part of the district lying without New Orleans, to exclude from the polls persons disloyal to the Union, or members followed in support of the position of the Committee.—*January* 30. Mr. Dawes closed the debate on the claim. The subject was postponed until Tuesday, and the House, after the consideration of a bill in relation to the territory of Mr. Neal, of Missouri, whose death was formally announced, adjourned.—*February* 1. Mr. Ashley, of Territory 1. Mr. Arnold introduced a joint resolution that a bill authorizing the issue of bonds to the amount of $400,000,000 receive a commutation in money for the deficiency.—The Committee on Judiciary reported a bill providing that the deficiency of District Attorneys taking measures to forfeit the property of persons engaged in the rebellion, and to punish; whether it is expedient, on account of the increase of the public debt, to increase the pay of officers, and what allowance should be given to those who, not having been in the service, have been disabled in consequence of it; what legislation is required to enable assignments to be made by insolvent debtors for the benefit of their creditors; to inquire into trade regulations in insurrectionary districts, and to report by bill or otherwise; to inquire into fraud or favoritism; laid over.—A select committee was appointed on the bill to provide for the payment of the Alleghenies.—Mr. Eldridge offered preamble and resolution declaring the unwillingness of the people of this country to the principle of self-government; that the draft had proved inadequate to fill the ranks of our armies, and should fail equally on rich and poor; and that therefore the Military Committee be instructed to report a bill repealing or suspending any further draft, and offering sufficient pay and bounties to secure the requisite number of volunteers: laid on the table. 94 to 42.—Mr. Grinnell offered a preamble and resolution to the effect that colored persons claimed as slaves have rendered valuable services to the army; that the further employment of colored troops would relieve the people of the North; therefore, it was necessary to have a larger number of persons of African descent would meet in the approaching election, be in favor of the draft, but having the grade of Lieutenant-General was brought up. Mr. Garfield opposed its present passage; a Lieutenant-General could do nothing during the war that could not be done by the General-in-Chief; the President could select any one for Commander-in-General; for Lieutenant-General it was better to wait till the close of the war, and then one who had merited such; every one knew who would now be appointed under this bill; would it be advisable to recall him from the army and make him a brigadier-General? Mr. Farnsworth replied, that General Grant be selected he would not take up his quarters in Washington; he had still command of the army, and hasten to any point where his presence was required. Mr. Garfield replied that the bill contemplated that the Lieutenant-General should actually take the command, and not be a mere appendage to Chief-of-Staff. He should vote for it. Other members followed in the same general strain on the bill. Mr. Ashley moved to lay it on the table was negatived, 113 to 75, when Mr. Rice offered an amendment providing that the bill should take effect on action, which was agreed to, 111 to 11. The bill was then passed, 86 to 36. Mr. Rice explains that the President may, when he thinks it expedient, and with the consent of the Senate, appoint a Lieutenant-General, who is the officer not below the grade of Major-General, who, on appointment as Lieutenant-General, shall be authorized, under the direction of the President, to command the armies of the United States, and to make such rules and ordinances to be as provided for in the acts of July 17th, 1862, and March 3d, 1863; but nothing in this act shall affect the rank, pay, or emolument of General Scott.—*February* 2. Mr. Ashley, from the Committee on Retrenchment, reported a bill providing that the Secretary of the Treasury be authorized to issue bonds for the payment of the Revolutionary debt.—The Enrollment bill from the Senate, with amendments, was taken up. Mr. Stevens explained that the bill was made the special order for Feb. 9.—The bill to facilitate the payment of the national debt was then taken up, and discussed soldiers was passed. It provides that on the production of $100 to the Secretary of the Treasury, he shall furnish the Second Auditor with an account of the military service of the claimant, and the amount due him, which shall be paid on the certificate of any paymaster in the army. All claims of the kind heretofore presented shall be subject to be adjudicated by the Commissioner of Pensions, and paid on the certificate of the paymaster of the army.—On motion of Mr. Clark, the Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to report a bill for the repeal of the provision for duties upon foreign imports, especially articles of luxury, so as to produce an increase of the duties of the customs to the internal revenue tax so as to produce $200,000,000; if impracticable, the Secretary of State and the Secretary be $300,000,000; and of authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow on the above expenses, loans of $200,000,000.—The Committee on the Judiciary were instructed to report a bill to prevent the sale of arms to persons connected any obstacles in the way of such an organization.—Mr. Stevens said that he will permit it to exist a President at the next term; and, if so, whether Congress will not remove those difficulties.—The Committee was then up, and, after a qualified speech in its favor by Mr. Brooks, of New York, rose.—Mr. Clement, of Pennsylvania, explained that the bill prepared by the Military Committee was to be in the nature of a substitute for existing laws; the bounty was left at $300, instead of being raised to $400, and all the provisions of the present enactment, looking to the exhaustion of the draft. Mr. Chanler opposed the bill, as unnecessary, as a draft, and bringing in a new bill for the enrollment of all persons liable to military service, and providing for the arrest of deserters and the prevention of desertion.—Mr. Davis of Kentucky, replied, misunderstanding upon the general course of Mr. Chanler. Mr. Chanler explained that his remarks were directed against the Confederate Government as he has here expressed his views in the Democratic caucus, and his personal alteration between Messrs. Anderson of Kentucky and Allen of Illinois.—Mr. Anderson explained.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Our army in Virginia remains in its usual quiet. The weather of the past fortnight produced a great deal of enthusiasm in its ranks. According to rebel paper there is a considerable movement of troops in the enemy's country, reduction of their ration, and the General has had to issue orders against the practice of desertion which was so litigio to prevent anarchy. This will explain the late outbreak of the rebel journals in the interest of the rebel army become engaged in a mutual conflict.

WEST VIRGINIA.

A serious fight occurred on Saturday, January 30, in Greenbrier County, Western Virginia, between the rebels and Union. A train of eighty wagons had been sent out from Camp Piatt, Kanawha County, to bring in the winter's commissary stores for the garrison at Petersburg, accompanied by a guard of 200 men. The train, owned, under Colonel Jones, was suddenly attacked when three miles from Williamsburg, by a force of rebels, said to be commanded by surrender the train. General Early, it appears, is again in the field in Western Virginia, with a large force, and Gen. Thoburn evacuated Petersburg on Saturday night, and retreated to Moorefield, where he was immediately attacked by the enemy. The rebels then took possession of Petersburg, and have been in New Creek Valley since.

In which the enemy was driven back two miles. Our forces have occupied Romney and Moorefield Junction.

EAST TENNESSEE.

On the 26th of January Governor Andrew Johnson issued a proclamation ordering an election on the 1st of March, for members of Congress, and to vote the sense of the people of allegiance.

The object of the rebel order Longstreet is too persevering to be overlooked. Movements are now in operation in the direction of Kentucky which have an importance beyond the spring campaign. Let us see what these movements are. Longstreet is in East Tennessee. The most important is the disappearance of Johnson's army from Dalton and Resaca, and its distance beyond. Our cavalry, having fallen back, were attacked by the enemy, who gathered in force. Longstreet, who was in charge of Hindman's cavalry recovered the fortunes of the day. Our loss was 200 in killed and 1,000 in prisoners have fallen back upon Knoxville, and the enemy has advanced and made demonstrations against the fortifications of that city. Our force is by left for forage to our army, the others having been all sent to Dalton. The enemy's movement appears to be a feint for offensive. The appearances, however, are that Longstreet is moving across the southwest corner of North Carolina with his main force, to join Johnson, and that all his present operations in the vicinity of Knoxville are intended to cover his real design.

RAID IN KENTUCKY.

An invasion on a small scale has again been inflicted upon Kentucky. Captain Gillem, commanding Scottsville, Allen County, has been driven in by a force consisting of five hundred rebels under Colonel Hamilton, and compelled to surrender his force and the town.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

The most extensive preparations are being made in England for the celebration of the tercentary return of Shakspeare's birthday, one of the most important features in which will be the grand Shakspearian Ball in Manchester. The Court of Exchequer has refused to grant a new trial in the case of the *Alexandra*. The London Times congratulates England on her escape from the threatened troubles in Italy and Mexico.—Quite an exciting debate occurred in Paris in the Corps Legislative on the Emperor's address. The Opposition attacked the principle of official candidatures, and the abuses of power in which the interference of the Ministry had indulged. Thiers strongly supported the Opposition, but in a very conservative though business manner. These matters have no affect in Europe, if we may judge from his charge to the Bishop de Montabourg, in which he declares that Napoleon III. "can hardly escaped from shipwreck again cold winds and tempests—the Solferino, Sebastopol, Mexico, Algeria question has received a new development in the position taken by Spain and France. Both have expressed their determination to occupy Mexico in the quarrel with Europeans from, and upon its cessation of a decision of the Federal Diet. Spain declared that those Powers would not interfere. Holland to accept Schleswig without consent of the Federal Diet. It is obvious that France and Austria are determined either to prevent a war, or, in case it should occur, to prevent the success of the Germans. Denmark is in the meantime, that she should retract the Novembre, and continue existing in the Duchies. They have done against the wishes of the German Diet, that during the matter into their hands. Prussia, on the other hand, is the minor German States to interfere. Impossible for the administration of the Duchies, and the Austrian and Prussian have left Copenhagen. This is a fact of which the Danish would declare a civil war. If they do so, then they are second, and the Federal Diet, in either case, will have very little to do with the result.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The election for President of the Republic of New Granada has resulted in a majority for Mosquera in only one of the nine States. It is said that he will be by force, supply retain his position. Considerable excitement has been made in Peru by an attempt on the part of the Government to imprison an Archbishop for refusing to administer the sacrament to a dying minister. The excitement was obliged to retract.

There has been a bloody revolution in Matamoros, resulting in the retention of Gen. Cortinas in command of the frontier at Brownsville. Our forces have crossed the Rio Grande for the protection of United States property. General Cortinas has been expelled, and has returned to the Texas side of the river.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN has returned from his visit to Charleston, and reported to his father at Washington. Hopes are entertained by him that his limb will since him to resume the duties of his profession. He regrets very much being progressing favorably at Charleston, though Admiral Dahlgren is not pleased with the conduct of the rebels of disease anxiety and watchfulness.

General A. H. LESTER will soon be in New York with the following regiments of his brigade: the Eighty-first, the Ninety-first, and the Ninety-eighth New York regiments, and Howard's New York battery. All veterans having been participated in the Peninsula campaign, and also in the campaign of North Carolina. They have been re-enlisted, and are going home on short furlough and to fill up their ranks.

General GILMORE is expected in New York in a few days.

The United States steamer *Kutaw* is going on blockade duty off Wilmington.

Lieutenant SEMMES, of Stuart's cavalry, and cousin of the pirate SEMMES, was captured on Monday, in Maryland, by a party of cavalry.

The report of Major-General BANKS, of the operations on his staff since the raid, up to the 20th of February, amounts to $250,000,000.

Captain SMITH, Assistant Adjutant-General, has been appointed Pass-Officer between Washington and the Army of the Potomac, vice Lieutenant-Colonel Sharpe.

Private De Witt Van Horsehurg, formerly of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh New York regiment, has attained the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Fifth New York.

The President has pardoned Francis S. Hawkins, of the Second Rhode Island cavalry, who was under sentence of death for desertion.

The troops at Fort Gibson are reported to be subsisting on half rations, owing to a defective supply system. Fodder is also scarce.

The ship *Cuidez*, Captain Jennings, from Yokohama, Japan, with a cargo of tea for New York, was recently captured off Point Judith, Long Island, by the Indian ocean, by the rebel pirate *Alabama*.

Latest reports from Alaska state that the bear's paw, of the United States brig *Perry*, captured on the 5th of December last, with a valuable cargo of furs, consisting in the mouth of South Carolina, are now confined in Columbia, S. C., and are well treated. The colored man of the expedition was hung as soon as captured.

From twenty-five to forty deserters come into the picket lines of the Army of the Potomac daily, and say that Tyler Corps, notwithstanding four skirmish lines have been driven out by the rebels at Fredericksburg.

A trunk containing $47,000 was found last week by our troops in a house at Bayou Sara, Louisiana.

Major-General JOHN A. MCCLERNAND, of Illinois, has been ordered to report at Springfield, Illinois.

Five blockade-runners, recently from Richmond, were arrested at Washington while on board of the stage which was conveying them to Fort Tortugas. Two of the persons were found between $20,000 and $40,000 in gold, twenty-one gold watches, and a large amount of silver. The only instances half a dozen bails were driven in on a single charge of pistol shot. In most instances the wounded covered the wound ulcer, placing the ball at the bottom of the wound, and thus giving powder on top.

Should the proposed race between the *Estate* and *Kirkwood* sailing boats between Boston and New York companies intends within a few days to run the *Estate* from Norfolk to New York against time, carrying the Sub-Committees of the House and Senate as judges and witnesses of the performance of the boat. She recently, on a trial trip, averaged eighteen miles an hour.

It is understood that General FREMANTON will not return to the Army of the Potomac, but will be assigned to duty in Washington or chief of the Cavalry Bureau. General Averill will probably assume command of the cavalry corps.

Lieutenant BURROW, of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry, was killed last week near Warrenton by guerrillas, under circumstances that render the death nothing short of cold-blooded murder.

It is reported that one hundred and thirty deserters came into our lines last week in one squad, the pickets leaving their guns and coming with them.

A correspondent with the Army of the Potomac writes that two Mississippi regiments attempted to fight their way out of the rebel lines for the purpose of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, but were unsuccessful.

General ROSECRANS has arrived at St. Louis. He was warmly welcomed.

General MEADE has been quite ill at Philadelphia, but is now much better.

THE CONFEDERATES EVACUATING BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.—[SKETCHED BY AN ENGLISH ARTIST.]

EVACUATION OF BROWNSVILLE BY THE CONFEDERATES.

BROWNSVILLE lies on the Texas side of the Rio Grande opposite Matamoras, which is two miles distant. We present above the hasty departure from this place of the Confederate garrison on November 2, 1863. The occasion of this sudden flight was the anticipated arrival of our fleet of transports off Brazos, Santiago. For two days every means of transit across the river was overcrowded with goods, furniture, cotton, and baggage, while upon both banks were piled, in confused heaps, bedding, cotton bales, luggage, vehicles, and merchandise of every description. The garrison buildings in the mean time were burned, and all cotton and stores that could not be removed. On the 6th the Federal troops occupied Brownsville, where is now the headquarters of General Herron. It was General Banks who originally occupied the position.

THE LINDELL HOTEL, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 109.]

GUARD-BOAT ON PICKET DUTY OFF MOBILE.

OFF MOBILE.

OUR correspondent transmits some interesting sketches of the BLOCKADE OFF MOBILE, which we present before our readers on pages 97, 101, 104, and 105. The large picture on pages 104 and 105 represents

THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "RICHMOND"

on blockading duty, rolling and pitching about in a heavy sea. She is a first-class sloop of war, mounting 22 guns. The *Hartford*, *Brooklyn*, and *Pensacola* belong to the same class.

Another picture, which we give above, represents

A GUARD-BOAT ON PICKET DUTY.

Says our correspondent:

"The poor fellows manning these boats often suffer very severely from cold and rain; when the weather is moderate they divert themselves with fishing, but at best their duty is a hard one."

A third sketch, given below, represents the

"KENNEBEC" CHASING THE "GREY JACKET."

On the night of December 20 the fleet was alarmed by the usual signal notifying them that a vessel was coming out. It was dark and boisterous, but from the *Richmond* the rebel steamer was easily seen. It is the duty of the smaller vessels to give chase while the larger ones protect. In this case the pursuit devolved upon the *Kenebec*, who chased the steamer during the greater part of the next day, and celebrated New-Year's eve by her capture. The prize was a valuable one, containing five hundred bales of cotton and four hundred barrels of turpentine and resin. Accompanying these sketches is another, which we print on the first page, with the title,

"OUR FLAG IS THERE!"

Representing the stars and stripes as being hoisted by the officers and sailors on one of our gunboats at sunrise.

THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "KENNEBEC" CHASING THE REBEL STEAMER "GREY JACKET."

[FROM CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

PASSING over a few days, we find our Polly-my-Lamb no longer a solitary little maiden, but under the affectionate and rather piercing eye of Aunt Sercold—no relation in the world, but what, I am sorry to say, is often infinitely better—an old friend, and also a school-fellow of good Mrs. Humpage, deceased.

This lady who, though the sum of five-and-forty summers had ripened her fair cheek, was yet unchosen as a bride, had passed the later years of her life alone. The death of her mother, in Holland, had occasioned her return to her own land; and, at the request of the orphaned heiress, she had taken up her temporary abode in Jermyn Street, and there did her utmost to cheer and comfort the lonely little girl.

In the lowest possible tone, let us whisper to the reader that Aunty Sercold, who was by nature of a lively and social turn, found it sometimes a little, even not a little, dull. No power or persuasion on earth, however, could have prevailed with her to say so. The pair saw no company, and were not the pair? but the greatest audacity was perpetrated by Lord Job himself, who took off the enraged magistrate's wig and chain of office, and rode off, decorated with both! This unheard-of atrocity provoked the Common Council to such a degree as to induce the offer of an immense reward; and it seemed that Lord Job, the fearless, deemed it no unwise proceeding to relieve the metropolis for a few months of his presence. At all events, his daring and skilful hand was no longer recognisable in the daily recurring records of London crime. And thus matters rested on the morning on which we revisit the house of the Three Elms.

"Do you prefer sitting in the window, Aunt Sercold?" said Polly-my-Lamb. "Will you not be more comfortable here?" arranging a tempting cushioned chair near the fire.

"My dear, who are your opposite neighbors, do you know?" was the rejoinder.

"A Mr. Ascroft, I believe, ma'am," said the young lady, quietly.

"That's one of them, dear. Who else?"

"Oh! Captain Broxley."

"The big man, that always quarrels with his chairman. Yes. Well?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Who else, dear? Go on," said Mistress Sercold, her eyes fixed upon the house.

"Ah! yes—a Mrs.—"

"Stiff, Polly! Once for all, who is that pretty young gentleman, always making believe to shave, in the middle window, but always looking—looking—"

"At you, aunt?"

"Well, it's certainly very odd," said Aunt Sercold, with a becoming embarrassment. "It unquestionably is odd. I wish he wouldn't, you know. Ah! there he is! It was, I think, on the second day after my arrival, that I happened to be standing at the window, when a young person—a remarkably handsome young man—suddenly appeared in the window of the opposite house. Our eyes met. His fell—he withdrew. A few minutes later I chanced again to put open the window—again he appeared to me—again his eyes fell, and, with an air of diffidence, shall I call it? once more he precipitately retired. These little encounters have been of frequent occurrence, my dear. If he sees but the flutter of my dress, in a second he is at his post, but only to desert it again, with an expression of mingled indifference and (vanity would whisper) admiration, which, I must confess, have not been wholly without their effect on my mind. I thought at first it might be you!"

"Dear me, aunt! why should you imagine that?" asked Polly the innocent.

"I'll tell you why I knew it was not," returned the elder spinster. "You happened to come to the window once, during one of these singular interviews. In a second the young man's face changed to its whole expression. His colored cravat, as stole away, as though caught in some fact to the tender gravity of which his heart bore testimony."

"Dear me, aunty," returned Polly, looking very little, "I think we may find a more agreeable subject to discuss than Master Arthur Haggerdorn."

"Arthur Haggerdorn! So, that's his name! Why didn't you say so before?"

"Did I not, aunt? I—suppose I—forgot—or—didn't reason. Yes—oh yes—Master Arthur Haggerdorn."

And thereupon the young lady recounted to her companion the history as detailed by Mrs. Ascroft; not omitting the history with which he had inspired his kind landlady.

Miss Sercold was sensibly touched, and with difficulty restrained from tears.

"The poor orphan!" she exclaimed. "And, doubtless, now he is striving to do something for his daily bread. I shall never forgive myself for having, though involuntarily, embarrassed these noble efforts. He must have wasted an immensity of time at that window. We owe him some reparation, dear. Could we not, now," added Aunt Sercold, with suddenly hesitation, "send him—a little—"

"Money, dear aunt? He does not want it."

"Nor would I so far insult his noble nature as to offer it," said Miss Sercold, warmly. "He would wave it from him with disdain! No—send him a little note, you know. Invite him to tea."

"My dear aunt! Tea? Are you in your senses?"

"I flatter myself I am as collected as yourself, child," returned Miss Sercold, in a high state of perturbation; "nor is there any thing so very extraordinary in my proposal. At the Hague people used to come in to tea without being asked at all. I am sure he draws beautifully. My dear mother was devoted to the art, and I have had paying and fitting reverence to her memory in encouraging its professors to the best of my power."

"But not necessarily by inviting them to tea, dear."

"Humph! But it's no matter. Indeed, I must beg your pardon for forgetting that I am myself but a guest."

"You are my dearest, almost my only friend." And Polly-my-Lamb kissed and soothed her in a manner few could resist; but my aunt was hard to pacify, and continued to bemoan the youth's hard fortune, expressing at the same time such a longing desire to inspect those wondrous specimens of art on which he was so unceasingly employed, that Polly-my-Lamb, wrought to it, yielded reluctant consent that a verbal message should be dispatched to Mrs. Ascroft, intimating a wish to examine more closely any of those productions of the young artist, whose progress had been unavoidably witnessed over the way. The young lady, moreover, with conscience to this forward step, by regarding the message as confined to Mrs. Ascroft, and instructing the bearer accordingly.

To her extreme confusion an answer was returned, with lightning speed, to the effect that the young gentleman would be delighted to display to the arts—as represented by Master Haggerdorn.

"Of course we will ask him to tea, aunt," said Polly, resumed by commendable grace. "Some slight allusion to his juvenility. "He shall have tamarisks and Barbary prunes, and you shall tell him a story."

So, in due course, that is, at six o'clock, the expected guest appeared, proving to be a remarkably fine infant of nineteen, with a handsome figure and bewildered brain, presented himself, pot-tolo in hand, and paid his compliments to the two ladies.

Miss Sercold thought Polly the handsomest chief over the Barbary prunes, and both ladies welcomed their guest not the less graciously because the traces of severe labor were plainly visible on his fair open face. The lad's singular beauty, even more striking on a closer inspection, almost awed Aunt Sercold into silence; and Polly-my-Lamb, who, on seeing the stature of her guest, had resolved to be matchle, found herself transmuted, by force of the law of hospitality, into common clay.

Agitated as he certainly was, young Haggerdorn's manner possessed all the seeming ease and actual grace of perfect breeding. But this being, for the present, incompatible with her duties as hostess, the young lady devoted herself to the tea-urn, and to maintain the silent fascination of her visitor, by trying to feel both wounded and offended by his presence there at all—which, by the way, was readily urged by his landlady, being completely overruled.

Why, the impertinent young man had absolutely a brown and curling mustache! Not a doubt of it, is true, as to have passed (across the way) for one of those darker shadows which tedious sickness casts on many a fair face. Nothing of the kind, however. Beard or no beard, the boy—that is, the youth—that is, the man—could not be turned out till after tea.

Now it was that the drawings, which proved to be very indifferently-executed studies of highly uninteresting parallelograms, were brought into relief. Never, surely, were the early struggles of juvenile artist against the difficulties of perspective and the tenacious laws of gravitation dealt with such cheering encouragement. A donkey, upon three swollen legs (fourth invisible), who had parted with his shadow to the proprietor of the sunshine at a shilling as big as his own head, provoked a world of enthusiastic comment. A ruined feudal residence, whose topmost tower, in defiance of the laws governing impenetrable wood, locked like tipsy Titans fighting in a green bog, restored comparative composure to the elder spinster. And, finally, a sea view with a huge black specimen of naval architecture, perched on the very apex of a mighty wave erected expressly for the purpose, placed every body completely at ease.

But as Polly-my-Lamb regained her sensational calmness she became only more and more deeply impressed with the singular character of the countenances before her. Sometimes a pain did she turn her eyes, almost angrily, aside. As often did their infallibly wander back, until every lineament of that face of surpassing beauty was rooted in her heart and memory as though engraven in steel.

But the voice—the voice! From what etoken subject in Nature's laboratory, where that skilled craftswoman conceals her rarer gifts, came forth the sounds which, low and truthful as they were, dropped upon the ear like a murmur rather dreamed than heard? Polly-my-Lamb felt her pulse vibrate like an accordant harp-string, and, longing to be angry at the liberty thus taken with her nervous system, sighed unwittingly when the music ceased, and thought her own voice sounded raven-like as she strove to answer.

As for my Aunt Sercold, had the guest preserved any thing like reasonable self-possession, her demeanor must have astonished him not a little. Had those golden curls and translucent eyes been exchanged for the hissing snakes and stony gleam of a Medusa, they could scarcely have more effectually subdued her. For ten minutes after his first appearance she had sat almost like a gray petrifaction, overcome with calm indifference quietly the youth's respectful greetings, and, after muttering some half-intelligible sounds, became once more entranced in her contemplation. We who are intrusted with the key of my aunt's secret soul, perceive one thought alone assuming positive shape, and wandering ghostlike through the intellectual mist, exclaiming, "What upon earth can make this angel in love with me?"

"And I, rose pour limning have brought you, dears madams," went the musical voice in its pretty foreign lisp. "I, viz so fear zat you would sink me for an impostor."

"Sink you, Sir!" murmured my aunt.

"Sink me an impostor, when you saw my figuis —sketches."

"Figurous," indeed, Sir," said Miss Sercold.

"Zat is, my impressions, my lineaments. I can draw a man, far less," he was going to raise his eyes to the younger lady, but changed his purpose, and simply bowed his head. "But, ah! An evening rell! Here is my best."

And he produced a smudgy landscape, generally dreamy-colored, with a suggestion of the god of day half suffocated in a mass of red-hot vapor, striking out frantic rays, like feelers, in every direction, and wearing altogether the appearance of a gigantic crab, being grilled on a dullish fire.

My aunt fanned herself involuntarily. The picture was remarkable, but it was nothing to the gaze of the painter, which dwelt searchingly upon her.

"I wish he'd look at Polly a little!" thought my aunt. "So awkward, really!"

To whatever unseen power the amiable lady appealed her benevolent countenance need not ineffectual. Miss Humpage requesting him to draw near her tea-table, Arthur Haggerdorn perforce looked to, and that his task was not unwelcome, perforce was dyed in blushes, from brow to chin. With such extreme sensitiveness to the inexperienced Polly was acutely touched. At the first, she had added address to him the most ordinary expressions of courtesy, and fortunate it was for her that Miss Sercold began at this moment to exhibit manifest tokens of returning life, and presently was able to converse with a collectedness Polly-my-Lamb might envy. That was still more satisfactory, the latter observed that, in proportion as Mr. Haggerdorn's attention was diverted from her friend, so did that lady's disposition to regard him steadily augment.

But now it was that gentleman's turn to be distraught and unintelligible. His replies were made at random, and to the purpose. He contradicted my aunt in the flattest, though sweetest manner. He laughed at wrong times. He spilled some cream on the sacred lavender, and saw it not. All his faculties were gradually centring in one point—the mysterious power which, by absolutely in the immediate presence of the little idol whose sweet face had, he fondly believed, had power to draw back his fleeting spirit from the very gates of the grave. He knew perfectly well that he was losing self-possession, and yielding more and more to an insane desire to fall at the feet of the young girl on which one of Polly's little diamond shoe-buckles was at that moment glistening, to gaze unreproved upon the liquid depths of her eyes, to storm for the rare words she dropped like jewels on his ear.

So long as Miss Sercold's remarks obtained the slightest notice from him, so long as he was self-possessed, Polly-my-Lamb was comparatively comfortable; but when it became evident that the fire of her pity would be wasted on him, and that the visitor was becoming more and more unconscious of every object but herself, the poor child grew anxious and uneasy, and finally relapsed into moments, and at length, finding the position intolerable, rose and expressed her intention of retiring to her room, and committing herself to the care of her aunt for the remainder of the evening.

Polly had expected an effect of some sort from this forced move; but the tendency to it did not produce. The young man turned deadly white, like one stricken with a sudden terror. The quick, vivid blushes died away, and was painfully visible. Weakened by recent illness, and with a nervous system wrought to the extreme point of sensibility, it required but a slight shock was necessary to reduce him to a condition as pitiable as that from which he had so recently emerged. But there was no help for it. The very essence of his emotion only suggested more clearly to Polly the desirability of at once handing over her susceptible love-plaything to her aunt. Could there be a fitter distress than Miss Sercold? Polly-my-Lamb gave him one pretty smile and vanished.

"Dear child! what a power of her!" was Miss Sercold's reflection. "*Nose*, my young friend, you may speak freely, as I know well enough you have not yet begun to do."

The words had scarcely framed themselves in her thought when Arthur Haggerdorn was at her feet, kissing her hands, calling her his hope, his blessing, his guardian angel, imploring her pity, heaping epithet on epithet, such as nothing but sickness or distress could suggest.

Miss Sercold, not absolutely taken by surprise, was startled at the vehemence of the young lover. She drew her hand coyly away.

"How did he guess my age?" thought my aunt.)

"A sounand years it has lived in zese six weeks," continued the suitor. "'Passion,' saidst you? It is madness. It is *Dea!* I tell you I call die if you withdraw sis face, which has killed every sing else in ze world!"

"Compose yourself, I intreat you, Sir; I have not said that I *intended* to withdraw it," said my aunt, gently. "Pray be calm. This excessive agitation may be injurious. It is somewhat embarrassing—I—I am inclined to wish my niece had not left us!"

"I die, wiz all my heart," cried the young gentleman. "Recall her, I beseech you, best madam."

"I will endeavor to do so, since you desire it, Sir," said my aunt, rather stiffly.

"Desire it? Oh, my best madam, you guessed my secret well. I—I—I fancy that was ze matter wiz me, and your tender heart provided ze'e comfort. To-morrow I from London certainly go."

"To-morrow!"

"Surely, to-morrow. Why stay? I have looked on my portrait. I have not seen her since. I have her fingers felt. I am ready now to die."

Miss Sercold felt inclined to suggest that an increased disposition to live might be a more legitimate result of these successes. All she said was:

"You really leave London to-morrow?"

"And leave my heart, best lady."

"Permit me then to ask you," said the lady, "might it not have been better to postpone these singular declarations till your return?"

"I return never," replied the lover, emphatically.

"I do not think I quite understand you, Mr. Haggerdorn. Are you evincing a becoming consideration for the feelings of—of others, in expressing your own, thus strongly, under the circumstances you mention? What if you had obtained an even more explicit assurance that your overtures might be acceptable—"

"My dear lady! Acceptable? Is zis then possible? But no—no—"

"No, Sir, I assure you, if you prefer it, Sir," said my aunt, turning her head aside a little coquettishly.

"You will drive me mad wiz joy! I possessed one sousand terrors. I shall name them. First, that being both so young—"

"Very good. You need be older," thought Miss Sercold, gazing tenderly on the boyish face.

"A stranger, an orphan—"

"Such are commended to our ch—charity," sobbed my aunt.

"A beggar."

"I am far from penniless."

"How satisfying is that! I rejoice wis my heart to hear it."

"Perhaps you do," was the mental comment.

"In spite of all you bid me hops? And she—she will then suffer that I am free?"

"I beg your pardon?" said my aunt.

"She shall hear my vows?"

"Your—"

"Vows, excellent madam."

"Of what nature, may I be allowed—"

"Of love, madam! Have I not said she is my life, my goddess, my—"

"*She?*"

"Have I not been pouring my gratitudes to you for bringing me to gaze so near upon her glorious beauty? Do I not already love you as my mother, best lady?"

The shock was severe. Such a castle, however unstable its foundations, can hardly topple down without carrying with it a world of wreckage having fallen about one's ears. But the absurdity of her position, should the mistake become apparent, struck upon my aunt's mind, as it were, lighted up the way of escape. She had in no way committed herself. Her looks and language, though intended to convey a meaning of their own, had somehow been caught up in the torrent of the young man's passion, and borne away in a totally different direction. She almost accepted it with a blush.

"You hesitate, dear lady. Will you destroy the hopes you raised?" asked the young lover, becoming greatly agitated. "Now that you have spoken, zat is too late. Better madness; better *dea!*" His hand closed involuntarily on a knife that lay beside him on the tea-tray. "Oh, let me be free! Let her tell my fortune—zat is, fate. For me, I will speak never. To-morrow I from England flee always to be many miles from her, and never shall be haunted more. I shall paint my bread. I shall sketch silently and humbly in a foreign shore." Here was a doubtful look at the donkey, and thought of very short commons indeed.) "Only I ask to look again upon her face, and hear her voice—even, I ask no more. I crave her from se room, perhaps, wis my mad lookings. I beseech you, for you have a good and kind heart of women, let her come and stab me wis one word—farewell."

He was at her feet again in his wild anxious serenity. Miss Sercold would not trust herself to look at him. Indeed, she could not have seen him if she had, the good soul's eyes being suffused with tears of genuine sympathy. She patted his hand with comfortable reassuring pressure, and, with her kerchief to her eyes, hurried from the room.

Polly-my-Lamb was not on her bed, but standing by attired, at the window of her apartment, gazing intently at an opposite house which happened to be in the occupation of Mrs. Mistress Ascroft. She started round, half-guiltily, as her friend entered, and became pale as death as she noticed her agitation.

"What has happened, dear? Is he—has he—?"

"He *has* indeed, dear," said my aunt. "—but it's—it's—actually—what we thought. It is you, dear, that this particular young gentleman honors with his preference. To be sure, he is very young."

"Aunt Sercold, candidly," He implores you to grant him an interview. He loves you."

"He dares?"

"And he says that in spite of your brief acquaintance—"

"Brief! It is none at all," said Polly, impatiently stamping her little high-heeled shoe.

"Don't, dear; you may bring him up," cried Miss Sercold.

"Up, madam!" exclaimed **Polly, now really**

angry and flushing scarlet. "Is he a lunatic—a housebreaker?"

"I don't think he is either; but I do think he is laboring under a degree of mental excitement which you, who have caused it, can alone allay. But I should have hesitated to bring his request, had not his quitting England to-morrow rendered it unlikely that his presence should ever offend you again. Well, I will dismiss him!"

"He—leave to-morrow, aunt?" said the young lady, sitting down.

"Never to return. I could not but feel some pity for one so friendless and desolate. But I think you act wisely in rejecting his entreaty. I need not tell him in what terms you did so, you know. I can say you have retired to rest."

"Thank you, Aunt Sercocld.... But—but—"

"My dear?"

"I haven't."

"Such excuses are permissible."

"Not when better are at hand. I think he requests it important, and—and requires apology."

"I will receive it."

"And—oh, aunt!—how *could* you?" burst out the young lady.

"Eh! could I what?" demanded the startled spinster.

"Advise me to receive declarations of—of—goodness knows what—ashamed do you call it?—from a person to whom I have never spoken in my life before this night?"

"*Advise?*" ejaculated poor Miss Sercocld. "I am sure I never did any thing of the kind. And, besides, in justice to the young man, I am bound to say that I do not think his hopes extend beyond a few words of farewell."

"Oh, indeed! That alters the case," said the little lady. "One ought not to seem churlish, ought one? Well—O, aunt, why don't you speak? Tell me, dear, what ought I to—"

"Put on? Nothing; you look charming."

"I mean ought I to see him or not?"

"Go down by all means, dear," said my aunt, frankly resuming her previous opinions. "You can not do less."

Polly-nay-Lamb, justly regarding the later counsel as the riper, decided on adopting it, and presently—not, however, without a little tremor of the nerves—gripped down stairs followed by her friend.

She had assumed the most stately demeanor of which her pretty little figure was susceptible; had compelled her animated mobile features into a very ill-fitting mask of indifference; which had in it more of discomfort than dignity, and opened the door with a determination to freeze the young gentleman, with one Gorgon glance, into a statue-like of decorous quiescence fitted for receiving the little speech of farewell she had arranged in descending the stairs. Nevertheless, as they entered the eye involuntarily fell.

"Why, my good gracious!" exclaimed the voice of Miss Sercocld. "If he's not gone?"

Polly-my-Lamb threw one hurried glance round the room, then uttered a loud cry, and, springing like a fawn toward the other side, knelt by the recumbent form of the young man.

"He's asleep!" was Miss Sercocld's first perplexed suggestion.

"No, *dead!* He's dead! Ring! Cry! Call out! Do something, aunt! O, Heaven!"

Miss Sercocld did every thing quoted, and that with considerable energy; then hastened to Polly's side.

The poor boy was lying almost on his face. In his fall he had displaced the hearth-rug, a portion of which was grasped in his hand, and a dark thread of blood, proceeding from his lips, rose, like a red snake, across the stone.

Hamilton has killed him. He has broken a blood-vessel. O, aunt, aunt, how *could* you?"

"*Could I?*"

"We waited too long. O, it was cruel."

"Now Heaven forgive you," began poor Miss Sercocld.

The apartment was rapidly filling with alarmed servants. Stephen Gould, the deaf—who had of late discarded his fixed idea of conflagration, and now, on the appearance of any agitation in the household, invariably made a dive across the street, and brought up a doctor—quickly followed, accompanied by Mr. Hartshorne, the long, lean practitioner at the corner, who, though present at about the same period at twenty different places in the vicinity, possessed the curious property of always being found at home.

The calm professional presence had its accustomed effect of reducing every body to silence and self-possession. Hartshorne lifted the white face—white, and seemingly impassive, as the stone on which it lay—and the poor boy slowly opened upon a mattress which had been brought in and stretched upon the floor, the little doctor began a closer examination.

"He's d—d—dead!" sobbed Miss Sercocld.

"Not a bit more than you are, madam," said the little doctor, rather sharply. "And, what is almost as satisfactory, the bleeding has stopped for the present. When I have examined the character of the blood, I shall be able to express—Hum! that's unlucky, first time in my life, I've left my spectacles behind! I'll not be gone an minute. Get you all out of the room but two; and let those two, for their lives (or rather, for the patient's), not suffer him to be moved, or touched, or even spoken to, till I return."

"I will remain," said Polly, quietly.

"And I," said my aunt.

Presently there was a trembling of the eyelid, the long lashes went heavily, wearily apart, as though waking were unwelcome. But the first object that met his view was the face of his little lady, a tear upon her cheek, and a whole world of pity in her eyes. He saw it, for a hectic color rose in his cheek, and he made a feeble effort to move.

Polly remembered the doctor's charge. She made a gesture, almost directly, with her hand.

"If you move, you die," she murmured.

The boy regarded his effort, without taking his eyes from her face, and succeeded in placing his head about an inch nearer to Polly's foot; then, as though satisfied, suffered his heavy lids to close again.

"If you move head, or foot, or tongue again, we quit the room," said Miss Sercocld.

The patient lay like a stone.

Back rushed the little doctor, fitting his glasses on his nose as he entered. After a careful examination of the invalid's condition, he announced—to assure the anxious witnesses that all danger had for the present passed away. (Good Mr. Hartshorne was not aware of the new symptom that had declared itself during his brief absence, and, oddly enough, nobody mentioned it!) Extreme quiet and perfect repose of mind were now the chief essentials. If the bleeding should not return within the next half hour, the doctor held that there would be little risk in removing the patient to his own lodging; and as Mr. Hartshorne knew Mrs. Ascroft very well, he would call, as he returned home, and arrange with the good woman as to the best mode of conveying him thither.

Had any indifferent person taken note of Polly-my-Lamb's demeanor, since the moment she had been detected by her resuscitated guest in the act of weeping over him—but more especially since that guest had been pronounced out of danger—he must have appeared in the light of a very unfeeling young person. When the doctor reappeared she was sitting by the sofa with her head resting on it; no sooner had he uttered the hopeful words than she quitted it altogether.

"A very self-possessed young lady," thought little Mr. Hartshorne, as he buzzed quietly about his patient, feeling half disposed to remain and see that the latter received genuine treatment. "She offered to watch him, with all the coolness of a hospital nurse, and no doubt she knows his case quite absolutely to expire on her hearth-rug, walks off, I dare say, to her supper! But she's an heiress, for-sooth—a fact which has set the wits and speculations than to expend them on the suffering. I hate (if you please, my dear Miss Sercocld, hold his head a little higher)—those sort of young people. So young, and so untender!' as the cow said, when she mumbled the pine-shoots. Well, well. Thank you, my dear madam—the spoon—is just a few of these drops before he is moved, and as many after."

Only once more did Master Haggerdon open his languid eyes; and, seeing no one but my good aunt, speedily closed them again, unnoticed, remaining in that state for the next twenty-four hours of his natural procession, with Stephen Gould as chief mourner, to his own lodging, and placed in the custody of his landlady.

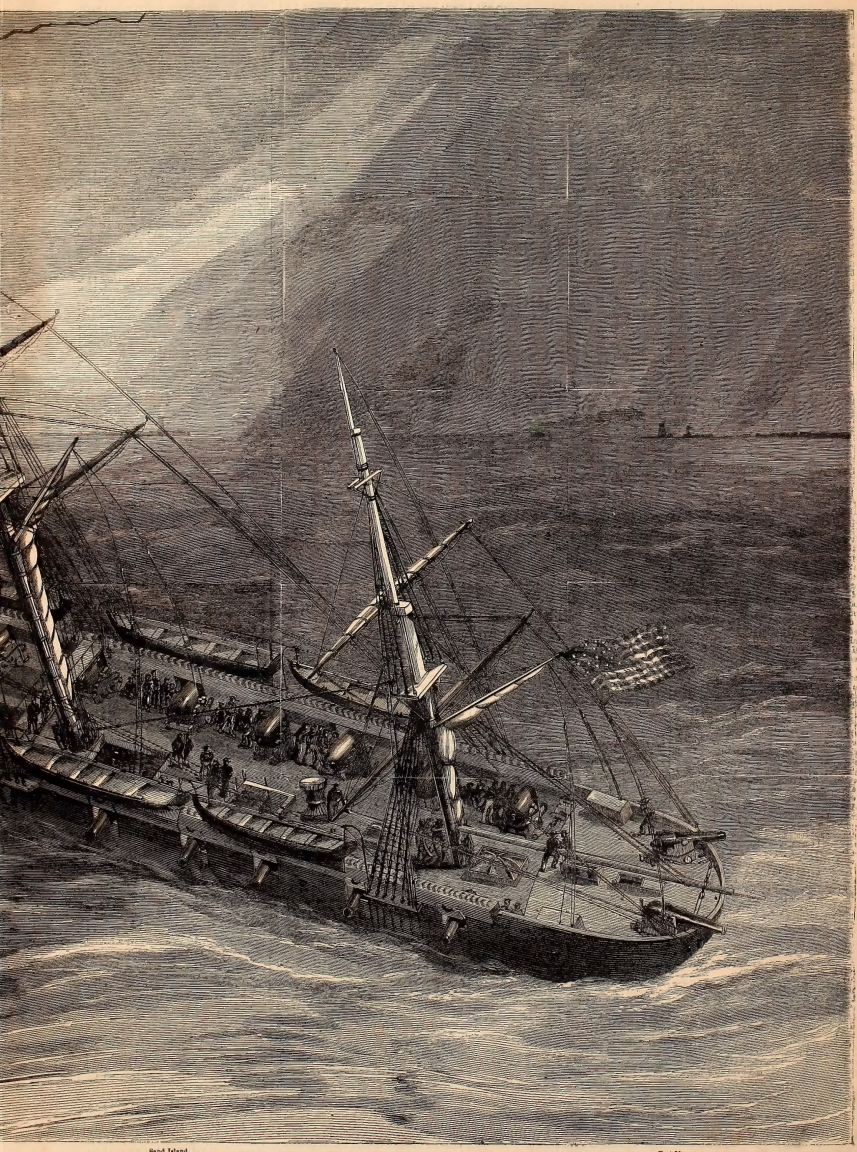
CHAPTER VI.

By was some days before the sick-chamber exhibited any token of human occupancy. The blinds remained half drawn, and not even the figure of a gliding nurse was visible. A message forwarded by Mr. Hartshorne on the day after the catastrophe, importing Miss Humpage's desire (after "compliments") to be informed of the young man's condition, received a doubtful reply: "Can't tell her or any body yet. I'm not a witch."

"Hang her 'compliments!'" muttered the little doctor (who was nevertheless, amenity itself to the sex in general, but had conceived an aversion for the like to poor Polly). "Why the dogs" (the doctor's nearest approach to an imprecation) "don't she send over to the lad's own place? It's nearer. But no, my lady's fine—! Let some one inquire of

Fort Guines.

THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "RICHMOND"



ON BLOCKADE DUTY, OFF MOBILE.—[SEE PAGE 101.]

SHADOWY MISGIVINGS.

I MAY as well begin by stating that my name is Blushman—Percival Blushman. I believe an unusual name; but that will not affect the course of the little true narrative which I am about to introduce, and which I hope will "run smooth."

Further preliminary particulars in reference to Percival Blushman may not perhaps be found uninteresting. From childhood upward I have always had a leaning—a yearning, in fact—for the noble. The grand, the colossal, fills my mind with a strange sensation of speechless awe. Nature's grandest works are to me always sublime in the direct proportion to their size and strength. An elephant can never be named to affect me with a greater thrill of admiration than, say, a powerful mastiff, though the latter might naturally furnish more immediate grounds of alarm. Yet so it was. Such a thing as a cattle-show had on these grounds a strange fascination for me; and, a prey to misguided feelings of repulsion and attraction, I found myself surveying the gross charms of the kine so mysteriously and wonderfully fattened. Yet so it was. All monstrous developments—*Great Easterns*, Great Exhibitions for all nations, and even the stalwart forms of the heroes of the ring, all excited this elevating tone of mind—morbid, some of my friends called it. Yet so it was.

I was reading for the Bar. I had determined to walk that famous Westminster Hall, which a Scarlett, a Follett, and the rest of the profession, had walked. Every thing, too, about it was large, stately, grand—and that impressed me. The statutes, the reports, the suits (of law), the suits (of costume), the wigs, the gowns, the escutcheons, and (sometimes) the fees, all were on a monstrous and overgrown scale. It struck me, too—but this might have been a mistake—that the physique of the men was greater. But about their professional reputation there could be no question, boasting such men as a Scarlett, an Erskine, a Follett, and many more.

I was then, reading for the Bar, a view my being "called" to the Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. The Honorable Society of Lincoln's Inn. How euphonistic! It seemed to come to me telling from each side like an anthem. I was reading hard, very hard; I felt the responsibility of the courses I had chosen; of the path made sacred by the steps of the Bar, of the—but I must not subside to those famous names again. I determined not to see my fellow-creatures; I declined routs, and female society generally; I rose in the morning two hours earlier than I was accustomed to—that is to say, at half past eight; and it being now close on a fine week, I had, with the calm disposition of a suttee, declined a dancing, shooting, driving, riding, general merry-making party, even. In the country scene came almost to my eyes as I rose with the lark at the cold dull hour of half past eight, and I thought of Greyforest, for I had been there before, and shot, and driven, and danced. But then I thought of a Scarlett, and of—the rest, and how they, at one time or between as I was doing, had labored, and gave up shooting and dancing. And then, sternly, I brought all my law books together in a pyre, and, laying myself down on the top—a true suttee—set fire to—that is, began to read again with desperation.

I grew ill in the struggle. I have heard the expression used "broke down"—I think it a good one. So I broke down. I confess it was hard to say what had broken, where it had broken, or what the breakage should have been down and not up, or at least in a lateral direction.

I was sitting one night in this state of general fracture at my lonely chambers, when my friend Twemtyman burst in. He, too, was reading for the Bar; but as he was reading, He danced as he sang. He had come on an errand of charity. He had heard of the break-down, and found me with all the broken pieces about me; so paied me.

"Blushman, my boy," he said, "what's all this? Never mind; you must come with me. A little in the slump? Never mind; I have got a notion that it will soon put you straight."

Put me straight—put straight what was broken down! I smiled at the notion, but waved to him to proceed.

"You must come with me," he said. "I is a sehrome. I am going to-night to the Strongbows, out to Triton Villas. You don't know the Strongbows; I do."

I did not see how this concerned me, and was about to interrupt him with what is called in our legal dialect a demurrer, when he stopped me.

"You must come with me," he said. "You must know the Strongbows; you must go out to Triton Villas."

This was more pertinent, so I withdrew my demurrer, and substituted what is called—still in our legal jargon—a traverse.

"Impossible," I said. "Graver matters engross me. It was not thus that a Scarlett, a Follett—a Sir William—would, I mean—"

"I know," he said, "exactly. But as a favor—a particular favor, old friend—oblige; never have asked you for any thing." This was scarcely consistent with truth; yet I did not allude to a trifling loan, barely three weeks old.) "Do, do, do now."

In short, I weakly consented. I gave way—I bound myself to go out to the Strongbows, positively for one night only, as I think I have seen it in some public notices. As he was going out, he said, thoughtfully, "We can join in a cab, you know; that will just do;" and went his way.

At night he came, and we did join in a cab—at least as far as mere occupancy went; but in a more figurative and poetical sense, I might be considered the sole tenant. My friend had forgotten his purse —unfortunately, as I considered it: I had brought mine—fortunately, as he considered it. We entered the Triton Villas, the home of the Strongbows.

It was a party. The house was not to say large—on oath, I should adhere to the statement that it was small. It stood by itself in a little garden, and, being lit up, looked like a square card lantern. There was a small hall, where hats and coats were shoveled up together in a mound of wearing apparel. Sounds of feeble pianoforte-playing issued from the room.

We entered. I was made known to the hostess by my friend, who straight cut the social painter—I believe that is the usual term—that joined him to me, and stood cut himself to sea. I scarcely saw him again that night, and the social painter could scarcely see that he had prompted him to solicit my company. And as this reflection occurred to me, I suddenly saw before me a miracle of strength, symmetry, and beauty—that is, a miracle of female strength, symmetry, and beauty.

I was amazed. She overpowered me with her presence. Such a form! More a hint than a positive manifestation of secret strength; yet nothing of prepossession. Her features were the world's stoutness suggests itself with horrible indelicacy; and yet it is miles away from the truth. A cruel, cold mould was that which cast the face of the great Bass Rock. I looked up and measured her with admiration. I spoke with her, and to my joy found she had a mind of the most strength and poetical muscularity. She candidly told me that I did not reach to that ideal, and my heart sank; but she was, she said, in search after the same ideal, which was the next best thing, and my heart rose again. We presently understood each other, and—we were friends forever. She was amused at my unrestrained and almost childish admiration. She told me many things that night (on the stairs). How she had taken care of daring deeds; of her hero who, with a single stroke of his keen falchion, cleft a sheep white at her own request, and then went with a lamb on the savage desert; of her third hero, who had pulled down a tree with his single arm; of her brother, who had fought with a sword to get him one at circuses, lying upon their backs upon a target, and their offspring into the air, and catch them on the sharp spikes of their feet. I told her of the athletic man I had once seen, who threw fifty half hundred-weights in succession over his head, and caught the fifty-first behind. She eagerly broke in and asked me had I ever seen Herr Rotz, the German professor, who lifted an ordinary man with his teeth? I had not. We grew enthusiastic in our mutual confidences. "I will tell you a secret," she said, "as you are the only one I ever met who understands me. Mamma and papa know nothing of it. They would kill me if they did."

I smiled at this pardonable little exaggeration of filial reverence. Papa and mamma were a little man and a little woman, of wretched muscular development. But I smiled only in my sleeve, for, felt that no muscular charms of person ought to emancipate her from parental control. "Yes," I said, angrily, "do tell me. I long to hear those things."

"Well," she said, bending down her—may I call them massive?—yes, massive shoulders. "No," she said, raising her massive shoulders, "no, I *wouldn't* tell you. You will laugh."

"Laugh," I said, wounded deeply; "do you take me for one of those loathsome beings for whom you order, who have no feeling for the beautiful, the strong, the—"

"What is it, Captain Rideabout?" she said, sweetly, to that officer, who was standing over her. A chill passed athwart my heart like a knife. Captain Rideabout! and then I noticed his fierce proportions; Goliath in a dress-suit. I hated and scorned him with a deep, deadly, defiant, passionate scorn.

He took her hand, and led her off. While, with a horrible gnawing I marked their progress. I had to own myself, with a frightful pang, that they were suited. The Captain was a Hercules, another creature, one of the vertebrate order called a brother-officer, came crawling up, and to him the man Rideabout handed her. Rideabout then went his way, mopping and fuming himself with his handkerchief; he suffered by the exertion indeed.

The other was a weedy thing—a mere reptile. If I may be pardoned the noun. His action was unresentful; I could see that he was overpowered also. He writhed in a corner, and, then, after an interval, came—I declare yes—that—that *beast* (I vow and him somewhat) again advanced. I suppose per son for the measure that was now about commencing: and she, I grieve to say, yielded. And yet to my writhing in a corner I could not be expected to see, as they floated, rather surged, with a gentle roll round the room. Other more ordinary dancing by fell away, when their gaze was drawn before a ship's keel. Going away, I caught her for a moment. My friend had come to me an hour before, and proposed, with a strange effrontery, that we should again "join in a cab" home. Following my massive charmer as she floated by I agreed mechanically, and he had me out to secure a vehicle. That conveyance had been retained now more than an hour, and I did not regret it. Strange to *me* As did not; though we were to "join."

I caught her for a moment, in the moral sense of the word. "Sit down," she said; "I want to talk to you."

"You must tell me," I said, "this secret. What is it like? Something large, grand, stupendous?"

"I can't," she said, smiling; "you would laugh at my weakness, for a weakness it is."

A confession in her! Physical? No. But I was burning to know.

"Something that I am *sadly addicted* to," she said, with meaning, "and daren't tell you. Good-night; come and see me. You understand me, I can see."

Perhaps I did. But with reference to that Rideabout, did he understand?—as well, or perhaps better? "I should like," I said aloud, "to have that misinformed beast here in this cab, say under the seat."

"Hallo!" said my friend; "asleep, eh? How did you like it, though? A little too small a crib, eh?"

"Small!" I said, indignantly. "What do you call large? What do you call symmetry? What do you call massiveness, shape, outline, proportions? I say," I continued, excitedly, "what do you call these? For a judge?" I added, derisively. "Talk of what you know—pipes, bats, and the United Suffield Duffers. There's your line."

He was amazed at my warmth, and did not resume the subject. I waited for him with an intellectual bludgeon raised to smash him if he should, in fact, intend to.

"We shall go out there to-morrow," I said, "you and I."

"I can't," he said. "I have an engagement."

"The Duffers, I suppose?" I said, scornfully. But them off. *I* have no engagement. *We* go."

He was again cowed. He agreed. We went next day. We joined in a cab; but he proposed it feebly.

We got to Triton Villas. We saw her. Papa, mamma, and all the world, except a younger sister, were out. She was beautiful and ferocious look. I made Aix devote himself entirely to this child of nature. The child took him presently to show him her rabbits. "Now," I said, "for it. But the secret," I said; "what you are addicted to. Do, do, do tell me."

"Ah, it is a vice," she said, with a sigh; "an unwomanly vice. The world would point at me if they knew. The mouth of an enemy," she added, slightly, "would make a great brain, you know."

Where had I heard that? "But this obscure language," I said.

"It is growing on me every day," she said, mournfully. "I am enslaved to it, and can not shake it off. If I told you you would despise me, and yet I must tell you."

I was growing alarmed. These were phrases usually applied to one species of human vice the most degrading and loathsome. Surely—surely—for one so young, so grand, so noble—ah! that was it. To keep that splendid system well strung, who knows but that she neglected. And yet I could not shut out her image, that is to say, that particular image, with its horrid accompaniment. It was always before my eyes.

She wrote to me, inviting me to go and see her; she wanted to talk to me, she said: I understood her. (I did understand her.) In a postscriptum she added, "Perhaps I may confide to you the little weakness you were so curious about."

I wrote back a half mysterious, half scornful—I wonder what she thought of it. I told her bitterly that I knew all, had discovered all; that the necessities of my career in my legal studies would prevent my having the pleasure of waiting on her; but that, as a friend, my, an acquaintance, I trusted she would not resort to this, few words of friendly counsel. I would venture to give her, for her own sake. Firstly, I said, "fly the fatal seductress." I will gradually impair your strength, weaken your powers, and stupefy the faculties. Every time you yield to the fascination, think, ch think how you are hurrying to destruction."

An answer arrived next day, couched in very mysterious language. She could not understand the tone of my letter. If I had discovered, as I said I had, what she was engaged in, there was nothing, indeed, to prevent her doing it. Many good and eminent persons had before given way to the same weakness. For her part she gloried in it, and thought it raised up the patient. "Impair my strength!" she added; "how little you know— After—after every bout I feel myself stronger and stronger." I thought I of course knew what she did; the most confirmed dram—I mean benigs—that is their fatal delusion.)

I strove to banish her from my mind, but ineffectually.

Two months passed away. It was to much for me. I could keep me to a thread. It must end one way or the other; I chose the other way. I would go and see Triton Villas merely out of curiosity.

I stood at the gate with mingled feelings. Before me was the fatal window. I paused. Should I go? Was it mere curiosity? Prudence said yes, and in I went.

I saw her: she was good-natured, genial, warm. She reproached me gently with my absence. She was afraid I was offended. She was more grieved than angry. I could see, and, sudden impulse, I told her that we should have a reconciliation. I love scenes of reconciliation.

But you must come to us now. Next week we are to have a ball and festival; in short, I am going—"

"Away?" I said, with a start of alarm.

"That you may be said, a little after—what? Did they not tell you? I thought you knew it. It has been settled some time."

"That you were to go away?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "and my marriage also."

"*Your marriage?*" I started from my seat.

"Ah! you do vile impostor in some country—" I could not think of a word for a moment, "or scullion—who has dared—"

"Hush!" she said, amused and flattered at my warmth. "If Captain Rideabout heard you—"

"Better and better," I said, bitterly; "nothing *could* be better or more suitable."

"Well," she said, modestly, "it *is* considered a good match; and do you know," she added, "he has been so good, so kind, so generous about that little—you know—weakness of mine, which I hinted to you. He will not require me to give it up—"

"Ha! ha!" I laughed; "what reveling you will have together!"

"Yes," she said; "the truth is, I have found out

he is just as much addicted to it as I am. Wasn't it good? And more," she added, "he was actually so kind as to bring me in the materials by stealth. Wasn't it good of him?"

"Excellent," I said, bitterly.

"Only yesterday," she added, "such a delicate little surprise as he gave me—only think, knowing my taste, a whole canzone."

"Of the materials, I suppose," I said.

"Yes," she said, "of the very newest kind. Wasn't it considerate of him? I must show them to you."

She went to a little cupboard and brought out a small quarto, and said, and took me out by one—Goodness! what a mystery was here! A light began to break in on me.

"Look," she said, "two gymnastic clubs, just my weight and size; and, look here, a set of dumbbells, beautifully finished—ain't it charming! A balance rope; a portable pole, jointed so as to be carried about; a patent chest-expander; a—"

I saw it all, and put forward my hand to stop her.

"I used to practice with them at night up in my room. When popa and mamma were gone to bed I would sit up till all hours. Nothing like practice. See how I twist them about!"

She flourished the club over her head, twirled it, twisted it, and *then held it out in the air steadily for many moments.* It was on a line with her mouth.

I saw the whole picture of that fatal night before me, with only the addition of the blind drawn up, and how the fatal shadow became projected.

BEN'S BEAR.

Twenty years ago my father, a half-pay captain, emigrated to Lower Canada. He bought a farm in the vicinity of Stanstead, where he settled with a family of three boys and an infant girl. Being were too many of us for his means in England, where boys often cost more than they are worth—and possibly this is sometimes true of girls. Benjy, or Ben as we nineteen when we went into the bush: a brave boy, and a good leader for his younger brothers, and a good protector for his sisters, who were younger still.

We had a log-house, as most settlers had then, to begin with. It was quite an aristocratic edifice for that region, having three large rooms, while most log-houses had but two rooms, and many but one. It was called with lumbuk laste, which was to divide the rooms, for we were to spend one winter in it. We moved to our "opening" the 1st of May, and had the summer before us. We were full of health and hope. A new country and a new life, with all before you to conquer, and the consciousness of strength to make the conquest, is a combination inspiration.

Ben's bear was his first winning in the game which he had set himself to play with the wild nature of the woods. I was then ten years old, and that bear is the one thing that stands out most clearly in the dim distance of thirty years ago. Ben had shot the mother bear, and the same ball that killed her killed one of the cubs. The other he brought home in his bosom. "Poor little fellow!" he said, "he is too young to mourn for his mother, and I intend to be a mother to him." And he kept his word.

The small beast slept with Ben, always laying its nose over Ben's shoulder. His grew apace. I used to think we could see him grow. He was very fond of milk and butter, and he ate bread and milk, and mush and milk with avidity. During the first winter his was a numbed sort of half life. In the early spring he was a happy bear, going every where with his master, and only miserable if he lost sight of him. He was entirely obedient to my brother, and always woke him in the morning. As my father was about to build a frame-house, he sent Ben to buy material of a man who had a saw-mill in the next town. This was Bruin's first affliction, for he could not accompany his master. Ben stole away from him, and when the bear knew that he was gone he began a search for him. He went to my brother's bed, beginning at the head, inserted his nose under the sheets and blankets, and came out at the foot; then he turned, and reversed the process. The strange search he would keep up by the hour, if he were not shut out of the room. He took possession of his master's clothes and other belongings, and used them so roughly, still seeking for their owner—inserting himself into legs of trowsers and sleeves of coats—that my mother locked every thing in a wardrobe. Nothing of Ben's was left out, except a large fobe Bible, which rested on the top of the wardrobe, or was often cast on the floor. Up this the bear contrived to climb, and taking the Bible in a tender embrace, he curled himself up and dropped to the floor with it. My mother attempted to take it from him, but for the first time he showed fight. Many blows from the broom-stick were administered, but the bear held fast to the book, and my mother came off second best from the contest. This was fatal to her authority, as we discovered afterward.

When Ben came back the bear's joy knew no bounds. It was half in love for the sawyer's daughter, and had no eyes what because of it. He showed his disrespect for my mother by taking the butter from the table and eating it before her eyes. Ben gave him a drubbing for the robbery, and he submitted to Ben's authority, but butter and honey, and sweets of all kinds, were appropriated if they were not at hand to enforce good behavior. My mother was very unhappy, between her love for Ben and her fear for Bruin. She grew unreasonably afraid of the bear, and, what was worse, the bear knew it. She complained to Ben; but he only said, "Mother, you have only to be resolute with him. Ellen can drive him away from the table, because she is not afraid of him."

"But I am afraid of him," said my mother, "and I think he will do me harm yet."

"Give him a taste of a hot poker, mother, and I'll answer for him afterward."

"I would not try it for the world," said my mother.

The bear had his own way very completely, till a circumstance occurred which resulted more bravely for the peace of the family than my mother's mild remonstrances. We had a neighbor, a Mr. Bennett, who had a very lovely daughter of seventeen. Ben fell in love with her, as in duty bound, she being the prettiest girl in the New World. He had been unable to get any clew to her sentiments toward him. She had spent a considerable portion of the past year with a married sister in Stanstead, and Ben and the brother-in-law being friends, it was there my brother had seen her. Her coolness toward him was a great mystery to the lovelorn lover. I believe Ben would have served seven years merely to know how she regarded him. At last he hazarded into a state so perilous that even his bear could not comfort him. About this time Alice Bennett came home to remain, and, in neighborly kindness, she and a younger sister came to visit us. She had never seen Ben's bear, and did not even know of its existence. Ben shut Bruin into his bedroom in compliment to our guests, and the afternoon passed pleasantly to all but the prisoner. When the time came for Alice and her sister to go home, my brother and I prepared to bear them company through the woods to their opening. Ben incautiously opened his bedroom for his bear, never thinking of Bruin, and came running to catch us. The liberated bear ran after his master, and jumped for joy upon him, hugging him after the manner of bears. Ben turned and saw Alice in the fo'ter terrible embrace. She shrieked as a girl with a good voice only can shriek, but instead of running away, she rushed up to my brother and tried to help him like a brave girl, crying, "Dear, dear Ben, you will be killed!"

My brother threw off the beast, and caught the fainting Alice to his glad heart, saying, "Dear Alice, he is a tame bear, and will do you no harm."

The poor girl looked like a broken white lily, she was so frightened at herself and the bear. She could hardly realize that Ben was not killed, and she was ashamed of having been betrayed into an avowal of a tenderness for Ben. When she recovered her wits she said, "Oh, I'll never venture again!"

"Indeed you will," said Ben. "I'll banish Bruin, or imprison him, or do any thing you wish."

It was surprising how much power Ben became regarding faults on the bear's part that he had heretofore made light of. My mother had no need to complain of stolen butter, or a hasty delivery of honey on its way from the pantry to the tea-table. Ben suddenly discovered that his pet was a nuisance. "I'll see how he will like solitude in his own log, mother," he said, in the most considerate manner, when he had taken a plum-pudding from a table in my mother's hands, and had carried a leg to the woods with it.

"I am glad you saw fit to imprison it," said my mother.

"He must have a prison," said Ben.

And so it came to pass that the poor bear was chained in the centre of the space that had been cleared and leveled for our new house, with the light surveyor's chain used to restrain him. The bear immediately described a circle, limited by the length of his chain, which he walked over, turning a somersault always at one point, and only stopping to eat, or pay attention to Ben if he came in his vicinity. Why he inaugurated his particular and peculiar exercise I am unable to say. But Ben soon noticed a tame bear keep up the circle and the somersault hour after hour, and day after day. He did not say a bit chain, nor threaten to shut it, as poor mortals do with chains, but apparently accepted it as a provision of Ben's superior wisdom. This state of the case, if he had but known it, was quite ignored at bedtime, when he would inevitably break his chain to get into his master's bedroom. His indomitable desire to be at the foot of Ben's bed, and to hug an old vest under it, was sure to make him break away from any breakable restraint. There was a private opening in the floor, by which made of small logs "cobbed up;" that is, the ends notched with an axe, and the end of a log fitted into each notch. The roof was of boards, intended for the new house, held in place by heavy stones. The first night the poor beast occupied his new den he raised the boards in his struggle to get out, impelled by the desire to seek his master. He got his head out, and then hung by his neck, and was nearly killed before he could get down for him, and my mother rejoiced. I think Ben was not very sorry. Under other circumstances he would have mourned for the loss of his sublimely ugly pet; but he had a new and lifelong pet in prospect—perhaps many other pets after that—and he had no need of, and no place for, a bear.

HOSPITAL AND CAMP INCIDENTS.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

III.

PROBABLY in no department of the work of the Sanitary Commission have more significant results been achieved than in that of Special Relief, organized at the outset for the succor of wounded soldiers. By its various agencies the Commission has in this department made itself the guardian of thousands of homeless soldiers, protecting them in their rights, providing lodging-houses and food, rescuing them from the hands of thieves and sharpers, collecting pensions and pay, conducting them to their homes, and giving them medical treatment, and nursing when occasion demanded; in a word, seeing that all impediments to their progress and to their restoration are met by corresponding provision for temporary supply and relief.

The arrangements for this part of the work are organized upon a thorough and constantly-enlarging system, having its centre at Washington, and thence radiating to every important field of the war. At Washington, a principal feature is the "Home," where food, care, and assistance are given to men who are honorably discharged, and whence they are sent by railroad in the care of special agents to their destination. At this "Home," also, relief is administered to men from battle-fields and hospitals; as many as five hundred a day have sometimes been received and cared for; and from December, 1862, to October, 1863, 7187 persons were there entertained. Since it opened 86,986 nights' lodgings have been furnished, and 331,315 meals provided.

"Homes" of the same description are maintained by the Commission at Boston, Nashville, Cairo, Memphis, Louisville, Cleveland, and Cincinnati, in and since which cities there are also "Lodges," maintained in the vicinity of railroads, all of which have rendered most important aid in improving the sanitary condition of our troops. One of these Lodges is immediately connected with the Paymaster's Department, and has in connection with it a Pension Agency, which has been in operation for nearly a year with branches in Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Louisville, and Cincinnati. This latter Agency has served to the soldiers already an aggregate expense of from eight to ten thousand dollars, while at the same time rescuing them from imposition and a world of trouble and anxiety.

Another service rendered to the soldier is the collection of back pay. It was found that many men in hospital, with families sorely in need of as much as they could give them, were unable to obtain a dollar to send to them, or at least it was hedged about by "regulations" as to be beyond their power to collect it. An agent of the Commission soon ascertains the investigation and the removal of difficulties, and, as an evidence of his success, it is stated that in one week the pay of fifty-six men was transmitted to every part of a thousand dollars, almost every dime of which was sent to the suffering families at home. Thus, for and while, the work of the Commission bears its beneficent fruits.

Still another branch of Special Relief is the "Nurses' Bureau," which has been in one in Washington and one in Annapolis, where sick and weary women-nurses may rest and recuperate their wasted energies. The Commission also provides lodges for the wives and mothers of men in hospital who flock to those points to aid in the care of wounded sons and husbands.

Some of the records of the lodges about Washington, though brief and abrupt, are full of eloquence as to the good work they have performed. Thus: "A man shoeless, shirtless, and stockingless, fest frost-bitten and weak, was brought to the Lodge in the early morning for the wanderer. We kept him nine days, scarcitated his regiment, and returned him to the front." The story of a life saved, perhaps of a family reunited, lies in this short record. And here is another: "A soldier picked up wandering, and lodged. He was out of care he died the next day;" yet, doubtless, some heart was cheered by knowing that the dead soldier had been cared for under unto him in his last hours as he journeyed home to the camping-ground beyond the river. Another case still is that of a sailor who died after an amputation, and who seemed dying, but who, under the care of his nurse, rallied, and the second day, looking into her eyes, said, in a tremulous way with emotion, "You have saved my life for my wife."

Such are some of the conspicuous features of the work of the Sanitary Commission among the soldiers. The enumeration of its works might be indefinitely extended; but sufficient facts have been presented to show the organization it enjoys, and its claim to a still more cordial appreciation at the hands of the people. It only remains to exhibit, briefly, the financial and other evidences it has accumulated as to the character, temperament, and habits of the soldiers among whom it has carried its ministry of mercy.

And first, next to their courage, the uncomplaining temper of our troops and their cheerful acquiescence in the hardships and more serious sufferings of war, are conspicuously exhibited by the testimony of these Commission records. "Well, Charley, how are you?" asks a surgeon, dressing a wound as he talked, "what's the matter?" "Oh, not much, doctor; only a hand shot from the wrist." Or, "Well, Jack, you got a fight hand to carve his way to some of the world's highest places, but you've got a leg that will turn on the top of the hill of his country, and he counted it a little thing. But had he not reached already an exalted place, higher than many attain in this life? Or, "Jack, with the soul of heroism burning in them, over attain? So it was every where on that field. "Only a scratch," replied all through all its horrors; "did we hear either whimper or plaint. An Illinois lieutenant, as brave a fellow as ever drew a sword, had both legs torn off by a shell, and lay on his thighs—fairly impaled by the bullet. His wounds were angry with fever; every motion was torture; the more severe that he tended by as few as could, but they let him slip, and he fell perhaps six inches. But it was like a dash from a precipice to him, and he wailed out like a little child; tears wet his pallid, thin face, and he only said, "My poor child, how will they tell her?" It was only for a moment; his spirit and his will were sufficient up together, and, with a half smile, he said, "Don't tell any body, boys, that I made a fool of myself!"

A soldier, struck down with bullets, lay on a blanket gasping for breath. "Jemmy," said a comrade, with one arm swung up in a sling, and who was going into the fight, "I'm a-fuming!—Jemmy, what shall I tell them at home for you?" "Tell them," said he, "that there's plenty enough left of me to get to!" and held down here a minute, till Kate there is enough of me left to love her till I die."

No thought or word of complaint, only cheerful resignation and perfect content even in the face of death. And what wonder, since death comes to all who "fight well and die well crowned and victorious, leading the tired feet over paths strewn with garlands to the summer-land lying so close to the borders of this chiller clime!

The tenderness and generosity of the soldier is another point clearly illustrated by the records of the Commission. However stern in the battle's front, in the hour of suffering he is kind, gentle, full of sympathy and compassion. The Wisconsin State agents were one day distributing relief to the Wisconsin soldiers in a Western hospital. One of them, lying seriously wounded, received some of it, but presently said: "I didn't like it; it made me feel bad to have things given to me and not to the boy lying next to me. But I made it all right; for I divided with him."

After the battle of Perryville a Federal soldier wandering over the field found a rebel, wounded and helpless, lying exposed to a cold and pelting rain. The Federal picked the sufferer a few questions, and seeing how much he suffered, took off his coat and put it over the wounded man. Some days after the rebel was brought in a prisoner, with the Union coat in his possession, and in reply to a question as to where he got it, told the story of the Federal soldier's kindness, adding, "I shall never shoot *that* man, any how."

Such facts have been observed, do not bear up as well under disaster as our own men. There is not only more whimpering, but more fretfulness and bitterness of spirit evinced, chiefly in want of regard one for another. But there are exceptions even in this. Among the sick and wounded who were one day taken on board a Sanitary Steamer in the James River were several rebels. One who was near death said, gently, to the nurse: "God forgive me, Sissy, if it was wrong. I thought it was right, but I don't like it; that's the truth. I would rather have died for the old flag; but I thought it was right. There, let them bury that with," showing a bracelet of hair on his arm. "It's my wife's, honey; it is. My watch you may keep;" and so the rebel and Union man—patients now—had all his speech and marking all his action until, at the rolling of the Recording Angel, he answered "Here!" and was gone.

One other characteristic of the Northern soldier must be mentioned, as unmistakably attested by the Commission records of Commission agents. He is a believer in God, understands his own accountability, and is not ashamed to stand up for the honor of His name. The Bible and books of camp prayer-meetings are held daily; and thousands of stern, determined veterans, who have gone into the battle's thickest time and time again, are found weeping before the altar, lifting their hearts to Him who is over all, the great Captain of our armies. Such a picture is encouragement in a fact like this; and whatever agency tends to develop and sustain this religious feeling deserves the support of all right-thinking men.

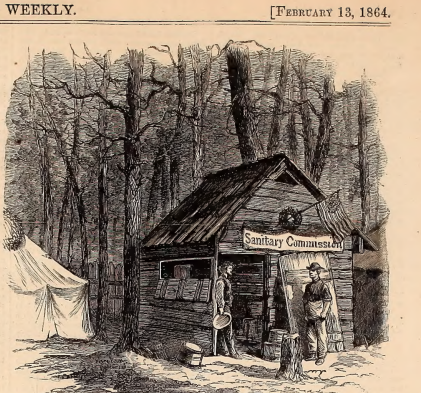
Providence—it is no irreverence to say—works with and through agencies. Commissions, various results have sustained such marked relations to their causes; gifts have found their way by such channels to the hands of the precise persons which the givers would have chosen above all others to benefit; difficulties that seemed insurmountable have so melted away; and circumstances of the most untoward irremediable disasters have been so overcome, that the blindest eye could not fail to discern, and the dullest heart to acknowledge, the presence of an enlightened controlling Influence, whose sympathies and energies were altogether in co-operation with this great Christian charity. Here is consolation for the future in this thought. It helps us to look beyond the fogs that lie on the lowlands of error and selfishness and unbelief, and to the shining heights where God is, and victory awaits the True and Just. Especially does this thought stimulate and encourage us in behalf of the Commission. We are workers with the Infinite One in every endeavor or expended in this cause.

Sometimes, dear Madam, you wonder what becomes of your gifts; whether they are wisely and faithfully appropriated; whether, in hospital or field, they pillow your boy's head, soothe his pain, and, the dressing-gown your fingers embroidered wraps any wasted, fading form; whether the slipper your needle worked once warms a soldier's foot. Go to the records of this Commission and you have your answer. On every field your brave boys encounter, in the dreary and blanked trees of Paradise, under which all weary, suffering ones might find shelter and rest. In every hot, loathsome hospital—how will God blossoms from those trees of yours lying, fragrant and beautiful, in their pale hands, and nestling in their careless breasts. Brothers, women of the North, are blessed by your work, and they appreciate it as true men should. Be encouraged: the Lord Jesus takes care of your gifts, and reads them where you would have them go. "What do the women say about us boys at home?" slowly asked a poor wretch of a lad of one who sat at his side. That brow of his ached for the touch of a loving hand. He had walked through rough, stony places; tangled briers, sin, folly had been his on the right hand and the left; but he felt still a mother's influence on his soul, leading him into the Jane Lamb of God. And the very tenderest thought was the question "What do the women say of us at home?" He was turning over a little silken needle-book that some laughing girl had sent, and some one had sent in the Sanitary Commission, working on its covers the words, playfully perhaps, "My bold soldier-boy." The friend sitting by simply pointed to that legend. The reply struck home to his heart, and he burst into tears. They were not the women he meant.

Of this Question was answered; the evidence of woman's interest was before his eyes, and he was content. His eyelids closed slowly, his breathing grew calm, and soon sleep touched him, and he was dreaming. It was just then that touched him and brought him peace to his last hour.

After the battle of Hanover Court House there was great suffering among the wounded for want of blankets and other essential clothing. Even these scenes of life were scarcely to be had. Finally, however, an army surgeon forced his way to White House. There he found the Sanitary Commission and told them the story of the soldiers' sufferings. At once clean sheets, blankets, bedsacks, and pillows, were packed, and, with boxes of condensed milk, farina, tea, coffee, sugar, oranges, and lemons, were sent off to the hospitals. "When I departed," says the surgeon, "there was not a State represented in my hospital but found some article bearing the marks of home. As I left one from Pennsylvania to his bed, and he saw

CONVALESCENT CAMP, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.



COOK-HOUSE AT GENERAL HOSPITAL, GETTYSBURG.

upon the clean white sheet the name of his family and his home, his convulsive sobs startled all around, making the whole hospital weep."

In December last a Vermont regiment was encamped behind Arlington Heights, in Virginia. The men of the regiment were brawny and robust, but protracted exposure had occasioned an unusual degree of sickness among them; and application was made to the Sanitary Commission for supplies, medical and otherwise. The regiment, from some cause, had never been fully supplied with blankets, and many of the sick were consequently destitute of the most necessary protection from the cold. The wants of the men once discovered to the Sanitary Commission, arrangements were immediately made to supply them, and in a day or two one hundred and fifty blankets—one hundred and forty nine had been asked for—were forwarded to the regimental headquarters. These blankets, thus bestowed, were the gifts of patriotic associations in various parts of the country, most of them having been made by the wives and sisters of volunteers.

In this regiment was a private whom we will call Andrews—a large, lusty fellow, who had been broken down by severe service, and was considered by all as beyond hope of recovery. He had behaved with marked bravery in every engagement in which his regiment had participated, and was a universal favorite among his fellows. Though naturally courageous and stout-hearted, his physical prostration had seriously affected his mind, and he was full of despondency, expecting momentarily to die. When the supplies of the Sanitary Commission were conveyed to the camp, the condition of this man was brought particularly to the attention of the agent having them in charge. He, full of sympathy for the suffering fellow, provided him with all possible comforts, such as fruits, medicines, and agreeable food, adding to his supplies a sick-blanket, which he carefully folded over the patient as he lay on his hard, board bed.

The following day, visiting the regimental camp a second time, the agent was met by the Colonel with the information that Andrews was much better, and promised, after all, to recover. "Would you believe it," said the Colonel, "the sight of that blanket seemed to bring the fellow right back to life; his whole manner brightened; his very fingers grew nettlesome, clutching the blanket with a very ecstasy of delight."

The agent hurried to the sick man's tent, and found him, indeed, vastly improved. His face brightened as the agent approached, but he did not take his gaze from the blankets. Presently, pointing with his long, thin finger to a corner of the blanket, he whispered, "That, Sir, has been better medicine than all your hospital stuff. It has put new life into my veins; if I'm ever a well man it'll be because God sent me this blanket."

The story of the blanket was a simple one. It had been made by the soldier's wife living far away among the Vermont hills, and had been sent with other contributions from the same neighborhood to the Sanitary Commission. The woman was poor, her home was humble, but she had a true heart, and having nothing else to give she had cut up the silk dress in which she was married and converted it to the purpose mentioned. On one corner she had worked her name, and with that mark only had sent it on its mission, little dreaming what that mission would be. The blanket, laid over the soldier, immediately caught his eye; the material seemed familiar; he had certainly seen it before, and that thought roused his whole nature. Presently, pulling up the corners to his face—he was too weak to raise himself—and passing the whole slowly before his eyes, he saw the name dearer to him than all the world besides, and in an instant the whole story of her sacrifice for the soldiers' sake was daguerreotyped upon his thought. What wonder that, under the flood of memories which that moment came over him, sweeping away all thoughts of self, all despondency and gloom, he grew hopeful again, realizing that he still had something to live for and a work to do. He recovered; and to his dying day unhesitatingly he will be a believer in the medicinal properties of blankets. Surely that was a special Providence which sent to this man this precise gift—a tonic which strengthened and saved him when nothing else, it may be, could have brought him safely through.

The brave and noble men who march a-field with their lives in their hand, to battle for the life of the nation, deserve our fullest sympathy and encouragement. Through no channel can we so certainly and effectually reach and serve them as in that offered by the Sanitary Commission. Let it be our care to keep that channel ever full and flowing. So, blessing our soldiers, shall we win blessings for ourselves. So, women of the North,

"When peace shall come, and homes shall smile again,
A thousand soldier-hearts in northern climes
Shall tell their little children in their rhymes
Of the sweet saints who blessed the old war times."

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

REMEMBRANCE.

THE turmoil of the busy world
May sweep across my path,
And storms may come, with seeming power,
To crush me in their wrath;
Yet recollections of the past,
And of our friendship true,
Shall forge a firm, unyielding chain
To bind my heart to you.

And when in after-years you read
Each page of Memory's book,
I would not wish my name might be
In unexpected nook;
But ask that when life's noon is past,
And wanes its sunshine brief,
Within that volume I may claim
One bright, unsullied leaf.

GENERAL MEIGS.

GENERAL M. C. MEIGS, whose portrait we here give, was born in Georgia. He was appointed to West Point from Pennsylvania, in 1832, and was graduated at that institution in 1836, ranking the fifth in his class, and receiving the appointment of Second Lieutenant First Artillery. In November of the same year he was transferred to the Corps of Engineers. He was promoted to a First Lieutenant of Artillery October 19, 1838. General Meigs was for many years overseer of the works involved in the extension of the Capitol at Washington, in the exercise of which duty his taste was no less judicious than his skill. He also superintended the construction of the Potomac Aqueduct, in which he planned an arch which is said to be the largest arch of a single span in the world. At the beginning of the war he resigned his position as First Lieutenant, and was appointed Quarter-master of the Army. At present he is detailed by the Secretary on inspection duty in the West.

INDIAN CHIEFTAINS FROM THE FAR WEST.

OUR readers will be interested to know something about the two Indian Chiefs, ITATABA and ANTONIO AZUL, the most powerful of all the chieftains west of the Rio Grande, whose portraits we give on this page. Itataba left San Francisco on the 23d of January, for a visit to Washington and New York. He is chief of the Mojaves—the great tribe of the Colorado Valley—and is the finest specimen of the unadulterated aboriginal on this continent. He rules over several subordinate tribes with an iron hand. He is fifty-five years old, six feet in height, has a magnificent bodily presence, and an amount of physical strength which enables him to march fifty miles a day through the burning lands of Arizona. The only thing which has yet excited an expression of wonder in his travels was the sight of a school of whales on his way to San Francisco. Antonio Azul, the ally of Itataba, is head chief of the Pimos of the Gila, and furnishes a striking contrast to Itatuba. His face betokens a frank and amiable disposition. His tribe is very intelligent, and numbers 6000 men. The costume of the sketch is that commonly worn by the tribes from the Rio Grande to the Colorado.

ITATABA, CHIEF OF THE MOJAVES.

ANTONIO AZUL, CHIEF OF THE PIMOS.

THE LINDELL HOTEL OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

THIS vast hotel, a view of which appears on page 100, is the work of an association, incorporated in 1859 under the style of "Leclede Hotel Company." The name was derived from Pierre Laguede Leclede, the early founder, who planted a colony on its site one hundred and seventeen years ago, under the protection of France. Not far from the time of laying the foundations in 1857, the name was changed by Legislative enactment to "Lindell Hotel," in compliment to the brothers Jesse G. Lindell and Peter Lindell, who were large contributors to the enterprise. Both of the brothers are now dead—the latter dying less than a year since at the age of eighty-six. The company proceeded unceasingly with their task, first under the Presidency of Dietrick A. Jonarry, and then under that of Levin H. Baker. After a lapse of seven years they saw their Herculean labor completed. Mr. Thomas Walsh, who was the architect in chief, besides drawing upon the ample resources of his own skill, visited Europe for the purpose of examining the plans of the most celebrated foreign hotels. His researches decided him to adopt and combine the shops and courts of Bolton and French models with the vestibule system of England.

The main front looks southward and lies on Washington Avenue; on the east side runs Sixth Street, on the west Seventh Street, and on the north Green Street. The design is Italian, of the Venetian school, and the building is of very substantial nature, being constructed of brick, iron, and stone. The hotel consists of two parallel buildings, extending east and west the length of the whole front, with a space of forty-five feet between them, and connected only in the centre, and both extreme by wing buildings running north and south, and leaving between them two courts, one of which is to be used for a gentleman's recreation, and the other for a lady's conservatory. While the outer connecting buildings and the eastern flank extend to the full depth of the lot, the space that would be occupied by the western flank has been reserved for the erection of a theatre, to connect with the building. The principal or southern front is divided into five compartments, as its base line, the centre and both extreme divisions forming projections, and the two receding divisions forming on the first and second stories colonnades between them. The three principal elevators on the ground-floor are supported by columns, imposts, and arches, forming a continuous arcade around the three fronts, imparting strength to the building and allowing sufficient light for the shops and basements. The pedestals of these columns extend down to the basement floor, and are supported by inverted arches.

The Lindell is six stories high exclusive of attic and basement, both which are equivalent to nearly two stories more. The height from sidewalk to cornice is one hundred and twelve feet. The stone used (rich cream-colored magnesian limestone) is from the Gratiott quarries, not far above the mouth of the Illinois River. The east and south fronts are of this stone, and show much elaborate carving. The north and west fronts are faced with brick, ornamented by cut-stone window trimmings.

The basement extends under the entire structure, courts and sidewalks, and comprises the following: The laundry, five rooms, a general linen-room, connected by steam-rise waters with the distributing-rooms on each story. The baker and pastry-cook have each two rooms; the butcher and fish-monger have one large room each; the grocer and green-grocer have one room each; there are twelve large wine-vaults and six coal-vaults. The steam-engine and the boiler are outside the building. There are, moreover, two dining-rooms for the hotel help and those of the guests of the house, and a large saloon, 63 by 64 feet, to be used as a general bath-room. There are other rooms of minor importance in the basement.

Entering the first story from Washington Avenue, the guest finds himself in a vestibule which has a variegated marble floor, with columns supporting a handsomely fresco-ed ceiling. In the courts in the eastern and western parts of the ground-floor are to be separate colonnades for both sexes, ornamented with beautiful fountains, evergreens, &c. On the same floor is the saloon, the billiard-room, public and private offices, luggage-rooms, coat-room, wash-rooms, water-closets, and vaults. Encircling the public offices are thirty-six connecting shops and stores connecting with the interior of the house by a walk all around the rear doors. These shops will be leased to all kinds of dealers, railway companies, etc.

Leaving the large vestibule, the guest can ascend to the right or left of the main entrance to the second story, which is reached by two grand staircases, running up the entire height of the building. This story is divided into public and private parlors, reading and writing rooms, suite-rooms, club rooms, etc., all spacious, lofty, and magnificently furnished throughout. The gentlemen's public reception-room is located over the main entrance, and is thirty-five by twenty-five feet. The dining-rooms are on this floor.

The third story is divided into sixteen suits of rooms for the accommodation of family parties. Each suite consists of three or more rooms—a parlor, bedroom, wash and bath room, closets. There are also on this floor or story eligible bedrooms for the accommodation of transient guests and boarders who have no families.

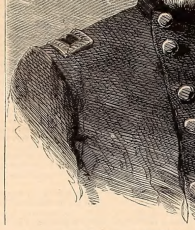
The fourth, fifth, and sixth stories are divided into suits of three or more rooms and single rooms. The rooms on all very large, well lighted, ranging in size from thirteen by sixteen feet to thirty-one by twenty-five—connected by spacious corridors twelve feet wide by sixteen to twenty feet high, with triple windows (nearly the width of the halls) at their extremities, give good ventilation, aided by twenty patent ventilators through the roof. There is not a single dark room in the whole building.

The whole building, taking it from basement to attic, has 530 rooms. These of public character are numerous and spacious beyond those of any other hotel either on the continent.

The parlors are eighteen or twenty in number, the whole second story front being one continuous range, and adjoining those on the sides, the house has a parlor range of more than one hundred yards. The furnishing of these parlors is in such a style as the general character of the edifice, consisting of Axminster, Brussels, and English velvet carpets; brocatelle, satin damask, and lace curtains; rosewood, walnut, and gilt mirrors; chairs, and sofas, generally of Elizabethan, Louis XIV., and other renaissance styles.

The bricks laid on the walls would be sufficient to pave an area of more than *thirty-eight acres*. There are 740 tons of cast and wrought iron, 77 acres of plastering, 850 windows, 650 inside doors. The plate-glass would cover an acre of ground, the floors seven acres. The sheeting, or wash-boards, laid in a continuous line, would reach thirteen miles. Besides the marble flooring and other flagging, 300,000 feet of flooring boards have been laid, requiring 30,000 yards of carpet to cover them. There are 32 tons of nails-weight, 16,0 0 feet of gas-pipe, 120,000 pounds of lead and 30,000 of iron pipe for water, 87,700 feet of steam-pipe for heating it, and 32 miles of bell-wire. The actual cost of the building is $850,000, which, with the ground (valued at $325,4 0), makes the whole value $1,276,400—not to speak of furniture, $200,000 worth of which is now being imported and put in. So the house, fully completed and furnished, will cost nearly a million *and a half of dollars!*

The lessees who have undertaken the task of constituting this gigantic establishment are Messrs. JOHN H. SPARR and JOHN C. FARRA. Both have long been known in the West as accomplished hosts, and had previously been associated together in the proprietorship of hotels in St. Louis. The "Lindell" was formally inaugurated on the 30th of November by a grand "Opening Ball." Nearly three thousand persons, from quite half the States of the Union were present. There were five orchestras, to whose music 120 sets, or 700 dancers, occupied the floor at a time. The whole affair was most successfully conducted, and furnished a fitting prelude to the opening of the largest and most magnificent hotel in the country, and the largest in the world, with the possible exception of the *Hôtel de la Paix, of Paris.*



GENERAL M. C. MEIGS.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, ÆTAT. 53.
BORN IN CALCUTTA A.D. 1811: DIED AT LONDON, DECEMBER 24, 1863.

THE LOVER'S WISH.

I WOULD not be the rose that blooms
Where gay parterres are spread,
Nor yet the rosy wreath that twines
Round beauty's graceful head.

No! let me be the rose that wins
A glance and smile from thee
When none are by, thy beating heart,
Thy blushing cheek, to see:

Long treasured for the giver's sake,
When nature's charms are past;
And claiming still, though dry and sere,
A fond look to the last.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade*.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government TAX, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage paid by receiver.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

VALENTINES
To the Trade.

Call or send to Head-Quarters. Catalogues sent free by mail. A better assortment, on more liberal terms, than any other dealer can offer. Address

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, 400 Broadway, N. Y.
(Store and Manufactory.)

Silver Rings for 10 cents
Pure Coin.
Send 3 cents for postage if ordered singly.
See particulars in another column.

VALENTINES.

Enclose One Dollar to STRONG, and receive one of his fine VALENTINES in a HANDSOME BOX. It will be sent free by mail on receipt of the above. Address

T. W. STRONG, 98 Nassau Street, New York.

DEAFNESS OVERCOME by using Haslam's Sound Magnifying Tubes. They can be concealed. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to R. HASLAM, 23 John St., New York.

S. T.—1860.—X.

What does it mean? A receipt for making "DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS." Sent free by mail.
Tru Sta. Address Box 2900, P.O., New York.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products, to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

THE FIRST has the name

"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name

"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." pointed on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name

"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some have the name of "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH OF WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others as the "AMERICAN WATCH CO.," &c., &c., &c., others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
162 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Lenhart's Elements of Music.

A clear and Systematic Arrangement of Rules for the Pianoforte. To which are added Surprising Facts in Practice, and George's Celebrated Letters on the Art of Playing the Piano. This New Hand-Book of Elements will be found to be the best work of the kind for beginners. Price 40 cts. Sent post-paid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

BILLIARD BALLS.—PATENT CORKSCREWS PRO-CURED. Warranted for six months. 2¼ and 2¾ in., $10 per set. 2 in. Bagatelle, $5; 1¾ in., $3 per set. French cue tips, $2 and $3 per box; chalk, $3 gross. For sale at WELLING'S, 707 Centre St., New York, sign of the Golden Elephant.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHIOS?—My Ointment will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of P.O. order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 169 Nassau Street, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen of Pens—*selected by the same according to description, viz.:*

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in size to numbers 2, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH GUARD CHAIN.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Gold Pens, with Iridium Gold Pens, with Iridomina Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. MORTON," and "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months (except breakage and accident).

The Numbers indicate size only. No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest adapted for Ordinary Use. No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, in Gold, made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are facsimiles of the nibs of the Pens.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $2 75 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $4 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a ⅞ 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $5 75, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $6 25, a No 6 Pen; $8 75 a No. 7 Pen; $9 25a No. 8 Pen; $14 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH GUARD CHAIN.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 2 Pen 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.

For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridium Points, carefully selected, but one of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him prior to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (if only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

With regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machinery, he could not have made such Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Kind" or the "Number" and "Quality" of Pen they desire wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether Gold Holder, Silver, or Pen.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk; but to all who wish to avoid the extra charge (if registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guarantee Safe Delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $15, of 15 per cent. on $30, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

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For the Naval Service.
Squadron Tactics, under Steam.

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Copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

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New Army Watches.

Every Soldier should have the Magic Railway Time-Keeper. It has beautiful Gilt Hunting Cases, *and is fitted with new Patent Pivot Indicator, to save trouble of opening, and keeping out the breakage of our brass setting.* The handsomest and most useful Watch ever offered $15. Every officer should have the CELEBRATED TIME PIECE STOP WATCH.—The highly useful Watch has beautiful and heavy Silver Hunting Cases, with different faces for Washington and London time, Sweep Seconds dial. Superior reflected Crystal Glasses in hunting boxes, and also by Spectators, Artillerists, &c., in marking time, $25.

All the leading novelties can be seen by sending for our Circulars. We want Agents in every regiment on unusually liberal terms.

All Watches mailed free to any address, and warranted for 12 months.

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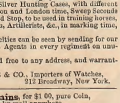
Silver Chains, for $1 00, pure Coin, Sent anywhere by mail.
See advertisement in another place.



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Are now ready. The most safe, compact, durable, efficient, cheap, and reliable Revolvers made. Carry large balls (.36 calibre), are simple to handle and fire—accurately carried in the vest—whole length five inches—four barrelled, every chamber fired. The Trade supplied.
ELLIOT ARMS CO., 474 Broadway, N. Y.

SMALL-POX.
LET THE INTERESTED READ.
REMEMBER!

BRANDRETH'S PILLS take hold and expel the *matter of disease*. How vastly important, then, when first attacked with fever or any contagious disease, or sick from any cause whatever, they should be used at once, before the disease takes root. When it is floating through the circulation, while it has not fixed its deadly fangs in any particular organ, two or three doses will drive it out, and health will be restored.

B. BRANDRETH, M.D.

MR. BISSELL'S LETTER.
FOUR PERSONS CURED OF SMALL-POX BY BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

NEWCOMB, ESSEX CO., N. Y., Sept. 13, 1861.

DOCTOR BENJAMIN BRANDRETH, New York.

Dear Sir: In our family we have used your excellent pills for several years, and have found them to be a nevervailing remedy in mild and severe cases of sickness, but their full value we did not fully appreciate until last winter, when the small-pox visited so many families in this and the surrounding towns. I was first attacked, and supposed I had a cold; took four pills and some warm drinks; next day no better, took four more; still no better, and my wife said I should take eight; did so, and then the Small-pox began to show itself. On the fifth day I took to my bed, and in less than four days I was covered from head to foot with pustules. I continued to use the pills daily, and took no other medicines whatever except your Vegetable Universal Pills. The pox was less than four days in coming to a head, and, as the fever came time they dried up. I began to attend some to my sick in about two weeks, but in three weeks I was attending to my regular business, having quite recovered by my usual health. I took eighty pills during my sickness, in doses of four to eight pills, according to effect; being careful to procure two or three evacuations a day; and though covered from head to feet with the disease, yet it has not left a mark upon me, which is one of the benefits and certainly to be exactly by the use of Brandreth's Pills. I and my family found this to be so in our experience of their effects in this fell disease.

My wife, son, daughter, and Aunt Polly for one hundred miles around us, was attacked with the disease about the time I was getting well over it. From the first she underwent the same treatment, and prepared herself to conduct its virulence by a free use of the pills. In six days, and while confined to her bed, and scarcely able to move from extreme weakness, she used twenty-six pills, or a little over an average of four pills per day. And what was the consequence of this continued purging with Brandreth's Pills? On the Tuesday she was obliged to take to her bed; by Friday the pustules were all filled; and by the following Tuesday she had dressed herself and in one week after was attending to her regular household duties, on the recommencement of all her neighbors. One fact deserves notice; although she was covered with the disease, yet it has left no mark whatever on her skin, which is now as evidence of the self-ordeal it has passed under.

Mrs. Wetherbee, my daughter, her husband, and their only child, were all stricken down by the Small-pox. Mrs. W. had a light, and only some seven pustules came out. She used thirty pills in fourteen days. Alonzo, her husband, had a severe attack, and took the pills all through, in large doses as noted. They both recovered in fourteen days from its commencement. Their little boy Daniel, about fifteen months old, had the disease badly; he had little room to vomit him. He was covered from head to foot; he was like a huge scab; and for days he lay insensible. We all supposed he would die—that nobody could save him. His head was bandaged for several days, and my wife said this must be remedied—that perhaps if the boy could be purged he might revive. She had read over your circular and Dr. Lull's experience, and gave him one pill, crushed, in some warm water. The pill produced no effect, but she was impressed with your remarks upon the necessity and importance of having the bowels purged in Small-pox, and in all serious sickness whatever: so she gave him another pill. Still no effect. She then pounded three pills, and added warm water, and gave them to the boy to drink. Still no effect. Then the little sufferer lay without motion, except the rapid breathing and peculiar signs of speedy dissolution evident to all. At he died. In another hour the child began to stir, and his bowels only been opened, and we then commenced to give him three pills in two hours, or at the rate of one and one-half per hour, and a total of fifteen months had taken thirteen pills, they operated, and most fully. *The stools were black as pitch, and most offensive.* Every one was satisfied that the active and nonvirulent matter which the pills had brought away, and that the pills had saved another life through the providence of God.

In an hour after the pills operated the child began to be gun to revive, and took some refreshment. He continued to improve until he got well. He is not marked with the disease. It seems proper to state that, though it took thirteen pills to open his bowels, yet two days after he had a full, natural evacuation without medicine, and his bowels have been regular up to this day, which is nearly nine months from the time of his sickness, nor has he used a pill since. He is a lively, intelligent, and healthy boy as can be seen. I have cheerfully will ever be grateful to you, and they and myself and wife desire you to publish this letter, which, if need be, can be certified to by all the residents of this and the surrounding towns.

I am, very respectfully, yours,
DANIEL BISSELL,
For many years Supervisor of the Town.

We certify to the truth of the above. (Signed)—POLLY BISSULL; ALONZO WETHERBEE; MARY WETHERBEE; BISSELL ROOT, Postmaster, Schroon River; ERASTUS P. ROOT; THOMAS E. CARY, Justice of the Peace, Town of Long Lake; CYRUS P. KELLOGG, Supervisor of Town of Long Lake, 1859; WILLIAM WOOD, Enquette Lake; WM. HELMS, Forked Lake; W. H. PLUMBLEY, Forked Lake; AMOS HOUGH, Forked Lake; EZEKIEL PALMER, Long Lake Hotel.

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Soldiers of the Union!!

Read the following Letters received from your Comrades as endorsements of the

World Known and World Tried
REMEDIES, KNOWN AS
Professor Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is in force.

See to your Health!

All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay.

Your Life is Valuable!!

Not only to yourselves, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives, and Brothers. Then while you may, purchase your Health!

For 30 cents, 70 cents, or $1 10,

Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the present and Mail, address

The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office,

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT, }
20th Illinois Volunteers, }
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., November 26, 1863.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

SIR: Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address

Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
20th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., }
January 7, 1864. }

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in need of them until now, I want to try them, as Diarrhœa is very prevalent at the present time: send me two boxes of the ointment.

Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH,
Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

FULASKI, TENNESSEE, }
January 16, 1863. }

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find 50 cents, for which I wish you to send me some of your valuable Pills; send them by mail. I enclose 10 cents for postage. Address

ISRAEL C. HALL,
Co. D, 9th Ill. Vols.
Fort Royal, S. C.

CAMP ON THE EXCELSIOR BRIGADE, }
January 1, 1864. }

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

SIR: Please send me for the enclosed 50 cents the worth of it in Pills; enclosed find 15 cents to pay postage, and you will oblige. Address

Yours, &c.,
Serg't. W. FOWERS,
Co. E, 5th Regt. Excelsior Brigade,
Washington, D. C.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., }
January 21, 1864. }

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills.

Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM CHRISTY,
Co. D, 104th Regt., Penn. Vols.
Morris Island, S. C.

Ballard Patent
Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines.

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using ordinary loose ammunition. This arm is so constructed by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. Its range and accuracy are unsurpassed, while as a rare guarantee against getting out of order. The greatest advantage of the fire with either loose or cartridge ammunition makes it superior to all others. These arms are being manufactured by military property and have been adopted both by the General Government and a number of States. We have the highest testimonials of efficiency and durability.

We now offer to the Public our new Cartridge and loose ammunition loading receiver. The arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon. No one making a Rifle Carbine arm should be without one.

For further information send for descriptive circular.

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30,000 Watches, Chains, &c., &c., &c.
Worth $150,000.

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Six Certificates can be ordered for $1, thirteen for $2, thirty-five for $5, and one hundred for $15.

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Heckle, Gill, Comb, Card Pins, &c., &c.
☞ We find Bartlett's Burnished Needles a wonderful improvement over others for Sewing Machines or Hand Sewing. Try sample 25c., and for 50 cents, or more quantity by mail."—Miss. DEMOREST.
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WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

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100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches.....	$100 00 each.
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200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches....	15 00 each.
1000 Vest and Neck Chains.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
1000 Gold Lockets.....	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Pens.....	2 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Lava Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Lava Ear Drops....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2500 Gent's Breast Pins.....	2 50 to 8 00 each.
2500 Vest Chains.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Fob and Guard Chains.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sets of Sleeve Studs.....	2 00 to 6 00 each.
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2000 Lockets.....	2 50 to 10 00 each.
2000 Ladies' Jewelry.....	2 00 to 10 00 each.
1000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
1000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above kinds of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one is above, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and may say it is not your option to send the dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business. Of course, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; twenty-five for $5; sixty-five for $10, and a hundred for $15.

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For Veteran, Cavalry, Army Corps, Company, and Division Pins of every Description.

On the receipt of $1, I will send you a Solid Silver Shield, or either Cavalry, Artillery, Division, or Co. Pin with your Name, Regt., and Co. handsomely engraved upon it, or a fine Gold Pen with Extension Case and Pencil, or a Stylish Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a California Diamond Ring or Pin, or a Sleeve Button Ring; and for $3 I will send you a Solid Silver new style CAVALRY Pin, engraved as above. Any article selling for 50 cents or more Pins at one time will be allowed 15 cents each.

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A very fine double bottom Silver English Hunting Watch, full Jeweled, CHRONOMETER BALANCE ..... $25.

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Same as above, with Chronometer Balance $70

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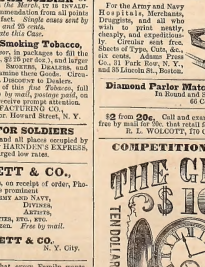

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Solid Silver. $1 25. Solid Silver. $1 25.

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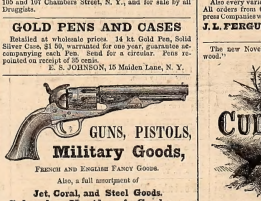

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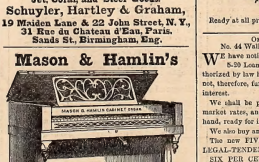
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VOL. VIII.—No. 373.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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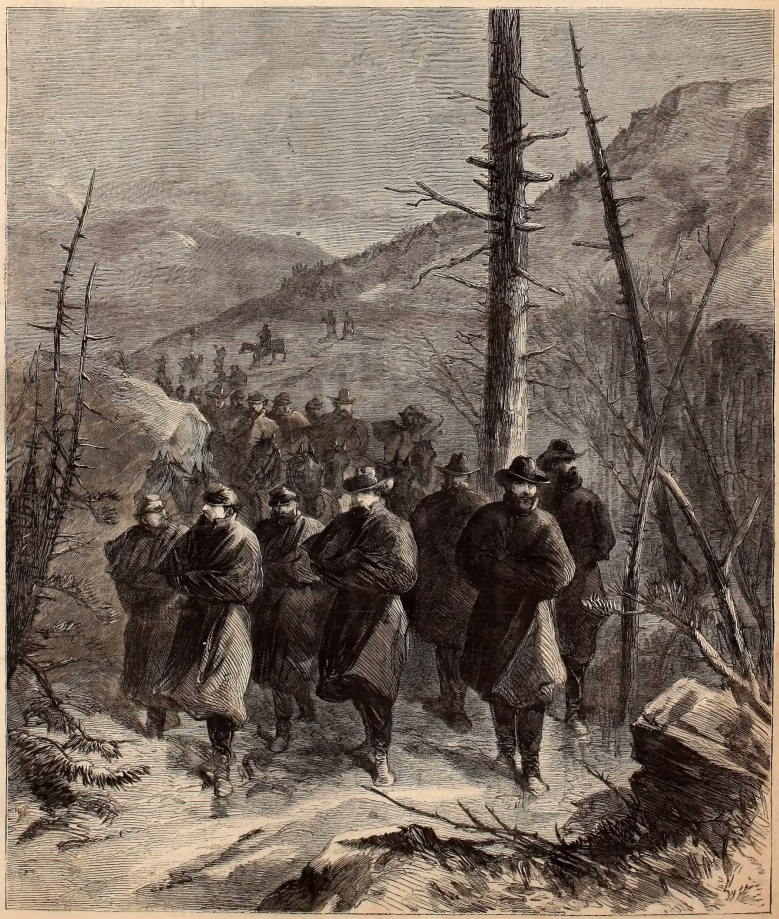

GENERAL GRANT CROSSING THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS, JANUARY 7, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 118.]

GOD BLESS YOU, SOLDIER!

God bless you, soldier!—when our sky
Was heavy with impending woes,
When traitors raised the battle-cry,
When fear met fear in every eye,
You rushed to meet our foes.

God bless you, soldier!—when our light
Of hope grew dim and courage waned,
When freedom veiled her face from sight,
Your valor dashed away the night,
And morning clear remained.

God bless you, soldier!—scarred and worn,
Wearied with marchings, watchings, pain,
All battle-stained and battle-torn,
Bravely have all your tasks been borne,
You have not fought in vain.

God bless you, soldier!—think not we
Alone revere and bless your name,
For millions now and yet to be,
Millions your arm has rendered free,
Shall sing your deeds and fame.

God bless you, soldier!—when the air
Grows heavy with the battle's roar,
Sheltered beneath His love and care,
May Victory with her garlands rare
Adorn you evermore.

God bless you, soldier!—when the dove
Of peace the flag's nest shall share,
With home and hearts made warm with love,
With joys below—with joys above,
God bless you here and *there!*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

CONSTITUTIONAL OPPOSITION.

THERE are several members of Congress who please themselves by asserting that they constitute a healthy constitutional opposition to the Government, and who insist that it is wrong to call them unpatriotic, merely because they do not approve the method and policy of the Administration in conducting the war. They protest that the Administration is not the Government, and that they may censure all its acts without being justly liable to be called traitors.

The reply to this specious strain is very simple. The Government of the United States is defending its existence against an able and desperate rebellion. The Constitution confers upon that Government every power whatever which is necessary to its maintenance. It may, in the last extremity, wage war, and whatever is lawful in war is lawful for that Government. That extremity is now reached, and we are at war; consequently no measure of legitimate warfare can be censured as unconstitutional. It can not, for instance, be urged that, as the Constitution declares that no man shall lose life or property without due course of law, therefore no rebel shall be shot and no rebel's stores seized. The only point of debate is the practical wisdom of certain measures for prosecuting the war. Is it good policy? that is the question; not, is it unconstitutional? For what rights have traitors under the Constitution? The life of every one of them is constitutionally forfeited.

Now to oppose the war, under whatever pretext, is to favor the rebellion, and compass the overthrow of the Government. Is, then, encouragement to the rebellion a legitimate constitutional opposition? We do not speak of the honesty of men who take this course, we are considering the excuse by which they justify it. Their excuse is, of necessity, if they can persuade the country that the war is wrong, to a counter-revolution and the success of rebellion. Do they suppose that to be a sound and healthy opposition to the conduct of the war?

Of course we know that they claim to be as good war men as any body. They are, first, in favor of the war; and, second, they are opposed to prosecuting it. Try the quality of their war feeling by their record. Suppose the Government took every traitor to the hands of his party in Congress. Would they continue the war or attempt to negotiate? Look at the leaders, who supply its arguments and philosophy, and direct its action. Is it not such men as Vallandigham, William B. Reed, Horatio Seymour, George W. Woodward, and Fernando Wood. Other than the party which rests its support upon the views of these leaders, there is no serious opposition to the Government. And what these leaders believe is known to the whole country. They are of opinion that the difficulty should be settled by negotiation and compromise. That is to say, they do not oppose the method and policy of the Government in waging the war, but they are opposed to the war itself. Wood says that there is no such thing as a War Democrat. Their opposition, therefore, is neither Constitutional nor legitimate. For they propose to treat with citizens who refuse by force to obey the laws, and their demand is simply that the absolute authority of the Government shall be overthrown. This is practically the ground of the whole opposition in Congress. They voted at the very outset for Wood's proposition to send Commissioners to Richmond, by not voting to lay it upon the table. Failing to carry the distraction of the Government by a direct vote, they struggle in every way to thwart and perplex its movements. They are aiming to retard the prosecution of the war, and so they play into the hands of the rebels, who hope by prolonging it to weary the loyal States and create a reaction. That these men are in a hopeless and futile minority in Congress, as they are in the country, does not lessen the shame of their conduct nor the scorn in which history will hold them. They will not be retooled as a legitimate opposition who saved civil liberty. They will be known as political parricides to whom power, not malice, was wanting.

A SHORT SERMON UPON A SECRET TEXT.

WHETHER political differences should affect social intercourse is an old question which is asked and pondered much in these days. But that they always have done so, is not a question. The history of the old Federalists and Democrats suffices to answer it in this country.

But however foolish and unnecessary it may seem for a free-trader to refuse to employ a protectionist, or the friend of a bank to decline to dance at the ball of its enemy, we can not forget that at the present time civil war rages, and the proper relations of men are not to be expected. President Washington was a Federalist and Jefferson a Democrat; and it would have been very foolish for his Excellency upon that ground to decline to invite Jefferson to his house. But would General Washington have invited Benedict Arnold to his table, or any man whom he knew to sympathize with Arnold, or indirectly to help him?

The case is not different now. Here, for instance, is a man who gives his fortune and his wisdom to the country, and whose sons are killed by traitors in battle. And next door to him lives a man who virtually excuses the treason, and thwarts the efforts of the Government to subdue the traitors. Can the first man see in the second any thing else than an accessory to the murder of his children? Can the second man justly regard political differences so fine and fanaticism upon the part of the first? Is not the avoidance of the second by the first a simple instinct? The need not be stated, but we need not insult him; but can he possibly hobnob with him upon the ground that they honestly dissent and must agree to differ?

Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay might have retired from the Capitol to dine together after the one had utterly demolished the other in a political debate. But is civil war a political debate? If Mr. Hayne had left the Senate Chamber, raised the flag of revolt, and shot Mr. Webster's son to the heart, is it a great pity that Mr. Webster should have carried political differences so far as to be unwilling to request the honor of Mr. Hayne's company to supper? In a civil war men must be judged and treated according to the colors they show. If they choose the enemy's color they must expect, and they ought to receive, the treatment of an enemy. If you shake hands with Judah Benjamin's brother you will not recoil from Judah Benjamin's abettors. But if you think that Jefferson Davis is justly responsible for the blood that desolates the land, how can you affect indifference toward those who virtually befriend him?

Clearly, when political differences have ended civil war, they are earnest, and ought upon one side or the other, will wish to associate familiarly either with those who are so shallow as not to feel the terrible reality of the condition, or those whose sympathies belong to the party which he opposes with arms.

MASKS AND FACES.

MR. PRUYN, representative from the Albany District of this State, in his maiden speech in Congress, said that his party had a right to require that the Administration should be faithful to the Constitution of the United States. But he might justly have claimed more. He might have truly declared that every citizen of the United States had the same right, and ought to insist that the Constitution be respected. And then he might fairly have gone a step further, and announced that if the President, as the chief executive officer of the Government, transcended his constitutional powers, he ought to be impeached and punished.

But, on the other hand, neither Mr. Pruyn, nor any citizen or party, has the right to hold that every law of Congress and act of the Administration shall be considered unconstitutional until some court has declared otherwise. The policy of the party with which Mr. Pruyn allies himself proceeds upon the ground that Congress and the Administration are to be held guilty until they prove their innocence. The whole burden of the speeches which inflamed the mob and led to the riots of last summer—apart from their mean appeals to ignorance and passion—was that the draft was unconstitutional. What followed, what was intended to follow, in an ignorant mind? That the law might be justly resisted. "We think the law unconstitutional," said Governor Seymour. "Is it unreasonable that we should wish to have a decision upon that point?" And he did; if you will make your case and bring it to a court of sufficient authority. Any man in the land has the right to question the Constitutionality of any law, and to bring it to the test of a decision, but he has no right meanwhile to disobey the law or to encourage others to disobey it. Still less has he the right to assume that every act of an Administration which he does not like is unconstitutional. For if this were so, it would be the manifest duty of Congress and of the Executive to disregard any such law to the detriment of the court before it could be considered valid; in which case "the co-ordinate powers" of the Government disappear, and Congress and the President become mere functionaries of a court.

The object, as every intelligent citizen will see, of this incessant effort to delay and thwart the operations of the Government, is to prolong the war, weary public patience, create popular disgust, and thereby open the chance for return to political power of the remains of the party which administered the Government while the conspiracy was ripening that has now burst into deadly war. Nor will it be forgotten that the leaders of the party, which are now, under the old party names, seeking for restoration, were the very part of that party which most steadfastly and most bitterly palliated and excused the rebels, and counted upon the success of the conspiracy. These gentlemen have kept bad company too long. The louder they cry "Constitution" the more clearly the people of the country remember that under the same cry they connived at the overthrow of the Government, and plotted its ruin. They will live to learn that the Constitution is perfectly competent to save the Government and take care of its enemies.

GENERAL GRANT.

IT is understood that the Congressional caucus of the opponents of the Administration is considering the policy of ascertaining if General Grant will consent to stand as a candidate for the Presidency against Mr. Lincoln. The fact, if itself, shows their conscious desperation, for General Grant is about as good a representative of their views and sympathies as Mr. Lincoln himself. He is a man unreservedly devoted to the war—brave, simple, successful, and therefore immensely popular. If he low his name to be used at this time, we shall have practically lost the services of our most conspicuous General; for every movement he will be fighting for the Presidency and not for the country. And what fighting for the Presidency is we have seen in the campaign of Mr. Clellan.

Besides, General Grant is not likely to forget what every body else remembers—that the military chieftains who have been raised to the Presidency have been elected long after their campaigns were ended. Taylor and Jackson and Harrison had long finished their work before they were nominated for the White House. But General Grant is still engaged in an unfinished war, and Shakespeare long ago said—

"The mighty warrior famoush for fight,
After a thousand victories once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

Should any great disaster befall the army of the West before the election, would not the most fanatical chances of its General? And is it not reasonable to suppose that he would avoid such danger to himself by waiving the chance of the risk? If any thing could prevent Grant's moving upon the enemy's works it would be his nomination at this time for the Presidency.

Probably there is no man in the country who has so clear a conviction of this truth as General Grant himself. And if he should hear that the nomination had been offered him and accepted, we are very sure that the regret of the country would be equal to its sympathy and admiration if the successful superior of the policy of the war was nominated for the Presidency, but that the great army of the West with its Captain had been paralyzed.

THE SOLDIERS' VOTE.

THE other day in the House of Representatives Mr. Myers, of Pennsylvania, said that Judge Woodward, of that State, late candidate for Governor, had declared that soldiers should not vote. Genereus man! He was willing that the whole Pennsylvania force should be withdrawn from the army; and as the Ohio and other State elections occurred at the same time, he was willing that the forces of those States also should be withdrawn for the same purpose. Judge Wood is a shrewd man and loyal patriot was perfectly willing the soldiers should vote, provided that the method of voting should be so arranged as to help the rebels.

The reader will remember that just at the time of the Pennsylvania election Lee was advancing and threatening Meade. The rebel newspapers had openly wished for the success of Judge Woodward's friends as an encouragement to the rebellion. His election would have been hailed by all the enemies of the Government as a sign of the yielding spirit of the people, and the bells of Richmond would have rung for joy. Suppose his plan had been adopted, and the soldiers called home to vote. They might have defeated him even more signally than he was defeated; but if, by the consequent weakening of the army, Lee had won a victory in Virginia, the rebel joy would have been the same.

To insist that the soldiers shall vote only upon condition of their coming home is to propose that the army be virtually disbanded from time to time, that is a proposition which it seems hardly possible that any faithful friend of the Government should support; and yet it was in favor of its author that General M'Clellan wrote a letter upon the eve of the election. Is it surprising that Mr. Cox, of Ohio, the next friend of Vallandigham, when he was prophesying the election of that noble patriot as Governor of the State, declared that two hundred thousand Obioans would escort him from the frontier, and that in 1864, "with Seymour or M'Clellan" as President, all would be sure? *What* would be sure? Merely that the bells of Richmond would ring for joy.

The Union soldiers are merely citizens of the United States fighting for their country and its Government; shall their patriotism and self-sacrifice disfranchise them? Shall every loyal man who volunteers and marches to battle understand that his going has practically strengthened the friends of the enemy behind him? Suppose that the loyal voters exist, and the disloyal and their friends stay at home and elect a State Government which requires the soldiers to return. Is it not a question whether they have not done more harm than good by going? And do Judge Woodward and his friends suppose that the soldiers do not see and understand it?

A RULE THAT WORKS ONE WAY ONLY.

MR. CALHOUN'S famous dogma of sovereign State rights was adopted and defended with a view to the contingency of disunion. It was an adroit appeal to pride which has proved as strong as Calhoun knew it was. It was the argument of the rebels for secession, and of their Northern allies for letting them go. In the South it declared that the Constitution was a treaty among equal sovereign States, and that any one might withdraw at its option. In the North it asserted that the national Government had no right "to coerce States," and could not prevent its own destruction. In both it did the work it was designed to do—it connived at the helpless ruin of the Government.

But of our pleasant vices the gods make whips to scourge us. State sovereignty was an admirable doctrine for the purpose of destroying the Union; but when it threatens the Confederacy its own friends howl. Since for the gross, it seems, is not always for the gander. North Carolina, according to the State-rights doctors, had a perfect right to withdraw from the Union; but to resume authority from the Confederacy is in their opinion infamy itself. The *Wilmington Journal*, one of the most virulent State-rights papers, says that "the man who would strike down the Confederacy, while at the same time professing extravagant and exclusive devotion for and devotion to North Carolina, deceives, and deceives for a purpose. The thing ought to mark its own reprobation, and this reprobation ought forever to be stamped upon it by public opinion that the hypocritical cant would for very shame's sake—if shame be left with such men as the aforesaid device."

If the word Confederacy be changed to Union there is no more wholesome doctrine than this. But it was just as true before as it is to-day. It plunged into the pit as it is now, and its condemnation is just as applicable to Copperheads at the North now as it always was to secessionists at the South.

COMMON SENSE.

MR. THOMAS BARNES, a member of the British Parliament, lately made a speech in his constituents, in which he said a great many sensible things. One of them is peculiarly applicable to us at the South. He said that in 1862, he had two hundred acres of land in Jamaica and confided it to an agent who believed in freedom for the cultivation of cotton. He paid cash wages, and the first week fifty negroes applied for work, next week fifty more, and then two hundred and thirty. They worked most cheerfully, and as that frequently a hundred applicants were turned away; and in one year they had cleared, fenced, and planted two hundred and ten acres of cotton, of which Mr. Barnes laid samples upon the table before him.

"This," says the London *Spectator*, "is practical sense; but it is odd that such an illustration should be necessary to convince an English audience that a negro, like every body else, works best whenever it is made worth his while. Nobody ever saw an Englishman working until that point had been settled."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

A VERY remarkable sermon was preached on the last Thanksgiving-day in the Episcopal Church of the Holy Trinity in Philadelphia, by the pastor, the Rev. Phillips Brooks, and was immediately requested for publication by more than sixty gentlemen of that congregation. A most substantial and truly conservative sentiment of that city. The sermon is remarkable because Philadelphia is a place which trade and social life have had peculiarly bound to the South; and because the Episcopal Church has been very slow as a body to discuss any social or political question whatever. But in this discourse there is a glowing exaltation of feeling, a fervent plainness of speech, which is a natural and effective tribute to the cause, and a touching illustration of the character of the preacher.

It is a sermon upon the mercies of Reoccupation. Its controlling thought is that the Divine mercies are always "of the character of a reoccupation of some province of mercy which has been inhabited before, but only partially realized and enjoyed." Thus the race begins in Paradise; is not fit for it; falls out, and must struggle back. The child starts with unrealized purity of character, goes astray, and must finally, if he would be happy, become as a little child again. The preacher then pursues his idea into the national blessings of reoccupation: first, that of territory; second, that of the principles and

fundamental truths of the Government. And here, of course, he presently comes to the fundamental principle of human rights, personal liberty. In this discussion Mr. Brooks says:

"Christianity, I believe, will never cease to serve that the Church of Christ was led, and not leading, in the crusade against human slavery in the United States. . . . . I rejoice in this last struggle, whereby it is fighting its way into its dishonest grave, that of old miracles creative, the most feeble of all follies, if it had not been the most inspired of all impieties, which has been dignified so many years with the name of 'The Bible Argument for Slavery'" [Mark, 2, 12. Versions differ] "—I am told you built my fay—some of you will understand it by your own—when in the most conservative of all conservatives the Episcopal Church, the resurrection by a Bishop of this same old so-called Bible Argument for Slavery offered to the laity of this diocese to an utterance which no man can mistake of utter enmity to slavery, and whatever his say thing to do with it."

This is but one of the mercies of reoccupation mentioned by the preacher, who well says that we are not now to thank God for the Sanitary days, since our own are the memorable days of American history. The discourse is an event, as well as a sermon, and merits the meditation of every thoughtful citizen.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*February 3.* A letter from the Secretary of War relative to military orders concerning elections in Border States was referred to Military Committee.

Several memorials, petitions, and resolutions of no general importance were presented and referred.—The Judiciary Committee, having reported that Mr. Hale, in acting as counsel in the case of Vallandigham, had acted as he was discharged from further consideration of the subject.—The Revenue bill was taken up, and an amendment imposing a duty of 60 cents per gallon on all spirits sold or distilled, and imposed for exportation before July 1, was adopted.

—Mr. Wade introduced a bill repealing the acts allowing persons drafted to hire substitutes and to exempt themselves in the United States free of duty.—The bill providing for a uniform rate of postage was passed.—*February 4.* A memorial was presented and referred asking for aid to promote the education of skilled labor in the United States.—Lane reported bill setting apart a portion of Texas for citizens of Kansas.—The President was asked, if consistent with the public interest, to furnish information in regard to the Expedition and Invasion of Florida and why it had been subsequently destined to be.—Resolution passed directing the Secretary of the Interior to sell as a matter of course his books and documents in his custody.—The bill equalizing the pay of soldiers was taken up. Mr. Sumner opposed the retrospective feature of the bill, thought it was in favor of those who had received large bounties, while others received little or nothing. Wilson, Pomeroy, and Lane of Kansas advocated the retrospective character of the bill as a matter of right and justice. Mr. Wilson said there were about 90,000 colored soldiers, mostly enlisted since the last six months. It was stated that the retrospective feature of the bill involves an expense of a million and a half of dollars.—The International Revenue bill came up. Mr. Hendricks made an amendment fixing the duty on distilled spirits at 40 cents. He claimed that so high a tax on spirits would produce nothing in the Treasury and be subject to that section. Mr. Fessenden replied that we should not rely on direct revenue as much as on duties on liquor. Liquor would bear the tax imposed by the Finance Committee as no matter where its cattle are driven to market the tax fall upon the consumer. In England the tax was double that bill, by 70 per cent. The amendment was rejected; and the bill as amended by the Finance Committee was passed.—*February 5.* Mr. Sumner presented petitions from all parts of Africa, Hayti, and Liberia, for the privileges of voting. He said that in the last Congress he had presented a similar petition, which was referred to the Committee of which Mr. John Y. Mason, now a rebel, was chairman, the record that he returned to the Senate was, presenting it, that motion remains upon the records unacted upon.—A petition was presented from citizens of Kentucky praying for compensation for losses occasioned by the late Invasion, and for such a distribution of the Confederate of Kansas, asking for indemnification for losses during the rebellion; and a petition from volunteers who enlisted in the autumn of 1861, asking for the bounty of $25, were presented and referred.—Mr. Sumner introduced a bill repealing all laws for the rendition of fugitives slaves, and another repealing perfect equality before the law in the United States courts, and providing against the exclusion of witnesses on account of color.—He also introduced a series of seven resolutions to the following effect: (1) That the rebellion is an attempt to found a new nation based on the institution of slavery, and is simply slavery in arms. (2) That the rebellion can not be crushed without crushing slavery, and slavery can not be crushed without crushing the rebellion; that forbearance and tolerance to the one is forbearance and tolerance to the other; and that it is therefore our supreme duty to utterly destroy slavery as the belligerent rapine: if this is undone nothing is done, and all our blood and treasure will have been poured out in vain. (3) That in dealing with this war the National Government is not trammeled by any clause of the Constitution of Sovereignty and those of War; in virtue of the rights of Sovereignty the belligerent rights are subject to the National Government, which is bound to guarantee to each State a republican form of government, and to protect it from invasion; and in virtue of the rights of War the rebels are liable to all the conditions of the belligerent which is that of giving "indemnity for the past and security for the future." (4) That in seeking to overthrow slavery of the belligerent States the rebellion must not be allowed the least power of action, and that every power in the Constitution must be rejected which does not fully provide against the overthrow by revival of slavery; and that to attain this the Government should maintain a civil and military government over the rebel region until adequate protection is stamp upon its character of freedom. (5) That it is the duty of Congress to see to it that no State is restored to the Union until safeguards are established for all its persons, including the colored race, and especially that no man there may be made a slave; and that the best system of reconstruction is that which most effectually destroys slavery. (6.) That slavery being the enemy of the human race, it is the constant duty of Congress to "secure the extinction of slavery even in States geographically loyal." (7.) That, in addition to the guarantee stipulated by Congress, the Constitution should be so amended as to prohibit slavery everywhere within the limits of the Republic."—Mr. Anthony introduced a joint resolution repealing the joint resolution to amend the Constitution, passed March 3, 1861. (That resolution, which was drawn by a rebel, and which Buchanan passed the Senate by 24 to 12 on the 24 of March. It is in the following words: "*No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere with any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of said State.*") Mr. Anthony said, in moving the repeal of this resolution, that the repeal would open a new era in the downfall of slavery. If he had been asked a few years ago whether he would have voted to butter down the walls of Sumter or to invade Virginia, he would have answered No. Yet this and more had been done, because it had been made necessary by those who had entered into this unholy rebellion.—Mr. Saulsbury said that when the resolutions and petitions of Mr. Sumner were presented he had moved for their postponement. He moved that the whole batch go together; we had about as much of the negro as we could bear.—Mr. Doolittle introduced a bill authorizing the people of Nevada and Colorado to form Constitutions and State Governments preparatory to admittance on Territories.—The Enlistment bill came up, the special subject of giving freedom to negro recruits and their families being under consideration. Mr. Carlile spoke at length. He did not believe there would be an early cessation of hostilities; the rebels were not, as had been said, on the verge of starvation. The Union could not be restored by the exercise of executive power by the Federal Government. We should not inaugurate a measure which would render death preferable to reunion. We should distinguish between those who were led on in arms and those who were willing and anxious for connection with us. In his legislative capacity he would not interfere with slavery in the States; but as a military commander he would use slaves as he would use any other means employed by the enemy. We must conquer our own prejudices before we could conquer the rebels. The war measure was always an intermediate one. The Union was as desirable for the rebels as for us. He did not believe we have tried the coercive power of the Government; but we have not tried the power of kindness. In all cases falling subjects to the military department, where they properly belong.—*February 6.* Mr. Wilkinson, from a resolution to petition on his desk signed by 100,000 citizens praying Congress to put an end to the cruel and inhuman fits of prosses of African descent. There petitions, he said, were an expression of the popular voice. Mr. Saulsbury objected to the course of Mr. Sumner in presenting those petitions. Mr. Wilkinson, in reply, said that Senators Seward and Crittenden presented petitions asking for the abolition of slavery during the civil war, and no fear was turned to them. If the Crittenden resolutions had been adopted there would have been no civil war. Mr. Hale said they were not passed because the party with which Mr. Saulsbury acted refused to vote for them. Mr. Saulsbury said that every member of that party voted to take them up.—A resolution to print one thousand was proposed by Mr. Clark, several Senators, wrought, and thoughts, refuse to print them and laid on the table. The Crittenden proposition was the most wicked ever presented on earth. It recognized the conduct of 1776 and forbade the abolition of slavery without the consent of Virginia sleveswomen, and of Kentucky and the other Border Slave States. Mr. Powell and Saulsbury defended the memory of Crittenden. Mr. Powell said that he had no desire to aspers the memory of the deceased Senator, for he was personally friendly to him; but he had only criticized his proposition. Mr. Johnson deprecated the attack on the dead. Crittenden was guiltless every moment of delay was dangerous; whatever was the cause of our troubles, he believed that we were prepared to get out of them. The Father of his Country held slaves at the time of the Revolution. Washington would never before the bar of Heaven as the perpetrator of the crime of 1776. Mr. Sumner of the Republican party prevented the passage of the Crittenden Compromise by means of the Chase Bill, which provided for time when a rather Cabinet and President were organized. Mr. Saulsbury said that he was not willing to allow traitors to relieve the country from the crime and treason committed by them.—Mr. Sumner's resolutions were passed.

—The Military Committee reported the House bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General, and the bill was passed making him Commander-in-Chief, and this recommending General Grant to the position.—*February 8.* Sumner introduced a bill forbidding speculation in gold, silver, and foreign exchange; all forfeitures to be paid into the Treasury. Persons on such to be recoverable: referred to Finance Committee.—Mr. Wilkinson, on leave, introduced a bill for Constitution, giving to each State one elector for each million of inhabitants, and one for a fraction of a million over a million. The Electoral College to be divided by ten into six parts, each part to represent one State; the candidate voted for of the six thus chosen to be selected by lot one to be elected, the other five to be considered defeated.—The bill to clarify Committee.—The bill for the enlistment of colored troops was called up, and postponed until Thursday, February 11.

HOUSE.—*February 3.* After unimportant business the Enlistment bill was taken up. Mr. Wadsworth opposed it, and maintaining that this is not a public war. Mr. Conkling replied that the Constitution says in terms that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that we have a right to treat them accordingly as to their property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Committee of the Whole.—*February 4.* Mr. Ashley, of the Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the fifth section of the act of 1862 was lost by a vote of 58 to 58. Amendment making the commutation to $400; thus leaving the section as it stands. Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. On motion of Mr. Harrington, the following was added to the bill: "Provided, that no person who is now in the military service of the United States, and who has been honorably discharged, shall be liable to draft under this act." Mr. Ashley moved to strike out the clause which provides that the President may call out the militia of the States to the number of 300,000. Mr. Wadsworth opposed the motion. He thought that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that we have a right to treat them accordingly as to their property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Committee rose.—*February 5.* Mr. Ashley, of the Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the fifth section of the act of 1862 was lost by a vote of 58 to 58. Amendment making the commutation to $400; thus leaving the section as it stands. 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Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. On motion of Mr. Harrington, the following was added to the bill: "Provided, that no person who is now in the military service of the United States, and who has been honorably discharged, shall be liable to draft under this act." Mr. Ashley moved to strike out the clause which provides that the President may call out the militia of the States to the number of 300,000. Mr. Wadsworth opposed the motion. He thought that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that we have a right to treat them accordingly as to their property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Committee rose.—*February 8.* Mr. Ashley, of the Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the fifth section of the act of 1862 was lost by a vote of 58 to 58. Amendment making the commutation to $400; thus leaving the section as it stands. Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. 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Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. On motion of Mr. Harrington, the following was added to the bill: "Provided, that no person who is now in the military service of the United States, and who has been honorably discharged, shall be liable to draft under this act." Mr. Ashley moved to strike out the clause which provides that the President may call out the militia of the States to the number of 300,000. Mr. Wadsworth opposed the motion. He thought that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that we have a right to treat them accordingly as to their property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Committee rose.—*February 10.* Mr. Ashley, of the Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the fifth section of the act of 1862 was lost by a vote of 58 to 58. Amendment making the commutation to $400; thus leaving the section as it stands. Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. 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Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. On motion of Mr. Harrington, the following was added to the bill: "Provided, that no person who is now in the military service of the United States, and who has been honorably discharged, shall be liable to draft under this act." Mr. Ashley moved to strike out the clause which provides that the President may call out the militia of the States to the number of 300,000. Mr. Wadsworth opposed the motion. He thought that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that we have a right to treat them accordingly as to their property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Committee rose.—*February 12.* Mr. Ashley, of the Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the fifth section of the act of 1862 was lost by a vote of 58 to 58. Amendment making the commutation to $400; thus leaving the section as it stands. Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. 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He thought that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that we have a right to treat them accordingly as to their property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Committee rose.—*February 14.* Mr. Ashley, of the Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the fifth section of the act of 1862 was lost by a vote of 58 to 58. Amendment making the commutation to $400; thus leaving the section as it stands. Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. 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He thought that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that we have a right to treat them accordingly as to their property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Committee rose.—*February 16.* Mr. Ashley, of the Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the fifth section of the act of 1862 was lost by a vote of 58 to 58. Amendment making the commutation to $400; thus leaving the section as it stands. Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. 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He thought that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that we have a right to treat them accordingly as to their property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Committee rose.—*February 18.* Mr. Ashley, of the Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the fifth section of the act of 1862 was lost by a vote of 58 to 58. Amendment making the commutation to $400; thus leaving the section as it stands. Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. 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He thought that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that we have a right to treat them accordingly as to their property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Committee rose.—*March 1.* Mr. Ashley, of the Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the fifth section of the act of 1862 was lost by a vote of 58 to 58. Amendment making the commutation to $400; thus leaving the section as it stands. Mr. Ashley moved to strike out from the bill from the Committee on Military Affairs the words that "all persons who shall hereafter engage in the procuring of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to exempt such person from draft for the time being," and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future calls, &c. Mr. Garfield said that the amendment to man paying this commutation would be exempted for two years, while the bill of 1862 was for but one. Carried. 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He thought that the States in rebellion are still in the Union; and that we have a right to treat them accordingly as to their property on land, except in certain specified cases.—The Committee rose.—*March 3.* Mr. Ashley, of the Committee of the Whole. The amendment repealing the fifth section of the act of 1862 was lost by a vote of 58 to 58. Amendment making the commutation to $400; thus leaving the section as it stands. Mr.

THE GANDERS.

THE P[illegible]—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 122.]

RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN KENTUCKY.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

WE represent, through a sketch from one of our special artists, A SCENE ON BOARD A RAILROAD CAR at the time of the late accident on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, near Lebanon Junction. The principal cause of most of these accidents has been the effect of intensely cold weather on the iron rails which, becoming filled with frost, are made brittle and easily broken. Says our correspondent: "A leading railroad man said to me a short time since, 'You do not see any railroad men on the cars in this weather unless it is absolutely unavoidable.'"

In case of accidents arising from the above cause there is unusual confusion on board. In addition to the chances of being hurled down some steep embankment there is the havoc made in the floor by the torn-up rails breaking through into the car, while the helpless passengers are jostled from one side of the car to the other. No one can realize the position except by actual experience."

THE DEATH OF GUERRILLA BURROUGHS.

A FEW days ago a negro sentinel belonging to Colonel John A. Nelson's regiment shot Burroughs for attempting to escape from the small-pox hospital at Portsmouth, Virginia. We give a sketch representing this interesting incident on this page. Burroughs was captured shortly after Butler assumed command of the Department, was tried, and sentenced to death as a guerrilla; and while awaiting execution was seized with the small-pox and conveyed to the hospital. Colonel Wheldon, upon his convalescence, gave orders for his removal to the jail; but the Lieutenant commissioned to execute these orders brought no warrant, and was refused admission by the sentinel, who was a negro. Burroughs, supposing from the altercation that friends had come to his assistance, tried to escape through the window. On hearing the noise the sentinel opened the door, and seeing the prisoner in the act of passing out fired at him and killed him.

THE NEGRO SENTINEL SHOOTING THE GUERRILLA BURROUGHS.

THE FLAG OF THE UNION.

Ho for the Flag of the Union!
Let it float out free and fair,
For we love it like the sunshine,
And the stars and azure air.
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

From tower, and mast, and belfry,
From the church's sacred spire,
Fling out its starry radiance,
Flag of the waving fire!
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

Ay, brothers, let us love it,
And let every heart be true,
And let every arm be ready,
For we've glorious work to do.
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

Dear Flag, thy radiant glory
A host will cherish,
Ten million hearts are beating
As the heart of one man beats.
Ho for the Flag of the Union,
The stripes and the stars of light!
A million arms shall guard it,
And may God defend the right!

GEN. GRANT CROSSING THE CUMBERLAND.

We give on page 113 an interesting sketch of GRANT'S ADVANCE ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS FROM KNOXVILLE TO LOUISVILLE, a tour involving great hardships, but in a measure necessary, in order to obtain information of the country. The journey was made in the severest days of the winter, and the roads in many places were so covered with ice as to necessitate the dismounting of the entire party. The route lay through Cumberland Gap to Barbourville, where the General arrived on the 7th of January, and thence through London and Lexington, thus leading across two mountain chains. The sketch represents Grant and his immediate party, with a number of orderlies in the rear, passing through the Cumberland Gap, the mountains towering above them on all sides, and presenting a scene of unrivaled picturesqueness.

GEN. GRANT CROSSING THE CUMBERLAND.

[From CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

On the day after Miss Polly-my-Lamb Humpage's little indisposition, that young lady, discovering that her hero required no further examination, repaired to the drawing-room about, nay, pardventure a little before, the noontide hour. Such an odd little face looked out at her from the great mirror! It was like that of a spoiled school-pet, who, having played truant, steals into her place, half penitent, yet exhibitingly convinced of forgone forgiveness. Polly-my-Lamb smiled, and, smiling, looked so pretty, that she pardoned herself on the spot.

Twelve. Miss Humpage had resolved not even to glance by accident at the window till the clock had fairly struck; but she would do *something* to show her interest; and, accordingly, at the second stroke, turned and glided to the window. What did she behold? A broad black velvet back and shoulders, a head, with golden curls, slightly inclining toward the right shoulder, as though studying an object in the lap of a pallet, and the top of a small hat. Mr. Haggerdorn was at work—at work upon a battle-piece! Yes, it was evident, from the fury with which he every now and then returned to the assault, that it was a martial subject, the glory and passion of it mounting, like a blush, visibly across the cheek to the very brow of the canvas. For two full minutes Polly remained rooted to the spot, her pretty lips half opened, and her soft brown eyelovers veiled. Then, recollecting herself, she moved quickly away, still, however, observing—how could she help it? as she idled busily about the room —that the work went eagerly forward, and never ceased, until the clock struck one.

And now, remarked something within Polly's breast, the gentleman will perhaps turn round; but it's rather of the latest, we imagine!

Mr. Haggerdorn doubtless thought so too; for though that gentleman did revolve, and, pretending to draw down the blind, was at especial pains to untie a knot in the cord, he never so much as glanced toward the road, but adjusted the blind to his fancy, and withdrew to dinner.

The next day, and the next, presented the like phenomenon of professional abstraction, and total indifference to neighbors, on the part of the black velvet back; and during that period Polly-my-Lamb passed through such a variety of mental conditions as filled her with astonishment. Surprise, anger, regret, impudence, disappointment, love, assailed the poor little heart in turn—sometimes all together—so that none could tell what might have been the result, had not this conflict of parties ended, as is generally the case in wider revolutions, by the sudden triumph of one. Of course the new fetters galled a little, and Miss Humpage, from the liveliest and sweetest of companions, became silent, cold, inclined to solitude, nay, touching so nearly upon the morose, that poor Miss Scorcold, extremely puzzled, decided upon leaving the matter to cure itself, and passed the greater portion of her time in her own chamber.

Whether the tidings were conveyed to Mrs. Goodall, nurse, in the course of some return "pop-over" on the part of Mrs. Ascroft, or to what other little bird is fine the carriage of this matter, was never clearly ascertained. Certain it is, that it quickly became known at number twenty-seven, with singular circumstantiality, that Mr. Haggerdorn had received a commission from a wealthy Portuguese merchant to execute an important family historical picture.

This, by far the most ambitious of the young artist's attempts, was to be called the Battle at Bridge, and was illustrative of a passage in the life of a beautiful ancestress of Señor Torre-Dias, who had been abducted (voluntarily) from the arms of her family by her lover and a band of chosen cavaliers.

A couple of hundred of the friends of the house assembled with an alacrity not permissible on occasions, pursued the fugitives, and overtook them at a bridge (without a parapet, as in all bridge battles, for greater convenience in flinging over), upon whose slippery surface five noble cavaliers took post to abide the onset. The moment grasped by the painter is that in which the lady of the battle looks for an instant whether to continue her flight, or avert the bloody struggle by returning to her efficacious kiss. No wonder our young enthusiast was enthralled by such a subject! The picture was, moreover, to be completed in nine days, and, as yet, he had not touched the canvas! Ah, which, to do any thing like justice to, must be of surpassing loveliness. There was, no doubt, a difficulty in obtaining a model of sufficient beauty.

Miss Humpage listened with a calm disdain, as Mrs. Goodall, affecting to dust some pet china, detailed by installments the above particulars, but the idea of allotting nine days for the completion of such a work, by such a hand, almost upset her gravity.

Nine days? Nurse must have been mistaken in *that*. It was no matter.

Mrs. Goodall vindicated her memory. Remembered distinctly, 'cause of the poor young man.

How, because of what? It did not signify. Miss Humpage required her smallest scissors.

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the artist had attended it in person, she was prepared to descend with a calm and dignity that literally astonished herself.

On the landing-place Polly was greeted by Mr. Hartshorne and her much-recovered aunt, and together they proceeded to the parlor.

There, on an extemporized easel, stood the wonderful picture, shrouded from view, as yet, in a green cloth, which Mr. Haggerdorn, grasping with a somewhat agitated hand, prepared to twitch off on the young lady's entrance.

He bowed respectfully and murmured some words, to which Polly, not comprehending them very clearly, returned an almost inarticulate reply. She made a slight movement with her hand. Off went the cover.

A mass of things in violent action, trampling chargers, frightened oxen, furious men, crimson dust, blue trees, green heavens, a rushing cataract, a peaked bridge, all these, and somewhat more, though present, were scarcely seen, for Polly's eyes were nailed upon the prominent figure, a noble damsel on a pillion, which looked as if painted by Irish butter, who, pausing in her headlong flight as the shock of arms reached her, reined round her cowslip-colored steed, and, with wild neglect and diluted eyes, seemed to ask counsel of the spectator what upon earth she should do?

And well might Miss Humpage involuntarily open her blue eyes, for not only was the countenance Polly's own, but it was executed with a precision unsurpassable in art! Not the very minute finish of the portrait one whit less extraordinary than the resemblance of feature. In that one little gem of a face genius had been content to vindicate itself: but *that* so thoroughly that all the surrounding extravagance and impossibilities rendered it absolutely forgotten or overborne. Quentin Matsys—Arthur Haggerdorn—other little boys—love's Royal Academy possesses the finest schools of art in the world!

For a few seconds Polly stood gazing as if in a dream; then, awaking, found herself alone. Not quite alone, for the young artist was kneeling at her feet, kissing the little passive hand, exclaiming in a tongue I dare not offer to render in the original Cave Polly managed to interpret (I never could understand), that she was, had been, ever would be, his life, his soul, his treasure, star, angel, and the holder of as many other honorary and incongruous appointments, that it is to be hoped some, at least, were sinecures. Passionately inquired if Polly believed he could have existed in England without one gracious look? Explained that, when Polly ceased to appear at the window, he, in dread of having offended, would never again to court that happiness, until he had prepared a proof (behold it!) that he needed not encouragement to impress her during image forever and forever on his soul!

That the Señor Torre-Diaz, though given to sleep in studios, was awake to every generous impulse, had a pretty taste for art, and was his poor mother's only friend.

That the señora—(caprice itself)—liked the fun of sitting for somebody else's picture beyond every thing, though herself and dress into the most graceful attitudes and bewitching folds, and half crying, like a spoiled child, that English manners forbad the possibility of her being a witness of the surprise Miss Humpage must evince on seeing the finished work.

The rest of Mr. Haggerdorn's observations were couched in the purest dialect of the Low Countries, which I don't speak.

As for Polly, her feelings—so far as they were susceptible of analysis—included a sense of recovering from the concussion of a shower-bath, dancing a sarabind, witnessing a display of fireworks, and stretching over a precipice at the risk of her neck, to catch the accents of an Æolian harp. Taking her situation in the gradual, the young person can only be likened to the commandant of a fortress, who has crammed it with brave defenders, but forgotten his commissariat. The pride and resentment stored up in Polly's heart were altogether disproportioned to the gentler thoughts now crowding back, nay, even peeping out, exurient as ever, from their original cells, as though they had never been cast in! Why, therefore, prolong a history so fabulous? As well surrender frankly: at least so far as to acknowledge the commanding position of the foe. For there was a further consideration.

Polly-my-Lamb did not take away her hand: but she looked down with a sort of grave, sweet pity upon the young suitor; then gently bade him rise and follow her.

He did so mechanically, hardly conscious of what was passing, till he found himself standing in front of the picture of a benevolent-looking old gentleman, in a brown coat and powdered wig, who appeared to smile on both of them.

Polly raised her hand.

"There is my answer," she said, her tears falling. "I have sworn to him, before Heaven, a calm, irrevocable vow. By virtue of that pledge I may never marry until my father's murder is avenged, nor *then*, unless it be the man who avenges it."

"You promise *me*?" asked young Haggerdorn, with startling abruptness. "To be no wife of him who shall track your father's murderers?"

"At least of no one else," replied Polly, firmly but mournfully.

"Ah! promise, promise! All, zen, shall be most well!"

"Well?"

"Smile not, dear young dames. There is power, I in my withmost spirit believe, to do six things. Love can—very thing contrive. Shall he not take on prisoner? I love you. Good. I am painter. Again, I love you. Good. I am avenger. Now, promise!"

Polly looked at him in amazement.

"Yes!" said she, incredulously: yet gradually inclining, as she gazed on those bright, animated features, to partake his enthusiasm. "Alas! Mr. Haggerdorn, what can you have learned of the haunts and hiding-places of crime? How can you, young, strange, inexperienced almost as myself, hope for success, where men, bold and cunning, trained to the work of detection, have owned themselves defeated? How—"

"Only *promise*," reiterated the young man. (She hesitated.) "Not to *me*—not to Arther Haggerdorn; but to him, young—old, all little, or poor, who shall fulfill his doleful desire. For the love of Heaven, promise."

Polly surrendered at discretion.

"I do promise," said she. Then, with a pitiful certainty of the disappointment he was incurring, when his excitement should have subsided, she added, "Reflect, however, for one moment, Mr. Haggerdorn. You have no clew, not even a suspicion to guide your efforts. This is building on air."

"You have promised. Zat is no more but success!" was the confident rejoinder. "Ze *single* traite—he found a clew."

"Ay, here it is," said Polly, taking from a cabinet the mysterious muff-like which Sir James Pollhill, at her request, had committed to her custody. "And what has this told us? It is more than doubtful if the person suspected to have been its owner had any share in my father's murder, and if he had, the wretch has escaped us, and left the country."

"Whither, think they, he has fled?"

"To France—to Holland—to America—who knows? There is safe refuge on either shore for the miscreants."

"To Holland? I, too, thither go. Something points me that way. Remember only your gracious promise, dear lady, and all is done. Trust to me all box—it shall be my care. Ze picture complete, I will restore it, and with it I will bring you my own self the murderer—I swear it. I *know* it. You have promised."

Polly mechanically placed it in his hand.

"I have promised."

"It is enough: I ask not more. Farewell—farewell!"

As he stooped to kiss her hand, Mr. Hartshorne and Miss Humpage entered them, so quietly as they had withdrawn. There was a singular expression on the latter's face, and even Mr. Hartshorne lacked something of his usual composure. The explanation—a fact he, however, tried to cover with an embarrassed laugh.

"Your coachman's sleeping powers are exhausted, Arthur," he said. "He has driven off!"

"He has driven off!" said Arthur, and, however evincing any remarkable consternation.

"Baggage and all. Don't be alarmed. He will return in the afternoon, in time to carry you to the extra post-coach, which, as we have learned, will go to Harwich to-night, with government property and passengers. I have secured a place for you," added the little doctor, hesitating, "if Miss Humpage will pardon."

As he drew Arthur aside, Miss Sercold sidled up to her friend, and, taking her hand, pressed it with a significance of congratulation with which Polly, though perplexed, could have dispensed.

"Darling, I am so happy!" murmured the elder lady.

Polly intimated her satisfaction, trying, nevertheless, to look as though she accepted it rather as a pleasing fact in their domestic history than as implying any new phase in her own.

"So very—very blest!" continued Miss Sercold. "Such a sudden wave of joy!"

"Bless! Wave! Joy, Polly. "My dear aunt —I—"

"Can not realize the pleasing pain!" said her friend, sentimentally. "No more can I. That he should have snatched the first moment—"

"The last—" suggested Polly.

"When we had not set eyes on each other these five weeks, to ask me to be his."

"Whose, aunt?"

"Hartshorne's—John's, my love. To whom *was* I referring, do you imagine?" asked her friend, softly.

Polly looked at her—she was not jesting. It was clearly no delusion now. Miss Humpage returned in the presence of her friend's hand with what gravity she might.

"But how, dear aunt," inquired the curious young lady, "could you have never confessed to him his wooing? Surely *to-day* was not the first—"

"We have corresponded, dear," replied Miss Sercold, with a blush, "and I have—I have—there, with pulsatilla, and ended in—in—*this*. John would like to have called, of course: but he is the most thoughtful, the most considerate of men. He felt, I sense means, that you were not in good spirits, and feared that the sight of others' happiness might only increase your melancholy. Now, darling—I was in trouble, you know—and—he spoke."

"Oh!" said Polly.

Mr. Hartshorne, who had only prolonged his confidences with Arthur until his betrothed had communicated *her* secret, now approached Miss Humpage, and paid his compliments with an ease that, under the circumstances, did him great credit, after which he took his leave. Arthur followed him, though less self-possessed, was sensible that he too should take his leave.

Not another word, and but one more look, followed between the pair. That sufficed. On the one side it ratified the promise; on the other, reiterated the assurance of success. Four or five hours later the sleepy coachman returned, and without being permitted the briefest interval of repose, transported Mr. Haggerdorn to the yard of the Merry Privateer, Tower Links, whence the extra post-coach was to depart for Harwich.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nor yet was the business of that eventful day complete.

Polly-my-Lamb sat before the picture of her father in deep meditation, not unmingled with self-reproach, as she remembered how freely, of late, hopes purely selfish had been permitted to entwine themselves with the great end and purpose of her life. Strive as she might, however, she could not new discounect them, nor could she conceal from herself that the failure of each attempt to do so was not a source of pain! But then, this youth—who was he? Under what pretext could one in his position become the claimant of her hand, unless as the fulfiller of the object she had in view? Good. It was in this character alone that she had given him her promise. Of course he understood *that*? Not for any personal interest she could have supposed to take in him. Miss Humpage applauded her own excellent wisdom, foresight, and hard-heartedness, in which last she felt herself distinctly outstripped. She had promised her hand and wealth to him who should trace her father's murderer. To such a man alone—

Polly had exactly reached this satisfactory conclusion, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Stephen, who announced Sir James Pollhill, and, without further ceremony, ushered in that excellent magistrate. He was attended by Mr. Armour, still cabin confidential, who comported himself with more real humility than on former occasions.

"Are you prepared, my dear young lady," said Sir James, bowing Polly's head with a meaning smile, "for tidings of considerable importance?"

Polly colored and looked at Armour.

"Not to keep you in suspense, my dear," resumed Sir James, "you must know that we have obtained the most satisfactory testimony of the return to this country of the persons supposed to be implicated in the—the affair of your poor father. Even the most distant relations, cousins and cousins' cousins, to the remotest degree, and many of them able cottagers of moderate times we committed, two nights since, on the Harwich Road, within a few miles—Mr. Lamb, I believe?"

Polly had uttered an unconscious exclamation.

"Go on, Sir, I beg," faltered the young lady.

"The parties in question were traced to their haunt, and by this time to-morrow (we have to concert measures with an officious country justice, who has a fiance by the name of Lamb, in the extract of your) Lord Lob will be in our hands. Eh, Armour?"

"If he is not, Sir James, may I never take their trail! I'll be answerable for the consequences!"

"Enough. I thought, my dear," continued the magistrate, turning to Polly, "that you would be glad to learn the matter placed beyond all doubt. And now, Armour, you can return to the office. I will be with you in an hour, or less."

The officer withdrew. It did not, however, appear that the excellent magistrate had any thing especial to say. Nor had he. This was merely one of those little methods to which he occasionally had recourse, by way of checking the vanity of his subordinates, and reminding that individual that, after or as he was, there were depths of consultation into which not even *he*—at least as a matter of course—was admitted. Sir James, therefore, remained seated on, without much significance, till, receiving no reply, he looked steadily at his companion, and saw that she was in deep and agitated. His entrance brought matters to a crisis. The poor little girl, overcome with mingled emotions, burst into a violent flood of tears.

The good magistrate, somewhat alarmed, and not a little puzzled, quickly discovered, however, that these were tears of a healthful character. With his mind, irrespective of the agitating feelings conjured up by the information he had brought, and touched by the sight of those beautiful eyes suffused, they fell with so much tact and gentleness, to probe the wound, that he ended by winning her confidence and the full acquiescence of the secret of Polly's vow.

Let it be owned that Polly-my-Lamb was, in her heart, not a little astonished at the collected—not to say indifferent—manner in which Sir James received the communication. His legal friend, who had heard against a smile, and, to say truth, with difficulty overcame it, as the good gentleman pictured to himself the successful, accomplished issue of the fettered tyrant of the highways, presenting himself at the footstool of the heiress, and claiming the promised reward of his services and talents.

Aware, however, of the serious light in which Polly was prepared to view the matter, he contented himself with giving her the important hint of Mr. Armour's coveting any other reward than such as his cognizance (and the Government) might bestow. To this, he added, somewhat hesitatingly, the probable fulfillment of this rather unadvised pledge it should be needful to inform the officer of the extraordinary circumstances which led to it. Sir James, on his reach, he, Sir James, would venture to affirm, on the part of both had respectful ears, that he would prefer accepting a reasonable composition in money to aspiring to a station for which he was, by his habits, his education, alike unfitted.

With this prompt analysis of the excellent Armour poor Polly was fain to be content. The glowing face of the young lady, which had been the cause of her future, but at least it would never be replaced by the cool, supercilious visage of this Bow Street runner. "This?" Such was not the case, and she would have applied some few months since to one who seemed the appointed instrument of vengeance. Poor Polly! Her mind could not stir without a pang!

Sir James walked back to his office, absolutely chuckling with delight at the success of his ruse, but with a keen sense of the ridiculous; and by the time he arrived in Bow Street the joke, as it always does, had undergone such colored modifications that he found it impossible to refrain from confiding it to the party most interested, certain that the young gentleman's wits would be equal, though more subdued and respectful relish.

Much to his surprise, Mr. Armour heard the story cut with a dry, unmoved face, and without any comment, and, almost before Sir James had well concluded, the magisterial mind became sensible of a painful suspicion that not only was Mr. Henry Armour a vain, but also an ambitious man; that, in fact, in his view, the gigantic jest had diminished to a pigmy. Briefly (in the plain English in which undoubtedly Mr. Armour had the case hastily before himself), that he had as good a right to the lady's hand as any other fellow, so that he fulfilled the conditions required. The officer, however, did not deem it advisable to give utterance to his feelings at the moment, while Sir James, on his side, was too anxiously intent upon bringing the coming enterprise to a successful issue to enter into any discussion that might have the effect of damping his lieutenant's zeal. So let the morrow care for itself.

They plunged at once into the preparatory arrangements. In that occupation we leave them.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EITHER ONE LATE HOURS.—"He was as wild as he was good-natured, and had only to be asked for every thing and able to exhaust them all in one night, he was forcibly driven to remark upon the next morning to explain his property to get through them."—*Extract from an Unpublished Irish Novel.*

A SCORCH CONVINCED.—Why is Earl Johnny not to be blamed for stopping the runs?—Because the little *laird* did it in *Mersey*. (Its concise!)

Humor is the essence of true wit, that is, of sterling wit. Wit, in its purest form, is a flash of thought, and, like a flash of lightning, it is quick, brilliant, and startling. Humor is the more worldly element, which, while it partakes of the nature of wit, is more practical, more diffused, and more generally available.

A LONG DRAWN OUT AFFAIR.—Mr. Lincoln's reasoning with Fernando Wood.

A BOOK DRESSED OUT.—Bound in calf.

A BOOK DRESSED OUT.—Bound in calf.

A LOVE OF A BONNET.—Cupid.

A LOVE OF A BONNET.—Cupid.

A LOVE OF A BONNET.—Cupid

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A MILITARY BALL.

ON ARMY of the Potomac, taking advantage of the cessation of hostilities during the winter, indulges now and then in a festive entertainment. The presence of soldiers' wives with their husbands in camp gives, of course, the crowning charm to these gatherings. We present our readers this week, on page 116, a sketch of a ball lately given by the Third Army Corps. The upper compartment of the picture will give our readers some idea of the difficulties which failed to prevent the arrival of visitors. Below this is the dancing-hall, made up of tents, and decorated with flags and evergreens. Another portion of the sketch gives a view of the supper-room. While the fortunate soldiers who have engagements at supper with their ladies, those not so successful are engaged in what is called the "gander" dance, which our artist has faithfully represented on the same page.

This ball was quite a success; a score of Generals attended; and it was altogether an event to break up the monotony of every-day flourishes in camp. It was the first opportunity that gave the ladies staying with their husbands in camp a chance to come together.

BECKY VANE'S VALENTINE.

THE rain was pattering with steady, sighing monotone against the little square window of the long wooden building—a window from which the only prospect, a range of far-off hills veiled in heavy mist, was dreary enough. Nor was it strange that Allan Revere, thinking of the orange-groves and jasmine-scented air his own bright land, should find the groaning sigh upon his pillow, and closed his burning eyes.

"This pain is perfectly intolerable!" he muttered, with momentary irritation; for Allan Revere, who would have thrown himself upon the bristling bayonets of a regiment of soldiers without flinching, and had fought like a tiger even while the scarlet blood ebbed from his life's fountains until insensibility came to his relief, was a very child in hospital, like many another brave soldier. "It throbs and burns with every breath I draw: the bandages are heated before long. Why does not some one come to bind on fresh ones?"

"Can't say, I'm sure, Sir," said the little surgeon in the next bed, who had been whiling away the tedious hours with quavering snatches of song: "*My leg* feels as though it were on fire."

"Oh no, it doesn't," said the spectacled surgeon, who had entered from the next ward just in time to catch the last words. "All your fancy, my man! And how are you getting along, my Confederate friend?"

"I'm getting very cross, Doctor, if that will do you any good," said Allan, sharply.

"Hum-m-m!" commented the surgeon, gravely, feeling the young man's pulse: "considerable fever—inflammation running very high—"

"It'll run away with me altogether before a great while, Allan Revere. "Well, Doctor, I have lain here four hours, and not a soul has been near me to change the bandages or bathe the wounds! If you intend to kill me I wish you'd do it at once, and not keep me lingering here!"

"Well, there *has* been rather a lack of nurses latterly," said Dr. Gower, skillfully unbandaging the fevered wrappings; "but I'm expecting a Vermont lady here to-night—"

"A Yankee nurse!" said Allan Revere, with an indescribable curve of his mustache.

"Yes; just that," said the Doctor, rather shortly: "she was a Massachusetts man himself, and nothing but the chivalric sense of delicacy which pertains to every true gentleman restrained him from a cutting retort.

"Will she wear sowhide shoes and talk through her nose, Doctor?" persisted the invalid, maliciously.

"Really I don't know. Will you have the kindness to turn a little more on your left side?"

"There; will that do? Don't bring her into this ward, Doctor, please; I feel a presentiment that a Yankee nurse at all that is needed to finish me."

"Aren't you a little cross to-night, Mr. Revere?" asked the surgeon, smiling. "Now lie still and be a good boy, while I attend to Charley Bryan's leg."

Allan Revere mentally made up his mind to interrupt the Doctor on his returning way and "spread it out" with him; but the cool lotions and quieting draughts, added to the weak languor of his frame, proved too much for any belligerent intentions, and he drifted away into a quiet sleep, that carried him back to Floridan everglades and sunbathed swamps, while the chill rain dripped in ceaseless tune on the wooden roof over his head, and the wind moaned around the lonely hospital like a homeless spirit.

It was nearly midnight when he woke, with a convulsive start, and a strange fancy that every vein in his wounded arm was filled with molten fire.

"Water—ice—water!" he cried; "my arm is burning up! Help, some one, for mercy's sake! don't let me die here like a dog!"

There was a slight rustle through the fire-lit darkness; a shaded lamp glowed along the aisle, and he saw the hazel shine of a woman's pitying eyes beaming down on his face.

"You are the wounded Floridian," said a soft voice. "Dr. Gower told me about you. Stay—I see—that the water is; your bandages have become incensed."

Light and cool as a falling snow-flake her qu'k hands wet the cloths in healing lotions, and replaced their folds.

"Now, the other one!" pleaded Revere.

"Not now. Dr. Gower says it will injure it to be opened again at present."

"But it burns like a live coal!"

"I am sorry; but it will be better soon."

"You will not bathe it?" said the young man, contracting his brows.

"No."

"Then I shall do it myself!" he asserted, raising himself on one elbow.

"Lie down again; you *must* not."

"Must not!"

Allan Revere looked defiantly at the melting hazel eyes and the little firm mouth. The next minute she had passed her arm lightly under his shoulder and laid him back, like a helpless child, on the pillow. He flushed and frowned, but could not help smiling.

"How strong you are, little woman!"

"Now will you lie still?" she asked, gravely regarding him.

"I suppose I shall have to," he returned, ungraciously.

And this was Allan Revere's first experience of the Yankee nurse.

"What are you thinking about, Miss Vane?"

What was she thinking about? That would have been rather a hard question to answer to the dark-eyed young Confederate; for, sitting in the dreary hospital ward, with all her fretful patients asleep, and tended, and coaxed into momentary quiet, she was back among the box-borders and snow-fringed cedars of the farm-house garden at home, the sunset burning redly over the rocks, and the little brook slipping noisily across mossy ledges and greenish-smooth masses of stone past the very door-yard.

"I am not quite sure, Mr. Revere; I believe I was thinking about going home."

"Then you are going?"

"Next week."

Allan Revere was sitting up in a cushioned chair, having obtained the privileges of convalescence, but he was very pale still.

"And I believe," went on Becky Vane, who was the very soul of candor, "that I was also thinking of this being St. Valentine's Eve."

"One of your Yankee saints?"

"Mr. Revere!"

"Pardon me, Miss Vane; I know I'm a petulant brute. But go on; I was thinking of St. Valentine."

"As if you didn't know! I was only remembering how the country boys and girls observe the day up in those great New Hampshire snows where odd inn novations are unknown."

"Tell me about it," said Allan. "I am interested in their legends of the unknown North."

"Well," said Becky, stitching away calmly at her work, "just to prove that chivalry is not necessarily a growth of southern soil, St. Dorothy you, Mr. Revere, with the recital of how our youthful swains think nothing of watching all night long for the first glimpse at their window, so that her first glance may fall on their faces in the light of St. Valentine's dawn, thereby entitling them to the privilege of being her Valentines all the year."

And I suppose a Valentine sometimes turns into a husband?"

"Often."

Becky Vane rose as she spoke, and went across the room to bathe the forehead of a poor teamster, all whose glorious calf had cracked her ear.

"Confound the fellow!" muttered Revere; "I wish his head was in Orcino!"

Yes we Mr. Allan Revere had forgotten the days when Becky's soft fingers cooled the pain beneath *his* fetty curls. So selfish are we all; and yet Allan had a noble heart after all.

The stars of the chill February night hung like golden shields over the red glow that announced the near neighborhood of Washington. Vane, wrapped in a gray shawl that made her look like a little nun, came out of her tiny cabin to begin the day's labors in them. blankets and bandages and wards. For poor Charley Bryan had floated down the turbid currents of the river Death with the turn of the night, and Becky knew that she must make his shroud by noon! Do not shrink, reader; these are but the veritable records of hospital life! She had seen death in many shapes since that long winter, and ceased to fear his ghastly accessories—his sable pall.

As she crossed the threshold a tall figure with the auroral glow of sunrise on its pallid features met her glance. She started, with a stifled cry.

"Miss Vane!"

"Mr. Revere!"

"I knew you the need, have I not, Miss Vane? I may be your Valentine?"

He could see her cheek blaze scarlet in the dim light—he could feel the little hand striving to escape from his hold.

"I do not know what you mean, Mr. Revere!"

"Becky Vane, you know the *love* of him!"—you *must* know how dearly I love you! Becky, my dear little Valentine, will you promise to be my wife some day? I shall never have necessary you were to my existence until you spoke of going away —and, Becky, I shall go with you."

"But, Mr. Revere—"

"Allan, if you please."

"Allan, then—I am a Yankee girl."

"Darling, I know. I have given my parole until the end of the war; shall I parole myself to you until my life's end?"

"I can trust you, Allan," she whispered.

"Then I may go home with you?"

"Why, I suppose you will as I am not help it!" she answered, with edifying demureness.

"But give me one loving word, Becky, before you go."

"Indeed I shall not, Mr. Revere. Go back to your ward; the idea of a wounded man standing out in this cold, raw air! What would Dr. Gower say?"

"I don't care a fig for Dr. Gower."

"But for my sake, Allan."

He bent over her hand a second, leaving the ferrent touch of his lips on the velvet fingers, and went in like a docile child.

And Becky Vane, with dewy hazel eyes and cheeks that burned like rubies, slipped away to work on poor Charley Bryan's shroud, and Love and Death went side by side, as they have done many a time before.

"Why, yes," said Dr. Gower, "I'll make out your discharge any day; there's no objection now that you are going so well. So you are going North, eh? By-the-way, Mr. Revere, what do you think of Yankee nurses now?"

"What do they think of *me*? is the most important question I should think, Doctor," laughed the Floridian. "But from this day beneforward I shall believe in genuine saints!"

"Indeed! and who may yours be?"

"St. Valentine."

IN THE "LIBEY."

I COULD never think of Jem as dead, though I certainly had no definite grounds for my belief to stand on—in the very tenth, too, of the formidable fact that all effort to find him—and many and strenuous ones had been made—had thus far proved futile. He had enlisted as a private—Jem had always a dash of romance about him—and had marched nothing to distinguish him and Jem Delacroix, sangled heap at Gettysburg; and yet I could never fancy his poor body lying under that mournful slab raised for "the unknown," though bankrupt of reasons for my conviction.

So when I found myself at Richmond, with that ominous ignorance of the soul for winnowing out the few grains of good *perdus* in a whole harvest of evil, my heart gave a quick upward bound at the thought, "Perhaps I shall find Jem here"—Jem was my younger brother, and my pet from petticoats up—otherwise the outlook wasn't too bright.

The whole thing had a dash on our Northern, which was in about-as good fighting condition as the general run of hospitals, took fifty of our boys at a time, and I was one of them on our first day. Simms I think, with his leg just off, and their surgeons; probably by way of padding for an article in the *Examiner*—I have no other reason, as we were all non-combatants, and they had already mouths enough to feed—and there we were, huddled together in the main building Delacroix, a cool, resolute fellow, Robert Allan, and myself, with the surgeons lying all about, some groaning and ghastly with pain, and the most unrelieved sun beating down upon us, scorching out our very lives as we stood there in the entrance room. Probably some red tape was to be unwound somewhere—but at last they brought carts into which they huddled the sick and wounded, and started off, jolting and jostling them as they drove recklessly over the rough pavement very much after the manner of a farmer with a load of pigs.

Allan said something about it and was immediately overhauled by the Chief of Police, the Provost Marshal, and Heaven knows what all, and then we were relieved by the Richmond authorities of whatever money we were so unfortunate as to have about us, and marched off to the entrance of the "Libey," or to Libey Prison. Then I began to look out for Jem and got my first sup of disappointment. They had placed us with the officers' room. And Jem was not a private, and might be one of the hundred and fifty tramping aimlessly over our heads, or in some of the rooms under us. But I knew other prisons, and either case he might almost as well have been in Soudan for all hope of meeting him; or, and it was my hope in that first day in the hospitals, where it was possible that we should be allowed to do service. Delacroix suggested that.

The Libey was a queer prison, was in the third story and crowded, for there were already some two hundred officers confined there. The air was stifling, packed with so many human beings, the heat intolerant in pitilessly at the broken unshaded windows, added to which, at that moment, were the fumes of the new lime-wash with which the cooking of the rations. Ah! if the tender, white-handed mothers and wives, if the gay girls dancing in Northern drawing-rooms could have looked in this inane, loveless, uncoiled room, with unglazed panes at best, and frequently only bits of canvas and strips of boards nailed over the openings, unplastered walls, unsweet thing belonging to common decency or comfort, filthy beyond description, the floors grown half-terrible to them, and, through the sweet delicious waits-music, would sound out something like a wail! But there was no wailing or sense of pain detailed for cooking and scrubbing service, and in due course of time I had my turn at both, and fell into it, I think, as naturally as I could have fallen out over my secret wonder at Delacroix when similarly employed, he was so precisely the man that it was impossible to imagine such proficiency in anyone.

I had always an undefined notion that the laws of nature contained a special clause for his benefit, and that he could never avail ever dare face him, much less offer him its horns.

As for poor Allan he succumbed at once, and went about in a dazed way indeed, though I question of more calibre might be pardoned for being a little down on their luck. There were put up bare wooden bunks for about half of us; the rest must sleep on the floor: pillows and mattresses there were none—a blanket you might have if you were fortunate enough to have brought one with you, otherwise none. The rations were scanty; but water, the muddy, unwashed water of the James River, was even more grudgingly doled out. I thought of the old border-riders vowing candles as long as their sabres, and Mr. Mary when in a scrape. I would have given one as long as the Bunker Hill monument to St. Croton could he have interfered in our behalf. Not specially brute this, but still I maintain worth the chronicling; for to keep up good heart and firm courage, as the majority of our men did, and, indeed, unwearied, half-starved, as we soon were, and treated like dogs through long monotonous days of a dreary and cheerless captivity, needs more pluck—enduring pluck of the kind that will bear a strain on it, than ever was required for a forlorn hope.

Meanwhile the days crawled on—dragged is too fast a word for prison time—and constantly I was on the sharp look-out for Jem. As Delacroix had said, we soon obtained access to the hospitals for Union soldiers, visiting them daily. They were three in number, and from the first hour of our entrance I should have thought complaint a blasphemy. They used to bring there the poor wretches from the tobacco factories and Belle Isle, worn almost to skeletons, sometimes with the skin literally dried on the bone, moving masses of filth and rags, snatching at any article of food as they passed, groveling and struggling weakly for it like dogs, many of them actually in the agonies of death, taken there that they might be said to have died in hospital. In one day the ambulance brought us eighteen, and eleven out of them died; in fact, the new Belle Isle ward, with its numerous cots, was half little medicine to give them, and no food but a heaps of disease—tainted bread and sweet potatoes; and this for men down with dysentery and typhoid pneumonia. These, too, were men in the last stages of disease: hundreds more, fit subjects for hospital treatment, were left on the island and in the prisons for lack of hospital accommodation. In the three Union hospitals the average of deaths was forty a day. We lived in an atmosphere of death; corpses were on every side of us. We did what we could; but after all it was little more than standing with our hands fast bound to witness sufferings that we could not alleviate. I had done looking for Jem. I hoped now that he was dead. Better that his handsome head lay low among a heap of unknown slain than to have been tortured all these months in a Richmond prison.

Our own condition was not improving. The weather was growing colder, and the wind whistled most unpleasantly through our broken windows. Stoves were put up, but no fuel was given to burn in them; and sleeping on bare planks, without mattress or covering, was getting to be a problem. There was a falling off also in the matter of rations —corn-bread and three ounces of pork were our daily allowance; added to this, daily brutality and insolence on the part of the under-keepers, dead silence from home, and the hopeless winter setting in; but the edge of all this was blunted for me by the hospital horrors. My very sleep was dreadful with its huge graves and piles of dead, calling on those who, thank God! will never know how they died.

One morning the ambulance had brought a load of fourteen from the island, and when I came to the hospital, a little later than usual, I found Delacroix standing by the side of one of them—a young man, judging from the skeleton-like but still powerful frame—an old one, from the pinched and ghastly face—a dying one, at all events. Used as we were to horrors, I saw that Delacroix was laboring under some unusual emotion. He was white to the very lips. I understood why when he muttered in my ear the word "Starving!" Low as it was uttered, the dying man heard it, and said,

"Yes," he said, feebly, "it is quite useless, gentlemen—no," turning from the bread that Delacroix offered; "I loathe it now. For days and days I have been mad for it. I have had murder in my heart. I thought if one died the rest might have a better chance; but I am powerless in the wind."

He stopped, seemingly from exhaustion, and lay a few moments silent; then the pitiful voice commenced again.

"We were very brave for a while; we thought help was coming. We never dreamed they could go on at home eating, lying and dancing merrily while we were dying by inches. I think if my brother knew— If ever you get back I charge you, General Grant, and Robert Lee, and Secretary of the —Maine. Tell him that his brother Jem starved to death in Belle Isle, and that thousands more are— Ah! just Heaven! the pain again! I—I—Christ! help me! have—"

The words died away in inarticulate ravings. He threw up his arms wildly over his head; his whole frame racked with the most awful throes. And I knew that he never so wanted, so horribly transformed, that I had not known him. His glazing eyes had not recognized me. His few remaining hairs were matted long, raving curls. I never knew that his brother was by his side. I died over and over again, standing there in my utter helplessness. I think I never so thanked God for him his meaning fell away into the merciful silence of death.

Delacroix, who had remained with me, vented his grief and wrath in the bitterest curses I had ever heard. My grief was so vast that I could not then fully comprehend it. There were in store for me days of future horror, and a constant recrimbrance of his agony, of maddening thought of that most awful and protracted torture, cold, hunger, disease, and, finally, all at once—a sense of relief in silence till they had taken him away, with the nine others dead out of the fourteen brought there in the morning, and then were dismissed back with Delacroix. It was after sundown, but the first sight that saluted us in the prison was a row of pails and brushes, and the keen-eyed dashing the officers for the duty of scrubbing. At that Delacroix burst out, angrily,

"Do you think we did you think we are going to sleep on these floors after they are scrubbed, and sleeping on them for days? Is your Government trying to kill us with sleeplessness, since it can't starve us out? Already we have walked all one night this week, because lying down was impossible."

The keeper turned, with an ugly grin on his brutal face:

"Since you are so delicate you can stay the dungeons for a day or two. You won't be troubled with scrubbing there; and you will find the company that is fit for a Yankee—in the vermin."

So Delacroix was marched off to the dungeons, as poor Davies had been the week before, though scarcely over the typhoid fever—as Major White and Colonel Straight have since been, and many another hapless officer, for a trivial offense or none at all. They kept him there three days in that noisome hole. He came out looking a little pale, but plucky as ever. The spite of a brutal man is a hound that never tires. The keeper watched his opportunity, swore that he saw Delacroix looking

out at window (this high offense was punishable with death), and put him down again—for four days, this time. Then we got another turn of the hand-screw. We were no longer allowed to attend the hospitals. Delacroix's eyes flashed.

"There goes the last obstacle to escape. While I thought I could be of use to our poor fellows here I would not go; but now—I have had plenty of time to think down there, and I have thought to purpose. I have a plan. If you like you can try it with me; if not, I go alone."

To know how sounded that word "escape" one must first have realized a prison. The walls are enormous, and failure meant the damp dungeons of the Libey, of which Delacroix gave so glowing description. The plan, however, was feasible. By agreement each managed to secure a sleeping-place near the door, and when all was quiet and little on, shoes slung around our necks, to the upper story, where was a sky-light, through which we were soon out on the roof, and in present possession of our freedom, though it was to be regretted that it was so many stories high. We went straight to the end of our roof, Delacroix, in his walks, having noted that the second building above us was empty; but the adjoining house, unfortunately, was a two-story building, so that we were forced to descend by help of the lightning-rod, which Delacroix did well enough, going down hand over hand with the ease of a cat; while I, less agile, met with one or two slips, and came down with a final thump, which should have startled the guards below, but did not, luckily for us. Then we found ourselves on a level with the third-story window of the next house—the empty one.

"But how if it shouldn't be empty?" I whispered.

"It is empty," returned Delacroix, energetically, leaning across the little chasm of division to open the sash. "Now, will you go first?"

In I went—bare floor—empty rooms—open doors—that looked unbolted, at any rate. Delacroix followed; and then we began to make our way down in the Egyptian darkness, getting several stumbles, and nearly breaking our necks on the last flight of stairs—a most villainous one. The lower door was bolted, but, being on the inside, it proved no such mighty matter to open it. Then there was a cold, damp rush of air, and we dimly made out that we were in a small back yard, with locked by tall buildings, showing ghost-like against the sky. The gate was locked, and we did not stop to pry it open, but took the fence in gallant style, and away! Scarce any one was stirring, and walking leisurely through the dark and quiet streets, by morning light we were well out of Richmond; and now commenced the real perils of our journey; first the frightening light, which urged us to all possible speed in finding a cover. Delacroix had a pocket-compass, and by it we struck a northeasterly course, going on bravely till presently we came plump on—peril number two. "Down!" whispered Delacroix, dropping on hands and knees in the grass. I followed his example in all haste, and so we crawled our way some hundred yards onward. Suddenly Delacroix clutched my wrist. Something was shrieking in the air—a shell, with regular sound, caught all the more readily from our nearness to the ground, and with it a curious, faint hushs, growing nearer, sounding out loudly over on the raw air. Both exclaimed, at the same instant, "Cavalry, by George!" It was an even chance whether they would ride us down or miss us; but there was nothing left save to crouch lower in the grass, and crouch we did. Doubtless some recent saint at home was praying for us, for the chance proved in our favor. On they came, at an easy gallop, spurs and sabres jingling, and chatting carelessly; passed us, little dreaming who were their neighbors for that moment; died away into silence the echo of hoofs and tinkle of spurs. But now daylight was a very positive affair indeed, for further travel too dangerous, and even Delacroix admitted, with a groan, that remaining where we were was our only safety.

"Remaining where we were" sounds like ease and rest—a very pleasant phrase, in fact, conveying a notion of repose; but it was a marvelously hard thing to do. There was the probability of discovery; then, peril of peril, we were in a very positive state of sleepiness, and dropping off continually, to wake up in a panic, fancying that our foes were upon us. We were chilled to the heart, what with night-dews, and raw air, the dampness of the earth, and the enervation of our imprisonment; and as the day grew on we grew ravenous as to hunger. Surely night was never before half so welcome, though words have not in them an expression of the difficulties of our way. The sacred soil reach to our tired feet as if it had been in the Secession interest, and were all the briers sworn rebels they could not have caught and torn us more pertinaciously. Once we blundered into a morass. "Courage, quoth Delacroix, "the Libey dungeons are worse." Twenty times over I should have lain down in a silken degnar, had it not been for his undaunted courage, pushing on spite of every thing, himself included.

Daybreak found us in the "open," quite out of reach of cover. A little ahead the road turned sharply, cutting off our view, but both heard a sound of singing, to which quick steps sounding out in the frosty air became time, and the singing and tramping grew every moment plainer. It was coming toward us. Delacroix laid a hand on his pistols, but I had already caught the words,

"Berry early in de mornin', when de Lor' pass by,

When de Lor' pass by, and invite me to come,"

chanted to one of the barbaric refrains, so often heard on the plantations, and stayed his hand. The next moment the singer came in sight—a negro, as I had thought. He would have passed us without seeming notice, but Delacroix stopped him, saying, briefly,

"We are Union officers, runaways from Richmond; weary, starving, and in want of a hiding-place. Will you help us?"

A sudden gleam lighted up the man's dark face.

"Sartain, mas'r. De Linkum men fight for dem nigga—nigga help when he kin. Dis chile hide mas'r safe as of he be in Washington."

"And if he betrays us—"

"I'll blow his brains out," returned Delacroix, promptly.

"Small consolation that."

"It is our only chance, at any rate, and besides the sky won't fall. He is honest."

But for all that he watched him like a cat. At the first suspicious move our colored friend would have found short shrift. I had my hand on my knife, and Delacroix's revolver was in dangerous readiness. As yet, however, there was no need for action. We met not a soul, and guiding us to a fodder-house, he assured us that we might rest there at ease till dark.

We were so dead tired that we scarcely waited for the end of his reassurance before we threw ourselves on the floor and were off asleep. From it rest as deep and sweet as the peace of Heaven I was startled by a hand on my shoulder. My knife was out on the instant.

"Cut de pone, mas'r, not me," cried our negro guide, retreating to some shorn. He had brought us some corn pones. We fell on them like starved wolves, and then off to sleep again, till the dark made it safe to recommence our journey. Our guide did not take the road, however, but struck across toward what we recognized as the colored quarters of a plantation. "Safer here," he observed, contentiously, ushering us into one of the low wooden buildings. We had expected solitude and silence, and got a babel. The room was crowded, and fresh comers pouring in every moment.

"It is a trap!" cried, Delacroix. "We are betrayed."

"Mas'r coo quick," answered our guide; "dis am a 'spension ob de feelin' to de cullud brer, dat all. Every one, big and little, come to bress de Lor' and de brave Linkum cosifers. Heruden, de de gemmen seats; you, Cæsar, you lunt-gimmens twelve-year-old boy, "quit dat yer. Git de oder little chaps and deflect yousselves as pickets. Seize marsh rout and keep your eye on de shoddier; hold he head so high. Can't eben see poor nigga, he neck great man. O Lor'! tink de nigga no 'count; nober tink so when pickers in de Linkum men right under he nose, he! he! Sue, push dat yer chicken dis way. Lizy, gib us de pone and milk. Year stan' midgie and winkin'. Step about gabe, be spry."

It was plain that this was a man in authority, though how much power he had I knew not, and how much to a ragged military coat, minus the buttons, and a hat, curiously jammed and broken, was too delicate an analysis for the present occasion. The room was crowded, for the news of our hiding had gone from mouth to mouth through the entire plantation, and every one was on the qui vive to see us. There was little or no noise; but the intense, thrilling excitement on every dusky face was a thing to see to be forgotten.

"Telled ye so!" cried one old woman; "allers said de good Lor' bear de groanin' and sighin' somewhere. He 'member he people, and he 'member he Abraham Lincoln. Bress de Lor' dat I live to see dis day. 'Oh yer years sence dey sell away my little Sue. 'O Lor', undo dem like a vine;' and she turn, he see, he did a debby prayer; but I hears it in de Bible—hearn Mas'r Arnold read it he ownself; and now, Lor' grant he Linkum make 'em no 'count, spit like a wheel rollin', rollin', can't fin' no rest till dey roll straight down to eberlastin' ruin; and de jubilees comin' and de Lord bress dem dat helpin' in De Lor' ob glory keep 'em safe; and eh! mas'r, tell de good Linkum men strike hard—he's groan he such a weary time."

She was interrupted by our guide, who plainly thought his prerogative in danger.

"Dat's enough, Aunt Dinah. Sums how women's tongues kin run. Time to sperse, ladies and gemmen, and, 'member now, no noise. Now of mas'r's ready—"

The sentence was completed by a sudden dropping of his military coat and dignity together, placing him at once in his former light as any every-day member of society. The remainder of our journey had in it little of adventure. Our guide led us around the pickets, sometimes by a wide sweep, "He hold he head so high—tink nigga no 'count," and ferried us across the Mattapony. Here we were given into the keeping of another negro, and a damp but monotonous day in the woods, were treated to another plantation supper, and another day hiding, another night in packing through morass and forest, another guide. As good old Bunyan has it, "we went on," to purpose "—some rough and foot-sore; but at last we reached the Rappahannock. There our guide left us, and there we passed a day of anxious watching for a boat to drop down and wishing for a few of them on shore. The programme was simple now. We had only to wait till midnight, take our boat, and drop down with the river to the gun-boats; but oh! those hours of chilled and aching waiting!

The friendly woman wound us with open arms gazed at us with a sort of terror, so wan, ragged, haggard, ghastly, was our appearance. Delacroix looked at least five years older than I—but what marvel if I have changed—I have always in my ears that moaning voice, "Tell him that his brother Jon starved to death on a board." I had in the vision before me night and day of that writhing frame, that tone, raving agony; and there are thousands more to freeze and starve! God help them!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE winter twilight was saddening into night. Through the heavy flutings of the silken curtain one might see the ice-bright stars, shooting steely streams of light athwart the melancholy tides of crimson that bolted the dreamy southwest with a zone of blood. There was no illumination in the parlor save the red, intense shine of the sea-coal fire—you could hear the soft ticking of the gilded clock on the mantle, and the clinking fall of whittled cinders, while the canary dozed on its perch, a ball of downy gold, and the milk-white chalices of the superb Egyptian lily in the window drooped downward as if some lotus breath had swept their fiery hearts!

Agatha Bell was sitting with her slender feet half buried in the spotted tiger-skin that lay before the fire, and her hands tightly clasped on her lap—a fragile, slight girl, with a pure Greek face, and pearly eyelids whose silky fringe softened the blue fire of strangely passionate eyes. Melancholy as a fair statue she sat there, and Captain Granger, whose wistful glance crept toward her, ever and anon, in a pale, and thoughtful countenance which filled Harry Bell's boy-brain with wonder, could not tell whether she heard his low voice or not. But as he talked she smoothed down the boy's brown hair with a caressing touch, it was so like the shining braids that circled Agatha's haughty head.

"Oh, Uncle Granger!" said Harry, drawing a deep breath, and balancing himself expertly on the edge of his chair, while both elbows rested on the Captain's knee. "I say, Captain John!"

"Well."

"I mean to be a soldier when I grow up, and won't I polish into those plaguey rebels! That's," added Harry, sagely, "if I can be in your company; I don't want to fight under any one else!"

And the boy of eleven drew himself up into a martial attitude, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Captain Granger smiled, and still watched the profile so delicately outlined against the fire, while he wondered if earth held no spell to unlock the pale lips and unseal the proud heart!

"I like soldiers!" pursued Harry. "Every boy likes 'em, except Agatha! *She* don't; but then you know, Captain John, she's nothing but a girl. She thinks they're conceited—the officers, you know—and she says she can't bear 'em."

"Does she?"

Captain Granger's cheek burned under its swarthy sun-touch as he looked full at Agatha. She met his gaze quietly, and her own, which never had glowed into roses, but she did not answer the question in his face. The young man rose and put Harry's hand gently, but decidedly, away.

"Does she say that? I am very sorry, Harry, my boy!"

He waved, and went out without another word. The scar of a sabre-cut, received at Gettysburg, was yet fresh on his breast, and something throbbing within burned with the fiery, smarting pain of the moment when the cruel blow came down.

"He's gone!" said Harry, dolefully. "Do you suppose he'll come back, Agatha? Agatha! I say, wasn't that a jolly yarn about the Confederate sergeant and his two horses?"

And Harry, with his much-bethumbed Latin Grammar, with the secret wish that life was all a cavalry ride with "Captain John" at its head!

Agatha Bell was sitting before the glass next day, brushin out the shining brown waves of her lovely hair, which fell from into her room with the velocity of an 11-inch shell!

"Hallo, Agatha! Don't you believe he's gone?"

"Who?" said Agatha, abstractedly, not caring in the least for his wit.

"Who? why Captain John! Gone down into Tennessee somewhere, and don't I wish I was going with him! I believe you, my boy, I do!"

He stopped short in an extempore series of gymnastics at the strange sound of his sister's voice.

"Gone! Did he leave no message for me?"

"No! What message should he leave? He gave me no message for you, child, and told me to be sure not to forget him; but he never spoke any thing about you!"

Harry resumed manipulating his new gift in a suicidal manner, but Agatha went on brushing her hair, while the mirror seemed to swim before her vision, and the strange sound of his voice rang in her heart. He had gone—and without a farewell word!

Well, let him go! He should learn that her heart could be as cold as his own!

And no one knew why it was that Agatha drooped and blanched as the slow weeks dragged on their weary days.

The low February sun fluttered its level pennons of light into her dainty little room, whose crimson and gold were in such strange mode you think of it the inside of some pink shell. She was sitting at her desk writing to the one dear friend who knew all her heart-secrets, and, by the by, what would a woman do if she could not sometimes unburden her heart —if the healing balm of another woman's sympathy was denied to her when the weight was so sore?

"Agatha! I say, Agatha!"

She looked up with a little start as Harry's elbow came down among her paper-knives and sheets of blue-paper and nick-nacks innumerable.

"Well?"

"I wish you'd just lend me your alabaster inkstand a minute; I've broken t'other one, and I'm in an awful hurry!"

"Harry, I do wish you wouldn't use such language!"

"Well, I won't, if you'll give me the inkstand."

"But I can not; I am writing to Alice Moore."

"Hang Alice Moore; let her wait. There, don't look so frightened at me; you know I don't mean any thing! But you two're dreadful fellows, and if it don't go by to-night's mail it will be too late. Come—that's a dear girl!"

"A Valentine! Harry, I thought you had outgrown such nonsense!"

"It's the latest thing, Agatha!" exclaimed the boy, bursting into a chuckling laugh, and standing ecstatically on one leg, while he mysteriously unfolded the wad of blue-colored complications. "It's a soldier, don't you see? running away just as fast as he can jump. Ain't it funny, eh? And I'm going to send it to Captain John; won't it make him laugh?"

Agatha smiled, but very faintly.

"I've put H. B. in the corner, so he'll know who sent it, but I've tried two or three times to direct it, and the envelope's all got dotted. You direct it, Agatha, please; he don't know your handwriting, and he'll be so puzzled! Here's a nice envelope—just exactly the right size, and I'll promise not to fire off my pistol in the yard for a whole week!"

"Leave the Valentine here, then, and I'll see to it when I've finished my letter."

She wrote on, absent and rather sad; and when Harry came, at twilight, to receive his precious missive for the post she was watching the lurid sky from the window with eyes that saw none of the blood-red radiance.

"The letters are there on the table, Harry; don't drop out late."

When the boy was gone she leaned her forehead against the cool glass and cried a little. Tears are sovereign medicine in some diseases.

The rack of inky clouds hung low over the leafless Tennessee woods that stormy February night, the wind howled sadly through the dreary mountain gorges, and the fire on Captain Granger's cabin-hearth danced and flickered as the gusty currents of the blighted night came down the stone chimney. It was not a cheerful place for a man who had been brought up in purple and fine linen; but Captain Granger cared not a whit for his material wants, and the liked the wailing blast and the smoky fire, being just in that state of mind when a man prefers to be as uncomfortable as possible.

"Stephens!"

Private Samuel Stephens, who enjoyed the honor of being special attendant to the Captain, and who was the man of interest mending his linen by the aid of a dazzling needle and a pair of iron-bowed spectacles, immediately rose up and saluted.

"Yes, Captain."

"I wish you would go and see if the mails are in."

The private laid down his spectacles and needle, denuded his finger of a ponderous steel thimble, and went out scratching.

"Though," soliloquized Captain Granger to himself, "what the use of sending him may be I don't know. I never get any letters; I never expect 'em. Only it is rather hard to see the other fellows brighten up over the long epistles of their mothers, sisters, and sweet-hearts, and feel that there's nobody to care a pin for you, dead or alive. However, a newspaper's better than nothing. Will, Stephens, what are you looking so mysterious about?"

"Nothing, Sir, only I've got a Valentine from Jemima Starkweather; those gals is so full of fun and nonsense," said Samuel, in whole face indiant. "And—beggin' your pardon, Captain"—he added, presenting a tiny, lilac-enveloped missive, "I shouldn't wonder if you'd guess right. It's the fourteenth o' February, and leap year at that!"

"Nonsense!" said Granger, vexed to feel the blood rising into his forehead. "You can go, Stephens, I don't need you at present."

"The New York paper, Sir, but I do not know the handwriting," he muttered, drawing nearer to the guttering tallow-candle, as Private Stephens closed with a salutation and left the room. "I don't know as I should write to me; however, I sha'n't find out until I open the letter, so here goes! 'My dearest love!' Why, it's a woman's hand! Captain John, you're raving helplessly at the log walls, it's rather an agreeable surprise to learn that I am any body's 'dearest love.' Hang Cæsarean nonsense! I'll read it raving, raving his eye down the page. "Hallo! what's this? 'Don't hesitate to say how miserable I am since you left Grandpa'—gone away!"

He turned the page with a hand that trembled like a leaf, and read the signature of *Agatha!*"

"It's a hoax!" he ejaculated, the cold sweat breaking out at every pore. "This letter was never intended for me! It's got into the wrong envelope somehow; that must be the solution of the mystery!"

He rose up, and walked once or twice across the cabin floor, very pale, and with knitted brows.

"I don't care," he muttered, fiercely; "I *will* read it, if it were a dishonorable thing, twenty times over! Why, my life's hanging on the issue as it is! No, I will not. I never did a mean action yet, and I will not begin now."

But he took a letter envelope from the little leathern desk upon his pine table, and sealed the lilac sheet closely within it.

"I will take it to her myself, and receive an explanation from her own lips," he thought. "And then—then I'll go—anywhere—for the chance of a fool of yourself than nature originally intended!"

"I guess the Captain *has* got a Valentine sure enough," said Private Samuel Stephens to himself as one of his companions in arms. "He's lookin' as bright's a new dollar."

Nor was Samuel far wrong in his conjectures.

Agatha Bell was bending over the creamy scrolls of her tall Egyptian lily, in the frosty light of the winter's day, when a footstep on the porch startled her from a sad reverie. She turned only to behold the brown face, and bright, earnest eyes of Captain Granger, and to have both her hands imprisoned in his grasp.

"Agatha—my dearest, I will not be put off. Lift up those shy eyes—tell me if I may call you my own?"

She was weak and nervous, and worn with sleepless nights; and so, poor child, she surrendered without even a parley.

"But, John, why did you come—how did you know—?"

"That you loved me? Why, did not you send me a Valentine?"

"A Valentine? Never!"

He watched her haughty figure straighten up with an amused smile.

"Let me understand! And you will deny it in the face of *this?*"

He broke open the sealed envelope—she caught it from him in a flood of rosy blushes.

"John, I did not know; I never intended—"

"Of course you didn't. But I may read it now?"

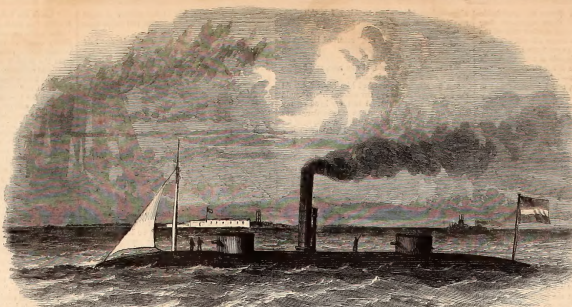
"*No*, Sir! A Valentine indeed!"

People view things with different eyes; and no it happened that what Agatha Bell indignantly denies that she ever sent a Valentine in the course of her whole life, Captain Granger declares as positively that if it had not been for the good offices of St. Valentine he never would have been betrothed to the prettiest girl in New York.

And what is more singular still, they are both of them!

THE NEW REBEL RAM.

On this page we print a sketch representing the rebel Ram at Mobile. The object of this Ram is the same intended to have been accomplished by the famous *Manassas* against our fleet off New Orleans in October, 1861, viz., the annoyance of our blockading vessels. The *Richmond*, which survived the attack of the *Manassas* without any serious damage, is now off Mobile, and probably has no fears of annihilation from this new monster. The Ram is turned by means of a jib, and the picture represents her as seen from a point near Sand Island.



THE NEW REBEL RAM AT MOBILE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER ON BLOCKADE DUTY.]

COLUMBIA, S. C.

We publish below some sketches illustrative of Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, and of the Richland Jail, in which are confined Union prisoners captured in the vicinity of Charleston.

One of these sketches, entitled CITY HALL, is a view from the east windows of the prison. Above the building floats the Confederate flag. In the balcony about the tower a watchman paces his round at night, calling aloud the quarter hours; and in the fore-ground of the sketch is the high board-fence of the jail-yard.

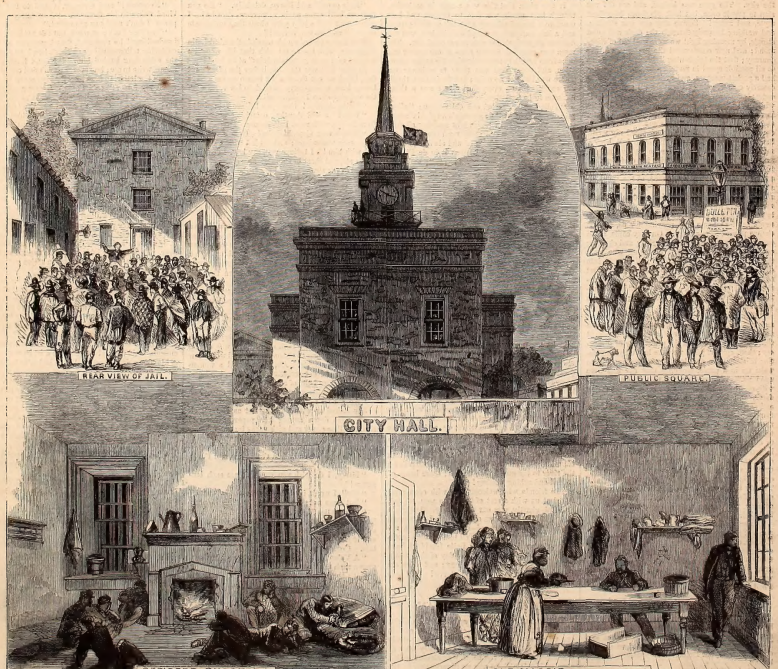
Another sketch represents a rear view of the prison itself, and a Sabbath Service held in the Yard. The building is of small stone, or brick, marked to imitate large stone blocks. On the first, or ground floor, are confined the Union officers; those of the army in two rooms nearest the front, on the left of the building, as shown in the sketch; those of the navy in one large room on the right. Of the two rear rooms, on the same floor, looking into the jail-yard, that on the right is occupied by the guard; that on the left for the temporary confinement of Confederate prisoners. The rooms on the second floor were occupied by the Union privates taken at Fort Wagner until their removal to Richmond; now conscripts and deserters for the Confederate army are there detained. The third floor is given up to the criminals from the civil courts.

On the other side of the City Hall is a picture of the PUBLIC SQUARE of Columbia, opposite the Old Court-house, before which slave auctions are to be often seen.

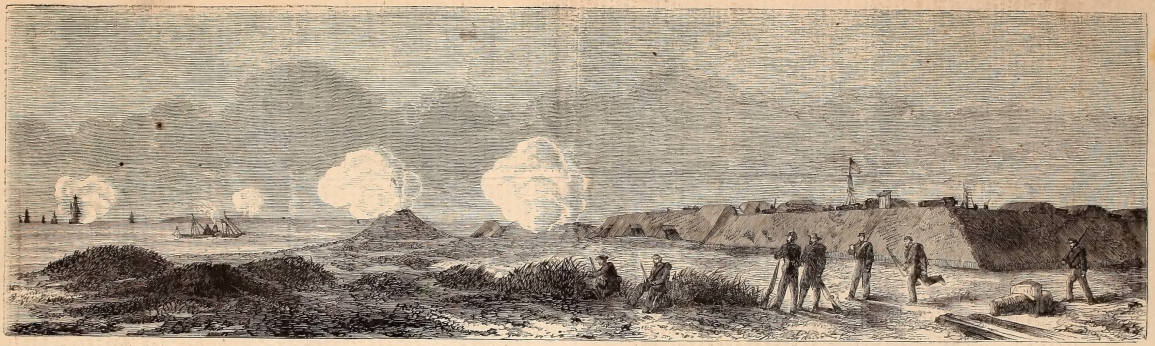
Against the corner lamp-post is the bulletin board of the *Carolinian* office—to be seen a little way up the street. On this the latest intelligence from the front is posted, and of course it is watched with interest from the jail windows by the Union prisoners, who surmise the nature of the news from the conduct and manners of those reading it. If favorable to the Confederates, they rub their hands exultingly as they stand about it in groups, exchanging congratulations on its signs of promise. If adverse, they read it slowly and walk sadly away—with, perhaps, a lifting of the hat and scratching of the head, or a spasmodic jerking of the foot at every other step, as though seeking vent for their feelings of disappointment and regret. By this corner passed the veteran regiments from the army of Northern Virginia to reinforce Bragg before the battle of Chicamauga.

The sketch entitled OLD MAGGIE represents a portion of the room occupied by the army officers. The long table is made to serve for meals by day and as a bed at night. Underneath it is the box in which is kept the corn-meal served with fresh meat every three or four days. Above are the water-bucket and cup, with the large pan in which Old Maggie, the colored cook, brings the meat and soup which she has prepared. Some shelves are seen against the walls, on which the soldiers pile their cups and bowls and their packages of purchased rations.

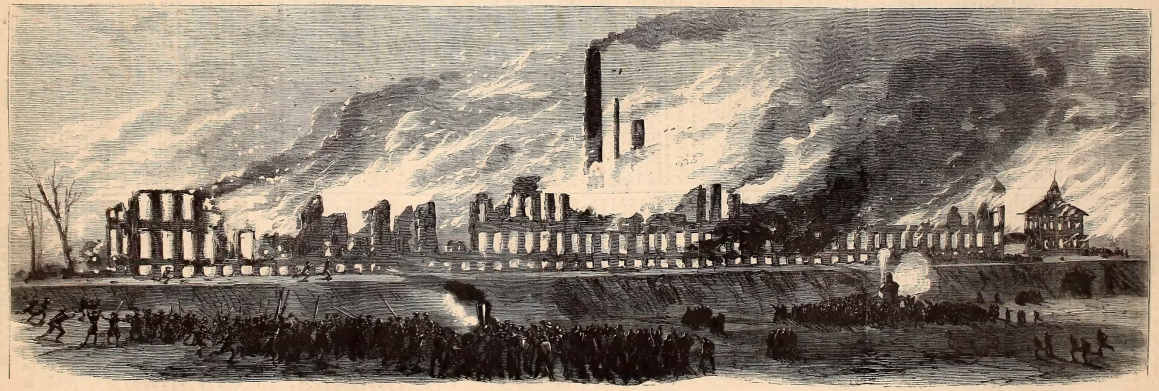
The picture at the right of the above represents the other portion of the officers' quarters. Here, in the open fire-place, a cheerful wood-fire blazes in these long, cold winter evenings, and around it the officers sit, recounting army experiences, discussing the probabilities of the future, or telling stories to beguile the tedious hours. Of home and dear ones but little is said, for those are subjects it will not do for prisoners to dwell upon. On the mantle are a few books, a prison candlestick, pipe, cup, coffee-pot, and piece of corn-bread of Old Maggie's make. The sound of the coffee-mill, just beneath, awakes the later sleepers in the early morning to memories of the home kitchen of boyhood days.



SCENES IN AND AROUND RICHLAND JAIL, COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.



FORT FISHER, COMMANDING THE NEW INLET ENTRANCE TO CAPE FEAR RIVER.—THE BRITISH STEAMER "HANSA" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE UNDER THE GUNS OF THE FORT.—[From a Sketch by an English Artist.]



THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF COLT'S ARMORY, AT HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.—From a Sketch by J. B. Russell, Jr.—[See Page 126.]

THE SINGERS.

O merry sings the nurse by night,
Brooding over the fire;
And merry sing the sailor-boys
When noisy winds blow higher;
And red and merry in the blaze
Sing the men round the foundry fire.

O merry sing the reapers, sunk
Chin-deep in the yellow corn;
And merry sing the shepherds
When the shivering sheep are shorn;
And merry sing the millers
Watching the flowing corn.

Ay! merry sings the woodmen's gang
When toods the stately tree;
And merry sings the pilot
By night on the summer sea;
And merry sing the fishermen
When winter gales blow free.

And merry sing the soldiers
In vaulted barrack-room;
And merry sing the weavers
Over the clattering loom;
And merry sing the light-house men
Amid the murk and gloom.

But merriest far is my Lucy's song
To the infant at her breast,
Watching, with those Madonna eyes,
Our dear one hushed to rest,
What time the red light fades along
The bright line of the west.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE blockade of the Narrows has been resumed. The *Nansemond* is stationed off Thompson's Neck for the examination of vessels; and the *Mount* and *Tyler* cruise along the North River, as far as the Narrows and Sandy Hook.

Gen. mounted deserters have arrived at the Park Barracks, from Alexandria, Virginia.

The "Jackson Fleet" will soon be ready to depart from this port for New Orleans. It consists of a number of light steamers, some of them iron-clad, and of light draft, to cruise in the lagoons and rivers of the Mississippi inaccessible to large ships.

Major-General McCLELLAN left Springfield, Illinois, for New Orleans on the 5d instant.

Army mules are going to GRANT'S department in large numbers, but are to be used on such routes for supply trains, for East Tennessee, as the roads are impassable for wagon loads.

A young lady from Pennsylvania enlisted at Oswego, in this State, a few days since. Her sex was discovered by a fellow-soldier, who gave information to the authorities, and she was arrested and placed in confinement. She is "only sixteen years of age, pretty, intelligent, and modest."

Owing to the failure of a previous contractor, the Navy Department has taken precautions to have the work of building the gun-boats vessels at Norfolk and Wilmington duly performed. The works are the *Cumberland*, *Congress*, *Merrimac*, *Raleigh*, the *Columbus*, the small steamer *Whitehall*, and the line-of-battle ships *Pennsylvania*, *Delaware*, and *Philadelphia*.

The chief of the military detective force of Washington reports that, since the month of January, over fifty commissioned officers were arrested for various offenses, and six hundred and twenty enlisted men.

The steamer *D. C. Taylor*, which contained forty thousand dollars' worth of commissary stores for our troops at Nashville, was recently destroyed by fire at Louisville, Kentucky, a few days ago.

The Postal Match Bill of Iowa has telegraphed to the President that the State withdrew its quota by volunteers, rendering a draft there unnecessary.

At a special meeting of the Senate Military Committee to consider the Home Bill conferring the rank of Lieutenant-General on General GRANT it was decided to report the bill without amendment. It is understood that some opposition will be made to it when it comes before the Senate.

The reports that General THOMAS is to succeed General MEADE in command of the Army of the Potomac are probably without foundation.

Mr. FESSO'S bill, to facilitate and hurry the payment of bounties and arrears of pay to the heirs of deceased soldiers, now only awaits the action of the Senate to become a law.

Admiral DU PONT has been commoned before the Committee on the Conduct of the War for the purpose of explaining his opinion as to the best ordnance for the naval service.

The following Generals were in Louisville last week: Major-Generals GRANT, ROSECRANS, BURNSIDE, CADWALLADER, STONEMAN, SCHOFIELD, CRITTENDEN, and SCHENCK; Brigadier-Generals WADSWORTH, ALLEN, CAPPLES, THOMAS, STARKWEATHER; and Rear-Admiral PORTER.

Major-General HANCOCK is in New York, having a commission to reward his old corps to the number of a thousand men.

There is great activity at the Charlestown (Massachusetts) Navy-yard in fitting out vessels for Port Monroe.

Illinois having, under every call, exceeded her quota, she was on the 1st of January or at any other time, subject to a draft.

In the case of the *Chesapeake*, the Judge of the Admiralty Court, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, has decided to release the vessel and cargo to her owners.

Major-General BURNSIDE left Washington for General GRANT'S Department last week. He is to have command of his old corps, the Ninth Territory, with his headquarters at East Smith.

Admiral Lee commanding the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, advises the Secretary of the Navy of the destruction by the notorious blockade-runner Will Gordon, at New Topsail Inlet, where she was ashore and discharging her iron ballast.

Since the advent of General STEELE Arkansas has furnished more volunteers for the Union army than any equal number elsewhere. Counties where JEFF DAVIS'S conscript officers could not find a score of men, have since sent full companies to the Union army.

General BANKS has been temporarily put in command of the forces in Kentucky, General ANDREW having been placed on the Court-Martial at Cincinnati.

A Washington correspondent states that Gen. HALLECK has announced his intention of resigning, if the House Bill, making Grant Lieutenant-General passes the Senate.

The ship *Contest*, owned by A. A. LOW BROS., of New York, was burned by the *Alabama*, on the 11th of November.

Captain IVES, of the Tenth Massachusetts, and Captain READ, of the Third Ohio Volunteers, are to be tossed and sent to Salisbury, and put to hard labor, in retaliation for the similar treatment of two captains captured by Jeremiah, and now at Johnson's Island.

The Maine regiment, 1000 strong, have embarked from Portland for New Orleans.

Sherman's cavalry advance occupy Benton, 60 miles south of Little Rock, Arkansas.

FORT FISHER, N. C.

AN English artist in the South writes as follows concerning the accompanying illustration: "Herewith I send you a sketch of Fort Fisher, commanding the approach to Cape Fear River, the entrance to Wilmington, North Carolina. I was down there one night, and, as it is twenty-five miles from the town, it was impossible to get back that night, so I had to rough it in a cassemate till morning. As luck would have it, we discovered a blockade-running steamer, the *Honna*, under our guns at dawn, and at the same time the Yankee blockaders also became aware of her presence and opened fire, thinking, as she had already got inside the bar (the Yankees are always on the watch of late), they would destroy her before she made the inlet. To get within range they had to expose themselves to the metal of the fort, which soon drove them off, leaving the *Honna* at liberty to make her way safely into the river. The distant point of land is Cape Fear. Fort Fisher is one of the strongest coast defences I have seen, not excepting any of those at Charleston, that have hitherto held an entire ironclad fleet at bay."

THE FIRE IN COLT'S ARMORY.

We publish on page 125 an illustration, from a sketch by Mr. J. H. Russell, Jr., of the late extensive fire at Colt's Armory, Hartford. The buildings destroyed were the front main building, 500 feet long by 60 feet wide, and three stories in height; the wing of the same width and height, and 60 feet long; and the office, two and a half stories high. The main building contained the small-arms-gun and pistol machinery, and employed eight hundred workmen. Nearly every thing movable was saved, including seventy-seven Gatlins' worth of stock, and pistols packed for shipment.

The fire originated in the attic, from what cause is unknown, but by the watchman who was hourly connecting the old with the new Armory. The firemen were successful in preventing the fire from spreading to the adjoining wing, saving the Government rifles, which are made in that building.

The Armory burned was built by Mr. Colt in 1852 of Portland stone, and was thought to be fire-proof. The new Armory, which is built of brick, was added two years ago to meet the extension demand for the Colt's Patent fire-arms out of the war. The entire loss from the fire is estimated at about $1,000,000. Colonel Colt never had the buildings insured, but upon his death Mr. E. K. Root, then elected President of the Company, obtained insurance on the entire Armory to the amount of $650,000. This fire is a serious loss to Hartford, and especially as it throws out of work between one and two thousand mechanics and workmen. It will take the Company two years to rebuild and put their establishment on its former footing.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the introduction of the new law. It is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-hand, that he can offer the following reduction of goods ordered. I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties ordering must state if the registered letters are at my risk; and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering) I will forward, by return mail, a pamphlet containing the Law, Rules, Regulations, and Prices.

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For Veteran, Cavalry, Army Corps, Company, and Division Pins of every Description.

On the receipt of $1, I will send you a Solid Silver Shield, of an 18 carat Gold Pen, Extra Fine, with your Name, Regt., and Co. handsomely engraved upon it, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, Silver Mounted, or a new style Vest Chain or Neck Chain, or a California Diamond Ring; and for $2, a Solid Silver Ring; and for $3, 50, I will send you a Solid Silver new style CAVALRY PIN, engraved as above. Address, J. T. HAYWARD,
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Drums and Fifes for the Army.

FREDERICK DEVRIES, Flute and Fife Maker, German Silver, from $50 down to $12 50 each. Cheap Drums, from $8 50 each. Fifes, from $3 50 each, to $40 each. Elegant German Silver Fifes, from $6 to $10 each. Engraving $1 per word. Address, FREDERICK DEVRIES, A. Pond & Co., Manufacturers of Musical Instruments and Publishers of Military Music,
No. 547 Broadway, N. Y.

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At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

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Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. Colonel's head on each deck. Republic, Shield, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address ATWOOD & COMPANY,
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COLLECTION and BARGAIN OFFER.—SOLDS, BOOKS & PAPERS, 1776 to 1865. New York, select and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.

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SLEEVE BUTTONS (*Patent applied for*), with perfect likenesses of the President, Generals Grant, Rosecrans, Burnside, McClellan, Hooker, and others, $1 00 per pair. Free from observation. $1 50. Ball Ear Rings to match, $1 50. White and Black Studs, Oval, for sale at WELLS' LINE, 707 Canal St., N. Y., sign of the Golden Elephant.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN.—THE BEST OF ALL PENS.
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

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For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Ambidexter Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in size to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Excelsior Pen; and for $1 50, the Elegant Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmia Points, the usual quality of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens: *although they are numbered, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

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The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

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Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

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For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 25 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

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For $1 75 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 7 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50, a No. 7 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 8 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 9 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 10 Pen, 3d quality.

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For $4 00, a No. 10 Pen, 1st quality.

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For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

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For $2 50, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

For $3 50, a No. 7 Pen, 1st quality.

For $4 00, a No. 8 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 9 Pen, 2d quality.

For $5 00, a No. 10 Pen, 1st quality.

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For $5 00, a No. 7 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 2d quality.

For $6 00, a No. 8 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 9 Pen, 2d quality.

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A discount of 25 per cent. will be made on all sums of $50 and upwards. Our Pens and Holders have nice fancy Cases, containing one dozen each, and are sold in less quantities. Send by mail or express pre-paid.

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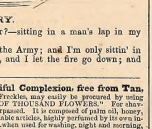

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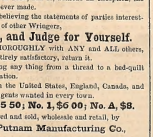

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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I WALKED adown the garden-walk
To bid my love good-by,
And as I passed the roses' stalk
What should my eyes espy
But, nestled like a brooding dove
In some sequestered spot,
The very thing I told my love—
A dear "FORGET-ME-NOT!"

I stooped and plucked the little flower:
He said, "What do you seek?"
I answered, "In the twilight hour
Let *this*, love, for me speak!"
I twined it softly in his vest,
His arms were round me furled—
And as I leaned upon his breast
He said I was "his world!"

His sword was girt upon his thigh,
His plume waved in the breeze;
And all the twilight seemed to sigh
Among the garden trees!
I looked into his eyes and felt
As happy maidens feel,
When first two loving spirits melt
In one for woe or weal.

He drew me closer to his heart,
My hand was on his breast;
He said, "My love! though now we part,
This heart can never rest
Until I bring you back your flower,
And claim, where now we stand,
In some sweet, future twilight hour,
This darling little hand!"

These were the words I heard him say—
The last I ever heard!
I saw him slowly ride away
While not a step I stirred.
I could not move—I saw him turn
And kiss his hand to me.
Ah! how my spirit *then* did yearn
For what would never be.

This little casket that I wear
The rest can better tell—
A withered flower, a lock of hair,
A blood-stained word, "Farewell!"
They buried him upon the field,
Upon the battle-plain;
And life to me can never yield
A comfort to my pain.

I often, at the twilight hour,
Steal down the garden-walk,
Where once I plucked the little flower
Beneath the roses' stalk;
And when I reach the wicker-gate,
And no one else is nigh,
I almost think I see him wait,
As then, to say "Good-by."

And sometimes, when the shadows creep
Along the garden-wall,
I hear a voice which makes me weep
Out of the darkness call.
It seems to say—as still I stand
Upon the same old spot—
"I'm waiting for that little hand—
My dear, FORGET-ME-NOT!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

QUAKER EXEMPTION.

THE petition to exempt Quakers from military service, on the ground of conscientious scruples against war, has excited a great deal of thoughtful sympathy. The statement made in it of the undoubted moral heroism and suffering of some Quakers, among the rebels, who had been drafted and who declined to serve is very touching and impressive. In one case a man was tortured and nearly escaped with his life. In another, one was ordered to be shot, and when the file of soldiers who were to execute the sentence saw the victim and heard him calmly praying that they might be forgiven for their involuntary crime, they refused to fire. These are incidents which recall the testimony of the early Quakers. They show that the old spirit is not extinct, and that George Fox and James Naylor still survive under other names.

And yet the principle of exempting men from their share of the common public burden merely upon their assertion of conscientious objection to bearing it, is not and can not be submissible. For the evidence of this truth we need look no farther than the late proposition in Congress to exempt from service all who were sincerely opposed to the prosecution of the war. That is simply a proposition to submit to the overthrow of the Government, and with it, to the destruction of all the securities of civil and religious liberty. If the principle be admitted that the assertion of conscientious objection to war in general shall exempt a citizen, the same objection to a particular war upon any ground whatever must equally exempt him. But government of any kind, whether proceeding from the popular will or from the will of one man, is based upon force: it is the agreement that we will do, or, failing the will, that we shall be compelled to do, what the public good requires. If a man's memory, or conscience, or bread, is to be excused from punishment upon the ground that he is conscientiously opposed to the holding of private property?

Of course we do not saying that a man must submit his conscience to the law, nor denying that very bad and very wicked laws may be often made. If an honorable man, for instance, would as willingly obey a law to strike his mother, or a law to kill his child under two years of age, as a law to return an innocent man to slavery from which he was escaping, both human instinct, every noble and just feeling protests against such a law. If you could find a people who would quietly submit to perpetrate such a crime under the pretense that it was law, you would find a people so morally torpid and corrupt that it would be a relief to the world to sweep them out of it.

What, then, is the alternative? It is very plain. It is to acknowledge the necessity of government or of authority, while you refuse obedience to the special claim; and that you do by yielding to the penalty if it shall be enforced. In this country, for instance, the best citizens were constantly opposed to Mason's infamous Fugitive Slave Law. The result was that it was constantly evaded, and when occasionally executed it was with great pomp of force. It is not yet formally repealed, but it is practically obsolete, because the universal conscience of the American people repudiates it. Yet, in the days when its enforcement was attempted, it was wiser for those who rejected it to bear the penalty and go to prison rather than resist it by arms; because, from the people see the best men sent to jail for not obeying a law, they come to help asking what kind of a law is it which the purest and most peaceful people repudiate, while by submitting to penalty they acquiesce in necessary authority. If that people is not debauched, they will soon have the law changed or inoperative. If they are debauched, then a free government has failed.

If, then, the Quakers are conscientiously opposed to war, at a time when it seems to the people that their rights can be secured in no other way, it is a hard case for both sides. The prosecution of the war requires the draft. If there were any conceivable way of determining whether conscientious scruples really exist, the release from service ought to be willingly granted wherever they were established; because if the mass of the people were sincerely opposed to maintaining their liberties by fighting, they would be sincerely in favor of submitting to the rebellion, as the war would end in the destruction of the Government, the ruin of the nation, and the overthrow of all hope of civil and religious liberty—and this by consent of the people. But there can be no way devised of ascertaining the sincerity of such scruples. It is therefore plainly impossible that the mere assertion of them should be sufficient. And it seems to us that every honest and patriotic Quaker will a thousand times more willingly acknowledge the authority of the Government which he wishes to see maintained, by paying the penalty of disobedience to its law, rather than by asking for legal release from obedience upon grounds which can never be satisfactorily established.

DENDA EST CARTHAGO.

THERE are signs of the most extraordinary political freshet ever known. Four years ago it was dangerous even in many Northern cities to allude warmly to slavery. Public opinion was opposed to the discussion of the subject. Men spoke upon it at some peril to their lives. And now it seems that slavery is about to be swept away by a torrent of universal public reprobation. Whoever listens closely can plainly hear the heart of the country saying, "It is the public enemy; let it die the death."

Of course this is not the instance of an entire moral national regeneration. It is the proof only that the hour has arrived, which always arrives in the course of civilization, and without which, indeed, there would be no progressive civilization whatever, when it is clearly seen that what is true and good is also politic. It is in vain that this is distinctly shown. But when it is practically perceived a great forward step in civilization is taken. When it is generally felt that peculiar rightness has been a community becomes moral. In this country the slave despotism held us bound so long and so hopelessly, because we were so prosperous and the evil was to us at the North so theoretical, that our sympathies and human instincts pleaded in vain against our apparent interests. The argument against the slaveholder was every man whom the slave-lords did not support, was, that if he succeeded grass would grow in the streets and blood run in the gutters. What was called the "Union" party in the North before the insurrection of slavery was simply an organization of timidity, whose argument was, that it was better to let the South misgovern and ruin the country, because it would otherwise try to ruin it. That was the final philosophy of all such movements as the Castle Garden meeting, and more than those cowardly and selfish men confess it. It was a question of policy, and it seemed to them to be best to pat and pacify. "Perhaps I compromised my honor," frankly says Mr. Everett, in a recent address.

Now a great many persons who supported this policy really hated slavery, and saw the ghastly wounds it was constantly inflicting upon the country, but thought that they had no right to say any thing about it. They were ready enough to send an army of ministers to preach the protection of a huge society, to preach against the religion and convert the natives of Cochin China and Thibet—if they could get there; but they had no idea that they had any right to say to some of their neighbors who wrong. Others declined to hear or say any thing about it, under the conviction that they had no practical remedy, and to think or say that it was wrong to imbrute a man, or to sell your own daughter, or whip a woman to death because she pined when her child was stolen from her, and others, and the larger number, cared nothing about the matter, except heartily to denounce the Abolitionists as incendiaries, and to sympathize with the gentlemanly and high-toned Southerners"—meaning slaveholders. The general feeling was that nothing could be done, even if it were a bad thing, and therefore it was fast becoming the fashion to declare that it was a good thing.

The Kansas troubles opened the eyes of the great mass of the people to the fact that the system was the direct rival of every free settler in the country. The question added a material argument to its moral appeal, and from that moment the overthrow of slavery was fixed. But under the Union its extinction would be peaceful. Consequently, as a last desperate resource, its chiefs and wire-pullers counting upon the timidity of trade and the party organization of the free States fiercely to slavery. Both failed them. Every day, from the 12th of April, 1861, it has been clearer to the whole people that as slavery is the enemy of their industry, of their trade, of their peace, and of their Union, they lay on the side of the enemy. Men of all parties, of all policies, of all convictions upon other subjects, repeat the cry which long and long ago pealed suddenly from Abraham Lincoln: "It is the common enemy. Let it die the death!"

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE speeches of Thiers and Jules Favres in the French Chambers are the most menacing sounds that Louis Napoleon has ever heard. The criticisms of Thiers especially, upon the imperial policy, are the censure of the common sense of France upon its government. In his last discourse the historian strips the facts of the Mexican expedition of all their glamour, and shows that a French army and fleet are engaged in an enterprise which is costly without profit, and perilous without honor. A year ago the Emperor put forth a resonant programme, and sent an army to fulfill the destiny of the Latin race, and now the terrible orator of the Opposition declares that all that can be hoped is that France may be able to retire from the imperial programme without disgrace. In fact now, for the first time, Louis Napoleon tolerates a critic, and he will inevitably find that Thiers must be silenced, or that the empire is in danger.

Thiers does not fear an immediate interference upon our part. But he thinks that when our war is over our soldiers will pass into Mexico, and that consequently all the intimates rather than describes will follow. Maximilian must then be supported by French bayonets against American immigrants and the Mexican people; for Thiers says that he does not see that the Mexicans are favorable to France. Indeed, it is very clear that the shrewd old politician, whose political reputation is that of sagacity rather than of principle, is of the opinion of Richard Cobden, that Louis Napoleon has made the great mistake of his life.

Meanwhile we can do nothing but observe. If France, or any other power, directly interferes in our war, she will be called to account, as England was in the matter of the rams. But for the operations of other powers in other parts of the world, however we may consider ourselves indirectly threatened, we have but an attentive eye. Mr. M'Dougall's proposition in the Senate, to declare ourselves dissatisfied with the attitude of France, and to menace her, compels the inquiry what we can do if France replies that she does not hold herself responsible to us for her foreign policy in other countries than our own. Are we to suppose that we shall make war upon France? If so, will he indicate the army, or the fleet, or the necessary millions of dollars, with which the war is to be waged? Clearly the project is perhaps enough for the moment. The vindication of other people's honor may be wisely left until it is finally settled that we have maintained our own. Nor ought patriots of the M'Dougall school to forget that while Thiers is the most dangerous enemy of Louis Napoleon invading and conquering Mexico, Jules Favre is by the most able and unwavering leader of France in a war with the United States. It is in this view that the cautious of the Secretary of State appears to be the truest political wisdom.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

WHEN Mr. Douglas appeared at the last inauguration ball as the next friend of Mrs. Lincoln, he took symbolically the position which his party could not be summoned, if it hoped to retain any hold upon the American people. He said in effect, "I am for the Union and the Government unconditionally." He died, and left no successor. No leader of even tolerable capacity has taken his place; and the party of which he was easily the head has dwindled and dwindled until it is virtually disappeared. There are, in Congress and elsewhere, many faithful men who cling to the names Democrat and Democratic; but the disloyal men there and elsewhere assume the name, and it is a question which will finally secure it.

Had Mr. Douglas lived he would have been the dictator of the party. The hostile pressure of squatter sovereignty as a solution of our troubles was but the transparent confession that the old platform of his party, the protection of slavery, was untenable. That was the only basis upon which his party for the future was in the extreme antislavery ground. How to get it there was a tremendous, an impossible task at that time. He was frantic. He tried to ride two horses, each running furiously in opposite directions. His will was inevitable; and, like Webster, he fell and died. Yet could he have survived, he would have shown him the way to future power, and he would have dared to take it. He would have done from the floor of the Senate in the Senate, and Mr. Arnold in the House, have done from principle, and have called for an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery.

The true men of his party are coming to that position. They see that henceforth emancipation is as much a fixed fact in this country as independence was after the Revolution. They know that hereafter such gentlemen as Senator Saulsbury of Delaware, Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, Mr. Thomas H. Seymour of Connecticut, and Mr. Vallandigham of Ohio, are as impossible leaders of any great popular party as Aaron Burr was after the failure of his conspiracy. For such persons as these comprehend neither men nor principles, neither policy nor history. They are the flesh left upon the sides of a vessel from which the foaming wine has been poured away.

The terrible logic of events has brought all loyal citizens to the same platform. The attempt to perpetuate old names and lines has resulted in the distinct division of the late Democratic party into two wings, one of which practically sustains the rebellion, and the other the Union. Whoever studies carefully the votes in Congress will observe that such representatives as Mallory, Cox, Chanler, and the Woods, work steadily against the Union and the National Government; while such as Odell and Griswold, with their friends, support the Government, while they try to maintain an appearance of party unity with the first-named, under the pretense, as we said last week, of a "Constitutional opposition."

Why do these gentlemen pursue this course? Why do they not see that their true policy is the public repudiation of all such fellowship? They know that the self-imposed mission of Mr. Fernando Wood is the destruction of the party with which he professes to act; and the method he takes is the proposition of measures which he knows will disgust the country. So long as he is permitted to use the party name, so long the party name shares the odium of his measures and of the support of his faction. Upon his ground the restoration of the party is impossible. In this fact lies the infamy of the democratic name is sure. The only hope of its honorable salvation is in the cordial co-operation of those who value it with the predominant sentiment of the country in the hearty, open support of the emancipation policy and of the President who has adopted it. The President is the representative of all in the country who believe that the question is simply Slavery or No-slavery; the destruction of the Government or its salvation.

ABOUT FLOWERS.

THE story lately told and widely repeated that Mrs. Lincoln had sent flowers to a notorious quarter of "peace," to decorate his house for a ball, is a good illustration of the inaccuracy and injustice of the reports upon which we form our opinions of public persons and measures. The facts are merely these: There is a conservatory attached to the White House, which supplies flowers for the Presidential parties and for such Friends as the President or his wife may choose. The wife of the person in question wrote a note asking for flowers. A reply was sent that there were no flowers in the rooms of the White House required for her own purposes, and with the reply a bouquet was sent, that the wife of the President might not seem churlish in refusing.

Such a story is not worth attention, except as an illustration of the persistent hostility of criticism which has pursued the wife of the President from the beginning of the war, and as falsely as in this instance. There was a time when it was openly insinuated that she furnished information to the rebels, and was the enemy of her husband and the country. That time is long passed, but the venomous tongue of gossip still darts its poison. There was a time, too, when it was the fashion to sneer at the President as an incompetent officer and trivial joker. But of all living men in the country at this moment whose name is likely to be most illustrious in history?

PROFANITY.

UNCLE TOBY tells us that our army swore dreadfully in Flanders. He spoke of the British army; but celebrated as that still not use up the profanity in the world. For our army swears awfully in the cars and elsewhere. Why should they? Why should you, dear Northern and Western boy? What is the use or beauty of saying, "Apple-boy! G—d—your soul to h—l! Don't try to shove off your G—d— rotten old apples on me, you G—d— you!" Is it manly? Is it brave? Is it any thing but a silly swagger? To talk loud, to swear, to whistle, to shout, to take up a quiet car with quiet people, merely brings you and the whole army into contempt.

It is easy enough to see that it is generally the habit of dissipation. Of course it was get drunk, if you make yourselves beasts, dear brethren, before you get into the cars, you will infallibly behave beastly when you are there. But to have such hearty, intelligent, sound, and manly fellows as any traveler may now meet upon any train, reeking out the most odious oaths about nothing whatever is pitiful. Of all tricks it is the poorest and meanest. If you get drunk you are ashamed to be jugged; or you may murder and be hanged. If you lie you may fall into awful scrapes, after which you will never be believed again. There is some risk in these things, and where there is risk there is a certain kind of courage in braving it. But to swear flashy, to damn every body and every thing, to be a nasty nuisance with your indecent tongue—this is as honorable, as manly, as soldierly as to insult a woman who has nobody to defend her.

Our army swore dreadfully in Flanders, quoth my Uncle Toby, but he did not say that they fought more bravely for it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*February* 10. Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported adversely to the joint resolution for amending the Constitution just offered by Mr. Sumner, which reads, "Every where within the limits of the United States and each State and Territory thereof all persons are equal before the law, so that no person can hold another as a slave." Some time before Mr. Sumner's session, of Missouri, had offered a joint resolution to a similar purport. In lieu of both the Committee proposed the following joint resolution for amending the Constitution: "Article 13. Section 1. *Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.* Section 2. *Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.*" This article, if two-thirds of both Houses of Congress concur, is to be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, and when ratified by three-fourths of those, to be valid as a part of the Constitution.—Mr. Clark offered a resolution ratifying the President's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, and giving it the force of a statute: referred.—Mr. Brown offered amendments to the Emancipation bill, confirming the Emancipation Proclamation, abolishing slavery, and sub-

[acting colored persons to enrollment under the same supplementary to other citizens.—The Military Committee reported adversely to Mr. Grinnell's bill reducing the salaries of military officers not in the field or without command.—Mr. Sumner brought up the case of a colored surgeon of the army who had been ejected from a railroad car in the District, and offered a resolution directing the Committee on the District to inquire into the expediency of a law securing to persons equal privileges with white men in the cars within the District. He said that this officer, who held a diploma signed by that of Major, had been taken from a street car because he was black. We had better break up the whole business if we could not have it done without such outrages, which did more to injure our cause abroad and to plant back the line of a battle. How dare drides thought the outrage was on the other side; there was no cure for indecent outrage, and the person found to be rife with people of his own color, and wished to force himself upon white people, lying or insulting them, ought to know that it was no disgrace to ride with colored men, and that the outrage was the same as though a steward of the United States had been ejected, he said that there seemed to be a determination to force social as well as political equality with us in the white race. The people of this country would not stand that sentiment. Mr. Wilson rejoined that he had no wish to force negro equality upon any one; Indiana; he wished only that every man among the station should be treated with decency. Mr. Saulsbury, of Delaware, said that the Members of Congress and Heads of Departments from re-electing any candidate for acting as colonel, and in any case in which the United States are concerned, under penalty of fine, imprisonment, and disqualification for office, cause up and was debated: the clause relating to Members of Congress was stricken out, 19 to 14: but even —The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up. Schuyler was upon the question arising colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, it should certainly be so construed.—*February* 11. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill for removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no person shall, in the United States Service, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was taken up and discussed, the question being the amendment against making that office Commissioned and acting only in the armies of the Union.—Mr. Grimes. Sumner opposed to this amendment and that before the bill should be completed would be left an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the honor of the people's confidence.—*February* 12. The Senate was occupied with various business of no very general importance, except that Mr. Wilson made a very appropriate speech in support of his bill to forbid the issuing of passports to any persons who are not citizens of the United States.—*February* 13. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill for removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no person shall, in the United States Service, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was taken up and discussed, the question being the amendment against making that office Commissioned and acting only in the armies of the Union.—Mr. Grimes. Sumner opposed to this amendment and that before the bill should be completed would be left an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the honor of the people's confidence.—*February* 14. The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up. Schuyler was upon the question arising colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, it should certainly be so construed.—*February* 15. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill for removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no person shall, in the United States Service, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was taken up and discussed, the question being the amendment against making that office Commissioned and acting only in the armies of the Union.—Mr. Grimes. Sumner opposed to this amendment and that before the bill should be completed would be left an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the honor of the people's confidence.—*February* 16. The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up. Schuyler was upon the question arising colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, it should certainly be so construed.—*February* 17. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill for removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no person shall, in the United States Service, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was taken up and discussed, the question being the amendment against making that office Commissioned and acting only in the armies of the Union.—Mr. Grimes. Sumner opposed to this amendment and that before the bill should be completed would be left an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the honor of the people's confidence.—*February* 18. The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up. Schuyler was upon the question arising colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, it should certainly be so construed.—*February* 19. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill for removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no person shall, in the United States Service, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was taken up and discussed, the question being the amendment against making that office Commissioned and acting only in the armies of the Union.—Mr. Grimes. Sumner opposed to this amendment and that before the bill should be completed would be left an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the honor of the people's confidence.—*February* 20. The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up. Schuyler was upon the question arising colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, it should certainly be so construed.—*February* 21. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill for removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no person shall, in the United States Service, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was taken up and discussed, the question being the amendment against making that office Commissioned and acting only in the armies of the Union.—Mr. Grimes. Sumner opposed to this amendment and that before the bill should be completed would be left an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the honor of the people's confidence.—*February* 22. The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up. Schuyler was upon the question arising colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, it should certainly be so construed.—*February* 23. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill for removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no person shall, in the United States Service, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was taken up and discussed, the question being the amendment against making that office Commissioned and acting only in the armies of the Union.—Mr. Grimes. Sumner opposed to this amendment and that before the bill should be completed would be left an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the honor of the people's confidence.—*February* 24. The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up. Schuyler was upon the question arising colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, it should certainly be so construed.—*February* 25. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill for removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no person shall, in the United States Service, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was taken up and discussed, the question being the amendment against making that office Commissioned and acting only in the armies of the Union.—Mr. Grimes. Sumner opposed to this amendment and that before the bill should be completed would be left an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the honor of the people's confidence.—*February* 26. The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up. Schuyler was upon the question arising colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, it should certainly be so construed.—*February* 27. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill for removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no person shall, in the United States Service, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was taken up and discussed, the question being the amendment against making that office Commissioned and acting only in the armies of the Union.—Mr. Grimes. Sumner opposed to this amendment and that before the bill should be completed would be left an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the honor of the people's confidence.—*February* 28. The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up. Schuyler was upon the question arising colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, it should certainly be so construed.—*February* 29. Some business of minor importance was transacted.—The Post-office Committee reported a bill for removing disqualifications on account of color in carrying the mail, and also declaring that no person shall, in the United States Service, be disqualified on account of color.—The Lieutenant-General bill from the House was taken up and discussed, the question being the amendment against making that office Commissioned and acting only in the armies of the Union.—Mr. Grimes. Sumner opposed to this amendment and that before the bill should be completed would be left an empty honor conferred upon one who now had the honor of the people's confidence.—*February* 30. The bill equalizing the pay of all soldiers was brought up. Schuyler was upon the question arising colored soldiers equal pay with whites prior to the passage of the bill, it should certainly be so construed.—*February* 31. 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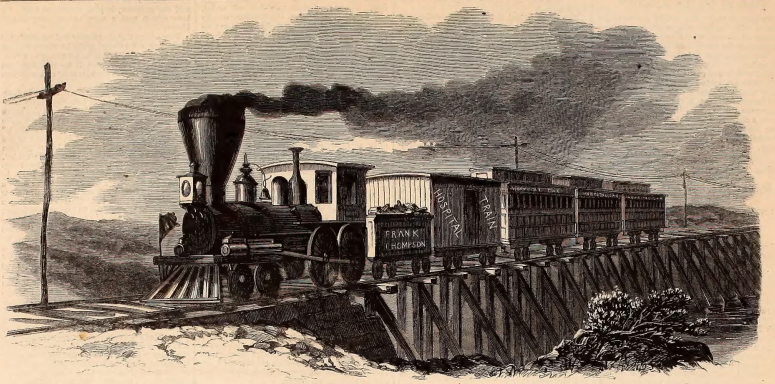
COLT'S ARMORY AFTER THE FIRE—EXTERIOR.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. A. AND R. A. MOORE, HARTFORD.]

COLT'S ARMORY AFTER THE FIRE—INTERIOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY N. A. AND R. A. MOORE, HARTFORD.—[SEE PAGE 134.]



HOSPITAL TRAIN FROM CHATTANOOGA TO NASHVILLE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

HOSPITAL TRAINS.

ONE of our special artists sends us from Chattanooga a sketch, which we here reproduce, representing a HOSPITAL TRAIN ON ITS WAY FROM THAT PLACE TO NASHVILLE, under the care of Dr. MYERS. Until very recently the transportation of our sick and wounded soldiers by rail has been attended with very severe suffering from the jostling motion of the car. It first occurred to a surgeon, while witnessing the intense agony of these poor fellows, that the difficulty might be obviated by mechanical means. Directly and upon the spot he sketched the model of a car, in the contrivance of which the problem was satisfactorily solved. The plan was immediately adopted by Government, and now constitutes the prominent feature of the hospital train. Food of the most nourishing kind is furnished the wounded men, who, when they have arrived at their journey's end, are taken directly to the hospital upon the same stretchers which answer as couches upon the car. These beds are suspended from India-rubber bands attached to the frame-work of car, and, yielding to the slightest motion of the car, are as comfortable as the beds of the hospital. Our artist has given not only an exterior view of the train, but also an interior of one of the cars, disclosing the arrangements by which the soldier's comfort is secured.

THE INTERIOR OF A HOSPITAL CAR.—[SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

FIRE IN COLT'S ARMORY.

We give on page 132 a faithful picture of the mass of ruins consequent upon the fire at Colt's Armory. Our admiration is especially excited as we glance at the confused *débris* of what was once the most magnificent and elaborate machinery in the country. This pile of stupendous cylinders, mingled with broken gearing and the bricks of the fallen structure, quite fills up the interior. The loss of machinery alone is estimated at eight hundred thousand dollars. If the steam-pipe used for heating the building were stretched out, it would extend a full mile and about six miles. The crumbling mass of ruin reminds one very forcibly of the remains left of the stupendous buildings of antiquity.

[FROM CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IX.

THE extra post-coach which carried Arthur and his fortunes had, by reason, no doubt, of its exceptional character, so many extra preliminaries to perform, and allows to make, that it did not remain finally from the yard of the Merry Privateer till after dusk. Government—which collective substantive, for reasons best known to itself, evinced quite a personal interest in this present coach-journey—had allowed fourteen hours for the whole to reach Dover, a distance of seventy miles; and, as these would for the most part be hours of darkness, a trusty guard had been further provided to watch over its safety.

This individual, after the fashion of other important characters, made his appearance only at the last moment: and, when he did show, nearly frightened a nervous lady-passenger into hysterics by the multitude of lethal weapons sprinkled about his person.

Just before leaving, a very weighty square box, iron-bound, and secured with a most ostentatious padlock, was borne from the inner office, and let down with great care and ceremony into the footboot.

"Treasure," said a knowing passenger to his neighbor, with a wink.

"Oh, I do wish they wouldn't!" said the nervous lady, trembling from head to foot.

"Wouldn't what, ma'am?" said the formidable guard, handling his bushy brows.

"Put it in there," pleas, Sir," said the lady, timidly. "It's like inviting them. Does government want us murdered, please?"

"They will, if we prevent it, ma'am," replied the haughty guard. "Jump in, if you please. Coach waits."

Five miles an hour, including stoppages, was regarded in those days as excellent speed. The extra post-coach displayed such energetic ways, and had been scarcely three hours on the road when they approached Ingatestone, nearly twenty miles from town.

A long hill, however, intervened, and the sudden change of pace aroused the dozing travelers to the knowledge that they were crawling up an ascent, lined on either hand by a bank and woodland. They were within a few yards of the summit of the hill, when a loud exclamation from the guard startled every body. The coach gave a rough jerk onward, as if the horses had been urged to sudden speed. Then came a halt, and an authoritative voice:

"Fling that down!"

Down went a blundgeon on the road. It was that used by the formidable guard. He had snapped it, honestly enough, at the speaker; but the piece had missed fire, the robber's pistol was at his head, and all the sovereigns in the world could not have saved his skull.

With one hand the robber took away the guard's remaining arms, the other still holding the pistol about an inch from his eye. There was a moment's pause: then the robber rose upon foot, and a white hand, sparkling with gems, but with the thumb black as ink, was extended into the circle.

"Forget your Purses. Quick, if you please. The mail for London is coming. You know very well I can't search two coaches at once."

A rapid transaction, and several purses were put into the band. Then commenced a reluctant tugging at watches.

"Keep them! Purses only! Now, Sir!" said the highwayman, touching Haggerdon.

"I have not a purse, nor much of moneys," replied Arthur, "but—"

"What's that in your hand?"

"Only a—"

"A mud-pie. I've lost my own. Toss it hith-er."

"I'll die first," said the boy.

"Young fool!" was the only retort, as the practiced hand made one swoop into the coach and vanished with the snuff-box. "Enough, gentlemen! A good journey!"

"Heaven be praised!" ejaculated the nervous lady. "Have they got the treasure, you?" inquired a male passenger of the discomfited guard.

"No, they don't got the treasure," growled the latter. "For why? There wasn't none. It were a trap, you see. The treasure's gone by the regular coach. And the robber he know'd on it."

Every aggrieved individual feels for the public. The coach was in the very act of getting into motion, when—

"Hold, there! Stop!" was shouted, and the steaming horse of the robber reappeared at the coach door. The glass dropped, as if it knew the touch of his finger.

"You—boy! Where did you steal this?" he questioned, roughly, thrusting forward the snuff-box.

"I steal not!" said Arthur, indignantly. "Zey found it in—"

The robber seized the boy by the collar, and dragged him forward, so that the light of the coachlamps fell full upon both their faces. The upper part of the robber's face was covered with a black silk mask.

"You are a thief, Sir," he muttered. "I take you into my custody. Descend. Do you hear?"

Arthur was powerless in the man's grips, and was obliged to obey.

"Drive on!" said the robber, leveling his pistol. The coachman bended his horses, and young Haggerdorn was left alone with the captor.

"Follow me, boy," said the latter, "and, if you can trust a robber's word, I swear you shall receive no injury. I must speak with you, and this is tickish ground. Follow close."

He mounted his horse with the spur, and sprang into the thicket, Arthur scrambling over the barrier as best he might. Threading the copse they crossed a little path, and entered a field. The robber passed into an orchard, and stopped before a decent cottage. Here the robber dismounted, and allowing his horse, which seemed perfectly at home, to seek his own place of concealment, conducted Arthur into the 'ut. A fire was smouldering on the hearth. The robber flung upon it a bundle of dried furze, producing a blaze which made the room as light as day.

"Now, answer truly, boy. Where did you get this box?"

Arthur replied that it had been found in a house in Jermyn Street, left there by nobody knew whom.

"You know. Speak, Sir," said the robber, seizing him by both arms with force which, though gently exerted, seemed to paralyze every nerve.

Arthur hesitated.

"I can guess," he said.

"Who?"

"Lord Loh."

"Lord Beltcleeh! These are the arms of—Who was your father, boy?"

"I never knew him."

"Your mother?"

"Dead."

The robber started.

"Dead! (His brow his hand slowly across his brow.) "My boy, this was hers, your mother's and mine!"

"Yours!"

"I am Lord Loh, your brother."

Arthur turned white as ashes.

"And—dead—mother!" he gasped.

"*The* murder, lad?" said Lord Loh, shoving his white teeth. "Be more particular. Which murder?"

What affair was that to you?

I mean—in Jermyn Street—the—"

"Ah! Jermyn Street—Hi?"

A light flashed across the casement. Next moment the door was dashed in, and the officer Armour, followed by half a dozen others, flung himself boldly on the Black-Thumb.

Whether the latter was actually confounded by the sudden apparition, or once overpowered with the hopelessness of escape, purposely forbore resistance—certain it is he was secured without difficulty —after which, Armour, seeing Lord Arthur and congratulating him on the safety of his person and property, requested him to accompany them to the house of the murder, a short distance off. The young man, feeling as though all were standing in a dream, assented, and, the little dwelling having undergone a rapid search, without discovering any thing of a suspicious nature, the party set forth.

CHAPTER X.

THE demeanor of Lord Lob was singular, and contributed in no small degree to the confusion of Arthur's brain. Not a word, gesture, or action of his neither turned his eyes toward his brother, nor had he addressed a single syllable to him nor to any one else. Still continuing in custody of justice, he was placed before Mr. Thickles, the magistrate of Ingatestone, who had apparently sat up to that unwonted hour in the expectation of such a visitor. Several of the coach-passengers and the guard were already in attendance; and so eager were these good folks to further the ends of justice that Arthur's testimony was not, for the present, required. The examination ended with the constitutal of the prisoner on the charge of highway robbery, the magistrate intimating that, by express order from the government, he would not be sent to the county prison, but was bound there to answer charges of a more serious nature.

So effectually, in fact, was Lord Loh compromised in the affair of the mail-robbery, previous exploit, that it was scarcely deemed necessary to take the usual measures for securing his conviction on the latter charge, and it was settled that all the outward-bound witnesses, with the exception of Arthur Haggerdon, who evinced a degree of reluctance to remain, should be allowed to proceed on their voyage.

A chaise was then ordered to convey the redoubted prisoner to town, and Arthur was about to follow the others from the room when Armour laid his arm, and shoved the boy gently back.

"Where did you tell me you got this, young gentleman?"

"I tell you not," replied Arthur, "I will not do now. Mis Humpage gave it."

"Hah!" said Mr. Armour. "Yes? Goodnight, Sir. . . . Mean she to him, did she thou, my pretty?" soliloquized the officer, with an odd confusion of persons. "Now who'd have thought it? Hurry, deep!"

Arthur found a lodging in the little village inn; but to sleep was out of the question, and he passed the greater part of the cheerless night sitting with his head buried in his hands, a prey to that complete despondency which, in such natures, succeeds, on a sudden check, to the highest hope. His guiding star had fallen, and left him in darkness. Polly was lost to him. His own brother was probably her father's assassin. He himself might be called upon to take some share in the convicting testimony, and this officer would claim the rich reward.

Mr. Armour and Lord Loh rode together in the chaise, two of the former's satellites, well armed, seated on the box, and four others trotting merrily alongside. There was no apprehension of any attempt at rescue, and the worthy officer, who felt the continued silence act painfully upon his own exhilaration of spirit, did his utmost to cheer and lead his companion into discourse. The illustrious prisoner remained inscrutable. He replied, courteously indeed, but curtly, and neither smile nor retort escaped his lips in response to the facetious. The white fine face gazed millions of miles away, and the officer felt, with discomfort, that he was better company for his captive than an indifferently-trained bobbed might have been for Socrates.

Nevertheless, as they drew near London in the early dawn, an expression passed at intervals over the robber's face, which went near to appall even Armour. Once, on a look at him, in the case of a wretched woman condemned some years since to die for many murders, all but scared the watchers from her cell. Frightful throe of the awakened spirit, in its last despairing effort to pierce upward through the load of suffocating crime!

Sufficiently cognizant of the workings of the guilty mind to form some idea of what was passing in Lord Loh's, Armour resolved to make an attempt to break it to account, and, accordingly, began in an easy tone:

"That was a nice May-game you played me, my lord, now wasn't it? Ha, ha, ha! by gad, all the queer matters you've put a hand to, that what they call in London, Jermyn Street way—was about the queerest! Whatever your folks wanted with that old chap, bothers me; and I don't mind telling you, in confidence, it did bother me. We gave it up. Then we knew for certain twas *a* plant of yours, up we gave it! It's just one of his games,' says the governor, 'p'raps for fun.' But there's people that don't like mystery, and, I tell you what —no, I won't, for you seem out o' sorts, and I, ah, ha, ha! Mystery, Armour, oh! a yawn, and sinking back into sorrow.

The prisoner turned, and looked at him with something of the old Haggerdon expression.

"Out with it, Henry," he said.

"Come, that's better, my lord. That's what I like to see in a gentleman for. You and me have jogged on together a good many years, comfortable, on different sides of the way to be sure. Now you win, a lot of doubles you've run upon us, but we've got three-fifths of them originals you set up with, and now we've got you, so that's even."

"Not quite," said the prisoner.

"Why, you'll have two of your contesting that?" asked the officer, as if rather injured. "You might do a deal better than *that*. Ah, here we are in London. Ha! where to, my lord—hands my lord—"

"Shall we? Then push on, Henry, my boy, with what you are dying to say."

"Lord Loh, my lord. You ain't a common cracksman," said the officer, deferentially; "I wouldn't be so rude as to say you was. Naturally, I'm sorry to see a gentleman of your years and privileges, and what a man like you meant by such and such things, that seemed no particular good to my body. There's a matter of fifty pounds for me more sweetly than curiosity. Bless you, they don't care *what* they pay to know why's why! Now you're a-going to Dover Castle, every day, perhaps books and billydoos, but all wanting to know about this, that, and t'other. You'll want a secretary, my lord."

"Accept the post, my Henry," said Lord Loh, leaning back wearily.

"I can't, my lord; you've no confidence in me even now, when it don't signify this pinch of snuff," said the officer, drawing out the mysterious box, as if unconsciously. "For example, this remarkable one. Here's a business, which don't matter, for you're not going to be hanged about *that*. Ten to one old man's money would give—I declare I don't know what that girl wouldn't give—to know what's inside of her father's box in manner of any secret telling. A thousand pound, nor ten, would be no good to you."

"What *does* she offer?"

"As if you didn't know, my lord!" said the other, with affected disbelief.

"Is it very important, Henry. What does the young lady propose?"

"To marry the man who finds out who spirited away her father, alive or dead. And her fortune, which is her own, isn't less than one hundred thousand pounds," said Mr. Armour, almost solemnly. "Lor', there's a power o' money in a poor silver's way!"

There was a minute's profound silence. Then their eyes met. The prisoner made a slight movement, that might be interrogative, with his head. Armour shook his.

"Not that, noways, my lord; but I'll tell you what, if there's any thing or any body you want looked to after the—you know, I'll give you my bond for five hundred."

"I'll think on it," was the reply. After which not another word was exchanged till the gloomy walls of Newgate received the illustrious prisoner.

CHAPTER XI.

ARTHUR returned to London within a few hours of his brother, utterly unable, under the sudden changed circumstances, to face his former house, engaged a small lodging in Skinner Street, Snow Hill, and there, in accordance with directions he had received from the police) walked down to the prison to communicate his address. Requested to wait while the governor made that fundamary accosted him in a very civil tone.

"You are claimed, I understand, Sir," he remarked, "by our latest arrival—a personage but too well known—as his near relation, though for many years a stranger. Is it so? Are you his brother?"

Arthur replied that he had, at present, no other testimony than the assertion of the person in question; but that he was well aware that his mother had had a son older than himself, of whose death she had never received assurance.

"Nature, at all events, throws *he* her evidence," said the governor, looking steadily at him. "I have seldom seen a more extraordinary resemblance."

Then adding that the prisoner had requested that his brother, and he only, might be admitted to his cell, he committed Arthur to the charge of a turnkey, and in another minute, in the common room in the prison, the two brothers stood once more face to face.

"Sit down, Arthur Haggerdorn, and make yourself comfortable," said Lord Loh, "and don't interrupt me so long as you understand, for you speak old and sort of lingo for a Briton. We are quite alone (no, that elbow's a dummy—stone-deaf), glancing at a warder who sat in a corner of the room. "So you needn't sing out if you find I am the greatest miscreant that ever scourged mankind. If I could only tell what, when, and why, I embraced scoundrelism as a profession, it might be useful; but I can't. I was flung into the world a little thing at Hanover, and my soul was never scraped from its begining. There's a crack in the crust now, or you wouldn't be here to peep into it, and take your oath of that! Our father, Lord Haswood, was a scoundrel (I beg the peerage's pardon) —a scoundrel, I remark, of patrcon, and I hope, for his own sake, a madman too. He gave me bread, that's true—not much even of that—he cheated my mother—our mother, with a mock-marriage (you've no chance of her company, my boy)—deserted her very likely broke her heart. How the devil, with such a fellow's blood in your veins, you ever escaped to forgot our mother, I can't tell, added the robber, almost apologetically, as he half-extended his hand, then instantly withdrew it. "But time presses; this is how I want you to say. You're in love, boy. That's enough. Don't answer. In love with Miss Jermyn Street—what's her name?—Miss Humpage, we'll call her for the present—of her substantial sire, and has commissioned you to track me out and bag me dead. She gave you that snuff-box as a talisman, thinking, I suppose, that it would leap from your pocket at the owner's approach! How did she know that box belonged to my mother?"

"She did not know that, nor even *I* that," said Arthur. "My mother must have intended me box of purpose. Armour, so officer, said it had been yours."

"Not *mine*. My father's," said the robber. "However, boy, it seems you've caught me. And now?"

Arthur gazed wistfully at his brother, but made no reply.

"Tell her," resumed the latter, speaking slowly, "I am sorry to disappoint her—very sorry, too, for my own reputation, for, by the blood of all the Hawkweeds that ever poisoned air, it was as clever a little piece of work remember; but, after, boy, your own hand is not clearer of that old man's blood than mine."

"God be praised!" said Arthur, fervently.

"That's kind, at least, since it may be . . . you your uncle!" muttered Lord Loh. "I say, you, something in return, my boy. Stay a moment; let me think." (He paused for a minute.) "If this Jermyn Street affair had been all, and I'm a single then I must have known who was in it. No; 'tis impossible. Now, there's a tidy knot of Halifax people—He must then have had accomplices, and finish. But, then, Caunter would have been down on his old pals: *that* won't do. Jilling George, of Liverpool? Just the evil. Exactly the kind of fancy-business he takes to. It's some foreign game, Arthur, rely upon it. Now, my friend, Jilling George (cheers Dutch and Free a magnificent there must have been much to arrange; they could have gone to nobody but him. Twas Jilling George—He must—he must! . . . Be off now, and come to me-tomorrow at noon."

He made so imperative a gesture that Arthur was fain to depart without a word; and returned, sadly enough, to his humble lodging.

Next day that period was neither swift nor sure. Nevertheless, the inhabitants of twenty-seven Jermyn Street were still at breakfast, when a rumbling, darting noise, the delivery of which began to circulate in the house that the past night had been signalized by an important capture—no less than the undoubted identity of the Black-Thumb—while the apparition of Mistress Ascroft at her window, making wild and agitated but unintelligible signs, gave a sort of color to their former report that the Harwich road had been the scene of, and the extra post-coach a sharer in, the adventure.

Presently arrived Mr. Hartshorn in high excitement. Yes. It was true. The coach had been stopped and plundered, the guard having been shot dead. The robbing could not be the occupance of the passengers, male and female, who, at sight of the black thumb, permitted themselves to be stripped like lambs, until one of the party (a very young man, who had hitherto been unable to disengage his arms from his roquelaure) kept down the carriage, flung himself upon the assailant, and, though dragged through a hedge and several fields, succeeded at length in mastering himself and delivering him up to a mounted patrol, who most opportunely made his appearance.

Great as was the interest in identifying this intrepid champion with the slight and delicate young artist, love might have overcome the obstacle had not the arrival of more authentic tidings saved him the trouble. A note from Sir James Pelhill, without especially mentioning Armour, announced the capture of the noted robber by a party of police, detached with that express design.

Then passed a long and anxious morning, unrelieved by further news, Polly wandering about, utterly unable to devote her thought: to any of her usual occupations. What was to be the result? Was Lord Loh in reality the guilty person? Hope, less as was the unfortunate: man's situation, would he not surely confess? The conviction of the authorities that the outrage was of this man's contriving was strong as ever, and Polly herself had learned to regard it as a fact. The vengeance she had invoked was about to descend. Her af-

ther's death would be expiated. And then—the reward? . . .

Later that day the prisoner requested an interview with his captor.

Mr. Arnour, who had taken care to be within easy call, hastened to the prisoner.

"Henry, you're an ass," was Lord Lob's greeting. "It won't do. Stick, my boy, to the shop. You understand me perfectly, and you'll take my advice, Henry, because you can't help it. I entertain for you (it grieves me to think you won't believe it) a sincere professional regard. Had partial forces placed you in my gang you would thereby have been a man, Sir, equal to myself—infinitely excepted—in every quality that commands the respect and confidence of energetic practitioners in the higher walks of that art which gives you and your fellows bread. You might have bequeathed a reputation. But why dwell upon lost opportunities? As I was saying, I like you, and I don't mind putting a tolerable thing in your way, though not precisely what my worthy Henry—misled by a low but fashionable ambition—proposed to himself. Hear, then, my friend. Mr Black Thomas knew nothing of the Hompage plant. It was a foreign seed, sown, impudently enough, in my partner. You wronged us, Henry—but the injury is lost in the compliment—for, by my coronet, 'twas a masterly thing! Now, Sir, I can put this black thomb upon the man who did it, and I will."

Armour's eyes glistened, and he had some difficulty in concealing his satisfaction; but, aware that Lord Lob, when in a talking mood, especially disliked interruption, discreetly held his peace.

"*This*, Henry," resumed his lordship, "is the business. I will point out the individual. I speak of to—to the Honorable Arthur Haggerdorn, second son of the Earl of Hawkweed, brother, that is, to your humble servant. The poor young fool, full of his noble blood, has fallen in love with the plebeian beauty of this Humpage. He must marry her, good Henry, not you, do you see? The hopes of Hawkweed centre in him, and they are of greater import than the promotion of a silly rebellious like these. Besides, Henry, you know too much of rascal ways. Once admitted among the swells, not a man of them would be safe. But, mark me, on the day the Honorable Arthur Haggerdorn marries Miss What-you-may-call-it Humpage, Henricus Armorius pockets five thousand pounds. Is it a bargain? If so, thy fist, Henry! If not, go thy ways, and say—say truly—that thou hast heard the last accord from the lip of Lob."

Henry knew well enough that, spite of the affected bombast, the robber was in earnest. The first was given.

"Imprimis (that is, Henry, in the first place), a gone for Lob Counter. Let him be with me this evening," resumed the prisoner.

"Why, you know it's impossible, my lord," cried Armour, vastly surprised. "He's wanted over, and over, and over again, is he, Bob?"

"Let the want stand 'over.' I want him, and must have him. Get the pen."

"Supposing I did, he wouldn't come," replied the officer, reluctantly.

"Try him," said Lord Lob.

And the interview concluded.

The prisoner was right. Sir James Polhill, on learning the substance of this conversation (save that portion relating to finance), readily conceded the pass. Mr. Counter, communicated with through a friendly channel, was speedily unearthed, disguised, and admitted within those walls it had been the business of his life (after crime) to avoid. It was curious to see this mimermast, "clothed and with his one virtue, fidelity, entering the tomb-like prison with the step of a prince, and standing before his doomed captain without a shade of hesitation, save that which had its source in the latter's misfortune."

The conversation, conducted in the thieves' tongue, was brief and pithy, and may be concisely rendered somewhat as follows:

"Blubbering, old boy?" said my lord.

"(Do a variety of things to) my eyes if I know what's come to 'em!" replied Mr. Counter, affecting a delicate surprise. "But this ain't a good thing to see."

"My boss to the lads. Bid them take warning. Cut the rosal. It's low and bad. I always said so, and what an earth prompted me to that high toby touch last night, top me if I can say! I could almost feel a hand on my prad's bridle dragging him on. No matter. Jilling George of Liverpool."

"What d'ye?"

"Wanted."

"Is he to go?"

"Yes, he. Had a good spell."

"That's true, but—"

"But what?"

"Tis the first time—ever—you've—"

"Split. I know it," said his leader, fiercely. "Bob, he did me an ill turn once. Besides, I'm insulted. That fellow did the neatest thing of the day, here, under our very noses, and without a 'By your leave, my lord.' It has been the business of my life to unite the recognized courtesies of refined society with the sterner exigencies of our profession. You don't understand, my Bob. To put it simply: should we have cracked a Liverpool crib without a word to Jilling George? Bob, he goes. Tip the slang."

"Very good," said Mr. Counter, perfectly resigned to his comrade's fate. "(*What* was it you said he's wanted about?"

"Thing in Jermyn Street—Humpage. Go you to my brother; here's the address. Then turn on the trail. If *he* finds the man, he marries the heiress. He'll reward."

"Hallo, stop! *He'd* no hand in it."

"Who?" demanded Lord Lob.

"Jilling George."

"Pshaw! 'tis no one else."

"Just what I was going to say."

"What?"

"Tim's nobody else."

"Neither George nor nobody else? You don't mean that—"

"Yes, I do."

The two robbers looked at each other for a moment, then burst into a fit of laughter that almost infected the dead "dubosman."

"Since when have you known this, Bob?" asked Lord Lob.

"Week past."

"Can you put your hand upon him?"

"Know the dossken" (lodging).

"All right. Go to my brother, tell him every thing, as you would to me, and say I bade you trust him for reward—and—and good-by, Bob, my boy."

"Oh, curse it, there's a new Bob, relapsing into tenderness.

"Vamose, boy," said Lord Lob, hastily. "The 'dubosman's scran's coming. Remember, your captain was neither buzz-glosh, chaunter-cull, nor sneaksman; never fosced, nor nose-bed, fit cream, nor faked a fadge, nor will he be at last lagged for a ramp! . . . The worst the patterer round the Governor-general can say of him is that Lord Lob's only leary glosh, and even *that* his noble blood demanded. Wherefore, Robert, stow whids, tip the jigger, and have a tantarum, cheats daddles, and ting aways, my Bob!"

Translated from what may be called (*at that period*) the language of Tyburnia, the modern Belgravian, the chieftain's farewell might be rendered thus:

"You may retire, my friend. The turnkey's evening meal is about to arrive. Recollect that your leader was neither an appropriator of loose cash, a writer of blasphemous and songs, nor a petty, cowardly shop-lifter. He never swindled, nor sponged upon his neighbors, fought backward, or, by other blackguardism, The worst those street biographers who throng about the gallows can say of him is that Lob was a remarkably well-dressed individual, a circumstance perfectly consonant with his high birth. Wherefore, Robert, talk no more, hand the turnkey a crown, shake hands, and begone, my good fellow."

THE HEART OF MIRIAM CLYDE.

THE sun went down, and the moon came up. Miriam Clyde saw both the moon and the sun, as she was sitting. It was a long wing running out into the pleasant garden, and it was lighted by two, with three windows opening to the east, and one great bay-window to the west, each side of which were Miriam's favorite nooks, in shrewd defiance of them in the wall. The quaint room had been built for her by her father—a birthday gift from an always lavish hand. Every inch of it was her own taste, from the dainty carpet and delicate paper, to the queer-shaped tables, the quaint desk, the pictures, and the books. Yes, the books locked out of the corner, with steadfast eyes and the beauty of a dream on the brow of marble, was, somebody said, Miriam's household goddess, and she did hang age in some strange pagan fashion of her own.

She certainly loved the room and all its belongings. She had passed many pleasant hours, calculate days there—for hers was, in some senses, a lonely life. Father and mother she had; but her father was president, or superintendent, or in some way the master-spirit of long lines of railroad, and spread his time in systematic journeys, whose only apparent result was disturbing his family by a midnight arrival two or three times a week. Her mother, from chronic headache, was intensely nervous, and had a Southern desire to be let alone. So Miriam found that charm in books and solitude that so many other girls find in a cheerful home circle.

So many phases of feeling had come to her in her pleasant room: and there, this afternoon, love had sought her out. Miriam Clyde had found love there, and told her the long-cherished secret of his heart. She had accepted him—that was at noon, afternoon—and then she had been left to love her alone, and had sat there ever since, through the sunsetting and the moon-rising, wondering and doubting over what she had done.

She had no definite idea whether she loved him or not. Ignorant she was of the world and the world's ways—most ignorant of all of her own heart. She could make no excuse to herself for promising to marry this first lover of hers, except because he had asked her. She had found his friendship pleasant. What his love would be she could not yet tell. She began to think it was a mere question of how she did not care to try. There would be something fearful, it seemed, in belonging no more to herself, but to another—giving that other right to thoughts and fancies as well as heart-beats.

She rose at last, bewildered with thinking, and threw open her window to look out into the August night, restless, odorous, pulsing with stars. The fragrance from her heliotrope bed stole up to her. It was an hour when the flowers—rare, low kind, mystical flower-fragrance—she would never forget. It seemed to her that her heart came out, and stood like another young lover. She

MARRIAGE, 1759.

TAKING COMMAND OF THE ARMY. JULY 12TH 1775.

PRESIDENT.—1789.

THE MEDIATOR, 1744.

WASHINGTON'S BIRT

RESIGNING

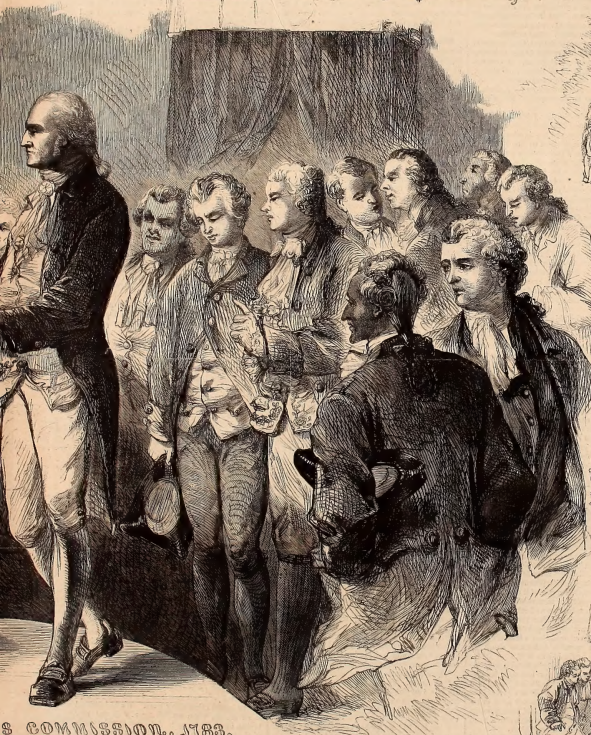
George

FEB. 22D

N PLACE, FEB. 22d 1732.

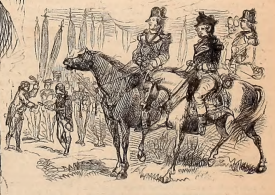
THE Life OF

SURVEYOR, 1748.



S COMMISSION. 1783.

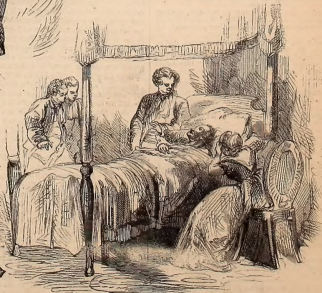
BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT, 1755.



YORKTOWN, 1781.

Washington.

1732.



DEATH.—1799.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FRIEND has celebrated for his fine stock than a good education. He went to the secretary of an agricultural society in regard to entering his animals for the premium offered, and added, as a postscript, as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of a premium."

"I see," said Mrs. Partington, the other day, "that a great many of the officers of our army are following the advice I used to give to my dear husband, and I am glad to see it. I used often to say to the groom about Captain Sound-sey's resignation. Now I don't know what trouble they may have had, but it's a blessed thing to be resigned. My poor Partington used to suffer from something that he called a want of energy, which was my nature for him. I couldn't make out exactly what he meant, but I looked in the Dictionary, and found that original means to found; so I suppose I was a little too warm-hearted for him, and the poor man wanted me to be kind of stiff and icy. I used to tell him to be resigned to his lot, but he couldn't seem to make up his mind to it. If he had I should have been so tickled I expect I should have put his resignation in the papers same as folks do nowadays. I felt kind of bad when Partington died, but the parson told me to be resigned, and I tried to, but I had left me and he comfortably well to do in the world, I felt resignation more and more every day, and hope these army officers are all enjoying the same great blessing."

GOOD ADVICE TO EVERY BODY.

If widow's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak,
And how—and when—and where.

A farmer, who occasionally accommodated a neighbor with a stitch of bacon at the killing season, being applied to as usual, said, "I assure you I was made up and down whether I shall kill myself this year, or take a side of my father."

"When I am in pecuniary difficulties," said a penitent bankrupt, "my garden, my flowers, all fresh and sparkling in the morning, console my heart." "Indeed!" exclaimed the sympathizing friend. "I should have thought they would remind you of your trouble, for, like your bills, they are all over dew."

A month ago never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted successes qualify a man for undisturbed happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the sea, arouse the faculties and incite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

Smith made an assertion to Jones. Jones replied that was a celebrated bi—hoky story. Smith first-rate, and then blandly requested Jones to be kind enough to place his syllables closer together upon the next occasion.

He who gives up to seem given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the surest certain way to become useless.

A philosophic and self-possessed chip captain was passing through a crowded street at midnight, when a shrewd ghost rose up behind a tombstone, and approached him with mysterious gestures. The ancient navigator never relied his stick and gave him a crack over the head, asking him "what he meant by being out of his grave at so late an hour?"

An elderly gentleman, traveling in a stage-coach, was amused by a dispute of the world between two little boys. One of them, at last, kindly inquired if their conversation did not annoy the old man, when he answered with a great deal of naïveté, "No ma'am, I've been married twenty-eight years."

The other day a gentleman holding an official position, gave a rising young man his countenance. The ungrateful youth has since made use of the song for drinking purposes.

ARTFUL DODGING.—*Master:* "Where was the text the day, Jack?" *Apprentice:* "I dunno how—I was a thinking of gone in." *Master:* "What was the conclusion?" *Apprentice:* "I dunno, ken—I only set afore he was done." *Master:* "What! all to hear about the middle o't, then?" *Apprentice:* "I dunno ken—I sleepit a' the time."

While we are writing a little fellow opposite our window is stealing a fresh coat of paint. His time has become so high he is trying to get his board for nothing.

The most important is the first storm both in the spring of the year and in the married state; surely all the others are likely to come from the same quarter.

A married lady found her two sons quarreling, and, in hopes of saving so sad a waste of conjugal affections, uttered the following: "You young rascals, if you don't desist directly I'll tell both your fathers."

A countryman being a witness in a court of justice, was asked if he believed he was born in wedlock. "Why, Sir," answered the man; "I was born in Lincolnshire."

A paper speaks of a man "who died without the aid of a physician." Symptoms of death are exceedingly rare.

INNATE GOODNESS.—What the world calls "innate goodness" is very often a full stomach, and what it terms "vice is only a fragment of empty headache.

A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, speaking of the poor of Ireland, says: "Many thousands of them were often destitute of the only food they possessed."

"Isaac," said Mrs. Partington to her nephew, "when you enter the state legislature, choose a wonderful and well-influenced young woman. Then, my dear, your love will be indeed a source of certain." He knew she was exceedingly solemn, and proceeded to put mateens on the floor kinks.

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

We generally prefer new articles to old ones—the newmades to the old-fashioned.

A young man who has recently taken a wife says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get the furniture.

Hadji Bell Beni Assand, on the return voyage to Medras, after his pilgrimage, was caught in a terrible storm, and recollecting that he had visited Mohammedan law by indulging in swine's flesh on a particular occasion, he made a due confession, and prayed for a cessation of the storm. All was in vain: the storm raged on; and the Hadji, losing his temper and piety, petulantly exclaimed, "What a fuss about a little pork!"

A club-head has just been built which is so nicely poised that the owner is obliged to part their hair in the middle to keep their balance.

If you ever become so sick that you can't keep any thing on your stomach try a mustard plaster, that will stick sure.

A gentleman, whose father had been hanged, was accustomed to say of him—"He died suddenly upon a platform at a large public meeting."

Mr. Day advertises the loss of his dog: Brown hopes he will succeed in finding him; for if "every dog has his day," he doesn't see why every Day should not have his dog.

A Dutchman being called upon to give a toast, said: "Here ish to de heroes what fit, pled, and died at the battle of Bull Run—of which I am one."

THE NEW GEN.—The "Infant Prince," the six-pounder.

Politeness is like an air-cushion: there may be nothing in it, but it cases jolts wonderfully.

If a woman was to change her sex, what religion would she be?—A He-then.

Some time since a person, more ingenious than scrupulous, paid a tradesman for some goods by a bill at two months; but on presenting it at the expiration of that period, the owner found it was payable two months after death instead of after date.

A young lady recently lost her temper, to the great delight of her friends, as it was very bad one.

A "ladies' shoemaker" advertises himself boldly as one of "the sole her system."

MY WIFE'S FATHER.

I AM naturally a benevolent man, and more inclined to pardon than to punish.

I acknowledge that human justice is fallible; that the discovery of the offender and the guilty: that the penalty is, occasionally, cruelly disproportioned to the offense; that social prejudices are begotten of carelessness and ignorance; that the reformation and rehabilitation of the criminal are higher duties than the punishment of the crime. And so forth.

But my late conviction of the practical results of a certain philanthropy has tended fatally to harden my nature, and render me skeptical. A continuance of the trial would, in all human probability, pervert me into an obstinate misanthrope.

When I say "a certain philanthropy," I allude to that peculiar virtue as developed in My Wife's FATHER.

My father-in-law—by the way, I detest that term, as applied to the parent of "the wife of one's bosom."! It smacks of the attorney, and has an odor of parchment and court-room talk about it. So I shall not use it again. My Wife's father, then, is much more homelike and cheerfully respectful that sounds!—is an elderly gentleman, who has devoted considerable time and money to the wholesale drug business, retired from the firm five years ago, to devote his time, and a moderate portion of his income, to the cause of philanthropy.

Not generally and diffusedly, however.

My Wife's father prefers to be popularly known as a "singleness of purpose;" but what—did he stand in no other relation to me than that of a fellow-being—I should call him a "fool of the first order." He, therefore, has a specialty in his benevolence. And this is the restoration to social *status* of the evil-doer who has undergone the penalty.

In other words, the moral and social white-washing of the Ethiop—using Ethiop in a strictly figurative sense.

For this most worthy object he has spent much of his time in prison. Not as a subject of discipline, administered on, as a philanthropist—a bearer of good-tidings, a monitor, a commuter of sentences; often as a herald of pardon and liberty. This was, perhaps, well.

But he has gone further. He has become the patron and friend (that is, *he* feels sure that *he* is the friend, though the gentility has appeared to almost every one but himself extremely dubious) of the liberated criminal. He has listened to the morning penitence, and believed in his or her penitence. Mind I don't say that such penitence is *always* feigned, and that the hypocrite is always to be found in the prison cell. There's no satisfaction in reading this kind of thing. Why, he hasn't even given me a body a nause except his wife, and she is only Susan!!"

Gently, gently, if you please. I will satisfy your curiosity, as far as may be done consistently. My wife had neither mother, brother, nor sister living. *My* family have no more to do with the story than Susan. I recently somewhat often quoted potentate the "Emperor of China."

As to nouses—that is, family names—where is the use of my story then, if any? They wouldn't be the true ones, you know.

Then I do, won't it?

Nathan, I said my wife's venerable papa, one morning to me (my baptismal appellation is Nathan), "you want a carriage, do you not?"

"Yes, Sir; I have not yet found the right sort of man, I believe. Do you happen to know of any sober, discreet, trust-worthy person in that line, my dear Sir?"

A most excellent one, Nathan. Poor fellow! he has been very badly used, and I shall be really glad to be the means of placing him in a position to show his worth and retrieve his misfortunes."

"Does he understand the management of horses?"

"Of course. That is, I have no doubt he does. He is a very intelligent man, and knows a great deal more than many of his class, especially about theology," said the old gentleman, with conviction.

"But has he been used to horses, Sir?" I asked.

"I—a—suspect he has; he must have been; for he instantly accepted the situation when I proposed it to him."

"But, my dear Sir," I ventured to object, "Susan is timid, you know, and I am very particular; and then, you know—"

"Oh, I have already spoken to Susan, who is quite pleased with him, and I shall really take it as a personal favor, my dear Nathan, if you engage William!" exclaimed Mr. Shepherd.

(I have named him, after all, you see! The fact is, I perceive I can't go on calling him My Wife's Father in every other paragraph. It spoils the style.)

"Say no more, Sir, William is engaged!" I felt myself compelled to answer.

The next day William came. His appearance was decidedly in his favor. That is, provided he had applied for a vacant place as missionary instead of the theatre.

"Have you been used to horses?" I asked him.

"I have been used to many things in my time, Sir," replied William, meekly.

"Were horses among them?"

"Horses, Sir—and asses also!" he answered, in the same tone.

For a moment I fancied the man concealed a double meaning under his last reply. But looking at his solemn face, my suspicion vanished.

"Very well, William," said I, and giving him a few directions, he was duly installed.

William drove well, but after a while I noticed that the horses seemed strangely languid in the morning. Indeed, they used them but a few hours each day, and never in the evenings. I walked round to the stable, which was in a court some distance from the house, one afternoon. William was deeply absorbed in reading Thomas à Kempis.

"William," said I, "is any thing the matter with the horses? They didn't seem bright this morning."

"It is doubtless the oats," he replied, first putting a marker in the book and placing it in his breast; "I have remarked that they had a peculiar flavor."

"Then buy better at once." And I handed him a twenty-dollar note.

For a week or two the horses improved. Then the same symptoms began to reappear.

About this time my wife and I went to the seashore for a twelve days' stay, leaving the house and the keys with Mr. She, herd.

"William," said I, "you had better consult a veterinary about the horses, and exercise them very gently while we are away."

"What the horses need, Sir," answered William, "is oats and exercise alternately."

It was remarkable what correct language the man used.

"Get it, then, and give it to them," said I, handing him money.

"There was twenty-five cents change from the purchase of oats which I omitted to return you, Sir," remarked William, producing it as solemnly as if it had been a treasure unexpectedly recovered.

"He is honest, at all events," thought I.

"He'll be a treasure to you, Nathan," cried Mr. Shepherd, when I told him of this little incident.

The fifteenth day after our arrival at the seaside I received the following missive:

"DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to inform you that your coachman is taking advantage of your being away to hire your carriage and horses as a hack from the night railway trains. He visits with them every night for the 11:20 train from the North, at the depôt, and carries passengers to the hotels or to any part of the city required. Some fifty fill give me the warrant I will arrest him. But perhaps you had better come on and see for yourself.

"Hoping you will think it best to done my duty, I am yours respectfully,

"JOSEPH BYLES, Captain Police Station.

"P.S. Come on in the 11:30 train, and you will catch him, in all probability, at the depôt."

I took Captain Byles's advice, came on by that train, and actually found William in the act of ushering two gentlemen into my own carriage. A brief explanation followed.

"The veterinary," said William, as meekly as ever, "told me the horses should be exercised only at night, and not be heated. I did not like to ride about the streets without an object at night, Sir, and I thought that the money made by taking a few chance passengers now and then might be applied to the purchase of feed for the animals. Grain is enormously high now, Sir."

"Drive me to Mr. Shepherd's, and consider yourself out of my service," was my only reply.

My Wife's Father deplored this William's injudicious conduct, "which, however, he observed, was as I perceived by his explanation, solely for my benefit and that of the horses."

"Do not turn the poor fellow off, Nathan!" he exclaimed. "He thought he was acting for the best. And who knows but what humiliation, and perhaps want, may drive him to? Let me see him in the morning, and all will be right. I beg it as a personal favor."

I consented, much against my better judgment. In the morning we went to the stable. It was locked, and William was not there.

Unfortunate man!" cried Mr. Shepherd. "Ah, Nathan, I hope you may never have cause to regret your harshness." (I didn't think I ever should particularly.)

Having a commission from Susan, we went to my home.

William, whom you have so unkindly used, Nathan," said Mr. Shepherd, as he handed me the keys, "has been most careful in airing and keeping in order your house. He has come every morning for the keys, and returned them every night. *That is his return for your injustice.* You will find every thing in capital condition."

We entered. Every thing did seem in order down stairs. I went up to my wife's bedroom. In the fire-place in that room was fastened, with brick-work, a small iron safe, in which we kept the table and other silver ware. We had secured it all therein when we left town. It was my property and mine only. A further search revealed the complete disappearance of every portable article of value in the house.

I looked at my tender-hearted companion. He did not appear to advantage, I thought, under the circumstances, though he was Susan's father, and though I certainly respected him highly in that connection.

"What think you of the 'unfortunate man' now, Sir?" I inquired, somewhat ironically I am afraid.

"It is sad, Nathan, it is very sad," answered the old gentleman, with humility.

"Sad!" cried I, indignantly; but controlling myself, "Where did you pick up William?" I asked.

"He—I—I reclaimed—that is, I *thought* I had reclaimed him, Nathan. But the temptation has proved too strong, I fear."

The simple fact was, My Wife's Father had taken the scoundrel out of jail, to which he had been sentenced for having used the same freedom with the

safe of a religious book publisher, to whom he was *colporteur*, as he had with mine.

The "unfortunate man" is once more in forced seclusion, and I have a shrewd suspicion that he is again the object of Mr. Shepherd's philanthropic solicitude. But the restoration of the stolen plate, or even the revelation of its whereabouts, has not yet resulted from the benevolent perseverance of My Wife's Father.

III.

"SUSAN, my love," said I, one evening, not very long after the above experience, "did you ever hear of pocket-handkerchiefs having melted away in hot water, or of soap having the power to render them invisible?"

"No," replied Susan, innocently. "Why, my dear Nathan? Did you?"

"No. But I have remarked a steady decrease in the number of mine for the last few weeks."

"How odd! That's very strange. Perhaps you have lost them."

"I am sure I have not. But I am not so sure that the laundress has."

"Oh! it never can be the laundress!" interrupted my wife. "She is incapable of such a thing, I am very confident!"

"What makes you so confident, my dear? Where did you get her?"

"Oh! she must be a good woman, for she was specially recommended to me by father, who knew her before, it appeared."

(I have omitted to state that, from reasons of delicacy, I had refrained from entering into the details of her father's connection with William in my account to my wife of his rascality.)

I trust I shall not be thought disrespectful to my wife's parent if I confess that his "special recommendation" of the laundress, instead of causing me to share Susan's confidence, produced exactly the opposite effect upon my mind.

But without pursuing the subject further then, I contrived to detect the "good woman" *in flagrante delicto* before long, and, to spare my wife's feelings, made a covenant with the culprit that if she would quit our service, apparently of her own accord, I would say nothing about her backslidings. This was perhaps weak on my part. But I loved my wife, and Susan was reverently attached to her father, and considered him infallible.

Besides, are we not all human?

As this may be considered to the limits of a four column article, I must abbreviate somewhat, I see, my subsequent experiences of the reformatory mania of My Wife's Father.

In the progress of time I discovered, by a mathematical calculation, that the amount of sugar, tea, coffee, butter, flour, coal, and other domestic luxuries or necessities, for which I had to pay, consumed by our household of my wife, myself, and three servants, were sufficient for the comfortable maintenance of twelve persons of inordinate appetites for the good things, solid and fluid, of this world during a long period of time.

Further inquiry revealed the fact that the cook, chamber-maid, and waiter had obtained their respective places at the earnest request to me made of the benevolent "author of her being." I found that a "reformed" shop-lifter did our cooking; work; a "reclaimed" cyprian of light-fingered proclivities waited on our table; and that our cook had, previous to her "moral regeneration," been an establishment of the lowest grade for the purchase and disposal of domestic spoils similar to those the mysterious consumption of which in our own household had revived my arithmetical knowledge. All three had been more or less "unjustly" secluded from the public use by the stern decree of Law.

Nor were these all my trials.

An "ingenious mechanic" whom Mr. Shepherd had "re-formed" and patronized took away from the parlor clock to repair, and forgot, in his sudden departure from virtue and the city, to return it.

A near relative of the head of "penitentiary" hired to attend my wife in her illness, left at an early stage of her patient's convalescence, carrying with her a quantity of lace and some other articles, all of which were designed to adorn the baby. A Signaki, who had, through the efforts of Mr. Shepherd, experienced "grace" both spiritual and judicial, actually dined and spent the evening with us, at the invitation of My Wife's Father, who brought him, informally, just before we sat down to table, and introduced him as "a most interesting gentleman, whom I knew privately;" he was absent for a visit in preparing for the ministry." I found out the previous history of this embryo clergyman, when, three weeks afterward, he eloped with his partner's housekeeper ("still one more unfortunate"), and no inconsiderable amount of personal property belonging to the same soft-hearted (did I only know an excellent second father by report, I fear I should have said soft-headed) philanthropist. Finally (I have, however, omitted several minor, but annoyingly disagreeable-to-encounter instances of a similar nature), Mr. Shepherd, three months ago, sought a conference with his daughter during her temporary absence from town, and induced her to receive as an honored guest Mrs. Euphemia Leech.

"Mrs. Euphemia Leech, my dear Nathan," said My Wife's Father to me on my return, "is a lady of eminent piety and benevolence, who has led a sad her life, since the decease of Professor Leech, her lamented husband, to the amelioration of woman's lot. She seeks the down-trodden, the abandoned, the despairing of her sex, and uplifts and redeems them. She is a ministering angel to her erring sisters. Passing through the city on her noble mission, she expressed a desire to visit, with me, the institutions devoted to the punishment of crime and the reformation of vice among our unfortunate fellow-creatures. She has but a few days at her disposal, and as my widower's position precluded my offering her the hospitality of my own house, Susan gladly availed herself of the occasion to do me a pleasure by inviting Mrs. Leech to become her temporary guest. You will find her an exceedingly interesting lady, I assure you." I had no resource but to accept the uncovered *hoser* with meekness, congratulating myself that, at all events, my guest was a *reformer*, and not a *reformed* person, and therefore possibly an honest and respectable woman.

Mrs. Euphemia Leech, whose "noble mission" "left her but a few days to dispose of" in this city, has now been an inmate of my house for three months; her, for aught I see, does she manifest any disposition to afflict us by her departure.

Neither my wife nor myself can conscientiously aver that we have found her an "exceedingly interesting lady." She is oratorical, and her oratory is divided—like the poetry in Mr. "American Leader"—into three classes, the didactic, the pathetic, and the sentimental. The pathetic is, perhaps, her most frequent style. Her subject is ever the same:

"WOMAN'S LOT." She has bemoaned "the lot," denounced "the lot," and bullied "the lot" for our sympathetic consideration. She has said every thing about "the lot" (and nothing to speak of about any thing that could, perhaps, be said, but one thing, and that is *the whole truth*. She has, apparently, done every thing that could be done for "the lot" but one thing, and that is—to improve it.

For her father's sake Susan has hitherto borne the eternal jargon of her guest with extraordinary patience. With the exception of a slight remark or two about the apparent difficulty of disposing to advantage of "the lot," over which Mrs. Leech seems to hold, as it were, a proprietary claim, and a hint that she might possibly find it more profitable to exchange it for a "lot" in a more eligible situation (which observation was received with lofty scorn), I too have exhibited a stoicism of which I am rather proud. But even Susan's endurance has reached its limit, especially as the cumulative evidences of her parent's too credulous benevolence—some of which I have herein described—have been too frequent and glaring to permit my continued successful concealment of their true significance from her.

She sorrowfully confesses that her father's heart outweighs his judgment.

Has, moreover, is forced to the melancholy conviction that it will be perfectly useless to attempt *his* "reformation."

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG WOMAN.

I.

WERE I first here Jane Ann Hubbs (the "poor young woman") she was at present, some years ago, eighteen, with a coarse, staring sort of beauty, plenty of bust, large extremities, and the upper lip, i. e., her hands, reddened and "knuckley" by her occupation.

For Jane Ann, or, as she was always called by her mother, Jaynar—was my washer-woman's daughter and professional assistant.

Jaynar's education had been somewhat neglected. At least I judged so from her conduct, using the objective for the possessive case; saying "them things" instead of those things; clenching "that" with "it;" with a "them" with "this," and "that there bosom, Mr. Tomkins, wouldn't bleach like this here one, nohow, Sir;" and from the fact that, in my youthful credulity, she had actually made out herself, "drawers" were written "drawrs," "socks" "soks," and "handkerchiefs" eccentrically varied from "handkercher" to "handkercha," with several ingenious modifications between.

She was given to cheap perfumery.

This I felt sure of from the fact that the peculiar odor of that article—which is ever the same by whatever title the fluid may designate itself—always pervaded my chamber on each occasion of her visits, and for some time after her departure; and because I was continually finding in one of my clean clothes before putting them away, in order to get that same peculiar odor out of their folds.

Her tastes were also refined.

Of this I became aware by her imparting to me the information, that of all the dramatic entertainments extant she infinitely preferred "Jack Sheppard."

She occasionally made use of language the reverse of polite.

Thus—but I prefer leaving this assertion unsupported by an example.

Take her "for all in all," however, Jaynar Hubbs was—not a cultivated young woman by any manner of means.

Mrs. Hubbs was, if possible, even less cultivated than her daughter (her only child, by-the-by), but she was an excellent laundress; and, for that matter, so was Jaynar. Mrs. Hubbs, herself, while a plodding, hard-working, humble old body, without an ambition beyond that of producing the whitest and most brilliant linen, was a treasure. Mrs. Jaynar Hubbs had a soul above soap and flat-irons. In her inmost being Jaynar was ambitious. Let me tell you how I discovered this trait of Jaynar's character:

In the saunterings about town I often encountered Jaynar with her basket. And, nearly always, I found her gazing—gloating, I should rather say—reverent, glittering gazing at the jewelry, the silver, or the silken draperies of a dry-goods-store window.

"Oh, if I was only rich!" I heard her exclaim, under such circumstances.

"And suppose you were, Miss Jane?" said I, approaching her.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Tomkins!" cried she, somewhat fluttered. But instantly collecting herself—"why, if I was rich I'd buy loads of them there things—pointing to the object of her admiration—"and I'd be lovely, Mr. Tomkins?"

"They are handsome," I replied, gravely; "but something more than money is needed to render one lovely, Miss Jane."

"Sakes alive! what is it, then, I'd like to know? Good looks, I suppose! Well! there's them that has such jewels on, this day, Mr. Tomkins, that ain't no great scratch for good looks neither!"

And Jaynar contemplated her own features in the jeweler's mirror with decided satisfaction.

"I do not allude to looks," said I, "but to behavior, taste, and breeding. Fine feathers don't always make fine birds, Miss Jane. Jewels and rich apparel are but thin disguises at the best when worn by vulgar ostentation or ignorant conceit. Take my word for it—"

But Jaynar rather sulkily bade me good-day, saying, in an undertone, as she turned away, "I guess some folks are as good as other folks if they aren't book-learned;" and adding something in a still lower key, of which I could only catch the words "Mother's Aid." To whom Jaynar applied this intelligent epithet is of no consequence.

My intercourse with Miss Hubbs rather declined thereafter from this point of our acquaintance, she choosing to restrict herself to a dignified discharge of her business duties toward me in the laundry line, and sending the linen to my chambers as brief and rigidly professional as possible.

I can not say that I greatly regretted this change in Jaynar's deportment, for I had never found much fascination in her society, and her shortened stay in my rooms visibly lessened the strength and exasperation of the perfumed odor to which I have before alluded under the title of cheap perfumery—a species of fragrance for whose enjoyment my taste—perhaps I had better say smell—has never been cultivated appreciatively.

In the course of a twelvemonth I went abroad, and remained away nearly seven years in Europe.

Shortly after my return I went in search of my old washer-woman.

The house was occupied by other tenants, who knew nothing of Mrs. Hubbs, they being the fourth or fifth series of lessees of the premises since her departure from this neighborhood.

From the grocer at the corner, however, I learned that the old woman was dead, and Jaynar married.

"And does Miss Jane—that was—still continue in the laundry line?" I inquired of the grocer.

"Bless you, no, Sir! She's in the soap and tallier way now; or her husband is, at least," replied the grocer.

"Ah! she married a tallow-chandler, eh?"

"Well, not exactly that. Old Weevil's a sort of boss soaper, I believe. He has a lot or more who go round with their carts and collect the soap-fat and scrapings from door to door, and he pays them for 'em. Then he has the stuff in a kind of wholesale way to the regular chandlers. He's a mighty sharp chap is old Weevil, but hasn't any education; can't read or write, I believe, and so couldn't, or at any rate hasn't, set up a regular chandlery."

There are many tallow-chandlers who are men of education, and even cultivated gentlemen doubtless (indeed I am personally acquainted with three such); but nevertheless the "style" of several successful members of that "guild" I chanced to meet, I could not help smiling at the grocer's idea that a boss soaper—whatever the style of several successful members of that "guild" I chanced to meet, I could not help smiling at the grocer's idea that a mighty sharp chap is old Weevil, but hasn't any education; can't read or write, I believe, and so couldn't, or at any rate hasn't, set up a regular chandlery."

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"No, you needn't," replied Mrs. W. "I guess I'll put it on. It'll carry easy that-a-way."

And suiting the action to the word, she clasped the glittering trophy round her wrist, and walked majestically out of the place.

The cheap jewelry period has expired, thought I.

"Do you know that lady?" asked I of the salesman, whom I knew quite well.

"No, do you know her, Mr. Tomkins? She has a smack of 'shoddy' about her, I should say."

"Probably," I answered; "or the equivalent of shoddy. Her name *was* Jaynan Hubbs when I first knew her, and her mother was my laundress. Subsequently she married a 'boss' soap-fat man, as I was told, of the name of Weevil, and—"

"Weevil!" exclaimed the salesman. "Why, that's the man that has made such a pile of money out of a contract for the hides, hoofs, and the other remains of the slaughtered cattle of one of our armies. He's just bought Ducksandrake's splendid house out, Gooseberry Street, you know, and they're going to give a tremendous opening ball or *soirée*, or something, next week."

"What, at this season?"

"Oh! they'll find plenty of people to go. Besides, now I remember, it's a *matinée*, by-the-by. So he was a soap-fat man, eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

Two days after this little incident I received, very much to my surprise, the following card, splendidly embossed and engraved in bronzed letters "old English" style:

Mr. and Mrs. Weeville

AT HOME

May the —th, from 2 till 6 P.M.

[RECEPTION AND BANQUET.]

No. 5 Gooseberry Street.

I did not go, however. My afternoon, that day, was spent in one of the Soldiers' Hospitals, where I wrote sixteen letters from sixteen poor fellows to their families. It wasn't as brilliant an entertainment as I should have enjoyed at Mrs. Weevil(le)'s, probably. But quite as useful and instructive, I fancy.

At any rate, I don't regret my absence from the one, nor my presence at the other scene of our domestic drama.

Here ends, for the present, my "ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG WOMAN."

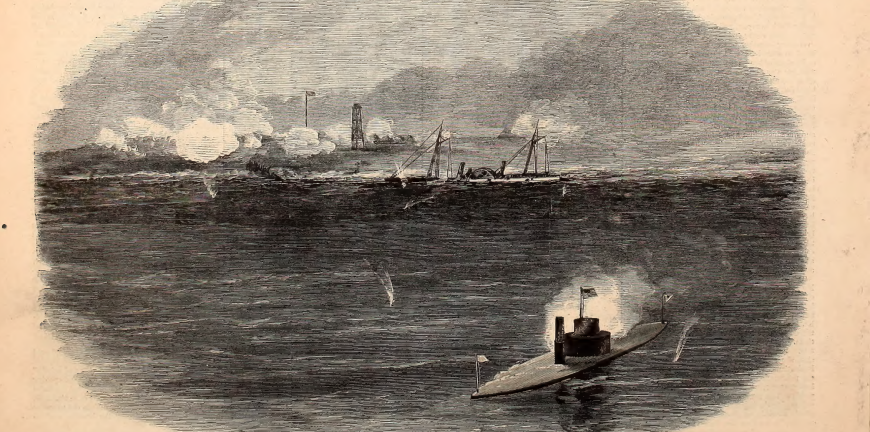
THE MALDEN BANK MURDER.

THE murder of FRANK CONVERSE, on the 15th of last December, by EDWARD GREEN, whose portrait is given herewith, has excited the most intense interest. The murder was committed in the prosperous village of Malden, a few miles out of Boston, on the Boston and Maine Railroad. It was done at noonday, in a Bank, situated in the business part of the town, and yet so secretly that it left no trace of the doer, and the murderer passed from the bank-logoffice to his own place of business, with no more suspicion attaching to him than to any other man at that time walking the streets of Malden. The victim was a boy of seventeen, son of the President of the bank, and was alone in the directors' room, in charge of $5000, which had just been counted out to him by the cashier for business use. The murderer having made a visit to the bank earlier in the day for the purpose of reconnoissance, immediately upon the departure of the cashier returned, and finding young Converse alone, drew from his pocket a six-shooter, and, placing the muzzle within a foot of the boy's head, fired, the ball entering back of the ear; another discharge was then lodged in the temple of the victim, who had fallen to the floor. To secure the bills in the drawer was the work of a moment, and the next the murderer mingled with the innocent passengers on the street. That a murder and robbery had been committed was all that transpired at the time. About three weeks afterward certain suspicious circumstances led to the apprehension of Mr. Bailey, who, upon examination, was acquitted. The name of the real murderer was not mentioned or thought of in connection with the crime; he was not one of the witnesses on Bailey's case, nor was he even mentioned in the inquest. But the "miraculous organ" through which the secret of murder always finds its way into publicity speaks through silence no less surely than through overt expression; and, in this case, the fact that there was one individual—the Postmaster of Malden—who never showed any interest in the murder, nor in the most casual manner ever mentioned it, drew the attention of two detectives, Heath and Jones, who were determined to ferret out the criminal, and also of several prominent citizens. His utter silence was the beginning of the net which soon began to close about the murderer. The other steps followed rapidly after, and as a natural consequence. The bills which had been taken were all of the Malden bank; the Postmaster was known to be involved in debt, and this would doubtless have been the motive leading to the crime. Totally unaware of suspicion, and placed, as it seemed, by his responsible position in society beyond all chances of suspicion, he would venture to pass, at least in Boston, a considerable amount of the plunder in payment of his dues. He was watched by a special detective every time he came to the city; and, step by step, the suspicious which had been aroused ripened into conviction. He had paid a debt of $700 in Malden Bank bills, and other debts of $20 and under in the same money. This, taken in connection with the remarkable silence of Green on the subject of the murder, furnished indubitable proof of his guilt, and he was arrested Sunday evening, February 7, at the residence of Mr. Lamson, whether he had been invited. He exhibited very little feeling, but confessed his guilt as soon as he found that he had been watched for the last month, and informed the detectives that they would find the rest of the money, part of it in the post-office, where it was concealed in an old boot, and the remainder in the attic of the Volunteer Fire-Engine House. The arrest of Green caused considerable surprise among his fellow-citizens, who had reposed the most complete trust in him for years. The photograph which we give was taken about a fortnight after the murder—over a month previous to his detection. Green is a young man of between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age, and rather short in stature. He has a wife and infant child. His wife is an estimable lady, and the fate of her husband excites in her the most heart-rending grief of which a true and honorable woman is susceptible.

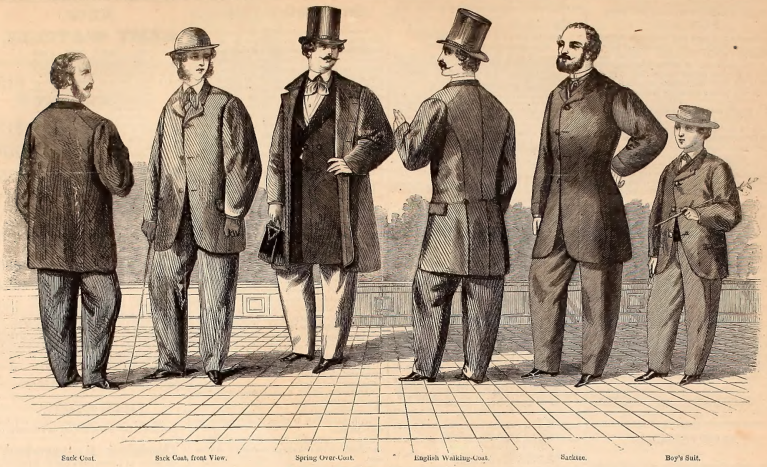
EDWARD W. GREEN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. R. J. CHUTE, BOSTON.]

SHELLING OF A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

WE give on this page a sketch, sent us by an occasional artist, of the destruction of an Anglo-Rebel blockade-runner, which was discovered on the morning of February 2, upon the rising of the fog which generally conceals the fleet and the shore during the dump nights of this season. She was a handsome, long, low, white, side-wheel steamer, built on the Clyde, having two smoke-stacks and two masts, of some seven hundred tons burden. The tide was down, and she was fast aground off Sullivan's Island. Four Monitors moved up in line in the beach channel, and poured their ricochet fire into her, while our heavy Parrott guns on Fort Strong (Wagner) and Battery Chatfield opened a steady fire upon her. The result was a hot engagement, which lasted all day, with all the rebel works on Sullivan's and James islands, and the destruction of the blockade-runner close to the wreck of the *Isaac Smith*, whose iron hull is all that remains of that steamer, imbedded in the sandy beach before the fort. The event was a source of great excitement for our brave fellows during the day, and agreeably diversified the monotony of the siege.



SHELLING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER AGROUND OFF SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.



Sack Coat. Sack Coat, front View. Spring Over-Coat. English Walking-Coat. Surtout. Boy's Suit.

SPRING AND SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1864.

[FURNISHED BY MESSRS. KINTLAND, BRONSON, & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF CLOTHING, NOS. 45 AND 47 CHAMBERS STREET, AND 23 AND 25 READE STREET, NEW YORK.]

THE above plate represents a few of the various styles of garments manufactured by the extensive house above-named, for their Spring jobbing business.

The wholesale clothing trade in this country has become of such vast importance, as well in its magnitude as in the reduction of prices which it has occasioned in what may be justly regarded as one of the first necessities of man, that it deserves a place in our columns, and our patrons will doubtless be pleased to see other representations from the great warerooms of MESSRS. KINTLAND, BRONSON, & CO.

This branch of industry is of domestic origin, and was almost unknown forty years ago; the nearest approach to it in that day being the manufacture of clothing by a few individuals in this city who had branches for the sale of their goods at retail in some of the Southern cities. The demand from Southern merchants, however, which arose for clothing ready made for sale soon developed the wholesale clothing business, and prior to 1837 there were half a dozen or more houses in this city engaged exclusively in the trade, and some of them to a considerable extent. The business was almost wholly confined to the South, and the class of goods made up for the trade at that period was mainly of the lower and inferior grades. The revulsion of 1837 prostrated this as well as other branches of business, and extinguished the firms then engaged in it. With the subsequent revival of trade new houses entered into the business, other cities became identified with it, the Western country opened up new markets for its sale, and the business rapidly increased, until, in 1860, it had attained its zenith. Then came the war, and with it the loss of the Southern indebtedness, in consequence of which it again suffered a temporary reverse. But clothing is an indispensable commodity, and hence we find the business quickly revived under the management of larger, wealthier, and more experienced firms.

New York has always been the chief depôt of supply, and will always control the largest share of the business. New York clothing is famed far and wide for its excellence—the characteristics which distinguish it above the make of other cities being novelty in the designs, durability and taste in the material and trimmings, and superiority in the workmanship. In former times manufacturers hesitated at making anything above the medium grade of goods. But now, in addition to manufacturing heavy lines of the medium and lower grades, a first-class house like the one above-named is obliged also to keep a full assortment of fine goods, equal in every respect to the very best custom-made work.

There are now engaged in the wholesale clothing trade in this city alone over one hundred firms, with a capital invested of at least ten millions of dollars. The number of operatives in New York and vicinity who gain their living from the clothing trade is about 50,000, one half of whom may be employed on Government work and in the retail trade, and the other half by the wholesale trade, which contributes toward their support not far from ten millions of dollars a year wages. The amount of internal revenue which the Government derives from it is probably more than a million of dollars a year.

THE PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1864.

THE PARIS FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

JANUARY'S fates have been sumptuous this year in the *monde Parisien*. On the subject of bonnets we have only to call the attention of our fair readers to the latest style of feather trimming, fully shown in our first Illustration (see page 141), and to state that black silk bonnets, abundantly ornamented with jet, are extremely fashionable at the present moment.

The general shape and trimming of ladies' ordinary dresses remain the same. It is only necessary to observe that high-necked robes are frequently worn for ceremonial occasions, when a profusion of passementerie decoration is *de rigueur*. The design of the passementerie is without importance, and may be confidently left to the taste of the wearer, as the greatest liberty prevails for the selection of every description of dress ornament, which thus has no risk of being disapproved as ridiculous.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Dark brown silk robe, trimmed round the bottom of the skirt with a wide band of black velvet, surmounted by a torsade of chenille and a narrow lace ruching. At an equal distance from the lower edge of the velvet band the trimming of the skirt is completed by a silk ruching of the same material. The corsage is ornamented to match. Black velvet bonnet, enlivened on one side with violet feathers, worn in the position indicated in our illustration.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—This robe is in grey de Tours, of a white ground, with black brocaded flowers; the three fixed flounces are trimmed with a gauze ruching, edged with narrow black lace. Each of the flounces, which incline rather to the left, is fastened by a large bow. The berthe on the corsage is provided with a corresponding trimming, and another bow decorates with a bow. The head-dress is composed of mother-of-pearl flowers and a white veil.

Fig. 3. *Evening Dress.*—Black moire antique robe, ornamented on the skirt by a narrow flounce, composed of violet gauze and violet ribbon. The corsage is plain, high-necked and fastened with jet buttons. From the narrow waistband depart two wide strangers in the dress material, bordered with guipure. The costume consists of a bouquet of violet ribbon and black lace, ornamented with jet pendants.

The millinery subject presents a very complete view of the best Parisian bonnet. It is a graceful combination of lace, flowers, and ribbon, vieing in the preponderating color.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was *One-sixth and strictly sold by the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on Gold, Government Tax, &c., but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the last few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly superior to Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

The Hero of	The Capture of
DONELSON,	100,000 REBELS,
VICKSBURG,	500 CANNON,
and	"
CHATTANOOGA.	200,000 SMALL ARMS.

1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED, to Supply the Splendid New Book, GENERAL GRANT AND HIS CAMPAIGNS. With a Sketch of his Life, Civil and Military. BY CULLEN K. LANDON.

Illustrated with an accurate Portrait on Steel, and Views of the Fortifications fought by Grant and his Generals.

"*No terms but unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works.*"—*Grant to Buckner.*

Our Large and Handsome Dandelene Volume. Price $1 50.

**The Author, who is the Military Editor of one of the leading papers of this city, possessing unusual facilities for securing the material for this work, has produced a interesting and popular book, which is destined to have an immense circulation. Book Agents can make excellent wages by engaging in its sale.

For further particulars address DERBY & MILLER, Book Publishers, New York. ** Copies sent by mail on receipt of price.

ARMY BADGES,

Watches, Gold Pens and Cases. Jewelry of all kinds at reduced rates. Send for a Circular. K. KEITH, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

J. W. EVERETT & CO.,

Will forward to any address, on receipt of order, Photographs from life of any of the prominent OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY, STATESMEN, ACTORS, ACTRESS, FOREIGN CELEBRITIES, ETC., ETC., 20 cents each. $1 50 per dozen. *Free by mail* Address J. W. EVERETT & CO., P. O. Box 1614, N. Y. City. Ent' Send for a Circular.

Engraved with Initial Letter, Old English, or complete sets $1 50, free by mail. Trade supplied. JOHN F. FIELDS & CO., 409 Broadway, N. Y.

Two Dollars made from twenty cts., call and examine, or ten stamps free by mail for 30c. Retail for $2, by R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Canal Square, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN.—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,

MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description, viz:*

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Admiral Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are all numbered, but vary in size from numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

FINE BARREL PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Reliable Pen; for 63 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Diamond Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridonia Points, for everyday wear—pens of which you will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are sometimes sold, by peddlers, and others, as such.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," or "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the Engraving Pens, which pens are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Number indicates size exactly. No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the medium, and No. 5 the largest Engraving Gold Pen, for the desk.

Fine and Medium Nibs or all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine polished; the Medium Nibs are broad, easy, and elastic. The Nibs on engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT SILVER CASES.

For $2 05 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 60 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 4th quality.

For $1 25 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 25, a No. 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 a No. 10 Pen.—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED PENCILS, WITH CASES.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.

For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridonia Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and close observation can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to durability, elasticity and free-writing facilities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

The 4th Quality are the Pens which, in view of the fact that, previous to opening his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made the Good-Writing and Reliable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer, whether of a fine or coarse point, &c., &c.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at his risk; and he will not send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $5, of 15 per cent. on $10, and of 20 per cent. on $50, if sent to one address at one time.

A. MORTON,

No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

BAKER'S RHEUMATIC BALM.
BAKER'S FEVER COOLER.
BAKER'S LIVER INVIGORATOR.
BAKER'S CROUP ALLEVIATOR.

are four remedies which are justly should ever be without. Price $1 per bottle each.

Also,

BAKER'S KIDNEY AND GRAVEL REMEDIES, which are invaluable.

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"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

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"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

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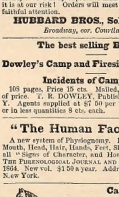

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PROF. HOLLOWAY:

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MORRIS ISLAND, S. C.,
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Yours, &c.,
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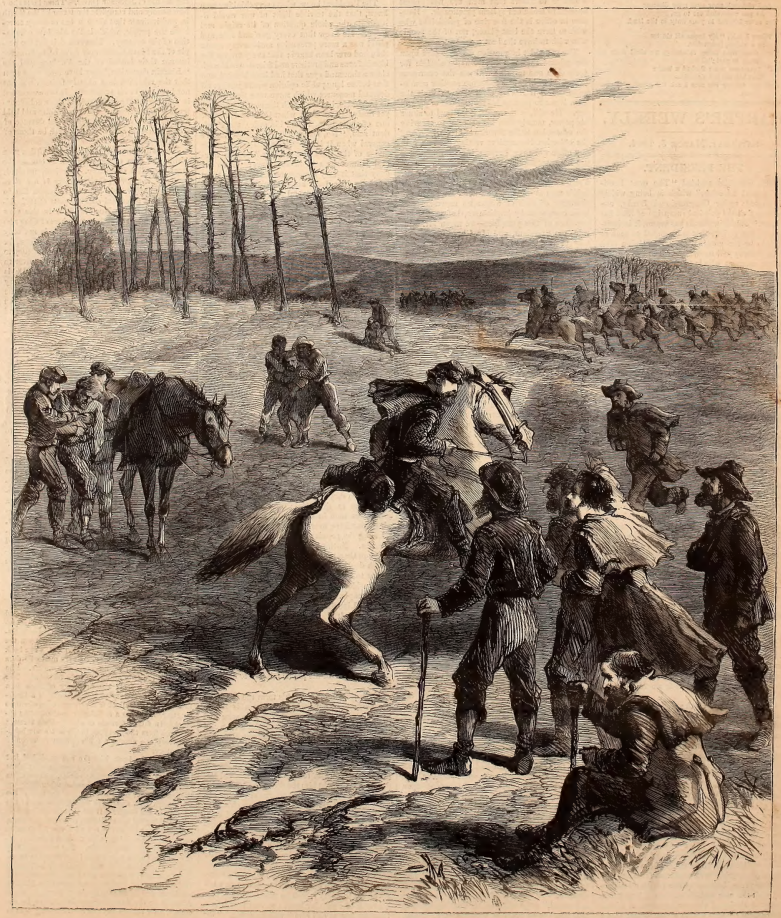


THE ESCAPED REFUGEES FROM THE LIBBY PRISON.—[SEE PAGE 161.]

THE BEAUTY THAT ENDURES.

I have loved you, Laura dearest,
And it is not for your eyes,
Though on me they shone like stars in every storm:
And I will not call you fairest,
For I know you little prize
The perfections of the perishable form.

But your spirit, fresh and kindly
As the bedge-rose peeping forth
In the dews and dewy blushes of the dawn,
I have worshipped, and not blindly,
For on balancing your worth
With your foibles, they, like feathers, were upthrown.

Like a fountain never fallow
From the only disk of sand
Palm-shaded in the desert, singing rain—
In your ear the voice of wailing
Ever strikes as answering chord,
And you rejoice with pleasure as with pain.

There's a cheerfulness about you,
Making every labor light,
And your modest household deities you adorn:
Life were cold and dark without you,
As to journey through a night
Unrelieved by any sprinkle of a morn.

When the war-blast in shrill tremor
First reverberated o'er the fen,
Though you trembled, yet your words were clear and grand;
And although your eyes grew dimmer
As you counseled me to go,
You ne'er faltered in your duty to the land.

When I said, "My hopes all cluster
In a Union, Laura fair,
That, some time hence returning, we shall meet no more to part"—
In your eyes there flashed a luster
That bid me not despair—
And now for my lost sun I ask the guerdon of your heart.

H.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1864.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE pamphlet entitled "The next Presidential Election," which is being widely distributed under Congressional franks, announces that the political campaign of 1864 has opened. And now that it has begun, it is desirable, in every view, that it be conduct as soon as possible by open nomination. The Union party of the country will naturally wish to know at the earliest moment who is to carry their standard. that they may be able to devote all their time and force to the prosecution of the war and the restoration of the Union, instead of wasting them in personal squabbles among themselves.

Obviously in the midst of a war which, to gun amidst the sneers and skepticism of foreign governments, and the sad doubt and fear of true men at home, has yet advanced to a near prospect of final victory, it would be a great moral advantage to retain, before all the world, the same general front; to say, on the one hand, to the rebels that the terrible experience of the three years past will be the experience of the four or five to come, if they do not yield, and to the world at large that the people of the United States are steadily bent upon the original purpose of the war, and by every legitimate means whatever, inflexibly mean to restore the Union and maintain the Government. If, indeed, the opinion of public affairs were different; if our military lines were marked by disasters; if the rebellion had evidently strengthened itself; if there were a reasonable expectation that the Government might be overthrown; if trade were prostrated or industry paralyzed; if we had been overtaken by crushing financial calamity; if there were no fair prospect of recruiting our armies with veterans and the best of new men; if the measures of the Government at home had been such as to create a powerful and threatening opposition, or had been unfaithful to human liberty; in a word, if there were not a general conviction deep down in the heart of the people that, allowing for all faults and mistakes, and weaknesses, from which no men and no administration can be free; yet, under all the circumstances, military, social, and political, public affairs have been upon the whole, and certainly so far as the President is concerned, sagaciously and honestly conducted, then a change in the head of the Government would be not only wise, but it would be inevitable.

That the conduct of the war has been upon the whole satisfactory is evident from the fact that the political struggle is not really between the Administration and the Opposition, but among the Union men themselves. No loyal Union man proposes a serious change in the present policy, and therefore a change of President is advocated upon theoretical grounds. But is this a time for personal preferences and theories? The pamphlet of which we spoke in the beginning of this article argues warmly, for instance, although not very ably, against a second Presidential term, and forties its position by the advice of Washington and Jackson, each of whom came forward to be re-elected for many consecutive years, because of the popular satisfaction with the man and his services. Is not that liberty of choice of the very essence of a free government? Is it not, as a rule, better that a representative, who really represents the feelings of his constituency, should be sent for many terms to Congress than that an inexperienced person should be sent every two years? The biennial election may be, and often justly is, the declaration of entire satisfaction with the service of the representative. It would certainly be a remarkable exception in the practice of a popular system if the representative must, of necessity, be displaced. The doctrine of rotation in office is the result of a misapprehension of a popular government. No State, city, or nation, or village would be necessarily better ordered, because the authorities were changed every month or every year. It is the regular frequency of elections which is the characteristic safeguard of our system. The object of the election is to allow the people to choose the man who pleases them. But to make him ineligible after one term is to defeat that object, and compel them to adopt one who is not their preference. It is in effect to say either that a man who has been once elected is supposed to be fit for his office shall not continue to hold it, which is absurd; or else that he can not safely be intrusted with it for more than one term, which is to assert that men are not honest enough to make our system practicable. Rotation in office is the doctrine of politicians who wish to keep the best places out of the people who wish to have the best magistrates.

The pamphlet in question urges its plea upon the ground that if a President be eligible for more than one term he will use the enormous patronage of his office to secure another nomination. But it is very clear that to limit the term is not to destroy the power of patronage. He will, in that case, if inclined to abuse his power, merely turn his energies to securing the succession to the favorite of his party. And the objection lies against intrusting patronage to any office whatever, because, if a President may use his patronage to secure a renomination, a Secretary may use his to defeat a Presidential. Take, for instance, the case of two conspicuous public men at this moment, upon the honorable character of each of whom no aspersion had been cast, even by the author of the recent appearance of this pamphlet—we mean Mr. Lincoln, the President, and Mr. Chase, the Secretary of the Treasury. The latter has wielded enormous patronage. The President, according to the pamphlet, should not be eligible for two terms lest he should misuse his patronage. Very well. Are the people to elect the Secretary—? If the reasoning be sound, he should not be eligible at all lest he should misuse *his*. Is it proposed that no man who commands patronage shall be eligible to the Presidency?

As a fact, however, the President is eligible for two terms; and this pamphlet—wisely nonsense—therefore argues that Mr. Lincoln can so wield his patronage at this time as to secure his re-election, it will be much easier for him, with half a million of offices and enormous treasury at his command, to keep himself re-elected from term to term through his natural life! The author has spared us the necessity of the *reductio ad absurdum*. For he is speaking of Mr. Lincoln; and unless we have entirely misapprehended the impression he has made upon the people, it would be as easy to persuade them to elect Mr. Lincoln as President as to believe Mr. Lincoln to be a new Aaron Burr.

The other argument against the renomination of the President is not theoretical, but practical; it is, that the people are mortified, humbled, and disappointed by the duration of the war, for which, they say, Mr. Lincoln's policy and the vacillating policy of the President is responsible. Yet, whoever will deliberately picture to himself the condition of the country and of the public mind at the beginning of the war, the utter lack of general belief that there was to be a war; the want of an army and a navy; the indifference and doubt of the great Democratic opposition at the North; the want of a sentiment of nationality; the question as to the coercive power of the Government; the political and social sympathy with the rebels; the instinct of abolitionism, and the careful excuse of men who said that they were willing to maintain the Union but not to "wash slavery;" the empty treasury; the universal scorn and jealousy of the Western European Powers; the long declamatory history of the rebellion which had been carefully wrought by Calhoun and his political school, which had so long controlled the Government, and so successfully that some men now in high office were its leaders in the South—whoever will recall all this will probably agree that the President had before him a task which required infinite tact, patience, and moderation. His success would depend upon his ability to interpret the real popular sentiment, and to distinguish between enthusiasm and conviction. If he lagged, or even too fast, he would equally fail. Every step he took must seem wise to the great public mind, whether it pleased or displeased the ardent van of thinkers and talkers, who are the educators, but not the representatives, of public opinion. Elected as a Republican, known as the author of the saying in reference to slavery and freedom in this country, "A house divided against itself can not stand," supposed (as he was supposed at that time) to be ruled by the Secretary of State, who had declared the existence of the irrepressible conflict, Mr. Lincoln knew that whatever might be the love of the Union—and even that was to be proved—the hate of abolitionism was practically universal. His object was, it must have been, to have a party to sustain the Government, and that party must be, so far as practicable, the undivided North. Senator Yulee, of Florida, had declared and in Washington what every body feared: "The North will have enough to do to take care of itself." Franklin Pierce had written to Jefferson Davis that the war would be at the North. Had the President made a mistake, Yulee and Pierce would have been true prophets. Had the President said on the 15th of April, 1861, that he was attacked by the Union, slavery is abolished," the suspicious jealousy of the Opposition would have burst into full cry: "Treason! we have it. He takes advantage of a riot in South Carolina to overthrow the Union and plunge us into civil war." But the President, equal to his great office in the most solemn crisis of our history, said, simply, "The Union and Government must be maintained by force;" and the country, with its party-spirit paralyzed, cried, "Amen!"

The President knew, what every thinking man knew, that the terrible light of war would illuminate the whole question of its origin and scope. That he had only every gun and rifle and pistol was a more persuasive anti-slavery orator than had ever been heard; that every drop of the blood of sons and brothers and friends would wash clear a thousand stains that had been blinded, and that before long public opinion would justify and demand measures which some men then saw to be inevitable, but for which the country was not yet ready. Therefore, when General Frémont, one of those men, issued his order, the President said, "No, not yet. The policy must be general when it is adopted, and I must be the judge of the time and the way." So to General Hunter he said in substance: "I do not deny that it may become necessary to do what you have done, but I am the person to order it." There were many faithful men who, when they heard his words, said, sadly, "He does not understand the case, or he would see as we do." There were many faithless men who thought, "The rebellion is sure of success." If you say that he ought to have consulted the popular enthusiasm, which would have supported the extremest measures, at least you confess that it is only a question of relative sagacity between you and the President. But the people were ready. He thought they were not. And observe that now, more than two years afterward, the Senate of the United States, almost purged of secessionists, can not bring its mind to pay colored soldiers, who have most bravely fought for the flag, the wages which the Government expressly promised to pay them. Do you suppose they would debate the point a quarter of an hour if those soldiers were white? The President can not rightfully do what he honestly thinks the people would do if they knew he honestly thinks they do wish, because only what they do wish will stand. There were men enough who said, when General Frémont came, "Certainly; arm the slaves, and they will make short work of rebels." But within six months these same men were sighing for well-stocked plantations. From whatever cause distinguishes between the furious but evanescent gust of excitement and enthusiasm and the steady trade-wind of principle is the wise man to be desired in a chief magistrate at this time; and among all the prominent men in our history from the beginning none have ever shown the power of understanding the public mind so accurately as Mr. Lincoln. Nothing is more natural and more common than that an ardent man should in one breath denounce Mr. Lincoln while in the next course to be pursued, and in the next sneer at the President because he yields only to a pressure of the people. What should he yield to? And if Mr. Lincoln ever does yield? Did he ever lag behind it? The President can not treat the nation as a general does an army, and make a subject of discipline of it; and although the Constitution wisely intrusts during war the most important powers to his discretion, that discretion consists in his wise estimate of the conviction and desire of the public mind as to their exercise.

From the beginning of his term the President has always been persuaded that this was a people's war: that, if the people were wise and brave enough, they would save the Union and the Government; and if they were not, then that no leader could be found to save them. Twenty months ago he was without a party. The Copperheads hated him; the "Conservative Republicans" thought him too fast; the "Radical Republicans" thought him too slow; the War Democrats were looking for the chance of a return to political power. He held steadily upon his way. As he thought the people ready he took one advancing step. He issued the preparatory proclamation. He followed it with the New Year's decree. He wrote the Greeley letter, the Valandigham letter, the Springfield letter, simple, plain, direct; letters which the heart of every man in the land interpreted, and, unlike any other instance in our political annals, every letter he wrote, every speech he made, brought him nearer to the popular heart; so that now it is a little too late to call him "well-meaning," "incompetent," "a mere joker," because it is the general conviction that he is no man's puppet; that he listens respectfully to his Cabinet and then acts from his own convictions; that by his calm and cheerful temperament, by his shrewd insight, his practical sagacity, his undaunted patience, his profound faith in the people and their cause, he is peculiarly fitted for his solemn and responsible office. Nor is it likely that the people who elected him when he was comparatively unknown will discard him because, in the fierce light of war which tries every quality and exposes every defect, he has steadily grown in popular love and confidence.

OUR DUTY TO LOYAL SOUTHERNERS.

A PARTY of loyal Texans, attempting to escape to our lines, were lately almost entirely destroyed in the Lavaca Valley, and all the rounds are reported to be securely guarded to prevent escaping. On the other hand, our prisoners who broke away from Richmond report that eighteen Texans were murdered at Castle Thunder for attempting the life of Jefferson Davis. These facts show how deadly and complete the terror of the South is, and indicate that there is but one way to release the people, which is the absolute occupation of the country. However deluded the people of the Slave States may have been, however intense their hatred of the Yankees and the "Lincoln despotism," they have long since seen that the rebellion is a ghastly failure. It has ceased to be popular with them. It has succeeded in nothing but the entire ruin of the whole country in which it rages. Its utter futility and bold folly are now evident to the dullest devotee of slavery, and its acts will henceforth be those of ferocity and desperation.

Meanwhile the fate of the hapless Union men within the area of the rebellion is one of the great tragedies of history. Marked, insulted, outraged, murdered, their country is a hell to them, and their only hope of salvation lies in the advance of armies and loyal hosts of their fellow-citizens at the North. It is in this view that the conduct of certain members of Congress and newspapers of the loyal States is not only contemptible but virtually criminal. When, for instance, a man says that there is a tendency to place us at the North under a similar terror to that of the South, and that because Mr. Davis is despotism and a Lincoln despotism there is very little to choose, he says and implies what he knows to be false. He deliberately assists the bitter agony of the loyal men at the South, and by doing what he can to destroy popular support of the Government of the United States he connives with Toombs, Benjamin, Clingman, Yulee, and the rest of the wretched rebel crew, to shed the innocent blood of faithful citizens. At this moment to be a Copperhead is to be infamous. And the case of the men who in the Kenosha Valley and elsewhere murder escaping loyal Texans. It is to encourage the soldiers of Lee, and Longstreet, and Johnston to hold out. It is to say to the doubting, hoping, fearing slaves, "Your chains shall be riveted again." It is to befriend treason, to foster anarchy, to betray liberty.

If these truths were borne constantly in mind the Copperheads would be made to feel the weight of social obloquy which they richly deserve. The plea of an honest difference of opinion is inadmissible. If a man be honestly a rebel, let him take that position. If he be unconditionally for the country and the Government, let him stand earnestly by them. If he vociferate that he is for them, and by all he says and does he plainly shows the wish that the disasters loyal men, let him expect and receive the consideration due to the basest falsehood.

GUROWSKI'S DIARY.

COUNT GUROWSKI'S book must not be dismissed with a smile or sneer. It is the criticism of an intelligent, brave, fanatical, sincere European republican and *revolutionaire* upon the American constitutional Government. This book the President is a fool; the Secretary of State is a knave; the Secretary of the Treasury is a blockhead; and the American people is incapable of even so language furnishes a sufficiently contemptuous epithet. In fact, a tornado of abuse whirls through the air as the first gun to the fort, every shortcoming every one except a few arbitrary favorites of the author.

And yet the book, like the one published last year, is only an extravagant expression of opinions frequently expressed in more cool terms. Their value may be more readily apprehended when they are thus gravely set forth in print. If the tone of the work were just, what hope would there be for the cause of the world? If the popular system ended in nothing but the exaltation of boobies, dastards, and knaves, who would not wish the rebellion to succeed? The Count, with evident sincerity, offers his homage to the people. But who could help deciding a people who would be so duped by transparent charlatans, and who could help distrusting their judgment wherever and however expressed? Count Gurowski, it seems to us, even after his long residence and faithful study, does not understand America or the American people. When he exclaims, after the sad day of Fredericksburg, that in

such circumstances the very rabble of Constantinople would storm the Seraglio, implying that the American people are reckless or stupid because they do not rise against the authorities, he merely takes the ground of Vallandigham and Jeff Davis, of all wild and reckless revolutionists, and shows his exact misapprehension of the genius and temper of the American people.

We can imagine a judge of the old Revolutionary tribunal of France criticising the conduct of William Third as the Count censures the President. An honest man, a friend of the people, patient, devoted, pure, we can imagine the old revolutionist to be; but not a wise leader, nor a safe counselor, nor a sound critic. And to see in sincere haste a progress of unwarrantable rage, to read his scornful gibes at trusty friends, to know how large a heart he had, how truly enlightened he was, what heroism he showed and had shown, would move neither anger nor contempt, but the profoundest pity and regret, which also the kind revolutionaries would reject with a kiss of indignation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*February* 11. Several private measures were introduced and referred; among which was a message from the President recommending an appropriation for paying the claims of the owners of the Indiana ship *Ida Lewis*, in effect that, after the passage of the act, slavery shall not exist, nor be in the United States or Territories, any law, usage, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding, and that involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, is prohibited: referred.—Mr. Pomeroy introduced a bill authorizing the issue of State bonds payable to the amount of 30,000 acres for each Senator and Representative in Congress from the States as children or orphans of soldiers and sailors who may die in the military or naval service; one-fourth of the bonds to be applied to homesteads for such persons as may desire them: referred.—Mr. Johnson, from the Judiciary Committee, reported adversely to the bill for the Kansas reorganization of the Confederation Act; the report urges that the proposition to establish a mail route in that State stirred us to create any restriction or forfeiture of real estate other than those provided by the Constitution is a new attainder of treason.—Mr. Davis concluded his speech on the bill to suspend the pay of rebels and their sympathizers. In the course of his remarks he said the President had assumed the authority to prohibit the return of the United States under their Constitutions, and to require that certain conditions should be fulfilled before the States should be complied with before the State shall be allowed to take its seat. He contended that the re-election of the present President, or the election of one of similar radical views, would place these monstrous usurpations in the future of power. In the course of his speech Mr. Davis made several elaborate arguments in favor of the institution

Sand-Zel Fisher Girl. Peasant Girl and Woman in Sunday Dress. [Milk Girl.

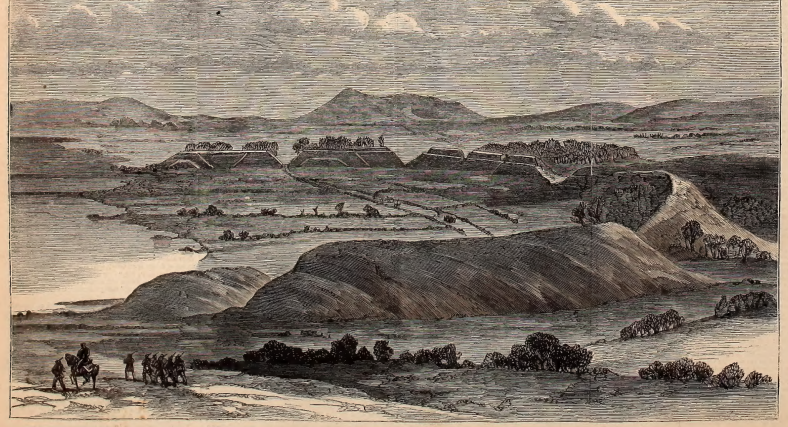
SCHLESWIG COSTUMES.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

DENMARK, with a population, exclusive of the Duchies, of 1,600,000, has ventured into war against Germany, with 45,000,000, to which may be added, in the event of a general war, 20,000,000, the population of the non-German portions of Austria and Prussia. The Danish army, on a peace footing, is 25,000 men; but during the former Schleswig war there were 70,000 men in the field, which is probably the utmost possible force of the kingdom. The standing armies of Austria, Prussia, and the Confederation number something more than 1,000,000, and can be increased by quite another million. We can hardly suppose that Denmark would have ventured into so unequal a contest without positive assurances of support from the Great Powers.

On page 149 we give a Map showing the strong lines of fortification called the *Dannewerk*, or "Danish Work," which defend the frontier of Schleswig. They form, as a whole, a long line of earth-works, strengthened at various points by elaborate defenses. On the right is the "East Rampart," two miles long; on the left the "Crooked Rampart," in the centre the complicated system of defenses called the "Great Dannewerk," fourteen miles long. These works, with the lake formed by an expansion of the River Schlei, form two sides of a triangle, half way across the base of which is the *Kurgraben*, or "Elector's Ditch," four miles long. There are fourteen distinct forts strengthening various portions of the Dannewerk. The great Semicircular Rampart at Bustrup, a view of which is given below, is one of the principal of these. So admirably is this great triangle—the sides of which must measure nearly forty miles—arranged by nature and art, that the best military authorities consider that a force of 40,000 could hold it against one of 100,000. The great strength of the Dannewerk, however, consists in its flooding apparatus. Indeed the work was constructed more than a thousand years ago as a dyke to protect the low lands in front of it from overflow, and it is only within comparatively modern times that this dyke, or series of dykes, has been turned to military purposes. By opening certain sluices nine-tenths of the lowland region in front of the works, as large as one of our counties, can be laid under water in a few hours; and an invading army must march along the remaining tenth right up to the very strongest parts of the defensive works. The Map also shows the scene of the recent engagements, an account of which will be found in the news column of this paper.

Above are some representations of the national costumes of the female peasants of Schleswig. The Fisher Girl comes from one of the small groups of islands which line the coast, and are peopled by a most primitive race, of pure Danish descent. To appreciate the Sunday dress of the Peasant Woman, we must suppose it of the brightest hues, and that the ornaments which decorate it are of solid silver and gold, and are so costly that they descend as heir-looms from generation to generation. The Peasant Girl comes from one of the islands, and belongs to a lower class, and her dress is of stout woolen, which she has probably spun and woven herself; and the lace which trims her odd-shaped cap has been worked by her in the evening while she was awaiting the return of the family fishing-boat. The Milk Girl is very likely selling the produce of her dairy in the streets of the capital.



THE DANNEWERK.—SEMICIRCULAR RAMPART NEAR BUSTRUP.

MAP OF THE SCENE OF HOSTILITIES IN SCHLESWIG, SHOWING THE DEFENSIVE WORKS OF THE DANES.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "HARPER'S Weekly."

BOOK I.—CHILDHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

SEULE AU MONDE.

THIS is Hyde Park at the most brilliant moment in the afternoon, at the most brilliant period in the season. What a city of magnificence, of luxury, of pleasure, of pomp, and of pride this London seems to be! Can there be any poor or miserable people—any dingy grubs among these gaudy butterflies? What are the famed Elysian fields of Paris to Hyde Park at this high tide of splendor? what the cavalcade of the Bois de Boulogne, or the promenade of Longchamps, to the long stream of equipages noiselessly rolling along the bank of the Serpentine? Every body in London who is worth naming is there carried along on wheels, or bestrides pig-skin girthed o'er hundred-guinea horse-flesh, or struts in varnished boots, or trips along soft, sandaled pumella, or white satin with high heels. There is Royal Blood in a mail phaeton. Royal blood smokes a large cigar, and handles its ribbons scientifically. There is a Duke in the dumps, and behind him is the Right Reverend Father in a silk apron and a shovel hat, who made that fierce verbal assault upon his Grace in the House of Lords last night. There is the crack advocate of the day, the successful defender of the young lady who was accused of poisoning her mamma with nux vomica in her negus; and there is the young lady herself encompassed with a nimbus of crinoline, lolling back in a miniature brougham with a gentleman old enough to be her grandfather, in a high stock, and a wig dyed deep indigo. Is that Anonyma driving the twin ponies in a low phaeton, in a paletot and navy buttons made by Poole, a pork-pie hat with a pheasant's plume, a parasol attached to her whip, and a groom with folded arms behind her! Bah! there are so many Anonymas nowadays. If it isn't the Nameless one herself, it is Synonyma. Do you see that stout gentleman with the coal-black beard and the tarnished fez cap? That is the Syrian ambassador. The liver-colored man in the dingy white turban, the draggle-tailed blue burnouse, the cotton stockings, and the aplaca umbrella, is the Bimbo envoy. The nobleman who is driving that four-in-hand, and is got up to such a perfection of imitation of the manners and costume of a stage-coachman, has a rental of a hundred and thirty thousand a year. He passes his time mostly among hostlers, engine-drivers, and firemen. He swears, smokes a cutty pipe, and of his two intimate friends, one is a rough rider and the other a rat-catcher. Mr. Benazi, the great Hebrew Financier, you must know: yonder cadaverous, dolorous-looking figure in shabby clothes, huddled up in a corner of the snuff-colored chariot, drawn by the spare-ribbed horses that look as though they had never enough to eat. He is Baron Benazi, in the Grand Duchy of Sachs-Pfeifgen, where he lent the Grand Duke money to get the crown jewels out of pawn. That loan was the making of Ben. There is nothing remarkable about him save his nose, which stands out, a hooked promontory, like the prow of a Roman galley, from among the shadows cast by the squabs of the snuff-colored chariot. That nose is a power in the state. That nose represents millions. When Baron Benazi's nose shows signs of flexibility monarchs may breathe again, for loans can be negotiated. But when the Benazian proboscis looks stern and rigid, and its owner rubs it with irritable finger, it is a sadly ominous sign of something being rotten in the state of Sachs-Pfeifgen, and of other empires and monarchies which I will not stay to name.

What else? Every thing. Whom else? Every body. Dandies and swells, smooth-cheeked and heavy-mustached, twiddling their heavy guard chains, caressing their fawn-colored *favoris*, clanking their spurred heels, screwing their eye-glasses into the creases of their optic muscles, hawhawing vacuous commonplaces to one another, or leaning over the rails to stare at all, to gravely wag the head to some, to nod supercilliously to others, and to grin familiarly to a select few. Poor little snobs and government clerks aping the Grand Manner, and succeeding only in looking silly: not in looking swells. Any number of quiet, sensible folks surveying the humors of the scene with much amusement, and without envy. Disreputable women, who are known to be such, by scores. Disreputable women, not yet found out, by hundreds. Foreigners who, after a five-years' residence in London, may have discovered that Leicester Square, the Haymarket, and the lower part of Regent Street, are not the only promenades in London, and so come swaggering and jabbering here, in their braid and their pomatum and their dirt, poisoning the air with the fumes of bad tobacco. An outer fringe of nurse-maids revolving new projects of crinoline, to be constructed chiefly of cane, in emulation of the prodigies in whalebone and watch-spring, here sweeping the gravel—then some soldiers listlessly sucking the knobs of their canes, and looking very much as if they considered themselves as flies in amber, neither rich nor rare, and wondering how the deuce they got there. As useless as chimneys in summer, seemingly, are these poor, strong men done up in scarlet blanketing, with three half-pence a day spending-money, and nobody to kill, and severely punished by illogical magistrates if they take to jumping upon policemen, or breaking civilian's heads with the buckles of their belts, through their weariness. Aggravated assaults, says the magistrate, as he signs their mittimus, are not to be tolerated. Why what is it but a soldier's bounden duty to keep on committing a series of aggravated assaults upon people who never did him any harm? Did Jacques Bonhomme, the French conscript, whom Solomon Lobb, the grenadier, bayonested at Waterloo, ever do him wrong? Did Ivan Ivanovitch, the Russian, whom he hewed down at Inkermann, ever spoil his goods? Why should soldiers be fined or sent to the treadmill for exhibiting in peace that unprovoked brutality and ferocity for which they are hired, and clothed, and fed?

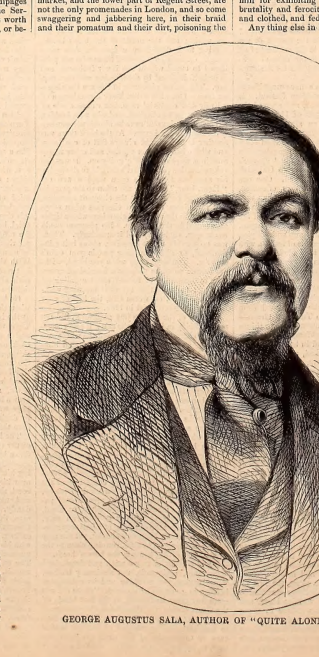
Any thing else in Hyde Park at this high tide of the season. Much: only a score of pages would be required to describe the scene. All is here—the prologue, the drama, the epilogue; for here is Life. Life from the highest to the very lowest rung of the ladder: not only the earliest youth and extreme old age, in comely virtue and raddled vice, in wisdom and folly, complacency and discontent; but—look yonder, far beyond the outer fringe in utter want and misery. There, under the trees, the ragged woman opens her bundle, and distributes among her callous brood the foul scraps she has begged at area gates or picked from gutters. There, on the sunny sward the shoeless tramp sprawls on his brawny back, and flaunts his flesh, grinning in impudent mendacity from the windows of his tatters in the very face of well-dressed Respectability passing shuddering by; and the whole "bags, foolish whirligig where kings and beggars, angels and demons, and stars and street-sweepings chaotically whirl," the Spirit of Earth surveys and pities his eternal task. Where is my copy of Faustus? There: I can not read the German. Here is Monsieur Henri Blaze's French interpretation of the mystic utterances of the Esprit da la Terre, "Dans les flots de la vie, dans l'orage de l'action, je monte et descends, flote ici et là: naissance, tombeau, mer éternelle, tissu changeant, vie ardente: c'est ainsi je travaille sur le bruyant métier du temps, et tisse le vivant manteau de la Divinité." Sufficiently weak, limp, and wishy-washy is this French Faustus of Monsieur Henri Blaze, I wot. It savors of abstinence, and au estaminet where they charge nothing for stationery. Turn I now to another and immeasurably greater translator:

> In Being's flood, in Action's storm
> I walk and work, above, beneath
> Work and weave in endless motion:
> Birth and Death,
> An infinite ocean;
> A seizing and giving
> The fire of living
> 'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply
> And weave for God the garment thou seest him by.

"Of twenty millions," asks the author of Sartor Resartus, "that have read and spouted this thunder-speech of the Erdgeist, are there yet twenty of us that have learned the meaning thereof?" But, Sage, is not the Spirit of Earth the Spirit of Nature? Is not Life the warp and Humanity the woof over which, spread on the "Roaring Loom of Time," the shuttle of production is always plying? And what is Nature: a field, a flower, a shell, a sea-weed, a bird's feather, but the woven garment that we see God by?

When Humanity begins to fade out of Hyde Park, and goes home to dinner, or to brood by the ingle nook, dinnerless, or betakes itself to other holes and corners where it may languish, panting, until bread or death come; when only a few idlers are to be met with in the Ring, or Rotten Row, or on the Knightsbridge Road, you sometimes see a solitary horsewoman. She is QUITE ALONE. No groom follows: no passing dandy ventures to bow, much less to accost, or condescends to grin as she passes. A spare slight little woman enough, not in her first youth—not in her second yet; but, just entre chien et loup, between the lights of beauty at blind man's holiday-time, she might be Venus. She wears a very plain cloth habit, and a man's hat. I mean the chimney-pot. She has a veil often drawn down. Great masses of brown hair are neatly natted under her hat. She rides easily, quietly, undemonstratively. If her habit blows aside you may see a neat boot and faultless ankle, wreathed in white drapery, but no sign of the cloth and chamois leather riding-trouser affectation. She carries a light switch with an ivory handle, which she never uses. That tall, lustrous black mare never came out of a livery-stable you may be sure. She pats and pets, and makes much of her, and very placidly she paces beneath her light weight. The groom keeps his distance; she is always alone: quite alone.

"Who the doose is that woman on the



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, AUTHOR OF "QUITE ALONE."—[SEE PAGE 151.]

black mare one sees when every body else has left the Row?" asks Faindant number one of Faindant number two at the Club.

"Sure I don't know. Seen her hundreds of times. Ask Tom Fibbs, he knows every body."

Tom Fibbs is asked, and takes a "sensation header" at a guess.

"That's the Princess Ogurzi, who was knouted at the office of the Secret Police, in the year '56, by Count Orloff's private secretary and two sergeants of the Ismailofsky guards, for sending soundings of the harbor of Helsingfors to Sir Charles Napier."

"Word o, Fibbs. Try again. The Princess Ogurzi died at Spa the year before last, and the whole story about the knout turned out to be a hoax."

"Then I am sure I don't know," answers Tom Fibbs (who is never disconcerted when detected in a fiction); "I give her up in despair. I've been trying to find out who she is for months. She is always alone, quite alone. A brougham meets her at Ayahlova, and the groom takes her mare away. I asked him one day who she was, and he called me Paul Pry, and threatened to knock me down. She dines, sometimes, quite alone at the Castelmaine Hotel in Bond Street. The waiters think, either that she's a duchess or she's mad. She's the only woman who ever dined alone in the coffee-room at the Castelmaine, but nobody dares to be rude to her. She rests at the Star and Garter at Richmond, at Greenwich, at Brighton, at Ventnor, and in Paris, always quite alone. She's an enigma. She's a Sphinx."

"Is she paw-paw? Demi mondo?" thus, one Innelent.

"Nobody knows. Nobody ever presumes to speak to her, and she never was seen to speak to any body except her groom and the waiters. She goes to the Opera, to the theatres, to the Exhibition, always quite alone. Upon my word I think that woman would turn up at a prize-fight alone. I've seen her myself at Ascot."

As Tom Fibbs said this a very tall angular well-dressed gentleman, with grizzled hair, and close upon fifty years of age, who had been sitting in an arm-chair close by, hastily flung down the copy of *Echo* he was glancing over, and leaving a by no means complimentary look at Mr. Fibbs, and strode out of the room.

"I really don't know much about the Mysterious Stranger," languidly remarked Faindant number one as the door closed. "He knows all sorts of mysterious queer people, and he didn't half seem to like what Fibbs said."

"Very likely. He's a descoud cranky fellow."

"Very odd, isn't he?"

"Disgustingly so. What he wants in Parliament with twenty thousand a year I can't make out. He never speaks, and passes most of his time in the smoking-room."

"Twenty thousand. That's a tremendous screw for a Radicle barnacle."

"Yes: but he was as poor as Job till his father died. Painted pictures, or went on the stage, or something, and married, or did something low for a living, I'm told; but he's all right now."

As Thomas Fibbs, Esq., member of the Committee of the United Logics Club, of the Turnpike Ticket Commutation Commission (salary £1200 per annum, hours of business 8 to 9 past 3 P.M., 3 times a week, 3 months in the year), was selecting his umbrella from the stand about twenty minutes subsequent to this conversation, preparatory to looking in at the Burke and Hare Club, to which he also belonged, and which is younger and more convivial than the Fogies, he found Sir William Long, Bart., M.P., in the act of lighting one of those cigars which he was almost continually smoking.

"Might I trouble Mr. Fibbs," said the baronet, in a slow and rather hesitating tone, "to refrain, in promiscuous conversation, from hazard ing conjectures as to the identity of a lady with whom I am acquainted, and who, I am sorry to say, is many

maker, the bootmaker, the staymaker, the hairdresser, could do no more for him than they had done. They had exhausted their faculties in adorning him. Another lapped to the coat, another curl to the coiffure, another whiff of perfume about him, and the dandy would have been spoiled. As it was he was as perfect as a man could be with three under-waistcoats, a very high-shouldered, high-collared coat with velvet collar and cuffs, lavender pantaloons very tightly stranged over his boots, a hat with a turned-up brim, a voluminous shirt-frill with diamond studs down the breast, white kid gloves, and a gold-headed cane with a long silk tassel. Nay, the pocket-handkerchief with which he had flicked the dust from his chaussure was of crimson silk. From time to time he tapped the lid of an enamelled snuff-box, and refreshed himself with a pinch of Macouboy.

Dress makes up so much of the dandiacal entity that the description of this ineffable person's countenance has been temporarily overlooked. It was worth looking at, however. A dandy face, but not a monkeyfied, not a simpering one. His age seemed to be between thirty and forty; but it was evident that at no very remote period he had been an eminently handsome man. His teeth were beautiful. His hands and feet you could see (his gloves and boots notwithstanding) were Byronically small and symmetrical. He had a charming red and white complexion. His hair was black and glossy, and admirably adjusted. So, too, with his mathematically-cut whiskers and chin-tuft. Mustaches had none. When he smiled he showed the beautiful teeth a good deal; when his glove was off he made a liberal display of the emerald and diamond rings on his dainty white hand. There was no finishing any fault with the man's outward appearance; for effect expensively produced. There was great gold chain meandering over his cat velvet waistcoat, and a double diamond pin in his cravat, he looked from head to foot a gentleman. It should finally be mentioned that there were two trifling drawbacks to his good looks. Across his left cheek, almost from the corner of the mouth to the eye, there ran a very deep scar, which when he talked turned, as Othello's eye, too, were very colorless and sunken, and there were brownish rings beneath them. But for these the dandy would have been as Adonis, and rivaled D'Orsay on his own ground.

He was evidently very well known. He stopped to speak to ladies belonging to the best set. He was asked whether he had been to the duchess's ball; whether he was going to the masquerade's rout. His replies were inconclusive. He was tapped on the arm with pretty parasols and scent-bottles, and scolded prettily for not having executed some commission or accepted some invitation, joined some fashionable junketing then or recently about. The dazzling trifle had work enough to do; the dandy's mind was hinged and reshinged in urbane apology. Clearly our dandy was very popular among the sex. Nor did the men treat him with less favor. He was of every chattering group, of every swaggering conversation where wickedness was made a merry jest of, and reputation lightly sported with. He went to and fro and up and down, and scanned prize flowers through his eye-glass with admirably-complacent criticism. He was charming.

There came up my Lord Carlton, a wild freak of the time, and deep gaming, and with him Harry Jermyn, his adjutant, crony, toady, or his arm.

"How do, Griffin?" was his ordship's salutation. "Monsous bad shopping here. Confounded military band blow, reckon of one's head off. Come away, Griffin, and have a hand at picquet at my rooms in town."

"I would with pleasure, viscount," the dandy addressed as Griffin answered, "but I have a little business to transact in this neighborhood before I return."

"Business!" echoed his lordship. "Business at a flower-show! Dooced queer place for business, Griffin. You haven't turned market-gardener, have you?"

"If y a des fleurs animées," quoth little Mr. Jermyn. "All the Chiswick roses bow-down on bushes. Our friend may have a love-duet somewhere close by."

"Not at all, not at all," smiled the dandy, lifting his hat for the hundredth time to a passing party of ladies. "You wrong me, I assure you. I am not on bonne fortune, upon my word."

"Then what are you going to do, Griffin, when it's time to go back to town?" Lord Carlton pursued, elevating his eyebrows in pardonable amazement. "Going to look at a horse?"

"No, my lord."

"Going to dine at Richmond?"—his lordship said "Wichmond," but it would be both tedious and indecorous to give typographical expression to his defective linguals.

"Not at all. I lunched very late, just before coming down; and if I dine at all it will not be till night."

"Never mind, my boy; you'll get plenty of supper at Crocky's," here cut in Mr. Jermyn.

A slight cloud passed across the white forehead of the dandy, but he chased it away with an airy toss of the head.

"Of which cloth," he blandly retorted, "Mr. Jermyn is not, I believe, a member."

"Got nothing but black balls," his lordship added by way of confirmation, and with a loud chuckle. "Poor fellow! his prospect staid away, and his seconder came from the country and forgot to pill him. Stop, there was one white ball, and that was from a fellow who was short-sighted, and popped his pill into the wrong side."

"Mr. Jermyn will have, I trust, better luck next time," the dandy remarked, with a conciliatory bow to Jermyn. Had I not been in Paris—"

"At Fracati's," interposed his noble friend. "In Paris," he continued, taking no notice of the interruption, "Mr. Jermyn might have reckoned on my humble support. I should have been delighted to find him one of us."

"Yes, I dare say you would," acquiesced Lord Carlton. "Harry's a very good fellow, and has got plenty of feathers ready to be plucked before he is fit to be made into a canopy for pigeons. You'd have given him two white balls, I'm sure you would, Griffin."

"Oh yes, I'm sure you would," repeated Mr. Jermyn. The assurance was double-barreled—susceptible of two meanings. Mr. Henry Jermyn hated the dandy he belonged to, and by which he had himself failed to procure admittance, although he well knew that the honorary membership might prove to the baronet-son easily if not ruinous. Yet he would have jumped for joy had the exquisite addressed as Griffin offered to propose him.

"Never mind, Harry," his good-natured lordship observed. "Safe to get in next time. Can't keep you out. Besides," he added, turning to the dandy, "the fellows made a dooced mistake when they took Harry for big Jack Jermyn after all. They took Harry for big Jack Jermyn —you know, the racing man who was in the Eighth, and levanted after Newmarket the year before last. They thought it was all up with Jack, and didn't care about having a rook in the dove-cot. By Jove! if they knew that Harry were to turn all the pigeons into sparrow-hawks old is she, Harry?—he'd have been elected unanimously, and received with a salute of twenty-one guns."

Mr. Crockford must have shed tears when informed of the sad truth," remarked the dandy, with soothing politeness. "Your lordship forms will make amends. I hope to meet Mr. Jermyn as a fellow-member at supper in St. James's Street so soon after his gentlemanlike absence as possible. By-by, viscount; Mr. Jermyn, I have the honor." And, with unmoved urbanity and a gentleman's bow to the company, he thought his leave-taking to the person next in rank might have been, "Fellow, get out of the way!" the dandy, during the whole of the colloquy and tenth time that afternoon, strolled away.

"Monsous well-preserved man, Griffin Blunt," Lord Carlton said, looking after the dandiacal attention after his retreating friend, "wears very well. Must be forty, if he's a day."

"He looks more than about the eyes," Mr. Jermyn ventured to observe, in mild disparagement.

"Late hours," explained his lordship, who generally went to bed about four in the morning and rose about three in the afternoon. "Grif. Blunt is a shocking roué, I'm told."

"What do they call him Griffin for, and who is he?"

"How amazingly raw you are!" exclaimed his lordship, elevating his eyebrows in some surprise. "Don't you know Griffin Blunt goes by the name of Griffin, because he used to wear a scaly green silk coat when he drove his own drag, at the time of the Regency? Don't quote time it must have been, too, and dooced queer fellows. Should have liked to belong to that set, only they drank so confounded hard."

"Has he got any money? How does he get his living?"

"How should I know? P'raps he's his grandmother's heir, if he hasn't sold the reversion. You'd better ask him. He's apt to turn cruel sometimes. He put twenty feet of water in Jack Hobbs's pond, and drowned his pet monkey for 'im, by Jove! he killed the dragoon."

"And what does he do now?"

"What a dooced lot of questions you ask, Harry. I'm not his godfathers and his godmothers. I believe he sold out after the peace, and went to India to get up a regiment, opium, or shake the pagoda-tree, or something of that sort. Well, he came back, and he's been on town three years or more. I don't know him ever since I came up from Oxford. He knows every body, and belongs to every club on town, and the women adore him, for he plays the harp, and the piano, and the guitar, and sings little French songs, and is small, and has a British wool and Poonah painting. Ha! ha!"

"Is it mauvais sujet?" Mr. Jermyn asked.

"I believe he's a regular out-and-outer," succinctly replied Lord Carlton. "He's worse than I am, and that's saying a good deal. He takes more trouble. He has more time. Lives, and likes his birds wild. That's a bore. I prefer a batter, and fellows to beat for me."

"And his wife?"

"Don't know any thing about it. He lives high, and must spend two or three thousand a year. Charming house in Curzon Street, in Curzon Street. He goes in for deep play, and bets, and so forth; but I'm sure I don't know whether he's worth twopence in the world or not."

"Is he married?"

"Married! By Jove! one would think you wanted me to say my catechism. What do I know about it? Don't remember ever said any thing about his being married, and there's nobody in Mayfair who owns to the name of Mrs. Blunt. Can't be along; I want some luck and soda-water, and then I'll take you back in my cask"—which was Lord Carlton's humorous designation for his cabriolet—"and we'll have some cards before dinner. Isn't there a game called cribbage? I should like to learn it. It must be a jolly game. I'm sick of all the French ones. I wish Grif'd come, and we'd make it loo. He plays admirably."

Mr. Blunt was otherwise engaged. He was a squire of dames. Group after group of ladies took him up, and did not drop him after brief parley, as it is the elegant but rather embarrassing custom of the ladies of the great world to do. They were sorry to part with him, for it was agreed on all sides that Mr. Blunt was most amusing and agreeable. The genuine society he was not called Griffin Blunt. His sobriquet was known, but it was ascribed less to his dueling adventure and to his eccentric than to his dandiacal character. Five or six-and-twenty years ago the Road had not become in polite society the object of thoroughfare and of contempt to which it is now (of course) is. It was thought that, to be very dissolute, or, at least, to have a name for disinclination to be like the late Lord Byron; for many an assumed libertine brags of the vices he does not possess, as they rest on a foundation as fundamentally as innocent as M. Hendrik Conscience's Cog du village. There were some prudent mammas who looked upon Blunt as a dangerous man, and warned their daughters to beware of him; but then it was impossible to keep severe watch on a gentleman who went into the very best houses, who was undeniably accomplished, faultlessly dressed, enormously well-bred, and who could always procure a voucher for Almack's. Besides, Blunt had the rare art, or rather the rarer tact, of pleasing indifferently the young and old middle-aged ladies. He never despised his dowagers; et elles lui en savaient gre, avec toute la ténacence de quarante ans passés. He cast himself, morally, at their feet, and overwhelmed them with attentions, as though they were in all the pride of fashion and beauty. It was only when the world was not looking that Mr. Blunt occupied himself with young people; and it was then a delicious sight to see the courtesy that the sleek Griffin put forth his claws.

"There are always young people growing up for me," he would say, when he was reproached for a nod or a half-civil word from half the people he was laughing and flirting with. Blunt, in fact, was a universal purveyor to bonnetdrums to duchesses, and promising to draw caricatures in the albums of embassadors, he palpably that he must be fêted in society. "My humble proficiency in the fine arts," Blunt would say, "is worth fifty dinners, a hundred balls, and a week's visit at the best country houses a year to me. Or what use should I be in Dorset or Russell Square? What do the Duchess of Dorset's fine arts beyond the 'Beauties of England and Wales,' the portrait of the late Princess Charlotte, and the set of Sèvres? Why, Lady Jane in Hyde Park? To assiduous study in the Vatican Museum and the Pitti Gallery I owe my introduction to Lady Caroline Gracé's ear. Grace's appui is invaluable. Je suis de Mary. I go to her water-parties at Kew. My little musical soirées positively have the éclat of an heiress or an Indian widow to me if I were—well, a marrying man. If I could only play the violoncello as I can the flute, I'd go to the Queen Highness's Wednesdays. I must learn the violoncello at all hazards. Tell me where Dragonetti lives, and I will give him a guinea a lesson."

"You're an ambitious fellow, Griffin," would then interpose Whipstaff, the Flower-show writer, Whipstaff, to whom Blunt sometimes imparted these demi-confidences, remark. "You sail well before the wind, I must look to it, or Mark you to distance the best; but you've no bullast, my boy, and you'll founder. I suppose your estates are all in Cochin China, like Lord Stowaway, and that your balance in the Joint Stock Dogerbank is pretty well dipped into. Take care, Griffin, or you'll be found by the Gazette one day, borrow somebody else's umbrella, and don't give it back again."

"Mark was an excellent moralist," thus Mr. Blunt, with a pleasant sneer. "Are you, too, ready for the voyage, my dear Whipstaff?"

"Never mind," retorted Whipstaff, who was notoriously not worth a penny, and in dire difficulties. "Never mind about me. I'm afloat, I trumps yet. Every bird feathers his nest in a different manner. The wisest one, after all, is the one who builds the warmest, and Whipstaff's making a nest of his own, but pops into somebody else's. There are still a few sinecures left, that confounded Whig-Radical Ministry has not swept away, and I'm a Tory, and a high-church Conservative—" notwithstanding. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and the old tavern of the Tyburn Bench will be opened for the barrister of seven years' standing." Such was the worldly wisdom of Mr. Whipstaff, who had eaten his terms very much at other men's own expense, with the firm and fixed resolve of eating a great many more terms, some day or another, at the expense of the country.

Whipstaff was at the Flower-show, and remarked to several acquaintances that he never saw Griffin Blunt looking better. "However he manages it," he continued, "I can't imagine. Lucky fellow, he never pays any thing. I can't engage in fashionable society under a net loss of two guineas an hour. I shall be glad to give the recipe for nothing. A rate of two thousand a year upon nothing."

"Shakes his elbow," suggested purple-faced Captain Hanger, who hated Blunt.

"Perhaps," acquiesced Whipstaff, with a sigh, "and is lucky. With me that species of paralysis has always proved the costliest of diseases."

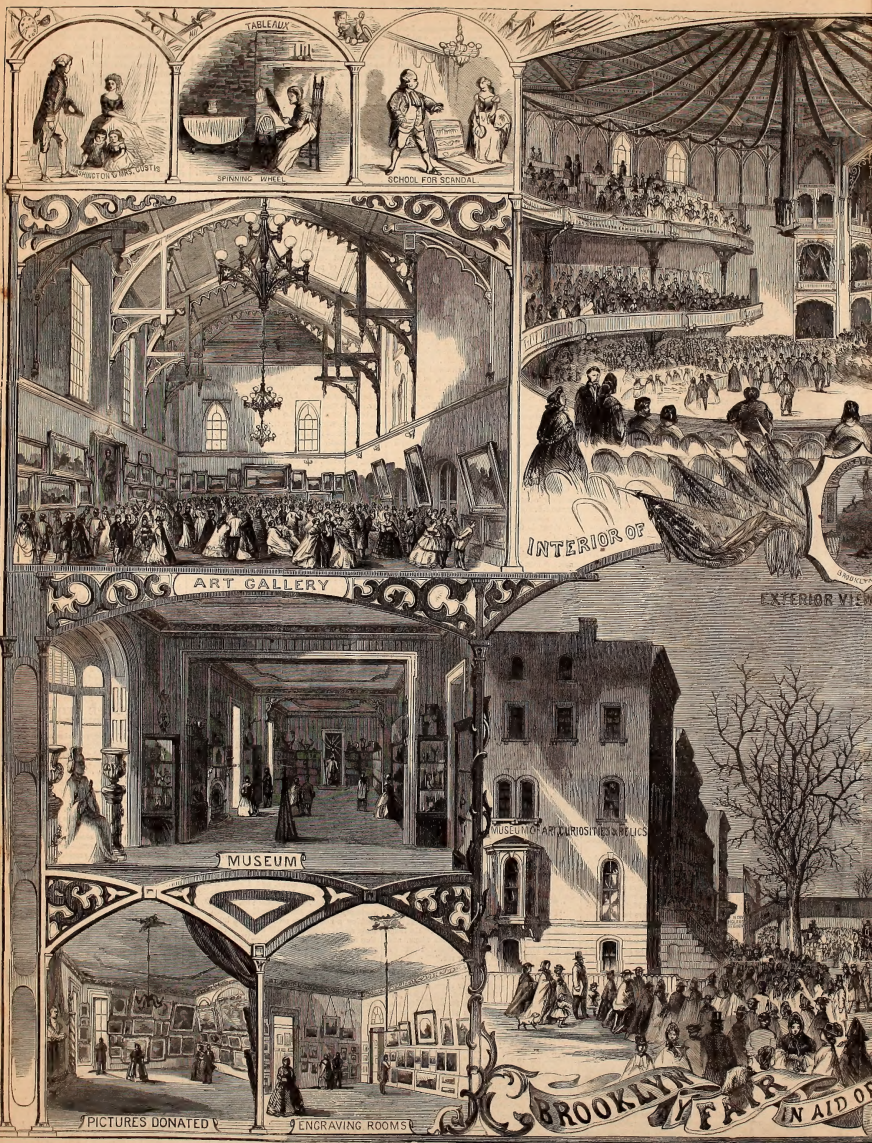
And so the Whirligig went on. Now Scandal's sirocco seized a spiteful anecdote, and twirled, and twisted, and sent it spinning from one end of the gardens to the other. Now it caught up a woman's reputation, and eddied it in wild hide and seek through the summer leaves. It was the merriest kind of word-valzing imaginable; and never a sneer, an innuendo, a whispered hint, but found a partner. And in the midst of it all the band of the Royal Horse Guards Blue brayed forth Suoni la Tromba with tremendous and sonorous emphasis. What did it matter how its tone—accompanied, regretfully, indoors, sneers? It was their business to blow, and they blew as though they would have blown the walls of the gardens down like Joshua's rams' horns. So the drummer beats the charge or the chamade, the advance or the retreat. So while Cleopatra reclines at her banquet, lolling on her poop of beaten gold, beneath her canopy of tissue, with Inas and Charmian—those "gentlewomen like to Nereides"—the Egyptian musicians who play the flute and the hautboy have quite enough to do at the prow, blowing and tooting while the silver oars keep stroke to their music, and without troubling their heads about the "Serpent of Old Nile," or Mark Antony or Octavius Cæsar either. Their business is to blow, and they do blow. This is a good state of life; to sit in the gentlemen-lifeating your reduced quota of sound, and enjoying your forty bars rest without belonging either to the actors before or the audience behind you. They have not an old fiddler once, at the French Opera, who so minded his crochets and quavers, listening to countless overtures for fifty years, singing through innumerable ballets, and who could yet declare on his honor that he had never seen a single pair of legs under the age of forty at the Royal Horse Guards Blue, at the Chiswick Flower-show, had the best of it. When their labors were over, they had a pleasant cold supper and beer, and the band-master shared between them a handsome donative.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

THIS popular novelist, whose portrait we print for the benefit of readers on page 149, was born in 1828. His father was an Italian, and his mother, a favorite singer, was a West Indian. Early in life Mr. SALA devoted his energies to painting. When the Gore House was furnished up as a grand Symposium by ALEXIS SOYER, the latter exercised both the taste and the skill of Mr. SALA in its paraphernalia and scenic arrangements. From his own account of this Symposium it appears to have been in imitation of unrivaled magnificence — with its beautiful gardens, terraces, its tasteful library, and its rooms fitted up in the Oriental style—with sea-Chinese pagodas, or Italian cottages overlooking lakes. At length the grand Symposium vanished, and Mr. SALA commenced his career as a contributor to Mr. DICKENS'S "Household Words." Some of his productions were translated into French, and Mr. SALA was invited to Russia, and wrote a series of articles on his tour for the "Household Words." Subsequently Mr. SALA left the staff of Mr. DICKENS'S periodical, and has appeared as a diligent writer, but his papers are always entertaining and original. His new story, "QUITE ALONE," commenced in *Harper's Weekly* for this week, as a serial, from advanced sheets.

THE ESCAPE FROM LIBBY PRISON.

THE escape of a large number of Union officers from THE LIBBY PRISON AT RICHMOND, on February 9th, aroused a deep feeling of public interest. We publish this week, on page 145, a sketch representing the meeting of some of these refugees—worry and wearied by the fatigues of flight, aided to the severities of their long imprisonment—with the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, who were scouting the country for their relief. The plan of escape had been conceived two months previous to its execution. The only possible way of escape was through the subterranean canal, excavated by a number of the prison to some convenient point of exit on the outside. A start was proposed to dig the tunnel in the direction of the avenue, and sixteen through that; but after several days' hard work the entrance to the sewer could not be discovered, and it was determined to change the direction of the tunnel, so as to lead under the street to an out-house across the way. Here the work was again resumed, small parties of ten or twelve being engaged at a time. The work was carried on at night, and for instruments they used bits of hoop-iron, knives, any thing at hand—the dirt being hid under the refuse and straw in the cellar. When it was impossible any longer to throw the dirt into the cellar, the prison was used as a dirt-cart, being attached to a string on either side, and drawn to and from the cellar. After patiently working in this manner for a number of days they came to a point under the out-house, and began to dig upward, until finally the work was done. The prisoners started out on the evening of the 9th, in small squads, each taking a different route. At two o'clock the whole night of the city were put out, and escape was more feasible. In their efforts to reach the Union lines some were recaptured, but of the one hundred and fifteen when, hotly pursued by the enemy and almost exhausted, they beheld the old flag which had come to find and protect its soldiers.


WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE
TABLEAUX
SPINNING WHEEL
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL
INTERIOR OF
EXTERIOR VIEW
ART GALLERY
MUSEUM
MUSEUM OF ART, CURIOSITIES & RELICS
PICTURES DONATED
ENGRAVING ROOMS
BROOKLYN FAIR IN AID OF

TABLEAUX
CORN HUSKING 1720
CHOIR OF THE OLDEN TIME
QUILTING IN '76
ACADEMY
OF BUILDINGS
KNICKERBOCKER HALL
KNICKERBOCKER HALL
DEPT OF MANUFACTURES AND MECHANIC ARTS
THE SANITARY COMMISSION
ARMORY
NEW-ENGLAND KITCHEN

[FROM CHARLES DICKENS'S "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XII.

An hour later Arthur Haggerdorn sat alone in his little room, trying hard to restore some order among his scattered thoughts, when he was startled by a heavy step without, followed by a tap at the door. It was a frank, hearty knock, and worthy of the individual who had delivered it, a jolly grazier-like personage, with a round head, hairy ridge-bones, and whity, who entered, strode straight up to Arthur, and taking his hand wrung it cordially.

"I've come up to you to eat a beef-steak with me, Master Haggerdorn," said the visitor, in a provincial accent of considerable breadth.

Arthur replied that he was much obliged, the more so as he was in total ignorance even of the name of his proposed entertainer, and was not in the least disposed for dinner.

"As for names, mine's Bill Brightson," was the rejoinder. "As for hunger, the very fits of the steaks at Katy Dewe's coffee-house would put an appetite into a mile-stone; so come along. Your brother bade me ask you."

"My brother!"

"There's his token" (giving Arthur a long twisted lock), "one of his kisscombs, Master Arthur; we call 'em in—here—in Lincolnshire. He said he shouldn't want it no more. Bless you, I know all about it! And as my time's precious, and there's gentlemen a-waiting me in several directions, why, there's no time to waste in getting peckish. *Are* you coming, or why's you coming?" asked the visitor, at his patience on the wane.

He evidently listened eagerly to every sound, and Arthur had noticed more than once, that at any sudden movement in the house, the country gentleman's hand made a curious quick motion in the direction of his breast-pocket. "I've only three-quarters of an hour to spare. *You want a cab!*"

"Cab!" said Arthur. "Its is my desire—to find no cruel, crafty murderer of Humpage father."

"Would the crafty *murdered* do as well, now?" asked Mr. Brightson, with a curious flicker in his eye.

"Ze murdered!"

"If you come along and eat a beef-steak," was the oracular reply.

And Arthur, yielding to one of those sudden convictions common to impressible minds, caught up his hat, and followed the worthy grazier with all the alacrity the latter could possibly desire.

Mr. Brightson, whose rustic shyness perhaps led him insensibly to prefer the less frequented thoroughfares, conducted Arthur through a network of intricate labyrinth of back slums, to what seemed one of the very dirtiest little taverns that ever welcomed the hungry traveller to steak and pot of ale. A low bar, closely followed and interpreted by a burst of savory steam, met the visitor on the threshold, and though it might not absolutely be a spire a mile-stone, certainly suggested ideas not appreciable by barren argument.

Mr. Brightson pioneered his young companion through the inner darkness, which was so profound that Arthur was fairly seated in a box opposite his guide before his eye could clearly distinguish surrounding objects.

There was but little talking; there was a low continuous rattle of knives and forks, not to mention the ceaseless fric, indicating that people came thither exclusively to feed. It was too dark to read or write, and a man might easily have helped himself from the same salt-cellar with his own brother without recognizing him. The attendance was performed by two grimy persons, or other sable beings, who flitted gloomily about the room, and being invoked as "Alice," and "Bokey," had probably been ascertained by some visitor whose sight was stronger than common to be male and female of the species.

Mr. Brightson apologized for not offering his guest a choice of viands, such being the celebrity of this house of which "Alice"—in the matter of rump-steaks, that to have ordered any thing else might have endangered the instant expulsion of the audacious wight so having offered a wanton and unmanly insult to the feelings of the gourmeteaten at work below. Rump-steaks and ale appeared (or these two) to exhaust their pressure on the table as suddenly as if they had only awaited the arrival of Mr. Brightson and friend. There followed, of necessity, a minute's silence, after which the grazier wiped his mouth on his sample sleeve and spake:

"It pose you don't much frequent this ken—that is, coffee-house—my kid—that is, my boy?"

Arthur replied that he was not in the habit of selecting that locality as his favorite resort.

"It's a very 'spectable place," said the grazier, "but it's out of the way, sometimes comes fellers that don't want to be twigged. You're going fur to hear something."

Arthur naturally inquired what it was he was going to hear?

"What'll turn your love-locks into green thizzywigs," was the unsatisfactory reply, the speaker's eyes peering curiously into the dark recesses of the room. "Alice! Hot flannel!"

Arthur almost started at the strange and sudden order, but had hardly time to ask its meaning, when Alice placed the answer on the table, in the form of a pewter jug filled with a mixture of gin and beer, further complicated with sugar, nutmeg, and a crab-apple.

"You're sure you can bear it?" said the grazier, with the manner of a man who spins out time, or postpones a painful revelation. "Take a toothful of this stuff. You'll want it."

Following the turn of his companion's head rather than the direction of his eyes, Arthur noticed that a dark object had glided in, and had taken post, silent as a shadow, at the end of their own table. It was a low sleeping figure.

"Just as I expected," said Mr. Brightson, leaning across the table, and addressing Arthur in a low, distinct tone. "That disappearance job has done its work. A pity, that it is! Twas an sweet little creeter as ever I see—just like my Matty, which is still in pantaloons—but solider. I see her twice, when I was on familiar visiting terms with Snells, silversmith's in Jermyn Street—them as was robbed, you know." (He paused an instant, then continued.) "I see her but twice, for you your crib was right opposite num'er twenty-seven, and you must have known her! Well! She's dead! Dead!" repeated Mr. Brightson, in a loud, clear voice.

But louder and clearer was the heart-broken cry that burst from the dark figure at the end of the table, as, rising from its cowering attitude, it flung its arms wild, and fell forward across the board. All present started up and crowded to the spot.

Brightson caught Arthur by the arm.

"*That's your sons*, he said, hurriedly, in his ear. "See to him—it's off. Nervous in a crowd. If you want Bill Brightson, advertise in Flying Post —Spittlegate Jerry."

"And Miss—Miss—" gasped Arthur.

"*She's* all right. Trap for a bolted governor. Here's your hand-bag, headforemost on the table here. Get him home!"

So saying, the timid grazier wound himself into the crowd, and vanished.

CHAPTER XIII.

The excellent Arthur, though secretly inclining to Lord Lofty's opinion that Lofty-Hall ought to be paid down, might be better adapted to his ideas and habits than an unconquered wife with an income of that amount, and so on, and so on, and left without dream, and ended, after much cogitation, by resolving, as he mentally expressed it, to at least "try his fist." He therefore, from what had passed between himself and the prisoner, that Bob Cauter, the lieutenant, and Quest of the Black-Thumbs, would be put upon the track of the dis-courteous practitioner of Liverpool, and he doubted not that the latter's haunt would be reported to him before many hours were over. *That* was as good as settled. Whatever might subsequently be Arthur's relations with Miss Carge—in just requital of his rudeness and selfishness, in crushing a crib entirely out of his legitimate sweetheart's possession—Mr. Arthur, Mr. Armour, master of George and of the situation, was surely bound to make the very best of his opportunity.

Thus it came to pass that Polly-my-Lamb's next visitor of note was Henry, of Hoe Street, who, presenting himself in the absence of the lady with his air of quiet authority, requested an audience, and was instantly admitted.

Polly was seated in her favorite large chair, white as marble, and almost as motionless: her only gesture being a slight inclination of the head, accompanied by a faint smile.

Mr. Armour was conscious of a trifling amount of embarrassment, but, recovering himself, pounced at once upon the subject, as he would have collared a thief.

"You are aware, madam," he said, "that we have effected the capture of the notorious offender, Lord Lob, and that he is safely lodged in Newgate?"

Polly was aware of it.

"And that Sir James Polhill has always attributed to this miscreant the anguish of nothing we have been so deeply interested in punishing?"

Again Polly was aware of it.

"With all deference to Sir James's acuteness and great experience, I have presumed to form a contrary opinion" (Polly looked up with some surprise), "and the result justifies that hardihood," continued the modest Henry. "The man is totally innocent of any complicity with that crime. No, he seems identified—though by no means free from the most exalted motives—at its commission."

"Indeed, Sir!" said Polly, with a curious feeling, in which she would have puzzled any one to whether relief or disappointment had the larger share. "I—excuse me—you had something to add."

"Merely that, although Lord Lob had himself no hand in the business, he can help us to the real criminal, and has given us the promise."

"Do I understand you to mean, Sir, that you possess some clew which the chief magistrate does not?"

"That is my meaning, young lady; and, further, that within twelve hours I will have in my personal custody the murderer of Mr. Humpage."

There was something in the man's assured, significant manner that made the color to the very roots of her hair. She made an effort to speak.

"Is—is Sir James aware of your present visit, Sir?"

"He is not. He has, however, made me fully acquainted with your noble and dutiful intentions."

"Leave me, Henry. I beg, Sir," said Polly, turning whiter and whiter.

Conscious that his blow must be struck now or never, Henry, nothing daunted, calmly stood his ground, and put his point with his usual unperturbed and business-like manner. He made one step forward.

"Am I to understand, Madam, that you depart altogether from the principles of the arrangement you announced to Sir James Polhill? Or was it intended, may I ask, for the exclusive advantage of the young foreign gentleman to whom you gave the rose—"

"Ze young foreign gentleman is here to answer for himself," said a stern voice, almost at Henry's ear. "Leave ze room, fellow!"

"I think you had better do so, Mr. Armour," said a somewhat milder voice; that of Sir James Polhill, who had followed Arthur into the room. "You're a first-rate fellow in your line, Henry—a part to the officer—" but this is a little beyond it. Leave the case to me."

Henry withdrew without a word.

Polly-my-Lamb was in the arms of Aunt Sere-

cold, and for some minutes tears and sal volatile had it all their own way. Meanwhile the apartment was silently filling. Mr. Hartshorne had appeared, but stood apart, sympathetic, yet inactive, as if he knew that his closer attention would not be required. Mrs. Goodall, Stephen, and Kezie were present, and even a faint vision of Mrs. Arcroft hovered near the door.

"Better, darling?" were the first accents that broke the silence of the room.

"Much, dear," said Polly, raising her head from its lavender pillow, and smiling through her tears. "What is the matter? O tell me what has happened?"

"Tell you, my dear," said Sir James; "can you bear good tidings fearlessly?"

"Try me, Sir James."

"I think I may. I think I will. You know, my dear, that I have always entertained an idea, amounting to conviction, that your father's life was not taken."

Polly knew nothing of the sort, but she welcomed the idea with all the warmth due to an old acquaintance.

"My dear, there is hope of his safety."

"There is *certainty*," cried Polly, with hands uplifted, and eyes glittering through tears. "I read it in your kind faces. Where is he?"

The group opened, and Arthur Haggerdorn came forward, bowing under an aged withered broken form, with stooping head and snow-white hair. Was this, indeed, all that was left of the bluff, handsome, debonair, Basil Humpage? Polly thought so, for she fell upon his neck without delay or question, gave him one kiss, and, her excitement having now reached its zenith, fainted. Nevertheless, the old man would not suffer her to be removed. He was placed in the great chair from which Polly had risen, and one of those around quickly restored the happy child to the consciousness of her newly-received treasure.

In the explanations that succeeded, Arthur was, of necessity, chief orator. As agitation proved detrimental to his English, we interpret for him as follows:

When the old gentleman fainted in the coffee-house, Arthur, in accordance with the suggestion of his friend in the cab, had, with unlike his precise liar care, and, on his recovering sufficiently to mention an address in Westminster, and his desire to be transported thither in a cab, he left a check with every care and solicitude. But it was some time after that he and the old gentleman of powerful restoratives that the poor old man regained the complete use of his faculties.

Mr. Brightson's conduct appeared to be an honest-featured old matron, who wept genuine tears at the condition in which he was brought back; but who, nevertheless, exhibited herself vigorously in doing all that was required for his relief.

Of course I knew his name wasn't Higgledum," said the old lady to Mr. Arthur, as the two sat in the adjoining room, but with the door open, so as to command a full view of the patient's bed. "Nobody's name ever is. Not Higgledom, or Piggledom either. But he's the best of masters and of men; and, now you tell me you know his right name, I'm sure he was making a mystery about it. He ought to have his friends about him."

"And he shall," said Arthur.

"I know you'll manage it, you're a-bidin'," continued the old dame, apparently so delighted to get the secret off her soul that she could not check her revelations. "He's up to no end of all sorts of tricks, 'specially to make me think his name was Higgledum. Scores of letters he must have written to himself, Mr. Humpage, Esquire, Esquire! but he forgot, now and again, to destroy them, and so I see, as they lays on his bureau, there was nothing in 'em but Higgledum; and they was tiresome to answer, so he soon gave that up. He used to dine at some out-o'-the-way place, and read his paper at another out-o'-the-way place. I don't think he spent forty pound a year. I knew he was a-bidin', but I'd take my Bible oath he never hurt any mortal, nor I don't think any mortal would hurt him. And," concluded the honest soul, wiping her eyes, "of course I didn't believe in that 'Reward.'"

"Reward?"

"Would you like to see it?" asked the old lady. "Wait a bit."

She stole on tip-toe into the bedroom, took the old man's keys which lay on his dressing-table, duly returned to the parlor, and signed to Arthur to approach it. He did so, with like caution, and saw pasted on the interior of the lid a paper carefully written with a pen and ink, but in large carefully drawn capitals, announcing that a "Reward of Ten Thousand Dutch Guilders would be paid to any person, Dead or Alive, of the Body of Basil Humpage, late Merchant and Banker of the City of London, an Absconded Felon."

"In Heaven's name!" exclaimed Arthur, "what prepared this? It is as false as—"

"Hush!" said the old lady, with a glance toward the patient. "I think he's a moving. False! I know it is. Hark, young gentleman. *Ze done it, Sir, Sir!*"

"Himself!"

"I see him a-finishing and touching of it up. He hadn't no copy. It all come out of his own head, and that head's—"

The matron's dubious sort of gesture, but Arthur caught her meaning, and the mystery flashed upon him. He was aware of the rumors which had arisen, but which had been utterly disregarded on investigation, respecting the business connection between Humpage and the fraudulent bankrupt house of Dietrich Brothers. The former had, indeed, as may be remembered, while ignorant of the designs of this unhappy firm, assisted them with certain advances. This circumstance it was that, preying on the old merchant's mind, had induced the monomania from which such strange results had come.

In effect, this was the solution. Pursued by the belief that an attempt would be made to apprehend him, but successfully disguising his fear, Humpage had only watched his opportunity to escape, when, on the morning of the twelfth of March, his purpose was precipitated by an accidental movement in the house, which reached his ear while dressing. The repeated summons at his door alarming him more and more, he, with scarcely a moment's consideration, effected his desperate exit from the window. Failing in a first attempt to scramble down by the water-pipe, and cutting his hand severely in regaining the room, he secured a piece of rope used for conveying luggage, and, arranging the coil so that he might clear it after him, this time effected a safe, and, strange to say, unperceived descent.

Simple it is, but less true, that his first refuge was opposite to his own mansion, in the house of Mrs. Arcroft! Confused as his judgment was, its failure of the latter could not part so quickly with its darling. Where he completed his disguise was never clearly known, but at dusk, on the fifteenth day of March, there appeared, at Mrs. Arcroft had truly deposed, a stout gentleman, of civil demeanor, with light bushy hair, and profuse beard, who engaged her second-floor rooms, front and back, and quickly finding fault, as she further stated, with the stable disturbances at the back, caused his bed to be removed to the front room, from whence he could watch his own house, and the proceedings of its inmates, at pleasure.

Here he enjoyed a peace, to which (as he afterward stated) he had been for many months a stranger. Though still a slave to the fixed idea that he had been somehow associated with the Dietrichs in their guilt, he was aware that his own affairs were prosperous and in perfect order. Those he loved best in the world were in affluence, and, save for his loss, in happiness. He might still watch over them unseen, and there was, in this, a mysterious cunning pleasure, not remotely akin to the disturbance of his brain, that determined him to preserve his present strange incognito as long as possible: at all events, until his honest name should be cleared.

It was with great regret that, under the influence of some new delusion, he gave up his lodgings at Miss. Ascroft's, and retired into a small back street in Westminster, laying aside his disguise, and simply assuming a false name.

Scarcely established in the Westminster lodging, his health, hitherto remarkably strong, began to decline, and to grant a change did a few months make in the appearance of the once lale and portly merchant, that it was not surprising if, in the obscurity of the dim coffee-houses to which he resorted, he ran little risk of recognition. How Bill Brightson, otherwise Bob Causter, discovered his real name and history, is a point that gentleman thought proper to conceal, the only satisfaction he would vouchsafe on a subsequent period, he received a handsome reward from Arthur) being couched in the single expression:

"Blest yer 'art, nobody knows a dog!"

Arthur had found the task of reassuring the old man as to his daughter neither hard nor critical; indeed, the chief difficulty he had encountered was in his treatment of him was to dissuade him from an attempt to hasten home while he had scarcely strength to leave his bed, and change as he was, either the shock he had just received, or the rapid decay of his bodily powers, or both, had fixed his mind firmly upon the conviction that no medicine he had done this extraordinary and well-known act of effecting his disappearance and keeping himself concealed, for the bare act itself has been on record long before now.

However, that very same evening Arthur Haggerdorn had the happiness of restoring Basil Humpage, a sane and reasonable man, to his long-deserted home and loving daughter.

What more remains to tell? It is mortifying to reflect with what extreme ceremony important characters can be swept from the scene, how heroes may be extinguished in a sentence, how coquettes may be reformed in a line.

Place for the nobility! A notice to the following effect was sent for insertion to the Morning High-Flyer, the court and fashionable organ of that period.

DEATH.

On the sixteenth instant, near Tyburn, aged twenty-five, in consequence of a sudden fall, to the great grief of a large circle of friends, the Lord Viscount Lofty of the Right Honorable the Earl of Hawkweed, K.G.T., etc.

It is true that the fashionable notice declined to publish the above (though drawn up by no less an authority than the deceased himself, on the day preceding the anticipated demise), but that it did so, as on that very night his lordship, who had been some time ailing, fortunately broke a bloodvessel, which put his disease was, from that authority, adjourned for three weeks. During that interval a copy of the above announcement was submitted to the Earl of Hawkweed himself, and acted so strongly upon the well-known sensibility of that excellent nobleman, that his influence was exerted to the sick man's favor, and obtained permission for him to visit the plantations of America. Mercury so unexcited, and, let us add, so unmerited, immediately began to display its virtues, and, of death could not. He survived, indeed, but for a few months, but these were months of penitence, and that time "could not be repeated or."

Considering that old Mr. Humpage positively refused to pay any of his friend Arthur's debts, and obstinately preferring little in domestic affairs, he was regarded, more than ever, as absolute master, Polly-my-Lamb, and Arthur, as best she might, with the society of the young artist. In order, however, to relieve her as much as possible, kind Aunt Serecold contrived to secure little studios in a remote corner of the mansion, to which it was confidently hoped Arthur would often retire. And so he did, and also painted six more portraits; but as these proved to be all studies of the same young person, in different attitudes, and as no strange model visited the house, it is to be presumed that Miss Serecold's principal object failed.

One evening, as the party (little Mr. Hartshorne happened to be present) were sitting together after tea, papa, who seldom spoke, suddenly raised his white head, and taking a hand of each of his two nearest neighbors, put them softly together.

"My children, my good children, make me happy."

There was again a day of excitement in Jermyn Street. All Saint James's appeared to be out on that pleasant morning in May that witnessed the nuptials of the charming and wealthy heiress of Basil Hampage, Esquire, and Arthur Haggerdorn, of Stumpfelgeldgarend, Western Transylvania. The St. James's High-Flyer devoted a special paragraph to a description of the ceremony, in which the Very Reverend Doctor Cox, Rector of St. James's, without the slightest assistance (as in these degenerate days), first united the above parties, and subsequently, in like a pleasant postscript to an interesting letter, married Miss Mabel Sercould to Mr. John Hartsberne. Among the bridesmaids attendant on the younger bride, the High-Flyer distinguished the Setsors Torre-Diaz, whose elevated interest in her lovely friend, to the loss of her own incomparable beauty, attracted deserved attention. The bride's magnificent necklace of pearls and emeralds was a present from Sir Lucas Polhill, the eminent magistrate. The police arrangements, rendered necessary by the immense assemblage, were under the immediate direction of Mr. Henry Armour, chief officer.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE AND ITS RECOMPENSE.

"No, boy, you can not go. The country does not need you; its armies are full, its triumph sure. You must leave your old mother, George, now that she has no other arm to lean upon."

There was a painful pathos in the woman's voice entirely blended with something of command. A tear, too, stood in her eye, as, laying her hand upon her boy's arm, she added:

"I have given one son, George, to the cause; it can not be asked that I should give you too, my last and only one."

They stood in the library, mother and son, the summer twilight folding them in its soft hale. Already in the mother's forehead age had silver'd its snows, but the face was beautiful and noble still—a page without blot or blemish. The son, standing with commanding power in the maturing prime, carried all that mother's shining womanhood in his mien, touched only with a masculine hardness and force; but it was plain without, from all his appearance, that he had grappled as yet with few of life's sterner duties; indolence rather had marked throughout his one-and-twenty years, out of which no deed or achievement had sprouted into growth. This night, however, there was a new inspiration upon him, and very soon he spoke again:

"You know, mother, I would not be undutiful; but would you have me stand on the flaming edges of this great conflict and have no participation in it? You did not in your heart begrudge Edward to the cause; you are willing, surely, to give the world enough as a testimony that you do not grudge the sacrifice? Oh, my mother, could I lift my face among men when this war is done and our scarred heroes come marching home, if I had not been ready to secure the triumph crowning their tattered banners? Could you feel comfort in the proud moment when Liberty was in peril you stopped short of my sacrifice? Would you not rather see me laid under the grasses where Edward is lying than that that you had a coward for your son? But while I say all this, you know, my mother, I would be dutiful—dutiful to you next to my own conscience and the pleadings of humanity."

The twilight deepened, but the mother, with a deep yearning in her eyes, took no note of the passing moments. For a time perfect silence reigned; then at last she said:

"You have been a true, thoughtful son, George; I know it is no idle caprice that prompts your purpose; I give my consent—go, and God bless and guard you!"

It was indeed no idle caprice that had determined George Marsland's choice of a career. Even in the midst of luxury, hedged about through all his earlier years by every comfort that affluence and position could confer; educated into the refined of the ancestral eminence in the more refined and polite social spheres than to fill a place in the dazzling working world; lifted above the necessity of exertion, with no internal predisposition thereto, he had entered into a polished, purposeless drone, spending his days in trivial pursuits, which afforded neither genuine pleasure nor durable results. But when suddenly over the land the war-cloud burst and its shrill call to arms, and the nation, out of its profound peace, rose with flaming face to meet the peril of rebellion, the souls of the people in their vigorous action the slumbering impulses of his better nature; life grew to be, in his estimation, an earnest, solemn thing; he saw in it new possibilities of growth and achievement; he saw opportunities opening every where, tempting the earnest soul to effort and adventure, and out of his selfishness and dumb apathy there came, under the sharp inspiration of the time, a longing to be useful, to earn a place in the world's regard, to do something for the Liberty that through all the royal years of her bondeuage pay should make his name luminous and noble. But at first the longing was not grasped. An elder brother, in the first red days after Sumter fell, went and did from his own means, even by stealth, and George, obedient to the commands of affection, remained for a time behind, the one thought of his duty burning deeper and deeper into his soul. At last the first-born of the house—the dear brother of his love—in a hot charge at Bull Run, fell never to rise: then, with a purpose yet more intense, George determined, come what might, to go to the field; and now at last, after repeated importunities, the mother's fear had been removed, and his dream was to be fulfilled.

But one thought troubled him still, as with thoughtful pace he left the library and passed into the little boudoir opposite. What would Mary Spencer say—would she, the companion of all his later years, the mere than sister, whose life he hoped some day to knit into his own, would she, with warm Southern blood in her veins, and Southern memories lying like sunny pictures on her heart, approve his decision? Of late he had concealed from her his real thought; but he felt, from what had passed when he had months before named it to her, that she would attempt to dissuade him from his purpose. She stood, as it were, so entirely alone in the world, dependent wholly upon the bounty of his mother, whose ward she was, that it would be only natural she should cling to one upon whom she had learned to lean, one whom he felt in his inmost consciousness she loved with all the strength. But in spite of affection, no bland solicitation of hope, should woo him now to disgraceful ease, and with that thought pulsing in his veins, he sought the quiet retreat where he knew he was awaited.

How he told her of his purpose; how, in the sudden evanishing of the light, the pallor expression of the eye, he read the confession he longed to hear and know; how he combated the objections which love suggested; how the discussion, begun in tenderness, grew at last passionate and vehement, the very consciousness of the power of mutual affection adding to the willfulness of the moment; how, while the one grew stern and inexorable in the thought that he was on the side of right, that was in him, the heart of the other, stung by the pangs of a jealousy that could not brook the bestowal of precious wealth upon any thing save itself, perhaps, by innate indifference to the cause the other loved, became bitter and perverse—why rehearse all here? Suffice it that at last the touch of love bitter word spoken in the heat of a passing gust of passion, he rose to go, saying, as his face paled,

"I had thought you knew me better, Mary, willing to do and suffer for your country; but I was mistaken. I should not be worthy to fight for this holy cause if I could permit for a single hour the considerations like those you have addressed to my conscience, to keep me here as you wish."

The words were crisp and cold, and the voice had a rebuke sharper than any sting in it. The pale, girlish face flushed under the taunt they enfolded.

"Go, then, if you will; a love that flies its object so soon upon possession is scarcely worth a true man's keeping."

It was over—this difference—in a moment; but so, in some pivotal second of time, lives are made and cut under bright, suns are obscured, mountain tops of joy are won or lost, kingdoms and crowns are achieved or broken in the dust.

That night, before deep came to soothe his restlessness, George Marsland had volunteered in a city regiment, bravely putting away from him the love he had hoped, a little while before, might enrich and exalt him to new heights of blessedness and joy.

Nor did Mary Spencer find a more tranquil time than he had done, as she communed through the night with her own heart. The moment he had quitted her presence, obedient to the high impulses of her all-deepening manhood, all the vastness of her loss forced itself upon her consciousness. She saw, then for her intellectual eyes, how supreme above she had erred, crucifying her own better emotions while wronging his patriotic instinct, in laboring to dissuade him from his purpose. She saw what she had done it, so abased did she become in her own esteem, she would have entreated on her knees pardon for her offense, but that he was not there to do. He would never seek her presence again; she knew his nature too well to hope for that. Obedient to the generous impulses of true affection, she had yet ever been as first when once wronged or betrayed. Besides, he would leave upon the morrow. Her cry was to God, that he would in some way she might make him understand how grieved she was for her offense, that he might sometimes think of her in the battle-field, and not cease to longing to make amends for her fault. Perhaps, some day, he might return, and then, it might be, his heart, empty and desolate, would turn to her love she would keep fresh and pure for him. Some day! Alas! there was another thought; he might, some day, fall in the battle-field, and never return; and then for her life would never more have one ray-gleam-hint of coutent gathered about it, but one hope to brighten the "dumb, waste places of the dark." That thought was like a knife scarcely for the very life of her heart, and she fell upon all the night at stung and harassed her, until at last the morning came, purpling the east and mocking all its brightness with her pallor.

But she must act now, if she would have George "show the very name thrilled her!—carry with him the thought of her." She rose, and, ringing the bell-hand, she penciled on a card the words, "I was in fault—forgive me;" then slipping into the still silken parlor, thrust the card into the hand of a servant who lay in wait, and, with a heart that seemed to stand still, she sank upon a chair and listened.

The morning broadened over the world. Mother and son met at breakfast; but Mary, timid and weak, with all her overpowering anxiety, and an excuse which he regarded as only a pretext unworthy of an honest heart. It was a silent meal; each felt a mystery in the other, and yet could not utter it. At length, rising, all their little plans having been discussed, with a warm embrace, which burst on their faces, with unuttered prayer in their hearts, they went apart, the son going with hasty step, as if he were afraid of his own heart's impulses, to join his regiment, which that day marched afield, the mother hurrying into the privacy of her own chamber, there to think of her boy, and pray that no harm might come to him in the battle days whose hail and fire he might be called to face.

George, in going, left no message for the weeping one, whose eyes, looking from the casement through which the morning shone so grimly, followed him with inexpressible longing as he hurried down the street; he had not found her message, and he knew not—did he ever know?—she had prayed for his forgiveness.

Weeks slipped by, the summer deepening and fading, and George Marsland was in camp in Virginia, in General Banks's Division. Almost daily hopeful letters came to the New England home whence he had gone for Freedom's sake, and daily the mother's heart grew stronger in patriotic purpose, in ability to repress all selfish thoughts, and elevate only, as the one thing worth living for, her country's good. But daily also on Mary's face the shadow deepened, and the way in which she walked grew more difficult and weary. She knew he was safe and well; George was a considerate boy, but no word for her ever came from the distant camp, and that was more than she could bear. Certainly, she thought, he must have found her farewell message. It that at least been removed from the niche where she placed it. His silence, therefore, could only mean that his heart was still closed against her. And so, with doubt and fear shadowing her persistence, the time crept grimly on.

At last, when her torture was quite gone and the leaves had begun to fall, there came one day this brief message: "We are ordered to Texas tomorrow, and expect an engagement with the enemy. We are prepared, all of us, to do our duty; but we can not tell what may happen. May God keep you!"

Almost with the letter came the news along the lines of the encampment at Bull's Bluff. Mary Spencer knew that he was there. At first the intelligence was only partial: we seemed to have won a victory with little loss. But gradually the truth was disclosed, and all the terrors of that defeat burst upon the public eye. Who of us can forget what a panic of grief and horror in the heart of Baker's death? Who can forget how every soul was stirred as we learned how, under a mercilessly savage fire, the gallant Massachusetts soldiers stood firm as Bunker Hill, their heroic daring matching the noblest exhibitions of old Roman courage? Even in the midst of that every lip a thanksgiving was poured on the State whose sons had redeemed that day from utter and complete disgrace?

Many an anxious home that day performed, whose story only the Day of Revelations will rehearse. George Marsland was in the fore-front of the conflict. When the fatal dismay for a moment seized our little band, he stood firmly in his lot, rallying around him the confused and straggling column, and permitting the foe not to feet. When the summons came to surrender, he it was who answered the demand with defiance. When overtaken, wounded, dying heroes, forced to the river's brink, plunging into the tide, seeking a refuge in its depths as more to be preferable to the cruel covered their retreat with a score of other lionhearted ones who laughed with him at death.

That conflict was finished, and the marsh and roar of musketry had for the moment ceased. George Marsland stood by the river's edge contributing a word of cheer to those life were ebbing fast. Suddenly a body of rebel cavalry dashed from the wooded height, and discharging their carbines at retreating foe, the group by the river's brink, wheeled and swept away. But they left another gap in the Massachusetts band. George Marsland, struck in the breast by a wandering shot, fell dead in their very midst.

In the hush of a sombre twilight days thereafter one who was with him there broke the news to the mother in the home whose threshold he should never come again alive. Hers was a heart of noble stuff, spite of weaknesses in the past, and though a deeper shadow fell upon her face she only said, "He fell in his country's cause, and that, sacred before, it will now be doubly so;" and with that thought lived and bore her grief out of sight. She bravely shouldered the work which her loss seemed to intimate to her awakened consciousness was a nonefold greater than ever before.

A fortnight after she had abandoned her luxurious home, and in the hospitals at Washington was nursing with tender fidelity in the service of the sick and wounded ones, who to her were now as sons. To-day, at Newbern, among the many selfsacrificing, kindly members of the Freedmen, there is one to whom all look with especial reverence and affection; one whom they always regard as a patient smile, brightens all who catch its glow; and the face is that of George Marsland's mother, and the smile also. Her hair, shining through her tears, she gave him her parting benediction.

Not so did Mary Spencer accept the tidings of his death and her future life. Sitting silently at the gate of Hope, the news came like a decree of banishment, shutting it forever against her, putting out the light even of the land prophesied of brighter days to come. Nor was the future only dark and forbidding. The past had at first no solace for the wild soul; but at last, pitifully to truth and duty darkened all the retrospect.

But one day, while this fearful mood was still upon her, a new thought into the still house. At its side Mary Spencer sat down, with her grief gnawing fiercely at her heart. Alone, through the chill October night, she sat there with the dead. And the Father who pities the stricken one turned heart in the silent night-watches, and with his morning she rose up with a better, purer thought; and thenceforward, having washed away in tears of penitence the stains and dross of her life, performed with serene rejoicing a true woman's work in the grand conflict of the time.

"Perhaps" she said to her heart—"perhaps, looking down from his rest, As will behold me bearing on his work, striving to make it triumphant and complete, and so will come to meet me, when I too am called, at the outer gate of the City, 'eternal in the heavens.'"

Shall we tell of her work? Mayhap, in these later days, you have heard her voice pleading with assembled thousands for Liberty, for Justice, for Union; stirring the pulse of whole communities, touching the souls of senates, lifting all to new planes of patriotism and courage?

Blessed are the dead who die for Freedom's sake! for out of their sacrifice harvests of recompense are born in the present, and in the future thronging generations shall gather inspiration from their high example.

Blessed, too, are the living, who, in the same holy cause, have abandoned ease and all life's accustomed enjoyments to suffer in the field. Often, doubtless, they long—these brothers of ours—to sit in the old chair at the table's head, to hear the prattle of children climbing to their knees, to feel the mother's soft hand upon their foreheads. Standing on lonely outposts, pacing the weary sentry-rounds, do no glimpses of the peaceful Past flutter through their souls, and their familiar faces beam upon them, now and then, through the silence of sweet dreams, with pleading love? But their hearts fail not, their purpose falters not; they have consecrated themselves to the nation's cause, and they go straight on wherever duty leads. Think of them, care for them!—care, too, for all brained, fatherless and widowed of free communities, remembering that there are thousands of homes which, in this grand strife with barbarism, like ourselves, have in every deed of our enlightened civilization, have been made desolate and childless as was that out of which George Marsland went to the field and to immortality.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SCHLEMIEL-HOLSTEIN.—These can never be Peace as long as there is a General Wrangel.

"Sadly, my boy, but green how many cheeses there are in this one box! Why, I'll give you a dollar apiece!" "Five, to be sure."—"Arrah, by my soul! but luck to the man that sould ye!"

"My name is SOMERSET. I am a miserable bachelor. I can not marry. I am poor. I am old. I am ugly. I am lazy, possessed of common sense, or the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a decided flirt."

IMPROPER EXPRESSION.—Let it never be said, that when a man jumps for joy, "his delight knows no bounds."

The other day, a gentleman, without assigning any reason for the change, ordered a coffin-maker to enlarge a coffin's shop, and put his hands upon two sharp carving knives, upon which he had previously fixed his eyes!

Advertising for a wife, says a contemporary, is just as absurd as it would be to get married without a license.

WOMAN.—So long as a woman inspires love she is not old. But what is it to be said? It does not depend upon the last time she was married, but upon the unfortunate number of years which have been allotted to each of us. To be old is to be ugly, and when a woman feels that she woman preserves the attractions of youth until she reaches the age of sixty-five hundred, she will be younger than the woman of twenty who wants them.

People often wonder at the most natural things in the world. "I say, Jerry," said Quilp, to one of his cronies, "you look sober this morning." "And for a very obvious reason," said Quilp, "I have been sober."

There sometimes seems to be nothing in the universe but the sound of old sobs and the tracks of old tears.

Why are crockery-ware dealers unlike all other shopkeepers?—" Because it won't do to crack up their goods."

A good place for early birds—the city of Worms.

The worst town in England to enter with a new dress on—Soiltown.

A traveler was lately boasting of the luxury of arriving at night, after a hard day's journey, to partake of the entertainments of a well-appointed inn. "Ah, sir," replied a Jerry, "that is the peculiar luxury of a left leg" "Why, in common with the luxury, you must find that it is the only leg that is left."

Two young ladies and Mr. Thaddeus O'Grady were conversing on an age when one of them put the home question: "Which of us do you think is the elder, Mr. O'Grady?" "Sure," replied the gallant Irishman, "you both look younger than each other."

A paragraph has been going the rounds concerning an old lady who has a mustache on her lip; to which a hotelkeeper replies that it is not the mustache but the young hotter to have mustaches on their lips, but it is rarely that they grow thick.

"I say, Mick, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "How one, to be sure; your Honor wouldn't be thinking I'm planting turnips!"

In a country church-yard we find this epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath the text: "Their works do follow them."

"Please, Sir, I don't think Mr. Dosen takes his physic regular," said a doctor's boy to his employer. "Why so?" "Cause sir, he's getting well on prettier fast."

What would be likely to give the best report of a fire? A powder magazine.

A druggist anxious for an increased sale of his counterplaster, put the following couplet upon each package:

"Whoever needs this plaster I am sure,
And that 'tis pleasure to endure."

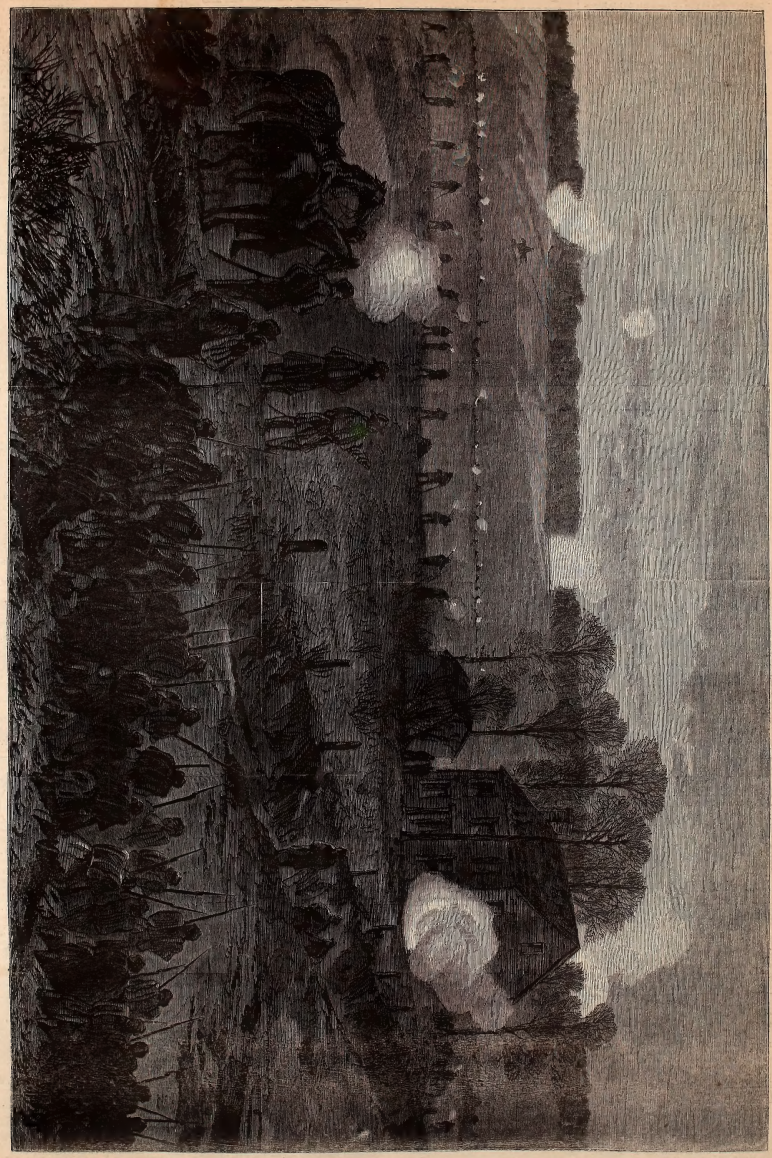
A wag some years ago advertised a carriage to run without horses, with only one wheel, and invited the curious to entertain to see it. Many of them came to the Society of Arts attended, and in the ardor of expectation they were shown a wheel-barrow.

We don't like to see a lady with very minute feet. Ladies should't stand upon trifles.

A gentleman being asked by his friend what it was that rhymed with "purse," replied, "I never saw it" asked the inquirer. "Why," said the wit, "it is not quite one; but that which has that one missing, replied, "Ah, Sir, I did not expect that from you—indeed I did not; for you well know that when all the country refused your dress I took them."

"It is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I have been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I am a tumbler myself."

"ANY THING FOR ME, IF YOU PLEASE?"—POST-OFFICE OF THE BROOKLYN FAIR IN AID OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—[SEE PAGE 158.]



RECONNOISSANCE AT MORTON'S FORD—NIGHT SCENE—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[See next Page.]

AT MORTON'S FORD.

THE illustration on page 157 represents the late RECONNOISSANCE AT MORTON'S FORD. The enemy's further position is on the hill, from which he is firing; on a lower hill is his line of skirmishers, in front of which our line is being formed. In the fore-ground are our troops, and beyond them Generals WARREN and HUMPHREYS, and other officers

THE BROOKLYN SANITARY FAIR.

THE anniversary of Washington's Birthday was fitly celebrated in Brooklyn—the third city in the United States—by the opening of the Fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission. On pages 152 and 153 we illustrate some of the leading features of this Fair; and on page 156 will be found a sketch of the "Post-Office," where anybody can go to write a letter to be duly—postage paid—sent. The buildings occupied by the Fair comprise the Academy of Music and Knickerbocker Hall, on one side of Montague Street, and two large buildings on the opposite side. One of these is connected with the Academy by a temporary bridge thrown across the street. Knickerbocker Hall and one of the other buildings were erected expressly for the Fair, all the materials and labor having been given, without charge, forming one of the leading items in the list of contributions. The location of the Fair occupies the centre portion of the Academy; but as most of the stalls are beneath the first tier of seats, they are not seen in our general view of the interior, which is taken from the dress circle. The artist has saved us the labor of describing in detail the general arrangements and some of the most striking special features of the Fair. To give any thing like a catalogue of the articles contributed would require a volume. By way of hint it may be said that there are more than 10,000 sofa-cushions, and a lady of a methodical turn of mind sends us that there is a pin-cushion for every pin in the city. The Art Gallery contains 178 framed engravings, most of them of great value, besides many gems from the albums of our patriotic artists. In the Department of Manufactures and Mechanic Arts we find almost every thing from a buggy to a bag of coffee—from a saddle to a sewing-machine. Not the least interesting contribution here is a huge hole, marked "250 lbs. Sea-Island Cotton," the product of free labor, sent from Hilton Head. In the New England Kitchen the descendants of the Pilgrims may regale themselves upon the national delicacies of Indian-cakes, doughnuts, molasses, pies, pickles, apple-sauce, pork and beans, cider, and the like. If any man wishes to know just how his grandmother appeared when she was quite enjoying the youthful heart of his respected grandfather, he has only to look at the fair attendants, who are arrayed in the garb of the last cent—for it is an old sight; but our belles in their hoops, etc., will look quite as oddly to their grandchildren. In the detached building at the corner of Montague and Clinton Streets is a museum of rare and valuable contributions, paintings, engravings, and works of art and curio. One room contains a beautiful arrangement of flags and war materials from the navy-yard, and another a collection of flags captured from the rebels.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, that keep pace with the times, and the Extra Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and strictly with the Trade.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at low prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices. Wholesale at the old rates.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to give entire satisfaction in safety; and now that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present elegant universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

A New Story of American Life!

Eliza Woodson;

OR, THE EARLY DAYS OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S WORKERS.

Of this new and fascinating book, the *New Crescent* says: "Since *Uncle Tom's Cabin* we have read nothing in the way of Autobiography half so interesting, nothing in the way of fiction so thrilling."

It is a book to interest all ages and classes, and especially to valuable to youth. Price $1.25. By mail, postage free.

Address A. J. DAVIS & CO., Publishers,
374 Canal Street, N.Y.

SOMETHING NEW
IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designs from French Artists.

The above new Gilt-Edge Cards are beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Enclose 50 cents and send for sample pack. 50 per dozen. Discount by gross to dealers.
L. A. CASWELL, 69 Nassau St., New York.

DR. B. C. PERRY,
DERMATOLOGIST,
49 Bond Street, New York.

Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching. Also, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultation free.
For particulars address stamp for Circular.

THE "JERKS" or CONVULSIONS, when under religious excitement.—Wonderful Phenomena in Kentucky.—Explained.—A change of Heart.—THE FUTURE ALMOND —Which, Real, or Hymn—which? What we were.—Pulpit Cooing.—ANNE NASBY, or the Surprise Party.—SUPREME Court of Massachusetts and Ireland. Death Colors. Signs of Misfortune, Witch Guards.—Irish Fairies.—Rain at a Funeral.—Trying Experiences, etc., in March No. of SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. Only 15 cts. or $1 50 a year. Fowlers & Wells, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen of Morton's Superior Make, *the same according to description, viz.*:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 75 cents, the Magic Pen; for 88 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 88 cents, the Always Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for 94, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but suspended in order to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 69 cents, the Magic Pen; for 76 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 82, the Always Ready Pen; for 88, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Warranted Good Gold Writing Gold Pens, with Iridomia Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size only: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4, the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth size, for the desk.

Plain and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 6, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For 90 Cts. No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 2 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 25 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 00 a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 7 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 7 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 00 a No. 8 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 9 Pen, 2d quality.

For $4 00 a No. 9 Pen; for $5 00 a No. 10 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the three true considerations) any Pens made by other houses.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to quoting them, he had selected Nibs, choice, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for $3 00 each, as he now sells them for, contentedly.

Parties ordering want in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and if for a Gentleman or a Lady, or for Boy, or for—whether of or timber, coarse or fine.

All communications will be kept private, and letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of the articles, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Further raising Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

FOG GUILDS, for the price of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.
Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 26th, 1864, to the Patentee: "Since what he is pleased to call our 'woeful and beautiful pursuit' of a Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case, I find it to be the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a Cavalry Pistol. It is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter being silver and engraved. Any Case sent by mail, free to the Army, and everywhere, on receipt of price and 20 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of superior quality and flavor, which is specially put up to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade. All* prepaid everywhere.

OFFICE RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
252 Broadway, Adjoining the Astor House, New York.

We are now offering our Celebrated Gold Pens and Extension Silver Plated Holders at the following low prices for Cash:

No. 1 Magic Gold Pens and Holders, per dozen, $5 50.
No. 2 " " " " 7 00.
No. 1 Albertine fine Gold Pens and Holders, per doz. 8 00.
No. 2 " " " " 10 00.
No. 1 Always Ready " " " 11 00.
No. 3 " " " " 14 00.

These Pens and Holders are all warranted, and will retail from $1 to $5 each.

A deduction of 10 per cent. will be made on all sums of $50 and upwards. Our Pens are all fitted in Extension Cases, containing one dozen each, and are not soldin less quantities. Sent by mail or express.

Address SALISBURY BROS. & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

BAKER'S RHUMATIC BALM,
BAKER'S FEVER COOLER,
BAKER'S DYSENTERY MIXTURE,
BAKER'S CROUP ALLEVIATOR,
are four remedies which no family should ever be without. Price $1 per bottle each.

Also,
BAKER'S KIDNEY AND GRAVEL REMEDIES, which are invaluable. Price $5.

PERSONAL DEBOT:
No. 254 Tenth Street, near Fourth Avenue.
Remedies sent to any address upon receipt of price.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS
At the Lowest Wholesale Prices, when accompanied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Rates charged low rates.

Bilious Affections

And the various complaints incident to this season, can not find a surer or safer remedy than BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

VOICE FROM EGYPT.

Fence be unto you, and length of days. The medicine (Brandreth's Pills) was a Sacra for to Azrael, both in pestilence and onerous sickness; the little orbs were rich with the wine of health; let the maker wear this golden circle, that he may know I was wounded with the arrows of disease, but am now healed. May he grow in the sunshine, and, dispensing blessings, be most blessed.

ACHMET HALLILLA.

The above, accompanied by a ring, was delivered to me by a distinguished Member of Congress on his return from Jerusalem. B. BRANDRETH.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING,
NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicine.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect ourselves and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The first has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," stamped on the inside plate.

The second has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The name of the third is
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The fourth has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above Watches, whether made of various sizes and are sold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to mislead the attention of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Solid Gold," to be sold as our POPULAR or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as the "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE NILE EXPLORERS, CAPTAIN SPEKE AND GRANT, with Illustrations, including their Africans.—AN AFRICAN Beauty, How the Nile Rises.—THE ISLE OF CAMELS.—THE Mogo-thing, Weber, Iron, Combination, Origin of Vegetables.—THE WORLD in Space.—The Breath of Life.—WOMAN, Duties of Creation.—THE PHYSICIAN—Monads, Birds, Physiological Laws.—THE PHYSICIAN in Marine Hospitals.—PROFESSIONAL JOURNAL, 15 cts. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

To Invalid Soldiers,

Or others out of employment.—Good wages can be made by any Soldier, in the sale of his splendid new book, entitled

LIFE AND CAMPAIGNS OF GENERAL GRANT.

By Julian R. Locke. Nearly 500 pages with Engravings. Price $1 50. For Circulars and Terms, apply to DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers, No. 3 Ann Street, New York.

Soldiers and Everybody! A great Book for you! Over 3000 things worth knowing! Mailed free for 25 cents. Address T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Syracuse, N. Y.
Agents, order our UNEQUALED STATIONERY PACKAGES.

JUST WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS.
A Splendid New ROCKET ALBUM
(FOR SOLDIER AND CIVILIAN.)
Holding Sixteen Pictures, is the cheapest and best Pocket Album ever offered to the public.
Sent by Mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five cents.
It can be filled with Pictures (10) and sent by mail to others in the same army, or friends anywhere in Uncle Sam's domains, at the very trifling sum of thirty Cents postage. All orders promptly filled by
SAMUEL ROWLES & COMPANY,
Photograph Album Manufacturers,
No. 3 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON.

Military and Naval

COLLECTION and BUSINESS OFFICE.—SOUL, BROWN & CO., No. 2 Park Place, New York, adjust and collect every variety of just claim against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.

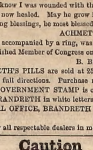
Opera and Field-Glasses

Can be a mere distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses with French flint glass. Also Microscopes of every description, from $1 to $50. Illustrated Catalogue sent free.
Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular.
WM. WILSON & SON, 66 Nassau St., N. Y., cor. Fulton St., up stairs.

NATIONAL BATTLE PINS.

McClellan, Grant, Rosecrans, Burnside, Hooker, Sigel, and Fuller. All are the same Pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and dates. Perfect photograph likeness of each General with fine gold. By enclosing One Dollar a sample will be sent by mail.
AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND OUT THE ARMY. The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture of this beautiful keepsake and

Cavalry and Artillery Pins.



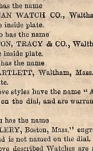
The above cuts represent the splendid new Cavalry and Artillery Pins we have been getting up in Silver Metal, to meet the request of inquiries from day to day for the same. Each branch of the service so desiring can have the appropriate badge. The Cavalry and Artillery Pins are Enamelled for the Divisions in

Red, White and Blue,

The under rim highly polished as Silver can be had for the Navy, and Regiment. These Pins are neat, and cost One Dollar and Fifty Cents each, with the Name, Co., Regiment, and Corps engraved upon them, or One Dollar without engraving. If any engraving is desired beyond the Name, "Co." and Regiment, Three Cents per Letter or Figure will be

charged.
AGENTS will be furnished at $8 per dozen without engraving and $9 per dozen with the Name and Regiment. The Emblems are raised, and the Pin about the thickness of a two-shilling piece.

UNITED STATES NAVY
Monitor Pins.



The cut is a correct copy of the Monitor Pins got up in Silver Metal. The name of the Monitor and number of the Pin will be engraved upon the Pin about the thickness of a two-shilling piece.
AGENTS will be furnished at $8 per dozen without engraving, and $9 per dozen with the Name and Regiment. The Emblems are raised, and the Pin about the thickness of a two-shilling piece.
Agents wanted, and supplied at $7 per dozen, without engraving, and $10 per dozen, engraved as above.
Every Soldier in the Army should have one.
LOUIS PHILIP & CO., 609 Broadway, N. Y.

Accordeons from $3 00 to $25. Flutes from $5 00 to $100. Violins from $2 00 to $50. Guitars from $5 00 to $20 00. Drums from $5 00 to $12 00. Fife Drums $15 to $20. On receipt of money we will forward instrument by Express. WM. A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway, N. Y.

CHURCH VIEWS.—Card Photographs of the Principal Churches of New York and Brooklyn; also 75 Splendid Views of Central Park. Price 25c. each, $2 per doz., or $12 per doz. Views. Send for list. Address on receipt of price. Send stamps for catalogues. W. O. WEMYSS, 675 Broadway, N. Y.

ARMY BADGES,

Watches, Gold Pens and Cases. Jewelry of all kinds at reduced rates. Send for a Circular.
H. REITH, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Organent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon any smooth face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—25 cents extra if sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of P. O. order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 169 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machine.
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

To Compositors.—Wanted, three strictly first-class Compositors, used to *Bookwork*. Apply to MR. MARSHALL, Printer of HARPER & BROTHERS' Composing Room, N. Y.

The Beard &c.

IN these cases of enmity, retarded growth, where the hair has been drawn out by depilatories, pulling and stimulating power, the Tennessee Swamp-patch Balsam has been found effectual. Sold by druggists, Manufactories, &c., to an exceedingly fine and vigorous growth. The Balsam, of Little Rock, Arkansas, is a vegetable, and will be sent sealed, on receipt of return postage.
JOHN RAWLINS, 815 Broadway, N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 counsel cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Figures are the suits, and you can play all the usual games with them. Two packs, in neat case, mailed at $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., N. Y., or 105 William Street, N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches.. 15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 3 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 3 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Boson Studs..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'td Holders 4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then is it at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

VETERAN
Solid Silver, $1 50.
A. MILLER
C.B.
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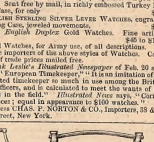

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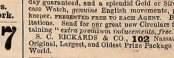

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 376.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T SHERMAN.—[See Page 178.]

TO THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

How They went forth to die!
Pale, earnest thousands from the dizzy mills,
And sunburnt thousands from the harvest hills;
Quick, eager thousands from the city's streets,
And storm-tried thousands from the fisher fleets;
How They went forth to die!

How To went forth to save!
O Merciful! with swift and tireless heed
Along the myriad ways of pain and need,
With laden hand and ever-watchful eye
Fixed on the thousands going forth to die;
How To went forth to save!

How They went forth to die!
Heeding yet shrinking not from the hot breath
Of the fire-angel in the front of death;
Seeing afar yet meeting without fear
The fever-angel lurking in the rear;
How They went forth to die!

How To went forth to save!
To close the purple wells torn open by
The fiery angel ere he drank them dry;
To fan to bloom the pallid forms anew
Struck with the fever-angel's deathly hue;
How To went forth to save!

How They went forth to die!
Counting themselves as the unvalued dust
Trod by a nation; bearing on its trust,
Content if but their sunken graves should be
The footprint of the progress of the free;
How They went forth to die!

How To went forth to save
The precious offerings, like the patriarch's given
On high Moriah, in the faith of Heaven,
To stay the knife ere its point be hurled
Through hearts that hold the promise of the world;
How To went forth to save!

How They went forth to die!
Unnamed, unnumbered like the desert sand,
Blown to build up a bulwark round some land,
To stay the sea of wrong that vainly raves
Forever on a shore of patriot graves;
How They went forth to die!

How To went forth to save!
Embodied wills of thousands far and near
In love's wild agony of hope and fear;
Embodied answers from the throne above,
Enwinged by gifts, of prayers enwinged by love;
How To went forth to save!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1864.

THE QUESTION.

THE friends of MR. CHASE can not but regret the appearance of the POMEROY circular. It is understood, indeed, that the Secretary himself denies previous knowledge of it. That could hardly be otherwise, for it would clearly be inconsonant with the self-respect of any honorable man to continue to form part of an Administration which he condemned as injurious to "the cause of human liberty and the dignity and honor of the nation," or to be the confidential adviser of a President whom he had denounced as so corrupt as to make the "one-term principle absolutely essential to the certain safety of our republican institutions."

But while we fully exonerate the Secretary from any actual complicity in the preparation or publication of such a document, there can be no doubt that the movement to present his name for the Presidency has been fully known to him and not disapproved. Long used as we have been to respect MR. CHASE, we regret this fact profoundly, and certainly, because any citizen may not honorably wish such a distinction, nor because we believe him to be indequate to the office, but because his action inevitably darkens and distracts the loyal men of the country, and because we can not see in what way his removal from the Treasury to the White House will counterbalance the immense disadvantage of such a change at the present juncture.

If it were true, as the POMEROY programme sets forth, that the re-election of MR. LINCOLN is impossible; or that his re-election would endanger the country and human liberty; or that he has corruptly used his power of patronage, we should, on any one of those grounds, advocate some other candidate; because the defeat of the Union standard-bearer, the peril of the nation and of liberty, and official corruption, are greater dangers to the country than a change in the Presidency.

But as MR. LINCOLN'S re-election seems to us infinitely more possible and probable than his original election; as his administration can by no impartial spectator be said to have imperiled the country, or to have injured human liberty; and as the imputation of corruption no more cleaves to him than to Washington, we must look for other reasons before sympathizing with any effort to expose the country to the consequences of all the changes that follow a change of the President. It is not that MR. LINCOLN has any other "claim" than his record that we so earnestly wish his re-election. Ability and honesty are the only claims to the Presidency which we recognize. We find both in him, while we certainly do not deny them to others. But this is not a question of "claims." If it were, on what grounds could General FRÉMONT and other good men be overlooked? It is a question of national policy and good sense. How can the country be carried through the necessary excitement of a Presidential election in the midst of civil war with the least danger and distraction?—that is the question. It is likely to be done by a general wrangle among Union men as to whether MR. CHASE, or General FRÉMONT, or General BUTLER, or General GRANT, or somebody else, are more likely to carry out the present policy of the war, and secure peace by liberty; or by the general assent of the friends of all these gentlemen that the man who is not only a lover of liberty than they, but has officially initiated and pursued that policy, and who has borne himself with marvelous sagacity in his difficult post, is the man to pursue that policy to the end? We know not what either of the gentlemen named would do; but we do know what MR. LINCOLN has done. Is it perfectly clear that any one of them—and no man can respect and admire them more than we—would have achieved nobler results for the country and human liberty than he? And is the chance that they might do so worth the inevitable risk?

It is a wise friend in another State who writes us: "It is difficult to understand how reasonably desirous to advance the cause of liberty and of the Union can, with the remembrance of the 200,000 votes cast for WOODWARD, Slavery, and Disunion last October in Pennsylvania, think it desirable to support any candidate whose only claim to superiority over MR. LINCOLN lies in the fact of his being supported by a smaller party. . . . Mr. LINCOLN'S words, 'It is very difficult to do sensible things.'"

THE ISSUE PRESENTED.

THE spectator of the political drama will observe that the renomination of the Democratic party has opened its campaign both in New York and Connecticut; and if he would understand what the spirit of the movement is he must look not only at what the Democratic resolutions say, but at the known views of the leaders. He will then find that in Connecticut the platform is essentially that of last year, upon which stood Mr. THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, a practical disunionist, who was supported by FERNANDO WOOD, CLEMENT VALLANDIGHAM, and their friends, and was signally defeated by the Union men of that State after one of the most thorough and exciting campaigns ever known. This year Mr. ORIGEN SEYMOUR is the candidate—a gentleman whose views justify his name. For the name of SEYMOUR stands in this country in the same relation to the great democratic doctrine of equal rights and the Union as the guillotine that the name of BOURBON holds in Europe to the rights of the people. There is no more essential difference between the Democratic party of the United States, and of the SEYMOUR of last year than between the platforms upon which they stand. The rebels will as earnestly desire the success of the one party as of the other. The late President of the Convention was Mr. W. W. EATON, who is a political brother of VALLANDIGHAM. With full knowledge of the people are active engaged in subduing the rebels and maintaining their own national existence. Judge Parker exhorts his hearers to "stop to enjoy a proud satisfaction of having done our whole duty. The faithful people, with the exception of the rebels and their allies, respond heartily "Amen." They have done and are doing that duty. In the wastly Judge aware that during the last year Connecticut, like every State, with some exceptions in New Jersey, stood steadfastly by the great cause of American Liberty? They have blessed on their banners Liberty and Union, and, with certain political doctors of the old school at Albany—" Vallandigham and Slavery."

FAIR PLAY.

Our excellent neighbor the *Tribune* asks whether it is not possible by mutual consent to adjourn the Presidential canvass? It is just about as practicable as to adjourn the coming of the spring and to postpone crocuses until May. The spring is coming. The canvass has begun. The party of it appear in the *Tribune* every day.

Upon the same page of that paper, which asks the question of postponement, we find, under the head of Special Dispatch from Washington, an allusion to the proprietorship into Secretary Chase's regulation of trade in the Mississippi Valley as a "tender of services to butcher the reputation of a statesman to whom the nation owes a debt of gratitude."

Just below we find: "It is stated here in military circles that the Red River operation was ordered and ordered by the President."

Very well. It is stated by common sense that party prejudice do not reign a postponement of the Presidential canvass; but that one of them, if the *Tribune* will pardon such language, is a "dig" at the President, and the other a "boost" for the Secretary of the Treasury.

The campaign for the nomination has begun. The *Tribune* takes unfairly an active part in it. It is opposed to the nomination of Mr. LINCOLN, and is doing what it can to make opposition against it. It says that Union men will make a grave mistake if they do not apply the one-term principle to Mr. LINCOLN. Nobody can quarrel with it for saying so, however opinions may differ. But let us have fair play. The *Tribune* is not an ostrich. It surely does not seriously suppose that it is taking no side any more than it can seriously believe that the President ordered an attack to advance into the enemy's country without skirmishers whatever may be "stated" in military circles. But it does obviously injure itself, both in the estimation of its friends with whom it differs and those with whom it agrees, when it insinuates, and hints, and shrugs, and sneers, instead of frankly owning and maintaining its opposition to the renomination of Mr. LINCOLN.

TYPE IN PI.

THE slaveholders and their friends have always tried to avoid using the word Slavery. It is too direct and expressive. It is the synonym of injustice and cruelty, and every body knows it as such. Therefore we have been regaled with all kinds of euphuisms. The first is in the Constitution—"person held to labor." Then we have such as "peculiar institution;" and "involuntary servitude;" and "the industrial system of the South"—and a score more. The thing named was always inhumanity and crime, but it was extremely disagreeable to call it by its name. "Human shambles," or the selling of a woman by a "high-toned gentleman" to pay his debts "dealing in human flesh," because, as Senator Beverly Johnson blandly said, "gentlemen" are very proud and sensitive. But they have now reached the highest point of euphuism. The leaders of the Confederate Government what John Wesley had more concisely described as "the sum of all villainies" by an infinitely sweeter name. Human slavery, with all its horrible woes and wrongs to the victim and his master—which the Honorable James Brooks described a few years since as "a deep, black stag upon the body politic," endangering "the peace and happiness of the master, and robbing the slave of his freedom and birthright"—that foul system is airily mentioned in the rebel address as "the selected type of social characteristics." Mr. BROOKS is now of opinion that the selected type of social characteristics has been thrown into pi—and we heartily agree with him.

THE SOLDIERS' VOTE.

On the second Tuesday in March the electors of the State of New York are to decide whether a citizen is to be disfranchised because he loves his country enough to fight for it. Shall the soldiers vote? is the question to be answered. We should like to see enough about the system to spell their Union right. We should like to see the argument which maintained that in a republic the citizens who cared most for the support of its laws and its liberties, and who risked their lives in its defense should be the very ones who by that act should be deprived of their share in the government. The process of saying to each man who incurs exposures, but it has been tried several times during the war, and whatever the disadvantages may be, the injustice and consequent inequity of any other course are evident enough. The obvious objection to the election is that it assumes the soldiers not to have the right. But that is unavailable. After the second Tuesday of March it will be secured to them, or New York will make a very fatal mistake, and be the gross injustice to many of her most faithful children.

LITERARY.

THE "Life of Lyman Beecher" is a most valuable contribution to our biographical literature. In his old age the "Father of the Beechers," seated in the quiet family-room of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was ready to narrate the incidents and reminiscences of his long and active life. These were taken down by his children; questions were asked and remarks made which brought out more reminiscences; then illustrative correspondence and documents were added in their appropriate places; and so upon the autobiographical thread has been strung a complete memoir of Beecher, with characteristic pictures of his times. The work though edited by Charles Beecher is really the joint production of several members of the family.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*February* 24. A petition was presented from citizens of Idaho asking for a division of that Territory, on the ground that one portion was inaccessible to the other.—A petition was presented from contractors for gunboats of an increase of compensation.—The Committee on the District asked to be discharged from further consideration of the question of the extension of the law securing colored persons equal privileges with whites in the District of Columbia, and agreed to.—Mr. SHERMAN introduced a bill amending the act for aiding the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from Lake Superior to Puget Sound. This amendment permits the issue of 1,600,000 shares at $100 each, authorizes the company to appropriate public lands containing coal and iron at the same rate as paid for agricultural lands; removes the limits of time within which the company may locate in twenty miles on each side, to remove the limitation for agricultural purposes, and to postpone the time for the completion of the first hundred miles; and allows not for more than one hundred miles to be located free of duty.—Mr. HARRIS introduced a bill giving to colored men West Point cadetships, to educate, commission, and train them drill, and rendering their dismissal if found deficient in any of these respects.—The Secretary of War was requested to furnish the report of the Military Commission of which GENERAL MCDOWELL was President, relative to cotton and other speculations by officers of the army.—A bill authorizing the people of Colorado and Nevada to form State Governments and enter the Union, was passed. The bill provides for the exclusion of slavery, and secure perfect religious toleration.—The amendments of the Military Committee to the House resolution on the Lieutenant-Generalship came up. Mr. GRIMES opposed the resolution on the ground of its inexpedience. He carried into effect it would either take General Grant from the field and place him at the seat of colonel at Washington, or while making him nominally commander-in-chief, would leave him liable to be replaced by a junior officer; and it would confer no distinction except an increase of rank and

pay: he would still be under the control of the President and of General Halleck. General Grant was a man of action, but there was no assurance that as General-in-Chief he would be better than the one we have; and, indeed, ere we sure that bad military counsel has not come from another source than General Halleck? He was no admirer of General Halleck, but whether that Justice should be done to him. If there was no other objection to the resolution, a vital one would be that it would have the ultimate effect of making a wide breach of Lieutenant-Generals, for every Major-General would be ambitious of attaining the highest honors possible. Mr. Sherman supported the resolution as a tribute to Grant, and not place General Grant at the head of the army; it was altogether complimentary. Grant had captured twenty or thirty thousand prisoners, taken guns, and won more battles than any other General on record. He would be happy to extend similar honor to Sherman or General who should do equally well. General Halleck's position was that of Adjutant-General to the President, who is Commander-in-Chief; in his position lies he was, where he could serve others; yet, it should be borne in mind, with an army superior to that of the enemy lying within fifty miles of Washington, Richmond was not taken by Halleck or Meade. The Army of the Potomac is just where it was years ago. It has not won the heart of the war, Grant and his army had, and these should be extended to him and them. Mr. Johnson would not vote for the resolution if it retained the clause designating the person to be appointed. He presented a letter from Halleck; if there had been disaster, history would attribute it to others than Halleck. No one could have more ably conducted the siege of Corinth. While in his present position he had shown himself capable, and was not responsible for opinions but not always been taken. The Army of the Potomac had always been successful when not subject to superior numbers. If Halleck's advice had been taken after Chancellorsville when only would have been a victory at Gettysburg, he refused to adopt his advice was unjustifiable. Gentlemen on the Johnson thought, was one of the finest battles on record. As a critical juncture afterward, when it was important that the enemy should be pursued, General Meade took the opinion of his corps commanders, who advised against the movement. He thought General Meade should have taken the responsibility: still, if the movement was made, Government could have been the mercy of the enemy. Mr. Conness said that the Army of the Potomac had been in the war, had taken the most difficult commissions; should we not seek for a man with the telegraph to report to direct it? In the West, while the Senate would not confer a new empire honor upon General Grant, he was giving him any extra rank. Mr. Hale said he would vote for the resolution at some time when the Senate could more easily have been acted upon it. Grant; a few years ago he was striving to rise above the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He hoped that the resolution, as amended by the Military Committee, authorizing the grade, without designating the person, would pass. The judgment of the country pointed to General Grant as the person, and he hoped that the President was to be free of his appointment. If any man, more than another, had stood up for the war, it was the President; he had stood firm when the Press and general officers were every where denouncing him. Mr. Howe was in favor of placing the resources of the country into the hands of General Grant; he had been appointed by the President, and would not hesitate to bestowed upon him. There was no distinction in asking the Senate to do what all agreed should be done. Mr. Rosenbaum would not detract from the honors so justly due General Grant, but thought it was proper for the Senate to indicate the person upon whom the grade should be conferred, as that body must become sit as judges upon the confirmation. It was no mere empty honor that the resolution, as introduced, proposed upon

ESCAPING UNION OFFICERS SUCCORED BY SLAVES.—[SEE PAGE 173.]

MAJOR-GENERAL PALMER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. B. BISHOP.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL W. S. SMITH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOSES & PEABLES, NASHVILLE.]

GENERALS PALMER AND SMITH.

On this page we give portraits of Generals PALMER and SMITH, the former connected with the late movement against Dalton, and the latter with General Sherman's expedition. The movement against Dalton was probably no more than a reconnoissance; but there was some very severe fighting, as the enemy were strongly posted, and our forces were compelled to give up the attack, which would otherwise have been successful. An account of this movement is given in its proper place, as also of General Smith's cavalry expedition, which started from Memphis to co-operate with Sherman, but which encountered the concentrated force of the enemy's cavalry, under Forrest, Lee, and Rhoddy.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE HOLSTON.

WE give below a view on the Holston River, which runs through Knoxville, Tennessee, showing the pontoon bridge and the bridge built by the United States Government, as seen February 5, 1864. On the right is a stone quarry, the rocks being used for filling the inside of the piers, which are built of timbers. The bridge is now completed. On the left are seen slaughter-houses and the remains of the gas-works destroyed by fire, the chimney still standing. Camps of the troops are seen in different places. The Holston River is the stream which has separated Longstreet from the Federal army at Knoxville, and from the banks of which the rebel General has lately retreated.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE HOLSTON, AT KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. FERRING.]

MAP OF THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST TENNESSEE, MISSISSIPPI, GEORGIA ALABAMA, AND FLORIDA.

THE HOSTESS OF THE BIG CABIN.

A few weeks ago my reportorial duties calling me in the vicinity of Knoxville, Tennessee, the tedium of my ride over the rough mountain roads was much alleviated for a dozen miles or so by the genial companionship of my friend, Captain Leighton, the scout. As we rode along I begged him to give me an account of an adventure which had created some interest in the army a few months before, and in which he himself had figured somewhat conspicuously. He complied, and his relation was very much as follows:

There were few pretty girls in the part of Tennessee we traversed during the last campaign southwestward, so that, so soon as we reached the Georgian frontier, and got wind of the old widow Cobb and her three grand-daughters, Amelia, Cordelia, and Ophelia Granby, living in the Big Cabin, at the first fork of the lower Atlanta road, there was little else thought of by our "shoulder-straps," except, perhaps, Bragg and his crew, and they were making tracks for a more genial climate at the lively rate that peculiar to the fair damsels of the liquid names began to trouble brass-buttoned bosoms to an alarming degree. I had first discovered the Jewels in one of my lonely expeditions southward, and through me nearly all my chums had been introduced at an early stage of the ball, and half a dozen of us had been specially invited to the house upon several occasions, myself included, to the envy of the whole staff. Bouquets were not to be had, but all the sutlers of the division were besieged for their best notions, and silk handkerchiefs, snuff, hair-grease, lemon syrup, lime cordial, tooth-powder, tooth-brushes, etc., etc., began to fly in the shape of compliments; and one poor fellow—Lieutenant Shone, of the —th Ohio—could find nothing appropriate among the sutlers' stores, so he sent an enormous old pound-cake, as stale as a brick, with some chattering verses, to the youngest. Even General K—— had gone head over ears with Cordelia to the tune of his grand rival, and had sent the old lady a dozen camp-kettle, with an eye to grace in high quarters.

But the impression was slight. They were secesh all over; and though the presents were received with much willingness, I, for one, saw that we were "Yankees" still, and rated accordingly in their warm Southern estimation. It might have been different if the girls had been by themselves, but the old lady—there was the rub.

Besides being as proud as Lucifer (taking what she could get from our stores though, from sheer necessity), I sometimes caught an ugly twinkle in her eye, when some of our fellows were beneath it, immersed in the sweet converse of the younger doves, which led me to think that if a small company of guerrillas could be let in at the back door, some of those delightful autumn evenings, upon an unsuspecting festival or two, that the old fury was just the girl to do it, and chuckle afterward.

The grand-daughters—whose sire was cooling his Southern blood in some Northern prison, and whose mother had quitted the hoe-cake and bacon of her native land for another, and, very probably, a better, world—were more agreeable, if less original, subjects to contemplate. And a compound description will answer for the three. There was but one year's difference in their respective ages, one inch difference in their respective statures, and, apparently, one shade (a positive one) of variation in the color of their respective hair. Amelia's—the oldest —being black, Cordelia's brown, and Ophelia's a brilliant auburn. Otherwise, they all looked alike; did about the same amount of smiling, laughing, and sighing—always in concert.

The Big Cabin, as their home was called and known from far off, was an exceedingly primitive, but not uncomfortable, manor house, only one story high, with a multitude of wings, sheds, porches, and additions of various dates, all built of logs, rough outside but plastered within—the whole structure appearing to spread itself over a full half-acre of ground, with a corn-field in front, and a kitchen-garden and stable-yard between the rear and the unbroken forest, which they called a pasture.

Well, something extraordinary was on the *tapis*. The old lady had apparently melted, and we were progressing in her favor, as well as that of the girls. There was to be a ball, a gathering, or whatever it may be called, at the Big Cabin. Hints had been ably dropped; some of our mess acted mysteriously, as if they were deeper in the secret, while all of us looked forward expectantly. And one morning I was officially apprised of the affair by a contraband aboard a scow, who brought me the regular printed invitation cards in a yellow envelope, a sheet of foolscap, and blue ink, which ran as follows, *verbatim et literatim*:

THE BIG CABIN, —— 186—.

Capt. Leyston:

We want you very much to come over to nite with the other fellars and partake the bumbel fair of our fertil bord.

Very Afe. your
AMELIA
CORNELIA } GRANBY.
OPHELIA

P.S.—Mother is going to have some other gentlemen from the neighborhood also with some cake.

P.S.—Do try and make Gen. K. come to. He thot he would but were afrade he wont.

Of course I was in seeming ecstasies at this gushing, guileless mark of esteem; but there was something in it that set me thinking. Colonel S—— was with me. He had just received a similar invitation, and was smiling all over like a pond in the wind. I exhibited my note exultingly as if it contained something signally tender, when he made haste to refute the idea of any favoritism having been shown me by displaying his own, which was almost in the same words, with a postscript running, "General K—— thought he would come over with the rest, but wasn't sure he could. Pray try to induce him. It will be so nice;" or something in that strain. And Captain D——, entering at that moment, displayed a similar epistle, with a postscript equally solicitous of the presence of the gallant General K—— at the morrow's gathering. "Lucky dog," thought Colonel S——. "Happy fellow," mused the Captain, aloud. "K—— has surely made an impression." And I said nothing, having something else in mind, and not doubting that all the invitations, could they be scrutinized, would have postscripts of which the gay General would be the burden.

There were about twenty officers among the chosen; and such an ado in the way of toilet as* exasperated us a week in the anticipation. Whiskers were trimmed that had had their own sweet will for many a month. Pomatum was at a premium. Boots were polished, and new cravats and linen shirts borrowed, and neck-ties improvised; watch-guards the prominently displayed, to the astonishment of the whole camp. But if any one was successful, if any rig was neat, unexceptionable, surely that of General K—— was gorgeous. He journeyed to dress himself in the morning, and had not finished when the evening fell. All the rest except myself were mounted and impatiently awaiting their pleasure, when I went to see how he progressed. He was so generous and handsome that four privates, two of them Germans, who had been barbers in St. Louis, had volunteered to assist in his "get up." Besides these, he had his own two contrabands who had followed his fortunes from Western Virginia, and the interior of his tent presented a novel and unwarlike spectacle as I entered. Sambo was polishing a pair of top-boots with the mysterious time, expending an incredible amount of saliva on the same; Cuffee was breathing on the epaulets and rubbing their bullion with a soft donkey, himself in his side attesting to the same effects having been performed on them; one of the Germans was trying to twist some coil into the General's hair with a broken bayonet, which new and then he would plunge into the embers of the campstove near by, drawing it in its spare time to whet upon the side his brother in nativity was brushing the coat and polishing its rear buttons. The two remaining soldiers were engaged in the saddle and harness metal with all their might in another corner; and the poor General himself was half-undressed, and half-arrayed in their midst. But he was not the least discocerted at my entrance—sprang from the hair-dresser's last finish, with a satisfied glance at the small mirror before him, drew on his boots briskly, and finally worked himself inside of his coat with a smile of remarkable good-will.

Hardly refraining from laughter, I let my feelings have vent in a burst of spontaneous admiration, which he received with a slight scatter of curses. I let him get entirely dressed before saying another word—let the bushy epaulets gleam on his shoulders, the spurs to be buckled, and the voluminous handkerchief half lose itself out of his manly bosom, and finally the presentation-sword dangle at his side, and the salvers of refreshments before his small mirror before him, drew on his boots briskly, and finally worked himself inside of his coat with a smile of remarkable good-will.

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"Nonsense," said he; "I have already kept them waiting. Time to be off."

But I was not to be put back in that way, but insisted; so the tent was cleared of attendants, and I proceeded to make a picture to the General for a few minutes, which had the effect of dissipating much of his self-satisfied dignity, and replacing it with a cheerful fidget painful to behold. But after a few minutes further talk he looked better, and his eye began to twinkle with some of its wonted fun.

"I leave it all to you," said he, and sitting down to a table he gave me a line or two of writing, with which I departed, and which I presented incontinently to my comrades, first, however, depositing the order I had received with Colonel K——, the officer of the day, and leaving him behind, which I hung from my neck as an extra ornament.

"The General says he can't come for an hour yet," said I, as we galloped off through the twilight without him.

It was quite dark, but the Big Cabin was dotted with lights as we came in sight, and was welcomed by all the darkeys on the estate, some dozen in number, who took charge of our horses; and, leaving our cape and fatigue coats in the hall-entrance or hall-we first entered, we walked and scraped and bowed and curveted into the great room of the Cabin, where the Misses Granby were receiving four of the lovely Georgians of the neighborhood were notably awaiting us in their best garments, which, I may as well say, were by no means unbecoming. None of the male Georgians we had expected to meet were present yet on hand, but every one seemed in the best humor, and we, and we cared little whether they would or not, as there was only about a girl apiece as it was.

Although early autumn the mountain vicinity made the nights coolish, and a great fire, apparently composed of the trunks of small trees, and crackling in the fire-place, which occupied almost one end of the apartment. And there, at one side of it, sat the old lady, with a pipe in a dress that hid her lips, and the set sneer on her brows and mouth, and the inveterate, high old sky-blue silk on her person. Not a word of welcome could I get from the life of "How d'ye do's," "Wa'al, I declares," and introductions of the strange damsels take its course for a few moments, when the harsh voice fell among us with,

"Where's the General?"

The girls also looked concerned; but I explained that his absence was only temporary, and they brightened up again.

Well, dancing was in the programme, and the civilian guests not appearing, we prepared for the "light fantastic" as old Cobb turkey, flanked upon a hogshead at one end of the room, began to tune the screechiest old violin that ever tortured mortal sympathies, and a rush was made for the prettier girls, who were "gobbled" in less than no time, it being my fortune to lead forth the fair Ophelia—she of the crimson curls; and it was not long before all were paired except two—Lieutenant G—— a bashful fellow, and the most unengaging girl in the room. The latter had been introduced, if I remember rightly, as a Miss Curdy, and was not without considerable claims to notice in person; but there was something so spiteful, so repulsive in her vindictive eyes and angry lips that every one had tried to overlook her in the choice of partners, and all with success except poor G——, whose timidity had kept him in the back-ground, and who now seemed positively frightened at the prospect—he and he the only ones left unmated, except the lonely hostess at the fire-place. Actually the poor fellow's resolution seemed to waver between the two. He waited so long as to attract the attention of all, to the merriment of most. It was Miss Curdy on the one hand, with the crocodile on one side and the tiger on the other. First he sidled over to the fair Curdy; but a glance from the latter's eyes brought him to a halt like a leveled bayonet, and at length, with something desperate in his demeanor, he made up to the old lady, and requested to have the honor as if demented. He was theatrically inclined, and we heard him stammer something about leading some one into the ring—but whom, when the black pipe dropped from the lady's lips and her scorn broke forth.

"What! her! look 'ere!" But there was no adequate expression of her wrath; so she began to laugh in a light, raspy way, and finally roared, almost every one but poor G—— joining in the chorus.

"Turn roun', and back hout down the hall door," said she.

"What?" cried G——, immersed in the idiom through sheer confusion.

"Take that Curdy, you donk. Go 'long!" said the other, pointing at the scornful beauty close by; and G—— went, with a sudden bound, bowing and perspiring furiously, while she across and took his arm like a queen.

Then the old lady fished the fiddler from the contempt of the company and down as he bent to his task, the crazy instrument shrieked and wailed forth the liveliest of tunes, a sort of reel called Jon, which none of the male performers had ever attempted before, so that there were frequent bumpings up against the quintessential cleanliness of partners, which not only added to the hilarity of the occasion, but contributed much to the discomposure of the unfortunate Curdy. Her emotions, as she called the figure, had little effect upon us. The unique manner in which this worthy performed the part of master of ceremonies was somewhat interesting as well as incomprehensible.

"Keep in de ring! keep in de ring! Fellahs to de right, gal to de left. Keep in de ring! *Now*: han's all roun'! han's all roun'! Swap de partners! Keep in de ring! *Now*: sharp, sharp—keep in de ring! Now to de left, gals to de right! *Now*: han's all roun'! han's all roun'! *Whoop!*"

Such was the old man's nature, vociferated at the top of his mighty lungs, with a periodical Anabatem was-whoop rising through and mingling with the screams of delight of the great crowd as the fat fiddler crashed up and down on the loose planks of the floor, contributed to the strangeness of the ruder scene. Every one of us got used to it, and even the female portion seemed absolutely in ecstasies. Even the widow looked up excitedly from the fireplace, and muttered, as if to the mother behind her, over her hard face at some master-piece on the part of one or another of her girls.

"Go to it, Curdy. Sling him, Pheely! Hooray, hooray, look at Meely!" would burst from her lips at intervals, while her eyes seemed to flash and her figure trembled in the ample and rotund ease with as we swept before her.

The whole thing ended in a tremendous waltz, for which we were favored by the fiddler—"Han's all roun', and den start by for de Georgia reel;" and then we fell into it as naturally as a chip in a whirlpool, and began to waltz around the green grass in an awful pace. If the excitement was furious before it was now delirious. Even the shyest beau ever caught in the dance. Her eye fired and her yellow cheek bloomed, and poor little G—— was fairly lifted from his feet by the impetus of the whole. Wild hurrahs from the music seemed to permeate and play through as they swirling in the resistless tide. The Misses Granby were in their element. The ear-linged accents of the darkey would chime in periodically with—

"Sling 'em, sling 'em, ha, ha! Sling 'em, sling 'em—flow 'em roun'—whoop!" till at last the bow dropped from his exhausted hand, and we spun into one seize—perhaps it was only in one seat, for they are free-and-easy down in Georgia—and the air was loaded with our pants and congratulations.

"I say, Colonel," whispered Lieutenant Ophelia told me some of her secrets; how some fellow had been "rocking poises to her" all summer, when the war came and took him off, she evidently presumed that he had been courting her through the eloquent medium of floral gifts—and how some other fellow had been "sweet on her" all winter, but couldn't speak it, because his feet wouldn't fit them," etc., so pleasantly that I began to forgive her the color of her hair, and wish myself amiable a few Confederate cents for true love's sake. And then the gallant General entered at last, spandels and all, amidst a perfect furor of welcome and applause. "Ere's the General!" "Oh my, look at the brass on him!" "My stars, what whiskers!" cried a dozen voices at once, and the whole house rose to him honor. I am compelled to say that, in spite of her "whars" and "thars," and her rather slovenly attire, the widow was something of quiet dignity and courtesy in the old woman's mien when she had laid aside her pipe and bowed her welcome, which was not unreasonably in favor of the choice blood of which she boasted.

Another dance and then supper, which had been waiting long enough, the widow said, and should wait no longer for all the quality in Georgia. We were ushered by half a score of darkeys into an apartment narrower, but much longer than the one we had danced, with two greening tables upon it extending the whole length side by side, table-cloths, napkins, and heaped with as noble a repast as ever dilated the eyeballs of a hungry man. A large pig—quite a hog, in fact—crowned the centre of one board, roasted whole. All sorts of fowl, from the domestic turkey to the diminutive game of humble kind to be sure, the vegetables of the season, and your choice of rye coffee, sweet cider, or army whisky. The whole affair was a surprising success for "the impoverished South;" but, nevertheless, we afterward learned that the neighbors had been borrowed from for miles around to crown the occasion with plenty. We were soon seated; the darkeys hopped about as busy as bees, and the feast commenced. The General took care of the widow. He toasted her and every one else. High glee was the order of the evening; and it was nearly midnight when we thought of rising, intending to close the occasion with a grand waltz.

We had just formed for the purpose, the shiny pate of the minstrel was beginning to bob up and down, and the instrument to plead for mercy, when we heard the tramp of feet in the hall, and presently a knock at the inner door, which the widow opened eagerly.

"Wa'al, I declare, if 'ere ain't the rest of 'em. Come in. Gentlemen, this 'ere's Mr. Jenks."

"Wa'al, since you insist, I'z pose I must, ole gal," said that individual, entering.

"And, gentlemen," continued the hostess, merrily, "this 'ere's Mr. Simons. And this 'ere's Mr. So and So," with each expression bowing in a lank, ragged, barefooted cut-throat of a guerrilla, with half a dozen pistols and a knife or two in his belt, till they numbered about thirty, while our arms were in the hall.

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the leader, was a specially villainous-looking wretch, who had appropriated General K——'s sword, which he had found upon entering, and now brandished, as with an attempt at a military washern, brutal features which was positively impious.

"How d'ye do, gents? What nice clothes them is!" said he. "And, bless me, what a pretty little turnip you've got, General!" turning his attention to our worthy superior as he spoke. "Let's see what time it is, eh?" and he coolly drew it from the fob. "Twelve, as I live! Must go shortly. You'll go with us, won't you? Never mind; no thanks. Ha, ha!"

"Ha! ha!" roared the burly crew in concert, appearing to see a joke somewhere.

And then the leader passed from each, begging for seal-rings, watches, or whatever else we might have; while the girls tittered, and began to talk among themselves. "Yank's being knitched this time, shore." I had heard and read about the effrontery and treachery of Southern women—and seen some of it, but never such an exhibition as was here. It was difficult to comprehend how these beings, with the warmth, impulsiveness, lively, joyous, and sympathetic in a measure—could reconcile in their womanly breasts a betrayal of those whose bread they had eaten, by whom they had rendered happy for hours, with aught of the milk of human kindness. Yet not a blush of shame mantled their cheeks. Their self-possession was perfect. They did not seem to hate us particularly; the dance was too fresh in their minds; they gave us no smiles to be sure—indeed, such an utterly artless air of duty which was wonderful.

All of us, except the General and myself, were treated to the contents of the pockets—*contre-temps*; visions of Richmond prisons and rebel fare flitted ominously before them, and two or three retained their fair deceivers in their arms for preserving than elegant. But the darlings only laughed, and mocked them. The gang had each seized, by this time, a portion from the deserted feast, and were moving about with the girls, gnawing away at a bone or crust, and making themselves exceedingly merry at our woe-begone appearance. As they were somewhat taken aback when my turn to be pilfered came round.

"Maybe I hain't seen you afore?" growled Jenks.

"Maybe you hain't," I responded.

"Maybe you hain't the chap I seed on the lower road day before yesterday?"

"Maybe I hain't."

"But you air."

"True."

"That's a pooty bogle o yours. I'll have it."

"You can't have it."

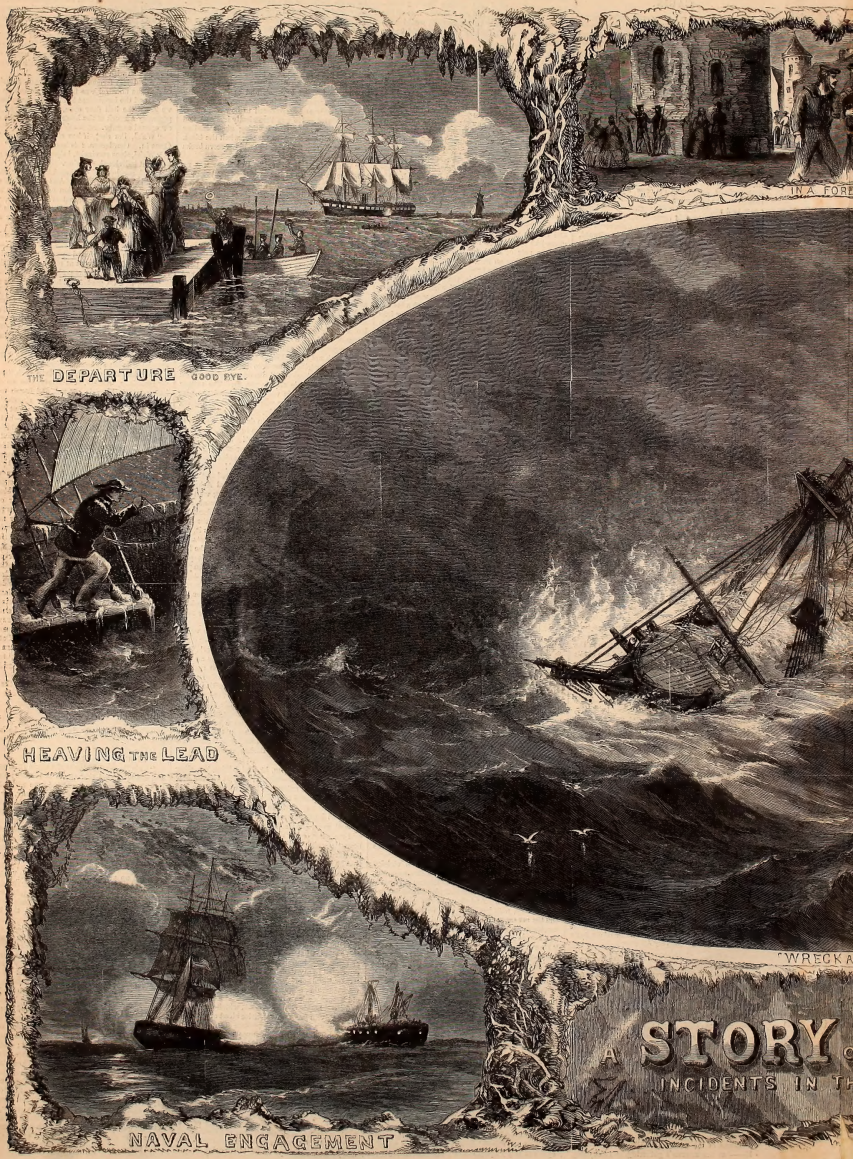
"What's to prevent me?"

"This!" and I produced the bugle from my side and wound a peal that shook the house; simultaneously we heard the door tried from without, and, before the echo of the bugle had ceased away, we heard the door, which the scoundrels had bolted as they entered, crash in from the butt end of a musket, and the hall began to fill with many feet. Arabs made a horrible imprecation, drew a pistol and fired, but I knocked up his hand a second before the discharge, and he was down to sleep with a blow from the poker, which I snatched from the fire-place close at hand.

"Put up your weapons, my friends," said I to the rebels, who, hardly comprehending the state of the case, were still standing in the middle of a free for all.

"You will gain nothing by resistance. A regiment surrounds the house, and the hall is crammed with troops."

Then the door opened, and Colonel S—— entered with a file of our boys, who proceeded to disarm the guerrillas without much resistance. But if any one felt sheepish, the widow and her three promising daughters must have been the victims of proper chagrin. The old lady was simply mad. She had schemed for this nice little affair for days and nights, and now of the nine hard-cases only one might be excusable. Besides, she might have delivered us to the enemy before that good supper had been disposed of, if she had so desired, and I, for one, was not so hard on her after all. A bucket of water on the head of Mr. Jenks (a guerrilla long notorious in the army) brought him to his senses; and he, together with his comrades, in a few hours was safely lodged in the camp. Jenks had broken his parole four times, and the oath of allegiance innumerably, was tried next morning by court-martial, sentenced, and shot at noon. The rest were sent to Johnson's Island. We have accounted that region a long time now, and all the needy homes of the vicinity, whether or of friend or foe, have drawn draws from our commissary department, with thanks and blessings upon the donors; all homes except one—the Big Cabin at the fork of the Atlanta road.


THE DEPARTURE
GOOD BYE.
IN A FORE
HEAVING THE LEAD
WRECK A
A STORY
INCIDENTS IN T
NAVAL ENGAGEMENT

THE RETURN.
FURLING SAIL.
BETWEEN DECKS
SEA.

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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CHAPTER III.

NURSE PIGOTT.

THE festival came to an end at last, and the glittering company departed. Griffin Blunt lingered to the last, and wound his way to the door of egress, through a silken labyrinth of polite conversations and bowing adieux. Ivanhoff's last grin, and Mahmoud's last "codeuce," young Mr. Disraeli's "Henrietta Temple," Prince Esterhazy's last conversazione, and the Duke of Devonshire's last ball at Brighton: the odds for the St. Leger, the beauties of drawn tulle bonnets; the musical glasses—without Shakspeare —had each their graceful mention, as the dandy fluttered in and about the purlerres of beauty and fashion. The scene at the gate was like the reception at the opera, only with more sunlight turned on instead of garish gas—like the "pen" at St. James's without the trains and plumes. The company had begun to yawn. The grandes dames wanted their siesta before dinner. The men languished for their clubs. Even Pauline is not exempt from the laws of fatigue; and perhaps one reason why great people grow old so soon is, that, under, and unsheer lassitude, constrained to indulge in mutual dispargement and backbiting, is that they see each other so frequently. What is the last monode, after all, but a huge convent in masquerade, with its vigils, macerations, mortifications, penances as voluntarily undertaken, and as painful often as those undergone in the monastery or the nunnery? Frets there never a hair-shirt or a spiked girdle beneath the embroidered cassage? Is there not often, appended to the perfumed dressing-room, a cell with its skull, its pallet of sharp ridges and scourges?

Mr. Blunt had divers offers of conveyance to town. He might have continued a Squire of Dames as far as, and sat behind the moor and pensively jobbed horses in the metropolis. But he courteously declined all such proposals. He had a little business to transact, he said, and he was every body's humble and devoted servant. He remained, however, chatting, bowing, smiling, until the last gay girl, until the shamefaced people who had come down in glass coaches and hackneys took heart of grace, and bid the vast jackets adieu, and hired private vehicles, and until one or two attaches of foreign legations, and hardened guardsmen, kindled their cigars before strolling away. In justice to them, it must be admitted that these offenders peeped round to see there were no ladies near. Nowadays, shame and the smoker have been hopelessly divorced. So far from hesitating as to lighting a cigar in a lady's presence, the worshiper of nicotine well-nigh presumes to ask Beauty for a Vesuvian. A qui la faute? Is Beauty or Bacchus to blame?

The trees of Chiswick were bathed in crimson and burnished gold, and cast shadows of deeper purple, before the dandy himself vouchsafed to light a cigar. When he began to smoke he smoked vigorously, and as he walked away with its hasty reed, the blue wreaths of vapor circling behind him, his gait seemed very different from that of the mincing, tripping exquisite of an hour before. Had you Fortunatus's cap, or been in the receipt of fern seed, you might have availed yourself of the privilege of invisibility, and been on his vanished heels marked how nervously he turfled and started, although he but crunched a pebble—and then, looking in the way he discovered, not without amazement, that his face was as the face of an old man.

Terribly jaded, haggard, and care-worn. A film seemed to have come over the eyes. No silver, but a sickly tarnish mingled with the jet hair and whiskers. And the smile had fled away from the mouth, and left only furrows of cruelty and malice.

He struck into a by-lane, green and solitary as though it had been fifty miles from London, and walking briskly, soon came upon a remote little wayside tavern, all thatch and ivy and honey-suckle, and with the sign of the "Goat" swinging before it. He passed through the bar, where two market gardeners sprawled over their pipes and beer on a bench—one awake and uproarious, the other snoring and snoring, and with as happy, doubtless, as the Great Mogul. He turned to a little side window, and in the most unaffected manner in the world ordered a glass of brandy. He order brandy! Marsachino, curaçoa, parfait amour, would have been seemingly more suitable to his refined taste. Nevertheless he not only ordered the liquor but drank it directly after finishing; and, which is still more singular, paid for it—a performance to which he was, to say the least, unaccustomed. However, this was to be for Mr. Blunt an evening unusually marked for the disbursement of ready money.

"There is a person here with a child," he said, less asking a question than asserting something of which he entertained no doubt.

"In the parlor, Sir," the landlady replied, with a low courtesy, for gentlemen so gallantly accoutred were by no means frequent customers at the "Goat."

The dandy looked inquiringly for the parlor's whereabouts. The landlady hustled from behind the counter, and ushered him into a little room at the extremity of the passage, and then returned to gossip with her daughter about the beautiful teeth and whiskers and gold chain of the distinguished stranger. Both conceived from that hour forward an intense abhorrence for all market gardeners who drank small-beer, and got tipsy.

"And such a lovely little angel of a child as is a-waitin' for him," the hostess pursued—"it's the darter, for sure!"

"Is her mother with her?" asked Phœbe, the daughter.

"Her mother!" echoed the landlady in great disdain. "Do you think, child, such a grand gentleman would bring his wife here among the likes of us? Why, he—I mean the child's—she's only got on a cotton print dress and an eight-and-twenty shilling shawl, and her bonnet isn't be dear at four and sevenpence, strings and all."

"What does he bring *her* here for, and what could pull her away from dancing with the gem'man of brandy?" persisted Phœbe, who was of an inquiring disposition.

"There, go along, child, and wash up your glasses!" cried the landlady in a pet, probably because she too was unable to answer these questions to her own satisfaction. "It ain't no business of ours. Maybe he likes brandy, though the nuss had a pint o' wine and a sweet biscuit, and paid for it like a lord. Go along, I say, and don't stand chattering there." Whereupon Mrs. Landlady, who was somewhat hot of temper, elbowed her daughter, who had quietly caved used as a lavatory for the drinking vessels of the establishment, and entered into communion with a pewter of drink a state, now, between "Missis" and the servitor perchance to be envied by customers from the bar, in the facile difficulty of calculating what additions ought to discreetly made to the score of the two market gardeners, while the one was snoring and the other singing a song, certainly without beginning and seemingly without end.

Meanwhile the object of this conversation had entered the parlor and made his salutations to its occupants. These salutations were of a twofold nature.

"How do you do, Nurse Pigott?" he said, with an affable nod, and a condescending grin—but it was feeble and forced—"how are you?" with a very red round face, and for whose attire the brief but graphic summary given by the landlady to her daughter was amply suffice.

"All well with you at home, I hope."

"Nicely, Sir, which it also left my husband, thankin' you kindly, Sir, for the 'arf-crown," and the dumpy woman, rising and dropping a profound reverence. "But oh, Sir, Miss Lily have been a-takin' on dreadful."

"Why, what's the matter with her—the little puss?" exclaimed the dandy, sharply. And this time his second attempt was a success.

The "Little Puss" was sitting on the dumpy woman's knee. Indeed she was a very little puss—a tiny fair girl of three years old, and very long brown hair curling in thick profusion round her pretty face. She had very large wondering blue eyes; but these, on the present occasion, were red and swollen. Her head was leaning upon her nurse's bosom—poor sorrow. Her little lips were twitching. It was evident that the "Little Puss" had been crying for her eyes out.

"Be quiet, miss, and don't be naughty, or I shall tell nurse Pigott to give you a whipping," said the dandy.

His words were harsh and unfeeling; but oddly enough his manner was not so. He spoke less in anger than in a sort of pettish fear—as Begum telling her slave girl that really, if she gave her any more trouble she would be compelled to have her executed with the bow-string. The dandy had enjoyed very, very little experience of children, and erroneously imagined that his whipping was the most terrible chastisement available in the case of tears. At any rate the threat had not the desired effect, the child only emulated the nurse. Mr. Blunt found it no more likely to execute it than to cut her head off with a carving knife, so she began, to the astonishment of the dandy, to cry louder than ever.

"Put, tut, tut!" Mr. Blunt murmured, pacing the room in vexation. "Dear me, dear me, Nurse Pigott, this is very embarrassing, and not at all fair to me. I wrote to Mrs. Pigott only last month's bill, and told you that I was obliged to take Miss Lily away. I distinctly informed you there was to be no crying; the doctor ordered it, they can't, indeed." But there was little good in reasoning with Nurse Pigott, who was crying quite as copiously, if not so noisily, as her little charge.

"Oh, Sir!" she sobbed out, half escaping to comfort Lily, and to hide her own face behind the corner of her shawl, "I can't help it—I can't indeed, Sir, when I thinks of that there blessed innocent mite a-leaving me. She have been with me never left, night nor day, for three years Janiwery, likewise nussing her through measles and hoopin'-cough, and all her pretty ways, calling of us all to pieces, and hangin' round us, and my husband is asfond of her as if she was his own, which we have buried two and the twins being the one of them that's left is but sickly, and will never make old women, and the doctor ordered us only last Tuesday was a fortnight, it breaks my heart, it do, indeed, to part with the little darling. Oh, Sir, let the child bide with us, and don't take her away."

Griffin Blunt was too well-bred to be his wife, besides he had not taken off his gloves, but he bit his lips, and contracted his brows, and paced the room more nervously than ever.

"You're a stupid old woman," he muttered, pettishly.

"I know I am," acquiesced Nurse Pigott, with a fresh succession of wails, "and so's my husband, that is in bein' fond of the little cherub, and glad would he be for us to keep it, though only a journeyman plasterer, and times is hard as hard can be."

"She is trying it on for more money," Mr. Blunt said, internally. "The old hypocrite. I told you," he continued, turning to Nurse Pigott, "that it was absolutely necessary for me to remove the little girl. I am about to take her to a place where she will be well educated.

"She ain't old enough to be educated, 'manded Nurse Pigott. "Besides, my 'usband reads beautiful, and there's a lovely school round the corner at twopence a week, and let alone teaching, there's nobody but me knows how much bread and butter she wants."

"Pray let me have no more of this painful discussion," the dandy, with calm dignity, interposed. "When I made my appearance, and I put you to meet me here you understood the purpose for which you were to bring the child. You have had ample time for acquaintance, and I must tell you that if you have any views of gaining more money by her they will be disappointed.

"Money," exclaimed Nurse Pigott, half choking, and by this time as much with indignation as with grief. "Money, I scorns it. It isn't money I want, nor my 'usband neither. It's the dear child had been put out to us by the parish we'd ha' done our dooty by it. If its fathers and mothers was cruel to it, and left it bemperors, we'd ha' done the same. It isn't for the money, though little enough, goodness knows, we have, and a mighty, which you know Sir, not being disrespectable to you. And if you'd have the darling with us, and money was a little 'ard, I'm sure we'd wait for better times, and never trouble you for one brass farthing if we could help it; no more we wouldn't little Lally," and Nurse Pigott subsided after this into more incoherence of grief.

The dandy winced when reminded that he had not been too punctual a paymaster. He could see, however, that the remark was totally devoid of malice. He could not help acknowledging that the child, whom he had seen perhaps six times during three years, had been reared with more than motherly tenderness by Nurse Pigott, all vulgar, dumpy woman as she was. And something like a feeling of shame made his mind bitterly aware of the abundance that this love and tenderness had been bestowed upon Lily by strangers.

"There, there, Nurse Pigott," he said, as soothingly as he could, "I'm sure that you've done your best with the little thing, and her mother has no reason to use it (as, poor thing, to come and see her) are very much obliged to you. Only, you know, the best of friends must part. You and I have had our say ago. Come, don't let us have any more fuss—you can't tell how it injures my nerves—and kiss the child and stop crying, for I'm rather pressed for time."

Nurse Pigott had her nerves too, and for days she had been preparing to nerve herself to undergo with fortitude a separation, which the dandy, to do him justice, had warned her was inevitable. But for the stay to part with a domestic pet round which the cords of your heart have twined themselves is very, very hard. And Nurse Pigott had known Lily long before she could speak or walk. She had taken her son from the breast, she had sat by her night after night in those sicknesses when the life of a little child is so easily blown out as a rushlight. She had rejoiced in the growing strength and beauty. For what light and knowledge there was already in Lily's mind Nurse Pigott, with many humble, homely sayings, had opened the door. She had taught the little morsel of Christianity to prattle out some prayers, to lisp some hymns of divine worship, to hear about God, and the sky, and good and naughty people. Lily used to call her "mumma," and the male Pigott (plasterer and bass, honest and kindhearted fellow by nature) she accosted as "dada." Yes; the divorce was hard, albeit the youngling was gone of Hebrew race to her own folk, and Lily had possessed as a foster-brother the surviving twin, a tranquil little boy, with wisdom far beyond his years—who, during the major part of his time in sprawling on the ground, in earnest contemplation of the curious features of that other world of which the doctor forbade his parents to entertain a lengthened hope of his living to investigate. Nurse Pigott had many examples of Nurse Pigott had been the very reverse of refused, but it had never lacketed affectionate and seduloss love. Lily was therefore absolutely doted on her charge, although five shillings a week was all the amount of the remuneration she received for tending it. Work was sometimes slack with the plasterer, and he, his wife, and the twin (whose profoundly philosophical temperament led him to be a practical police-potice as an ailment equal in succulence to bread and butter, or even to meat) had occasionally to go on short commons; but Lily was never short of a meal, abundant in quantity and nourishing in quality. She had never known what it was to go without pudding. At night-nor-after she was, as he seemed her age; yet what morsels of flesh she required were never wanting, one brass farthing had to be put down before the doctor for measuring the deposit in tribulation of the plasterer's great boy with the pails. The male Pigotts adoration for her was prodigious. In her earliest youth he could with difficulty be deterred from offering her sups of beer from his evening pint; and when told that the fermented infusion of malt and hops was improper refreshment for a child, he, on the morn, absolutely forewent a mighty moiety of his beer-money in order to purchase apples and gingerbread for his fosterbaby. The price of half a pint of porter was not a very sumptuous bounty; but a penny, as you may be aware, goes a very long way in a large family indeed.

The stock of clothes, beginning in the mere langes of infancy, and renewed from time to time as the child grew old enough for little frocks and socks, had never been very extensive nor very abundant; but Nurse Pigott had kept Lily's wardrobe with admirable and scrupulous neatness. Only once during the three years and a half had she ever importuned the dandy (with whom she was instructed to correspond through the medium of a London post-office, and the initials P. P.) for money. There was after a journey to Kensington undertaken by the nurse, when in the window of a certain haberdasher's in the High where she had seen a cloak of mouse-colored merino, so curiously embroidered with silken braid that she had there and then determined to secure it for Lily, either by legitimate means of asking Mr. Blunt for the money, or by selling or pawning her own goods and chattels, or by bursting bodily into the shop and stealing the much-coveted robe. Fortunately, however, measures as desperate had not to be resorted to. The dandy happened to be in funds, and in a good humor, when he received a pathetic and ill-spelt letter directed to P. B., and the sum demanded, which was but two guineas, was forwarded. But chiefly had Mr. Pigott found favor in the dandy gentleman's eyes from the exquisite cleanliness and neatness in which she had always kept Lily. The philosophical twin objected on principle to soap, and his father deprecated his being subjected to much lavatory discipline, on the ground that he (the twin) should be washed away if he were washed over; but there was always warm water for Lily and Windsor soap for Lily; nay, on one occasion, good Nurse Pigott had purchased of the Castile soap, which, from its curiously marbled appearance, the child imagined to be sweetmeat, and essayed to suck. Without comment she never went without her bath, and although her poor little garments had frequently to be pieced and darned, she was always tidy and shining as the newest of pins.

A very few words will suffice to explain how Lily came into Nurse Pigott's custody. Three years and a half before the commencement of this history the plasterer became acquainted of an advertisement in the day before yesterday's *Morning Advertiser* (it was before the days of penny journalism), which he was in the habit of borrowing from the hostelry where he purchased his modest allowance of beer. This advertisement set forth that a lady and gentleman were desirous of placing an infant at nurse with some respectable person in the immediate vicinity of London. Nurse Pigott then occupied a diminutive cottage at Brentford. Forthwith they answered the advertisement in an epistle which the plasterer rendered to be a chef d'œuvre of caligraphy and composition, and which was, indeed, a marvel of archaic orthography and ahnormal pothooks and hangers. The letter was answer arrived and an appointment made to meet the advertiser in London. Thither went Nurse Pigott, arrayed in her Sunday clothes, and at a specified hotel in Dover Street, Piccadilly, she was received, not by the dandy, but by Monsieur Saurnois, a native Switzer-lad, he said, who made all the necessary arrangements for the reception of an infant six months old, and paid a month in advance of the sum stipulated for. Being asked whether the child was christened (for Nurse Pigott was a stanch member of England woman), he replied that it did not matter. Being pressed on this point he said that it was all right, and that the child's name was to be Lily Smith. And as Lily Smith she was received by Nurse Pigott. The good woman did not feel herself called upon to ask any more questions. Infants are put out to nurse every year, and by the thousand, in and about London, without evidence far more satisfactory than a money payment in advance being given or required. Very often no name at all is asked for or furnished. I am sorry to say that such a system encourages immorality. I should like to hear, on this subject, those blessed Sisters of Ln. Sainte-Enfance—Society for Childhood Redeemed, long, who buy babies from the Chinese mothers to save the little innocents from being eaten alive, or, her throws, by any one in the interior of China, to the pig.

The little Lily Smith throve space, and had not more than an average share of infantile ailments. I believe that I am correct in stating that she had the measles beautifully, that she got through her teething with promptitude and dispatch, and that only the most favorable symptoms were developed when she had the whoop-ing, as it was called among the fashionables at Richmond. With the unfashionables on the other side of the Thames at Brentford it was known as the chicken-pox. Monsieur Saurnois came at first once a month to see Baby, and greatly impressed Nurse Pigott with the politeness of his manners and the affability of his conversation. By-and-by he was succeeded by Mr. Smith, an severe kicked old gentleman, never bundled it, and, indeed, took not much more notice of it, in a languid survey through his eyeglass, than a glance. And if Lily had been a mewet doll in a toy-shop. Thus did the little girl remain until she was nearly four years of age—the payments for her maintenance falling sometimes, as I have hinted, into arrear. But Nurse Pigott and the plasterer (who loved Lily as the apple of his eye) never grumbled. They would gladly, as the poor woman had said, have kept their foster-child for nothing; and it was a day of bitter sorrow for them when a cart letter arrived from Mr. Blunt—or F. B. —as he continued to sign himself, directing the child to be made ready and brought to the place of rendezvous he pointed out on such and such a day. So Lily, poor little shorn lamb, after having the wind tempered to her, was suddenly to be given up to the grim gaunt wolf.

I return—I don't say that I have not grim; for all the while that I have been telling the story of Lily's babyhood Mr. Blunt's countenance had

been robed in his most dulcet smile, and he has been exhausting his seductive arsenal to soothe and conciliate the sobbing child. He has shown her his trinkets, his teeth, and the gold knob to his cane: he has done every thing but kiss her. Besides the tears for innocent kisses as for that of bread and jam. Tiger Blunt liked his kisses conditioned with caviar or cayenne pepper.

The nurse was consoled and the child quieted at last; and after an infinity of hugging, the poor plasterer's wife announced that she was ready to go, and that she was sorry for having kept the gentleman so long. Between the spasms of her parting embrace she told Lily that she should see him again very soon.

"And I may, mayn't I, Sir?" she continued, turning with an appealing look to the shabby. "Oh say that I may, if it's only once a year. I shall break my 'art, I know I shall, if I don't see my darling again."

"Of course!" replied the dandy, who would have promised any thing to secure a good deliverance. "The child shall write to you"—Poor little Lily, who didn't know great A from a bull's foot as yet: "that is, I'll write, yes, yes. Now, my good Nurse Figott, we really must be going; you know."

So two heavy hearts and one very callous one went out of the little tavern parlor and into the road: the landlady and her inquisitive daughter craning their necks after them. There was no luggage to carry. Lily's little effects would have filled an ordinary carpet bag; but the dandy had graciously informed Mrs. Figott that she might keep the child's clothes, as new ones would be provided for her at the place whither she was bound. Where that place might be the good woman did not venture to ask, for although the dandy's teeth helped his mouth admirably towards a smile, they also looked as though they were capable on occasion of biting.

At the end of the lane—not that by which the dandy had originally approached, but its opposite extremity—a hackney-coach was waiting. It was now nearly dark. By the dandy's direction Nurse Figott lifted Lily into the vehicle, which, by the way already, as she could discovery discern, one occupant, and that a man. The child was by this time half asleep and wholly tired. The dandy condescendingly gave Nurse Figott a couple of fingers, dextrously hustled her on one side, and in another minute she found herself crying in the middle of the road, quite alone.

But not so lonely as poor little Lily, albeit she was in a coach-and-pair with two men, one of whom told her that he was her papa.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MISS BUNNYCASTLE'S ESTABLISHMENT.

"EARLY to bed and early to rise," was the time-honored maxim in the establishment of the Misses Bunnycastle, Rhododendron House, Rhododendron private road, Stockwell. Time-honored indeed, and with justice it might be called, for it had been acted upon for at least twenty years, during which lengthened period the Bunnycastle family had kept a ladies' school in Rhododendron Road, as aforesaid. Stay; I have fallen into a slight error. When Mrs. Bunnycastle first underwent, in the second decade of the nineteenth century, those scholastic duties at Stockwell which her daughters subsequently and so efficiently performed, Rhododendron proper had existed only in the form of a narrow path between two market gardens, and went, I fear, by the painfully unacademic name of Cut-throat Lane. But when culture came to Clapham, and civilization in Stockwell, the by-path became a "private road," neatly graveled, and bordered by trim villas. The old market gardener's habitation indeed remained, but was rechristened Rhododendron House. Formerly it had been known as Bubb's Folly. Bubb was the last market-gardener, and inherited the house, a respectable one-storied structure of red brick, from his grandfather. Long and careful attention to horticulture brought him riches, and in his old age it was bruited about that he had become somewhat mad, not so as to require any restraint, or being in any way incapable of managing his own affairs (for he was to the day of his death as avaricious as ever), and as keen a hand at a bargain, as could be found between Bermondsey and Brixton). His madness did not go further than that harmless eccentricity which physiologists may have observed that enriched tailors, hatters, and market gardeners are frequently subject to. It possessed him at this crisis to turned all his nephews and nieces out of doors, contracted a morganatic alliance with a bold face housekeeper, with an abusive tongue and an uncontrollable taste for silk dresses and ardent spirits, and—he who had sat for so many years under the round Mr. Bradbury of Soothey Bay, and had even been a deacon to that shining congregational light—plunged headlong into sectarianism, attended infidel lectures, and ceased to believe in any thing. He took to drinking also; and it is reported to find how often a contempt for revealed religion is combined with a fondness for cold rum-and-water. In a word, Mr. Bubb was in his latter days, both by no means uncommon character, a "wicked old man;" and the good pietists of Stockwell, albeit they wrestled manfully with him, could neither convert nor extract subscriptions from him. Rumor ran in the neighborhood to the effect that he kept his coffin under his bed, and that he had told him*self* to the Powers of Evil; but mere report should have little weight in presence of the facts that he was a querulous old curmudgeon, who swore, drank hard, and didn't wash. As a climax to his strange proceedings he added a tower or Belvedere to his grandfather's old brick house, for the summit of this edifice, which resembled externally a Chinese pagoda brick faced, and with a dash of the truncated factory chimney about it, he built a smoking-room where he drank and took tobacco, and read unbelieving books till his time came, and he died. Twas the pagoda-chimney Belvedere that caused the house to be called Bubb's Folly; and long after his decease ancient people persisted in applying the old title to Rhododendron House.

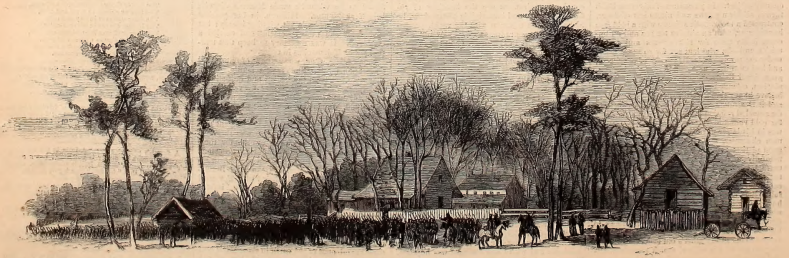
If the Belvedere, however, was Bubb's Folly, his surviving property which he directed in his will to be carefully let out in building lots might, with equal propriety, have been designated Bubb's Commodities. The morganatic housekeeper, to the rage and despair of the nephews and nieces, came into all the property, save what the High Court of Chancery could not pick a hole in the crazy old market gardener's testament. The enriched housekeeper removed to more genteel quarters at Clapham, and (doubtless to make amends for the latitudinarianism of her morganatic life) became a partizan of zeal, and an under a congregational luminary even more shining than the Reverend Mr. Bradbody. The old brick Folly passed through many vicissitudes of alternate desolation and unprofitable tenancy, while house in the most modern style of domestic architecture sprang up on either side. Then, however, had willed that his Folly was not to be demolished, and being advertised, at last, as "eligible school premises," with an observatory admirably suited for scientific purposes," it was taken about the year eighteen hundred and sixteen by Mrs. Bunnycastle, and made into a select establishment for young ladies.

Mrs. Bunnycastle's husband was a gentleman who had taught writing, arithmetic, and the use of the globes in suburban seminaries for many years. He also gave lessons in the Belles Lettres; that is to say, he would recite, with the sonorous emphasis of the late John Kemble, any number of pages from Milton, "Childe Harold," and "Enfield's Speaker." To this declamation young ladies of a literary turn (it was a time-looking age) were invited to listen on moonlight nights. Mrs. Bunnycastle had been, in her youth, a nursery governess in a great family—as nursery governesses were in those days. She had waited, and dressed, and physicked, and romped with, and, on occasion, castigated her young charges; and mended their clothes, and was the housekeeper's room, called the butler "Sir," was very kindly treated by her noble employers, and was perfectly happy. In a word, she had her place. In these times nursery governesses make themselves miserable because they are not put on a par with duchesses. They *don't* know their place. So, at least, their noble employers bitterly complain. Mrs. Bunnycastle (née Lappin) was of a soft and sentimental disposition. She was a great educational theorist, and had so filled her head with dogmas of training as Locke, Jacques Rousseau, Madame Leprince de Beaumont, and Mesdames Chapone, Trimmer, and Hannah More—to say nothing of Dr. Watts, Jacob, and the Reverends Messrs. Gisborne and Chirol, and Dr. Fordyce's "Discourse on the Character and Conduct of the Female Sex"—that the instructional system ended in her permitting her pupils to do pretty well as they liked. She was much beloved by them in consequence. Her favorite work after "Emile" was "Adelaide and Theodore; or, Letters upon Education"—that dreary, dispiriting old foreign book of dialogues, wherein in which the baroness writes to Madame d'Ostalis to tell her how Seraphine has bitten her little brother; but which is chiefly remarkable as "producing perfection" in her daughter Adelaide, who is "fourteen years old, an excellent musician, knowing with equal facility, speaking and singing Italian like a native, and absolutely cured of every female deficiency." Happy Adelaide, and thrice happy baroness!

The worthy Bunnycastle, who taught Belles Lettres, died a year before Rhododendron House was taken. His widow was faithful to his memory, and brought up her three daughters Adelaide (so christened after the baroness's paragon), Celia, and Barbara up in love and reverence of their inoffensive papa's portrait with its shirt collar and its hair (the latter most beautifully painted), and with the silver standish "presented to him by the young ladies of Ostrolenka College, Queen's Lithuania," and a variety of his unwearied exertions in teaching them plain and ornamental writing, arithmetic (on Mr. Wilkinson's principle), the use of the globes (Jacques

SANDERSON, FLORIDA, OCCUPIED BY OUR ADVANCE BEFORE THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

SCENE OF THE FIGHT AT THE PLANK BRIDGE OVER BIG CREEK, AT BARBER'S, FEBRUARY 19, 1864.



BARBER'S HOUSE AT THE FORD ON BIG CREEK, COLONEL BARTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

THE WAR IN FLORIDA.

We publish on the preceding page three sketches illustrating the late movements of General Seymour's forces previous to the great battle on the 20th of February. The town of Sanderson was occupied by our advanced force. The main infantry force was in the vicinity of Barber's House. The artist who sends us these sends also a third sketch, giving the scene of the conflict on the 11th, at the bridge over Big Creek, near St. Mary's River. This bridge was carried by Colonel Henry, assisted by Major Stevens, with a loss of one man killed, three mortally and twelve severely wounded.

ESCAPING UNION OFFICERS SUCCORED BY SLAVES.

The sketch on page 164 represents a party of the Union officers who lately escaped from Libby prison, under the guidance and protection of negroes living in the environs of Richmond. They are conducted by one of these poor slaves to his cabin for temporary safety and provision against cold and hunger. The attitude of the negroes assembled in the cabin, the apprehension shown on the faces of the prisoners who in every sound hear the tramp of Confederate cavalry, and the anxious but determined look of their guide tell the story better than could any verbal description. We are tempted, however, to say one word in favor of these poor negroes. Both in the South and the North they are helping us—helping our soldiers that escape from rebel prisons, and going from our midst to help them fight our battles for us. Hunted to death by the mobs in our cities, they retaliate by joining our armies, and they do their duty on the battle-field. In the late reverses at Olustee the First North Carolina and the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts—both negro regiments—stood their ground with unflinching bravery and perfect coolness. "The Fifty-fourth," says the *Herald*'s correspondent, "sustained the reputation they had gained at Wagner, and bore themselves like soldiers throughout the battle."

GENERAL SHERMAN.

We give on page 161 a portrait of General Sherman, whose late advance from Vicksburg toward Montgomery has been one of the best executed and most important movements of the war.

William T. Sherman was born in Ohio in 1818. He graduated at West Point in 1840, in the same class with General Thomas, and was promoted to the First Lieutenancy in 1841. He served in California during the Mexican War, and was brevetted Captain for meritorious conduct. At the commencement of hostilities with the South he offered his services to the Government, and was appointed Colonel of the Thirteenth infantry, which regiment he commanded in Bull Run. Afterward appointed a Brigadier-General, he succeeded General Anderson in command of the Department of the Ohio. He was removed because he said that 200,000 men would be needed to fight the rebels successfully in Kentucky. This statement—afterward found to be true—was at that time suggestive of insanity. At the battle of Shiloh he took so prominent a part that Halleck reported to the War Department that the final success of that battle was mainly due to him. Having been promoted to a Major-Generalship he was placed in command of the Fifth Division of General Grant's army, and took an important part in the siege of Vicksburg. The movement in which he is now engaged, taken in connection with the approach of Farragut's fleet, was at first supposed to be directed against Mobile; but this was probably no more than a feint to cover a more important aim in connection with movements from Chattanooga. Selma, where Sherman was stationed at last accounts, is on the Alabama River midway between Mobile and Dalton.

GENERAL TRUMAN SEYMOUR.

GENERAL SEYMOUR.

We give on this page a portrait of General Truman Seymour, commanding the Florida expedition. He is a native of Vermont, and was appointed to the First Artillery from that State, July 1, 1846. He served through the Mexican War, and was made Captain by brevet. He was one of the officers of the garrison under Major Anderson's command at Fort Sumter, and has been engaged from that time in the work of suppressing the rebellion. His expedition to Florida was a perfect success up to the time of the occupation of Lake City. But the movement was of so much importance that the enemy concentrated a large force of 15,000 men at Olustee, on the Jacksonville and Tallahassee Railroad, and upon the advance of our forces against that point, with a greatly inferior force, General Seymour was compelled to retire with considerable loss.

WRECK OF THE "BOHEMIAN."

In our news column last week we gave an account of the wreck of the steamer *Bohemian* off Cape Elizabeth, near Portland, Maine. We give below, this week, a sketch representing the wreck as it appeared on Tuesday morning—the next after the vessel sunk. The steamer lies about a quarter of a mile from shore, in Staple's Cove, where she sunk in four fathoms of water, on a sandy, pebbly bottom, with her bow off shore and two anchors out. The greater portion of the hurricane-deck and officers' quarters have broken up, but the main-deck and hull remain firm. As the baggage was stowed on the upper-deck and under the bridge, it was all washed overboard, and will undoubtedly be a total loss. The sea has swept every thing clear from that quarter.

Captain Borland, we learn, reports that he was entirely misled by the hazy state of the atmosphere, and supposed that he was some four miles further off than he proved to be. He also says that he was steaming but one and a half knots per hour at the time, as he was anxiously looking for a pilot, and had been throwing rockets and burning blue-lights for half an hour.

None of the officers were lost, but the loss of passengers is now reported at twenty-six, besides five of the crew, thirteen more than was at first supposed. Fifty-four mail-bags have been recovered, leaving but one to be accounted for.

A WISH.

Dreary are the nights in winter,
When the north winds blow,
Shouting, shaking at the casement,
With a mighty woe—

Panting, sobbing through the darkness
Like a child that grieves;
Moaning at the doorway—creeping
Low, about the eaves.

But to-night the snow is lying
In a still moonlight—
O my Love—whom Death has hidden,
Visit me to-night!

Can you hear me through the raptures
Of the shining fields?
Where the waste of rose and lily,
Breath of Eden yields;

Where you walk with troops of spirits
Purged from earthly tears—
Can you hear? For one short vision
I would linger years.

Come, my Love! the snow is shining;
You may walk in white,
As upon the floor of heaven,
If you come to-night—

Not a print of mortal treading—
It is chastely meet—
You may walk, nor fear the soiling
Of your gentle feet.

Come! the dawn will shine upon it,
The great face of day—
Like a dream—in tears and silence,
It will melt away.

WRECK OF THE "BOHEMIAN" AS SEEN THE MORNING AFTER SHE SUNK.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case charged his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained *by any one*, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Premium Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Tightness of the Chest.

We encase, a slight, thin, sharp, laborious matter comes from our nose; we have heaviness of the head, great oppression of the chest, some tightness and a little tenderness in the region of the lungs. Now attention must be given to this state of facts, or inflammation of the lungs or congestion may take place, and death be with us before we are aware.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,

say two, four or six, according to age, sex and constitution, must be taken. They must purge very freely; drink warm drinks while the fever lasts, and as a diet eat plenty of good Indian meal gruel, or chicken broth with a spoonful of rice in it. By this treatment on the second or third day the disease will be cured. This complaint is going the rounds and will be followed by dysentery and diarrhœa—but they will be cured by the same process. The wise will have BRANDRETH'S PILLS where they can be easily laid hold on, and by taking them by the directions safety and health will follow.

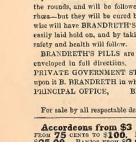
BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box, envelope with directions. Purchase none unless the PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING, NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicines.

Accordeons from $3 00 to $25. Flutes from $2 50 to $100. Violins from $3 00 to $25 00. Banjos from $2 00 to $20 00. Drums from $5 00 to $12 00. Fifes Drums and Trimmings. On receipt of the money will forward any instrument by Express. WM. A. POND & CO., No. 547 Broadway, N.Y.

THE RIDGEWOOD PATENT SMOKING CASE.



Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 20th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and an entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a *Cheer Case*, it is made in Pipe sizes as at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. *Smoke Cases* sent by mail, free to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of price, with 25 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of *superior quality and flavor*, put up in Packets to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade. All Orders promptly filled.*

OFFICE RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO., 409 Broadway, cor. Howard street, New York.

Madame Benedict's MILLINERY and DRESS-MAKING Establishment is now REPLETE with every IMPORTED NOVELTY of the season.

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For $2 25 a No. 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 a No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

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The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Fine Points, Durability, and Good Writing Qualities, any true considerations any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

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All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk; and to all who send twenty cents extra for registering, in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

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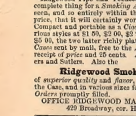

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Carrying the copper-cupped cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition.*

This arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. Its simple construction and perfect workmanship are a sure guarantee against getting out of order. The great advantage of loading with either kind of loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others. These arms are made for both sporting and military purposes, and have been adopted both by the General Government and a number of States. We have the highest testimonials of their efficiency and durability.

Send to offer to the Public our new Cartridge and loose ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a self-cocker, and for accuracy, rapidity and certain aim should be without one.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

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Has succeeded, at great expense, in securing the services of one of the greatest of living romance writers, who, for reasons of his own, chooses to write for us not under his own proper name, but under the nom de plume of

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The fame of this gentleman is world-wide, and it is safe to say that there is hardly a reader of romance on this continent who has not, at one time or another, been charmed by his genius. He combines the dramatic power of Dumas, the rich imagery of Bulwer, and the graphic force of Dickens, in a style which is peculiarly his own—simple and unpretending, and yet so forcible as to hold his readers from first to last as by a spell of magic. With the power of true genius he takes possession of the human heart, and rules it at will. He has the singular faculty of riveting the attention of the most illiterate, as well as of the most intellectual reader, and carrying them captive as long as it suits his purpose.

Louis Leon's first contribution to the columns of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, which will appear on Thursday, March 17, is indisputably the finest of all his productions. He himself in a letter to us says:—"It is superior to anything which I have ever written." This splendid romance is entitled

THE SILVER SHIP;

OR,

The Bloodhound of the Caribbean.

A SPANISH-AMERICAN STORY.

The tale is historical, and the main incidents are true. The principal characters are CALLOAGHAN, the famous pirate, commonly called by the Spanish-Americans of his time, before the pirate name was known, *El Sobrino del Mar Caribe*, or the Bloodhound of the Caribbean—a title that arose from his *terribly mysterious way of learning about* the movements of treasure-ships, and tracking them, a secret which is clearly explained for the first time in these pages. EDY LEON, the hammock-maker of Isla Grande, who also lives, and moves in a singular mystery. CONDE CHACA, of Mexico, the proprietor of the great silver mine of Regla. YAMA LAGOA, the priest of Isla Grande. SEÑOR SAN ROMANO, the commander of the golden *Buenaventura*, the Silver Ship. SEÑOR NIETA, a person of wealth and mysterious tastes, who lives buried in a beautiful villa on Isla Grande, and to whom an extraordinary interest attaches. YOLA, a young girl of marvellous grace and loveliness, under charge of Padre Lagoa, and reputed among the inhabitants of Isla Grande to be his niece—a glorious type of the Spanish-American woman, a being of ravishing and fervent love when life, at the moment of her introduction, rests a painful mystery, in which is threatened an appalling doom! JUAN LEON, the foster-sister of Juan Leon. The CHEVALIER DE BELLA.

It is useless to attempt to describe the sensations which take possession of one while perusing this truly great story. Language is too weak to give a true idea of its thrilling effect. The reader becomes so absorbed as to lose himself, and the effect is rather that produced by a thrilling mesmerism upon the beholder than that wrought by the simple perusal of a story, so actually does the reader sympathize with the characters introduced—so entirely is he carried away from them as to imagine himself a veritable actor in the scene.

The work is dedicated to President Juarez in these terms: "To the Senor Don Benito Juarez, President of the Republic of Mexico. I dedicate this work, with a serene confidence of the rising of the entire world against the infamous pretensions of tyrants." The tale is a Spanish-American story in a sense heretofore unknown to the Anglo-American public. It is the first real and *faithful* picture of Spanish-American Dons, Donnas, officials, priests, etc., ever published in the form of a story. It is perhaps necessary to say, in advance, that although Padre Lagoa—one of the characters represented—is a villain who "lies since the garb of Heaven to serve the devil in"—the moral of the story is such that no reader, whatever his creed, can take exception to it.

We confidently look for an immense increase in circulation on this story, and news dealers would do well to send in their orders in time.

Besides this great story, this favorite family journal will contain weekly two other continued stories of great merit, as well as from EIGHT to TWELVE first-class sketches of different varieties, a large number of fine POEMS, and a variety of departments of a useful and entertaining character, including "PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS," "MUSICAL MONITOR," "HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS," "TERMS OF INSERTION," etc., etc., the whole going to form a family newspaper which, as it freely admitted by all who see it, has not its equal in any other journal in this country or the old. Price, five cents for a single copy, $2 00 per year, and liberal terms and premiums to clubs.

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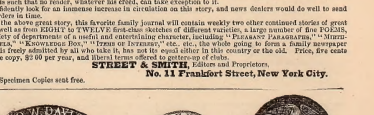

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Also for $1 I will send a Solid Silver Shield or either Army Corps, Division, or Company Pin (made of Pure Coin), with any Name, Regiment, and Company Inscription engraved thereon. Also for $1 50 I will send either a Naval, Engineer, or Pontonier's Pin in Fine Gold Plate, New and Beautiful Designs. Either of the above Pins will be sent by Gold Gold for $2. Also for $1 I will send either a *Gold Masonic Pin*, or a fine Gold Pen and Pencil, or a Plain or Chased Gold Ring, or a Seal Stone Ring, or a Beautiful Vest Chain, or Engraved Locket. Agents wanted in every Regiment, Hospital, and Town in the U. S. Extra Premiums and Commission allowed to Agents. With each sample it will be sent a wholesale Circular.

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Worth $500,000.

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10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders 4 00 to 6 00 each.
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Solid Silver, $1 00.

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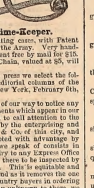

Double-Time Duplex Stop-Watch,
With Washington and London time,
FOR ARMY AND NAVY.

Sportsmen, and all desiring a beautiful and accurate Timepiece, will find this the best Silver Hunting Watch ever fully engraved Works in 15 jeweled settions. Gold balance. Sweep Second Hand. Patent adjusted Stop; and also repeats a first-class watch.

EVERY OFFICER SHOULD HAVE IT.

Sent free by mail for $40 00, or if remitted in advance, a handsome and fashionable chain, valued at $7 00, will be paid in gratis.

All Watches are sent out in good working order, properly regulated, mailed free to the Soldier, and warranted for twelve months.

AGENTS WANTED in every County and every Regiment, on very liberal terms. Money in registered letters can be sent at our risk, if properly mailed.

☞ Watches sent for inspection, before payment.

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THE GREAT NEW ARMY WATCH, just invented for the Soldier, in very heavy solid silver hunting cases, fine ENGLISH MOVEMENT, full ruby jeweled, handsome white dial and steel cut hands. Each watch carefully engraved, on plain cases, warranted a perfect time-keeper for one year. $15.

GOLD COMPOSITE, same as above, exact imitation of Gold, and warranted Watch, $15. $15

FINE DOUBLE BOTTOM silver English HUNTING WATCH, FULL JEWELED, CHRONOMETER BALANCE, $25. $25

OFFICER'S WATCH, GENUINE AMERICAN LEVER WATCH in a fine, sterling silver case, full jeweled, 3 gold joints, and double bottom cases, $35. $35

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Silver Hunting Watch, fine movement, $11. $11

Ladies very small hunting Gold Composite Watch, beautifully engraved, ample spring, rock seconds. Can be securely be delivered by mail, $16. $16

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SAME AS ABOVE, WITH CHRONOMETER BALANCE, $92. $92

GOLD HUNTING ENGLISH LEVER WATCH, RUBY JEWELED, *Screw Balance* M. J. TOBIAS, $38. $38

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FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name
"Appleton, Tracy & Co., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous counterfeits which have already been put upon us. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are engraved as made by the "UNION WATCH Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are nicked the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or VIA EXTRA grade, usually known as our "SOLDIER'S WATCH"; others are branded the "APPLETON WATCH CO.," others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT. In many cases the counterfeits are so close as to convey the idea that they are the veritable production of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
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SOLDIERS OF THE UNION!!!

Read the following Letters received from your comrades in inducements of 10

WORLD-KNOWN AND WORLD-TRIED REMEDIES

of

Professor Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is in force.

See to your Health!

Not only to yourself, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives, and Brothers. Then while you may, Preserve Health!

For 30 cents, 70 cents, or $1 10,

We will have expended in these localities, before you down to the greenest and ripest old age.

The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office.

60 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,
20th Illinois Volunteers,
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., November 24, 1863.

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Sir,—I enclosed you, from Savannah, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please direct them as I state, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address

Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
20th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA.,
January 7, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: I have bought a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in need of them until now, I wish to try them. Diarrhœa is very prevalent at the present time: send me the worth of the enclosed.

Yours, &c.,
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Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address

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THE ARMY.

Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their chronometer.—*N. Y. Weekly*, July 25th.

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's*, Feb. 21.

Prettiest, best and cheapest time-piece ever offered. —*N. Y. Illustrated News*, Jan. 16.

Magic Time Observers,
The Perfection of Mechanism!
Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepiece for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it all connected with its machinery its own winding attachment, rendering a key entirely unnecessary. The cases of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the improved ruby action lever movement, and is warranted as accurate time piece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $264. Simple watches in neat morocco boxes, $55; if sent by mail, the postage is 35 cents; registering, 20 cents.

Silver Watches!
First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.
FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, MOST ALL, DESCRIPTION OF PRICE, THESE WATCHES MEET INSIDE

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 377.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

THE SENTINEL ON MORRIS ISLAND.

When measured tread along his lonely beat,
At twilight, dawn, or in the darkness night,
Or when at noon the sun, with growing heat,
Lets fall his dazzling light—

The watchful sentinel, up and down the shore,
Paces with weary feet the yielding sand,
While the salt waves, with deep and sullen roar,
Shout hoarsely to the land.

At dawn he sees the glittering morning star
Set like a jewel in the rosate sky;
And glimpses to the night, within the bar,
The fleet at anchor lie.

He sees the city, distant, dull, and gray,
Its quaint old roofs and steeples, towering spire,
When darkly pictured at the close of day
Against the sunset's fire.

At night he sees the heavens all spangled o'er
With shining gems that like bright watch-fires burn;
And though far off, and on a hostile shore,
His thoughts to home will turn.

Or maybe, in the pitiless, cold storm,
While mouns the wind like some poor soul in pain,
With drooping head and weary, bended form
He braves the pelting rain.

And now his mind there dwells a picture fair—
A cottage-room with walls his purest know,
And round his hearth-stone friendly faces there
Shine in the fire's warm glow.

An aged man, with locks all silver white;
An aged dame, his helpmate she through life;
And still a third, with mild eyes beaming bright,
Perhaps the soldier's wife;

And rosy children climb upon her knee—
With smiling face looks on the aged dame—
They, laughing, clap their little hands in glee,
And sweetly lisp his name.

Now from the frowning batteries bristling side
Pale forth the murderous cannon's awful roar,
Waking the unnerving echoes, far and wide,
From shore to farthest shore.

So fades the picture: each loved form is fled—
That waking vision, beautiful yet brief;
And up the dark with solid, steady tread
Comes on the brave "Relief."

Then on his bed, while falls the chilly rain
And other sentinels their vigils keep,
Sweet thoughts of home go flitting through his brain,
And fill his dreamful sleep.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1864.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF '64.

THE preliminary operations of the campaign of 1864 have not been entirely satisfactory, but, with the exception of the battle of Olustee, in Florida, they have resulted in no disaster. The rebels have been kept wide awake along their whole line, and the lesson which was taught in the General Jeb Stuart's ride around McClellan's army on the Peninsula, Kilpatrick's second raid proves that we have very thoroughly learned. This last movement was a rapid dash, breaking communications and scaring Richmond. Its result is inevitably a sense of insecurity in the rebel capital. It teaches that city an every specimen of the great struggle that we have at last learned war, and that the daring Yankee genius has recovered from the astonishment and supreme paralysis into which the outbreak of the rebellion seemed to have plunged it.

There has been considerable lamentation over the result of this raid and of Sherman's mystic march. But any man who has closely watched affairs can only be amused by it. When Sherman moved from Vicksburg the absence of his column was accompanied by the most imposing newspaper columns of military speculation and promise. He was on his way to Mobile. He was flanking Johnson's army. His objective was Meridian, or Selma, or Montgomery, or the Gulf. He would outer Georgia at this point or at that. As was a very fine army of hopes, surmises, theories, possibilities, probabilities. Meanwhile the solitary fact was that he had moved with an uncertain number of men and with the lightest artillery. If we had waited for some definite news from him we should have been spared much distress and disappointment. It is to the positive assertions upon half knowledge, and to the speculations upon inaccurate data, that we owe much of our chagrin at the present moment's result. A mere raid, a reconnaissance in force, a diversion, were theories quite as plausible and more probable than the capture of Mobile or the turning of Johnson's flank. Very much of our ill-humor is simply revenge upon our own mistake.

So with Kilpatrick's raid. We had the usual mysterious leakage in the newspapers that the army of the Potomac was in motion; that mens might be expected; that there was no battle up to 10 A.M.; and all the rest of it, with which three years' experience ought to have made us good-humoredly familiar. Then Kilpatrick was fairly off. He was to destroy Lee's communications. He was to suck Richmond, release our prisoners, and bag the rebel authorities. Butler was to join him—had joined him—and victory was settling and about to perch upon his flag. Meade was to advance, fall upon Lee with no retreat behind him, and effectually finish him. And all this because the brave Kilpatrick with three or four thousand men was off upon a raid through the enemy's rear.

He makes his raid. He destroys railroads, canals, and bridges. He captures prisoners, and burns mills and supplies. He fights his way through the first line of defences about Richmond. Colonel Dahlgren is misled by a guide whom he hangs, and is therefore unable to join him in time. Kilpatrick withdraws. He comes riding sadly into General Butler's lines, his total loss in every way not more than a hundred and fifty men; and after three days' rest soldiers and horses will be ready again for duty. It is a brilliant raid. That it reached Richmond is not taken, nor Lee defeated, nor the rebel leaders snared, we cry pish! and exclaim, "Is that all?"

Now is this fair? Is not our disappointment the result of the failure of our theories rather than of the expedition? We make a plan which looks very admirable. It does not chance to be the plan of the movement, and we are disgusted. There can be no doubt that Kilpatrick's plan was to do all he could in all that the force, the circumstances, and good fortune permitted. That he and his brave troops have done, and most gallantly. All honor to them! The next time a movement begins with the usual mysterious intimations, let us try, at least, to shape our anticipations as nearly as possible by what we know, and not by what we wildly wish, and we shall have less occasion to feel or to express disappointment. There is nothing in the opening of the campaign, except the and day of Olustee and the battle of Sorrig, which need disheaten any man. We must remember that the rising of the tide is not shown by every single wave at every moment, but by the great body of water from time to time. How often last spring we were foiled at Vicksburg! But last year's was a grand campaign. Don't grumble at that waves. Watch the tide-marks.

THE QUESTION AND THE ANSWER.

There is surely no need of misunderstanding the reported correspondence between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Chase. After the Pomeroy Circular appeared Mr. Chase asked the President if the attitude in which his friends had placed him of a candidate for the Presidency could prejudice the public interests under his charge. The President replied that he could not see why it should, but that, of course, Mr. Chase must be the judge.

Nothing could be simpler or fairer on both sides. Yet it is equally clear that, if Mr. Chase had known the contents of the Pomeroy Circular, he could not honorably remain in his position; not because he is a candidate for the Presidency, but because he is the confidential adviser of the President, and the Circular charges Mr. Lincoln with corruption and with treachery to the nation and liberty. But when Mr. Chase assures the President that he had no knowledge of the Pomeroy Circular, there is no more occasion for his withdrawal from the Cabinet than for that of Mr. Seward.

The contest for the nomination promises to be warm, as is natural when men are in earnest. But it should be remembered that it is for the nomination, not for the election. And when the *Westliche Post*, a German paper in St. Louis, raises the standard of Fremont, and says that it means to fight the Baltimore Convention, opinion may decide, it merely declares that it will gratify itself at any cost or risk to the country. It is to be hoped that the *Westliche Post* does not regard such a course as loyal or patriotic. For while every man has a right to vote for whomsoever he will, yet at a time like this every loyal man is bound to ask, *Is this vote my own way exactly, what is the next best course?* If the friends of Mr. Lincoln, of Mr. Chase, of General Fremont, or of General Butler, should all take the ground that they will in any case vote for their favorite, and for nobody else, it certainly is neither worth while for Union men to go to the trouble to pay another penny for the prosecution of the war.

We do not anticipate such an early suicide of the country. Such expressions are but the frank ardors of the canvass, and will soften until the nomination, but if the heart of the people is sound they do not last until the election. We can remember that many of those that Mr. Lincoln was nominated at Chicago eminent political friends of Mr. Seward gnashed their teeth and vowed that New York would not vote for him. The eminent gentleman himself better of it before the election, and imperial New York gave Mr. Lincoln fifty thousand majority. Unless the party spirit of the Union is stronger than their patriotism the Union candidate will be surely elected. The question for us then is, simply, who of all the gentlemen mentioned is, under the circumstances, most likely to carry the country with the least peril through the necessary excitement of a renewal of the Administration, and to preserve, with the largest share of public confidence upon all sides, the present policy of the war. It seems to us that to ask this question is to answer it with the name of Mr. Lincoln.

THE TWENTIETH U. S. COLORED REGIMENT.

Union Square is fast becoming historic ground. Less than ten years ago we stood there one evening while a band played a serenade; after which Fernando Wood introduced James Buchanan from the balcony of the Everett House to the crowd beneath. Last year we stood there, while from a platform beneath the balcony the son of Rufus King, in lofty and touching words, presented the flag of the Union and of Liberty to the first regiment of colored troops that has marched from this city to defend both. Elsewhere in this paper there is a picture of the scene. On the scene of the war has been more striking or significant. In the same Square three years ago there was the first great gathering of the American people in support of the war; when General Anderson and the soldiers of Sumter were the heroes of the hour, and the war begun in Charleston harbor had been continued in the streets of Baltimore. Last spring, in the same Square, was the great meeting upon the anniversary of Sumter, presided by the formal dedication of the Loyal Club-House. This spring's spectacle completes the cycle. The seed that Buchanan planted and Fernando Wood watered the nation has Sumter, and the riots in Baltimore and New York; and no less, by God's grace, it produced the meetings of April 1861 and 1863, and the hands and hearts God-speed to the colored soldiers.

The day was soft and bright. The winds of March forgot to blow; and at 11 o'clock the regiment arrived from Riker's Island, where it had been encamped, and marched down the Fifth Avenue. Windows and door-steps were thronged with eager faces, and under waving handkerchiefs and friendly salutations the brave men marched by. At 1 o'clock they wheeled into Union Square from Fourteenth Street. The music of drums and trumpets mingled with the loud buzzas of the great crowd. The windows and steps here also were solid with welcoming hands and faces, and the Loyal Union Club-House the flag was flying, as on the chief buildings in the Square. A line of policemen kept the space clear between Fourteenth Street crosses the Square. The tops of the houses were dotted with spectators. A huge platform was built out from the windows of the Club-House and filled with ladies; and on a smaller stage, from which the speech of presentation was to be made, stood between the Club-House and the Everett House. The regiment advanced into the open space amidst the cheers and tears of those who felt the significance of the spectacle. The soldiers had handled their muskets but five days; but when they came to the "order arms" there was a solid, simultaneous ring upon the pavement, which enforced the heartiest applause. Then Colonel Dahlgren and Captain Cooper rode and in a few noble and thrilling sentences, fervent, cheering, and pathetic, addressed Colonel Bantham, and handed him the national and regimental flags. Colonel Bantham, who has seen constant service since the war begun, and who has commanded colored troops, and believes in them, made a modest and appropriate reply. Cheers were given for the Colonel and the troops. The band played the national airs. Then the regiment raised a mighty shout, and was dismissed for a few hours to partake of a collation. Refreshments went into the Club-House for oysters and coffee; and toward 4 o'clock the line was formed, and the regiment broken down Broadway.

Every where the soldiers were greeted as a great city ought to greet its defenders, and as it has saluted every departing regiment since the Seventh, marched in April, three years ago. The flag of the country waved over them in benediction. The prayers of all noble hearts follow them. For these soldiers go to peculiar dangers. Officers and men, they have counted the cost; and for union, liberty, and peace they are willing to pay the price. "It has been the habit of rebels to say," said Colonel Dahlgram, "who sympathize with the traitors now in arms against us, to sneer at what they are pleased to call the experience of the negro. I hope that Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, and Olustee have forever settled this question." Yes, and he and his soldiers will settle it still further, and finally, by fighting to lift the latter prejudice from the national heart. To no holier work could any man be devoted. God bless the Colonel, his officers, and the men of the Twentieth United States Colored Regiment and the cause they go to defend!

ULRIC DAHLGREN.

"A prisoner states that a Colonel with one foot had been captured," said the first report of Kilpatrick's raid.

"A rebel deserter informs one of my Aids that a one-legged Colonel and about a hundred men were taken prisoners," telegraphed General Butler to the President.

"Of one thing the public may rest assured that these officers will escape if such a thing is within the region of possibilities," said a later account.

"The President received a dispatch from Fortress Monroe this afternoon stating that Colonel Dahlgren, with his hundred men, had safely arrived within our lines. The Colonel was at Fortress Monroe. The President and Secretary Stanton immediately called upon Admiral Dahlgren, to convey the glad tidings and congratulate him upon the safety of his gallant son," said one still later.

"Colonel Dahlgren is dead," said yet another report.

Ulric Dahlgren is scarcely more than twenty years old. He was wounded in the leg last summer, just after the battle of Gettysburg, in the daring dash by which he succeeded in capturing the rebel dispatches from Jefferson Davis to General Lee. His leg was subsequently taken off. A few weeks ago he was a tall, slight, pale-faced boy, sitting quietly in Washington, and saying, pleasantly: "I shall be waiting for my new leg about the 1st of April, and whether I can ride again." Four weeks ago! We know now whether he can ride again. The brave boy has ridden the only deadly ride that any of the rebel city, but, living or dead, he has ridden straight into the love and honor of his countrymen.

THOMAS STARR KING.

By the death of the Rev. Thomas Starr King the country loses a most valuable citizen; and the large circle which knew him as a preacher, a lecturer, or a friend, deplores the loss of a most genial and delightful companion. Characteristically an American; devoted to every good work; hospitable to every new thought and movement; of the most cheerful temperament and most good nature; vigorous, incisive, and brilliant in his public discourse; racy, thoughtful, and generous in his private intercourse, his life is ended before he had completed his fortieth year.

Until five years ago Mr. King was generally known as one of the most eloquent and brilliant of lyceum lecturers, and in a smaller sphere as a popular preacher of the most liberal school. Removing to California, the newness of the country and the exigency of the times at once developed the peculiar force of his genius, and he was universally recognized as a most efficient and successful worker in the great cause. His clear perception, his fervid eloquence, his simple manners and life, his unassuming piety, his signal sagacity took the heart of the young and distant State, and held it fast to the common mother. It was a noble work nobly done. That mother has seen many of her best and dearest fall in the great struggle; none in the whole field, in the camp, at home, or afloat, by sudden shot or by lingering disease. But no son of hers had concerned himself more entirely in the service for which his powers had fitted him, of deepening and strengthening the purest patriotism, and preparing the most faithful love to God and man, than Thomas Starr King.

A FAITHFUL WIDOW.

The loiterer along Broadway who stops to look at the monument of General Montgomery in St. Paul's church, will be glad to read this touching inscription translated by Mr. Irving lately published "Life of Edward Livingston." Montgomery was a captain in the British army when he first met Livingston's sister, to whom he afterward married. When the revolutionary war began he was made one of the eight Brigadier-Generals of the army of the United Colonies. He had been married but two years, but his wife did not oppose his departure, and he took leave of her at Saratoga, in 1775, upon his way to Canada. The following words to her were, "You shall never have cause to blush for your Montgomery;" and she never saw him again.

In the year 1818 the Legislature of New York resolved to transfer his remains from Canada, and Edward Livingston's brother, Brockholst, one of Mrs. Montgomery, was commissioned by Governor De Witt Clinton to superintend the removal. On the 9th of May they reached Albany, and lay in state in the Capitol. On Monday they were taken from the Capitol under the steamer *Richmond* to New York.

Mr. Hunt says:

"The Governor had advised Mrs. Montgomery of what hour the boat, bearing the remains of her husband, would pass her home, Montgomery Place. By her own request she stood alone upon the portico at the appointed hour. The boat, with its solemn freight moved slowly on. It was then almost forty-three years since she had parted with him at Saratoga. Few of the incidents of war, of his letter period the waters of the Hudson, like all other waters, had been ignorant of storm and tempest. The young widow, in the same time, had come over her person was not greater than that which the face of the country, its government, and all the events which make this was feudtor, but undergone. Yet she had continued as faithful to the memory of her husband as the cold stone, as if she still looked for him to come back alive and unstirred. The steamer halted before her: the Chief Mourner of the day stepped upon the shore; the widow fainted, and the ashes of the departed hero passed on. The attendants of the venerable lady bore her sorrowful home. She had attended to her sometime, and failed to the floor in a swoon."

LITERARY.

Thackeray at the time of his death, was engaged upon a Novel, to be published simultaneously in the *Cornhill* and *Harper's Magazine*. He had completed and corrected about four of the monthly parts. The fragment will appear in *Harper's Magazine* commencing in the April Number. The title is "Denis Duval," the opening scenes are laid in France some half a century ago. From this story Charles Dickens says: "In respect of earnestness, of far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness flanding the whole, it will be to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he had bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a master-piece." This picture, which is essentially a chapter from Thackeray's own life, is contained, we presume, in the first part, now before us. We shall speak our table a new edition of "Vanity Fair," published by

the Harpers—the work by which Thackeray first fairly made his mark in literature. The illustrations are from his own sketches, and are as characteristic as the text. It is well known that the illustrations to all of Thackeray's writings are to a greater or less extent from his own drawings; but of late years he was too busy with the pen to often do more with the pencil than furnish bare hints to the artist. But in "Vanity Fair," produced when he had leisure, the drawings were full and free. They show that he might have succeeded in attaining the first object of his ambition—that of being the illustrator of Dickens's works.

"The Web's Evidence," by W. G. Wills, forming the last number (240) of "Harper's Library of Select Novels," is a story of very decided interest.

The new edition, revised and enlarged, of Mr. Calvert Vaux's "Villas and Cottages; a Series of Designs prepared for Execution in the United States," is well worthy the attention of every man who proposes to build a house which shall be something more than a mere shelter—a home. It contains a series of designs, with plans of interior arrangements, ranging from the humblest log-cabin of the settler up to the village house, suburban villa, and city mansion of the man of larger means and more varied wants; from the country school-house to the stately church. The designs are so carefully prepared and fully worked out that any man who proposes to build can select one suited to his needs and means, and can fully appreciate to it what it will cost. And to our mind the most notable feature of this book is the proof which it presents that comfort and privacy may be secured in a dwelling erected at the most moderate cost, as well as in those of higher pretensions.

WHAT WAS IT?

It was not a sold, nor a cuff, nor a kick,
The wound of a sword, nor a blow from a stick,
A shot from sort of a gun
That ever was forged beneath the sun,
A fall from a horse, nor a kick of a dog;
A burn from a torch carried out in a fog.
That made me echo confoundedly
Just where a cold hand is pressed on me.

It was not a plaster, nor lotion, nor draught,
Homœpath practice, or Allopath craft,
Nor any device of patent pills
That ever was pounded to cure or kill:
Nor the cure for nerves that are running to seed—
A sedative pull of the pungent weed.
That cured my pain. 'Twas a smile for me
Just where my pretty glyte lips should be.

For my heart had been aching for many a day,
And my mind full of trouble and sorrow;
I vowed that never would sea last again,
But haunted her steps on the morrow.
I worried my hands and neglected my work,
Was horribly jealous of stupid young Smirk,
In short, was a nuisance to hear or to see,
Just as a fellow in love should be.

Well! well! it's all over, my smile I got,
And stole something else from its pretty birth-spot;
Went home with a breast that of wish rapture was full,
Gave a bogzor a dollar instead of a shilling,
And the next day that ever I saw her was Sabbath and we
Are just where a gentleman's wife's should be.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March 9.* The bill to encourage foreign emigration was passed; the principal provisions have been given in our summary under date of February 13.—Resolutions introduced a bill to equalize the grade of line officers in the army. It provides for a board of officers to rate the moral, mental, and professional qualifications of all candidates for nomination to a grade higher than that of Commodore; any one failing to pass to be placed on the retired list.—Wilkinson, in the form of a personal explanation, made a speech censuring the different members of the Army of the Potomac, from McClellan to Meade. Among other things he asserted that at Gettysburg Meade had given orders for a retreat, which were countermanded only because an advance corps had become engaged, but that retreat was impossible. The army of Gettysburg he thought the greatest on record; and if it had been beaten after its enemy would have been disorganized; but the army was baited, and Lee advised to recross the Potomac, while he had only ammunition enough to last four minutes. The want of success of the Army of the Potomac was not to the soldiers, but to the incapacity of the commanders. Mr. Johnson replied, defending McClellan and Meade, laying the blame upon the President. Senators Anthony and Wade attributed Burnside's failure at Knoxville to the failure of others to obey the command to obey orders.—A joint resolution was adopted for changing the name of the lake district in Oregon to Klamath. The report of the House for a joint committee on the Whiskey Ring was ordered to be agree upon as to the less than 20 or more than 60 grain upon spirits on hand, was ordered.—*March 10.* A resolution authorizing a free committee was adopted.—*March 2.* The Military Committee reported that the House bill extending to the 1st of April the time for the payment of bounties with a recommendation that the Secretary of War be left to pass, &c.—Mr. Davis offered a joint resolution for amendment to the Constitution, as follows: "*No term, no person shall hold the or grandmother sees a negro, shall be a citizen of the United States, or be eligible to any civil or military office, or to any place of trust or profit under the United States.*" Second, "*The citizens of Maine and Massachusetts, which constitute one State, to be called East New England, and Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Connecticut shall constitute one State, to be called West New England.*" Ordered to be printed.—Mr. Powell reported the bill, upon which the Military Committee had reported adversely, authorizing officers of the army and navy to hold interfering in election. We were, he said, the only people who would allow such interference in elections. He was only recently that it had been permitted. He considered it dangerous to vest in Kentucky and Maryland the General Government had overthrown the laws regulating local elections in the United States, and held the Union responsible.—*March 4.* Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Conference on the Whiskey tax, said that after a full discussion the joint Committee of the two Houses had failed to agree; if the Senate adhered to its amendments this bill would be lost, and they would have to wait till month, or was matured. The Committee therefore recommended that the Senate should recede from its amendments. The bill would then impose a tax of 60 cents upon all liquor manufactured after its passage up to July, having any tax after that time to be provided for by future legislation. It also left an additional tax of 40 cents a gallon upon spirits on hand. This was incongruous, and was only to be remedied by future legislation. The Senate then, by 29 to 11, receded from its amendments, and the bill passed.—Mr. Powell concluded his speech on the interference of the military with elections, reiterating the charges against the Administration, and affirming that the only reason why the people had borne with the usurpations of power by the Executive was that they could soon have power to make a change. The President was using the military power to promote his own re-election. The amnesty proclamation was a move in that direction. This proclamation was revolutionary, because it overthrows the Constitution upon which the Union is based. What right has the President to dictate who shall be a qualified elector in a State? No honest man could take the oath prescribed in Louisiana by General Banks, for it bound him in the same way to support a policy adopted by a majority to vote, provided the President should recommend it. It would require a revolution in the States to carry into effect the provisions of this proclamation, which would place non-resident of four fifths of the people in full control of the other tenth.—The Senate adjourned to Monday.—*March 7.* The Senate passed the bill for the geographical and Statistical Society in favor of a Commercial and Scientific Mission to Japan.—Mr. Sumner's bill, increased railroad and mail facilities between Boston, New York, and Washington, passed to a third reading.—The bill for confiscating the lands of rebels and distributing them among soldiers and sailors was taken up.—Mr. Sumner moved for adding to the construction of a railroad from the Missouri to the Pacific, resolutions prescribed and referred.—Mr. Sherman offered a resolution, which was referred, relating to the manner in which the President shall be chosen. It says that a quorum of the Senate shall consist of two-thirds of Senators duly chosen and qualified; if a majority of qualified Presidential electors vote for one person, he shall be President; if not, then a choice shall be made upon the House, and the majority of the States represented in the case by one person, but not by Representatives. A bill amending the act incorporating the city of Washington was passed.—Mr. Sumner's resolution in relation to the way was instructed to inquire into the expediency of building the Northern Pacific Railroad.—Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois introduced a bill for the better organization of the Quartermaster-General's department.—Mr. Stevens, from the ceiling for the report of the Committee to investigate the conduct of contracts, made a report, which was laid on the table, and that equalizing the pay of soldiers, were taken up and passed.—The House adjourned.

HOUSE.—*March 2.* Miscellaneous business was transacted, among which was the passage of the Senate bill appropriating $1,000 for the relief of Mrs. Lincoln temporarily, and an ineffectual attempt by Mr. Eldridge to call upon the Executive to furnish him certain papers in connection with forts and prisons or banished to the rebellious States, and a call for correspondence relative to the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham.—The bill declaring that the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims did not extend to cases arising from the destruction of property by the forces engaged in suppressing the rebellion was passed by a vote of 80 to 58.—Several members of the Border States earnestly opposed the bill; their constituents had suffered severely, and should be indemnified; amendments were adopted providing that certain claims be referred to the Secretary of War, Quarter-master Generals, and to be paid if certified by them; commissioners to be appointed to examine such claims, care being taken to exclude disloyal persons from indemnity; and limiting the time within which claims must be presented: the whole bill was postponed.—Mr. Stevens reported from the Reconstruction Committee of Conference on the whiskey tax.—*March 8.* The bill amending the Judiciary Committee to the Judiciary Committee on the bill, with the amendments relating to the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims.—The bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell the surplus gold in the Treasury for Treasury notes was postponed.—The question between the two Houses on the whiskey tax was taken up, and the report of the Committee of Conference having again failed to agree. The House refused to ask for another Committee of Conference, and votes to adhere to its disagreement.—*March 4.* The day was devoted to the Reconstruction Committee's report, which finally adopted thanking the surviving soldiers of the Revolution, declaring the unbroken allegiance of loyal to the resolution to be sent to each of the survivors.—After declining an election case, the House, by a vote, contested the seat of Mr. Rice, from Massachusetts, in favor of its holder, the House adjourned.—*March 7.* This day, being Saturday, was devoted to making and listening to speeches.—Mr. Mallory, of Kentucky, spoke, condemning both the Democratic party and the doctrine of State Rights, and contended Mr. Richardson's bill, for the reimbursement, assents to the duties with which he had been furnished.—Mr. Wood, of New York, replied in a lengthy speech of his colleague, Mr. Blair, and asserted that the Cabinet members were the real Presidential candidates.—Mr. Cox spoke in defense of the Union men of Kentucky, and said that they were opposed to slavery and secession, and the man who would pledge himself to crush out the rebellion.—Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, Williams, in the form of a personal explanation, made a speech censuring the different commanders of the Army of the Potomac, from McClellan to Meade. Among other things he asserted that at Gettysburg Meade had given orders for a retreat, which were countermanded only because an advance corps had become engaged, but that retreat was impossible. The army of Gettysburg he thought the greatest on record; and if it had been beaten after its enemy would have been disorganized; but the army was baited, and Lee advised to recross the Potomac, while he had only ammunition enough to last four minutes. The want of success of the Army of the Potomac was not to the soldiers, but to the incapacity of the commanders. Mr. Johnson replied, defending McClellan and Meade, laying the blame upon the President. Senators Anthony and Wade attributed Burnside's failure at Knoxville to the failure of others to obey the command to obey orders.—A joint resolution was adopted for changing the name of the lake district in Oregon to Klamath. 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were also severely attacked for their policy in relation to Danish affairs. The London *Times*, however, lays the blame chiefly upon the other European Powers.

"A single word," it says, "from France, Russia, and Sweden would have prevented the invasion of the Duchies: but the ties of gratitude for all services do not bind France: a common nationality and a common danger can not move Sweden: treaties and alliances are alike for upon Russia. These Powers will answer do any thing now nor tell us what they intend to do hereafter. It is left to England to stand isolated. She is isolated. She is left honorably itself seems to be threatened. Nothing remains but to send the unarmed fleet to the Baltic. But it is not by sea that the Danish capital can be attacked. The Danes can not be conquered nor permanently influence the decision of a war carried on by 50,000 or 60,000 men on the Continent unless which could, if necessary, place the whole of the west coast of India, and captured and burned the ship *Emma*, of New York.

A later advice from Cape Town confirms the report of the seizure of the rebel privateer Tuscaloosa at that place.

The British government has commuted the sentence of the deserters heretofore condemned to death to imprisonment for life or transportation beyond the seas.

It appears that the torpedo which sunk the *Housatonic* off Charleston was itself destroyed at the same time.

The Japanese embassy to Europe has arrived, and its first of a series of meetings for the purpose of calling the attention of the contraband to the matter of enlisting in our army.

Captains SAWYER and FLYNN, who were sentenced to death by court-martial and pardoned by the President, in relation for the hanging of two spies, by General BURNSIDE, have been released.

Admiral DAHLGREN is in Washington. It is rumored that he has been relieved from the command of the Monitor-fleet off Charleston. Admiral FARRAGUT will probably succeed him in command.

Brigadier-General BARRY, Inspector of United States Artillery, has been ordered, at his own request, from artillery duties, in which he has been engaged, and ordered to report to Major-General GRANT.

A report reached Cairo of the 21st Mississippi Infantry were surprised and cut to pieces by rebel guerrillas, dressed in Union uniforms, on Wednesday night last week, while standing guard for a foraging party from the steamboat *Platte Valley*. None of the regiment escaped. Loss not stated.

Rear-Admiral has been appointed by the Secretary of War to visit the camps where all rebel prisoners are confined, and report to them the oath of allegiance under the President's recent Amnesty Proclamation.

Lieutenant-Commander JOSEPH H. SYDNEY has been detached from the *Mahaska* and ordered to the Naval Academy to the command of the *Arcadia*.

Lieutenant-Commander HAYDEN has been detached from the *Arcadia* and ordered to return North.

Captain PINCKNEY, who was captured with General Stoneman, has been released from Libby prison, and is now with standing guard for a foraging party from the steamboat *Platte Valley*. None of the regiment escaped. Loss not stated.

The Richmond *Examiner* of March 1 says that on February 29th 400 more Federal prisoners were shipped for Georgia. On the 1st inst. Nearly 1000 more are to be sent, and there are accommodations for 6000.

The rebel raid in the Roanoke and Nouse rivers, in North Carolina, are said to be almost ready, and are also to be sent. They forcibly formidable. They will distribute yet a warm reception.

There is a rumor that Major-General D. N. GUION, now Commander of the Department of Arkansas, will be called to take an important command in the Army of the Potomac.

A private letter from Havana, dated March 1, states that the Spanish steamer *Guipuzcoa* had run on a dry dock there. The blockade-runners and secessionists in Havana having been driven from the place, and also the consul and the officers with violence. The Spanish authorities, however, had ordered the officers of the ship of war ordered to wear their side-arms, and they now visit the city fully armed.

Brigadier-General D. H. RUCKER, Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Cumberland, has asked to be relieved from duty here and rest into the field.

Committee from different Districts in Pennsylvania are now engaged in the delivery of the Legislature of the additional bounty of $200 to veterans, the money to pay the same having been placed in their hands.

Twenty-five of the thirty thousand veterans of the Army of the Potomac whose terms of service expired during the present nine months, have re-enlisted. Of the six thousand veterans of the Army of the James who have re-enlisted, a large furlough, five thousand five hundred have already returned to duty, their furloughs having expired.

There is a great rush of Major and Brigadier Generals out of employment for active duty to avoid the effect of the bill to retire them from the service.

The total loss at the battle of Chickamauga on the part of the Federal army, at 7:30, the day after the fight, by latest news was 19,600. The time consumed in fighting was from 11 A.M. to 7:30 P.M. The total loss of the rebels was of 36,000, or over 2500 per hour. The total Federal force engaged was 60,000. The rebel force according to their own reports was 64,000.

The Louisville *Democrat* says, in reference to the Court of Inquiry, which consisted of Generals M'COOK, CRITTENDEN, and NEGLEY, that the evidence elicited does not sustain the charges against Generals Crittenden and Negley. On the contrary, it shows that "every thing that could be done was done to prevent the disaster which befell us."

At the battle of Chickamauga, Brigadier-General of the New York State Militia, died on Thursday, in Buffalo, of disease of the heart.

Captain Porter is preparing for an active spring campaign against the Indians in the Northwest.

Official Treasury documents show that, during the year 1863, thirteen thousand claims of deceased Union soldiers were settled. The number settled during 1863 was 4,000. Of the thousands unsettled, on the first of January last, 74,000.

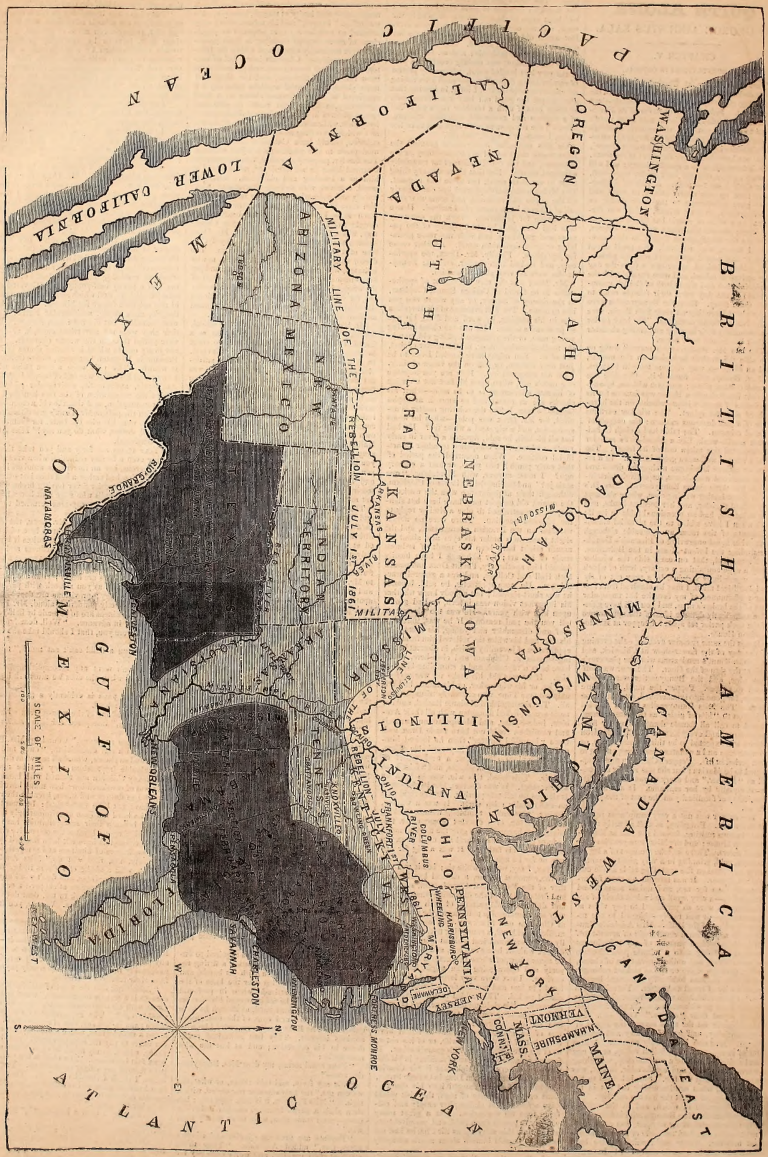
By information from the War Department, furnished the Senate, it appears that there are 70 major-generals, the number authorized by law, in service, and seventy, and 276 brigadier-generals, one less than the number provided for by law.

It is estimated that the cost per man of the army is nearly if not quite $1200 per annum.

The revised army regulations are amended so that enlisted men who lose or dispose of revolving pistols intrusted to their care will hereafter be charged $20 in each case.

It ought to be generally known that the Government will not pay bounties to any man who shall be in service with another one, free of expense, and take care of him when sick or wounded. Send letter, through the medical director, 455 Broome Street, New York.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 167.]



MAP OF THE REBELLION, AS IT WAS IN 1861 AND AS IT IS IN 1864.—[See Page 187.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER V.

THE BUNNYCASTLES IN COUNCIL.

The back parlor at Rhododendron House, dedicated to the nocturnal mess spoken of in the preceding chapter, was a very moderately-sized apartment. Indeed, if an observer of its dimensions had hazarded an opinion that there wasn't room to swing a cat in it, the remark, although coarse (and as such naturally intolerable in an establishment so genteel as Rhododendron House), would not have fallen very far short of the truth. This is intended to be a candid history; so I will at once confess that the back parlor was—well, what shall I say?—poky. A pair of folding doors took up very nearly one of its sides, and these gave admittance to the front parlor, or drawing-room, or state saloon, which was furnished in a style of classic but frigid splendor, and where parents, guardians, and other visitors, to whom the Bunnycastles desired to show enormonial honor, were received. No pupil dared to enter that sacred apartment without permission. Many, indeed, never saw it from the day they arrived at school, and were regaled with the sacrificial cake and wine (both of British manufacture) to the day when their friends came to fetch them away. Even the Bunnycastles were chary about intruding on their Sala Regia, save on festive or solemn occasions. The back parlor was essentially their keeping and sitting chamber —their bower and their home.

The late Mr. Bunnycastle's portrait hung on one side the modest pier-glass on the mantle, and an effigy—very like too—in crinoline of Mrs. Bunnycastle, flanked it. Opposite was a small cottage piano; and you will see by-and-by, that Rhododendron House was famous for its specimens of modern improvements on the harpsichord and the spinet. The window curtains were of a dull dreadnought mourning; the carpet of a faded crimson. The table had a cloth in imitation needle-work, like a school-girl's sampler of unwonted size, taken out of its frame. The chairs were of well-worn green leather. In a recess were three handsome mahogany desks and three rosewood desk-boxes, respectively pertaining to the three sisters Bunnycastle. Mrs. B.'s great black leather writing-case, where she kept her school accounts, and her account-book, and her valuables, had an occasional table to itself; and when I have added to the pictorial embellishments of the room an agreeable although somewhat faded engraving of Pharaoh's Daughter finding the Infant Moses in the Bulrushes, and remarked that on each side the window hung a cage containing a canary, both of which were unceasingly watched by a gray cat of Angora breed, I may be absolved from further performance of my favorite but unpopular part of the historian's task, and you will have gained a sufficiently definite idea of the appearance of the back parlor set apart for supper at Rhododendron House.

It was the same summer evening—the evening of the day of the flower-show at Chiswick, and of Griffin Dubb's rendezvous with the pilgrim and wife at the sign of the Goat. The hour was half past nine, and the Bunnycastles were sitting down to supper. Pepper, the maid, a demure person, far gone into spinsterhood, attended upon them. The Miss Bunnycastles had a decided objection to "maid of girls," as they were accustomed to call all female domestics under five-and-twenty, and every servant at Rhododendron House was expected to be thirty years of age, or to wear caps and a countenance corresponding to that period in life. Pepper's Christian name happened to be Martha; but she was rigidly addressed as "Pepper," and every servant in the house went equally by her surname. It averted the possibility of familiarity on the part of the young ladies.

The supper was not a very sumptuous repast. It never was. Frugality, as well as early rising and timeous retiring, formed the rule at Rhododendron House; and the Miss Bunnycastles were small eaters. There was the remnant of a leg of mutton, cold, grinning in a very ghastly manner after its attack on the operating table at the usual o'clock dinner. It was brought up more for ornament than for use, and unless some friend dropped in to sup, it would select circle of acquaintances were so permitted to pay visits at supper-time—it was rarely subjected to the renewed action of the knife. Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle supped on a small basin of arrow-root. Miss Celia seldom partook of any refreshment more substantial than a minute parallelogram of stale bread, and a diminutive cube of cheese, with, perhaps, a slip or two of pickled cabbage; and Miss Matilda habitually contented herself with a slice of bread and butter. Yet all of them would have submitted to the severest of sacrifices rather than go without that which they imaginatively styled their "supper." Only with Mrs. Bunnycastle did the meal assume the aspect of substantiality, and not of an airy and fanciful myth. Madame Mère really supped. A nice bit of mutton, or a boiled cod-fish, or an egg and a slice of ham, or a mutton-chop, something warm, and meaty, and comfortable, in fact, was always prepared for her. She belonged to the old school, when sentimentality did not in the slightest degree affect the human appetite.

The beverage in which, and in the strictest moderation, the Miss Bunnycastles indulged during their unpretending be ..ast, was not a more aristocratic one than tea—pale of the very smallest brewing. There could scarcely have been malt enough, in a whole cask of it, to have given one headache to the rat that rioted upon the germinated grain lying in the house that Jack built. The ladies just took two or three sips of the mawkish infusion of gyle and hops, which had been more frightened than fermented by the yeast, and the ceremonial supper beer was over. But again did Mrs. Bunnycastle vindicate her descent from the old school. She liked something better than table-ale; and so, for her peculiar sustentation, was nightly provided a pint of the very best bottled stout. Not—my protest against doing duty allowed—that she ever tasted a pint unwarrantable liberty, I am inclining that after supper the good old lady was accustomed to solace herself with a tumbler three parts full of a curious and generously-smelling mixture, of which the component parts appeared to be hot water, lemon-peel, sugar, and gin.

On this particular flower-show evening the ordinary routine underwent a slight modification in character, and the conversation of an unusually animated nature. Not that there was any thing unusual to eat than usual; but there was a guest. The Mid-summer holidays were just over, nearly all the pupils had returned, and some new ones (each of them to learn music) had arrived. Hence one reason for jubilation. Then the quarterly bills had been paid by the majority of the parents and guardians, and with not more grumbling or reluctance than usual. Another cause for joyfulness. Finally, Mr. Drax, the apothecary, had looked round from the list of the Bunnycastles were all very glad to see him.

Mr. Drax was the very discreetest of apothecaries to be found in the parishes of Clapham, in the county of Surrey, or any where else you like to name. The first evidence of his discretion was in his keeping. He was a bachelor. He kept no profound a secret. He was the oldest lobking young man, or the youngest looking old man in the medical profession, as the case might be at that out of it. You might have fancied Drax to be just "passing through"—just on his way to—he didn't am not exaggerating. How are you to judge of a man's age, when upon his face not a vestige of hirsute adornment is to be seen, except a few shocks are as round and as smooth as apples (apples in wax, before the coloring matter is applied, for Mr. Drax's cheeks when he wears spectacles, and a wig, and a white tie? He had lost all his hair, he said, through a fever in early youth, and was true enough to the letter of official coiffure. When occurred the period of that early youth? two years, or half a century ago? It was impossible to say. "Guess, you scale je?" and the inquisitive ladies of Clapham, although their acquaintance with the works of the psalm and ode ought to have made them sharper, were constrained to give a similar reply to the oft-posed question. There were no actual wrinkles on the flower-like countenance, and the slight puckerings under his eyes and about his mouth might have been the result of acinous gout of the air: for although Drax had never rubbed him apothecary, Parfitt Drax had passed both Hall and College, and was a general practitioner. He wore spectacles, but his eyesight was short-sighted; but nobody knew whether his imperfect vision was inborn, or had grown upon him with years. He was too discreet to tell you the real reason. If he was, indeed, a professional man about town, his specialty was his wig, and his white tie, relieved him from that appearance of juvenility which, in discreet boarding-house, or Clapham High-street society, would have been a reproach and a stumbling-block to him. If he was old, his make up was perfect, and he, or his valet, had a knack of brushing his lamplied over Time, who ordinarily triumphs over all. The accomplished Madame Rachel, and her no less accomplished colleagues, all that Arbuthnian, Indo-Syriac, and Mesopotamian enamels and varnishes, could not have made Drax look more "beautiful forever" than he did. He prided himself under the influence of imperturbable discretion, scrupulous cleanliness, a neckerchief of soft cambric, a wig of the best, and a false head of hair. This head, this wig, was in itself an achievement. It was discreet, like its possessor. It showed no signs of "parting," all hair of which its unnaturally crisp curls. It was a waving, flowing, reasonably tumbled, human-looking undergrowing, of a dubious, but not glaring, that might have begun to turn gray the next moment, or have preserved its natural hue until the day it gathered its last. It was a wig for any age, or for no age at all.

Drax, I say, had a white tie; but it was not, in the remotest degree, a clerical kerchief, either of the Established Church (stiff, starched, and orthodox) or of Dissent (voluminous, floppy, and dubious-hued) pattern, of both which you may see innumerable patterns all the year round at Clapham and Brixton. It was a tie of secular medical neckband, a consulting neckcloth, a family cravat—symmetrical without being formal—a badge without insignia. It was tied in a bit of square bow, of which the experience in evening party and opera-going beau might have been envious. Drax—we have already touched his hands, in hue and consistence belonging to the glacial period. They added to his discreet appearance. His right middle finger was adorned with a mourning ring containing a lady's hair, and an indecipherable monogram. The hair was of an ambiguous shade. It might have been that of his deceased wife, or of his sister, or of his mother, or of his grandmother. It formed an additional piece of artillery in his discretional battery. I think that if Sir Charles Hall had looked upon Drax's hair, he would, in Clapham, before he entered into his disertations on the anxiety of man, the visit would have afforded that philosopher ample and edifying food for cogitation. But a great many years have passed since 1836, and, peradventure, at the time this story opens Sir Charles had not begun to trouble himself about man's antiquity at all.

Mr. Drax, the apothecary, or general practitioner, was the darling and enfant gâté of Rhododendron House. He was the Vert-Vert of this semi-monastic community—without Vert-Vert's naughtiness and laxity of tongue, however. He was called "Doctor," and his ministrations were deemed so satisfactory that surgeons or physicians of more exalted standing in their profession were but rarely summoned within the Bunnycastle precincts. Clapham being full of doctors driving their broughams, and possessing the utmost fraternal of feelings, and the biggest of brass plates, the gentlest medicos naturally felt aggrieved at the preference shown to a mere apothecary, a fellow who made up pills and spread plasters in a flourishing establishment of "family gin," without wasting the grave faculties, and which, according to ordinarily received calculation, should have yielded a handsome annual profit to the professor's healing vocation. The faculty, properly so called, consequently denounced Drax as an interloper, and sneered at him as a humbug and charlatan. Drax, as usual, behaved with infinite discretion. Constantly and detraction did not so much as make him raise his eyebrows in distinction; and when Miss Furblow, the parlor boarder, and daughter of a rich draper of Newington Causeway, was taken ill with the measles, Mr. Drax insisted that Dr. Hopscotch, of the Royal College of Physicians, should be called in. The doctor came, looked at Miss Drax, who, nothing irritated, was most obsequious to him, and got his guinea a visit, duly charged to the debit of the draper in Miss Furblow's quarterly account; but, for all that, Dr. Hopscotch failed in gaining the slightest footing as authorized or habitual medical attendant at Rhododendron House.

Mr. Drax was a frequent visitor at the school, not only in his professional capacity, but as a friend of the family. He would attend to some as often as he liked, and to supper uninvited. In fact, he "dropped in" just as the family supper-tray came to supper, as *soon* after nine as ever you *possibly* can. We want so *very* much to *see* you, and *consult* with you on a most *particular* and *important* matter." The original underscorings are Miss Barbara Bunnycastle's, and not mine.

This missive, signed with the initials B. B., and "yours ever faithfully," and sealed with Barbara's own device of the charming enough little motto of "Dinna forget," was duly dispatched at tea-time by the page and knife-boy (the only male creature in the establishment but the gardener, who came once a week for four hours, forming part of the Rhododendron retinue) to Mr. Drax's residence, Drax Lodge, in College Street; and punctually at half past nine the discreet apothecary made his appearance within the back parlor. He had as small an appetite—or, in his discretion chose to be as abstemious as the Bunnycastles themselves—and so, after consuming a very thin slice of the grinning mutton, and sipping a very small quantity of the tablebeer, Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle mixed the old her own fair hands (never mind if they were slightly bony), a tumblerful of the warm, colorless, but comforting beverage which her manma was in the habit of imbibing after supper. Then the conversation, which had hitherto been fitful and desultory, became concentrated and engrossing.

"Did you ever hear of such a strange, romantic affair as Miss Adelaide's speculation?" said Miss Barbara Bunnycastle, addressing the company in very thin slice of the grinning mutton, and sipping a very small quantity of the tablebeer. Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle mixed the old lady a tumblerful of the warm, colorless, but comforting beverage which her mamma was in the habit of imbibing after supper. Then the conversation, which had hitherto been fitful and desultory, became concentrated and engrossing.

"Did you ever hear of such a strange, romantic affair as Miss Adelaide's speculation?" said Miss Barbara Bunnycastle, addressing the company in very thin slice of the grinning mutton, and sipping a very small quantity of the table-be

nyesatile, with an energy unusual to one of her soft and sentimental nature. "When you've kept a school as long as I have, girls, you'll know that there are, as the doctor says, hundreds of reasons for putting a little bit of a child away, and leaving her under proper care till she's grown up. I think we're all agreed. The little one is to be taken?"

"Certainly," chorused the three maidens.

"You could not have arrived at a more sagacious decision," acquiesced Mr. Bunnycastle.

"But the most embarrassing thing of all is," Miss Adelaide resumed, "that she is to be brought here this very night. We expect her papa and mamma. The gentleman with the diamond ring —the man-servant, I mean—said they might be as late as half past ten. Of course I could not stay late an hour, and from a stranger too, at Rhododendron House. Such a thing has never happened in our house since we first came here."

"Nor is it likely, I should hope, to happen again," Drax interposed, with another sitting bow.

"And it was principally for that reason, doctor," pursued Miss Adelaide, "that we asked you to come. We wished, in case we found it up to take this little thing, to have you here as a friend of witness, as it were, when her papa brought her."

"Perhaps her papa will object," remarked Barbara.

"To what? To something he can't see any more than the man in the moon can?" retorted her sister, sarcastically. "Nothing could be likelier than his objection to a stranger being present if his object is to secure secrecy; but, at the same time, nothing is easier than to avoid the slightest unpleasantness."

"Of course, of course," said the discreet apothecary. "I apprehend I may remain for a moment, my dear young lady. You wish me to be a witness, but an invisible one. You must receive the visitors in the front drawing-room. If you will kindly have the lamp lit there, and leave me here in darkness" (and he might have added, "in discretion"), "with one of the folding-doors the slightest degree in the world on the jar, I shall be an auditor to all that passes, and you may depend on my adroitness to be as well as hear."

Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle clapped her hands in grave applause at the apothecary's suggestion. Celia regarded him with eyes of favor. Barbara smiled upon him; and Mrs. Bunnycastle was just on the point of asking him if he would take just one little drop more of spirituous-and-water (although I am certain that Drax, in his discretion, would have refused), when the gate-bell was rung, and, a moment afterward, the sound of carriage-wheels was heard crunching the gravel-walk before Rhododendron House. The ladies hurried into the drawing-room. A solemn hush with a grave shade over it seemed to befall the gravel-walk before Rhododendron House. The ladies hurried into the drawing-room. A solemn hush with a grave shade over it seemed to befall them, and presently Pepper announced that two gentlemen, with a little child with them, requested an interview with Mrs. and the Misses Bunnycastle.

CHAPTER VI.

LILY SITS UP A LITTLE.

FRANCIS BLUNT, Esq., sometimes called Frank, but now familiarly known as Griffin, entered the scholastic presence with the assured air of one who felt himself among those ready to do him homage. He was still exquisitely polite—indeed, courtesy was second nature to him; but his politeness was the condescension of a sovereign among his subjects—of the Marquis de Carabas among his vassals and his wealth. He did not cry "*Chapeau bas!*" but his look commanded more irresistibly than the most peremptory tone of his voice would have done.

Mr. Blunt had thrown over his attire of the afternoon a long ample cloak of circular cut, deeply lined with velvet, and made of the finest broadcloth. It was called a "Spanish" cloak; and in Spanish I am afraid the eminent Mr. Nugee, the tailor who had made it, was paid. Blunt had long since passed into that state of indebtedness when a man gets credit solely on the strength of his already owing an enormous sum.

In this Spanish mantle there was no denying that he had the aspect of a mysterious stranger. Some of its jewels were artfully contrived to peep from among the folds of the cloak, and glittered out of the dark shadows. His hair, whiskers, and teeth were more fascinating than ever.

Close upon the dandy's heels, and carrying a slight cloak from wrapped up in the hair, was Mr. Blunt's friend. Yes; he was his friend—his guide and philosopher too, although to the world the relation in which he stood to the leader of fashion was not more exalted than that of a valet de chambre. Mr. Blunt's friend was hero and valet in one, and looked each character equally well.

In his way he was as exquisitely dressed as his master. It is difficult to make any but a remarkable out of a full suit of glossy black. You must needs look, in general, either like a waiter, or a doctor, or a schoolmaster, or an undertaker. The friend and valet of Francis Blunt, Esq., did not approach any one of the above-mentioned types of humanity. Mr. Nugee made the coats of the man as well as of the master. The valet's coat was peculiar. It wasn't a frock-coat, and it wasn't a swallow-tail—nay, nor a frock, nor a surtout, nor a spencer, nor a shooting-jacket. It was a coat with which no one could quarrel. It had the slightest clerical appearance, just tinged with a shade of the sporting cut. It was as a Cambridge Don strolling on Newmarket Heath. And then it subsided into the plain, unadorned, but exquisitely neat coat of the English gentleman. It was eminently a Conservative, a Chancloc clause, a Test and Corporation, a "No-Surrender" coat. Mr. Nugee would have seemed to make such a coat for a Whig. For a Radical he would naturally have declined to confect coats at all.

There is little need to say any thing of the supplementary garments worn by Mr. Blunt's friend. That incomparable coat disarmed all ulterior criticism, and would have compensated for any shortcomings in the remainder of the attire. Such shortcomings, however, were nonexistent. Every thing came up to a high standard of excellence. A delicate appreciation of art was shown in the fine, delicate, pearl-like pearl buttons, that showed itself between the termination of the pantaloon and the foot of the tasselled boot. A refined spirit of propriety was manifest in the narrow shirt-collar, and the quietly-folded scarf of black ribbed silk, fastened with a subdued cameo representing the head of a Roman emperor. Even that diamond ring to which Miss Bunnycastle had so indignantly referred, and evidently valuable as it was, had nothing about it on which the imputation of obtrusiveness or ostentation could be fixed. It was worn on the little finger of the left hand, and rarely brought into play.

It is time to say a few words about the individual for whom a skillful tailor and his own delicacy of taste had done so much. Nature had been partially kind, but with her accustomed severity had withheld from the individual. He was of the middle size, and clean-limbed, but all the powers of the coat were required to develop them fully, but not entirely, succeeded in disguising the fact that he was so round-shouldered as to be almost humpbacked. Without the coat he would have been Quasimodo; with it he was only a gentleman who, unfortunately, stooped a good deal. His head was small, and the color of that invaluable coat was so cut as to make his neck sit well on his torso. His hair was of the deepest raven black, and had the reflections, indeed—and, had it had its own way, would have grown in widely-ruffled luxuriance. Its possessor, however, kept it under by the use of the decorative of Cloclon le Chevelu. From nape to temples his locks had been made to undergo severe pressure; yet, close as the scissors had gone, you could tell at a glance that a forest had been there.

In the whole attitude of the man there was repose, concealed strength, abnegation of outward show. Had he given his mind and lips full play, the expression of his countenance would have been terrible. But with rare self-denial he kept his eyelids habitually drooped, and his mouth had a great flashing, devouring orbs with the yellow circle round each pupil. In the same spirit of self-restriction, his lips, so accustomed to rail and pulpy, were under inflexible management, and were kept firmly set together. Not half the full, red beard could be seen, though a part of it had. He sometimes smiled, but he never hit, in public. There was one concealment he could not or but did not care to effect. The heavy, bushy black eyebrows were untampered with, and notwithstanding the labored anemity of his physiognomy, they gave it a terribly Satanic look. Add to this that his complexion was dark, but so far removed from sanguineous hues as to be well-nigh alabaster, and you have a check he wore a short, closely-cropped, triangular whisker strongly resembling a mutton cutlet in hue, and you have the individual's carte de visite complete. Pardon my mentioning photography so many years before the discoveries from the first crude experiments of Niepce and Daguerre; but it is my habit to write retrospectively.

This individual was Monsieur Constant, valet de chambre and confidential factotum to Francis Blunt, Esq. He had been all his master did; and there were a great many things within his, the servant's ken, of which the master had not the slightest idea. Monsieur Constant knew that he was five-and-thirty years of age, bien sonnés, which means that he might have been between five-and-thirty and forty, and there was no reason for disbelieving his statement. Monsieur Constant came from Switzerland—from one of the cantons where they talk French through a pipe, to judge from his swarthy complexion. I believe his Christian name was Jean Baptiste. All his foreign servants have that name. The English ones could be known to all who were at the pains to inquire. They were enrolled in the catalogue of distinguished men with the British aristocracy. His character, or rather his behavior, was unexceptionable. He was attached to a Duchess. He had valeted the Duke of Pumpotter, and attended on his son and heir, the young Marquis of Bellair, in all his travels throughout the grand tour. He had been for a short time groom of the chambers to Lord Bullborough, when the latter nobleman was ambassador at Paris. Griffin Blunt had won him from the diplomatic service, and although he lost promotion, if not caste, by the change, the valet clung with strange tenacity to his new master, in whose service he had now been three years. His pecuniary profits were considerable. He purchased, had his own game to play, and played it with tranquil skill. Mr. Blunt declared that his man Constant was invaluable. "None of your five-act comedy valets," he would say; "none of your Mascarilles—your flippant, impertinent, dishonest jackanapes, but a steady-going, responsible fellow, who knows his business, and does it without bothering you. I wouldn't lose him to know the winner for the next Oaks. He's a proud fellow enough. Sells his old clothes to the Jews, but his own coats made by my tailor. Never dresses beyond his station, however. He does me credit; and, egad, I fancy he shares in it, though I dare say he's got much more money than I have." I fancy Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant had.

He spoke English fluently and idiomatically, as it is the custom of his countrymen to do. His foreign accent was apparent, but it was not grotesque. He did not call people "his little cabbages," nor say that he "mocked himself of them," nor translate as an excessive Verre Saint Gris into "Stomach Saint Grey." In a word, that foreigners speaking English are not so accustomed to render literally their native locutions, and that to ascribe such a habit to them is an agreeable myth invented by English writers who can not speak French, and have contracted an imaginative way of making French-can talk English.

As for the jovial person in this group, poor little Lily, the child was placidly slumbering in the folds of the great warm shawl. She had cried herself to sleep in the hackney-coach, and when, during the vehicle stopped at Rhododendron House, was fast for a moment. Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant laid her gently down in the state arm-chair, with its elaborately-worked crimson cushions, slightly to the annoyance of Mrs. Celia Bunnycastle, who had never seen a new pupil permitted to occupy that imposing throne of instruction on her entrance, and then stood respectfully in the back-ground, a demure smile mantling on her dark face. Adelaide Bunnycastle admitted in the inmost recesses of her heart that the scene was eminently romantic. It was like Lara; it was like the Corsair; it was like Byron's Bride of Abydos.

Meanwhile the dandy had allowed his mantle to drop gently from his shoulders, and accepted with his graceful courtesy the seat offered him by Mrs. Bunnycastle, who had reserved the moreen morocco fauteuil for his reception, but had in the excess of agitation of the fair to fall back on a high-backed chair of walnut wood. He was overwhelming in compliments and apologies for intruding on the ladies at so unseemly hour; but pleaded stress of business and an imminent departure for foreign parts, and having said something flattering to the effect that the house, castles, and thus fulfilled all the ornamental requirements of the occasion, turned, as in pursuance his wont, to Monsieur Constant for what was needed in the way of utility.

"Ah! he is asleep," said he; "has he missed Mr. Drax to himself, in the dark. "The man-servant's a foreigner too. Let's have another look at him." And the dandy, still keeping his mantle view, Mr. Drax, slightly deroguing from his reputation for discretion, opened one of the doors with a little and looked in. He was asleep.

The dandy started. "What the devil is that noise?" he asked with an abruptness not precisely unison with the tone of mellifluous suavity he had adopted a moment before.

Mrs. Bunnycastle had no time to be shocked at the irreverence of the stranger's oath, as she was too much flurried by the creaking of the door, and in a nervous murmur laid the blame of the occurrence on Mr. Drax. The dandy seemed perfectly satisfied when the grave, respectful voice of Monsieur Constant gave a fresh turn to the conversation.

He had politely declined the seat offered him by the youngest Miss Bunnycastle, and remained standing; but now advanced a couple of paces. "Monsieur, whom I have the honor to serve," he said, "has brought the little girl of whom mention has been made. Monsieur is ready to pay the sum agreed upon, fifty guineas, for one year's board and education, and only requires a little paper of receipt undertaking that no further demand shall be made upon him until a year shall have elapsed."

"We don't even know the gentleman's name if we made such a demand," Mrs. Bunnycastle remarked, with a sniff. "For all we're going any body must be called by some name or other."

"Certainly, certainly," broke in the dandy. "Call her Miss Lily, or Miss Floris, or by any other name, you know, and what's in a name?"

"Floris; a very pretty name indeed," said Miss Barbara, writing it down on a sheet of paper. "And her Christian name? Will you oblige us with that, and her age?"

The dandy looked uneasily at his valet. I declare I think he had forgotten his daughter's name.

"Lily," said Monsieur Constant, briefly, and red to.

As he spoke, the child woke up from her sleep, and thinking herself called, answered with a sob that she was "yay tyde." Poor little thing, she was tired enough in all conscience.

The sound of her voice was a signal to the two younger Miss Bunnycastles to hasten to the rescue. They took the little one from her father's to kiss her, and smooth her hair, and fondle her, and go through the remainder of the etiquette invariably observed by Rhododendron House on the reception of a new pupil of tender age. Not that the Miss Bunnycastles were either hypocritical or insincere. They were naturally women fond of children, but they saw so many and so much of them.

Miss Barbara continued to write. "Lily Florris," she repeated: "I have no doubt of her being an ornament to our school," she said, "and am sure she will be happy here."

"If she understand most unremitting, the most watchful supervision, the kindest treatment and the most liberal diet can conduce to her physical or spiritual welfare, said Mrs. Bunnycastle, who had got the prospectus atop on, I can vouch for this establishment affording every guarantee for the happiness of those confided to its care. I do not, I trust, said, Sir, that you declined giving a reference."

"Monsieur does not decline," respectfully interposed Monsieur Constant; "but he holds it to be unnecessary, and in three months, if not oftener, either Monsieur or myself, having the honor to serve him, will call to see how the child is progressing, and what she requires. She is to be Miss Lily Floris until further orders, and there are to be no extras and no vacations. I have now fifty-two pounds ten shillings in a bag, which I will hand to you if you will favor me with the receipt."

The required paper was duly made out, and signed by Miss Barbara; and Monsieur Constant, advancing to the table, respectfully placed a little wash-leather bag, containing the sum he mentioned, in the hands of the schoolmistress. Nothing loth, Mrs. Bunnycastle proceeded to count it; and even the eyes of her two eldest daughters twinkled as the sovereigns came out their faint "chink, chink," surely the pleasantest sound that can ever be heard by mortal ears, save and except only the voice of the dear one who murmurs "I love you," and the cry of your first child. Barbara Bunnycastle was insensible to the gold's seductive sound. Her eyes wandered from the dandy to his valet, and her soul was filled with wonder and admiration for both. It was like the Corsairs of Glenhurst; it was like the Children of the Abbey. It grew more and more romantic every moment.

Till the dandy, who had been eyeing with his rings, and flicking specks of dust from his boots, had subjected his valet to such close ocular inspection that you might have counted his eyes were Stanhope lenses, rose with an expression very much akin to relief in his countenance, to go. He was assured, he said, that with the one would receive every care and kindness at the hands of the ladies of Rhododendron House, and he left her in their charge with every trust and confidence. He was proceeding to make the cadence complete in one of the most graceful of bows, and to have the honor of wishing them all a very good evening, when Mrs. Bunnycastle deferentially interposed.

"There is only one little thing more," she said, rather hesitatingly; "has—has—has your—has the gentleman—the individual (Monsieur Constant) brought the young lady's boxes?"

"What boxes?" asked the dandy, with a polite stare.

"Her clothes, her linen," explained all the Bunnycastle family with one voice.

Francis Blunt, Esq., looked at them generally in blank discomposure. He turned to Monsieur Constant, but that retainer resigned his absolutes as though it were beyond his province or his power to interfere.

"Confound it," cried the dandy, "it's very vexatious; but the fact is, we've forgotten the clothes."

"A nice affectionate father," murmured Mr. Drax, in the dark. "Poor little lamb, to have fallen among these wolves!"

The dilemma was perplexing, but not irremediable. Monsieur Constant explained that Monsieur, whom he had the honor to serve, had left Rhododendron House unprepared for a visit in London. Would ces dames undertake to procure clothes for the child if a sum were left in advance sufficient for the purpose? They probably require? Mrs. Bunnycastle bowed her head in gracious approval of this proposal. What sum would be needful? Only a trifle, merely a pounds, the valet whispered his master. The latter, looking any thing but pleased, but still too well-bred to give way to his wrath, assented, acquiesced in what his companion suggested, and from a purse elegantly embroidered with beads and gold thread took out a roll of bank-notes, and some notes which he handed to Mrs. Bunnycastle. Again he rose, suppressing a slight yawn, and saying that it was past eleven o'clock, and that he had detained the ladies an unconscionably long time, proceeded to take his leave.

All the women's garments rustled too—for they had dressed themselves in silk attire, in expectation of this visit—as he made his reverence of farewell. Mrs. Bunnycastle was profuse in her thanks and protestations of solicitude for Lily's welfare. The young ladies chimed in harmoniously.

"She is to be brought up in the principles of the Church of England?"

"Of course—of course. By all means—eh, Constant?"

Monsieur Constant bowed diplomatically, as though to convey that, professing as he might himself a different creed, he had the profoundest respect for that of England; and then at that of the ladies before him, of Monsieur whom he had the honor to serve, and of the gentel classe in general.

"As her little mind expands," said Mrs. Bunnycastle, "no effort of ours shall be spared, not only to instil into her the rudiments, but also to lay the foundation of clever ornate accomplishments."

"Thank you, thank you," Mr. Blunt returned, rather hastily, and cutting short a further compliment which was evidently impending: "she's she's old enough, of course she'll learn French and drawing, and that sort of thing."

And about to suggested the valet, in a low, deeply respectful voice.

The dandy started as though a wasp had stung him. When he spoke again there was no grace, dry harshness in his voice. "Madam," he said, turning to the schoolmistress with a sternness unmoved in the most genial condition, "I do not want my daughter to learn to dance. Mind that, if you please. No dancing for Miss Lily Floris. I have the honor to wish you a very good-night."

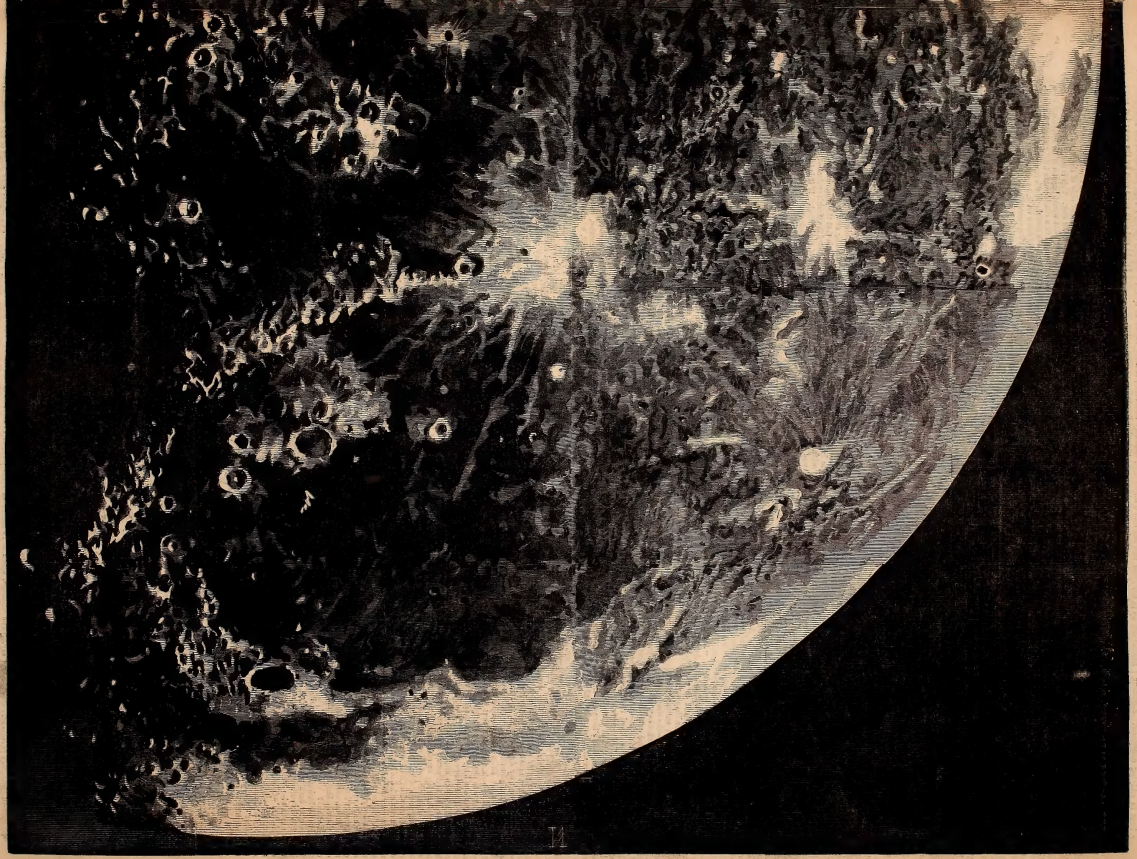
He was going. He was on the threshold when Monsieur Constant whispered to him:

"Monsieur has forgotten to bid adieu to la petite."

The dandy looked disconcerted. I declare he was departing without taking any more notice of Lily than if she had been a dog. He soon recovered himself, however, made a genteel dash in our step toward the moreen morocco fauteuil, and with his usual charming grace imprinted a kiss upon Lily's brow. The little one did not heed him. She had fallen asleep again He turned, bowed, and touched the tips of all the ladies' fingers in succession. He was unrivaled in the art of touching your hand without shaking it. The women's garments rustled again

[*Continued on Page 186.*]

FAC-SIMILE OF A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON, TAKEN BY DR. HENRY DRAPER'S TELESCOPE.—[SEE PAGE 186.]



(Continued from Page 183.)

as they bent in edifying courtesies. Monsieur Constant bestowed a bow on the company, reverential but not servile, as became his degree, and Pepper ushered the two to the door, and they went away.

"La petite n'est pas mal," Mr. Blunt vouchsafed to remark, as the exiles made their door open for him.

Constant knew very well that by la petite his master did not mean his little daughter. He slightly inclined his head.

"The one they called Barbara—what a Gothic name," pursued Blunt, "why not call her Brunehilde at once. But she is passable. She has a fatigued air and long coats. C'est une femme qui rêve, et qui se tourmente. Does the coachman know where to drive, Constant?"

"Back to town. He has received his instructions. He never had so good a job in his life. Shall I give monsieur his cigar-case?"

"If you please," the dandy said. The valet handed it to him with a bow.

"Put down the glass," Mr. Blunt continued, in the polite peremptory tone.

The valet did as he was bidden. He sat with his back to the horses. His voice never rose beyond the muted breath of a dependent. He never took a liberty. Monsieur Constant knew his master and man there was not the slightest familiarity, but there was a good deal of mutual intelligence. Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant knew all that his master did, and was aware besides of a good many things to which that refined gentleman was an entire stranger.

So they drove away, the dandy yawning and stretching himself, and saying how tired and hungry he was, and what a bore it was to have any thing to do with children, and how glad he should be to get to bed. But Mr. Francis Blunt had much more to go through that night before he retired to rest.

The first thing the Bunnycastles did when the sound of the hackney-coach wheels had died away was to beat the lamp and the money they had just received on the back parlor table with the discreet Mr. Drax. Then they proceeded to count the fifty-pound sovereigns and a half all over again. Then they examined the crisp banknotes from the medallion of Britannia to the signature of Mr. Henry Hase. Then they turned to the backs of those documents, scanning the much blotted dorsal scribblings—the worst pens, the worst ink, and the worst pot-hooks and hangers in the world always seemed called into play for the indorsement of bank-notes—and wondered whether "Hase" was dated from Hase Court, worth, or "Cutchins & Co.," who gave their address in Leather Lane, or "C. J. Gumby," who seemingly lived at Rose Cottage, could have any thing to do with the mysterious strangers who had just faded away from their ken, leaving a little child, not four years old, clutching woolen shawl, and sixty pounds odd, sterling money of this realm, behind them. They could make nothing of the notes, however, beyond the fact that they were genuine, or of the gold, save that it chinked cheerily, or of either, save that the money looked very nice. Then they drew breath, and interchanged glances of pleasing perplexity.

I think it was Mr. Drax who, with his never failing discretion, now suggested that it might perhaps be better to put the "new pupil" to bed, as she looked very sleepy after the journey and must be very tired. Poor little "new pupil!" The Bunnycastles had forgotten all about her. The tangible hope that her arrival would have exhausted had caused the tiny mortal of humanity, who was to be boarded and educated, to fade away into the realms of nuisance. They were on too familiar terms with Drax to manifest much shame when thus reminded of their forgetfulness. They never put on company airs before the apothecary. Adelaide acknowledged with a smile that the little body had quite slipped her memory, and while she rang the bell for Pepper, enjoyed Barbara to fetch the child from the drawing-room. It was summer weather, and not so very chilly then. Besides, had she not the warm checked shawl?

The child looked up at her with a strange light into the candle, but did not cry. She seemed to be rather relieved by the absence of the two men who had brought her to Rhodendendron House. The dandy's resplendent attire and dazzling teeth, and the valet's coat, cameo, and smile had not failed in producing a favorable effect on her. On the other hand, while she submitted to be patted on the head by Mr. Bunnycastle, and generally smiled at by the two young ladies, she took very kindly to Mr. Drax, and coming toddling toward him essayed to climb upon his knees, reaching forward one of her plump little hands as though she desired to touch his discreet and mystic necktcloth.

"Ah!" said Drax, as he lifted her up and imprinted a discreet kiss on her forehead, just at the roots of her hair. "She won't be so very fond of me when she takes half the nasty things I shall be obliged to give her. Poor little thing! I wonder whether she's had the measles."

He leaned back in his chair and regarded her in fond anticipation, as though mildly gloating over a subject who was to conduce to the enlargement of his professional experience, and in the increase of his quarterly bills. Drax became for the moment a Rosicrucian. Even as the Sylphs, in the Rape of the Lock, hovered round Belinda at her toilet, so did the little baby girl to the discreetly expectant Drax seem encompassed by a multitude of gnomic forms, menacing to childhood, but conquerable by pills and potions, rhubarb and magnesia, sirup of squills, and compound extract of pyrogenic.

His reverie was put an end to by the arrival of Pepper, who, like a good-natured woman as she was, had stroked Lily's brown curls, kissed her on both cheeks, chucked her under the chin, hoisted her up in her arms, told her half a merry story about a little girl who was always ready to go to bed, and was, in consequence, much beloved by the angels, all, so it appeared, in a moment. The Bunnycastles were struck by the striking out these impromptu acquaintances with small children. They saw too much of the big ones.

"This is Miss Floris, Miss Lily Floris, Pepper," Mrs. Bunnycastle remarked, with calm dignity. "Her papa, who is going abroad, was obliged to bring her very late. We must bestow her as best we can to-night. What beds are there vacant, Pepper?"

"There's number two, in the first room, mum," answered the domestic.

"Number two, Lily!" interposed Adelaide; "that would never do. They never go to sleep until daybreak, I do believe, and they'd question the rest of her life before breakfast-time. And Mamselle, though it's her duty not to allow them to talk, is just as bad as they are."

"There's five and nine in the second room; but there's no mattress on five, and as for nine, you know, mum—"

"Well, what do we know?" asked Miss Celia, sharply.

"It's the bed Miss Kitty died in," Pepper returned, with an effort.

There was a family vault in Rhodedendron House against sleeping in the bed that Kitty had died in.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Mrs. Bunnycastle, giving vent to her favorite ejaculation, when she wasn't sentimentally didactic. "What can't matter? twelve and nine, Pepper, indeed! I suppose Kitty Waycell's ghost shows the second room?"

"Well, ma," pleaded Miss Barbara, "if she wasn't frightened, the girls would be sure to terrify her with bogey stories. She'd better not go to bed. At least not yet. I'll sit with her, Rose again sleeping in the shed, the junior's room, Pepper?"

"Just one, miss, some of the young ladies are sleeping two in a bed."

"Well, where are we to put her?" Adelaide asked, rather testily. "We can't keep the child up all night."

She looked remarkably wide awake, and as though she intended to remain so. She was playing with the ribbons in Pepper's cap, and seemed to would not be at all averse to making objection to the continuance of that amusement until cock-crow. As for Mr. Drax, his discretion was quite sufficient of himself to keep artificially domestic conversation, and he feigned to be immersed in the perusal of a volume of the Gentleman's Magazine.

"Well, if you please, mum," Pepper ventured to represent, "I think that as the dear little creature's young and tired, and as she says that I'd better take her to bed with me, mum, and then, to-morrow, you know, mum, you can see about it."

The ladies were grac ously pleased to accept this suggestion, and it was agreed to mem. con. And then—it being then close upon the eleven o'clock—Lily and her new guardian disappeared, and the discreet Mr. Drax, vowing that he was quite astonished at himself for having sat late, took his leave, promising to call in on the morrow afternoon, in case his advice should be required.

"A very nice girl is Barbara Bunnycastle," said Mr. Drax, softly to himself, as he walked home to College Street. "A very nice girl, and one who would make any man's home happy."

It is my purpose to inquire what Mrs. Bunnycastle and her second daughter Celia dreamed of that night, although probably the mysterious strangers were more the mysterious strangers; but if I have any clairvoyant privilege, I am entitled to use it for the revelation both Adelaide and Barbara dreamed of Mr. Drax.

DR. HENRY DRAPER'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.

SINCE the invention of the telescope, in the seventeenth century, many attempts have been made to represent the appearance of the moon. Drawings produced have only shown the position of the various parts, and have not given any idea of how the moon really looks. In the year of photography, however, it was perceived that that art would give the means of procuring exact representations of our satellite; and Professor J. W. DRAPER produced pictures, one inch in diameter, which he presented to the New York Lyceum of Natural History, and which several months ago he exhibited. A great many scientific men have worked with the telescope and camera, but their instruments, telescopes required, and the great expense necessarily, but few have prosecuted it to any advantage. The chief difficulty arises from their perfect truthfulness, and from the fact that, by comparing together those made at various dates, any changes in the moon can be observed.

The telescope which Dr. HENRY DRAPER (Professor of Natural Science in the University of New York) has said to be the largest reflecting telescope in America, and has been built by him especially for photographing the moon and heavenly bodies which have nearly six years to complete. He has involved a very heavy outlay, although the more delicate parts—as the silvered glass mirrors—have been made with his own hands. An Observatory at Hastings, near New York, 20 feet square and 22 feet high, is required to hold it, besides other buildings for photographic apparatus and machinery. The telescope, which is 16 inches in aperture and 13 feet long, has been mounted on an entirely new kind of stand; the revolving roof is turned around by a new method; indeed the observatory is full of novelties. A full description of it, copiously illustrated, is being published by the Smithsonian Institution at Washington.

The photographs of the moon that he has made during 1863 have greatly surpassed any that have been made before, some of even three feet in diameter, which show the moon on a scale of 60 miles to the inch having been produced. The wood-cut on the adjoining page is a fac-simile of one which represents that luminary on a scale of 100 miles to the inch. The highest talent and skill have been required, both in the draughtsman and engraver, to procure a faithful resemblance on the wood, and several weeks have been consumed in the operation.

The moon has always been an object of superstitious reverence to the uneducated. The Jews made their holidays to depend on her phases, and the Gentiles named a day of the week after her. The Mohammedans chose the crescent as their symbol, and it is to be regretted that our Revolutionary Fathers did not do the same, considering its eminent appropriateness to a young and growing country. It would have strengthened the hearts of those who fear that our present eclipse may be permanent, and have shown them that, sooner or later, a very dark shadow was destined to cross our path.

Many people suppose that the moon exercises a directive influence upon the weather—an opinion shared in by the gallant knight Hudibras:

"The Queen of Night, whose vast command
Rules the tides and governs the land;
And over moist and crazy brains
In high spring-tides at midnight reigns."

And this belief was carried to such an extent that, in King Edward's time, a man would swear that when he signed a paper he was moon-struck, he was *ipso facto* released from his bond. What a convenience such a law would be to some India-rubber consciences now! Other writers of the period had the same idea. Shakespeare calls that Caliban is a moon-calf—that is, a brute spawned by the moon's light on the scum of the sea—because he has an "ancient and fish-like smell," a kind of, not of the newest. So, too, Neocles of Crotona believes that Argive Helen, the cause of the Trojan war, was born of an ox egg found in the moon, and lunars bore extraordinary fairness. And Werenfels, speaking of a superstitious man—"He will not commit his seed to the earth when the moon is full but when she requires it. He will have his hair cut when the moon is either in Leo, that his locks may stare like his lion's mane, or in Libra, that they may curl like a ram's horn. Whatever he would have to grow he sets stout it when she is in her increase; but for what he would have to be closes her wane. When the moon is in Taurus he never can be persuaded to take physic, lest that animal which chews the cud should cause him to do the same." If any time do has a mind to be admitted to the presence of a pet, we would tell the moon is in conjunction with the sun, for 'tis then the mystery and it affection with 'superior is salutary and successful."

Of course, in the days of the Seers and Literary men, doctors were no better. The Honorable Robert Boyle (who poor Tom Hood says wrote "But Oh dream!") was a very ingenious physician, who practiced in Java, assured me that he observed some persons become lame by contraction of certain cramp-like nerves, and so continue for many weeks or months together. He also experienced it upon himself; for having, while he was a student in that island, to sleep after a very hot day for a considerable time on the ground that lay fully exposed to the moon, upon waking he found his leg contracted, and that his mouth drawn awry in a hideous manner, which obliged him to keep within doors till by the use of brisk aromatic medicines he freed himself from that disorder." The philosophers thought that most set in the moonshine produced maggots.

We are quite at these old misconceptions, but there are modern open just as gross. Many think that the moon appears as large as a cart-wheel, while almost all will agree that it is certainly "as big as a plate." One is about as far from the truth as the other, and size to the naked eye being about that of a pepper-corn. The only astronomical observation made by the national Scottish poet Burns, quoted in his "Death and Dr. Hornbook," may suggest to the public a modest and sober diffidence in expressing their opinion on such matters:

"The rising moon began to glow'r,
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre:
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r
I set myself;
But whether she had three or four
I cou'dna tell."

If a pea is held up at the nearest distance of distinct vision (ten inches), between the eye and the moon, it will be found that the moon's disk will be covered entirely by it. By the same means the delusion respecting its larger size when rising than when at the meridian is dispelled. The reason given by Alhazen, the Mohammedan astronomer, for this optical deception, was that it appeared in connection with intervening objects; but this seems at best unsatisfactory, for it looks equally large at sea. The actual diameter of the moon is 2160 miles, and her weight $\frac{1}{81}$ that of the earth.

Things weigh a good deal less upon the moon than they do upon the earth. A six-pound weight carried there would only be equal to one pound. Amateur artrronomers have amused themselves with calculating how high they could increase force of gravity, and find that a man might jump 30 feet high, and not come down harder than he does from an ordinary jump on the earth. The distance of the moon from us, 240,000 miles, may seem to be very great, but is not so in reality. Mr. BARNES, in his history of the cotton manufacture, says that, even in 1833, the woven fabrics of that substance exported from England in one year would form a girdle for the earth passing eleven times round the equator, and therefore more than sufficient to form a continuous sheet from the earth to the moon—a fact that will interest those who may inquire whether the distance will ever be bridged.

An examination of the fac-simile of the lunar photograph (pages 184 and 185) shows the well-known bright and dark parts seen by the eye; but many more things too are visible. The surface is diversified with elevations and depressions, which are more and more apparent as the eye traverses from the rounded to the straight side where the ruggedness is very marked. Some of our readers may inquire why it is that half only of the moon is shown, and not the whole disk. This is made apparent by considering what would happen if an individual were taken up to a considerable height above a mountain on the earth. If the sun were shining perpendicularly down on it, he would not be able to distinguish the mountain from the ground around; but if the sunlight fell sideways, so as to cast a shadow, it would be visible enough. So it is in the moon. The sunlight is coming from a point away to the left hand in this picture, and consequently the elevations and craters cast shadows which enable us to see them, while in the full moon, which is just as easily photographed, the light falls straight down, and the mountains become indistinguishable from the rest of the surface. This was the case on the left side of the moon when this photograph was taken. But besides the variety of tints arising from shadows, there are variations belonging to the different reflecting power of the rocks of which the moon is made. The broad places called seas—which do not, however, contain any water—are of a darker substance than many of the volcanoes; just as a dark rock looks darker than grass from a distance, would be darker than one in which chalk predominated.

Coming now to a closer examination, let us see why it is that the ruggedness of the straight edge is attributed to volcanic craters—that is, cavities blown out of the ground. If it is borne in mind that the light which is coming to us from the moon is reflected from the sun, and that he is away to the left hand, it will be found that these places must be pits, because the bright side is from the sun, and the dark side toward him. A well on the earth will have a shadow cast toward the west, and a dark one toward the east, when the sun has just risen.

The reader will observe that these craters are circular, and of very large size. As one circle in the picture corresponds to 100 miles, several of them must have their diameter, three to 300 and 75 miles across being quite common. Very many of the craters, too, as Aristillus (B7), have a central annual mountain resembling, in their circular, Vesuvius, near Naples; but the craters on the moon, as a rule, are far larger than those on the earth. Then, however, as no more than we can expect from the greater lightness of bodies there, less force being required to eject the lava. Besides, there is an atmospheric obstacle, because there is none air.

There are more volcanoes in the southern than in the northern hemisphere. In the latter there has been evidently a more gentle action. The range of mountains, as the Apennines (2G), have been produced, which are precipitous on the north, and gradually shelving on the south side. The great valleys—as the Mare Imbrium (D), and Oceanus Procellarum (C)—are in the northern hemisphere, and have a much smaller list than the volcanoes. They must be of darker materials, for where the lava mountain Copernicus (2S) has ejected his stream over the valley, the lava shows as bright lines running for hundreds of miles in all directions. But these volcanoes are now probably all extinct, though Herschel thought he saw one burning. Nevertheless we are not without evidence that there have been great changes in the appearance now exposed on the earth. In the reign of King Nekhempâle—"Beloved of the Moon"—(the second son of Moses, who was the third Pharaoh of united Egypt), the Libyans revolted, but alarmed by an unexpected increase in the size of the moon, submitted.—(Wilkinson.) This record does not state with enough precision what the change was; though, from its attracting popular attention and giving a name to a king, it must have been something extraordinary. It would be well for Chinese scholars to examine the records of that ancient people to see if it was recorded there.

The appearance of the moon at various times, from the new to the full, is constantly changing. To the naked eye she seldom ceases, as they are called, gradually increasing from a crescent to a circle, and then decreasing again. But in the telescope these changes are still more striking. At new moon it is night on all the side of the moon turned toward us, but this was gradually given on it, peak after peak, and the mountain-tops in succession receiving its beams, until at the end of a fortnight the whole hemisphere is in brilliant light. Along the rugged edge in the wood-cut there are seen several instances where the sun is just rising on the tops of mountains and edges of craters, giving at the first glance the idea that there are isolated bright places altogether separated from the body.

The first glance that every one takes on looking at the moon is, Is it inhabited? Apart from the well-ascertained evidence of the absence of air and water, still the lack of any signs of vegetation—conditions essential to the existence of any organized being that we know of—the horrible rigor of the cold at night, and desolate and inscrutable nature of the country forbid the supposition. Not the slightest trace of any work of human hands has ever been discovered, though telescopes like DR. DRAPER'S should enable the observer to contemplate the moon at a distance of 200 miles, and should permit us to perceive a city easily.

But although it shows no signs of living beings, it has been the source sometimes of great use to dead philosophers, consecrating the different mountains to different men, just as Egyptian kings had pyramids. The parcelling out of the moon's surface, however, has been conducted with fairness, for some almost unknown have good places, while great men like Galileo are put off under the fence. Some, too, are there who have no business among scientific people, whom they sheltered and ill-treated to their utmost while alive. The reader may judge of the comparative merits of Cyril (4L), who has a splendid tomb, and Hypatia (1J), buried in a miner one close by. The

story is extracted from "Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe:"

"Among the cultivators of Platonic philosophy whom the times had left, there was a beautiful young woman, Hypatia, the daughter of Theon, the mathematician, who not only distinguished herself by her expositions of the Neo-Platonic and Peripatetic doctrines, but was also honored by the ability with which she commented on the writings of Apollonian and other geometers. Every day before her door stood a long train of chariots; the instructress was invoked with the wealth and fashion of the city. Her aristocratic assistance were more than a rival to whose attendance the presiding of the assembly and perhaps contemporaneous comparisons were instituted between the philosophical lectures of Hypatia and the incomprehensible sermons of Cyril. It was not to be borne that a heathen woman should thus divide such a multitude with a prelate; it was not to be borne that the rich and noble and young should be carried off by the black art of a diabolical enchantress. Alexandria was too fair a prize to be left unmolested. . . . . .

"Cyril at length determined to remove this great rival—and everyone what now appeared to be the only obstacle in his way to uncontrolled authority in the city. As Hypatia came forth to her residence she is assaulted by Cyrilic mob—an Alexandrian mob of many monks. Amidst the fearful yelling of these barbarians the unprotected female she is dragged from her chariot, and, in the public street, stripped naked. In her martyr career she is hauled into an adjacent church, and in that sacred edifice is killed by the club of Peter the Reader. Vials the tears given by Peter the alm of Cyril was reached, but his merciless adherents not glutted their vengeance. They dismembered the corpse, and, incredible to be said, finished their barbarous crime by scraping the flesh from the bones with oyster-shells, and casting the remnants into the fire! Thus perished, at the instance of Cyril that Hecate might laugh at the call of his antagonist, his memory must bear the weight of the righteous indignation of posterity."

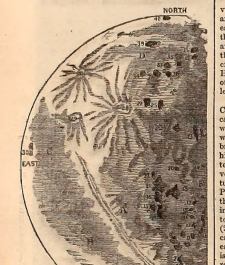


DIAGRAM FOR FINDING THE MOUNTAINS ON THE MOON.

As a sight-seeing traveler, guide-book in hand, examines the decaying tombs in Père la Chaise, when he does Paris, so we too will take a turn through this celestial church-yard, and examine some of the grave-stones, although hundreds must pass unnoticed. Our starting-point shall be Tycho (2), a great cavity, 55 miles across and 17,000 feet deep, with a high cone in the centre. This is dedicated to Tycho Brahe, the Dane, the builder of Uranieburg, one of the oldest observatories in Europe, which cost $200,000; one half of it he paid out of his own purse. He was not always so peaceful as he has been for the last 250 years, since it is related of him that he fought a duel with a nobleman, who cut off his nose. He, however, replaced it so skillfully with one made of colored wax that the loss was not perceived. He kept in his family a madman, whom every day at dinner he made a footstool of, in the belief that the remarks made in that position were prophetic. From the edge of Tycho there is a deep groove extending many hundred miles to the northeast.

Let us look to the south before we move. (1) away at the south is named after Newton, and affords another instance of the unfairness we have alluded to. He, the Prince of Astronomers, deserves the most conspicuous place, although his disparagers would have us believe that he became insane before he wrote on the prophecies, imputing it to his studying many days and nights in one position, trying to turn other metals into gold by the aid of a furnace.

To the southwest (3) is called Bacon. There are two claimants for this monument—Roger Bacon, the discoverer of spectacles, gunpowder, gases, "whose writings were centuries in advance of the time, and who was imprisoned ten years for the sake of science, and tortured without complaint. The other, Francis Lord Bacon, who never made a discovery in his life, who inveighed against mathematics and the use of instruments, and who abused his power as a judge to torture men. He is now being found out. Which has the best right we leave to the reader to determine. If the latter is to have a place, let it be on the other side of the moon, out of the sight of scientific men, or in Milton's Limbo.

In the same vicinity is (4) Cavier, whose discovery of fossil bones in the ground has taught us what animals roamed on the earth in long ages past, and how the tiger, elephant, and rhinoceros lived in England, under the shade of palm-trees growing in that (then torrid) climate. Close by (5) is Maurolycus, which exhibits a high central cone casting a long shadow to the right. Other more recent craters have broken here and there through its walls.

Toward the east (6) belongs to Fernel, who measured the earth by his carriage-wheel revolutions; and (7) to Nonius, whose true name was Peter Nunez, and who invented a scale for measuring minute parts. North of Nonius is a group of four, one of which (8) commorates Werner, who thought that the face of the earth was made irregular entirely by the action of water. If he has since looked about him on the moon, and observed how pock-marked the surface is, and yet how devoid of water, he must have changed his opinion. A little to the northwest (9) is Geber. Dr. Johnson says that *gibberish* is derived from his name, because he talked so obscurely. Next comes (10) Timocharis, the great historian, distinguished for the very opposite quality, the pithiness of his sentences. Speaking of Roman consuls, he said, "They make a solitude, and call it peace." Between the two is interred the great caliph Almamoun (11), who did so much for Arabic literature, and in fact, on every contrary measured the size of the earth on the shore of the Red Sea, and ascertained it to be three diameters within a few miles. Astronomers have not been as much disposed to deny the Arabians their rights as historians have; for within a little distance Abulfeda (12) and Albategnius (13) lie. The latter more than nine hundred years ago determined the length of the year within two minutes. To the east are also Arzachael (14) and Alpetragius (15), distinguished Moorish astronomers; and close by the latter (16) Alphonsus, the celebrated Spanish king of Castile, who said that if the heavens were indeed arranged as awkwardly as his contemporaries affirmed, he thought he could have fixed them better himself.

On the shores of the Sea of Nectar (17) are the volcanoes Pic (18) and Piton (19), the rival of Newton, and (18) for Kant, the metaphysician. To the northeast are the mountains to Hipparchus (20), the father of astronomy, who first numbered the stars, and Ptolemy (21), whose book on the heavens was the great authority for fifteen hundred years. A crater (22), insignificant in size, commemorates Herschel, but, considering the great achievements of father and son, a double one should have been selected for them.

On the brink of the Sea of Vapors (23) are Julius Cæsar (24) and Sosigenes (25), who reformed the calendar just previous to the birth of Christ. Cæsar, who was a good astronomer, found that autumn fell where winter used to, and where harvest spring. He brought Sosigenes from Athens to Rome, to assist him in rectifying this confusion. They gave fourteen months to the next succeeding year, and invented leap year, to avoid the difficulty in the future. On the opposite shore of that sea is Marco Polo (26), the Venetian traveler, whose statement that he saw black stones (that is, *coal*) used for fuel in China was so disbelieved in Europe in the thirteenth century. North of Cæsar is the Apennines (26), and on their eastern verge (27) Eratosthenes, called the universe-measurer.. Still farther to the east is (28) Copernicus, who is justly placed, for he is the restorer of the ancient doctrine that the earth revolves around the sun, for which he was put in jail at Rome, and forced to recant on pain of death. Kepler (29) too, still farther to the east, deserves his conspicuous place, for he discovered the three great astronomical laws.

From the top of Kepler, and on the far edge of the moon, is (30) Grimaldi, who, when a child, had added to light may produce darkness. Aristarchus (31), to the north, occupies the brightest spot on the moon. He is properly placed by above Copernicus, for he originated the doctrine that the latter developed. The Apennine range, where it turns to the northwest, separates Plato, on the western side of which are Eudoxus (32) and Aristotle (33). Few men have exerted a greater intellectual influence than this latter, who, by his writings, put harmony in scientific pursuits, kept a druggist's shop in Athens. Subsequently, however, Alexander the Great gave him a million of money, and the services of several thousand men to make experiments and write a history of animals. In the midst of the Sea of Showers (34), and close to the foot of the centaphs of Timocharis (34), who first determined the motions of the planet Venus, of Cassini (35), the first Director of the Paris Observatory, discovery of Autolycus (36) and Aristillus (37), old Greek astronomers, and (38) the celebrated Archimedes, the great geometer and mechanician of Syracuse. In the present age of big ships his doings are of the highest interest. Polybius, one of his contemporaries, relates how "Hiero, king of the Syracusans, was very earnest in ship-building, having built many vessels to carry corn, the largest number of one of which is described. For the wood he caused to be cut down such a number of trees as would have been sufficient for six ordinary galleys. This ship was half finished in six months, and *plated* with lead heh on by brass nails, three hundred master workmen besides very many carpenters having been employed. Archimedes, the famous mathematician, was the engineer-in-chief, having undertaken the superintendence when the other was already engaged in the launch. He inverted the screw, and so drew her into the water. It took six months more to complete the outside. The ship was propelled by rowers and sails, and had 20 banks of oars. The length was more than 420 feet, and the height out of the water more than 60 feet. Inside there were the most luxurious fittings—gardens and fishponds, temples with beautiful mosaic floors, tents, and stables for 20 horses. On the deck were 8 *turrets*, and an engine that threw bolts 18 feet long a distance of 200 yards. Another engine threw a bolt low, and served to convey darts and stones to the men and engines at the mast-heads and on the prows. The poop was provided with more than one *rom*. When the ship was done Hiero found that no harbor in Sicily could contain it safely, and therefore . . . it as a present to Ptolemy of Egypt."

We may boast in this age of progress of the things we are doing, but find that more than 2000 years ago there was an Ericsson alive who also could build formidable turreted metal-clad ships, and could launch them when they stuck fast.

On the northern shore of the Sea of Showers (D) is Plate (39). Every one knows how greatly his works were prized by Charles I; every one does not know that when put up at auction and sold for a slave he only brought 420 dollars. Not far from Plato rests poor Captain Scoresby (40), whom many of us have seen in the flesh—a good whale-fisherman, a writer on magnetism, and Arctic navigator. He appropriately reposes near the north pole of the moon.

We might extend our journey back again toward Tycho, and examine hundreds more of these volcanic vents; but as we have already come 3000 miles the reader must be fatigued, and will be ready to rest when he remembers that Beer and Mädler, who were the *undertakers* of this funereal work, spent twenty years in accomplishing it.

GENERALS KILPATRICK AND BUFORD.

We give on page 181 a Portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK, whose late raid in the rear of Lee's army is the most successful of the war. He was born near Deckertown, Sussex County, New Jersey, on January 14, 1836, and is therefore only 28 years of age. He was admitted to West Point, where he graduated in 1861, and entered the United States army as Second Lieutenant of Artillery on May 6, just after the war broke out. A week after he received a First Lieutenancy. He entered the war as Captain of a company in Duryea's regiment (Fifth New York), and was soon promoted in the battle of Big Bethel, June 10, 1861. As soon as he recovered he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and afterward Colonel, of the Harris Light Cavalry. In Pope's Virginia campaign his regiment formed part of the late General Buford's brigade. He took part in the Maryland campaign under McClellan, Fredericksburg, and in Burnside's campaign he particularly distinguished himself at Falmouth. He participated in Stoneman's raid, commanded a brigade, and increasing 200 miles in less than five days, capturing over 400 prisoners. For this success he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, his commission dating from June 13, 1863. At Aldie, Middleburg, and Hanover, Kilpatrick distinguished himself in the movements preceding the battle of Gettysburg; he also commanded a division in that battle, and was engaged in the pursuit of the rebels to the Potomac. Afterward he came to New York city, where he commanded the cavalry forces during the riots of last summer. General Kilpatrick has thus early lost both his wife and child, and is also without father, mother, brother, or sister.

We give on page 181 a Portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER, who was born in Ohio, and was graduated at West Point, 1861, with the grade of a Second Lieutenancy of Cavalry. He was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and distinguished himself at Williamsburg in the Peninsular Campaign, for which success he was made a First Lieutenant. On June 29, 1863, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He participated in the Cavalry fights upon the Rapidan last fall, and was at one time wounded in the leg, though not seriously. He was promoted about a month since. In the late expedition, a full account of which will be found in another column, he commanded the cavalry division lately under the command of General Buford.

THE REBELLION IN 1861 AND IN 1864.

We give on page 181 a dissolving view of the Rebellion, representing the proportions to which it has been diminished since October 1, 1861. The light tint on the map shows the territory which since that time has been occupied by our forces, amounting to at least one half of the original Confederacy. And the half which has been left has as the rebels themselves now entirely cut loose from separate sections by our possession of the Mississippi and our victories in East Tennessee.

HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

THIS town, which is now the head-quarters of General Logan's division, of which we give a view on page 188, is the only one in the South that I have visited, says our correspondent, that in itself suggests intelligence and refinement, and refinement. The streets are regularly laid out, and well shaded by fine trees. The houses, too, have architectural design—a meaning that few homes of "ye" The Parlor" can boast—and have about them gardens well laid out, and very neatly kept. The inhabitants are disposed to be "civil," but are by no means in consequence of an avowal in its favor, in event of the reoccupation of the town by the rebel troops. I shall there see how the citizens were treated staunch Union men, who do not hesitate to say their thought. I have seen but one female endeavor to show her devotion to the "wretched Yank." This one, after much effort, got up such a visage that I produced sketch-book and pencil to reproduce the novelty; but she would not stay on *pose*, and for consequence has not the distinguished honor of an appearance in these pages. The Court-house there is each evening the scene of a dress-parade of the Thirteenth Regulars—General Sherman's bodyguard, and a splendid regiment—Vicksburg material too. The command of General John E. Smith is in and near the town, in camps that age said to be the very poorest that have ever been seen.

THE TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

We give on page 189 a sketch representing the TWENTIETH REGIMENT, UNITED STATES (COLORED) TROOPS, receiving their colors, in front of the Union League Club-House, Union Square. The regiment, composed of a thousand stalwart men under the command of Colonel Bartram, left its camp on Riker's Island at 9 A.M. on Saturday, March 5, and were conveyed by the steamer *John Potter* to the foot of Twenty-sixth Street, East River, when they disembarked and formed in regimental line. The very streets through which they passed were those which, during the riots of last July, had witnessed a far different scene. The hunted then were the fêted now; the crouching supplicants for life then were now the upright and triumphant defenders of the Government that momentarily found itself unable to defend *them* against their persecutors. Over a hundred thousand spectators were assembled on Union Square to witness this noble act of revenge. We quote the following from Colonel Bartram's speech made on that occasion:

It has been the habit of those among us who sympathize with the traitors now in arms against us to say that what they are pleased to term the cowardice of the negro. I hope that Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, and Olustee have forever settled this question. In this regard I must be permitted to say that I have had the honor of the Eighth United States colored troops, in the last-mentioned action. The object of my visit to-day is, that for some time to-day months I was on duty with this regiment, as its Lieutenant-Colonel, and during that period I had ample opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with its officers and the material composing its rank and file. So prominent ever went to the field better officered than the Eighth, and no regiment ever commanded a higher or more heroic set of men. How well they fought is shown by their list of casualties; and, although a subordinate officer in a battery thought it a misfortune to be supported by a colored regiment, yet when we bear in mind that two war-ten regiments had already found the position too hot and had left the field, it was an effort to which few officers would say that the misfortune, if misfortune there was, was not in having a colored regiment for a support, but in having an officer in the service of the United States so biased, so prejudiced, so cowardly, as to slander the brave men who fell around his guns.

LOGAN CROSSING LOOKOUT CREEK.

On page 189 we give a sketch of GENERAL LOGAN'S THIRD DIVISION ACROSS LOOKOUT CREEK *en route* FOR EAST TENNESSEE,—this movement having connection with the late operations of Grant's army. The sketch was drawn by Lieutenant Colonel General Matthias. The view given in the sketch of Lookout Mountain is said to be the very best.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MIND YOUR LIGHTS.—An "incorrigible young thief" is more likely to attain "age before honesty!"

A paper called *Le Gratin* has appeared in Paris. It costs forty francs a year. Every thing's dear in France, it seems. You can't get even gratis for nothing.

An Irish gentleman visiting some friends, was received with so much hospitality, and drank so very hard, that he departed in a shorter time than was expected; and when asked the reason, very gravely said, "that he liked them so very much, and had so much pleasure in their company, he was sure, if he had lived there a month longer, he must have died in a fortnight."

M. About, in a recent publication, says of an eminent man, that "it had been proved that after having kindled his fire, he stuck a cork in the end of the bellows to save the little wind that was left in them."

Mr. Jones called upon the gentleman who advertises to restore *sal-paitinge*, and requested him to restore a valuable bulldog which was missing. He said he would do his best.

The following contains the alphabet: "John P. Brady gave me a black walnut-box of quite a small size."

A REFLECTION BY A SCHOOL-BOY.—The man who plants a birch-rod for a school-house little knows what he is conferring on posterity.

A gentleman who was determined to outdo the bottle-conjurer who raised chickens from egg-plants has succeeded in producing a calf from a horse-chestnut and a calf from a cow-yard.

The death of a miser was lately announced thus: "On Tuesday last, John Smith, aged 80, died of starvation at the age of ninety-eight. He retained his money to the last."

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had tried one of the remedy, but added, "I dunk butter as dat—I drinks de brandy, and dat vill make mine leg rub itself."

"Why don't you fire at those partridges?" exclaimed a gentleman to a Cockney sportsman; "don't you see you have the wind right before you?" "I know I have," said Tomkins; "but when I have a good aim at one, two of those others will fly up right between me and the one I aim at."

A poet has commenced a new epic, which begins well. It opens with the following line: "Of the Muses, bursting forth with these words, "Ye femi-nines!"

"Boy!" called out Brown to the waiter at Sam's. "I don't call no boy," was the reply, "I'm a waiter." "Well, waiter, you'd be done by," put in Brown, "and don't call this muster *lamb* any more."

A man noted for his calmness and a scolding wife was one day dropping in his wash words by a pretended ghost. "I can't stop, my friend," said he. "If you are a man, I will conquer you in the next world, and you in this one. If you are the devil, come along and take support for I married your sister."

The question has been asked, why it is considered impolite for gentlemen to go in the presence of ladies in their shirt-sleeves? The reason is in every case that ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves at all.

Where should a captain of a packet-ship keep his poultry?—In the hatchway.

When do 9 and 2 not make 4?—When they are 22.

NEW DANISH OATH.—"Dash my Schlee-wig!"

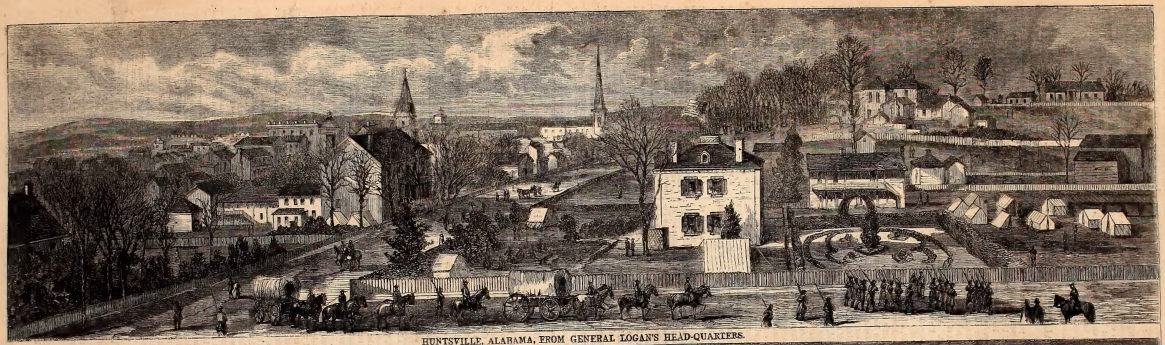
Why is blindman's-buff like sympathy?—Because it is feeling for others.

Some men not only forget their own names when they are drunk, but forget themselves when they are sober.

An Irishman, while fishing in a stream, was suddenly caught in a heavy shower of rain, which drove the boatsmen under a bridge near by. On being asked if he expected to get wet, he replied, "Arrah, then, by the powers, won't they be after comin' in here for the shelter?"

At a christening, while a minister was making the certificate, he forgot the date, and happened to say, "Let me see, this is the thirtieth?" "The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed, but it's only the eleventh."

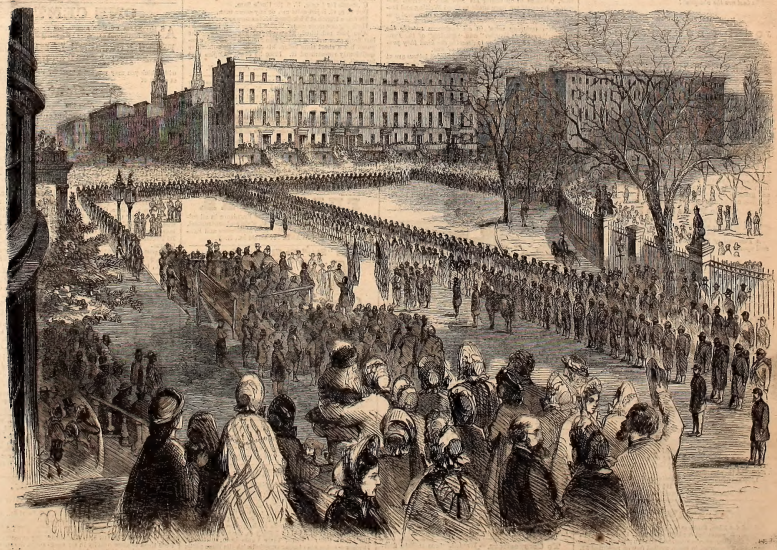
Mrs. Partington, when fire was about to proceed to the Black Sea, among other burning sublimities, gave him strict injunctions not to bathe in it, for she did not want to see him come back a bigger.



HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, FROM GENERAL LOGAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

DRAGGING ARTILLERY THROUGH THE MUD.—[Sketched by A. R. Waud.]

A PORTION OF LOGAN'S COMMAND CROSSING LOOKOUT CREEK FOR EAST TENNESSEE.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



THE TWENTIETH UNITED STATES COLORED TROOPS RECEIVING THEIR COLORS ON UNION SQUARE, MARCH 5, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 187.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same price before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the *only* ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword." In next column.

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Standard Flavoring Extracts

For Cooking Purposes.

THE SUPERIORITY OF THESE EXTRACTS CONSISTS IN THEIR

Perfect Purity and Great Strength.

We select the following testimonials:

POPULAR HOTELS.

"*Pre-eminently superior* to all others for culinary use."
PARKER HOUSE, Boston.

"*Superior* to any we have ever used."
REVERE HOUSE, Boston.

"Have used your Extracts for several years, and regard them *the best in the world.*"
FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, New York.

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ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, New York.

"Have been found really superior for strength and excellence use in our Establishment for years."
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"Possess all the rare qualities claimed for them."
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Comment is unnecessary. Our standard quality will remain unimpaired.

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The best are the cheapest!

MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS,

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

BOSTON.

LATEST INVENTION IN GOLD PENS. JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with an Iridium or Diamond Point, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest price pen made, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an elastic and diamond pointed pen at a low figure, and, until now, all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced pens and calling them gold. We know that ours is the only solid gold and genuine diamond pointed and elastic pen in the market that can be sold anywhere near our prices.

Trade Prices by the Dozen.

No. 1. MEDIUM FINE,	$2 50.
No. 2. MEDIUM ENGROSSING,	$3 75.
No. 3. LARGE ENGROSSING,	$4 50.

A Discount of 10 per cent. made on all orders of $50 *and upward.*

Sample Pens.

No. 1. MEDIUM PEN,	40 cents.
No. 2. MEDIUM ENGROSSING,	50 cents.
No. 3. LARGE ENGROSSING,	65 cents.

Warranted.

We warrant every pen for one year, and to be solid gold, genuine Iridium or Diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity of the most expensive gold pen made.

We send them post to any address in the United States, postage paid, on receipt of price. Money properly registered and sealed comes at our risk.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 182 Broadway, New York.

New Cavalry Badge, in Solid Silver, $1 50.
New Artillery and Battery Pin, in fine Gold Plate, $1 00.
New Battle Pin, with the likeness of either General, in fine Gold Plate, $1.
New Naval Pin, fine Gold Plate, $1 50.
New Pontoonier's Pin, do., $1 50.
New Engineer's Pin, do., $1 50.

Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Div., or Co. Pins, with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1.

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Manufacturing Jeweler, 207 Broadway, N. Y.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack; 52 enamelled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., N. Y., or 405 William Street, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PENS—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description, viz.:*

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen. These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 Pens, below.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridium Points. Any one may send a copy of one of which will for either a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although five are warranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The names "Warranted," "Warranted, and Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except ruptured accidents.

The Numbers indicate size only: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, and the usual size for pocket. No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 to No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 7 Pen, 3d quality.

For $5 00, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 7 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 3d quality.

For $7 50, a No. 7 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 9 Pen, 3d quality.

For $10 00, a No. 8 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 9 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 10 Pen, 3d quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 7 Pen, 3d quality.

For $4 00, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 7 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 8 Pen, 3d quality.

For $5 00, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED PENCIL HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $3 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $3 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $4 50 a No. 7 Pen.

For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridium Points, carefully selected, and the "Warranted" pens are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1861.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true consideration) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to opening his New and Patented Machines, no pens had ever been made at such prices, for reliable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" of the Pen or Pens they may want, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk; and to all who send remittances (the sum not registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guarantee their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $5, of 15 per cent. on sums of $10, and 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
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Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using the Gold Paper Linen Cartridge.

This arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others.

We also offer to the public our new Pistol & Revolving Cartridge and Ammunition, unsurpassed whatever. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon.

Send for descriptive particulars and prices circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or paper linen cartridge.

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Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 84 Malden Lane, New York.

THE AMERICAN HOME.

MRS. P. DANA will start at the beginning of July with a limited number of pupils, to establish a Model American young ladies in *Cartaville, Georgia.*

For particulars, see circulars, Hurlbut, Phelps, Rev. E. M. Van Deusen, Rector of St. Peter's Church, Rev. T. Ferebee, President of the Female College, Mrs. W. Carter, Mrs. Judge Underwood, Mrs. Dr. Gardner, Mrs. Dr. Gamble, No. 141 East 14th Street, William Hahn, Esq., 48 Exchange Place, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. Addison Worthington; Mrs. Macleod, Mr. Carlisle, Counsellor at Law.

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Brandreth's Pills.

THEIR MEDICAL QUALITIES.—In small and repeated doses, the effect of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills is to increase the activity of the secreting and excreting organs. The alvine discharges become more liquid, and contain a larger proportion of bile. The operation of this extraordinary medicine does not stop here; the membranes of the lungs, of the eyes, and all the membranes become moister; the urine is increased in quantity, except in cases of Diabetes, when the secretion is reduced; the skin becomes damper and at the *same time warmer* where too cool, and cooler if too warm. So that Brandreth's Pills seem to vitalize and promote the exercises generally. Even accumulations of fluids in the solid tissues—as in dropsy, the peritoneum, arachnoid, and synovial membranes—diminish in quantity, and in some cases rapidly disappear, from the use of these Pills. They operate with extraordinary effect on glandular swellings, enlargements and indurations. Phlegmonous and other tumors are apparently melted away by their use, as well as small or large irregular tumors, such as scirrhous, &c., &c. In large doses, say of from five to ten Pills, they act as a powerful purgative, clearing the bowels first of their contents, and then cleansing from the internal organs, cleansing them of slime, mucus, or any secretions not required for their healthy action. Thus the action of Brandreth's Pills is what is required to remove that state in all the organs, which results in their full restoration to health. The blood-vessels, as well as the blood, are thus restored to perfect purity and vigor.

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But U. S. G. for Ulysses, or any other man.
He dug a trench at Vicksburg, and as sure as you're alive,
He'll dig us one more Pitt'sburg Rifle House dog, in Dixie.

Also, for the publisher, **Beautiful Dreams.** The greatest Song ever written by the late Stephen C. Foster, composed but a short time before his death. The publisher confidently recommends it. Price 30 cents. Copies sent by mail, postpaid.

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EXTERNAL CANCERS of all kinds treated successfully without cutting or using caustic. No charge made until the treatment has been tried and found satisfactory. Inclose stamp for reference. Address in this city DR. MARX, 170 Bleecker St., N. Y. Office hours 10 to 12 A.M.

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For Kerosene Oil, Lamps and Lanterns, gives a brilliant light free from smoke or smell, and no chimney. We are now ready to supply the increasing demand for this superior Burner, which everywhere gives satisfaction. Sample sent, postpaid, for 25 cts. Address

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BRODIE,

The Leader of Fashions,

Will make an early Spring Opening of

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For novelty of style, for richness of material, and for endless variety of colors, coupled with moderate prices, the ladies of America never had such inducements to call on the

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SMOKING CASE.

Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 20th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of *Soldier* in price, that it will certainly work itself into general use." Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved. *Single Cases* sent by mail, free to the *Army*, and everywhere, on receipt of price and 25 cents. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

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ONE CENT.

A the warm weather approaches prepare to reduce your household expenses by grinding

FISH'S KEROSENE LAMP COOKING APPARATUS,

with which you may prepare a meal for FIVE PERSONS at a cost of

One Cent.

Price, from $3 to $6. Also, the

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to be used on a common lamp to heat water, cook food, or support a dish. Price 50 cents. No family can afford to be without one of these articles. For sale at the Lamp Depot, 277 Canal St., and will be supplied by WM. A. STEPHENS, Agent, 266 Pearl St., New York. Send for Circulars.

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A new system of Physiognomy. Eyes, Ears, Nose, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Heads, Feet, Skin, Complexion, with all "Signs of Character, and How to Read Them," in Two Professional Manuals and Life Illustrated for 1864. New vol. $1 50 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

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DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Ointment will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without the least injury to the skin. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 100 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

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Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 60 00 each.
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500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches!.. 15 00 each.
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3000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
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3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Jet, and Etn. Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Etn., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2150 Gent's Breast Pins..... 2 50 to 8 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Vest Slides..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
6000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders 4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

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COLLECTORS will HAVING OFFICE.—SOUR, BROWN & CO., No. 2 Park Place, New York, appoint and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.

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THE GREAT NEW ARMY WATCH, expressly for SOLDIERS, in heavy silver hunting cases, fine ENGLISH Movement, full jeweled, silver cap, handsome white dial and steel cut hands. Engine turned, engraved, or plain cases, warranted a perfect time-keeper for one year, $15.
$15 $15

THE GREAT ENGLISH ARMY WATCH, in beautiful Oxide Hunting Cases, fine English jeweled movements. Warranted a perfect timekeeper for one year. These watches are a perfect imitation of gold, and will keep their color as they are the genuine Oxide.
$15 $15

FINE DOUBLE BOTTOM silver ENGLISH HUNTING WATCH, FULL JEWELED, warranted a first-class watch, $25.
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Ladies very small hunting Gold Composite Watch, beautifully engraved, magic spring, quick movement. Can scarcely be detected from gold, $16.
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GOLD HUNTING ENGLISH LEVER WATCH, HUNT AWARDED, *Seven Balances*. M. J. TOBIAS, warranted, $38.
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Constantly on hand Watches in every description.

We will send any of the above Watches, on receipt of price, free of expense, to any address. Parties ordering will come at our risk if properly sealed. All Watches registered 50 cts. extra. GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS. SEND FOR OUR CIRCULAR.

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BAKER'S FEVER COOLER,
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are four remedies which no family should ever be without. Price $1 per bottle each.

Also,
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No. 1 Nogle Gold Pens and Holders, per dozen, $5 50
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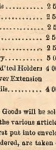

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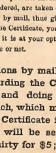

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Annexed is a fac-simile design of our newest style Cavalry Badge. Sent free to any address on receipt of price, viz: $1 00 each. Regiment handsomely engraved.
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Silver Gilt,..... 2 50
In gold relief,..... 2 50
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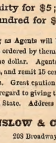
Any other style Artillery Badge, and every style Colonel and Staff Badge worn by the Army. Send for our illustrated Catalogue. Address C. L. BALCH & CO., 208 Broadway, N. Y.



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Among the many subjects treated in this work are the following: Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Piles, Tape Worm, Philosophy of Digestion, Constipation, Affections of the Urinary Organs, Barrenness, Impotence, Self Abuse, Consumption, Paralysis, Diseases of the Heart, Neuralgia, How to Regulate the Sight and Hearing, Diseases of the Nervous System, Curious Marriage Customs of the World, Philosophy of Flagellation, Hints to Mothers, Management of Children, and a thousand things of value to married and single never written before, making, altogether, a most valuable book for every people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages; 100 illustrations. Contents table sent free to any one. All applications for this book forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $1 50. Address E. B. FOOTE, M.D., No. 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

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The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products,—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we have published the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

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The second has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The mum has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The fourth has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and painted on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually imperfect in time, and many so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO.," others as by the "AMERICAN WATCH COMPANY." Others are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as the "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others as the "AMERICAN WATCH CO." others the "P. S. BARTLETT," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

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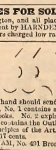

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A new Rings, made entirely of 1 ine Gold, with the Name, Co. and Regt. of any deceased upon the outside, for $6; in Solid Silver, at $2 50. Sent by mail on receipt of price. R. SMITH, 505 Broadway, N. Y. Dealer in all kinds of Army Badges, Watches, Gold Pins, &c.

THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES. Language of Blue Eyes, Black Eyes, Brown Eyes, Hazle Eyes, Gray Eyes, Green Eyes, Children's Eyes, and the Eyes of Celebrated Persons.—Story of the Eyes.—

The bright Black Eye, the melting blue,
I can not choose between you;
But this is sure—at all the while,
Which catches you, the sweetest smile,

and much more on the same subject, in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for March, now ready, only 15 cents, or $1 50 a year. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway.

The Army Lantern.
The Convex Reflector Lantern,
PATENTED APRIL, 1863.

For burning Coal Oil or Kerosene without Chimney.
GIVES A PURE WHITE LIGHT *without Chimney.*
HAS NO GLASS TO BREAK, and is therefore economical.
FLAME IS REGULATED *from the outside.*
IS THE MOST PORTABLE AND CONVENIENT IN USE AND CONSTRUCTION.

Sample sent on receipt of $1.
ARCHER & ALDRIDGE, Manufacturers of Gas Fixtures, Coal Oil Lamps, Chandeliers, &c., 9, 11 and 13 Mercer Street, New York.
A liberal discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Circulars with particulars sent free.

Opera and Field-Glasses
Can see a man distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eyeglasses, for Ladies, Gents, and Children. Also Microscopes of every description, from $1 to $50. A. H. HORN, Optician, 219 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., up stairs.
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M. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

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Respectfully yours, JOHN W. WHEELER.

Many more testimonies in the gubernatory business examine me to indorse, the above text must in all particulars.

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has been engaged to write for the LEADING FAMILY PAPER OF THE COUNTRY, and her initial contribution, entitled

Miss Devonshire,

will appear in THE NEW YORK MERCURY of March 19th, now ready everywhere at the News Depots.

Miss Harriet E. Prescott is the daughter of the great American historian, WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, whose fame is as wide as the circle of civilization, and whose memory is cherished by his countrymen with a feeling of veneration accorded no other author, with the exception, perhaps, of Washington Irving. The daughter, like the father, has the gift of genius, and her stories in the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine" have placed largely to prestige and popularity of that able periodical, and the chapters to every subject upon which she has employed her fascinating interest. To a mind richly stored with varied knowledge, she adds an imaginative that is fertile in its depths, though it never soars into the region of the impossible. Her style is graceful.

Miss Devonshire,

written expressly for THE NEW YORK MERCURY, is founded upon a striking and very peculiar incident of the war, portraying, with consummate skill and brilliancy, the role played by the little Boyds and other circles of the Confederacy, and verifying the old adage, that "Love rules the camp, the court, the grove."

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WORCESTER, O., May 28, 1863.

GENTLEMEN: Please send me a dictionary to use Perry Davis' Pain Killer in my family for the last five years. I am pleased to acknowledge its edge its beneficial effects in every instance. Feeling confident that it was the medicine that saved my child's life, when attacked with Cramp Colic, it is a pleasure to me to recommend it as a good family medicine,

and one which every family ought to have in their house. In cases of emergency, there can be nothing better; at least. I have always found it so, and I find it to be generally known and esteemed.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 378.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864. [$3.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN

COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN, of whose death we give an illustration on page 196, was killed near Richmond, Virginia, during the recent raid of KILPATRICK. Colonel DAHLGREN, with a body of 100 men, having been sent on detached service, was entrapped and surrounded at night by the rebels, who posted their forces in ambush, and while attempting to cut his way out was shot at the head of his column by persons lying in wait. The Richmond *Whig* of the 6th inst. says that after DAHLGREN was fired upon a general volley was poured into the Federal ranks, causing a considerable panic, which was heightened by the intense darkness. His body was subsequently carried by the rebels into Richmond, and after having been exposed to public view for some hours, was buried in a common pine coffin in some place unknown to any but the rebel authorities. The rebels pretend to have found papers on Colonel DAHLGREN'S body, directing the massacre of DAVIS and all the officials in Richmond; but it is denied by Federal officers that any such orders were ever issued or suggested. His address to his officers and men, upon starting on his expedition, certainly did not disclose any such blood-thirsty purpose. He enjoined upon them to "keep well together, and obey orders strictly;" to allow "no thought of personal gain to lead them off." "We will have a desperate fight," he added, as if with the voice of prophecy, "but stand up to it when it does come, and all will be well."

Moreover, a correspondent of the *Times*, who accompanied Colonel DAHLGREN, says that his memorandа on the day he started, says positively that they "contained no such words as the rebels pretend to have found in them."

Colonel DAHLGREN had been engaged in the military service from the outset of the war, and, though only twenty-two years of age, had earned distinguished honors by his gallantry and courage on several fields. He was first assigned to duty in May, 1862, under Gen. FREMONT, but subsequently he was with Gen. SIGEL in West Virginia. Afterward he was placed on General HOOKER'S staff, and passed with that General through his Chancellorsville campaign, participating in all the cavalry engagements which then and afterward occurred. During the pursuit of LEE'S forces in the invasion of last summer DAHLGREN was in every successful action, and was finally wounded at Hagerstown, Maryland, and lost his leg by amputation. For his services in this campaign he was made a Colonel by the President. He had not fully recovered from his wound when the KILPATRICK expedition was projected. He asked and obtained leave to accompany it, being assigned to a separate command. His failure to accomplish the work apportioned to him is said to have been due to the treachery of a guide, who led him into danger and to death. His father, Admiral DAHLGREN, has attempted to obtain the body from Richmond, but has failed; but it matters not where such as he may be buried. A grateful people will enshrine his memory in their hearts, and keep green forever the brave boy's name!

It is mentioned as an illustration of Colonel DAHLGREN'S earnest patriotism, that when the war broke out he was traveling in the Southwest, where great inducements were offered him to enter the rebel service, but, fired with indignation, he at once made his way to Washington and applied for a place in the Army. His sublime daring on every field to which he was called after that time justified fully the sanction which the Government gave him in its first appointment to an honorable position. His temper and character as a soldier remarkably resembled that of the lamented WINTHROP, and his career affords another illustration, beautiful and significant, of that sturdy and courageous manhood which these troublous latter days are maturing as the future hope of the Republic.

GENERAL GRANT AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

WE give on page 197 an illustration of the formal presentation of the commission of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL to Major-General GRANT, by President LINCOLN, on the 9th instant. The presentation ceremony took place in the Cabinet Chamber, in the presence of the entire Cabinet and a number of high military officers. The President, in presenting the commission, remarked, "With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you." General GRANT, in replying, said he felt the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon him, and added that if they are met he felt it will be due to our noble armies, and above all to the favor of that Providence which is over both nations and men.

GENERAL CUSTER'S RAID.

WE present our readers this week, in a double page sketch by Mr. A. R. WAUD, several interesting scenes connected with General CUSTER'S late movement against the rebels. This movement not only accomplished a successful diversion in favor of the commands directly engaged in KILPATRICK'S raid, but served also the equally important purpose of a reconnoissance. "Leaving Madison Court House, a handsome town at the foot of the Blue Ridge," says our artist, who was the only civilian accompanying the expedition, "soon after midnight, CUSTER'S command rapidly pushed on, and still night through a country alternately open and woodland toward the Rapidan. All went quietly until we reached Wolftown, where the Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, being in the advance, was fired upon by a rebel force; but drawing their sabres they dashed on, putting the enemy to flight without loss, and the head of the column soon reached the Rapidan. Having captured a wagon loaded with hams and two negroes, the command forded the river without opposition and pushed on, seizing all the horses on their way and all the male citizens—as a precaution against bushwhacking and to prevent information being given to the enemy.

"As we proceeded we found a tolerably well-cultivated and high rail-fenced country, the farmers plowing in the fields; when the horses were worth all they were taken in the name of the United States; and occasionally some of the men would make a descent upon the poultry while their officers were not looking. In one place a very handsome lady, quite young, expostulated loudly with a cavalryman for taking the farm-horses. 'My dear Miss,' said the soldier, 'we do not want to take your horses; ours are much better; and besides it goes against our feelings, but military necessity requires this step, and we are merely the agents of unrelenting destiny.' In spite of her concern the pretty creature laughed at such eloquence from a rough cavalryman.

"At a turn of the road we met a couple of children on a horse; that horse the men did not take: they looked too innocent to be molested. In the town of Stannardsville the people came out to see the procession, as if it were a show got up for their amusement. The men were exceedingly disgusted when they found they had to accompany the column as temporary prisoners. The female relatives of one person hung about him with outcries and shrieks, as if they imagined he would be led at once to execution. In the afternoon we reached and crossed the Rivanna River, and found the enemy in force near Charlottesville. A squadron of the Fifth regulars, under Captain ASH, scouting on our left, came so suddenly upon an artillery camp that the gunners had barely time to run off the guns by hand. Before they had recovered their surprise the camp was in flames, the caissons blown up, harness, forges, and battery-wagons destroyed, and our handful of dare-devils off again. At this time train after train came up from Gordonsville with troops, and the General recalled his column, which was at this time being shelled in a random way by the enemy's artillery, answered by our two little guns, which checked an effort to turn our left. Recrossing the river, the pioneers soon put the bridge in flames, and destroyed a large mill full of Government corn and meal, the enemy's infantry keeping up a wicked but harmless skirmish-fire the while. Returning,

the troops were halted about four miles from the river to feed and rest. The night was rainy, and all had to lie upon the ground and get wet through. It was difficult to get fires to burn, and the rain began to freeze upon the limbs of the trees, so that by morning every thing appeared to be cased in crystal; and when the enemy's forces got in our way, to contest the return of the troops, the cannon-shot made a wonderful crashing among the frost-bound limbs of the forest. After two or three pretty little skirmishes, in which our troops invariably had the advantage, General CUSTER, inveigled them down a wrong road, and then, having started them upon a false scent, quietly recrossed the Rapidan, without the loss of a man, and with but few wounded, bringing with him a large number of horses and refugees—colored people—and some thirty prisoners, soldiers; the civilians being all allowed to return to their homes when it was no longer possible for them to do us damage. Like lost children the command was welcomed back into the lines by the forces of General SEDGWICK, who was not without anxiety that we should be all used up when he heard the distant guns in the morning."

The account of CUSTER'S movement given above by our artist represents faithfully the incidents that usually enliven a cavalry expedition within the enemy's lines. The most striking of these incidents he has related with the pencil. Thus he has given us a portrait of Captain ASH, who surprised STUART'S camp. In this connection he has presented us a scene representing the destruction of the rebel caissons by Captain ASH'S command. This was in the vicinity of Charlottesville, the point which our forces had reached when they were compelled, by the superior numbers of the enemy, to retrace their steps toward the Rapidan. The rear-guard, as General CUSTER'S command was leaving Charlottesville, has also received its share of attention from Mr. WAUD. He has also sketched for our readers the burning of the mill at Stannardsville, which contained a great amount of grain belonging to the Confederacy; also the burning of the bridge across the Rivanna, one of the tributaries of the James. One of the skirmishes in which our troops were engaged with STUART'S forces in the retreat has also been portrayed. Not the least pleasant of these sketches is that one which represents the negroes leaving their plows in the field to join our troops in the movement Northward.

THE LATE COLONEL ULRIC DAHLGREN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

MARCH WINDS.

Come out to the moors, little friend, with me,
For the March winds whistle right cheerily;
Shut the Latin books, now our task is done,
Cock your hat, and away for a coasting run.

Ah, whangs, what a gust! Blow, Boreas, blow,
And set my young "roy cheeks" all in a glow;
Play at "blind-man's-buff" with his golden hair—
There is health in the touch of thee, Jolly March air.

It will tease your young limbs, little play-fellow mine,
And make your blue eyes like bright diamonds shine;
It will scatter your bonny brown curls out of place,
And bring the rich healthy blood into your face.

How the dead leaves rustle! Away, away,
To the hill-top we come on this glorious day.
The green blades crunch crisp, yet the field-fares sing,
"Pis old Winter taking a timid wild spring.

Whizz! now go the crow rabble one by one,
With their white tails erect in a frenzy of fun,
Come along, little Tom, and we'll give them a chase,
Let us see which of us will be first to the race!

There's a cunning old raven sits looking at me,
From the high bare bough of yon withered tree,
The very old father is out for a meal,
And he knows that we know he is longing to steal.

See the first of the lambs to the old ewe creeps,
And sakmai at the bustling the shy bird peeps,
But he shows in a minute his bold attack
Till the mother sheep shall have turned her back.

Get away, cruel thief, shat your greedybeak,
'Tis a cowardly act to assault the weak.
How he crouks, and he glouts on the old hare there,
Come, a good long shout! Ah, the rogue has gone.

O'er the rough plowed fields the grey plovers run,
And the purple violets nod at the fun,
In the sere dry bramboed the pheasants "whirr,"
And the thrushes quarrel it getting cold.

What a famous wind! How the high elms shake;
How the tall, slim poplars quiver and quake;
How the shattering rocks to the tree-tops swarm,
Like rudderless ships blown about in a storm.

Come on, little friend, we are both in a glow,
While our arms are strong, and our legs can go,
And our veins make music the old woodlands ring:
What need we of wealth? We are each a king!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1864.

A DANGER.

THE manifesto of the "War Democracy," of the Cincinnati party likes to be called, has one proposition which should be very thoughtfully pondered by the citizens of this country. It declares that the next President should be a military man. Yet if the country is truly wise it will never elect a chief magistrate merely upon the ground of military success. The school of the soldier is the school in which a President of the United States should be trained. Military success dazzles a nation accustomed to despotic rule, but ought not to deceive a free people who govern themselves. In a warlike community the triumphant chief is naturally the most captivating figure, but in a peaceful free society the qualities of the soldier are by no means those which are best fitted for the work of government.

That those who best serve the country should be most highly honored is true; but that a century ago any British General in the field or Admiral upon the sea better served England than Lord CHATHAM, who directed the Government, would be difficult to prove. Military success, however essential, however indispensable, is not necessarily the highest service. Military heroes, however pure, however single-hearted, however noble, are, by the necessity of the case, accustomed to regard their own will as law, and will inevitably incline to govern a country as if it were an army. WASHINGTON was an exception to this rule, JACKSON was not; and WASHINGTON was exceptional men.

Emerging from any great war, and especially from a civil struggle, the devotion of an army and its officers to their chief is an incentive to personal ambition, and a danger to civil liberty so much greater than that it needs but to be named; for History is the record of governments overthrown and people subjugated by victorious military leaders. How sure and driven to ancient or even modern history to find the evidence of these truths. The spirit which solicits a military head of the Government is simply that of despotism. The ascendency so long maintained in this country by the Southern Policy, under the auspices of what was called "the Democracy," was due to the absolute annihilation of the fundamental right of a free government—the right of debate. And when, under the same name, a plea is made for a military Presidential candidate, it ought to surprise no man that the most ardent supporter of the proposition says plainly of one of the Generals of our armies: "He must have as little respect for these wretches as CÆSAR had for those in Rome." By the word "wretches" he describes the lawful, constitutional authorities of the Government, and he calls upon a military leader to set them aside as NAPOLEON did the Convention and CROMWELL the Parliament.

This is the spirit from which a military candidacy springs. It is impatience of constitutional rule. It is the instinct of despotism. Let us hope that the people of this country, in so momentous a crisis as the present, will be governed in the election of a President by some principle more profound than mere enthusiasm for a soldier. When the soldier has shown the qualities for civil rule that WASHINGTON displayed, we may justly aspire to the chair that WASHINGTON filled.

MR. CHASE.

THE letter of MR. CHASE, in which he asks that no further consideration be given to his name as a Presidential candidate, will surprise no one who has watched his patriotic course. The Presidency could not win him a higher honor than that of the masterly management of the national treasury during this war; and it is to the universal conviction of his great fitness for this office he fills, and the doubt there is adequate successor could be found, that much of the reluctance of the popular response to his nomination was to be attributed. Himself an essential part of the Administration which is now upon trial before the country, it could hardly be supposed that he seriously differed from its general policy, or that an Administration of which he should be the head would radically change that policy. While, therefore, he agreed upon the whole, it was certainly wiser to do as he has done.

Whatever honors may yet await him, MR. CHASE will be known in our history as one of the most eminent of the leaders who early saw and always resisted the mortal peril which menaced the American Union and human civilization from the essential character of the spirit which now seeks its overthrow. Called into a vitally important responsibility in the Government when the struggle began, he has fulfilled it with singular ability. He will in the manned among the least of his claims to the permanent regard of his countrymen that, in the midst of the great war, he saw no chance the necessity of devoting every energy and effort to the suppression of the rebellion, that he would not allow any preference of his friends for his personal advantage to perplex the great issue. He would have been his duty to do so, however, had he felt that the public safety was imperiled.

We differ entirely from those who regret his withdrawal upon the ground that every man's candidacy should remain open until the nomination. We are to deal with facts, and the fact is that the Union candidate will probably be one of three or four conspicuous gentlemen already indicated. If there were comparative unity of feeling—if, surrounded by the clash and conflict of rose and criticism, the Union party of the nation could move forward to the election as the Union party of New Hampshire lately did to that of Governor GILMORE, and as that of Connecticut will, on the 4th of April, to that of Governor BUCKINGHAM—would it not be infinitely better for the country and the cause that the ordeal of those upon whom candidature is likely to be?

It is upon that ground, unquestionably, that MR. CHASE has withdrawn, and for that reason his course will command the sincerest public approval.

GENERAL FRÉMONT.

IT is no secret that General FRÉMONT and many of his friends think that he has been unfairly treated by the Administration; that his opportunities of military distinction have been systematically baffled; and whatever explanation the General himself might give, it is very sure that his friends have considered his personal his treatment to political jealousy. It is the same feeling that the immediate friends of General MCCLELLAN indulge in regard to him, and it is a question which will never be settled to the satisfaction of either side.

We observe that some Union men, who, like the German AMERICAN and the Cincinnati Commercial Ward in this city, are resolved that under no circumstances will they support MR. LINCOLN'S re-election, are disposed to erect the name of GENERAL FRÉMONT as a candidate. Such a journal, recently established, attacks the Government with the fury of the most malignant Copperhead writing, and declares that MR. LINCOLN, more as its candidate, while the chuckling Copperheads warmly applaud the "FRÉMONT direction."

Now FRÉMONT has been a charmed name because it stood for unswerving fidelity to Liberty and Union; and to suggest that it could be used for the purpose of defeating MR. LINCOLN, who had deliberately decided who was to bear their standard, is insulting both to the General and to his friends. No candidate has any prescriptive right to the nomination. The field is clear; and it is of transcendent importance that the question of fitness shall be thoroughly discussed in every case. That General FRÉMONT may choose to try the popular confidence in his name so far as to await the action of the Convention is very probable. But that a man, who has been so truly respected, and who, when he was a candidate, was so faithfully supported by as earnest a body of men as ever voted, will permit his name to be used in any manner whatever as a menace—that he will allow any considerable number of persons to declare either that the national Convention must nominate him or some compromise candidate with his consent, or that he will take the field as an independent candidate, we no more believe than we should believe any other imputation upon his perfect patriotism.

A SOPHISM.

"IF the spring campaign is successful, nothing can prevent MR. LINCOLN'S renomination. If it fails, nothing can prevent it," says some one.

That may be true; but it certainly does not follow that the change, however inevitable, will be advantageous. Governments are not in a speculation of the kind of candidate that comes in upon a tide of general disgust and reaction. The President will unquestionably be held responsible for the campaign which may occur, and the public indignation may very probably demand that his place be filled by another. That he ought to be held chiefly responsible we are very far from saying or thinking. But we ask the gentlemen who deprecate any discussion of the Presidential question, and who declare that MR. LINCOLN'S renomination is impossible in case of defeat, whom they propose as his successor? Nothing is so uncertain as the event of a battle, and the fortune of war is a proverb. In the spring campaign we may suffer reverses. In that case there must be a new President, say the gentlemen. But is it worth while to take one as hazard? If the case occurs we shall need, more than ever, exactly the right man. Are we to know him by instinct? If so, who is he? "Oh! there are many men." Yes—and so there are twenty hundred. The answer—it is answer—it is merely a poor evasion.

If the text be true, no man who urges it is justified in refusing to enter the fullest discussion of the Presidential question. For the contingency suggested is not impossible. Should it arise, do we prefer to find ourselves at a loss among the twenty or twenty hundred? Is it not rather the part of trusty and loyal and prudent citizens to consider most carefully what hand is fittest to take the helm if the storm shall wash the pilot overboard?

ABOMINABLE GOOD-NATURE.

THERE is something very pathetic and utterly futile in the periodical spasms of New York indignation with overcrowded cars and omnibuses. In fact, the Union candidate will be as new people crowding into an omnibus when it was full. "Brave, indeed! Why, we Americans haven't pluck enough to keep the thirteenth man out of an omnibus." But we are trying very hard to do it. We have actually sent a petition to the Legislature asking them to pass a law to do it. Let us hope the Legislature will reply that if twelve New Yorkers can not keep out the thirteenth from an omnibus, or if twenty-four can not submit to the tyranny of the twenty-first, they may submit and thank themselves for their own discomfort.

Yet as that it is very disagreeable to exclude a person. So it is. But it is no less disagreeable to be excluded. And when half New York finds that it can not get into the cars and omnibuses, New York will have sufficient accommodation of the kind. Why does not the chastising parent, "I punish you for your good. One day you will thank me for making you smart." So let us say to the thirteenth passenger: "Gentlemen, you can't get in. But one day, when you are amply provided, you will heartily thank us." The advantage is, that the thirteenth man will not be likelier than the twenty-first, so that we shall all know how pleasant it is.

But even if the Legislature passes the most solemn laws our own abominable good-nature will prevent their enforcement. We shall squeeze and crowd, and feel sorry for the unfortunate man is going to see his dying parent, or will miss a boat, or will encounter some frightful calamity if we do not suffer him to get in. So he will get in, and sit upon the knees, and grind the feet of his chicken-hearted fellow-citizens, and then jump off at his street and go growing in to his wife. "My dear, nobody dared to keep me out of the car!"

A NEW TH'NG.

THE British officers took their race-horses to the Peninsula, and General NAPIER complained bitterly that they were useless in the field. They were destroying the army. The Yankees make war after their own fashion, and carry their luxuries to the field. A gentleman was lately surprised by a letter inviting him to speak before the Lecture Association of the First Division, Second Corps, of the Army of the Potomac! This is the kind of army which the Union sends forth to fight its battles. These are the men who are to overthrow as well as bullets to subdue the rebellion. This is the spirit and the strength against which hate and desperate fury are powerless. It has taken some time for the Yankee genius to uncoil itself. But an army which so calmly addresses itself to its work as to construct a Lecture System in its midst, serves notice upon the world that it has gone out to stay until it is victorious. It has under its placid exterior the grim earnestness of the exhorting Ironsides of CROMWELL.

FROM CHATTANOOGA.

A FRIENDLY letter from the head-quarters of the Army of the Cumberland is full of the most alluring temptations to a visit:

"About the 1st of April we can show you green grass, and smelling buds, and other evidences of spring, wherever our soldiers have left enough vegetation to sprout, or to recognise as all 'these kind mothers of the Spring,' which some so much scatter here than in your latitude.

"You will find this army in an admirable condition as to spirits, hopefulness, and a determination to finish the war under the guidance of 'good Father Abraham,' as the most ardent lover of his country can desire."

No man can doubt that the great armies of the West and East, by which the campaign is to be decided, are the most powerful and effective we have ever had in the field. The brave men among the Tennessee mountains know that the hopes and prayers of the sea-coast follow them: and the host in the shadow of the Blue Ridge are ready for their work. The Blue Ridge will reply to the Alleghenies, as

"Jura answers from her misty shroud
Back to the joyous Alps, that call to her aloud."

GENERAL CUSTER'S RAID.

In another part of this paper there are illustrations of General CUSTER'S late diversion in favor of KILPATRICK, and an account of it so simple and graphic that we are glad to call attention to it as a model of intelligible description.

HARPER FOR APRIL.

IN the April number of the Magazine begins the story, "DENIS DUVAL," left unfinished by THACKERAY on his dead. DICKENS has said what he thinks of it, and we have no doubt that the public will confirm his verdict. Its interest is profound and pathetic, as the great fragment of his literary life, while from the opening of the work his step is so light and free that the reader understands how fully he was himself still enjoying his work. In the same number there is a most genial and sensible plea for the children, enforcing the text that they are to be treated as children; and the old grandfather is quoted as saying, "Babies *are* to be brooded yet like chickens." Another paper, "My Escape from Richmond," is a timely and graphic passage of military experience.

In the *June* number, which begins the volume, the new tale of CHARLES DICKENS will open. We advise our readers to begin it with the beginning, and to secure the regular reading by a prompt subscription to the new volume.

THE NEW PICTURES.

THE Sanitary Fair will have a picture-gallery in which there will be admirable works, and the National Academy will open its doors in April. Meanwhile there are pictures to be seen worthy of the most careful study. Three we have in mind at this moment—KENSETT'S "Lake George," BIERSTADT'S "Rocky Mountains," and THOMPKINS'S "Upsala Inn." They are all very American and very different. MR. THOMPKINS'S picture, indeed, is now in the hands of the engraver, and is a charming study of it at GOUPIL'S, one of the truest and most exquisite American domestic realities that we remember. The landscape is painted in sunset. The comfortable gable-roofed inn sits broad and snug upon the ground, looking as if it had been there for twenty years, suggesting a homely comfort and spaciousness which belong to the ideal country tavern. The barn and hay-mow close by, the great oxen to the Yankee temple of comfort—the exquisite tracery of the boughs of the trees against the gray sky—the quaint bridge—the gentle hill—the road, and the boy fishing through the ice—all compose a picture so interesting and characteristic that the poet's pubbaus will gratify every art if they do not make it the vignette of all future editions of the poem.

MR. KENSETT'S "Lake George" is now upon exhibition at GOUPIL'S. It was painted for a noted connoisseur, who understands that one of the chief duties of those who are able to buy pictures is to let others see them. It is a thoroughly characteristic work, representing upon a large scale a certain aspect of American climate and scenery which no painter so completely renders. The view is down the lake toward Caldwell. The fore-ground is a wood, traversed by a small stream which falls in a lovely cascade by the way to enter the lake; and the gleam of the lake, broken by the islands, dotted with sails, and wooded by the mountains that rise from the shore, complete the picture. The firm and faithful treatment of the single tree-trunks in the fore-ground, the delicate quality of color, the clear shadows and the sunny greenness of the forest aisle, are points of artistic excellence which will escape no one. But the exquisite gradation, the delicate airy perspective, the depth of the sky, the fidelity of the mountain forms, are not less remarkable. And above them all, and in them all, and through them all, are the spirit and splendor of Nature in the serene triumph of her summer repose. And it is Nature in her American costume. It is not Italy, nor the Orient, nor Switzerland, nor England, nor the Tropics; it is the clear-breathed, well-decked Nature in the green and soft of our summer experience. It is pure landscape also. Nothing wins the mind from its brooding delight in the beautiful forms, from its dreamy gaze upon the bounding deer which the eye does not see. It lingers around the invisible camps. It muses upon the dusky departing canoe. It regenerates the gay Sabbath flotilla of ABERCROMBIE'S army. It hears ETHAN ALLEN thundering in the name of the Continental Congress. Or, still receding, glides along the calm with the canoe of the Jesuit explorers. Thus it has the highest charm of landscape art, the unobstructed presentation of the scene leading on to all its historical and imaginative associations.

From this most thoughtful and masterly work the transition is not difficult to BIERSTADT'S "Rocky Mountains," which is no less thoroughly American. It is a scene upon the head waters of the Colorado at the foot of the great range of the Wind River Mountains, which fill the depth of the canvas, pouring the rills and streams from their sides and glaciers into the calm lake, upon whose broad green meadow, which forms the fore-ground of the picture, is an Indian camp. It is purely an American scene, and from the faithful and elaborate delineation of

the Indian village, a form of life now rapidly disappearing from the earth, may be truly called a historic landscape. It is the extinction centuries with its sublime natural forms and its rude savage human life; nor do we recall any work in which the subject is so strikingly presented. It is an extremely interesting picture, stimulating the imagination and satisfying curiosity. And unlike Mr. Church's pictures of the equatorial mountain scenery of America, which from their volcanic and tropical character, however luxuriant, yet forbid hope and leave an impression of profound solitude and desolation, this work of BIERSTADT'S inspires the temperate cheerfulness and promise of the region it depicts, and the imagination contemplates it as the possible seat of supreme civilization.

It is a most interesting parallel to the "Lake of George" of Mr. SANFORD. And who now will undertake the Prairie and the Mississippi Valley with the same delightful skill; or the home-life of the Gulf and the Everglades? Are not these, also, the kind of picture which should adorn the Capitol?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHAT born produces the most discordant music?—The drinking horn.

A romantic young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

A matter-of-fact philosopher asserts that "if love is domestic life what butter is to bread—it possesses little nourishment in itself, but gives substantials a grand relish, without which they would be hard to swallow."

Two countrymen went into a butter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the price for it?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed: "What for? why for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

A girl, hearing the lady of the house, at dinner, ask her husband to bring *Dombey and Son* with him when he came home to-day, drew extra plates on the supper-table for the opposed visitors.

"How many years have you been dead?" said a gentleman to an Irishman, in a beggar. "Five years, please your honor," answered the mendicant, completely taken off his guard by the question.

The youth who stole a kiss has been discharged on condition that he will not embrace another opportunity.

The bellman of Watertown, in announcing a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women "who had never spoken before."

Voltaire says: "A physician is an unfortunate gentleman who is called upon to explain to perform a miracle—to reconcile health with intemperance."

"Wanted, expert needle-women to make babies' clothes!"—Well, that beats all!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, throwing down the newspaper in wrathful disgust. "In my fifteen minutes, she had been spelling out the advertisements, and expected to be her own work-woman, and the greatest drama-maker and donkey-engine. But this impostorous idea of getting ship-work babies is enough to make the poor thing throw down her tools and shut up shop altogether. Work my needle, indeed! Perhaps these cities will be pressed into this new-fangled business before long; and then an unemployed lady in the world won't be able to keep down the surplice popplation."

Charles Lamb's opinion of the water-cure: "It is neither new nor wonderful, for it is as old as the deluge. When, in my opinion, it killed more than it cured."

In spite of the ill-founded contempt which Dr. Johnson professed to entertain for tea-table, he treated Mrs. Asbton with great politeness; and when she called on him in Bolt Court, out his servant could not immediately provide her with a chair, he said, "You see, madam, wherever you go there are no seats for the poor."

CAUGHT A TARTAR.

"Have you any first-rate servant-girls for the kitchen? I want one that can mind her own business and attend to her work." Some asked the question of a neighboring Irish proprietor, "any quantity; but no show you one."

Jones is at once introduced to a daughter of the Emerald Isle, and is greeted with,

"An' shure you want a servant?"

"Yes," says Jones.

"How many are ye in yer family?"

Jones answered.

"And how far hot and cold water?"

Answers again.

"How many children ber yez? Do yez make yer girls work Sunday? Is the church far away?"

All these points, with about fifty more, were answered heroically by Jones, when he thought it about time to take the bull short himself.

"You look," says Jones, "like a pretty nice girl; but I want to ask you one question. Do you play the piano?"

"No."

"Then," says Jones, blandly, "you won't answer my turn."

And away went the astonished Celt, feeling that she for once had caught a Tartar.

A pretender to science seriously maintained, one day in company, that the earth did not make a revolution round the world, either real or apparent; but that having performed a revolution from east to west, it came back again to its rondeau against morning. "How is it, then," he was asked, "that we never see it on its return?" "Because the journey is performed by night," he gravely replied.

When you see a man's likeness in a photographic album, it is a clear proof that he has been "taken off" with a distended chin.

A photographic friend of ours, returning from giving a lady of high rank lessons in the art-science, and having a few odd minutes on his hands, found out the owner of a neighbored street, sounding an opportunity of coming to her call. Being asked, a costs-monger, calling for a subscription. "Keep a forty-graphic, Sir?" inquired the fruit-vendor. "Why, yes, I have, my good fellow," returned our friend. "Ah!" repeated the corner-monger, with a mournful look, "I'm sorry to hear it, Sir, for my friend, with a smile, as he thought of the sweetest photographs he had just left, and the brother in the art down at dressing him. "Yes," continued he of the barrow, "if man's evil is used to him, man's forty-graphy."

A young gentleman was fondling his betrothed's hand. "I hope it is not counterfeit," he said. "The best way to test it is to ring it," was her reply.

EPIGRAM.

Since Tom went first to law with Ned,
And made the suit attack,
'Tis said he scarce has had a coat
To put upon his back:
But, verily, the case is such,
Tom has had a suit too much.

CUPA.—A bundle of sticks with a few sobs at the top.

"Jennie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and fevered suitor to the ball—"Jennie, it's a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel; "but it's a great deal solemner not to."

He who lives with a good wife becomes better thereby, and those who live among vicious arise with the performance upon their garments.

Mundon, the actor, was once, at a dinner party, placed before a haunch of venison and requested to carve it. "Really, gentlemen," he said, "I am by myself, and set every dilute about this anatomy; I dare say, now, there is some particular one in a haunch—some fat-lib—I never was at it—but I assure you I am quite ignorant where to put it." A dozen hands immediately pointed to the spot. Mundon was instructed where the rich meat lay. He inserted a long string of knives and forks into a piece, and loaded it with sauce and jelly, and then, with the plate in his hand, looked through his glass and said, "Ah! Sir, very hard way really, and every mouth prepared."

"Gentlemen," said the musician, "I will send this song you; but if I give the title-bill to one, I shall offend the rest, so, again, I shall not." Upon which he myself, and let every gentleman help himself to what he likes best."

Which, on the face of the earth, is the best place for a sleeping-car?—The Rocky Mountains.

If a young woman bids fair to take heart, you can probably take hers.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March* 9. Mr. Wilson reported from the Military Committee a substitute for Mr. Chandler's resolution on the war, declaring "that the object of the war is the subjugation of the rebels in arms, and the lawful authority of the United States; that in the prosecution of the war the United States may adopt whatever measures are fitted to assists with the rules of civilized warfare, may be deemed necessary to secure the object of the war, and to punish and overthrow the Emancipation Proclamation as a necessary and legitimate war measure." Mr. Grimes reported the House joint resolution to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt, with an amendment as follows: "And be it enacted and declared to be lawful for the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States not necessary for the payment of interest on the public debt, to apply any portion of the proceeds of his amendment to the bill equalizing the pay of colored troops, similar to that allowed to white troops, and authorizes its ascertain and award to loyal owners a just valuation for their slaves——" Mr. Grimes said he was opposed to the franking privilege to the President and Vice-President.—Mr. Sumner moved to amend by adding to the bill: Freedmen, reported a bill providing that the Proclamation of Emancipation issued by the President of the United States January 1, 1863, so far as the same declares that the slaves in certain designated States and parts of States therein named should be free, is hereby adopted and declared as a statute of the United States; and that a rule and article for the government of the military and naval forces thereof.—Mr. Sumner, in support of his amendment to the House resolution for the sale of surplus gold, argued that speculation in gold, even in time of war, was right.—Mr. Chase also authority proposed.—Mr. Powerry addressed the Senate at length in opposition to the resolution. He used urging Mr. Chase claims for the Presidency. He insisted that the citizens of the Territory of Nebraska were distinctly that Mr. Chase had nothing whatever to do with it.—The joint resolution authorizing the payment of the arbor debate, was passed, 30 to 8, with an amendment that the Secretary of the Treasury be authorized to anticipate the payment of interest on the public debt "for a period not exceeding six months from the 4th day of March next."—Legislation bill for the current fiscal year was passed.——

March 10. The Senate was not in session.

HOUSE.—*March* 9. The Committee on Ways and Means reported a resolution for the appointment of a committee of the law as not to exempt United States bonds from State and municipal taxation.—The Senate bill to provide for protection of emigrants to the Territories, authorizing the distribution of provisions, animals, and munitions by the Secretary of War to all emigrants passing through hostile Indian country, and to establish a Bureau of Emigrant Military Justice, to be connected with the War Department, was passed.—The Senate bill to be composed of a Judge Advocate-General, with the rank of Brigadier-General, and two assistant Judge Advocates of Colonel's rank.—The Resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Major-General Grant and the officers and men under his command for his bravery at Chickamauga, was passed, with an amendment also thanking Major-General Rosecrans.—The Military Committee reported a bill making the Camden and Amboy Railroad, with its franchise built on to be built; and the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad, published in the Territories, and repealed so much of the act of 1862 as relates to the Territories, authorizing the distribution of provisions, animals, and munitions by the Secretary of War to all emigrants passing through hostile Indian country, and to establish a Bureau of Emigrant Military Justice, to be connected with the War Department, and to consist

AMBUSCADE AND DEATH OF COLONEL DAHLGREN.—[SEE P. 195.]

GENERAL GRANT RECEIVING HIS COMMISSION AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL FROM PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—[See Page 196.]

DR. PEREGRINE'S PAGE.

I.

I; one of the earlier volumes of my diary I find the following passage:

"Sunday, January 17, 18—. This morning, at half past three A.M., poor John Bentmore expired. Conscious to the last—full of self-condemnation for errors which were more those of judgment than intention; pious, earnest, humble-minded, he died, bitterly accusing himself of having injured his boy's prospects. A touching end. I pray mine to be[illegible] his child. How shall I fulfill that promise?"

Of all my humble protégés John Bentmore was the most grateful, and the least satisfactory. He was emphatically an unlucky man. Nothing prospered with him. He had tried every thing. Service in all sorts of capacities. He had been a greengrocer—a lodging-house keeper, a traveler for a tobacconist, a traveler in the grocery line, foreman to an upholsterer. I got up a subscription for him, and fitted him out for Australia; but in less than two years he was back again, with little besides the clothes which, to use his own expression, he stood upright in. By-and-by he set up for himself in the upholstery trade with capital borrowed from one of his old employers. He had been brought up to it, his father having been an upholsterer; and he ought to have understood it himself. But he is ill-luck, or rather his want of business habits pursued him still. He employed the best workmen, bought the best materials. Yet his wood always warped; his blinds never worked properly; his carpets were thin; his very nails never held. He was never to admit himself with a sigh, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, that "there was a screw loose" somewhere. He didn't know how it was, and there was a many complaints."

At last he sunk under his ill-fortune. On his death-bed he recommended himself bitterly, and bewailed the destitute state of his son, whose future prospects naturally formed his chief anxiety. I had myself made to reconcile him to the idea of the boy's seeking his living (at any rate in the first instance) by servitude, and I undertook, before I escaped from the room for Arthur, to induce Mr. Moreen, the upholsterer—with whom John Bentmore had lived since as foreman—to employ him; but John's hopes of his son were slight. "He won't do it, Sir," he said, with a sigh of self-reproach; "and I don't deserve that he should. He's a just man—Mr. Moreen—and I—I owe him wages. He's also a large sum of money, and he's not one to overlook that. If Indeed he would let the boy work for him—my number of years without wages, and to pay off what I owe, that would be a blessed thing; that's what I'd like he won't do, Sir! I know Mr. Moreen him; and Mrs. Moreen—she can't overlook the being lent me the money; not but what it would be a good thing they could do to get paid; for Arthur would do his duty by them, I'm sure of that. He's very different from me you see, Sir—a real believer. I've got twenty times my head for figures, and book-keeping, and that. He'll make a first-rate man of business, will Arthur. They say at his school that he's an uncommon turn for mathematics. It is a pity, ain't it, to make a mental of such a lad as that?"

And the father looked proudly and fondly at his boy, who was seated in the hospital window intent upon a book, and a single tear rolled down upon his pillow.

The hour came at last. He fixed on his boy the glance of loving recognition, and the tender light faded away; in its place there came a film, and all was over.

II.

Arthur Bentmore had not completed his thirteenth year when his father died. He was tall for his age, with small and well-cut features. The mouth was full and handsome; but the compressed lips and square chin indicated firmness. The remarkably prominent eyes had in them a thoughtful observation beyond his years or young. I had learned from Mr. Gillies, his schoolmaster (whom I had met more than once by his father's bedside), that he was studious and persevering, though not particularly clever; and from the father himself, that he was dutiful and obedient in no ordinary degree. But my observations had served me nothing to puzzle than to enlighten me, although at one conclusion I had arrived, namely, that he was reserved even to secretiveness. His manner seemed to be one of those which, to open at all, must be wrenched open.

His father's affairs were set in order with as little delay as possible. When all was sold, scarcely enough remained to pay the funeral and other necessary expenses; nothing whatever toward the heavy Mr. Moreen's debt. I had clothed the boy in decent mourning, and paid his small arrears of schooling, intending him for the mercantile line of my own lodging; and now I felt it was time to think of putting him in some way of earning an independence. Instead; but it was not without considerable difficulty and considerable exercise of persuasion that I wrung from him the reluctant admission that he would rather be an upholsterer than a servant.

I took him to Mr. Moreen, whom I had long been in the habit of employing professionally, and who I believed had a real regard for me. I would make an attempt in that quarter. After all, it could but fail.

Mr. Moreen was a huge, sturdy, ruddy-faced giant, working hard, living generously, doing business, as a business should be done, in a handsome manner. He piqued himself on the quality of his materials and the excellence of his workmanship, and was not to look with an eye of something like contempt on any work but his own. Though as straightforward, shrewd, and experienced a tradesman as London ever produced, he was completely under the thumb of his wife. He came down to us now, from his comfortable meat tea in the room adjoining with Mrs. M. (as he respectfully called her) and the children, wiping the crumbs from his mouth as he entered. He smiled on seeing me; but cast a sharp glance of something like disfavor on my companion; who, pale and slender, looked shorn his station in his new mourning suit, relieved by an inch or two of his father's gold chain, that peeped from his waistcoat. I said it had been his late foreman's last wish that his son should be brought up to the trade he had followed himself, and that he had not been without hope that Mr. Moreen would permit the boy to be in his shop, at least for a while.

The upholsterer heard me attentively to the end. He was not one to speak hastily, nor yet one to mince matters when he did speak. He knew his own mind, in general—when Mrs. M. was not by.

"Sir, I wouldn't have a son of John Bentmore's in my shop, not if he were to pay me all his own and fifty pounds more to the back of that. I've had enough of the father; I don't want no more of the lot. That boy's like his father—he's as cross as bad as the rest. John Bentmore used me ill, Sir. I trusted him, and he deceived me. He deceived me."

"Not wilfully," I interrupted. "When he borrowed that money he intended to repay it."

"I mean him, and he knows it very well," Mr. Moreen resumed, not condescending to notice my interruption. "He promised in black and white that he would pay back that money before the year were out, and he never paid me a shilling of it—no, nor meant to it. There's no honesty in the blood that's where it comes from, and there's no luck in it. Eighty-seven pounds nine shillings and threepence that man owed me, and I shall never see a farthing of it. No, Sir, I thank you; but I'll have nothing to do with his boy!"

"Father would have tried to pay you if he had lived, Sir," Arthur's young voice was heard to say; "I know he would have done his best to pay you."

I glanced at the boy. He was pale, and the perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead. His eyes, full of an eager and painful interest, were fixed intently on the upholsterer. My heart bled for him. It was cruel to speak thus of his dead father in his presence.

"Not he!" Mr. Moreen replied, putting his hands into his waistcoat-pockets and jingling his loose silver, with a dogged kind of contentment. "Not he! twasn't in him. Twasn't in *him*, no more than 'twas in his brother Charles, who died some eight or nine years ago, deep in debt. He was another of the same sort—always borrowing, never paying nobody again—always in trouble and difficulties—and proves it when he's dead and buried. It's in the blood. There's no backbone among them. And the boy's one of them."

He spoke with a bitterness that had strong contempt, making short pauses between each, that seemed to add tenfold weight to his words.

I felt indignant at the cruelty of such remarks, before a lad whose parent was scarcely yet cold in his grave. "Mr. Moreen," I said, "you have a perfect right to refuse to employ the boy; you have no right to wound him, by casting bitter reflections on the memory of his father."

"Sir," said Mr. Moreen, laying one square brawny hand out of his pocket, and stretching it toward me with a gesture of power, "I speak as I find. You forget as I've boy myself—and a handful he is."

He heaved a sigh, that seemed to come from some cavernous depths, and made a kind of draught in the shop. "I've no less than five boys—two and Mrs. M. expecting again in October. Sir, them boys look to me to be fed and clothed, and put in the way of feeding and clothing themselves; they'll be enough to do for *them*. They're brought up strict, and honest, and hard, they are—not taught to give themselves airs—not dressed like gentlefolks. Now What *they* weare is paid for, honest and regular. I should seem to have committ a sin to—You see, Sir, I've had little comfort since the day when that money was borrowed. Mrs. M., she'll never overlook it. Never overlook it. It's like the lives to a hundred. She has her ideas, has Mrs. M., and her opinions. Strong. She was always against lending of it. She was right. She says to me, says she, 'Mark my words, M. Don't you trust that Bentmore—he's a slippery fellow.' If you please, Sir," said Mr. Moreen, suddenly, with his hands from his pockets, and changing his tone to one of uncommon business, by way of changing the subject, "if you please, Sir, we'll say no more about it. Only I won't have nothing to do with his lad."

And so we parted.

III.

A page's place was soon found for Arthur Bentmore; and a good one. One of my patients willingly engaged him, his experience as to was, after the particular fashion of his years, very small. My friend and Mr. Sullivan were kindly, liberal people, living alone, spoiling their servants, as they would have spoiled their children if they had any, and any, laying themselves out to be imposed upon in a hundred ways, even by the butler, Mr. Tapps, having decanted their wine, and imbibed the greater part of it, for two-and-twenty years, was looked upon by them as a privileged person. Their coachman, a corpulent but lenient man, allowed them the use of their horses for an hour or two occasionally, when his wife thought it good for the quality of his master's horses, and was locked upon by that lady with a truly filial respect. The cook had grown fat on the proceeds of that which she sold out of her luxurious kitchen. The housemaid and scullery-maid might as yet be considered babies in the service, having been only three and four years in the family; but, influenced by the general tone of the establishment, they were of course prepared to remain there (if spared, and not taken possession of by the baker or the green-grocer) half a century at least. Every one of the domestics spoke of the house, and all it contained, as theirs. It was "our plate," "our carriage," "our dinner-parties," "our uniforms," "our court-dresses," and "our diamonds."

The first thing done by the treasure, Mr. Tapps on the new page being respectfully presented to him by his mistress in my presence, was to alter his cognomen to that of James. He could not be expected to call him any other. Of course not. Names were the proper name for a page, and had been ever since his own mind, in general—when Mrs. M. was not by.

"Sir, I wouldn't have a son of John Bentmore's in my shop, not if he were to pay me all his own and fifty pounds more to the back of that. I've had enough of the father; I don't want no more of the lot. That boy's like his father—he's as cross as bad as the rest. John Bentmore used me ill, Sir. I trusted him, and he deceived me. He deceived me."

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He had mentioned to him that he did not wish to have this spoken of, as it might occasion unpleasantness; and he should be sorry to lose the convenience.

Was he aware of Mr. Jacobs's practice of betting? He was. Had he ever been induced himself to do like? No answer; and the question was, after a little discussion, withdrawn. Had he had any suspicion of the butler's losses at Epsom? He had not.

But in spite of the quiet and self-possessed manner in which Arthur had given his evidence, and its undoubted truthfulness, there was yet something about him which (although I should have been at a loss to define it) occasioned in my mind not only an uncomfortable impression that he knew much more than he chose to divulge of the butler's affairs, but that he was also, to a certain extent, a participator in the practice that had led to so fearful a result. I could hardly explain, even to myself, why I was convinced of this; but my impression grew in strength the more I saw of, and conversed with him. He did not indeed deny, though he never positively admitted, that he *had* betted; but many little circumstances that I not only observed now, but remembered to have noticed since his removal to Lady Fetherstone's (among others, a remarkable shabbiness in such articles of his attire as he had to purchase himself), tended to confirm me in what he had been led to indulge in this dangerous practice, and was greatly straitened in means in consequence.

I had much serious talk with him at that time, speaking with an earnest authority which I felt my mutual relations not only warranted but called for. But although he listened with respectful attention, and an appearance of being impressed by what I said; and although he once voluntarily promised me never to bet in future (he did not say *again*); he was still silent and uncommunicative, and therefore, to a certain degree, unsatisfactory.

I was much pressed for time at this period, and preoccupied with anxious and difficult cases; but the thought of Arthur Bentmore was seldom long absent from my mind. His pale, miserable face actually haunted me. His father had confided him to my care, and I trembled for his future. I saw him on the brink of ruin—perilous of destruction—yet I was powerless to avert either. Moreover, a change took place in his position and circumstances which tended rather to increase than to diminish my anxiety on his account. He obtained the late butler's place.

V.

ONE fine, clear winter's day, some fourteen months after the death of Mr. Jacobs, as I was standing with my back to the fire in my consulting-room, Arthur Bentmore, dressed in neat plain clothes, entered, hat in hand.

He had grown very much during the last twelve month, but he was thinner and paler than I had ever before seen him. He was literally cadaverous.

Our first mutual greetings over, he informed me that he had come for two purposes—the first, to announce that he was about to leave Lady Fetherstone's.

I started. About to leave Lady Fetherstone's! So good a service? so generous a mistress? who valued him, as I had reason to know, very highly! Something of undefined apprehension shot through my mind.

But he went on to explain that he had not left well for weeks; had been decidedly worse quite lately; and he was conscious that he required rest—rest, entire and complete. He was sorry, very sorry to leave Lady Fetherstone's, she had been most kind to him; but he should be laid up if he remained. He had told her how it was, and she had quite acquiesced. He was to leave in a month, if her ladyship could suit herself. He required, as it were, to—to take breath. He drew—not without a visible effort—a long breath as he spoke; and I mentally resolved that as soon as his time was up he should come to my house and submit to regular professional treatment from me.

But what was the other purpose for which he had come?

He put his hat down on the floor. "You have by you, Sir," he answered, "some money of mine."

"Money of yours?"

"Some silver, Sir; only a trifle; nine shillings. I brought it, if you remember, when I was a lad, one morning in summer, and you put it in your desk to keep for me."

I remembered perfectly now the secret drawer in which I had placed it. Yes; there was the silver, almost black from age; three half-crowns, five shillings, and a sixpence, with the threepence wrapped up in a paper by themselves. As I glanced the little heap toward him I said, with a certain archness, "Arthur, my good Arthur, you don't need such a sum as this."

He met my gaze without flinching; yet a slight tinge of color rose to his cheek. I added, more gravely, "or do you want it, if you please, Sir. You remember my father's debt to Mr. Moreen?"

"Certainly. Full well."

"I wish to pay it; and I make bold to ask you to go with me when I pay it, Sir."

He made a step forward, and laying an envelope on the table, "There," said he, "are eighty-seven pounds, which, with the silver and coppers you have there, makes up the sum owing."

I was so much astonished as to be for the moment incapable of professional action. But soon, to amazement, succeeded another feeling. The old pain, fear shot through me. I fixed my eyes steadily on his.

"Arthur, how came you by all this money?"

He put his hand in his pocket and laid before me a paper containing an exact account of every shilling he had ever saved in service, and how he had saved it.

This paper recorded a daily, hourly series of sacrifices throughout the long course of four years; began at the age when self-conquest is the hardest, self-indulgence the most natural—continued with unchanging resolution in spite of every trial, every temptation; persisted in to the very end.

He spoke only once, as I was approaching the end of his extraordinary memorandum; but it was simply to explain that Mr. Gillies, the schoolmaster, had put this money, at various times, into his savings-bank for him, and had thus realized a small increase, which, with the fourteen shillings over-plus in the account—the master's wages and some money that would be due to him next month—and a few shillings of presents he had accumulated, would go to maintain him while he should continue out of service. He might, he observed, have paid off this debt a little sooner, as I could see, but he considered that he should do wrong to leave himself entirely without money.

I heard him as he spoke, but I scarcely heeded him. My mind, my heart were too full. I was thinking of the suspicions I had harbored against him—of the wrongs I had done him in my own thoughts; and he, all the while, biding his time, leading a life of such unexampled self-denial! To pay his debt, however, had not been his sole aim than was natural to be done in similar circumstances.

"You know Mr. Moreen said, Sir, that there was no honesty in the blood! *no honesty in the blood!* He said father was not honest; that he was all a lie. I knew that father was honest. The debt had been his greatest distress in his last hours. I had reason to know that; for many and many a time he charged me to pay it, and so to clear his memory. How, then, could I do other than pay it?"

VI.

MR. MOREEN had risen materially in the world. He had invested in large bodily and mental substance. But though a man, solid in every sense of the word, and with—will! we will say—some money in his pocket, he knew more than the old shop.

In the doorway of this old shop stood Mr. Moreen now, as Arthur and I drove up in the modest broughham, which, in those days, I hired for my professional visits. He was respectfully seeing a great lady out: he flourished his rule by way of saluting me, and added his usual respectful bow and smile. Then he went on with his conversation at range with its high-stepping bays had dashed from the door. "That's the countess—that is," he said, as we entered, "the dowager countess—Lord Asstays—well! I suppose she stays an hour or more, choosing, and changing, and ordering of the carriage for the old cats' Majesties, and the rest of it together. It'll be a splendid side-board when done. A surprise, too, for his lordship. But, dear me, she gives nearly as much trouble now as she used to! She will have this, and she won't have the other! It would be better left to me, I should think. But these great ladies, d'ye see, they're—they're *willful* (with a strong emphasis on the word); I suppose they've got nothing else to do."

He winked at me with that clear, honest, blue eye of his, and laughed with the low, lazy, internal chuckle common to such fat men; and as well I observed that it was not your great ladies only that were willful, he laughed still more. "Ah!" he said, "all women are willful, not a doubt about it."

A half-lantering, half-serious conversation followed, with much good-humor on the old fellow's part, and so forth; then there was a pause, and, for the first time, he looked at my companion. But his glance was momentary, and had nothing of recognition in it.

"I see you don't remember this young man," I said, "yet he is an old acquaintance of yours, Arthur Bentmore."

"Indeed?"

He turned and surveyed him with an easy, good-natured glance. "Young Bentmore! *Indeed!* He have grown precious tall—a good bit taller than I do, and they've been the same age. I think. But he don't look strong. I'm afraid you don't have your health, young man? Let me see." Mr. Moreen put his rule mechanically to his mouth during them up as though about to whistle. "Didn't I see something in the papers about young Bentmore, a year or a year and a half ago? A inquest, or something? Ah! true! *I* recollect. Better by your looks by twenty pound, I'll be—true! Yes, I remember. And you give your evidence very proper. Mrs. M., she read it all out loud to us at tea; and we was very much pleased with your conner said and all. But I hope," added the upholsterer, suddenly changing the expression of his good-humored face into one of stern severity, and laying a long, square, powerful forefinger upon Arthur's coat; "excuse me, young man, but I hope you don't bet by yourself? Nothing will never come to no good, be it at luck or skill."

"No, no!" I said, interposing, "Arthur has come to-day about a little matter of business with you, Mr. Moreen, if you have leisure to attend to it."

"With me?"

Again the upholsterer looked at the young man. This time more attentively; and in one moment he was a different person himself. His whole aspect, good-humored, friendly chat, between us hitherto; now it was changed.

"I suppose it's the old story," he said, laying down his rule, and putting his hands in his pockets, as if to guard what he could against the worst. "The old story! Wants employment! But—"

He shook his head. It was a most expressive shake.

"I am not come to ask for any thing," Arthur Bentmore said, quietly. "You remember the debt my father owed you, Mr. Moreen?"

"I—should—think—I—did!" the upholsterer answered, very slowly, laying marked emphasis on each separate word. "I'm more likely to remember that debt than I am ever to get a farthing of it, by a precious deal! Eighty-seven pounds nine shillings and threepence, it was the amount, Mrs. M. and I had more words concerning of that debt than we ever had 'bout any thing; I think she's never forgotten it. Nor she's never discontinued throwing of it in my teeth. She were against my lending of it from the first; and that (turning to me), that give her a handle, d'ye see, against me. *Of* course. She'd no opinion of John Bentmore. Never had."

He had become confidential again. He never could help it, when he spoke of his wife. And he always jumbled out his sentences, and made long pauses between, when that dreaded individual was in question. It was like an occasional brief letting off of steam that the engine should burst.

Arthur waited patiently, without attempting to interrupt him.

"Well!" said Mr. Moreen, at last, jingling his silver with both hands: "what of that debt? You're now in a position, I suppose, to discharge it, eh, Arthur Bentmore?"

"You're not—come to—to pay it? Are you, young man?"

He turned to me, his blue eyes swimming in tears of rapture at the extravagance of his own humor, and laughed till his face grew purple.

"I am, certainly, Sir," said Arthur Bentmore replied, slowly; and, opening the parcel he had all along held tightly in one hand, spread out on a bubble that stood near the fruits of four years' self-denial.

There was a dead silence.

"And for a trifling interest—not for a lifetime—of fees—would I have lost that scene.

Mr. Moreen's laugh had stopped. He stood silent, vacantly looking at the money.

At last he turned to me.

"Of course, Doctor, you lent him this?" he said, gravely, and with a long pause, as though reflecting; "but I couldn't think of it. Cert'ny not. On no account. I couldn't think of taking such money from you."

"No one has lent me this money," Arthur said; "I have earned it myself. Doctor Peregrine knows it; Doctor Peregrine will tell you how it was earned. Sir, when I was a little lad, you told me here—in this very room—that heroes were no use unless that my father—God bless him!—was not an honest man. You said there was no honesty in the blood. You said I should be like him. You said so! and it was but young then—only thirteen. When you said those cruel words of my dead father, I resolved that I would never rest I had paid his debt, and proved them false. It has been hard to do; so hard that it has changed my whole nature, I often think. But you know, Sir, that I have gone through it; I am living creature but myself! but I would have gone through fifty times as much to pay that debt! I knew that God had given me to pay it, and to clear my father's memory."

He spoke this now; I write the words I heard him speak, but I can give no more give a notion of their effect than could if I had never heard them. He, at all times so subdued, so self-possessed, so impassible to rouse, was suddenly transformed into another creature. Form, voice, countenance—all changed. His whole frame was filled with the keen-cut emotions of those four toiling, self-denying years found a vent at last.

"Well, you have," Arthur cried, raising his chin and hand with a gesture that thrilled through my very heart. "I believe me, who have never willfully told one false word here for many years past—who am that cruel wrong—my father was an honest man. I say it in my Maker's presence. Perhaps in his!"

He suddenly ceased. He found himself confounded, seized by the powerful grasp of Mr. Moreen, and whirled, rather than drawn, to the window.

"Well, you know," said the upholsterer, drawing him nearer, and then holding him further off, as you would a picture you were examining in different lights, "I must allow myself to say that in his tremendous hand as in a vice. "You're a grand fellow, you are! You pay your father's debts, do you? You're a honest man, Arthur Bentmore! I'm laid by to pay me, did ye? all these years! Why! you are a grand fellow! You did it, did ye? And I'm a old fool—and I will be a old fool! I believe I wish my tongue had been cut out before I said it. But you know you are honest. You! a old fool as you was, Arthur Bentmore! and many debt. Yes! you have—you have paid it. Oh! but you're a grand fellow!"

Ringing the changes on these words—unable to express the feelings that were bursting his heart—drawing his hand across his trembling voice—the rears rained down the honest man's cheeks, and he knew it no more than did Mrs. Moreen, sitting at tea with her work in the parlor behind.

Mr. Moreen's emotion had the natural effect of calming Arthur's. The poor lad was passive in his hands. He stood in a perfect upholsterer's attitude, as I began to return as it were to himself. He relaxed his hold; and taking out his pocket-handkerchief, wiped his eyes and face.

"I ask pardon, Sir," he said, turning to me, and speaking in a low and apologetic tone; "I ask pardon, Mr. Moreen. But I have been never so—I never see such a thing as this before. It took me unprepared, you see, Sir. I hope you'll excuse me. Not all at. And to think—to think that them words of mine should have cut so deep—a poor young lad like that—that I should ha' said 'em. Then, turning to Arthur, "You're a grand fellow, Sir!"

Strange—the effect of that "Sir" in Mr. Moreen's mouth, as addressed to Arthur Bentmore. Somehow, well I understood it: better than he did himself. It was the involuntary, unconscious homage paid to the honest man by the knave. It was the tradesman who valued honesty above all earthly treasures.

"But you know I can't take it, Sir!" Mr. Moreen suddenly exclaimed, when he had become more cool; recalled to the consideration of the money by the sight of it spread out on the table. "I can't take them earnings and savings of that lad's. It can't be. The thing ain't in nature. Mrs. M. herself, she wouldn't hear of it."

This was the signal for fresh excitement. A keen dispute followed this declaration, during which it was difficult to say which showed the most determined spirit, Mr. Moreen or Arthur. But it was clear to me that the latter must in the end prevail.

VII.

As soon as his month's notice to leave Lady Fetherstone's service had expired, Arthur Bentmore came to my house to be attended professionally, and, if need be, nursed. It was high time he should do so. He had fasted his constitution too severely. He had grown too fast, worked too hard, and slept too little. Now that the excitement was over which had hitherto borne him up under every trial, he collapsed. There was a reaction.

When at last I had the happiness of seeing him really restored to health, I proposed to him to remain with me as my servant. The plan was precisely what he wished. But after six months' trial of him, I made up my mind that I must give him notice. It went against my conscience to keep him. As a servant, Arthur Bentmore was entirely thrown away. He had talents of a higher things. He had a mind capable of mastering almost any subject, and would do honor to any position. Ever since the day of that last memorable visit to my consulting-room his reserve with me had entirely disappeared. His confidence had been indeed hard to gain, but once gained, it was given wholly, and forever. He felt toward me now as toward a father. I had entered into, and sympathized with, the strongest feeling of his nature; I had rejoiced for, and in him, on the one great occasion of his life; and from that hour he was bound to me by the strongest of all ties.

I had mentioned his touching story to persons who had it in their power effectually to befriend him; and the result was that he obtained a situation connected with one of our most important railways. He continued there years and years, rising, in the fourth he was promoted to a more responsible post on the same railway. From this time his rise was singularly rapid. He made money. Being in the way of hearing of good investments, his keen sense and excellent judgment enabled him to avail himself of them. He bought land in the outskirts of a great manufacturing town, built good houses on it, and sold them at an enormous profit. With this money he invested in still larger speculations (invariably judicious and safe), and in a short time realized a considerable capital. At thirty, Arthur Bentmore was the owner of the new, handsome town whose word carried the most weight with it. He remained single till he was five-and-thirty, and then brought to presides over his comfortable home one of the three daughters of his own parish clergyman: a pretty, unpretending, affectionate girl, who had been brought up in a pious and provident household, and was sure to make him a good and grateful wife. As far as he was concerned, I left them, two sons and three daughters, promising and healthy.

During all these years he and I have kept up a constant and friendly correspondence. He is now a director of more than one railway, and he comes frequently to London, sometimes alone—brought down by business—sometimes with his wife. On these occasions he always dines with Gillies—whom he has made comfortable for life—or with me. And during these visits we are three happy schoolboys.

"It all seems as though it were but yesterday," he would say, as we sat together over our dessert, and he looked round with his kind eyes. Those large, wonderful eyes of his, that seemed gazing far back into the past; "I often think I am a page again, and dream it has, sometimes. My wife says I still add up shillings and sixpences in my sleep."

Mr. Moreen, grown very old and infirm, lived and retired from business (though he still lives in the old shop), Arthur Bentmore has kept up not only an acquaintance, but a steady friendship since those early days.

Arthur had not long quitted my service when the upholsterer's wife was laid up with an attack of severe attack of bronchitis. He was always very hippish when ill, as many such strong giants are. And his visits, at this period, materially altered the state of his body, was full of Arthur Bentmore, toward whom he reproached himself with having behaved with a lack of brute. When I advised him to me as long as my visit lasted, and shed tears when he returned to the lad's early abstinence from beef. "It was the meat made me so strong, all."

"Yes!" he would exclaim, "I don't know as I ever said words I've repeated to him since that dreadful day. Bitter. They'll sound to me when I'm a-dying—I know that. And he gave me deeper pain than I can find drop o' beer—a crowing chap like that, that wanted it."

In the course of this liberes he confided to me that although Mr. M. had been struck with admiration at the noble conduct of the boy, she yet had not at all agreed with him as to the propriety of his proceedings. She took a more worldly business-like view of the transaction. The debt was a debt, she considered, and ought to be discharged. They had more than enough for their own wants; and the money than they had to deprive the lad himself of the satisfaction to his feelings of paying it. "I wouldn't be no hard one, in—what he done if he was to set it back again," said Mrs. M.

"I don't agree with her there Sir," said Mr. Moreen, speaking low and confidentially, as though to differ from Mrs. M. even in the expression of an opinion were to incur danger—a matter of life and heard; "the merit's the same in what he done, any how, it seems to me. But Mrs. M., she's so first-rate, Sir, you see! Upright as a church, and forehead, "and she judges of things more by the headpiece than she do by the feelin's. *I've* not equal to her in that—Sir."

When he heard that Arthur was about to set up a house of his own, he ordered him to bring his wife to see him, and took living rooms gratis; and never was man more thoroughly happy than Mr. Moreen was during the mysterious consultations and arrangements necessary to effect this object. I persuaded Arthur to visit me in London while he went down to the manufacturing town in question to superintend every detail. He spared neither trouble nor expense. Nothing was, nothing could be, too good for that great fellow! And the way in which he reveled in Arthur's astonishment and admiration, when on his return he discovered what had been done, was worth going miles to see.

SCENES CONNECTED WITH GENERAL CUSTER'S LATE

MOVEMENT ACROSS THE RAPIDAN.—[See Page 193.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN WILLIAM THE FOURTH WAS KING.

THE epoch, there was no denying it, was a wild and dissolute one. The imprint of the Regent's clown foot had not yet worn away. A man was still on the throne. He made a decorous king enough in his old age, mainly through the influence of a pious and comfortable wife; but his youth had been the converse of reputable. The sons of George the Third had not contributed in any great degree to the elevation of the moral tone of the country. The trial of Queen Caroline, and, the private life of George the Fourth, had done a good deal towards depressing the national manners. There were no young princesses save one, the Hope of England, whom her good mother kept modestly aloof from the polluting atmosphere of the age. The Duchess of Kent and her daughter went tranquilly about from watering-place to watering-place, and gathered shells and weeds upon the sands, and visited poor people in their cottages, and sat under evangelical ministers, and allowed the age to go by, and to be as wild and dissolute as it chose. They hoped and waited for better times, and the better times came at last, and have continued, and will endure, we trust.

Some of the profligate young princes of the last reign were dead, and those who remained, being gray and worn out, shut themselves up and did not exhibit their excesses in public. But they had left behind them their mistresses and their parasites, the nobles who emulated them in their vices. Though there were some related the nobles, the snobs who emulated the roturiers, and a crowd besides of adventurers, sharpers, and all the riff-raff of continental men. There was in London a populous colony of Anglo-Greeks, who had never, indeed, seen Athens or Byzantium, but who nevertheless,—Greeks of the lower Empire—the very lowest of all—being affiliated to the dominions of the devil. The young generation was rising, as their fathers had been vicious before them. Party-spirit ran high. We had been on the verge of a revolution about Catholic Emancipation, and another about Parliamentary Reform. Every thing was disorganized. The practicability of seizing the property of the church, and applying the holdings was openly discussed by politicians, who have now subsided into moderate men of Conservative tendencies. There were conversations sitting upon every thing, with a view to the abrogation of most things. Barristers of seven years' standing fattened upon the treasons wrong from the miscreants, and the pension-holders of the old Black Book. Commissioners and inspectors became as great a nuisance and burden to the country as the clerks of the Pipe or the Tellers of the Exchequer had been. Brougham and Birkbeck had lectured on the branches of the tree of knowledge within the reach of poor men, who for centuries had been permitted to dabble in ignorance, and there were greedily gorging themselves with the unaccustomed food, and so fell into surfeits, and had malignant dizziness, leading them to break spinning-jennies, burn down hayricks, and congregate with black flags and death's-head and cross-bones over their riotous mobs, demanding "bread or blood." Upon which, the Whigs, their political preceptors, who had taught them to talk about bread, and also claim the principle of free meeting and speaking, sent down special commissions, headed by Whig judges, into the provinces to try the newly-manufactured serfs for sedition, combination, unlawfully assembling, and other misdeeds, of which they, the Whigs, in time gone by, had humorously taught them the trick.

I say that every thing was disorderly and disorganized. Every body had his theory for regenerating society, but lacked sincere faith in his own theories, and so after a while deserted them. It was a reign of terror without much blood. The Whigs had to hang some of their deluded disciples at Bristol, and to transport some more at Dorchester and elsewhere; and in Ireland there was, as there always is, a good deal of unnecessary but beyond bills, and a few private duels, the warfare was mostly one of words and principles. Abusive language was in vogue. *Blackwood's Magazine* had Tories bespattered the Whigs and Radicals with foul words, such as beggars in their drink would not lay upon their mules. In the *Quarterly* a writer, styled "Right Honorable," who had been in Parliament, Secretary at the Admiralty, Lord, was best known as the pander to a depraved nobleman, devoted his energies to the gallant and graceful task of throwing mud at ladies who were tutored to write books, and presumed to hold libel-cal politics. In *Fraser*, the witty Doctor Maginn used to fast from public houses—never twice from the same gin-shop—the rackest, most scurrilous Billingsgate, against the Whig nobility, and the Radical rabbidcon. In the same high Tory magazine a great Scotchman was writing philosophical Chartism. Nothing was settled. Some people screamed the eternal Yes; to which others responded by howling the everlasting No. No negotiations were with; no principles were held sacred. Reverence, gratitude, decency, had gone to sleep for a while. O'Connell called Wellington a "stunted corporal," and Wellington called Alvanley a "bloated buffoon," and Disraeli the younger "a lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." That now staid county member, lord of a manor, leader of the Tory party, and flying buttress of the church, was then wearing long ringlets and black velvet pantaloons, and writing revolutionary epics, and wondrous tales of Asiatic love. Nothing was sacred. Some set forth the gnaw of crazy hope, while others intoned the liturgy of despair. Some drowned themselves in the Serpentine, while others of them jumped into the Slough of Puseyism. The Roman Catholics alone were steadfast and active and wide awake, and made the most of every thing. The drama was in a seemingly hopeless state of decline. Charles Kean had appeared, and Tragedy gave up, for a time, the ghost. Grimaldi was paralyzed. Sontag and Pasta had gone away. Malibran was not to be heard of. Mesmerism was in its infancy. Painters but Haydon, whose Entry into Jerusalem was in pawn for a milk-score. Hydropathists and physicians had begun to be the heroes of romances. Cocking had cast himself into space in a parachute, and coming into contact with the earth was smashed to death. A crafty Frenchman lured many hundreds of simpletons into taking tickets for a passage in his captive balloon or aerial ship. Then, timeously he ran away, and left them with their tickets, and an empty bag of cold air. Those were days when all lost their wits in steam. There were others who did believe in it, but held that locomotives and public steamers were only the precursors of the air-ship world. Meanwhile, Chat Moss had been drained by Stephenson, and Brunel was piercing the Thames with a tunnel, and was stalled. Nobody knew where any thing was to end. Steam and skepticism and tractarianism and Murphy's revivalism, and the abolition of slavery and the labor of children in factories, Warren's blacking and Rowland's Macassar, lions and tigers at Exeter 'Change, and giants taken away therefrom, and from Convent Garden, too; a commutation of tithes and reform of municipal corporations, and a general embarrassing relations with foreign powers (order reigned in Warsaw, and "reigned" is the word, for it meant the erection of barricades and a truce between the houses and the soldiery), made up a chaotic whirl which set all the brains of the period spinning. There were some of a desponding turn of mind, who said, "ærum est de republicâ," and went off to New York. For nothing was settled.

It is to be wonder'd at, then, that the morals of the people were shocked? Political immorality was at a discount; private morality fell likewise below par. Reckless demonstrativeness only was at a premium. The Tory party, of true aristocratic Chivalry. From 1832 to 1837 muscular docility was in the ascendant. There was politeness, no longer all about the knees of the period. The young bloods were well-nigh as cantied in their overt acts as Selby and Hall's haunt and Jonathan Wild's and Jack Sheppard's days. The three dukes, by-blows of one king, who slew the watchman in Whetstone Park, were of the true Mohawk and Hounslow who, however, held at their hands at knocking down policemen—always provided that the policeman did not knock down the gentleman instead. The Mohawks had arisen again. The young patricians were behaving themselves very much like the young men of the backgrounds, and the blackguards had no option but to behave themselves like the patricians.

Francis Blunt, the young Irish gentleman, had left Stockwell shortly after eleven o'clock. The hackney coachman had been well paid, and remembered to have had a fare, but the rain and rapid Hansoms was yet to come, and it was nearly midnight when the two jaded horses that drew the vehicle stopped at the Hungerford Bridge. Mr. Blunt felt so exhausted that he was compelled to descend at a tavern on the Surrey side of the river, and refresh himself with a small glass of brandy. He re-entered the coach, making wry faces, and declaring the liquor to be abominable. Whereupon the hackney coachman to a glass of ale, but did not presume to accompany his master in the like. He ventured to say, however, outside, of a moderate sip from a small pocket-flask:

"Why didn't you tell me you had something to drink with you?" said the dandy, pettishly, as he saw his companion replace the flask in a side-pocket.

"I could not venture to ask monsieur—" began the valet, gravely.

"I dare say you couldn't, Constant. You're a sly fox, and always keep the best of the game to yourself. Here, give me the bottle. I have need of a little fortifying now to-night."

Mr. Blunt took a pretty heavy draught of the Dutch courage, which was, indeed, the very best Nantz cognac. He took a deep draught of it for a man of such delicately-strung nerves.

"Capital brandy," he murmured, smacking his lips. "You have a talent for buying the best of every thing for yourself. Why on earth did you allow me to go into that atrocious gin-palace?"

"It is for monsieur to lead the way."

"And for you constantly and carefully to avoid following me, and to allow me to fall into the lions' den. Constant, do you know what I have to do to-night?"

"To be bold and to win."

"You have taught me how to manage the one. I think I can depend on my own presence of mind for the other. But do you know how much I want?"

"Monsieur's wants are extensive."

"And so are yours, monsieur the sleeping partner. Eight hundred a rise from the table a winner of five thousand pounds I am a ruined man."

"Monsieur's creditors indeed are pressing."

"The creditors be hanged," Francis Blunt, Esq., retorted, with much equanimity. "It isn't for them I shall have to sit up till five o'clock this morning. But there are debts of honor, Constant, that must be paid. I owe Carleton fifteen hundred. I owe the Italian prince, what's his name? Marigliano, a monkey. I must send that wolf of mine a hundred pounds before to-morrow afternoon, or she will be crawling after me as usual. And then my ready money is all gone, or nearly so. I don't think I've got fifty pounds in my pocket. I've dropped over sixty pounds at that school at Chapham, Black-something House, to pay for that little brat:—that was by your advice, Monsieur Jean Baptiste. I tell you that I must have five thousand pounds out of Debonnair before sunrise or I am done. I must have ready money to go abroad with, and you know the most of my valuables are with them there are your wages, Constant."

"And my commission, if monsieur pleases."

"Ah! your commission, most immaculate of commercial agents. Five per cent., is it not? You go abroad with me, Constant, so that you know I am perfectly safe. By-the-way, you couldn't manage to take the hundred to the she-wolf's lodgings, could you?"

"Ready money is not very plentiful," returned the valet, after some consideration; "but I think that monsieur could manage by a little dressing to monsieur's demand. Might I, however, ask him to promise me one little thing?"

"What is it, you sly rogue? Rise in your wages?"

"Monsieur's service is sufficiently remunerative," answered the valet, and I believe he spoke with perfect sincerity. "It is not that."

"What then?"

"Not to touch the dice to-night. As my amour-propre is concerned, as a commercial operation they are destructive."

"Confound the bones, I know they are," Mr. Blunt, with a slight oath, answered, acknowledged. "If I had stuck to the coups you taught me at Vaujon I should have made ten thousand this season about. I've got a pretty inferno box in my hand without coming to grief in some way or another. And yet what money I have won—"

"And what is monsieur's luck?"

"Your answer is unanswerable. Yes; I will promise you. I'll keep my head cool, and won't touch ivory to-night."

"You are going to Crockford's."

"And go there. Sir. Sha'n't stop an hour. The only way of luring my pigeon out."

"And then?"

"Other barrelfuls-shep, of course. The worthy Count Cubford will expect his commission, of course, on the transaction, for permission to play Vaughn in the house. Every body wants his commission nowadays. I wonder Langhorne, of the Guards, doesn't ask for fifteen per cent. for having introduced me to Debonnair."

"You will be able to afford it if you only follow the instructions which I have given. I mean monsieur—must keep his head very cool, and, as much as possible, his eyes fixed on his opponent. Monsieur must never lose his temper, and never grow tired. Then, if he takes care, and Debonnair is grie enough, he will win his five thousand pounds before morning."

"I believe I shall. Five thousand pounds are more than five thousand louis, most unsophisticated Constant. Where are we? Oh, Charing Cross. Well get rid of this ramshackle old tub here. I shall go to the club and have a bath, and then—"

"To St. James's Street?"

"No, Constant, I don't fear that the business of the evening will commence. The night is young yet. It isn't a quarter past twelve."

"What shall therefore have the honor to leave monsieur?"

"Exactly, you will have that honor, most conscientious of valets. You will also have the honor of staying out as late as you like on this side of six: for I can't expect to be home before that time, but you will be up, and you must know the results of the campaign. It may be an Austerlitz, you know, but it may turn out a Waterloo, Constant. In the latter case I warn you against, for you don't seem to be troubled with any, or else you are up to them in the art of concealment, for which—"

"For which monsieur has the honor to leave monsieur?"

And so saying, Mr. Blunt waved his hand to his body-servant, and strode away in the direction of St. Paul's.

The valet paid the coachman five shillings in excess of his fare, at which jarvey drove away rejoicing. His master had flung him his cloak before leaving, saying that he would put on an overcoat, which he possessed at the club. Jean Baptiste Constant enveloped himself in this garment, but did not throw it into any melodramatic fold. He passed to be the mantle of a Byronic-looking patrician. It was now merely the cloak of a highly-accomplished gentleman's valet, who knew his cloak and kept it.

"Yes," murmured Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant, very softly, to himself, as he walked round the hoarding of those old mews once occupying the area of Trafalgar Square, but then just in process of demolition, "it may be Austerlitz, and it may be Waterloo—more than Waterloo—it may end in St. Helena and captivity, and death. Or, it may be Tenfant. Ah, the dear old sabob at Catchapore who writes such pretty letters about his little niece! Ah! le beau jeu que le vingt et un. Allons voir la Louve."

It was rather late at night to pay a visit to a she-wolf; but Monsieur Constant seemed bent on the enterprise, and diving into St. Martin's Lane, and through the mazes of Cranbourn Alley, was very soon in Leicester Place, Leicester Square.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOTEL RATAPLAN.

I DON'T know what has become of the Hotel Rataplan in these days. The neighborhood of Leicestersers Square's no more accustomed from mutability than its Anglo-Saxon vicinage; and Rataplan may have faded into decadence, or undergone an aristocratic change of name—even as Bug has been lately transmuted into Norfolk Howard—or have been swept away altogether. It is not a matter of much consequence. It is no part of my business here, at least, to follow the vicissitudes of every house in London town.

In the treating of the year '36; and in '36 the Rataplan flourished exceedingly, and was very much the Hotel Rataplan indeed.

Désiré Rataplan kept it. He was a gross, fat Frenchman. He looked not only like a landlord but a cook; and a capital cook he was. Who lards fat pullets should himself be fat, and Rataplan was larded all over. He was the most unctuous looking man it is possible to conceive, and his face, like that of many other fat men, was perfectly pale and colorless. The great art of figure-painters is, I have been desirous to represent flesh that has not an adventitious teint baséné in immediate juxtaposition with white linen. For this reason the clumsy painters, when they give us a man or woman dressed in white, usually make the flesh swarthy, or sallow, or melancholic. Rubens is accustomed to have been the only painter who really triumphed over the difficulties of chair embroidery. His sexagenarian should have come to the Hotel Rataplan and studied its proprietor. Rataplan was head cook in his own hotel, and wore the orthodox costume of chef. His jacket, his nightcap, his long apron, his duck trousers, his slippers, were all of the purest white, and his fine fat hands were dirty white too, and yet the contrast between his linaments and his habiliments was rather a pleasing than satisfactory one. It was the texture, perhaps, that did it. Otherwise, face and garments were identical. He looked like a cook who had a thin gold ring on his left hand to tongue; and, strange to tell, Rataplan wore over his hearth a discolored red ribbon—not on the breast of his jacket, and which he declared to be that of the French Légion of Honor.

"Recollect, I pray you," the Emperor himself on the field of Arcis-sur-Aube," he was accustomed so say. "C'est la quo nous avons gagné la victoire à ces canaillas d'Autrichiens. Et les Cossaques! bein! c'est Désiré Rataplan qui leur donna a boire et a manger en 1813. Ma foi, ces Cossaques, je les ai accoutumés a toutes sauces ces Cossaques."

He declared that he had the cross of the Légion of honor in a box. He had not always been a cook. Désiré Rataplan had served in the Grand Army. He had fought at Jena, Eylau, Essling, Wagram, at Leipsic. He only missed Waterloo because the regiment to which he belonged had been stationed at Saint Denis. "Et si on n'a pas été brigand de la Loire, moi qui vous parle," he would say.

The regiment, he stated, was the Trente-septième Ligne; but this he hearers would ultimately refuse to believe. That a soldier of the Grand Army should become a sleeper or a cook was no such very astonishing thing; but that so corpulent a man should have served in the light infantry exceeded reason and probability. He endeavored to reconcile assertion with fact by stating that he had been drum-major to the Thirty-seventh. But his scepticism remained obstinately incredulous. As a sapper and miner, as a heavy cuirassier, as a Grenadier of the Old Guard even, they were willing to accept him; but they declined all credence to his ever having been a "light bob."

He supplied us his wife. "Madame Rataplan was my comrade," he would say. "She was cantinière to the Trente-septième. She gave her own blankets once to the Emperor, when he was out of sanit. Davout has taken la goutte from her many and over again. Mon-sieur Le Prince d'Eckmuhl was very partial to Madame Rataplan."

Madame Rataplan, who was a meek, brown little woman, usually habited in a chintz bedjacket and a petticoat of blue serge, so much the worse for wear that time thoroughly to equip herself in feminine attire after resigning the tunic and pantaloons of a cantinière, would reply: "Tais raison mon homme. C'est y moi-z-aussi qu'a servi le Grand Homme."

They were all frantic in their fanaticism for the memory of the great man. In a dozen rooms of the Hotel Rataplan his portrait was hung. There was a plaster statue of him in the hall. There was a bust over a clock in the coffee-room. Rataplan would have called his hostelry the Hotel Napoleon but for the entreaties of his wife,

who represented that the establishment was of so humble a character that to affix the name of the Great Man to it would be desecration. He did a very comfortable business at the Hotel Rataplan, however.

M. Rataplan had two children. Désiré, his son and heir, was away in France, head-waiter at Calais, till in the fullness of time it should be his lot to assume the direction of the establishment in Leicester Place. "I should have placed him sous les drapeaux, to serve his country as a soldier," said the paternal Rataplan; "but what is that flag, what is that caricature of the tricolor I see now:

Hélas maudite événement il s'écrie
C'est un drapeau que je ne connais pas.
Ah! si jamais mon fils il paîtra,
Dieu, mes enfants, vous donne sa bean tripas."

He was very fond of quoting Béranger's Vieux Sergent, although he certainly looked much more like the foolish fat scallion in Tristram Shandy than a relic of the Empire. He had a daughter, Adèle, aged seventeen, whose only duties until she was old enough to be married were, as her parents understood those duties, to keep her eyes cast down, and to divide her time between needle-work and the piano-forte. She had a tambour-frame in the office of the hotel, and a pretty little cottage piano in her own little sitting-room; and she played, and sewed, and kept her eyes cast down with exemplary assiduity.

Stay! The list of the family is not quite complete. There was a very large poodle dog by the name of Azor, who in youth had been a sprightly rogue, capable of going through the martial exercise and performing numerous other tricks, but whose infirmities had made him the won fame and fortune for their masters on the public stage. But Azor had grown lazy from long possession of the run of his teeth, in such a land of honey as the kitchen of a hotel. Formerly he used to be shaved, but was now allowed to wear the totality of his shaggy coat, so that he resembled a small polar bear quite as much as he did a large poodle.

Finally, there was at the Hotel Rataplan a prodigious old woman, who was called La Mère Thomas. Nobody could tell with precision who she was. Some said she was Rataplan's grandmother. Others that she was madame's aunt. She was evidently a kinswoman, for she tutoyed the whole family, called Rataplan mon frichon, and his wife mahèche, and occasionally boxed the ears of Adèle, apostrophizing her as "et toi Jeanneton, que ça pousse! comme ça pousse!" when she ventured to raise her eyes to glance at a passing stranger. La Mère Thomas was of immense, but uncertain age. Her complexion was of a fine mahogany color, and she wore a muslin cap which might have been envied by many a sabaltern in the Life Guards. On her chin, too, there sprouted sundry hairs, which, but for her previous jovial appearance, would have given her an uncomfortable family likeness to one of the witches in Macbeth. La Mère Thomas wore a crimson and yellow pocket-handkerchief bound lightly round her head and tied in a bow in front, another silk handkerchief crossed over her ample bosom and tied behind her, very much in the style adopted by the engaging damsels resident in the neighborhood of Ratcliff Highway. A large gold cross at her neck, a skirt of some indescribable fabric and of no color at all—people said it had originally been a flannel petticoat pieced with a sock—and carpet slippers, like an upholsterer's assistant. She trotted continually from one of those little tin boxes with a perforated top, like these which are used to keep gentles for fishing in. She was in the night-porter at the Hotel Rataplan, and travelers, whom she had let in very late, declared that she habitually smoked a short pipe after one in the morning. Her conversation was not copious. To the majority of questions addressed to her, her ordinary and expressive, but unintelligible reply was Fichtre! Sacre Fichtre! She was monosyllable, and not abundant, although she had been at least ten years in this country. She was a hearty old soul, however, and very fond of beer, which she drank by the quart.

Such was the Rataplan family. They were a good-natured group, all very fond of one another, and quarreling very seldom, as is the foolish manner of the French people.

The hotel was conducted without the slightest ostentation, but was, nevertheless, a sufficiently generous speculation. It was entirely used by French. Turning from Leicester Place into the hotel parlor, you might have fancied yourself at once in France—not necessarily in Paris, but in some provincial town. The hall was flagged with the usual gray marble, decorated with the same sham bronzes, and hung with the same array of shrill tinkling bells. The walls were gay with the usual highly decorated placards relating to chocolate, corn plasters, bills, elastic corsets, and hotels at Geneva, Lille, Dunkirk—or, say Calais and Dieppe—la- Guildarde. There was a little poky office, with pigeon holes for the lodgers' candlesticks, and numbered plates and books of keys, a green-shaded lamp on the secretaire, limp, green, shagreen-covered volumes, to keep the accounts in, a long, low arm-chair covered with Utrecht velvet for Mademoiselle Adèle, another higher and black leather one-sacred to La Mère Thomas. Madame Rataplan was seldom seen in the upper regions. She was, in fact, head chambermaid, her assistant being a dirty Irish girl, with a face like a kidney potato, and many chilblains, who got on very well with the Rataplans, principally for the reason that they were Roman Catholics. The salle à manger was a long, low room, uncarpeted, and the floor boxwaxed, furnished with the usual array of rush-bottomed chairs, the usual litter of half-emptied wine bottles, dingy napkins in dingier horn rings, knives that wouldn't cut, forks lacking their proper complement of prongs, copies of the *Siècle* and the *Charivari* seven days old, and a big mezzotint engraving after the Horace Vernet, representing Napoleon rising from the Tomb. Every thing was very French indeed. Every thing was very dear indeed. There was a table d'hôte every day at half-past six, at which the cookery was admirable and the wines were detestable. The latter were generally full of foreigners. The Rataplan clientèle abroad was extensive; and foreign visitors to England were accustomed to declare that, although the hotel accommodation of perfidious Albion was in general execrable, that offered by the Hotel Rataplan was passable and moderately cheap. They did not seem to be aware of the possibility of any hotels existing any where in London out of Leicester Place, or at least "Leycesterre Square."

Rataplan, then, prospered. He only kept one waiter, a young man from Alencon, named Antoine, with a red head and a face like a fox. This serviteur appeared by day in a waistcoat with black calico sleeves and baggy pantaloons of blue canvas terminating in stocking feet. He was accustomed to shout "Vous etesservi," or "Voicy z'eau," from the kitchen regions, but never to come down till he had been rung for at least a dozen times. At table d'hôte time he appeared in the black tail coat and white cravat de rigueur, and carried a servicette in lieu of a feather broom under his arm. He was very good-natured, and was in the question of the reckoning, passably honest. He had taught the Irish servant girl to play piquet with him, and was very fond of the game. A little quiet gambling Antoine was always ready with a portable roulette box with an ivory ball. He did not appear to cheat until he was found out.

I have forgotten to state that from basement to roof the Hotel Rataplan was thoroughly strewed of tobacco-smoke.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Upon thy banks once more I sit,
Oh! river of my happy days,
Where memories on my heart are writ
In lines which time can not erase;
The tuneful water ripples by
A shore of sapphire and green,
And on the grass I sit and sigh,
"What might have been! what might have been!"

Flow on, flow on, my happy stream,
With gentle murmur day and night,
And never wan a sunny beam,
And be thy waters ever bright;
My life might once have flowed as well,
In peaceful calm, for what I yearned,
But its wild waters would rebel,
And to another channel turned.

Flow on, oh! river of my life,
Where flowers are ever in bud,
Flow on, mad stream that chose the strife,
And now no more repent the choice;
I wandered from my mother's arms,
My better angel from me passed,
I overlooked the truest charms,
And lost the world that might have been.

"MY LITTLE SISTER."

"WARNER'S Knight? Has any body seen Knighty?" asked the Colonel, suddenly, and with anxious solicitude, of a visitor who had called to see Captain Knighty to answer the question by bodily presence.

"Captain Knighty—who has seen him?" he demanded in a louder tone. A sergeant stepped forward, touching his cap.

"Captain Knighty is in the tint under—sconced, yur Honor."

"Badly?"

"I think he was, Sur. I caught him when he fell, and the blood was spurting from his side," answered Sergeant Murphy.

The face of the Colonel, that a moment since had been bright with triumph, now took on a sad, foreboding look.

"It was a famous victory," and Colonel Decker had distinguished himself, but if Jim Knighty was killed how much heart had he for success? He has looked mournfully into his tent as he uttered the "tint yonder" that Sergeant Murphy pointed out.

There he lay, who had been the foremost in the fight, his stalwart figure helpless, his ardent face ghastly with approaching dissolution. Decker saw it all at once as he entered. He could have cried out with sorrow, for almost as men love a woman had Decker loved Miss Knighty.

The hollow, dying eyes grew brighter at sight of the Colonel. Decker himself could not speak. A man of singular powers of command was speechless, he was dumb now. So it was Knighty who spoke first.

He smiled—the old gay smile; it wrung Decker's heart to see it—and said, faintly,

"We've won, Colonel!"

How the gay smile ran through the faint voice, and made it jubilant!

"Yes, Jim, we've won."

What was the utterly simple words that conveyed another assurance than of victory to Captain Knighty? He had scarcely thought of himself. They had carried him in here after he was wounded, and he had thought only of the "famous victory." What else? His wound was not painful. He did not even feel any weakness. He was very faint to be sure. What else, then, but the famous victory should fill his mind? But when Decker's dejected tones answered him; when, looking up radiant, he met Decker's grief-stricken face, his mind took in another idea. "It was a famous victory," but he was drifting away from it.

He turned his head and saw the sad looks of the two or three fellow-officers. Then back again to Decker.

"I believe I am going, Tom—is it so?"

There was no military etiquette between them now, and Decker's silence was the only response to these words. The two grasped hands. A moment more, then a spasm of anguish contracted Jim Knighty's face.

"What is it, Jim?"

"My little sister. I leave her all alone in the world. There is nobody—to look—out—" The voice was breaking off forever.

"I will look out for her, Jim. You leave her to me, old friend. To me, Jim—to Tom Decker—you'll trust me, dear old fellow;" and Decker's voice broke off too, but for sorrow.

How the dusky, dying eyes lit here.

"To Tom Decker! Yes—yes—I trust him. Tell her—good-by—Tom. Dear little Elly. To —Tom Decker!" The dying eyes opened once more, there was a movement of the lips—no words. The arms stretched out with their last strength, and those two men embraced each other.

"It was a famous victory." But Jim Knighty lay dead. That was the price that Tom Decker paid. For two or three years these two had been such friends as friendship sometimes points out, or that sometimes discovers its splendid rarity to you in the modern days of life. Men who loved one another like brothers, or like David and Jonathan, whose natures can understand such a friendship between man and man can understand all the desolation that Decker felt at Knighty with this fact. Desolate, though covered with honor for his gallantry upon this field of battle, he went home on the transport ship. He had no family. There was only one tie to call him from his soldier's post. That was Elly.

As he walked the deck of the steamer the was bearing him on his way he thought perpetually of Elly and her brother.

"What a wonderful fellow he was—so true, so generous, so simple and brave! Then: was not another like him.

And he thought of the brief time that seemed so long, because so full, since their companionship. Business had brought him to New York. As soon as they knew each other more, friends and lovers for life—say, and for death! Noble souls both of them, each loved the nobility in the other.

And he thought of this little sister. Honest Jim Knighty was not a man given to talking much of himself and commercially Decker knew that Knighty, sole relative, a sister, was somewhere up in Vermont, with old friends of the family. And now and then Jim would burst out with a little joy, and now and then he would speak of "my little sister."

Thinking of all this, and in view of her loss, his heart ached for the little lonely thing. He had a firm fancy that she was like her brother. She would carried her a doll for a gift. He didn't know much about children, especially little girls; but wouldn't it be a great deal for him to open her heart to him early as he had ever turned over some weighty question of war or business. And when he started from New York he purchased every toy in the shops that was the most wonderful doll he could find in all New York. But in spite of this Parisian dress knocks to the ground, I don't think that Colonel Decker ever contemplated a military step, or found himself in any situation, civil, social, or military, which embarrassed him like the thought of the coming interview with Jim Knighty's little sister. He wasn't used to children, and, to tell the truth, was a little afraid of them, regarding them with that mixture of gentleness and distrust which persons who have no children and men who have never been much associated with children. He also had expected them to cry at any moment; and in anticipation of this catastrophe he was rather shy of making advances. With these ancient feelings, revived and exaggerated by the peculiarity of his circumstances, Decker arrived in the great old-fashioned parlor at High Mount, the place of the Westerlyns, just outside of Montpelier, the present home of Elly Knighty.

He heard a voice calling "Elly! Elly!" and to fortify himself he glanced nervously at the oblong looking-glass over the fire. "Elly! Elly!" and then some murmured words of explanation; and then a hush; and then the light fall of little feet. He looked anxiously toward the door; but it was a young lady who entered. So Elly wouldn't come. He was very sorry—it was a mercy.

"I am Colonel Decker, Captain Knighty's friend. I was with him when he died. He gave his little sister to my charge—a welcome charge to me, you will understand, for Captain Knighty was my dear friend. Do you think the child will see me?"

He paused for an answer, looking still anxiously toward the door. There was so long his eyes came back more observantly to her whom he questioned. The standing before him with a forbidding look on her face—a young pale face, full of the self-absorption of some great sorrow. So absorbed was she in her own sense of her own painful consciousness. And when she raised her head at last and said, so simply, "I am Captain Knighty's sister," Decker was in the most peculiar position, and lost any embarrassment he might have felt in the pity and sympathy that overwhelmed him at sight of that utterly stricken face and the dejected tones.

She sat down by him, and with a quiet gravity that was more heart-breaking than sobs and tears, questioned him in the spirit of the dead. She looked so like Jim, as she listened there, with her patient, melancholy face—so like Jim, and yet so unlike him in the sombre brightness of her youth and sex—and her calm was so eloquent of the desolateness that had come to her, that altogether it was almost more than brave Tom Decker could bear. It was not until he had left her presence, and was driving back to town, that he realized what his mistake involved.

So this was Elly, the little sister whom he had received in charge from dying Jim Knighty. The consolation that he had anticipated was entirely out of place. A doll would not console this Elly Knighty whom he had seen. And then he remembered, with a half smile, that he had left the oblong box, with its Parisian treasure, upon the parlor-table at High Mount. But how could he console her? How could he be of service to his chance without wounding her delicacy? She had seemed a child to her brother—"My little sister." "Well, she can not be more than twenty," reasoned Colonel Decker. "She is a child to me, as she was to Jim: fifteen years makes some difference. I hope she'll see it so."

But the reasoning and the perplexed questioning proved that he feared she would'n't.

He went to see her again the next day, and the next, and the next, until the days ran into weeks.

"She has such simplicity and fresh-heartedness, and she loved Jim so deeply that by-and-by she will understand me, and tell him that she will let me take his place as far as I can."

This was what the Colonel had meant to bring about by lingering and waiting so long. To take Jim's place to her as brother and guardian. She needed such a protector sorely enough, for with Jim Knighty's brave life had departed the sole support of hers. And to have her go out teaching, or anything of that kind, this young, gently-nurtured, delicate creature, why it would break Captain Jim Knighty's heart. He had taken steps, too, to prevent any such necessity. There had been an investment which promised ample support in two or three months ago, what had seemed so safe to Captain Knighty proved rotten to the core, and thus Captain Knighty was pretty near poor, at the saddest time of her existence. So it was that Colonel Decker staid to let time and association teach Elly Knighty to regard him as the brother in Jim's stead. And waiting for this teaching he found himself taught quite another lesson.

There came a day—or when something must be said; for the furlough was nearly out. He began to her when she also was thinking that morning:

"Elly, in two weeks I must go to my regiment."

Elly. He could call her Elly now for Jim's sake. He thought she loved now for Jim's sake.

"Elly, in two weeks I must go back to my regiment."

Not a word did she answer him. He waited, looking down at her. Such a pretty pale face, noble and sad, full of girlish freshness. By-and-by it lifted to him.

"I want to ask your advice about something before you go. Captain Jim was fond of you, and he would like to have had me appeal to you first for advice."

Yes, as Jim's friend. He had taught her the lesson. Well?

"Had a blockhead have been!" he murmured inwardly.

"I have had an invitation from the principal of the High School here to become a teacher there, but Mrs. Westerlyn thinks I had better take a situation as governess. The Gaylords need a governess in Boston, Mrs. Gaylord and Mrs. Westerlyn thinks I might get the post."

She went on to tell him of the advantages and disadvantages of each place, that he might give her a clear judgment, but he hardly heard a word of what she said, his thoughts were in such a tumult.

"He must not be, it must not be!" he broke out at last.

She looked at him astonished.

"Elly, let me tell you how I came here." And he told her of his mistake in supposing she was a child; of his perplexity and doubt as he thought of Jim's sister; and of the toll he had left pressed on the way, to open her heart to him. "I had adopted you there at Jim's death-bed, Elly, for—your little sister." With a feeling that he repeated every word that passed between her brother and himself on that bed. He had never told her all before: he could not.

"He gave you to me, Elly; his last words were: 'To Tom Decker.' You shall live here, or where you like; but you must let me do for you as Jim did. I have nothing else to do with what I have. Elly, the world has been the bitterest foe to Jim to have had you wearing your life away in teaching. And, Elly, think—I am fifteen years your senior, but I am a little old for my age. And think too, Elly, that I loved him, and he loved me. He trusted you to me, Elly."

"Yes, Colonel Decker, I think—that is the only way now, and I will make it easy to her." But all the time he was groaning at "the way." While he was talking to Elly, the room grew dim and pale by turns, and the tears ran down her cheeks.

"No, no. I can't, I can't" she presently faltered, pushing him away, but trembling visibly in her effort at control.

"Elly, are you so proud? He was my only friend. I had given him almost like a woman. He left you to me as a legacy. It was my conclusion."

"No, it is not because I am proud; but I can not, I can not."

"Why, Elly?"

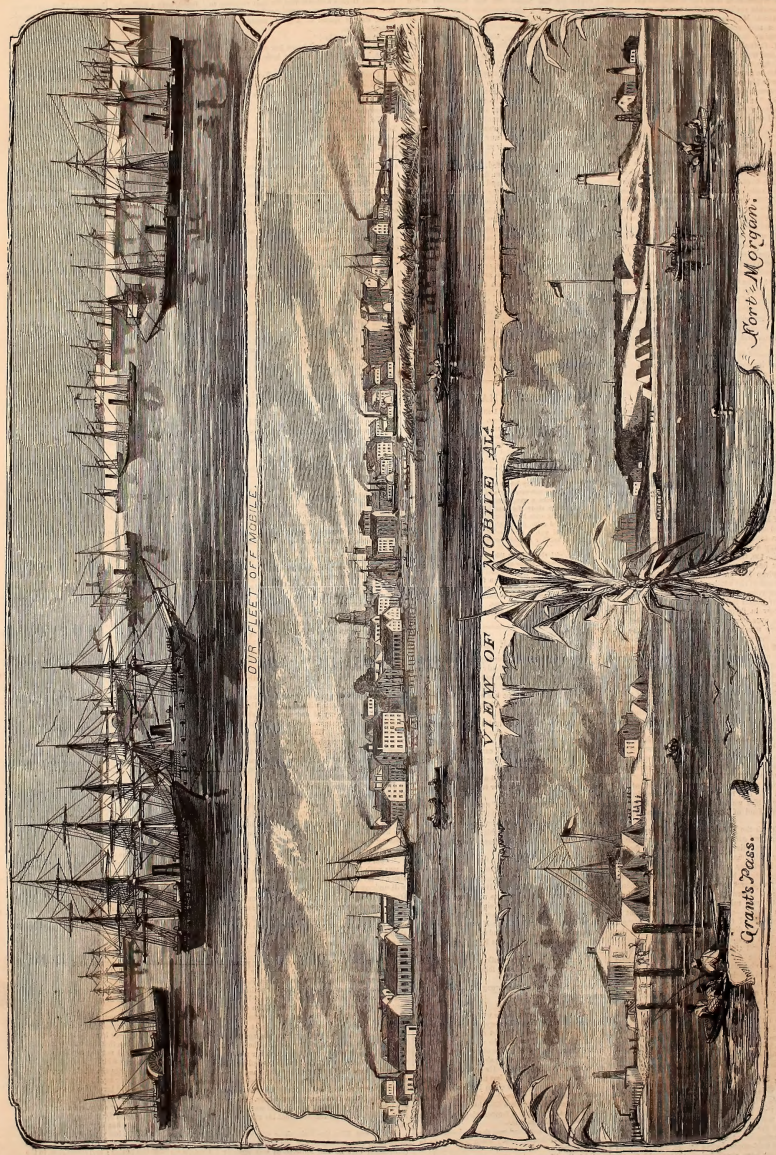
She looked up for an instant at that appealing voice. Her secret was in her eyes, but she did not know it.

"Elly!" There was a new tone in the voice. Every thing had changed at once to him as he met her eyes.

"Elly, will you bear another story? Will you let me plead a different cause? If you had listened to the other I should never have told this, because I should have known then that that was your choice. But now—Elly, you will not be 'my little sister.' Oh, Elly, can you be my wife?"

And in this last sentence the whole story of love was told. What did Elly say? What could Elly say, with all this time had loved him too well to be his "little sister?"

And this is the end of my story, but not of theirs. God grant it may not end for a long, long time to them. Colonel Decker has been on other battlefields since then, and he has won other laurels, but he can be hardly more sacred of any: than where Captain Knighty lies buried; and sometimes, in the silence of his tent at night, he seems to hear again those last words—"To Tom Decker."


OUR FLEET OFF MOBILE.
VIEW OF MOBILE Alt.
Fort Morgan.
Grant's Pass.

MOBILE AND ITS DEFENSES.

WE give on page 204 an illustration showing the position of the Federal fleet off the harbor of Mobile, together with the defenses of the harbor. At last accounts (25th ult.) Admiral FARRAGUT was bombarding *Fort Powell*, which commands Grant's Pass, on the left of the picture. This fort is bomb-proof, but, under the vigorous fire directed against it, could not, it was believed at the date of the latest advices, long hold out. The reduction of this fort is necessary to enable FARRAGUT to send his mosquito fleet through the Pass into the harbor of Mobile, by which he will cut off forts Gaines and Morgan. The distance from Fort Powell is thirty miles, nine of which are through a narrow channel, with its banks fortified the entire distance. Fort Morgan is a very strong work, protected on the sea front by a strong water-battery of masonry and turf. The fort and battery, with their full battery, mount forty-five guns, mostly Columbiads of heavy calibre. Fort Gaines is situated on Dauphin's Island Point, three miles and one fourth from and nearly opposite Fort Morgan, and is heavily mounted. Vessels drawing more than seven and a half feet are compelled to pass between these forts; and obstructions placed in the channel will make the passage for FARRAGUT still more difficult.

Mobile is one of the largest cities on the Gulf, and is fairly environed by defenses thrown up during the last two years. The authorities, however, do not appear to feel secure against assault; for on the 25th ult. the Mayor of the city issued a proclamation requesting all non-combatants to leave the city, intimating that its capture was not impossible, and that in any case, if the city should be besieged, suffering might result from the want of supplies.

HONORABLE MICHAEL HAHN,
GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.

THE 4th of March was the beginning of a new era in the history of Louisiana. Not only was the Federal authority on that day formally re-established, but a State Administration fully in accord with the liberal spirit of the times was installed amidst the rejoicings of thousands of citizens. The inauguration of MICHAEL HAHN, the Governor elect, whose portrait we here give, was attended by a grand and imposing display—all the school-children of the city, all the veteran and volunteer soldiers, all the Federal and city officials participating in the demonstration. The inauguration ceremonies took place in Lafayette Square, which was densely crowded with people. Mr. HAHN, when formally installed, delivered his Inaugural Address, pledging himself to an unconditionally loyal policy, and taking high ground in favor of the extinction of Slavery, which he denominated the cause of all our present troubles.

HON. MICHAEL HAHN, GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA.—[PHOT. BY THEO. LILIENTHAL, NEW ORLEANS.]

Governor HAHN was born in Bavaria, Germany, in the year 1830, and is consequently in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He came to this country when a mere child, his mother settling in New York city. When ten years of age, he went with his mother and sisters to TEXAS, whence, some time after, they removed to New Orleans, where Mr. HAHN has ever since resided. In 1840 his mother died of yellow fever. At the age of 18 he commenced the study of the law, and at 20 graduated with honor at the Louisiana University, at once taking a prominent position in the community.

In politics Mr. HAHN was always a Democrat, and in the last Presidential campaign was a member of the DOUGLAS Executive Committee. When secession was first proposed in the spring of 1861, he took strong ground against it, and during all the time the rebels ruled in New Orleans refused to fall in with the prevailing madness. Upon the occupation of New Orleans by our forces he was among the first to step forward to the help of General BUTLER. In December, 1862, Mr. HAHN was elected to Congress, where he soon became recognized as a man of undoubted patriotism and ability. He was elected Governor in February last by a majority of 986 over both competitors, in a total vote of 11,846, every loyal paper in the State supporting his claims for the exalted and responsible position.

BY THE RIVER.

THE sunshine quivered on the quivering poplars
That grow beside the stream;
And o'er the distant hills there seemed a glory,
A gold and purple gleam;
And I know
That even in the March wind there was music,
And in the river's flow.

I loved to hear the sighing of the water,
To mark its green depths shine;
But more I loved two brown eyes, calm and tender,
A hand clasped in mine;
For I know
I thought that love would last forever, changeless,
Though rivers ceased to flow.

Gone is the sunshine from the quivering poplars,
The glory from the head;
Gone, the brown eyes that made the sunshine brighter,
And gone the clasping hand;
But I know
My tears are like the river—ah, the river!
That can not cease to flow.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

THE Fashions for March are very much modified by the Siberian state of the temperature during the latter part of February. An exaggeration has been developed in the head-dress, which has become an amphitheatre composed of flowers, feathers, ribbons, velvet, and precious stones. On account of the space taken up in this manner, polite husbands mount the box by the side of the coachman. The more permanent bonnet, however, it is officially announced, is to lose in the coming Spring all that the head-dress has gained.

The chapeaux are no longer to be high floral expositions, but almost flat over the forehead, close-fitting to the outline of the face, and small in proportion every way; thus returning to the style so long adopted in England, which often indicated in Paris the nationality of the pretty British tourist contrasted with the Parisian belles, who now affect the black silk or velvet bonnet, ornamented with *jet, par preference*. Other colors, mostly in velvet, are admissible, but neutral shades are the most distingués.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Lilac and taffety robe, with open corsage. The lapels are in red, blue, and green plaid velvet, buttoning over the waist by a double row of buttons. The watched and cuffs are likewise in velvet plaid; but from the former depends a long and wide silk lacing streamer. The chemisette is embroidered and provided with a small upright collar, fastened with a narrow light blue cravat.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—White tulle robe, trimmed with six flounces of bullion plaits. Over the robe are placed three lapes of plain tulle, forming a tunic, and drawn up at the side by a bouquet of flowers to which they are attached. Pointed corsage, provided with drapery, fastened at the shoulders and in the centre with small roses. The coiffure is of the latest mode, the hair being raised in front and ornamented with an abundance of flowers.

Fig. 3. *Carriage Dress.*—Light green velvet robe of the style known as the *style Princesse*, trimmed above the seam, round the pockets, and on the sleeves with rolls of fur. The front of the skirt and of the corsage is closed with black velvet buttons. Brown velvet bonnet of the modified form, decorated with a feather fastened to the top of the crown by a large rose, similar to that ornamenting the front of the chapeau.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MARCH, 1864.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, small as he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, without the risk of your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

Millinery and Dressmaking Announcement.

MADAME BENEDICT invites the LADIES of New York for her OPENING DAY, TUESDAY, the 22D of MARCH, to inspect her NOVELTIES in MILLINERY and DRESSMAKING. Milliners not admitted.
12 WAVERLY PLACE.

Life and Anecdotes of Thackeray.

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THACKERAY;
THE
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The Story of his Life, with Particulars of his Early Career never before made public. By ECKHARD LOBE. Esq. Illustrated with a Portrait, one of the latest taken from life; View of Thackeray's House; Fac-simile of his Hand-writing; Humorous Illustrations by George Cruikshank; and other Pictures and Sketches.
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Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

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J. W. BARTLETT,
Needle Manufacturer for all the Sewing Machines.
BARTLETT'S BERKSHIRE HAND NEEDLE: any quantity, any size, by mail or express. "We find them a wonderful improvement. Try 250 for 50c."—Mme. Demorest.

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BURNETT'S FLORIMEL is an exquisite handkerchief perfume.

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WHATEVER DR. BURNETT makes is the best of its kind. His famous COCOAINE, for the hair, and *Flavoring Extracts* sustain that reputation. For sale by druggists, grocers, and country dealers.

The Printer's Devil, a handsome illustrated family paper, will be sent six months on trial for 25 cents. Terms and Prizes in every number. Address
"PRINTER'S DEVIL," 113 Fulton Street, N. Y.
Sold by all Newsdealers.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.

Major-General Burnside

Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case:" "It is the most complete thing for a *Smoking Apparatus* that I have ever seen, and is entirely within the reach of the General's pay." Price, that it will certainly work itself into general use!

Gen'l Thomas' Female Miracle Worker!

Feb. 5th, 1864.

To the Ridgewood Manufacturing Co.

Gentlemen:—I feel great pleasure in acknowledging, with many thanks, your present of the "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case," and beg sincerely to assure you of my belief that your ingenious and beautiful little invention will prove most convenient and useful to every Officer and Soldier, who can stand Smoke as well as Joe.

And remain, faithfully yours, &c.

Compact and portable, as a *Cigar Case*, this Case contains styles at $1.50, $2.00, $2.25, $2.50, $3.00, $3.75 and $4.00, in variety richly gilded and engraved.

Pipes and Cases sent by mail, free to the Army, and everywhere, on receipt of price and 25 *cents*. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of superior flavor and *flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade*. Also the 5 pound package of this FINE TOBACCO, (smoking and chewing cut) put up mail, free, on receipt of $1.25. *All Goods promptly filled.*

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SOMETHING NEW
IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designed from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Packed 56 cards and two red stamps, and send for sample pack. $5 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 60 NASSAU St., New York.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent before them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description, viz.:*

SUITABLE PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Superior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION HOLDERS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1.25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1.50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Pens of the first-rate wood-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridomia Points, the average wear of every one of which for our future a genre of the Standard Pens *is calculated they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. MORTON," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for one month, unless accidented.

The Numbers indicate size only. No. 1 being the smallest, No. 10 the largest, adapted for the pocket. No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the Gold Pens.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 25 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION HOLDERS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 50 a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, AT FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 00 a No. 7 Pen.

For $3 50 a No. 8 Pen; for $4 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmine Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection, and none but the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made heretofore.

Particular ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to give the kind they prefer—whether six or fourth, coarse or fine.

All applications sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk; and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering) in addition to the price of gods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

Albums for the Army.

Our New Pocket Album,

holding sixteen pictures, and sold at

Seventy-five Cents,

is the cheapest and best Pocket Album ever offered to the public.

Sent by mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five Cents.

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Photograph Album Manufacturers,
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THE JAN., FEB., AND MARCH PICTORIAL DOUBLE NUMBERS PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL
Are the best ever issued. They contain more than 100 Portraits and other Engravings, including Major-Gen. Meade, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Elgin, Gen. Thomas, Bishop Hughes, Captain Ericsson, Spirit and Grain, Wind, Music, Biography, also Beautiful Women. Only 45 cents for the three; $1 50 a year. New Vol. Address
FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

Opera and Field-Glasses

Can see a man distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses with French flint glass. Microscopes of every description, from $1 to $50. R. & J. BECK, No. 6 Fulton Street, Philadelphia, and 110 Nassau-way, cor. Fulton St., up stairs. Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular.

Brandreth's Pills

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

It is not pretended that a single life, or even an extended experience of one hundred and twelve years with a medicine, however successful, is sufficient to establish a theory of cure. But if ages of experience since, and during the life of Hippocrates, have confirmed the utility of Purging in all cases of sickness, then it would have weight with the medical profession, as it has with that portion of the public at large, whose attention has been directed to the subject, and who have seen the wonderful curative effects of Brandreth's Pills.

I have also, WITH MY PILLS, "The Literary Curiosities from the History of The Doctrine of Purgation," being selections from the writings of physicians, beginning with Hippocrates, 460 B. C., and ending with Rudolph Virchow, in 1860.

It will be this men that the advantages of Purging, when all important effective agent is used, have been appreciated by more than one thousand medical men whose testimony is now preparing, and within a few weeks will be presented to the public. I think it will settle the propriety of the use of Brandreth's Pills theoretically. Their practical utility has already been tested for

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE YEARS.

B. T. Babbitt's Articles of Every-day Use.

PURE MEDICINAL YEAST,

Manufactured from common Salt and Pure Cream Tartar. When used in Bread, Cake, or Biscuit, it turns to gas twice the Leavening Quality of Soda Water, and remains dormant in the dough until it is set in the oven, when it will then rise, same as the gas to escape through the dough in the baking. Is Sold by Grocers, and, like Biscuit is not only very light, but perfectly wholesome. Directions for using, with each yeas will require about one-quarter the quantity of Saleratus, mixed with cold water. Yeast. It may also be used for Buckwheat Cakes, Griddle Cakes, and all kinds of Pastry. This Yeast is put up in one-pound packages, handsomely done, with checkered label. *Red, White, and Blue*, and will keep in any climate for *two institutions.*

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP with B. T. Babbitt's Pure Concentrated Potash, Warranted double strength, Chemically Prepared, and superior to any other Saponifier or lay in Stock. Put up in cans of 1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 6 lbs., and 12 lbs., with full directions, in English and Germen, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make Fifteen pounds of Soft Soap. No lime is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

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B. T. Babbitt's Concentrated Soft Soap. One box costing One Dollar, will make 60 gallons of handsome Soft Soap, by simply adding boiling water.

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Address,

B. T. BABBITT,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington Street, N. Y.

A liberal discount to Storekeepers.

Best Thing Out!

The "Patent Pocket Army Pipe," just out, is decidedly the most practical article for soldiers in the market. It is of fine aparance, SELF-CLEANING, will not rust and BURN OUT. It is a perfect smoker, and compact, is not easily stopped up, as it can be taken into FOUR PARTS immediately. The fire can not be seen, neither can it drop out. By a very ingenious arrangement the smoke is cooled and thoroughly separated from the moisture, making it the cleanest, most economical, and delightful smoking pipe in the world. One month's use will pay the price of $2 25. We also manufacture the famous Magic Cork-Screw, Pocket Corkscrew, Union Cap Compound, Prize Packages, Match safes, &c., and we will send 12 different samples of our different articles, nicely packed, free, on receipt of $4 00. *Circulars and free per mail.* Address in full RICHARDS, CO., 17 and 19 Nassau St., Box 2131, New York.

P. S. Money and its registered letters is at our risk.

The "Star" No Chimney Burner.

For Kerosene Oil. Lamps and Lanterns, gives a brilliant light free from smoke and odor, and needs no chimney. We have now prepared to supply the increasing demand for this superior Burner, which everywhere gives satisfaction. Sample sent, postpaid, for 25 cts. Agents wanted. Address E. ESSIG & CO., MANUFACTURERS, 2 Pitch Street, New York.

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One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 32x51. Price $1,000.
Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

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BRODIE'S
SPRING OPENING
Took place on
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BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions,
Will make an early Spring Opening of
Ladies' Garments.

For novelty of style, for richness of material, and for endless variety of colors, coupled with moderate prices, the ladies of America never had such inducements to call on the

"Leader of Fashions."

No. 300 Canal Street,

Near Broadway.

LATEST INVENTION IN GOLD PENS.
JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with an Iridium or Diamond Point, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest price pen made, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an elastic and diamond pointed pen at a low figure, and, until now, all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced pens and calling them gold. We know that ours is the only solid gold and genuine diamond pointed and elastic pen in the market that can be sold anywhere near our prices.

Trade Prices by the Dozen.

No. 1. Medium Engraving	$3 50.
No. 2. Smaller Engraving	$3 75.
No. 3. Large Engraving	$4 50.
Silver Mounted Ebony Holders in Morocco Case, extra	$4 00.

A Discount of 10 per cent. made on all orders of $250 and upward.

Sample Pens.

No. 1. Medium Pen	40 cents.
No. 2. Medium Engraving	50 cents.
No. 3. Large Engraving	60 cents.
Silver Mounted Ebony Holders in Morocco Case, extra	50 cents.

Warrantee.

We warrant every pen for one year, and to be solid gold, genuine diamond and iridium pointed, and to possess all the elasticity of the most expensive gold pen made.

We send these pens to any address in the United States, postage paid, on receipt of price. Money properly registered and sealed comes at our risk.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 181 Broadway, New York.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect ourselves and purchasers from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

The manufacture four styles of Watches:

The FIRST has the name

"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The SECOND has the name

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The THIRD has the name

"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The FOURTH has the name

"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the Ellery Watch Co."

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually known by the name most nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH CO." Others have no name on the movement. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold at our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as THE "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "AMERICAN WATCH CO.," others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from great imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Enameled Chamber
FURNITURE.

The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in sets, wholesale and retail. Also Bedsteads and Feathers. WARREN WARD, 377 Canal St., N. Y.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches..... $125 00 each.
100 Gold Watches..... 70 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches..... 40 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches.. 18 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
4000 Cameo Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 8 00 each.
3500 Gent's Breast Pins..... 3 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys..... 3 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides..... 2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sets of Bosom Studs..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings..... 2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
6000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders 4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Gases and Pencils..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those setting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

208 Broadway, New York.

New Cavalry Badge, in Solid Silver, $1 50.
New Artillery and Battery Pin, in fine Gold Plate, $1 50.
New Battle Pin, with the likeness of either General, in fine Gold Plate, $1.
New Naval Pin, fine Gold Plate, $1 50.
New Postmaster's Pin, do., $1 50.
New Engineer's Pin, do., $1 50.
Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Div., or Co. Pin, with your Name, Reg., and Co. lettered on, and engraved thereon, for $1.
Liberal commission and premiums allowed to agents.
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Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

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USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, AND ARMLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. Sold at No. 619 Broadway, N. Y.
Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1.50 each. Sent by mail for 20 cents additional.

$100 a Month made by discharged Soldiers, and sixteen other articles. Don't fail to send for a free Catalogue, containing full particulars. Address
MILLIKEN & SPENCER, Vermont Secret Office, Brandon, Vermont.

Something New in the Card World.

A COMPLETE REVOLUTION.
TIME FOR A CHANGE.
FOREIGN EMBLEMS USED
LONG ENOUGH.
NATIONALITY EVERYTHING.
THE AMERICAN CARD COMPANY.
NOW
conceiving that the introduction of

National Emblems

in the place of Foreign, in Playing Cards, would be hailed with delight by the people of the American republic, produced the
UNION PLAYING CARDS, NATIONAL EMBLEMS,
(the first and only genuine American Cards ever made), and they now take pleasure in being able to announce that they are rapidly becoming the
LEADING CARDS IN THE AMERICAN MARKET.
The Suits are
EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, AND FLAGS.
Colonel in place of King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Knave.
As these emblems are as familiar as household words everywhere among the people of the American republic, so the games can be played as readily with the Union Cards as with cards bearing foreign emblems. Independent of the popular idea of national emblems, they are the prettiest cards ever made. They are handsomely executed, pleasing to the eye, and each pack is put up in an elegant card case, and tied in three for the trade.
For sale by the trade everywhere.
To ensure prompt packs, in case, send post-paid on receipt of $1. Address
AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
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Deafness Overcome BY DR. HASLAM'S SOUND MAGNIFYING TUBES. They can be examined. Send for a descriptive pamphlet to
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Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung affections (free of charge), by sending their address to
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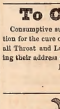

Ballard Patent Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines.

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition.*
This arm is now offered to the public as superior to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantages of loading with either of loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others.
We also offer to the public our Sniper Plate & Reynolds Cartridge and loose ammunition loading receiver. This arm may be used as a rifle or breech loading gun.
For further particulars send for descriptive circular.
P. S. Do not forget that both Rifle and Gun may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.
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PHOTOGRAPHIC GROUPS of eminent actors and actresses, costumed for the stage, by the new ambrotype process. Size 25 cents each; 5 for $1; 13 for $3. Sent, post-paid, by RICHARD PARKER & CO., cor. Ann and Nassau Streets, New York.

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DERMATOLOGIST,
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Formerly of 20 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Baldness. Also, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free.
For particulars enclose stamp for Circular.

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Read Bros. Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular and Price Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., six cents. Address Read Bros. Co., No. 70 Ann St., N. Y., and 25 Lincoln St., Boston.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

$60 A MONTH! I want Agents at $60 a month, Expenses paid, to sell my *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners,* and 13 other articles. 15 circulars free. Address JOHN F. LIRD, Biddeford, Maine.

We are now offering our Celebrated Gold Pens and Extension Silver Plated Holders at the following low prices for Cash:

No. 1 Ladies' Gold Pens and Holders, per doz. $5 00
No. 2 " " " " 7 00
No. 3 Ladies' or Gents' Gold Pens and Holders, per doz. 9 00
No. 2 " " " " 8 00
No. 3 Extra Heavy " " " 11 00
No. 2 " " " " 10 00
Gold Pens and Holders are all warranted, and will retail from $2 to $5 each.
A deduction of 10 per cent. will be made on all sums of $50 and upwards. Our Pens and Holders have nice fancy boxes, costing one dozen each, and are not sold in less quantities. Send by mail or express pre-paid.
Address SALISBURY BROS. & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

BAKER'S RHEUMATIC BALM,
BAKER'S FEVER COOLER,
BAKER'S COUGH MIXTURE,
BAKER'S CHOLIC ALLEVIATOR,
are four remedies which no family should ever be without. Price $1 per bottle each.
Also,
BAKER'S KIDNEY AND GRAVEL REMEDIES, which are invaluable. Price $5.
Principal Depot: No. 154 Tenth Street, near Fourth Avenue. Sold by the principal Druggists.
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Fine gold hunting case cylinder escapement Watches for ladies, forty, forty-five, fifty to sixty-five dollars each. Fine gold hunting case detached Levers for ladies and gentlemen, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five, seventy-five, one hundred, two, and three hundred dollars each. Gold hunting enameled Watches for ladies, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred to three hundred dollars each, some with diamonds outside. Gold Watches for ladies as low as twenty-eight, thirty, and thirty-five dollars each. Fine gold hunting case English Patent Levers for gentlemen, eighty-five, ninety, one hundred, one hundred and twenty-five, to two hundred dollars each. Gold hunting case American Watches, eighty-five, ninety, one hundred, to one hundred and twenty-five dollars each.

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Silver hunting case Lepine, 16, 18, and $20 00 each. Silver detached Levers, 18, 20, 22, 25, to $35 00 each. Silver English Patent Levers, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, to $75 00 each. Silver American Watches, 20, 30, 35, 40, to $60 00 each. All Watches warranted to keep correct time, and sent by mail or express to all parts of the United States and Canadas without risk. Watches cleaned and warranted repaired in the best manner, by the finest London and German workmen.

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Two, three, four, five, six, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty-five, forty, fifty, to seventy-five dollars a set.

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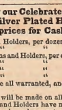

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MERCHANT MANUFACTURERS, 257 Broadway, N. Y., near Bowery, N. Y., sell wholesale and retail. Will send, for a charge, a genuine Pipe for $5 Dollars. Pipes cut to order and repaired.

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PRICE REDUCED BOTTOM OF ALL DESCRIPTION.
FLAME IS REGULATED *from the outside.*
IS VERY STRONG AND HARD, AND CONVENIENT IN SIZE AND SHAPE.
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First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.
FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS
WATCHES HERE UNEQUALED.
UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!
An imitation so fruitless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of the metals, the outer one the finest quality of Silver and the inner one German Silver, it can not be recognized by cutting or heavy engraving, making it to any thing in appearance, but in durability, the best resemblance of **Solid Gold or Silver** in existence.
The sale of these watches in the army is a source of great satisfaction to soldiers, as they are selling from $5 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single day—*See the letter of a delighted soldier to us!*
AT WHOLESALE ONLY! *In every location, soon, beautifully engraved, without enamel slot, and Name and Address,* in good *remaining order*, by the half dozen, $72; postage, $1 38; registering, 20 cts. Sent only by the case. Can be safely sent by mail.
GOLD PENS, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; buyers must deal directly with us. If not sent to you by express or mail as represented, return it at our risk! Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.
HUBBARD BROS, Sole Importers,
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AS the warm weather approaches prepare to reduce your household expenses by getting

FISH'S KEROSENE LAMP COOKING APPARATUS,

with which you may prepare a meal for FIVE PERSONS at a cost of

One Cent.

Price, from $2 to $6. Also, the

Kitchen Attachment,

to be used on a common lamp to heat water, cook food, or support a shade. Price 50 cents. No family can afford to be without one of these articles. For sale at Lamp and Stove Stores. Trade supplied by WM. D. RUSSELL, Agent, 100 FRONT St., N. Y. Send for Circulars.

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For Chronic and Inflammatory Rheumatism, Sip Complaint, Paralysis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Neuralgia, Cramp, Spine Disease, Pain in the Breast, Side or Loins, &c., &c. The most valuable agent ever of the kind ever established the proprietor to cure not only his thousands, but his tens of thousands within the last few years of his practice, and he challenges the world to produce an article of superior merit, as the innumerable testimonials in possession of the highest order. Try it afflicted sufferer. Price $1; 6 bottles $5. Send for circular.
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SECOND GENTLEMAN. "Yaas, I think so too."

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Bankers and Dealers in Government Securities, AND

AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES FIVE-TWENTY LOAN,

No. 38 Wall Street, New York.

Watches Given Away.

Agents and Dealers look at the *Great Chance to make Money* we offer, by engaging in the sale of our NEW NOVELTY STATIONERY FREE PACKET. Only $15 capital required to obtain A WATCH, FREE, with first order. We also offer SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. $10 invested will yield $50. Never before such inducements were offered.

Full particulars in Circulars, mailed free.

G. S. HASKINS & CO., 50 Beekman Street, N. Y.,

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Putnam Clothes-Wringer.

TESTIMONY OF MESSRS. JNO W. WHEELER, of Cleveland, Ohio, and John C. Leffert, of New York. PUTNAM MFG. CO.:

GENTLEMEN: I know from practical experience that you well galvanized with zinc will not oxidize and rust one particle. I can safely say, after several years experience in the manufacture of chain, for chain-pump and waterdrawers, in which I have tested the efficacy of that galvanize, that, if the process is conducted properly, it is a perfect weld of the two.

Nearly one year ago my family commenced using one of your Wringers. It now performs all of its functions as well as it did the first time it was used, and has become an indispensable article in our home. I have closely examined several other kinds of clothes-wringers, the modus operandi being different, tending to produce the same results as the Putnam Wringer, but in my judgment they have failed. The Putnam Wringer is the most perfect as possible, and a can cheerfully recommend it to be the best in use.

Respectfully yours, JOHN W. WHEELER.

Many years' experience in the galvanizing business enables me to indorse the above test, most in all particulars.

JOHN C. LEFFERTS, No. 102 Beekman Street.

New York, January, 1864.

Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town.

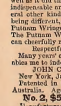
No. 2, $5 50; No. 1, $6 00; No. 4, $6.

Manufactured and for sale, wholesale and retail, by

THE PUTNAM Manufacturing Co.,

No. 15 Platt Street, N. Y., and Cleveland, Ohio.

S. C. NORTHROP, Agent.



F. GROTE, Manufacturer of Ivory Goods, 11 Union St., New York, cor. Gold. Billiard, Bagatelle, Pool Balls, Ten Pin Balls and Pins, Checks in great variety, Match Vignette and Napkin Rings, and all other kind of Ivory Goods, wholesale and retail. Also Manufacturer and Importer of Combs, Brushes, Canes, Chalk, &c. The only place to get a good set of seasoned Billiard Balls at reduced prices. All Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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A fine assortment white and imitation of CORAL and JET DESCRIBED $1 50. BALL EARRINGS, $1 50 pair. IVORY INITIAL BUTTONS, 25c. pair. NEW PATTERNS Pearl $1 00 pair. Sent free on receipt of the price. For sale at WELLING'S, 397 CANTRE St., N. Y., Sign of the GOLDEN ELEPHANT.

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A Bad Breath—*The Greatest Curse the human family is heir to.* How many lovers it has separated—how many friends forever parted. The subject is a delicate, your nearest friend will not mention it, and you are ignorant of the fact. To effect a radical cure, use the "BALM OF THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, night and morning. It also beautifies the complexion, removing all tan, pimples, and freckles, leaving the skin soft and white. Price 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

The Trade supplied by HOWARD, SANGER & CO., 160 and 167 Chambers Street, N. Y., and for sale by all Druggists.

The only enameled "Turn-over" Collar made in metal. Send 81 cents for "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Duke," to C. H. WELLING, 94 Pine Street, N. Y., and receive it by return mail.

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Price of bottles, $1 each, $3.

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The Rev. CHARLES B. KING, formerly Secretary to the London Evangelical Alliance, and recently appointed President Minister and Physician, with the Venezuelan Mission, will send FREE of charge the Recipe and Prescription with which he successfully treated, while in charge of the large Mission Hospital, *upward of one hundred cases of* CONSUMPTION *in the first, second and third stages.*

The remedy is equally adapted to the treatment of Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Coughs, and all affections of the Lungs, Throat, and Air-Passages; while it speedily invigorates the enfeebled Nervous System, and energizes the deranged Digestive Organs, Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Address, with stamp,

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Read the following Letters received from your comrades as endorsements of the

WORLD-KNOWN AND WORLD-TRIED REMEDIES

KNOWN AS

Professor Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is in force.

See to your Health!

All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay.

Your Life is Valuable!!

Not only to yourselves, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives, and Brothers. Then while you may, purchase your Health!

For 35 cents, 88 cents, or $1 40,

Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the greatest and rarest old age.

The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office,

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT, }
20th Illinois Volunteers, }

FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., November 26, 1863.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

SIR: Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the same. Respectfully yours,

Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
20th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BEAUFORT STATION, VA., }
January 7, 1864. }

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in need of them until now, I want to try them, as Diarrhœa is very prevalent at the present time: send me the worth of the enclosed.

Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH,
Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, }
December 30, 1863. }

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: I have this day sent you one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dyspepsia, and seek cure.

Yours, &c.,
THOMAS F. TURNER,
Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., }
January 31, 1864. }

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find 50 cents; for which I beg you to send me some of your valuable Pills; send them by mail. I enclose 50 cents. Direct to

Address. ISRAEL C. HALL,
Co. B, 54th N. Y. Vols.,
Port Royal, S. C.

CAMP OF 5TH EXCELSIOR BRIGADE, }
January 25, 1864. }

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

SIR: Please send me for the enclosed 50 cents the worth of it in Pills; enclosed find 15 cents to pay postage, and you will oblige. Address

Yours, &c.,
Serg't WM. GROVERS,
Co. E, 5th Regt. Excelsior Brigade,
Washington, D. C.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C. }
January 31, 1864. }

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills.

Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM CHRISTY,
Co. D, 104th Regt. Ohio Vols.,
Morris Island, S. C.

INFANTRY PIN FOR THE SOLDIER!!!

In Coin Silver:! For $1 50. Including the engraving of the Name, &c., BADGE. Also the Patented Relief Pin, Cavalry and Artillery Pin, Monitor, Engineer, and Signal Corps Pins.

LOUIS PHILLIP & CO.,
No. 8 Murray Street, New York.

Attention, Company!—Volunteers who expect to retain their health unimpaired during the campaign must see to it themselves. Do not trust to the sutler's promises. Supply yourselves with HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. Every English soldier's knapsack contains them. Only 35 cents, 88 cents, and $1 40 per box or pot.

Straight Hair made Wavy!! without heating it, by using *Ives's Patent Hair Crimpers.* For sale at Variety Stores.

Shuits' Ongunent, warranted to produce a full set of whiskers in six weeks. Every package guaranteed. Sent by mail, post-paid, for 25 cents. Address C. F SHUITS, Troy, N. Y.

$47 AMERICAN $47 LEVER WATCHES.

Trade Mark. P. S. Bartlett, Waltham, Mass., Full Jeweled, WARRANTED, in 4 oz. coin silver hunting case, gold joints, fancy push pin, for $47.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the army must be post-paid, or the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on delivery.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,

208 Broadway New York.

HOYT'S HIAWATHA

HAIR RESTORATIVE.

The standard preparation for the hair. Warranted in all cases to restore faded and gray hair and whiskers to their ORIGINAL color. It restores the natural shading of one hair with another, and thus gives a life-like appearance instead of the dull dead black of dyes, so that the most critical observer can not detect its use. It does not require previous combing and washing, and hours for its application, nor does it stain the skin; but is as readily applied and easily wiped from the skin as any hair-dressing. It does not claim to make the hair come in when it has once fallen out; nothing will do that, whatever may be advertised to the contrary; but it will prevent it from falling out, make it soft and silky, and cleanse it and the scalp from all impurities and humors, and entirely overcome the bad effects of previous use of preparations containing sulphur, sugar of lead, &c.

Hoyt's Imperial Coloring Cream.

An appropriate accompaniment to the Hiwatha; oils and colors the hair at the same time, and changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black. Sold everywhere.

N.B.—Ladies' French hair-dresser in attendance to apply the Hiawatha.

JOSEPH HOYT & CO., 16 University Place, N. Y.

Get the Best.

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A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Jewelled, Stem-wind, Stem-set (Ball), cut in hole, "*English Movements,*" and correct time-keeper, sent free by mail, with Chain and Key complete, only $27.

A SILVER WATCH, same as above, only $7. Specially adapted to the Army.

$15 European Timekeeper. $15

OR, COMPASS WATCH.

A SUPERB "*Extra Double Gold Plated*" engraved or engine turned Hunting Case Watch, Magic Spring, "*Compensation Balance,*" "*Jewelled at Nine Important Points,*" Independent Action, Self Balance, and has a NEAT MINIATURE COMPASS set in the seven-jewelled, timekeeping 18 k "*Gilded Dyalo*" to the *Solider or Traveler.* Perfect timekeeper, "*warranted one year.*" Sent by mail, Secure Agts., and Safe.

Exact Imitation of $100 Watch,

Used by the British Army Officers,

Sent free by mail, the elegant Moresque Watch, for only $15.

THE CELEBRATED ENGLISH COURSE WATCH, for ladies. "Elite escutcheon dial," "Jewelled timekeeper," &c., &c.

ENGLISH STERLING SILVER LEVER WATCHES, engraved Hunting Cases, "*Jewelled timekeeper,*" warranted, $15.

Genuine American Levers, full jeweled, and in massive Sterling Silver Hunting Cases, only $20.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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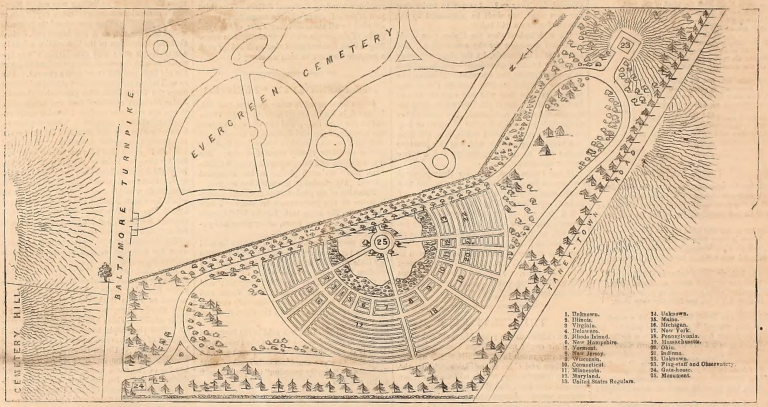


THE SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

GENERAL WILLIAM F. SMITH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY E. DAVIES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 214.]

BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

Tuis night was dark, and the fire-fly's spark
Glowed red in the reeds by the river,
And the fitful breeze in the veiled pine-trees
Made their dusky branches shiver.

By the ruddy light of our camp-fire bright,
Which blazed in the trench before us,
We sat and sang till the wild words rang
With the echo of our chorus.

Beyond the stream we could see the gleam
Of the fires that the foe had lighted,
And here and there in the flickering glare
Their forms we dimly sighted.

The night wind sighed as our chorus died,
And we thought of the coming morrow,
When the morn should wake, and the gray dawn break,
With its awful weight of sorrow.

* * * * * * *

I sit to-night by the camp-fire's light,
While the dismal rain is falling,
And in my breast beats a heart oppressed
By a sense of gloom appalling.

The river flows, and the firelight glows
On our sad and pallid faces,
And over the ground, with a weary sound,
The sentinel slowly paces.

The earth is red with the blood of the dead,
Which to-day flowed free as water,
Till the night came down with a sullen frown
And put an end to the slaughter.

By the turnpike wide, on the stony hill-side,
In field and wood they are lying;
And the air is worn with the feeble moan
Of the wounded and the dying.

And seated here on this night so drear,
As I gaze on the embers burning,
To that other night by the camp-fire's light
My thoughts are forever turning.

I think of one, now the fight is done,
Whom death from my side has parted,
I know that for him rest eyes will be dim,
And a maiden broken-hearted.

PAST HELP.

Let her lie upon your breast while she faints,
Where she slept such a short time ago.
O! she's young to be crowned with the saints:
Hold her fast, mother; do not let her go!

The roses are not dead on her cheeks—
There is but a passing chill on their bloom;
It will go when she smiles—when she speaks—
Hush! was not that her voice in the room?

She is looking like a babe, as she lies
With her ringlets swept aside and apart;
Ah, mother, keep the tears in your eyes—
If they fall upon her face she may start.

Dil some one break her heart with a word,
Having grasped it at first as a prize?
Did she flutter from his hand like a bird,
Which gave a little way and then dies?

He remembers the joy of her face,
The love in her smile and the light,
When, shrinking, she met his embrace—
Bring him here; let him look at her to-night!

O! first came the wonder and the doubt,
And the pale hope fading day by day;
So wistfully she wandered about,
Like a lost child asking its way.

And then came the silence and despair,
And the sighing after wings like a dove,
And the proud heart bleeding into prayer,
But hiding all its wounds from our love.

It is over, and the tale is all told,
And the white lamb lies dead in the frost:
We may cover up its limbs from the cold,
But we can not find a life that is lost.

Yet we thought that she moved; but her cheek
Was but moved by the breast where it lay
Heaving a little, while we speak,
With the mute sobs forcing their way.

Let them come, poor mother! let them come;
You must turn, when your tears are all done,
To a blank in the sweet talk at home,
And a name on a little gray stone.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

UNION.

GENERAL FRÉMONT has been formally presented as a Union candidate for the Presidency, upon a platform which describes him as "the true representative of the instincts of the hour," and characterizes the policy of the Administration as "irresolute and feeble." The resolutions of the meeting declare that FRÉMONT is nominated as its candidate, but no reference was made to the action of a National Convention.

Mr. GREELEY, who was present, corrected this omission in his remarks. He did not say for whose nomination he should work, except so far as his adherence to the one-term tenure implied that it would not be for Mr. LINCOLN. But he said frankly that he intended to give his enthusiastic and hearty support to the candidate of the Convention. That was an honorable and timely assertion.

With him we are the friends of all the gentlemen named for the Union candidacy. But we have a preference among them, which does not in the least involve our personal respect and regard for them. We are very profoundly convinced that it is better for the good cause that Mr. LINCOLN be retained. But should the people in their Convention decide otherwise, we shall, with all loyal men, acquiesce.

All that we ask of those who favor General FRÉMONT, or General BUTLER, or General GRANT, or any other candidate, is that they shall openly declare their submission to the final verdict of the people in the National Convention; and we complain that many of the friends of General FRÉMONT present his name as a candidate in any case, and that they wage war upon the Administration which they helped to bring into power, and which has carried out their own general policy—not always, indeed, in the precise way nor exactly at the time they sketched—with a ferocity which no Copperhead surpasses. They speak of Mr. LINCOLN very much as they spoke of Mr. BUCHANAN. Is such conduct fair, or is it wise? Does any sane Union man propose, by an exasperating quarrel in our own camp, to give the Presidency of the United States to Mr. AMOS KENDALL, Judge WOODWARD, and the SEYMOURS, in the person of General MCCLELLAN? Are we to insist that our own candidate shall be nominated by the Convention or we will bolt?

We wish indeed that the Union men could be spared a contest for the nomination. But since that is impossible, the claims of every candidate be fully considered—but considered as among friends, not enemies. There can be no more conspicuous folly than for Union men to declare that they will not vote for this or that candidate; for if the one whom they renounce should be nominated, they must either eat humble pie, which is never pleasant, or they must, by running a third ticket, give the election to the Copperheads, which at this juncture is the ruin of the Government and a crime against mankind.

If the Union men, whatever their personal preferences for the nomination may be, are true to the country and the cause, the candidate of their Convention will be the next President. But if they are untrue—if the conflict of preference shall throw them out of power, the result will be not only the practical success of the rebellion; it will be much worse than that; it will be the proof that the Republic, even in the agony of civil war, party-spirit is stronger than patriotism. Not only our Government will be destroyed, but its principle will be discredited forever.

THE GREAT FAIR.

THE visitors to the great Metropolitan Sanitary Fair ought not to forget that its interest will be very much in the details, which will require time and close examination. Thus the foreign contributions, which will be many, are often of this kind, and they are already beginning to arrive. Indeed the foreign interest in the Fair is very marked and active. In Liverpool a meeting has been held for the purpose of organizing the details of collecting and forwarding. From Paris and Switzerland photographs and various fancy articles have just been received. Mr. JAMES FRALEN sends a copy of a true portrait of OLIVER CROMWELL. From Frankfort-on-the-Main Germany sends money and boxes of books.

From Switzerland also considerable contributions are promised. In the Canton district of Zurich the money subscriptions have already reached the sum of four thousand francs, and were still pouring in at the last accounts. The monks of Einsiedeln have sent a large and superb volumes of the choicest engravings. Mrs. MARY-GESSNER FAH, the grand-daughter of LAVATER, has given the first grandfather's manuscript sermons in LAVATER's own handwriting. The sermon was preached in Zurich, November, 1782, and closes with a short original hymn. The sermon has never been published. Mr. FAH GESSNER has contributed some original water-colored flower pictures; and several authors have given copies of their works. Many of the ladies of Zurich are still at work preparing fancy articles for the Fair. Among the minor gifts received by the Committee is a bead purse from a little girl who has a brother in the Union army, and whose young heart, no doubt, has found a deep joy in contributing her mite to the great Fund out of which her absent brother, and all absent brothers, are cared for and relieved in the sad days of hospital and corpse suffering.

Italy organizes by a meeting in Rome, at which Rev. Dr. MCCLINTOCK, who from the beginning has done the good cause such valuable service in Europe, made an eloquent address. Two thousand scudi, or dollars, were subscribed for the Roman table at the Fair, which will be under the superintendence of Mrs. HILLARD, wife of our late Minister to Rome. The money will be expended in characteristic Roman articles. Mr. TYLER, the painter, gives his picture of Torcello, near Venice. Mr. IVES, the sculptor, gives his bust of Secretary SEWARD at cost price to the Committee; and other sculptors are forwarding their gifts.

Among the foreign contributions we notice especially a noble one of coffee from Costa Rica, the new flourishing of all the States of Central America.

The "Old Curiosity Shop" will contain not a few interesting things, prominent among which will be a small collection of some relics from the Sir JOHN FRANKLIN expedition, exhibited by Captain PARKER SNOW, himself an Arctic explorer. They are mostly taken from the boat found on the west coast of King William's Island in May, 1859. In the boat were two skeletons. One was found with the head leaning upon the hand, and in the hand a prayer-book open to the service for the burial of the dead at sea. The stained pages of that service are in this collection. There are also a rusty razor, a bit of Windsor soap, shreds of cloth and buttons, parts of a stocking, a knot of rope, an Esquimaux pipe, etc. They are all very small, and the collection is in a case which can be easily lifted. There is also some sugar in a glass vial from the "Jury" bench stores, left in 1853, and some sugar packed for the sledges of traveling parties. A profoundly sad interest invests all of them.

At home, too, the interest in the Fair grows with every day, and the amount of money subscribed by the dry-goods dealers alone already reaches a hundred thousand dollars. The third year of the war opens with the magnificent proof, afforded by all these Sanitary Fairs, of the sympathy of the people with their brothers in arms. May the President's call meet such aid for such a purpose may not be long necessary!

THE PRESIDENT'S "PLEDGE."

IT has been stated in party quarters that Mr. LINCOLN, in his inaugural address, pledged himself to one term only; and one of the orators at the meeting of General FRÉMONT's friends, said that the President ought to understand that this pledge would be rigidly exacted of him. But it is a curious and interesting fact that Mr. LINCOLN made no pledge in his inaugural speech. He alluded to the point but twice.

Speaking of his predecessors and their administration of the government he said: "I now enter upon the same task, for the brief Constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulties."

And toward the close of the address he said that the people had given their public servants but little power for mischief, and had with equal wisdom "provided for the return of that little to their own hands at short intervals;" and that while the people retain their virtue and vigilance no administration "can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years."

This is all Mr. LINCOLN said in his inaugural address in regard to the term of the Presidency. How is it possible to deduce from such words a "pledge" to serve one term only? And what is meant by "rigidly exacting" the performance of his pledge?

MR. AMOS KENDALL.

On the 29th July, 1855, a mob broke into the Post-office in Charleston, South Carolina, and destroyed some anti-slavery publications which they found in the mails. Mr. AMOS KENDALL, Postmaster-General, was asked by the Post-officers in Charleston for instructions. He replied that he "had no legal authority to exclude newspapers from the mail, nor to prohibit their carriage or delivery because of their character or tendency, real or supposed." We should rather think he had not. "But," says this faithful tool of Democracy, "I am not prepared to direct you to forward or deliver the papers of which you speak!" In other words, I have no authority to rob the mails, but I authorize you to rob them. And why? What is the reason which this present stickler for Constitutional rights alleges for the crime at which he winks? "We owe an obligation to the South," says the Presidential sponsor of General MCCLELLAN, "but a *higher* one to the communities in which we live; and if the former be permitted to destroy the latter, it is patriotism to disregard them."

In those dark days the higher law might be invoked to help slavery, but when it was called to aid liberty it was only infamy, and Mr. AMOS KENDALL and his kind held up pious hands of horror.

To secure the unquestioned domination of slavery in this country, by destroying the very cardinal principle of our Government, the right of free debate, Mr. AMOS KENDALL connived at the robbery of the United States mails. That is his sole claim to the remembrance of the American people. And when that despotism, strengthened by the acts of Mr. KENDALL and his associates, springs at the throat of the nation, and the Government is struggling for its life uses its vast power corruptly and oppressively than any Government ever before used them, Mr. AMOS KENDALL cries out—Heaven save the mark!—against violations of personal rights, and hopes we shall be very "kind" to his old masters, who are stabbing the Government whose powers he prostituted and whose name he disgraced.

This is the man who offers General MCCLELLAN to the people of this country as a candidate for the Presidency. General MCCLELLAN must not complain if he is judged by his sponsors and his correspondents. The man whom AMOS KENDALL nominates, and who wrote a letter in favor of the election of Judge WOODWARD in Pennsylvania, can not be the chief magistrate of a people fighting for their lives and liberties against a despotism which AMOS KENDALL and Judge WOODWARD have always faithfully served.

GOVERNOR ISAAC MURPHY, OF ARKANSAS.

THE case of ISAAC MURPHY, who, by the verdict of the people, is now Governor of Arkansas, affords another illustration of the maxim that time brings its rewards as well as its revenges. No man's course has in it more of romantic interest than his. In the State Convention which voted Arkansas out of the Union Mr. MURPHY's voice was the only voice raised boldly in denunciation of the final and decisive vote. Others had passed secession down to that critical moment, but one by one they had yielded to the pressure, and given in their adhesion to the madness of the hour; so that when the final vote upon the secession ordinance was called MURPHY's name alone was registered in opposition to it. The presiding officer announced that the vote should be repeated, as it was hoped and desired that the declaration of the Convention might be a unanimous one; and Mr. MURPHY was appealed to with the strongest persuasions to desert the old flag, and fall in with the current. But as well might the traitors have attempted to beat down the White Hills with persuasive rhetoric. Judge MURPHY remained firm and irreconcilable. When the vote was retaken his voice again uttered an indignant negative. The conspirators, stunned perhaps by his steadfast loyalty, could not brook this added defiance. "Kill him! kill him!" came from all parts of the hall; and but for the grey hairs of the brave old patriot, the wonted deadliness have been sacrificed upon the spot. Perhaps his own firmness also had something to do with his escape. The violence with which he was threatened did not for a moment appall him. "You may run the cold steel through my heart, but I will never, never vote away the noble work of secession!" were his still unflinching words, as he turned his back upon the Convention, and walked away with unfaltering steps.

From that day until the occupation of Arkansas by our forces Judge MURPHY was a fugitive from his home. When our army galloped to Little Rock, the State Convention, held shortly after, out of appreciation of his noble qualities, chose him Provisional Governor. Now the people have at the polls ratified that act of the Convention, and ISAAC MURPHY becomes the first Union Governor of Arkansas after her restoration, and the purging away from her life of the cause which was corrupting and destroying her. So, doubtless, out of the tribulations and distresses of these times, some just compensation shall flow for all who suffer for the nation's sake!

PRIVATE EXTRAVAGANCE.

WE hope that Congress will very seriously revise the Revenue Act, and by a more direct, copious, and skilful taxation compel private economy. Let us have the money for the Government and the war that is now paid for French wines and foreign luxuries. We spend money more freely while we are wasting it beyond precedent. The extravagance of living is a menacing sign of the times. The war is proving what I. T. is trying our equality. If we are not individually brave enough to retrench, we are not collectively heroic enough to endure the war and fight it to the end. The women of the rebel States, the deluded and betrayed men who are struggling against their own liberties and interests, or in behalf of slavery, endure extreme privation. Their women and children share the sacrifice. For the fight is more earnest and real to them than to us they will surely win. And if we idly squander the money, without which the war can not continue, what right have we to support ourselves equal to the task we have undertaken?

Let every man and woman take home the appeal. In the thousand expenses expenses of every day let the check be applied. Every thing costs immensely more than it did, and the national expenses are infinitely increased, and yet there is a vast deal more money than there was. Let us bear these facts in mind; hold it to be a duty to waste as little money as we can, and the day of settlement will be a day to be dreaded.

PARSEE GENEROSITY.

SOME two or three years ago two Parsee merchants came to this country and traveled through a large part of the Mississippi River, carefully informing themselves of our character and condition. They were very accomplished and charming men, and presented in all its purity the Parsee devotion to their land and faith. Temperate, truthful, and charitable, the Parsees are also among the most peaceful of men; and the agreeable impression made by these two merchants has been lately deepened by an evidence of their interest and sympathy in our country and its struggles.

Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS, of Baring Brothers & Co., London, writes to his brother, Mr. H. P. STURGIS, of Boston, that five of the Parsee firms in London have contributed five hundred pounds sterling "for the support," as Mr. H. C. CHOLMELEY, one of the Parsees, expresses it, "of the poor negroes who are emancipated in America from bondage by the bo-

nign Government of the United States of America." In accordance with the generous intention Mr. P. STORIS has paid $1312.96 each to Governor ANDREW, STEPHEN COLWELL, and F. G. SHAW, Esquires, respectively Presidents of the Boston, Philadelphia, and New York Freedmen's Relief Associations.

It is one of the pleasant incidents of the time; for the Parsees, although the shrewdest and most successful merchants of the East, are still exiles for centuries from their native land of Persia on account of their religion. They know by sad traditional experience the bitterness of all kinds of persecution, and their charity in America instinctively turns to the most hapless and persecuted people among us.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March* 16. Mr. HOWARD offered a resolution, which was agreed to, directing the Committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of authorizing associations organized under the National Currency act to enter into contracts, to take and receive interest on loans and discounts.—Mr. FOSTER introduced a bill concerning the disposition of convicts in the courts of the United States, for the subsisting of persons confined in jail charged with violating the laws of the United States, and for diminishing the expenses in relation thereto. The bill authorizes contracts to be made for the labor of all convicts of offenses.—Mr. HOWARD introduced a bill to organize the Invalid Corps of the army on an infantry basis, the pay and allowance of four brigades of six regiments each, made up of men in the military service who are unfit for active duty, and of such soldiers as have been honorably discharged or whose service is ended.—Mr. WILSON introduced a joint resolution to deserters from the military service, disqualifying all deserters who may depart the limits of the United States for voting or holding office, but authorizing the President to issue a proclamation of amnesty and restoration on their return to the service, with no punishment but loss of pay during the time of absence, or their re-enlistment in regiments; deserters hereafter, however, are to be deprived of the rights of citizenship.—The Committee on Finance reported the bill was passed.—Mr. SUMNER moved to amend the bill to incorporate the Metropolitan Railroad Company of the District of Columbia by inserting a provision that there shall be no exclusion from any car on account of color, upon which debate ensued without any final result.

March 17. A bill to carry into effect the convention of Brussels was reported.—The bill to provide for the summary trial of military offenses was passed.—The bill to incorporate the Metropolitan Railroad Company of the District of Columbia was taken up and discussed at great length, Messrs. JOHNSON, Saulsbury, and Doolittle opposing Mr. SUMNER'S amendment, that no person shall be excluded from the cars of the road on account of color. Finally the amendment was rejected—yeas 12, nays 24.—The bill defining the pay and emoluments of chaplains, after the withdrawal of an amendment allowing them a ration when absent on leave, or on account of disability from service, to be paid by the quarter.—*March* 18. A bill was introduced by Mr. CLARK to provide for carrying the mails to foreign ports, and for other purposes.—It was passed.—A bill to amend the act to authorize the construction of certain railroads and telegraphs.—The bill to promote enlistments in the army, and for other purposes, was taken up. Mr. WILSON withdrew that part of his amendment providing compensation to loyal owners of slaves who may enlist. Mr. DAVIS offered an amendment providing that the United States District Courts shall at each joint three commissioners to make a just valuation to be awarded to loyal owners for slaves set free under the bill. He spoke at length on the amendment. Mr. WILKINSON argued in favor of the bill, and supplying the aid of money that can be mustered into our armies.—*March* 22. The Senate bill amendatory of the act to regulate the value of the coinage of cents at the United States Mint, was passed. The bill provides that the standard weight of a dime shall be 48 grains, or 2-10ths of an ounce Troy, and shall be composed of 90 per centum of copper and 10 per centum of nickel, and that there shall be from time to time struck at the mint of the United States coins of the weight of 96 grains. The bill makes one-cent pieces legal tender to the amount of fifty dollars, and two-cent pieces to the amount of 20 cents.—Mr. SUMNER introduced a bill to carry into effect the treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the final settlement of the claims of the Puget Sound and Hudson's Bay Agricultural Companies. The resolution was adopted calling for information as to the number and treatment of fugitives' mails.—Mr. FESSENDEN offered a joint resolution declaring against the interference of France in Mexico. A bill was reported for the reorganization of the Marine Corps.—A bill was reported to prohibit traffic in or transfer of the title to persons claimed to be held as slaves in any way by land or sea, under the authority of the United States.—The bill to promote enlistments in the army was taken up, and Mr. WILSON spoke at length in opposition to Mr. WILKINSON'S amendment.

HOUSE.—*March* 16. The House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Post-Office Appropriation bill, appropriating $960,000 for the payment of letter-carriers, and $1,500,000 for any deficiency which may occur in the Post-office revenue.—The consideration of the Gold Bill was resumed. Mr. HOLBROOK'S amendment providing that the obligation to create the Sinking Fund according to the act of 1862 shall not be impaired by the issue and sale of gold, was agreed to. Mr. HIGBY opposed the bill as the greatest swindle ever proposed to enable the purchase of gamble in gold, which he held to be undignified and unpatriotic.—Mr. SCHENCK defended the measure as the best to restrain speculation. Mr. STEVENS also favored the measure, which he said was intended to put down the system which has $50,000,000 in gold on hand, and have a surplus with which to make disposition.—The previous question was ordered, and the bill was passed, 83 yeas to 57 nays. A bill to drop from the rolls the names of all persons in arms was taken up. Mr. COX offered a proviso that "whenever any officer comprehended in the bill shall demand a trial by Court of Inquiry, and shall be willing to serve, him compulsorily summoned, and if shall before such Court be found innocent of the rank in which he is entitled, he shall be at once restored to active service." Mr. STEVENS opposed the proviso. Mr. COX further, that all officers who have been dismissed by Courts of Inquiry, and who have not been restored, shall have the question of the act."—Mr. COX supported this amendment at some length, stating that it would be unjust to Major-General MCCLELLAN and other officers to dismiss them as originally proposed. In the case of his remarks, referring to the report that General McClellan had an interview with General Lee after the battle on Antietam, Mr. COX said Mr. WILSON had not seen her since 1855. Mr. FARNSWORTH said that he had stated at any political officer. It was simply designed to drop a large number of Major and Brigadier-Generals who were drawing pay without performing service.—A proposition which was offered without the knowledge of the vast legitimate resources of the Government. Mr. KERNAN opposed the bill at length. He, if passed, to produce irritation, and instill grievous wrong on many of our best officers. Mr. GARFIELD said that we ought by some means to provide a way for relieving the Treasury, which was paying officers who were rendering no service. Besides, it is simple justice to officers in the field that the bill should pass. The road to promotion should not be blocked up by those who were performing no duties. As to a Board for the examination of those officers, he considered it impracticable, as doubtless on their qualifications might be prompted by political or personal considerations.—*March* 17. A bill was introduced to fill and complete the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad from Glenwood to Springfield.—The Union Pacific was passed for three weeks, on motion of Mr. Ashley, the joint resolution to drop from the pay-rolls the names of absent officers.—The bill declaring the Camden and Atlantic and Delaware and Raritan Canal companies consolidated, was debated, but no vote reached.—A bill to carry into effect the convention with Brussels, for the amicable settlement of claims, was passed.—The House passed the bills to enable Nebraska, Colorado, and Nevada to form State Governments preparatory to admission to the Union. On a motion to strike out the clause limiting the number in the Colorado bill there were 18 yeas and 87 nays. An effort was then made to amend the bill by adding a provision which shall submit a Constitution agreed upon to the people for their ratification or rejection, to be held on the second Tuesday of October. The Constitution shall be republican, and not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States and the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Slavery shall be prohibited forever by any ordinance forever irrevocable without consent of Congress. When the Constitution is ratified by the people the President is to declare by Proclamation the admission of these States on an equal footing with the original States, and, if such is to entitled to one member of the House, under the apportionment of 1860, until the next census.—The Congress of the United States.—A bill was passed creating the Territory of Montana, out of the southwestern portion of Idaho.—*March* 18. Mr. JULIAN introduced a resolution for the repeal of the bill relating to the draft. He stated late to persons in the naval and military service on condemned and forfeited property, and to hold on said lands should be divided into farms, and settled by emigrants from the South. Mr. ARNOLD introduced a bill licensing, under the direction of the Treasury Department and the Governors of the States, the sale of the gold, silver, and copper mines of the United States.—The House bill to facilitate the collection of claims under the Internal law of 1862, enabling them to take the oath before a military officer instead of a civil magistrate, was passed.—Mr. Smith made a favorable report on paying to John de Sobrino, the attorney for Commissioner Rhodes and Debates, claimed to be delivered before the resolution authorizing the payment.—*March* 19. The Gold bill subject was tabled, 67 against 80.—*March* 19. The day was occupied in discussing the bill to "Mr. Ashley and Miller speaking on the state of the country.—*March* 21. A resolution was introduced to inquire into the Central Railroad Company, the Burlington and Missouri, and the Missouri and Mississippi Railroad Companies, and certain moneys paid to them for the transportation of troops, stores, and mails.—Mr. Ashley introduced a bill to trade on condition that the road transport the mails and troops without charge.—Mr. Ashley introduced a bill providing that all bonds, obligations, and undertakings, whether made in gold or currency, payable to the States, to secure the loyalty or good behavior and fidelity of public officers, or to secure the performance of any duty or to secure them release, shall be declared valid and binding, and that the same may be prosecuted to final satisfaction, the penalties to be enforced in any circuit or district court of the United States.—Mr. Ashley introduced a bill offered a resolution, which was laid over, calling on the President, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State to furnish the names of all persons arrested and held as prisoners for political reasons, and the charges against them.—The Committee on Public Lands was directed to ascertain what lands are subject to the bill granting the benefits of the gold-bearing region of the public domain.—The House concurred in the Senate amendments to the West Point Academy bill increasing the pay of cadets to $30 per month.—The House passed the Senate bill to amend the act of the French bark *La Manche*, illegally seized by our privateer Sumter, and condemned by the Admiralty Courts and naval contractors at the Naval Academy was confirmed by Mr. Ashley.—*March* 22. A resolution declaring the Committee on Invalid Pensions to inquire into the expediency of increasing the pensions of widows of army and naval persons.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Army Appropriation bill.—Mr. ELIOT offered an amendment providing that no part of the money appropriated by this bill shall be expended in the payment for the transportation of civilities employed in the departments of the United States, or of persons not in the public expense. Mr. KERNAN states as a reason for the change, that contracts for the carriage of troops and thousands had been transported over the railroads to vote at the Presidential election, and that the amendment offered by Messrs. STEVENS and Kelley, who called for the proof of the change, was not necessary. The vote was taken and been sent by the Government into Pennsylvania; the people so authorized to vote at the election. The amendment excluded the disloyal party. Mr. Kelley, in the course of his remarks denounced the Democratic party as a Copperhead clique, an assertion, made before the consummation of secession, to which it appeared that the same charge could be drawn north of Pennsylvania. The House rejected Mr. Eliot's amendment—yeas 57, nays 72. Mr. COX, of Ohio, of Pennsylvania, providing that none of the money should be paid to any one from the Treasury, and that it be ready as it was reported.—*March* 22. A bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue duplicate notes for the mutilated or other pieces of property stolen by the United States Government to make arrangements to use the property it has captured.—The House rejected the Senate bill to amend the bill authorizing the President to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain for the final settlement of the claims of the Puget Sound and Hudson's Bay Agricultural Companies.—The Army Appropriation bill was taken up, and Mr. WILSON spoke at length in opposition to Mr. WILKINSON'S amendment.

GOVERNOR BROWN OF THE SITUATION.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, has sent a Message to the Legislature of that State recommending a vigorous "State Rights" policy, and denouncing the finances, the conscription or the rebel Congress as "consulting regulation and law." The Governor says that the conscription of that body and the suspension of the habeas corpus as mischievous, and declares that they will be unconstitutional, and remonstrated with upon the unchristian character of the war. He calls upon the Legislature to relieve the despotic course of Davis and his Congress, and urges that the State maintain sovereignty in the Confederate Congress, "keeping before the Northern people the idea that they accept to negotiate when they are ready and will recognize our right to self-government and the sovereignty of the States." The Governor illustrates unmistakably that the confidence of the rebel leaders in their ability to hold out against the North is rapidly waning.

ELECTION IN ARKANSAS.

The State election in Arkansas resulted in the adoption of a Free State Constitution by 12,000 majority. Gen. Murphy as Governor, with the rest of the Free State ticket, by about the same majority. The number of votes registered was about fifteen thousand, and the number polled about ten thousand. The enthusiasm grew more votes than the whole number required by the President's proclamation to constitute the State in the Union.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

A Committee of the New York Working-men's Democratic Republican Association waited upon the President a few days since, to inform him that their Association had decided that no person should be a candidate except upon the honor with thanks, and said the Association entirely disapproved of the course existing politicians were pursuing, and tended to harm, than the perpetuation of African slavery. Mr. LINCOLN replied to the address of working people. In concluding, Mr. Lincoln said:

"The existing rebellion shows more clearly than ever how necessary it is that the principle of some working people may be understood and practically applied. The strongest bond of human sympathy outside of the family relation should be one uniting all working people of all nations, tongues, and kindreds; nor should this tend to a war upon property, or the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable—is a positive good in the world. That some should labor who have no property may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industrial enterprise and economy. That some should pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thereby secure property to himself is only a shame, but a good one. And it is so plain that there is no just reason why any one should be deprived of the benefits of the gold-bearing region of the public domain. The Homestead law, which has been enacted by the present Congress, and which secures homesteads to actual settlers and naval contractors at the Naval Academy was confirmed by Mr. Ashley.—*March* 23. A resolution declaring the Committee on Invalid Pensions to inquire into the expediency of increasing the pensions of widows of army and naval persons.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Army Appropriation bill.—Mr. ELIOT offered an amendment providing that no part of the money appropriated by this bill shall be expended in the payment for the transportation of civilities employed in the departments of the United States, or of persons not in the public expense. Mr. KERNAN states as a reason for the change, that contracts for the carriage of troops and thousands had been transported over the railroads to vote at the Presidential election, and that the amendment offered by Messrs. STEVENS and Kelley, who called for the proof of the change, was not necessary. The vote was taken and been sent by the Government into Pennsylvania; the people so authorized to vote at the election. The amendment excluded the disloyal party. Mr. Kelley, in the course of his remarks denounced the Democratic party as a Copperhead clique, an assertion, made before the consummation of secession, to which it appeared that the same charge could be drawn north of Pennsylvania. The House rejected Mr. Eliot's amendment—yeas 57, nays 72. Mr. COX, of Ohio, of Pennsylvania, providing that none of the money should be paid to any one from the Treasury, and that it be ready as it was reported.—*March* 22. A bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue duplicate notes for the mutilated or other pieces of property stolen by the United States Government to make arrangements to use the property it has captured.—The House rejected the Senate bill to amend the bill authorizing the President to negotiate a treaty with Great Britain for the final settlement of the claims of the Puget Sound and Hudson's Bay Agricultural Companies.—The Army Appropriation bill was taken up, and Mr. WILSON spoke at length in opposition to Mr. WILKINSON'S amendment.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

DISPATCHES received from Mexico, dated from Seattle, February 5, show that the reports circulated by the French, which ended in the capture of Generals Governor Vidaurri of New Leon, and the Mexican Governor, Vidaurri of Coahuila, are false. Both are still at the head of affairs. On the contrary, they had fallen into deep trouble with the French Government, and Gen. Gonzalez Ortega would be obliged to return to the City of Mexico to settle the affairs of Zacatecas, which, by the recent victory, acquire the rank of some of the Bishops. Urrea, Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican army, was about entering Guadalajara with 10,000 men. General Diez was on the way of attacking Tamaulipas with 8000 men on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico.

AFFAIRS IN JAPAN.

Letters from Japan to the 23d of January & report that a grand council of Daimios was to be held at Yedo, the capital, on the 25th of January, which would be the adoption of an enlightened foreign policy. The popular sentiment appears to be in favor of opening ports of the realm, and assassination, palace-burnings, and the murder of the Emperor's father-in-law appear. The Japanese Government has decided to send another embassy to Europe, and to ratify the treaties. A portion of the treaty powers from Yedds and Kanagwa, and the limitation of foreign trade and intercourse to the ports of Nagasaki and Hakodadi. The embassy was to leave Kanagawa early in February.—A great fire had occurred at Osaca, destroying 30,000 houses and 150 warehouses.

THE RAMS IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, March 4th, Mr. Shaw Lefevre denounced in strong language the fitting out of rebel vessels in British ports. He insisted that the Alabama now afloat were British vessels, and it was folly to call them Confederate. He thought the Government ought to have been seized, and contended that all such vessels should be prohibited entering British ports, and if they did British cruisers should seize them. The Attorney-General admitted the privateers might be prohibited entering British ports, and said the Government was considering the subject of excluding them. The appeal of the House of Lords in the *Alexandra* case had been entered for hearing.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

The Austrian troops have arrived before Diippel, and an attack was shortly expected. Three Prussian men-of-war have proceeded immediately from the French port of Brest to the north. The Prussian troops are to be employed as a reserve to the Danish Foldtaking (Hoss's of Representatives), on March 21st. France as well as England has remonstrated with Prussia against the invasion of Prussian troops into Jutland.

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.

The Archduke and the Archduchess Maximilian were entertained by the Emperor of France on the 5th of March. They were to remain in Paris for three or five days, and the departure of the Archduke from Trieste were to be completed on March 15. Immediately upon his return to Miramar he was officially informed of the Emperor's acceptance of the crown of Mexican notables, and formally to accept the crown.

EMANCIPATION IN POLAND.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a decree proclaiming the emancipation of the peasants in Poland. Another decree treats of the organization of the communal administrations on the principle of self-government.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE President has prescribed the necessary regulations for enlisting seamen from the army into the navy, and the number which may be discharged on any occasion is not exceeding 15,000, which it is desirable to have at each time. The number of men raised upon by States is: Maine, 1900; Boston, 3900; New York, 6900; Philadelphia, 3900; Maryland, 1900.

Commodore WILKES, who is now tried by court-martial at Washington, has finally resigned, while suffering the *Alabama* to escape. The specifications set forth that the rebel vessel Florida was allowed to escape the *Alabama*, contrary to orders, and afterward wrote an insolent letter to the Secretary of the Navy from the New York station to the affair.

An order has been issued from the Army of the Potomac that all soldiers within the lines shall leave as early as practicable, and that no more passes are to be granted to such visitors.

All efforts to get the five war vessels sunk at Norfolk have ceased, rumor says, not to be resumed again. The rebel Government has found it was strudy by the water to be raised under any circumstances. Three or four of the small vessels have been raised, and the machinery saved of the large ones. About $18,000 have been realized from the sale of timber and iron taken from the hulls.

Our losses at the battle of Chattanooga, Florida, were as follows:

7th New Hampshire.—Killed, 17; wounded, 67; missing, 12; total, 96.

8th United States (colored).—Killed, 49; wounded, 103; missing, 46; total, 198.

7th Connecticut.—Killed, 6; wounded, 38; missing 27; total, 71.

54th Massachusetts (colored).—Killed, 9; wounded, 65; missing, 30; total, 104.

110th New York.—Killed, 34; wounded, 102; missing, 46; total, 182.

1st North Carolina (colored).—Killed, 38; wounded, 141; missing, 63; total, 242.

65th New York.—Killed, 17; wounded, 155; missing, 42; total, 214.

47th New York.—Killed, 16; wounded, 199; missing, 34; total, 249.

Artillery.—Killed, 16; wounded, 52; missing, 12; total, 80.

1st Massachusetts Cavalry.—Killed, wounded, and missing, 8.

30th Massachusetts (Mounted Infantry).—Killed, wounded, and missing, 4.

Total killed, 202; total wounded, 1142; total missing, 397. Grand total, 1801.

Thirty-two vessels are now ready for sea, but are waiting for crews. The transfer of sailors from the army will, it is supposed, supply the demand.

Lieutenant-Colonel SARMIENTO, who was arrested on charge preferred by Colonel CHANDLER, of the Bureau of Colored Troops, has been released from arrest.

There are running at large at least 80,000 deserters. The whole number who have deserted since the war began is stated to be 127,107.

It is officially known that the statement that the *Rappahannock* has left the coast of Africa is premature. She was still detained at Cadiz on the 9th of February, and not case can be expected before the 1st of March.

Admiral DAHLGREN has transferred his flag from the steamer *Harvest Moon* to the steamer *Baltimore* for the purpose of visiting the different vessels under the command of his son. Colonel DAHLGREN, expected to arrive there by the 1st of April, with his regiment.

It is announced that Minister DAYTON has served a written notification upon the French Government that the rebel cruiser *Rappahannock*, now at Cadiz, is allowed to proceed to sea. She is a formidable vessel, and will be available for all the damage she may do to American commerce.

It is understood that General WADSWORTH is to be appointed to the command of a division in the army of the Potomac.

A letter received at the Indian Office, from St. Louis, says that General SIBLEY, who is there, states that a large number of Sioux are willing to fight, and will soon come into Fort St. Pierre to lay down their arms.

The United States steam-frigate *Powhatan*, Admiral PORTER, commanding, arrived at Hampton Roads on the 8th of March.

The Ninth Army Corps (General BURNSIDE) has been ordered to rendezvous at Annapolis, Maryland. It is thought it will be sent to North Carolina.

General PRICE has resumed command of the rebel troops in Arkansas, and has issued an address to the people, promising to retrieve their former disasters.

The steamer *Georgiana* from Nassau has been delivered by the Halifax authorities into the possession of the Federal authorities.

General ROSECRANS has issued an order rendering all newspapers, whether loyal or disloyal, liable to seizure for distribution of any newspaper or periodical within his department.

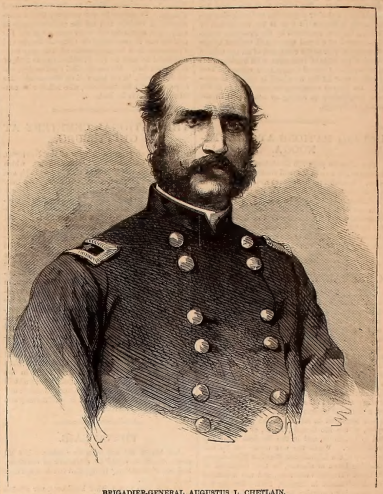
Major-General GORDON GRANGER is not sick in New York as reported. He is in command of the Fourth Army Corps, head-quarters at London, Tennessee, and is in excellent health.

General DOW arrived in Portland, Maine, on the 23d inst., and was received by the city authorities and a detachment of troops. He was escorted by Berry, by the way escorted through the principal streets to his residence. All the bells were rung in honor.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Harry H. SMART, of Minnesota, as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S BEAR-GUARD.

MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES M'ALISTER SCHOFIELD.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL AUGUSTUS L. CHETLAIN.

GENERAL JAMES M'ALLISTER SCHOFIELD.

GENERAL JAMES M'ALLISTER SCHOFIELD, whose portrait we give on this page, was born in Chautauque County, New York, in 1831. He graduated at West Point in 1851, and his present rank in the regular army is Captain of Artillery. He has been connected with operations in Missouri from the commencement of the war until a recent date, when he was transferred to the Department of East Tennessee in place of General FOSTER. He was with General LYON at Wilson's Creek, where the latter was killed; commanded the Missouri Department temporarily when General HALLECK took the field in person in the Corinth campaign; commanded the Army of the Frontier, and fought the battle against HINDMAN and other rebel leaders near Boston Mountains, in Arkansas, in the summer of 1862; and subsequently, upon the removal of General CURTIS, was placed in full command of the Department of Missouri. His administration of affairs was not in all respects satisfactory to a large body of the people of the Department, and his transfer to another field was probably in obedience to the demand of those who regarded him as not fully in accord with the progress of opinion in that Department. General SCHOFIELD is claimed to be an officer of ability, and in his present field will have an excellent opportunity to vindicate his reputation as a commander in active service, free from the impediments which lately embarrassed his career.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL AUGUSTUS L. CHETLAIN.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHETLAIN, whose portrait we give on this page, was born in St. Louis, Missouri, December 26, 1824, of French-Swiss parents who emigrated to America in 1823. He received his education at Galena, Illinois, where he afterwurt embarked in mercantile pursuits. In 1850 he visited Europe and spent a year on the Continent, visiting the battle-fields of Magenta and Solferino, and interesting himself in military matters. On returning to this country he took an active part in the political campaign of 1860, and on the bombardment of Fort Sumter enlisted as a private, being the first man in Northwestern Illinois to respond to the nation's call. Five days after the bombardment he was joined by one hundred of his fellow-citizens of Galena, elected Captain, and marched his company directly to Springfield, being accompanied and assisted by Captain GRANT, now Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT, commanding the armies of the United States. CHETLAIN'S company joined the Twelfth Illinois Infantry, he receiving the Lieutenant-Colonelcy on the consolidation. At the battle of Donaldson he was in command of the regiment, and received a promotion from General YATES for gallantry in the field. Colonel CHETLAIN led the Twelfth Illinois in the subsequent battles of Shiloh, the siege of Corinth, at Iuka, and at Corinth. After the battle of Corinth he took command of the Corinth post, and there, in the month

SUPPLYING RATIONS TO THE DESTITUTE ABOUT CHATTANOOGA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

of December, 1862, raised the first colored troops of the present war. His efforts were successful beyond hope; and after organizing and equipping two regiments of blacks, he was, at the solicitation of General GRANT, appointed by the President Brigadier-General of colored troops, and ordered by the Secretary of War to the command of all the colored troops of the State of Tennessee, with head-quarters at Memphis. General CHETLAIN's command now numbers over 12,000 men, and is rapidly increasing. He designs recruiting his command to 18,000 men, preparatory to taking an active part in the coming campaign.

ISSUING RATIONS AT CHATTANOOGA.

THE view on page 213 illustrates an interesting feature of the war in General GRANT's late department. Government rations are now issued daily to over five thousand inhabitants of the country about Chattanooga, hundreds of citizens who were formerly in comfortable circumstances being now wholly dependent upon the bounty of the Government. Our sketch shows the office of the Provost Marshal, where orders are given to the hungry applicants for such army rations as can be conveniently dispensed.

GENERAL WILLIAM F. SMITH.

GENERAL WILLIAM FARRAR SMITH (familiarly known throughout the army as "Baldy Smith"), whose portrait we give on page 209, was born in Vermont, February 27, 1824. He entered West Point Academy in 1841, graduating with distinguished honors in 1845, being fourth in a class containing JESSE L. FOSTER, CHARLES P. STONE, and JOHN W. DAVIDSON. He was assigned to the Topographical Engineers as brevet Second-Lieutenant, and for nearly two years, from November 1845 to August 1848, acted as Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the Military Academy. In 1853 he was promoted to the full grade of First-Lieutenant, and in 1859 became Captain. At various times he was employed on surveys of the Lake Superior region, of the Lake-Bonds, Texas, of the Missouri road to California, and in the Mexican Boundary Commission. When the war broke out he was Secretary of the Light-house Board at Washington. Obtaining leave of absence, he took command of the Third Vermont Volunteers, and was appointed Brigadier-General in August, 1861. Here, the Chickahominy campaign he commanded a division in General FRANKLIN'S corps, distinguishing himself greatly by bravery and skill. For his services in that campaign he was promoted to Major-General of Volunteers in July, 1862, which was confirmed by the Senate. He participated in the battle of Antietam in September of that year, and commanded the Sixth Corps in BURNSIDE'S campaign against on Fredericksburg, December 13. He was subsequently transferred with General HOOKER to GRANT'S department, then under ROSECRANS, he planned the campaign which resulted in the capture of Lookout Mountain, personally directing some of the important preliminary movements. On the 16th ult. he was a second time nominated as Major-General by the President, to take the place of General GRANT in the regular army.

General SMITH's abilities as an officer are of the very highest order, and it is hoped that his late unfortunate circumstances he would have been placed a year ago in command of the Army of the Potomac. He possesses considerable amenity of character, and is popular to the last degree in the army, both with officers and men. It is said that the expedition now preparing to operate in the River country will be under General SMITH's command.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY E. DAVIES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY E. DAVIES, JUN., whose portrait we give on page 209, was born in this city, July 2, 1836. In July, 1857, he graduated at Columbia College, and in the same year was admitted to the Bar. He was acquiring reputation as a lawyer and a successful business when the call of the President summoned the true friends of the Union to rally, to avenge the insult to our flag at Fort Sumter. On the 19th of April, 1861, he united with others in this city in the organization of the Duryea Zouaves, and on the 24th of April marched as Lieutenant of Company C with 800 men to Relay, Schuyler. While there the movement was fully organized, and he was promoted to the Captaincy of the Company. The Zouaves left for Fortress Monroe on the 24th of May, and was in the fight at Great Bethel, Captain Davies receiving the commendation of his superior officers for his coolness and bravery under fire. Immediately after the battle of Bull Run the regiment was ordered to Baltimore. On the 19th of July, 1861, the Secretary of War gave a written authorization to J. Mansfield Davies, then Major, to Judson Kilpatrick, then Captain, in the Zouaves, and to Captain Davies, to raise a regiment of Cavalry, to be called the Harris Light Cavalry. The President immediately commissioned the former as Colonel, Kilpatrick as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Davies as Major of the new regiment.

The Harris Light Cavalry formed General M'Clellan's body-guard in the advance on Manassas, and led the attack on the enemy at Falmouth, under General M'Dowell. On the 9th of May, 1862, Major Davies, as Provost Marshal, took possession of Fredericksburg, and raised the Stars and Stripes over the town. The regiment was actively employed during the summer and in Pope's campaign, and added to its reputation for dash and bravery. On the resignation of Colonel Davies, in December, Kilpatrick was commissioned a Colonel, and Major Davies a Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. This regiment was selected to make the raid to Richmond in May, 1863, which it did under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Davies. In June, 1863, on Colonel Kilpatrick's promotion to a Brigadier-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Davies was appointed Colonel. In August he was assigned to the command of a Brigade, and led the gallant charge at Culpepper, capturing two of the enemy's guns. For this he was recommended by Generals Meade and Pleasanton as a Brigadier-General, and was commissioned as such by the President on the 16th of September last. He commanded the Cavalry, under Kilpatrick, in the late raid on Richmond. He is popular with his command, who follow with confidence wherever he leads.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

WE give on page 209 a view of the NATIONAL SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, which marks at once the terrors of that bloody field, and a nation's gratitude to those who sacrificed their lives to its defense. This Cemetery is pleasantly situated on the north and west sides of the gentlysloping Cemetery Hill, and commands a part of the field over which the battle so fearfully raged. It contains in all an area of seventeen and one-fourth acres. It was purchased by the State of Pennsylvania, which presented each State the lot occupied by its dead. Arrangements are making to inclose the ground with suitable and substantial iron fence and a stone wall. A general commemorative monument will be erected in the centre of the design, in which the fallen heroes are buried. In an observatory, placed on the knoll in the back part of the Cemetery, will give a very extended and comprehensive view of the whole battle-field. The Governor Cemetery adjoining will be long remembered by our soldiers who fought so gallantly on the memorable first days of July, as dilapidated fences, shattered head-stones, and broken grounds still tell of the fearful conflict. About 100 bodies have been raised from the field and reinterred in the Cemetery. Each grave (known and unknown) will be marked by a stone, and the names, regiment, and regiment of the recognized will be substantially and neatly engraved thereon.

TIPPOO SAIB.

ALL heroes are not *héros de roman*. Not all *preux chevaliers* wield the sword, and embroider not one admires many things that one does not care to appropriate.

Tippoo Saib was neither handsome, nor accomplished, nor gently bred. He was a middle-aged negro of Congo descent, and formed after the ultra type of his race, with misshapen skull, immense lips, close-curled wool, and a skin as nearly black as human skin was ever tinted. He was heavy both of stature and intellect, entirely ignorant of almost every thing a man should know. But at the end of my story (by, if you dare, that he was a hero, a *preux chevalier*, a man to be admired and revered.

When North Carolina joined the rebellion and began to raise troops, Mr. John Fernald got himself transformed into Captain John Fernald. When, furthermore, he was requested to furnish one or more negroes to labor upon the fortifications of Roanoke Island, he magnificently replied, "Certainly," and went home to consider how he was to do one. For John Fernald, the seedy heir of a penniless sire and grandsire, owned no lands save his heavily-mortgaged plantation, and negroes in stock save the fine horse who was destined to bear his master to the wars, a few cows and pigs, Tippoo Saib, his wife Marcy, and their little pickaninny (Mr. Fernald had a fine taste in nomeaclature), and Aphrodite, commonly called Frite, a girl upon whom devolved the house-labor while Marcy waited on her husband in the fields, except in some great domestic emergency, when she was summoned to the assistance of Frite.

The household was a meagre one, and its affairs administered in a spirit of strict economy, localized upon Frite by her master with a severity that mistress with pevish complaints as to its necessity.

Such comfy residence as the latter still yielded was to be credited to Tippoo, who, with Marcy and the occasional help of hired service, both directed and executed all its operations.

This trusty auxiliary was not then to be lightly parted with, and yet he was the only chattel in Captain Fernald's possession available for the subscription of the contribution he was called upon to make; nor had he funds or available property of any kind for the purchase of a substitute. The course was left, and but one. Marcy and Sciple Africanus must be bartered for a laborer; and Frite, who was of middling price, could be spared on a piece of merchandise, and more so as household drudge, than she urged on household questions in her own province, as Tippoo in his, to make good her place.

The plan, once resolved on, was soon executed. And Marcy and her child were attached to a coffle of slaves traveling south.

And what did Tippoo feel or say at being thus in a day bereft of wife and child, and such poor tie to home and love as a slave may know?

What he felt the God who made him only knows. What he said was this:

"Mas'r, you loves lilly Missy?"

"Of course I do, Tip."

"An' what way would you fix it to 'pear de right ting, Mas'r, dat lilly Missy should be toted off 'mong strange niggers 'ceptin' me for nuss?"

"Oh well, Tip—I know, of course. But then you see, boy, it is different. You know such things are a matter of course. My child—why it is altogether another thing."

"Don' see it, Mas'r," replied Tippoo, with a slow shake of his poor, bewildered head. "Sciple buck; I know, and lilly Missy she white as an egg; but now I's buck myself, an' don' tink de wuss of my chile for look like his dad. Don' see it nohow, Mas'r."

He stood leaning on his hoe and looking gloomily at the ground, not sullen or vindictive, only sorrowfully seeking a solution to the terrible injustice of his lot, dimly felt.

Captain Fernald, confusedly switching the weeds and the flowers about him, found no reply to make; and after standing for a few moments, presenting a remarkable contrast by his nervous irritability of manner to the solemn calm of Tippoo's mood, he muttered some incoherent words of vague consolation, and sauntered away.

Nothing more was ever said between them on the subject; but in the week intervening between that day and the one when the volunteer Captain joined his regiment he treated his silent slave with not only unwonted kindness, but in a certain apologetic and deprecatory manner, inexplicable on his part, and unperceived by Tippoo's dim and preoccupied mind, but yet not without its effect on each.

The Captain joined his regiment. Tippoo Saib toiled early and late at his thankless tasks. Frite groaned and drudged unaided. And poor feeble Mrs. Fernald took to her bed, with a complication of nervous disorders and diseases.

Only bright little Alice remained untouched by sorrow or wrong, to illuminate with the sunshine of her three summers some portion of the gloom of that dreary household.

"How's Mist's?" asked Tippoo Saib, one evening, about a month after his master's departure, as he entered the kitchen for his milking-pail.

"Wuss," responded Frite, sulkily; and after an embarrassed pause, added, "Tee comin' out to help me milk, Tip, quick's I get lilly Missy to bed."

"You don't need to, Frite. T'd as good be doin' as restin'," said Tippoo, brusquely, as he went out.

But Alice's petulant and fear-ever prepossess to further, soon followed him, and after a little preliminary complaint of the hardships she endured, said, suddenly:

"I's gwine off, Tip."

"Off! Where you gwine, Frite?"

"Why to de Norf, or somewhere 'bout dere. You see, old Tip, Mist's she gettin' wuss berry fas,' an' 'skeight she not see you nor de doctor."

"What's he?"

"Dere ain't none short o' Weston, an' Mist's said we you was not to go till her brudder Tom's folks how she sick and not spectin' to get well no more."

"Hobbeny Marster! Am she dat bad, Frite?"

"I reckon she am," returned Aphrodite, stoically; and immediately added, "So I's gwine to cut my own fortin' 'mong de Yanks. I reckon he look sharp 'nough arter us, Tip, wedder he sister lib or die. I know what dere's some called folks in de swamp—contrabands, I 'se 'gin 'em Norf."

"Has you seen Pete?" asked Tip, referring to a brother of Frite's, who had disappeared from a neighboring plantation some weeks previously.

"Nebber you min' 'bout dat, ole man," returned Frite, indifferently. "I 'spects I'll see him by'm by. I like to git your freedom easy, you com' 'long o' me to-night to de Big Swamp."

"But by-an'-by, when I leave Mist's an' lilly Missy all 'lone," asked Tippoo, incredulously, "an' she so sick as you tell for?"

She ain't no sicker dan I be, o' slavin' here for nuffin," returned Frite, angrily. "An' to-night's de las' chance for jinin' dem folks. They spec's to move 'fore mornin'. I tole Pete I's be dar 'fore midnight."

"Be what 'fore midnight?"

"What I 'gin you de way I plan," retorted Frite, dryly. "If you's a min' ter go 'long, yer'll find out all bout it; an' of you ain't agwine, w'y takin' no matter."

"Wouldn' it do to-morrer mornin' arter T's ben an' say de darkey's run off?"

"Till ye no, nigger, 'twon't. Dey's gwine to start dis berry night arter mournine, an' I ain't gwine to go 'long wid 'em, 'cause dey 'gwine heider. Pete didn' want I should even say wot I has, but I wont 'agwine to cut 'thout gibin you a chance for to go 'long o' me. So now say, ole Tip, right smart, wot'll ye do?"

"Tank ye kin'ly, Frite," replied Tippoo, after a long pause, during which he softly mumbled and patted the head of Snowdrop, his favorite heifer. "Tank ye kin'ly, but I reckin I'll stop."

"Den all I 'gin ye de slip, de more fool you," responded Frite, venomously, as she lifted the full pail and turned toward the house.

"Stop a minute, Frite. Don' yer tink dat I's ongrateful for de chance, nor yet dat I desex' keer for freedom. But I's got a way to get to 'em, an' I can look fore mornin', an' dat you see is too late. Den dere ain't no house 'tween here an' dar, an' dere ain't none on de road 'cept de one Mas'r gone, and poor Mist's most dis an' lilly Missy too, for any one 'd know on't."

"Mas'r 'gone, Tippoo? o' your ole woman an' pickaninny," retorted the disappointed Frite.

The thrust was unexpected, and the great, loving, ignorant heart was pierced through. Unthoughtingly hope, any faith that what seemed so wrong must yet be right. Tippoo abruptly hid his face in the white hide of his cow, and great heaving sobs began to shake his brawny frame, and the hot tears rolled down wondering Snowdrop's neck and mingled with the milk.

"I didn' mean to make you feel so bad, Tip," said Frite, at last, in an apologetic voice; "only I's dink see as you hadn't no more 'casion for Mas'r 'gone by you. Look arter yerself an' nebber min' what come to side of you."

Tippoo stood up, wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his coarse shirt, and looked at the girl with a puzzled smile as he replied:

"Fears like, Frite, I'd rather die de way dat I'd be 'liked Mas'r to be' done by me."

But he did think that Tippoo Saib, thus speaking, echoed mechanically, as so many of his white brethren do, that Golden Rule which is in all our mouths, and so few of our hearts. He had never heard of it—in fact, his religious education had progressed very little beyond the Genesis of Jumbo faith, in the odor of whose sanctity his ancestors had lived and died.

He did but speak out of the fullness of that child's heart of his, which overflowed the human wretch's frame that held it, but found no other expression than the tears that had rolled down Snowdrop's neck.

Frite lingered a moment or two, but not finding any better argument than these she had already used, and feeling also a little injured by Tip's superiority, she finally went into the house and slammed the door violently, after which demonstration her mind relapsed into its former placidity.

Tippoo Saib went to his lonely cabin, cooked his scanty supper, and then rolled up in a woollen blanket and lay down on the floor, to sleep as he had never may be his mental disquietude.

Early in the morning he went up to the house to receive his directions for Weston from his mistress, and not without curiosity as to Frite's movements. The kitchen door stood open, and the autumn sunshine streamed merrily in, but, except the cat purring in the ashes, no crew was visible, nor any preparations for breakfast going on.

"She's cut and lef' pore Mist's all 'lone," soliloquized Tip; and his grave mind began a process of inquiry as to his own first duty in the case.

While he still stood pondering and scratching his woolly head the quick patter of small bare feet was heard along the passage, and on the door doorway stood a rosy little maid, her trailing night-dress deftly gathered in one hand, while the other "shed by the yellow hair" from her sweet but troubled face.

"Uncle Tip, go call Frite," began she, eagerly. "Baby wants her supper, and Frite all gone. Uncle Tip make Frite come dress baby, and get baby's supper."

"Poor lilly Missy!" was all Tip found to say, but his voice was rich with love as a woman's.

Lilly Missy came forward and put her morsel of a hand into its black pay, and when he knelt upon one knee and drew the head her upon the other threw both arms round his neck and nestled close to his broad breast.

"Uncle Tip's good. Baby loves Uncle Tip; but baby wants her supper," remarked she, persistently.

"Lilly Missy shall have supper, an' Tip'll go an' Tip'll go an' git her some nice warm milk from the mooly cow, will she?"

"And give milk to poor mamma, too; nice warm milk, for mamma all cold, and don't want to talk to baby. Mamma don't wake up at all, when baby calls she 'se wake up."

A sudden horror woke in Tippo's bewildered mind.

"Lilly Missy, show Tip where her mammy is, an' he'll ask if she have some milk," asserted he; and Alice, sliding from his knee, seized his finger and led him on through the passage to the door of a large bedroom, where Mrs. Fernald had retired to die, after she was confined to her bed.

Standing at the door, with head reverently bared and breath suspended, Tip looked earnestly at the pale, pretty face turned toward him on the pillow. He needed no approach. Death had an unerring sense, keener than sight, keener than touch, that unerringly warns living man of his neighborhood to death—a sense, a repugnance which desire to flee. Such it was that now crept through Tippoo's blood, and turned the rich brown of his honest skin to a muddy yellow. Such it was that, laying its chill hand even upon the innocent heart of the child, made her cling closer to the side of her strange comrade, murmuring:

"Baby's cold. Baby don't want stay here."

Releasing himself from her grasp, Tippoo Saib took on tip-toe across the room, and peered forth over the fair linen sheet over that face as white as cold; then drew down the blinds and left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Come, lilly Missy," said he, soothingly, to the child, who now sat on the lowest step of the staircase, with her little trembling lip and grieved eyes, showing that the tears were close at hand.

"Come, show Tip where Frite is, little closes, an' he'll try to dress you. Den you'll go 'long wid him, milkin' de cows, an' den he'll gib you some breakuse."

"And give mamma some nice warm milk, so she feel all well again, and talk to baby?" asked the little maid.

"Mammy don' want for nothin', lilly Missy, an' she 'se can eat no drinks while her sister her on a visit. Mammy gib her, an' Tip'll gib you a plain upon the other, he went out to milk.

This process completed, they returned to the house, and Tippoo, having set bread in a cupboard, prepared bread and milk for a family of perhaps six hungry boys, and entertained little lilly Missy, who had forgotten all her troubles in a frolic with the cat, he bade her "eat it all up, like a blessed little child, and she should have some more."

Then seating himself upon the door-step, with his elbows upon his knees, and his chin in the palms of his hands, Tippoo Saib unconsciously entered upon the crisis of his life.

Before him lay two courses. The one led to freedom—and remember that this word to a slave carries the same illimitable blessing that the word Heaven does to a freeman—the other to continual, nay, aggravated misery, for Mr. Fernald, on his brother of Mrs. Fernald, was well known as a hard master, and to him, should Captain Fernald never return from the war, Tip would become thrall.

Tip raised his head and looked steadfastly Northward, until in his dull eyes began to glow a fire, a manhood they never knew before. Then suddenly turning his head, he fixed them upon the little child, who, chattering gayly to the kitten as she fed her with the remnant of her breakfast, did not know that her own life hung in the balance, and that the untaught mind of the father had so bitterly wronged was its arbiter.

Tippoo knew the forest paths for miles about his home. He knew the course the party of fugitives would necessarily travel. He did not doubt

that by arduous exertion he could overtake them, or failing in that, make his own way to the North and to Freedom. But he knew, too, that for weeks no visitor might seek the lonely plantation house, that the child was entirely incapable of providing her own subsistence even for a day, or of making her own way to those who might care for her. Slow visions of the bright-haired child moaning for food, pining from weary day to day, until, lying exhausted in the lonely night, she should call her little life away, or perhaps wandering to the forest perish miserably there; visions of the dead woman, who had been a kind mistress to him and his, lying unburied in that darkened room, until she who had been so beautiful became a thing of summon horror: violent even of poor Snowdrop and her mates calling vainly to him for help, and suffering miserably for its want, passed in slow succession through his unconcerned mind, and burying his face in his broad hands, Tippoo made his decision, chose his course, and with a deep groan closed his mental eyes upon those alluring dreams of liberty and manhood that had for one brief moment seemed within his grasp.

Rising heavily he went and took the child in his arms.

"Will Milly miss kin Uncle Tip jes' once?" asked he, humbly.

The white little arms closed about his neck in an instant, and the rose-bud mouth was pressed to his swarthy cheek in a merry shower of kisses.

"Baby love Uncle Tip ever so much. He very good," said she, as he replaced her on the floor, and with his large heart full of love and peace, the man who had freedom within his grasp elected slavery instead.

The only bore remaining on the place was lame, and it was on his own feet that Tippoo had carried the twelve miles to Weston, carrying little Alice in his arms, besides a bundle containing some clothes for her and food should she need it on the road.

Reaching Mr. Bennett's house in the middle of the afternoon, he asked for the master, and telling his simple story, delivered up his charge, and waited to hear what should be his own fate.

"Dead? Your mistress dead? It is very sudden. Sit here, boy, till I carry the child to her aunt," said Mr. Bennett.

"Hear work go. Baby like Uncle Tip, and stay with him," declared the little lady, quietly, but so resolutely that she could only be presented to the listening room in the arms of her colored nurse. Here, however, the affectionate caresses of her aunt, and the attractions of a kitten even prettier than she who had left at home, soon won her some her shyness, and she at last consented that Tip should withdraw to the kitchen, where he vainly tried to eat the dainties set before him by the table aunty there presiding.

The next day Mr. Bennett, accompanied by Tip, upon whose movements he kept a sharp eye, called two assistants and a clergyman, sought the lonely house; and after conferring upon his sister's remains the rites of Christian sepulture, the disposition of such valuables as remained in the house, and closing the doors and windows, abandoned it to the desolation that already had laid its hand upon the whole scene.

A letter, informing Captain Fernald of his bereavement, returned, after many weeks, unopened to Weston, with the brief notice indorsed upon the back that Captain Fernald was severely wounded in the head, was perfectly unconscious, and could not probably survive many days. Under these circumstances Mr. Bennett considered himself justified in taking possession of such part of his niece's inheritance as could be made available, and converting it either into cash or to his own use.

Tippoo was no favorite with his new master, nor did he find his life so comfortable as it had been under his former more independent circumstances. He did not complain in any manner, however, but his silent resolution to escape became more and more confirmed in his mind.

A suspicion of this determination in the mind of his master increased the disfavor he already entertained for his new chattel, and he resolved to forestall its execution by presenting him to Government in compliance with a new requisition for laborers on the fortifications.

The transfer was accordingly made, and at the same time Mr. Bennett applied for and received a commission as captain of a volunteer company just raised in Weston, and already under marching orders.

Tip made no remark on being informed of his new destiny, but his dark face darkened with a gleam of satisfaction. Any change was to him a welcome one.

"Please, Mas'r, I'd like to be good-by to Milly Missy 'fore I go."

"Nonsense, boy, what should she care for you? She's something else to do, and I've no time to wait; follow me right along."

Tip patiently turned to do as he was ordered, but his mind went back to the memorable conversation on the sunny door-step, he had given up his own cherished hope for the sake of that little child, and now he might not even hear her voice once more.

But of a sudden came the rush of little feet behind them, and a sweet voice crying, breathlessly, "I will, I will, I will see Uncle Tip again." "I will no go, old Crissy. I will speak to dear old Tip!"

Master and slave turned to see the cause of this tiny clamor. It was Alice, who, escaping from her nurse, came flying down the street, her golden curls streaming in the air, one little foot unshod, and her face all aglow with rebellious love and determination.

Tippoo stooped, and catching her in his arms, raised her to his breast, where she clung and kissed him as she had done once before in the sunny kitchen of the old home.

"Tank you, Milly Missy," said Tip, solemnly, as he set her down. "Feared like Uncle Tip couldn't ha' gone way without dat. He know you love him you, Milly Missy; an' of you don' neuber see Tip no more, you'll 'member onst in a wile how he tetsy ye from de ole home down here, an' how he'd ha' ben glad to lay down his life, of so he 'twould ha' done Milly Missy any good."

"I love Uncle Tip—Uncle Tip is good. Why is he sorry?" asked the child, with a perplexed cloud upon her sunny face.

"Good-by, Milly Missy." And Tippoo, with no word more, hurried after his master, who had walked on impatiently.

Roanoke Island was in possession of the Federal forces, and its rebel defenders had made a retreat more rapid than dignified to the main land.

In the camp of the conquerors all was exultation, mirth, and proud anticipation of future successes. In that of the vanquished reigned chagrin, wrath, and the desire of vengeance. Plans for a counter-surprise, for a sudden dash, that should sweep away the invaders as by a single blow of destruction, were loudly canvassed among the knot of officers, who had not lost heart and hope in the defeat of that dark night; but as a preliminary to any action it was necessary to learn accurately the position and force of the enemy; for of these particulars as many varying estimates were held as there were tongues to announce them.

A reconnoissance was obviously necessary, and several volunteers for this delicate and dangerous service Captain Bennett and Lieutenant Fosdick were selected; and as soon as night again fell to favor their movements they prepared to set about it. A light canoe was provided with muffled oars, but two officers seated themselves in the stern, and Tippoo Sash was elected to the onerous duty of oarsman, with a stern injunction from his former master to beware of any species of treachery, as himself should be its first victim.

To this intimation Tip meekly responded, "Yis, Mas'r," and seating himself in the canoe, placed his little craft close under the lee of the island.

The night was intensely dark, with occasional showers of rain, and this circumstance, while favoring the movement of the spies in some respects, rendered them more difficult in others, especially as the main channel, through which, for security's sake, was necessary to avoid the observation of the sentinels, who would, of course, be posted at every point they might approach.

Finally, however, the Lieutenant was set ashore at the point of land nearest the main, and in connection with the island was near enough to the camp fires to enable him to make a fair survey of its position without danger of being discovered. Captain Bennett meantime was, according to previous agreement, to be rowed some distance further north with a view of reconnoitring the fleet in the position and apparent numbers of the Federal forces in that quarter.

Arrived at a suitable point for landing, Bennett, with a whispered word, ordered Tip to guide the canoe inshore, and it soon grounded noiselessly upon the sandy beach.

After waiting a few moments to make sure that his approach was undiscovered, the Captain rose cautiously to his feet, and, with the aid of a branch over the bows of the boat, when, with a sudden motion, a noose of small rope slipping over his head, he settled down to his middle and was then drawn tight, effectually pinioning his arms to his side. With cool effect and self-possession he looked coolly about his lower limbs, his body, and one turn laid with grim pleasantry about his neck.

The sudden and effectual capture, and so perfectly taken by surprise was the Captain, that he was already securely bound before he succeeded in ejaculating,

"You scoundrel! what devil's trick is this?"

"Sh', Mas'r," returned Tip, with an affectation of great caution—"don't be so loud; you 'll wake dem dam Yankee somewhar about, an' oberhear us."

A tremendous oath expressed Captain Bennett's appreciation of his delicate hint, but suddenly remembering that his only hope of escape lay in the patient and amicable temper of his captor, he succeeded in smothering his wrath, and said, in a tone where forced friendliness and vehement passion struggled strangely for the mastery,

"Come, Tip, you don't mean to hurt me, you know. You wouldn't give me up to these —— Yankees. Think of my wife and children. Remember Alice—"

"An' 'member you, Mas'r, how you 'tought it couldn't be done to take Tippoo Sash? Tip goodeby, now you allus grudged de poty corn-cake saying a word to de poor nigger dat lubbed her so. Tain't no use, though, Mas'r, dat's gone by. Tip 'member you ideas 'bout de Yankees all wrong, an' 'a gwine to gib you de chance to git 'em straightened out. Don't you 'member, Mas'r, how you 'tought, when Mas'r. Now s'pose we go up an' look at dis yur fort together, Mas'r? Spec's de Yankees will show de inside's well's de out, an' dat's more nor you bargained for, Mas'r."

So saying, Tip raised his captive in his arms and carried him ashore as easily as if he had been a child.

"Now, Mas'r," said he, placing him carefully on the beach, "you's got yo choice. Will you be toted up yander like an armful o' cornshucks, or will you walk?"

"How can I walk, you black scoundrel, with my legs tied?" sullenly demanded the captive.

"I 'll untie 'em, Mas'r, an' again I 'll say you'll walk right 'long straight widout a fuss."

"Untie them, then, you—"

"Now, Mas'r, you 'buse me unmerely no how. Spec's I'd better tote ye," said Tip, in a tone of grave rebuke; and he was again about to raise the helpless form of his late master, when the latter, fearful lest by alive to the ridicule of appearing before his enemies in such a position, hastened to make the required promise in more civil terms. Tippoo, signifying his satisfaction at the concession, proceeded immediately to loosen the bonds of his captive sufficiently to allow him to walk with some degree of ease, but not to run or to use his arms at all. Then inserting the loose end of the rope through that in the rope about the Captain's neck, he called his attention to the fact that a slight movement would be sufficient to tighten it to a very unpleasant extent, and that such movement would be the result of any attempt of escape or resistance on his part.

This intimation the Captain received in sullen silence, but showed his appreciation of its intent by following, or rather preceding, his captor (who guided him by the rope about his neck much as he would have done a refractory steer) to the neighborhood of the earth-works dignified by the name of fort, where they encountered a sentinel, to whom Tip briefly made known who and was entered to proceed to head-quarters, where he was relieved of his charge, amidst the wonder and merriment of a good-ly crowd of spectators.

Tip, on leaving the boat, had taken the precaution of leaving the oars, to prevent the escape of Lieutenant Fosdick, and that officer was captured in the course of the next day, and soon after accompanied Captain Bennett and numerous other of his countrymen on a voyage Northward, and a prolonged residence in one of Uncle Samuel's Marine Villas.

Tippoo Sash also traveled North, although not as a prisoner. For the first time in a life of forty years, and with a heart long light as no man who has never been a slave may appreciate, he now found himself free to move in whatever direction or to whatever distance he might find most to his own advantage, and his first impulse was to breathe the air of a free North.

For something more than a year he supported himself in Massachusetts by such labor as he could find to do, but as soon as the enlistment of colored troops was permitted by Government, Tippoo hastened to enroll himself among the first of the noble volunteers; nor among the hundreds of thousands of brave men who have fought beneath the Federal banners in this great war, has one soldier, black or white, given more ample earnest of his devotion, more purely, more entirely than this poor untaught African.

His uniform courage and good conduct slowly won him such advancement as is at present possible to a man of his color, and on the tenth day of April, 1863, he received his captain's bar as sergeant of Fort Wagner with the stripes of a sergeant upon his arm.

We all know who led that assault. A nation mourns, a nation glories, over the hero who there won himself a name that will not be forgotten while his country holds a memory, a tongue, a pen; who, yet in brilliant youth, closed a career all glorious promise in the most glorious fulfillment of duties where he fell, "buried with his niggers," more proudly, more honored than a prince or conqueror beneath an ebon pall of state.

But no nation mourns, no poet sings, no history, save this rude tale, will chronicle the closing scene of another hero, as devoted, as noble, as great, as beautiful to those who have eyes to read the hearts of men as that of his hero-leader.

Foremost in the fight, foremost, dauntless in the front of that dauntless band, rushed Tippoo Sash upon the enemy, and fighting as he fights who feels that freedom or death is the prize of the struggle, the contest. He had with as many blows sent three of his opponents to their doom, when he caught the glance of one descending with deadly aim a rate force upon the head of the Colonel, who stood beside him encouraging his rapidly men.

Quick as light Tippoo's bayonet was interposed and caught the blow, delivered with such force as had soon died the weapon from the hilt. Wrenching it from the hand of the disarmed officer, when, glancing up, he recognized, with astonishment Captain Fernald, his former master.

It was but an instant that he hesitated, but who shall blame humanity for it? In that instant the man remembered the wife of his youth, torn from his arms, sold to a slavery so barbarous that she had soon died from the severity; he remembered his merry boy, his one child, whom he had loved with all his loving heart, and of whose life or death not one echo had reached him in all these years; he remembered his own enslaved youth and manhood, and the bitter memories of his wrongs rushed back within him, and tightened with savage vigor the hand that still held uplifted the gleaming bayonet.

But before the blow fell, before the humanities of Captain Fernald could be upraised in defense of the life that in one anguished pang resigned it-self at last, another adversary shot athwart the vengeance of Tippoo's mood.

It was the vision of a little maid, all aglow with young energy and life, who came flowing back as she ran, with white arms uplifted to his embrace, with rosy lips that asked no better than to press themselves again upon his cheek.

The vision flashed and passed, but it had wrought its work. Dropping his arm with its deadly weapon, Tippoo faltered out,

"Go 'long, Mas'r, I won't kill Milly Missy's father!" With a wild shout he was bounding forward to seek another antagonist, the white man with the death drew the revolver from his belt, and with deliberate aim discharged its contents full into the generous heart that so faithfully garnered and so well repaid the one love that had illumined his weary life.

The fierce battle-cry ended in a wild shriek upon the negro's lips, and he fell forward upon his face dead, just as the ball from him, the noble life he had shielded a moment since was smitten down by the blow that gave a hero to deathless glory.

Tippoo Sash was one of the honored dead that the fierce victors upon that bloody field laid down to their eternal rest in the same grave with their young champion, leaving them to do honor to his remains, but in reality surrounding him with a guard of honor that, when the last trumpet shall sound *reveille*, shall arise with him; the corruptible body exchanged for the incorruptible, the faithful and noble spirit giving form and color to its new tabernacle.

And in this glorious hope rest peacefully and well, even Tippoo Sash himself that if the Lord, in lowly and thy death unsung, nor less hath the Eternal Judge knowledge of thy temptations and thy triumph, thy loving heart and earnest soul.

"A roo," says Professor Bump, "is an amphibious animal what lickers on cold water and consequently invented the scotoid society. He always walks with a jump, i-deer; and when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native noticities, he gives free concerts every night, to dear himself. He perwides music for the multitude, which has been so called because it mostly is heard in a solitude. He is a warmint what ain't so bad when boiled on a gridiron."

Bread is the staff of life, and liquor the stiffs—the former sustaining a man, and the latter elevating him for a fall.

If some of our very conservative men had been present at the creation, they would have said, "Good Lawzus! what is to become of the fishes?"

Advice to smokers.—Cut Cavendish.

When is a baby not a baby?—When it's a-teething (*sea thing*).

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could outdraw him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big jug in his hands, sipped it very coolly. "Oh, you are hitting me!" roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool!" replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

The Levees Il.—There is something profoundly humorous in the conversations of a Cockney. An exchange puts down the following as the direction of an English father to his son: "Arry, 'op and get down to Mr. 'Arris', and hask 'im 'ow 'e's at 'is bed or bush to make a manner 'andle." We can respectfully suggest "about as good, and quite true. An English actor was playing Harry the William Tell. Upon the following speech, "Heavenly! most beautiful! To save his own and Albert's life, will has consented to shoot an apple off his own son's head." The actor knocked about his b'ar thus: "Orrible! 'orrible! 'orrible! To save 'is own and Albert's life, 'e 'as consented to shoot hon happle hoff 'is hown son's 'ead."

Coryle, listening to a party conversing upon Goethe—"Do you think Goethe was a great philosopher?" he interrogated—said: "Gentlemen, did you never hear of the man who refilled the pipe because it would not light the first time?"

"His year son Timothy filled I" inquired Gobbins of Stubbins the other day. "Oh, not at all; he has only whipped over the pantry, and fallen back to take a better position," was the reply.

Either there is a great deal of man's nature in a monkey, or a great deal of monkey's nature in a man.

What military order is like a lady crossing the street on wet day? "Attention, company! Eyes right! Dress!"

"This is what they call a 'fellow feeling' for a man," as the thief said when the policeman was groping after him in the dark.

The finest ship in the world—*Friend-ship*.

People choose their opposites. Just so—the Goose and the Sage are generally associated.

He who has plenty of brass can generally get it off for gold.

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, Sir, I've been wanting you to start for the last hour."

Mr. Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he; "it would be my luck to live forever if I should."

An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

An Irishman, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that most of our hardened criminals would use this punishment *for life, only fifteen* survived it!

A brisbane young barrister says that any lady who possesses one thousand acres of land presents sufficient ground for an attachment.

The geological character of the rock on which drunkards built is said to be *sand*-stone.

Generally, as soon as a man is supposed to have a little money, his wife gets too lame to walk, and must have a carriage.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the cane." "How long have you known him?" "Didn't know as he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he has only spent five shillings for fire-wood in eight years."

PROVERBS FROM THE OLDEN TIME.

Think of ease, and you will never have it.

Manners often makes fortunes.

Forgive and forget is the sign of a noble mind.

The table robs more than the thief.

Better go about than fall into the ditch.

Youth and white paper take any impression.

Who looks for faults finds them.

A man of gladness seldom falls into madness.

Children and fools must have their will.

Husbands are in because when wives chide and, Better be out than in when they scold.

The mill can not grind with the water that is past.

They must learn that learn that will not learn to heed.

He that hath love in his heart hath pears in his shoe.

He who would well send his child to ask his wages.

Marry your sons when you will, your daughters when you can.

When the tree is fallen, every man goeth to it with his hatchet.

He may well be contented who needs neither borrow nor beg.

The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.

All women are good; i. e., good for something, or good for nothing.

He who hath but one bag must have his fat; and he who hath but one son must have a foal.

Why is a table like a flea?—Because, if you have any fun in you, you can "eat it in a race."

Men are born with two eyes and one tongue, in order that they may see much and say little.

The coldest seat in an omnibus—the one nearest the Pole.

Some tourists, being exceedingly thirsty, stopped for drinks at a house by the roadside; they emptied every cup that was offered them, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought out an enormous bowl of milk, and, setting it down on the table, said, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

While recently engaged in splitting wood Jones struck his axe into, instead of a stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw, and knocked a tooth out. Jones, in a rage, on his meeting him soon after, "you've had a dental operation performed, I see." "Yes," replied the sufferer, "and Mentals."

"WHERE IS THE ENEMY?"
Mr. SHODDY.
"GOOD EVENING SIR!"

"THERE COMES THE ALABAMA."
MR FOGEY.
"GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN."
IN SCHOOL.

APRIL, 1864.

ESCAPED FROM LIBBY.

THE thermometer was somewhere in the region of zero.

Not that it was so very cold in the keen glitter of the February sunshine, but there was such a temperatious, turbulent, shrieking wind — a wind that had been playing with the great green billows of light that tumble along the shore at Staten Island, and bringing briny whiffs from the salt marshes of New Jersey, and howling through the solemn old forests that hang over the Palisades! When this a wind to be intimidated by the brown-stone palaces and plate-glass facades of Murray Hill? Not it; and in token of its lawful nobility at the contained casements, and tossed whirls of choking dust into the tessellated marble of stately vestibules without number, to the manifest discomposure of people who didn't understand its boisterous jokes.

It was a very warm, bright breakfast-room, with walls hung with crimson-velvet paper veined with wavy lines of gold, which made you think of tropic sunsets bathed in flaming glow-and-red curtains, and a superb silver breakfast-service set out in front of a blazing Liverpool-coal fire. And Mrs. Vess was pouring fragrant amber-coffee into a cabaret of painted Sèvres cups in a most becoming breakfast-cap of lace and ribbon, and a sixty-dollar cashmere wrapper.

"What horrid weather!" she sighed, elevating her shoulders as the windows rattled ominously. "We never have such dreadful winds in the sweet South!"

Mr. Vess made no answer; he was reading the paper with a very expressive wrinkle between his dove-like brows, and little Kitty Colvin was conveying surreptitious bits of broiled partridge into the jaws of a spectacled black-and-tan terrier that sat beside her chair.

A dark-eyed, tiger thing with the shadows of Louisianian summer-groves on her cheeks, and Louisianian sunshine swimming in the yellow brightness of her hair. Not that the latter seemed out of place under the bleak skies of the frozen North. And yet Kitty had secretly made up her mind never, never to like that same frozen North, whose winds and icicles to the contrary notwithstanding!

"If I could only go back again; this climate is killing me!" plained Mrs. Vess, drawing a lace shawl around her. "Gerald, how long shall we be wretched exiles in this ungenial North? Is there any thing new in the papers this morning; you never tell me a word of politics!"

"Hold your tongue, Sallie!" growled her morose better-half. "Women are born to drive men mad, I believe. Give me another cup of coffee, and don't talk about things you don't understand!"

"Then marry another Union victory or something," sighed Mrs. Vess, scraping her husband's "snub" as a matter of course. "And that reminds me, pal Kitty is actually looking pleased! Well, the treachery there is in this world, to be sure!"

Indeed, aunt," said Kitty, demurely, "I should fancy the treachery lay in seeking refuge and shelter in a country whose downfall you are secretly wishing for—in living at the North, while you are a blister secessionist at heart!

Mr. Vess laid down his paper and looked his niece in the face. Kitty's slender-shadowy gray deeper, and her eyes fell. She was not aware that her uncle had been an auditor to that fierce little Union speech, but she was determined to stand to her gun nevertheless.

"Indeed!" was his dry comment. "Very fine, to be sure! In the second-hand sentiments, I suppose, of Lieutenant Roy. A pity that Libby Prison should afford so poor a field for his talents!"

Kitty colored, for she really thought Gerald Roy had pin quivered, but she did not answer.

"Now look here, my young lady," he resumed, his tone a little more than changing to an almost savage ring—"I will have no more of this absurd folly. Mr. Roy is coming here this evening to have a definite answer; he shall have it, or I'll know the reason why!"

"The answer is ready," said Kitty, defiantly. "I'm engaged to Lieutenant Roy!"

"This from you—a Southern girl, born and brought up under the shadow of the palmetto! Well, it is as I expected, you are thoroughly infected with the venom of that Yankee hireling. But his forcible training shall avail him nothing. Lamar's creed and country are identical with ours, and he shall be your husband!"

"*Shall* he, indeed!" said Kitty, defiantly.

"Shall be, Miss Colvin. The odds are ten to one that your precious Yankee never comes back alive; and if he does, he may select himself another wife. Now you have heard my decision on the subject; you may go!"

Kitty Colvin never lifted her eyes from the floor; she knew how votive than useless it was to attempt any opposition to her uncle's iron will. But there was a stronger determination in that fragile frame than Gerald Vess had any idea of.

"Now, Sallie," he sensible," drawled her aunt, when Mr. Vess had taken himself and his lowering brows out of the room. "Fernando Lamar is very handsome, I'll grant you, and it's quite true what your uncle says. Lieutenant Roy will most likely die down in Libby, or be shot, or something—"

Kitty put up her hand pleadingly, as the thoughtless words jarred on her sick brain.

"It will make no difference to me, aunt," she said, calmly. "Dead or alive I am his, and his only!"

Gerald and Fernando Lamar will 'settle that," thought Mrs. Vess, arranging her pink cap strings. "It would be dreadful for Arnold Colvin's daughter to marry a Yankee, whose father might have been a carpenter for any thing one knows to the contrary!"

Kitty Colvin went quietly up to her own room and stood before the fire a moment, her lovely liquid eyes gazing far out into the unseen future, and her hand mechanically smoothing the golden braids that hung from an onyx comb. Then she changed her crimson silk wrapper for a sober gray dress, and put on a bonnet edged with gray fur, and hidden by a thick blue veil. And then she took a little basket in her hand and went out.

Went out a homeless fugitive with nothing but the bright rings on her fingers, and a bold, brave heart in her bosom—went out to seek her fortune in the wide, cold world, rather than accept the lot which her uncle had portioned out to her.

"Sit down, Miss," said the red-armed Biddy, pushing a chair nearer to the stove. "Mrs. Clarke will be down d'rectly."

Kitty waited, in the plainly furnished parlor of the second-rate house, with her heart beating as though a frightened bird were fluttering at her throat. She had been very pale all day, but when the step of a stranger sounded on the stairs the color rushed in hot, scarlet waves over her face.

"Mrs. Clarke?" she faltered.

"Yes, my dear," said the fat, cozy little matron. "What can I do for you?"

"I advertised for a seamstress in to-day's paper, ma'am; I should be very glad to obtain the situation. I am new very badly, ma'am!"

"How much do you expect by the day?"

"Nothing, ma'am," said Kitty, suddenly plucking up courage. "I only want a home, for that, and that alone, my services will be given."

Mrs. Clarke eyed the young girl very sharply and suspiciously, while a cold shadow of distrust crept over her plump features.

"Your references, of course, will be unexceptionable?"

"I have no references," said Kitty, almost inaudibly.

"Then, of course, it will be impossible for me to entertain your propositions," said Mrs. Clarke, turning away. But Kitty caught her dress, with a low, imploring cry.

"Don't send me away, Mrs. Clarke! I have tried very hard to get employment, and I am willing, if you refuse me I shall despair! Believe me, I could refer you to well-known names, only—"

"Well, but why don't you?" questioned Mrs. Clarke, half relenting.

"I can not; it is impossible!" wailed Kitty. "Let me work for you, and I will be true to the shelter of your home, and you will never have cause to repent it. You have daughters of your own, perhaps; think of them, and be kind to me!"

Mrs. Clarke bit her lip, meditatively. Reason and Caution said "Beware!" but Memory brought back the vision of her own daughter sleeping quietly under the February snows—a daughter, whom, if she had lived, would have been about the age of this fair-haired girl. And so she ended this scene with a singular, yearning thrill, as she looked searchingly in Kitty's pleading eyes.

"Child, you are keeping some little thing," she said, laying her hand not unkindly on Kitty's shoulder. "But you're young, and I suppose you mean to be true. So come up stairs and take off your things, and I'll find you something to do."

And Kitty's heart gave a thankful sigh of inward relief, followed the portly lady up stairs. Providence had given the lonely wanderer a home at last.

"What do you think, Mrs. Clarke?" said Miss Diana Steers, who had come in from the corner grocery, partly to bring half a pound of cheese and two sperm candles, and partly to indulge in a little friendly gossip. "Is you pretty young woman, the 'ci housekeeper for them rich Southerners on Fifth Avenue, and their niece, the heiress, has run away."

"Run away! you don't tell me so?" ejaculated Mrs. Clarke. "Here's the books and eyes for that mending, Miss Robinson. What was that for?"

Kitty took the books and eyes in a hand that shook like a little autumn leaf; but Mrs. Clarke unfortunately was not looking at her face.

"Some says one thing, some says another," answered Miss Diana, with an oracular nod. "The kinsfolk certainly say she has had words with her guardeen and left the house in a towering passion, and has been gone two days and nights. People used to treat them folks with considerable small glasses to hear him brag of his exploits during his captivity, and how he shivered Yank and his colleguy with the Emperor at Montereau; although there were those of a malevolent turn of mind who declared that he had never been near at the Berezina or at Montereau at all; but that happening to keep a wine-shop at the corner of a street in Paris during the three glorious days of July, 1830, a barricade had been erected close to his door, and at a critical moment he had rushed out, and, calling out, 'Vive la Charte!' had struck down a corporal of grenadiers with a sous-fusile, whereupon he had become a décoré de Juillet.

It was half past twelve on a summer night—not Northern winter phenomena it, for I have not yet passed the limits of the four-and-twenty hours in the course of which all the events hitherto recorded have transpired—when Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant, in his master's Spanish cloak, entered the marble hall of the Hotel Rastaplan, and gave the valet de salle à manger, as one well accustomed to the locality.

Rataplan was alone, smoking and sipping his cognac, for he was accustomed to call a very little brandy with a great deal of sugar and lukewarm water, and endeavoring to spell through one of the seven days' old *Siecles*. The gallant warrior-cook's education was defective. His woman-kind kept his books and wrote his letters for him.

"How goes it, mon vieux? Touches-là!" said the valet, and he extended his palm, and Rataplan smote his own palm thereupon and went on reading.

"Will you smoke?" asked Rataplan, after a moment.

"Business to attend to"—the two men spoke French, "else I would first have presented my homages to the ladies. Is the countess at home?"

"Half an hour ago. Is having her supper now."

"And her little temper?"

"Oui! j'en vois pas. C'est une bête faive. The whole menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes does not contain such a wild animal. L'ours Martin, when the bonne refused to throw him the second of her babies—vu qu'il s'était permis la mauvaise plaisanterie de manger le premier, was never in such a temper. Temper! It is a maniac! a delirium; an ecstasy of spasmodic and anarchical passions. That woman is all the furies rolled into one, plus Prédigestée, Clytemnestra, and Madame Croquemitoine."

Rataplan had been a great carpenter of the boulevard du ennui in his youth, and piqued himself on his familiarity with dramatic literature. He was given, besides quoting Bérenger, to spouting long harangues from tragedies, both in prose and verse, which he called "Belles tirades." Sometimes if leur en flanquait du vieux, as he phrased it, and recited long passages from the vieille et noble drama.

"What is the matter with the countess?"

"Ah Master! what else but diabolical, sulphurous, Mount Etna of a temper can be the matter with her? They are not words, but redhot lava streams that flow from her lips. You are Herculaneum and Pompeii before her, and she engulfs you. But, pardon, she is not the Countess de Lamar. She has a tongue as long as a discbus académique. There is no stopping, no satisfying, no pacifying her. She is implacable in her rage. She comes in here, passe musiut; and, without the slightest salutation, says, 'Papa Rataplan, is my supper ready?' I make her a reverence. I say, taking off my bonnet de cuisine—an act of homage I would not render to Louis Philippe, roi des Français et des zebins, 'Madame there is one on going out she would take no supper.' 'What?' responds she. 'Papa Rataplan, you are a ganache!' Bien que ce merci. She is insulant as the waters of Colchesterre, a trust fried, tout ce que vous avez de fait de colettes, a sweet omelette, a Charlotte aux pommes, a salade de matelots, some Champagne, Burgundy, Bordeaux, and so forth. And all this on Friday! Madame, Monsieur, my resent, 'there are no oysters fit for the palate of any one but a fort de la halle. There is no salade de matelots, for Covent Garden is dead as huit heures très precises. Quant aux côtelettes vous y êtes.' Par rapport à l'omelette je suis à vos pieds. The Charlotte is an impromptu, vu que les pommes me manquent, à moins que vous ne désiriez que ça soit necessité avec des pommes de terre. As for the wines, gentlemen who bring them with you yourself, paying me a shilling a cork, and saying that mine are not fit to drink, or not for you. Even as I can not pay as you desire; but if you would like a mayonnaise de homard or some pickelle sammonge de chez ce bon Monsieur Quin in the Ammerlette, in ten minutes vous serez à votre aise.'"

"And what does she reply?"

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Lord Arthur Hilford did not come, and milady was in a rage. Perhaps she expected him to supper to-night, and his failure was the secret of her sunsuine fits."

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"Then milord may be coming."

"Du tout, un petit jockey, avec la coiffure rouge et jaune, has brought a reverse with breeches of leather and top boots—was here not five minutes before your arrival. By word of mouth he delivered the message that his master was very sorry, but could not come. No poulet.this time. Antoine went up and told her. She flew into one of her sulphurous ecstasies, and nearly strangled him."

"It is now half past twelve. Is she gone to bed?"

"To bed! She won't seek her couch till three. I would not have unhappy Babette, her femme de chambre, till past two. Then she

QUITE ALONG

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER IX.

INTRODUCTORY TO A WILD ANIMAL.

RATAPLAN was entirely deficient in the Rhododendron characteristic. It was a very late house. Nobody dreamt of going to bed till one or two o'clock in the morning, save Mademoiselle Adèle, who retired at eleven, comme il convenait à une jeune personne. The French are accustomed to treat their daughters like children till they are twenty years of age, and their sons like grown up persons when they are ten. The normal Rataplan came in from the regions of the kitchen toward eleven, and played cards or smoked a cigar with the Cossack guests for a couple of hours. People used to treat him to innumerable small glasses to hear him brag of his exploits during his captivity, and how he shivered Yank and his colleguy with the Emperor at Montereau; although there were those of a malevolent turn of mind who declared that he had never been near at the Berezina or at Montereau at all; but that happening to keep a wine-shop at the corner of a street in Paris during the three glorious days of July, 1830, a barricade had been erected close to his door, and at a critical moment he had rushed out, and, calling out, 'Vive la Charte!' had struck down a corporal of grenadiers with a sous-fusile, whereupon he had become a décoré de Juillet.

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"It is now half past twelve. Is she gone to bed?"

"To bed! She won't seek her couch till three. I would not have unhappy Babette, her femme de chambre, till past two. Then she

will walk about the room, and smoke like a sapper, and swear like a cuirassier, for another hour. To bed! It is lucky for her bed that she goes to it so late. She must quarrel with the bolster, and kick the counterpane all night.

"I think you had better announce me."

"I warn you that she is exceedingly ferocious to-night, and that grave results may follow even my intrusion to announce you."

"Have no fear. She may bite, but I don't fear her hard teeth. I have been a gardien in the Jardin des Plantes, and am not afraid of wild animals. Allons, mon bon. Fais comme je te le dis."

Rataplan rose with any thing but a good grace, and murmuring something about the incogenidency of hoarding tigresses in their den. He shuffled up stairs. Constant heard him timorously tap at a door. Then there was a sentence of words audible—confined, however, to a single voice: and after a while the host descended to the salle à manger again, with something positively approaching a faint violet flush on his pale face.

"I told you so," he said. "She is a panther of the Island of Java. A beautiful jaguar. Quelle avec! Comme elle rugit! Comme elle bondit! Cest une folle de Bicêtre dans un cabanon. However, if you are fond of bêtes fauves, there she is. Go, my friend, and be devoured. La Lune l'attend." And he sat down, drew the candle closer to him, mixed himself a fresh tumbler of "grog," rollumated the last end of his cigar—a Frenchman never desists until the weed begins to burn the tip of his nose, and then he sticks the stump on the point of a penknife—and so resumed his perusal of the *Siècle* seven days old.

Monsieur Constant went quietly up stairs, and softly laid his hand upon the handle of the door of the front drawing-room. I must keep Monsieur Constant with his hand upon the door for the space of two chapters, while I cross the water on an excursion very necessary to this narrative.

CHAPTER X.

AN IDYL.

In the department of the Bouches du Rhône, and in the neighborhood of Avignon, there are few prettier villages than Marouille-le-Gency, in the con-spirit-ion of Nougat.

There are not ten houses of more than one story, and not above a hundred cottages; but they are all pretty. They are built mostly of stone, or of sunburnt bricks whitened over, and roofed in with those convex tiles, laid on loose and secured by pegs, such as we see in the Italian villages. White as are their fronts they were half-hidden by clustering vines. A vine-yard itself is not ordinarily inviting to the artistic eye in its picturesque aspect it exists only in the imagination of scene-painters, in the engravings of alabaster landscape annuals, and in fancy performances, in oil and water colors, sent every year to exhibitions. For real vines you will match a Kentish hop garden, or a Twickenham orchard, against the most luxuriant vineyard in the sunny south. We say little about the south being chronically stormy as well as sunny. It is only on the banks of the Rhône, where the grapes grow in terraces, one above the other, to the very tops of the hills, that a wine-bearing district assumes a romantic look. It is the same with olive-trees. Olives in their native solution, popularly, but erroneously, supposed to be sea-water, are very nice to eat with your claret, and very nice to talk or sing about in ballad poetry; but a plantation of olive-trees is next to a field of mangel-wurzel about the ugliest object in Nature you can come across. Hemp beats it. Flax beats it. Clover demolishes it utterly, in an artistic sense. The vine, however, that cluster beneath the cottage roof, and the olives that grow in the front garden, are certainly charming, and Marouille-le-Gency had an abundance of both.

The little river Bièvre, one of the tributaries of the Rhône, ran right across the village street, and the villagers were great people for clean linen. They were even given to washing themselves as well as their clothes, a strange trait in the south. The village was girt about with real orange groves. There was an abundance of myrtles. The appearance to the hamlet was made with gigantic plants of the cactus tribe. The rarest and most beautiful flowers grew nearly all the year round in the open air. Perfection proceed from the tiles. Thickets of the maritime stone pine covered the hills behind Marouille, over which frowned the gray medieval Château of Ocques, once a baronial residence, then a fortress, then a barrack, now a penitentiary.

The "correctionaires," or inmates of this house of penance, did not trouble the inhabitants much. They were kept with commendable stringency behind the strong stone-walls of the Castle of Ocques, where they worked for their sins at sabbioti weaving, rope-making, and mat-plaiting. Once in six months or so one of their number escaped, but Marouille-le-Gency had a breed of swaggy dogs, and a sub-aquatic reward being offered for the capture of fugitives, the refugee was soon hunted down. The house of correction was principally useful to the villagers as a bogbear, or bête noire, to scare their refractory children withal, who, refusing to eat or behave themselves, were threatened with being sent là-haut, up there, to the big old castle.

The inhabitants were mostly small proprietors, each cultivating his own particular patch of vineyard or olive garden, and contriving to make both ends meet in a scrambling kind of manner at the end of the year. The necessaries of life were cheap. Bread was coarse but plentiful. Meat was seldom eaten, but as seldom asked for. Beyond a few river trout and some salt fish in Lent there was no consumption of piscine delicacies. Oranges and grapes cost nothing at all. The vin du pays cost only four sous the litre, and for luxuries the denizens of Marouille-le-Gency had a most profound disregard.

They did not occupy themselves much with contemporary politics. Theoretically they were legitimists, and kept as a fete the anniversary of the grand day A.D. 1815, when Monsieigneur Louis Antoine, Fils de France and Duke of Angoulême had passed through Marouille-le-Gency on his way to unfurl the white flag at Bordeaux. By the same token their usual mild natures had undergone an eclipse of ferocity, and they mobbed and nearly murdered Napoleon on his way to Elba after his first abdication at Fontainebleau. The ex-imperial carriage halted to change horses at the village post-house: the mouldy occupant was dragged, hooted, insulted, stoned; knives were brandished at the windows; indignant faces with fiery eyes glared in upon him; and but for the presence of mind of the mayor, who was known to be a Bourbonist, and who, barring his breast, waved the French door pointing to his breast and crying, "C'est un tyran, mais vous me tuerez le premier!" they would have dragged him from his vehicle and flung him under the wheels. It is said that Napoleon shed tears of rage and shame at this unexpected reception; and that as soon as he was clear of Marouille he changed clothes with one of his postilions, and in jackboots, a red waistcoat, and a cocked hat with ribbons, cracked his whip, and bestrode the leader, in order to avoid similar insults at the next village. It must be remembered, although intolerate against him in adversity, the Marouillais had never farmed upon him in his prosperity. They had invariably called him "Le Petit Tyran," and their sword-sheath-makers and cutlers had consistently and continually. The flower of their youth had been taken from their vineyards to shed their blood in his incessant battles. When had Jean-Pierre or Jean-Marie Aleide de Sa with his quarrels with the Austrian Kaiser or the Russian Czar; and why should their scanty brains have been blown out because he was ambitious and wanted more kingdoms for playthings of? When he was finally consigned to his dolorous captivity, the villagers sang the vindictive old complainte:

Napoléonne
Napoléonne à Pran-ce
Napoléonne! Napoléonne!
Jeun-nee gé-mi-ra
Restera dans ses fumigates
Dans son île de Sainte-Hélène
La con-ce-ntre-tionne.

And "Napoléon! Napoléon!" Nevertheless for seven after 1821, they continued to refuse to believe in his death, holding that he was still secured by the English with a strong chain riveted to the wall of a subterranean dungeon in the Island of Helena; and as a "hopy" for naughty children he divided popularity with the Château d'Ocques. In expo. For the rest they were very pious, and the most docile of parishioners to their curé, believing implicitly in the miracles, especially the modern miracles, and the direct intervention of the saints in curing the diseases of cattle, and in watching the vineyards by night. They had incantations, second-sight, and the evil-eye, were in high repute among the Marouillais. They were grossly ignorant and superstitious.

In the year 1825, Charles the Tenth being King of France and Navarre, there came to live in the Marouille-le-Gency aforesaid, at the principal auberge and post-house, a long low tenement, by the sign of The Lilies of France, a young Swiss called Jean Baptiste Constant.

He had been, according to his own account, in domestic service, and had saved some money. There was no vacancy in the town. The appointance harmonized with the signalement on his passport, and his papers were perfectly en règle. He had bought the good-will of the "Lys de France" out of a notary's étude at Avignon, where it had been established for a year by the executors of Madame Veuve Barrichon, who had been its hostess ever since the days of the Great Revolution. Current report said that Barrichon, in her back yard, and decapitated half a score of "aristos" there. The villagers declared that ever since that hideous deed she had worn a cap on the back yard had worn a purple tinge. The incoming tenant of the auberge had paid a handsome price for it—more than the Marouillais, who go the gossips of the village said, half down and half at mortgage on the security of the premises, considered a substantial sum for a man who could command such an amount of capital was looked upon as a personage, and the villagers determined to be very civil to him. The mayor called on him the day after his arrival at Marouille. M. Charles Constant was on the point of future corporation of the fatrigue. Fortunately for his peace of mind at Marouille, he was, although a Swiss, a Swiss who had taken service as canton on the Italian frontier. This was fortunate, because the Marouillais dislike heretics, shaking them with pitchforks and consigning them to correctionnaires. He was, likewise, a bachelor, and, although somewhat swarthy and down-looking, athletic, vivacious, and possessed of a very personable fellow. He brought neither kith nor kin with him to his new abiding-place, and the members of the village who had marriageable daughters looked upon him favorably from a matrimonial point of view. Ellse le regardaient avec des yeux de convoitise. Jean Baptiste was a bien well enough, with his great bushy head of black hair and large white teeth; only they said his eyebrows were so thick as to give him a fierce and scowling expression, and complained that he never looked one in the face. Such was Jean Baptiste Constant. Soisse de naissance eligible, and, apparently, not more than twenty-eight years of age.

He was a good man of business, and looked keenly after the main chance, but was no niggard. He was willing to be trusted, but could treat, too, in his turn, upon occasion. He soon drove a very prosperous trade at the "Lilies of France," and, being prosperous, made a good deal out of the rich English travelers on their way to Nice. He engaged as housekeeper a strong old woman called La Benglèse. She was not handsome, and far from amiable, and had a desperate tyranny of harsh lungs, whence her name; but she was a very strong one, and a match for hard work. She kept the stable-boys and postilions sober, and up to their duties, and looked after the lodgers while Constant carried in the bills or waited on the customers in the billiard-room. Moreover, she brought a pair of hands with her in addition to her own. These belonged to a domestic who belonged to her niece Valérie, who, in 1825, was a slut of a girl not more than fifteen years of age. She was an overgrown, loutish kind of a lass, and yet, for all her long limbs, seemed dwarfed and stunted about the head and shoulders. Her skin was coarse; her teeth tanned with hard labor, her voice harsh and strident, her manners uncouth and foolish. She had magnificent brown hair, which hung about her head and neck in a tangled mass, and big blue eyes at which few people cared to look attentively, for what they were enshrined in a sunburnt, dirty face. She was an incorrigible slattern, and her temper was abominable. She was a peasant girl, born in France; it is looked upon as a cruel and dastardly thing even to box a girl's ears; but no one blamed La Benglèse when she thrashed her refractory niece with a knotted rope or a leathern brace, or tied her up to one of the mangers in the stable. It must be added that Marion-Valérie should be treated like a stubborn horse or mule. The oldsters shook their heads, and said, "C'est l'ete: car elle est bête comme ces vaches ces faire avec une fille comme cela?" She was held up as a warning and example to the insubordinate juveniles of the village. "If you don't mind what's said to you, and give way to your temper, you will come to Valérie," and tied up in a stable like Valérie à la Benglèse. Nobody cured to inquire what her patronymic was, so they gave her the name of her aunt's nickname.

Perhaps the education she had received was not very conducive to the development of feminine manners, or the cultivation of delicate manners. Her mother had died in bearing her. Her father had run away from his employment as a postilion, after having a bad number in the conscription, and had then sold himself as a substitute in the army. It was in 1815, when the Emperor was recruiting in need of men, and pressing questions were not asked. The substitute was three times promoted, through sheer desperate valor in the field of battle, to the rank of sergeant; and was as many times reduced to the ranks for flagrant misconduct. He didn't drink, he didn't gamble, he was honest, but incurably insubordinate. His colonel used to say, "If I shall be obliged to recommend a galopin de for the epaulet, you will be forced to cross a mariat and have him shot." Il est moitié Bayard et moitié Lapierre." He got a little grave, but the cross of the Legion had been given to him one day, he would have, within twenty-four hours, three months' arrears of pay and decoration from the order. Fortunately for the glory of France, and the interests of society, Valérie's father got himself killed at the battle of Waterloo, where he was found by a party of Prussian foragers under a heap of slain, riddled with bullets and sabre-cuts, but still firmly locked round those of an English dragoon, whom he had dragged off his horse and killed by tearing his throat in a single bite, like a dog. It is the decade of heroism which have been performed by incorrigible blackguards could be all published, the government would be obliged to organize battalions of garcetons and galley-slaves. For heading a forlorn hope Marley, who was hanged, would have been immortalized.

La Benglèse took care, after a fashion, of the little orphan. She gave her in her cradle bawled more than fifty ordinary babies. The adoption was not a very moving one. La Benglèse was miserably poor. As the child remained neglected, her aunt had earned her daily bread by working in the fields as a day-laborer. When Valérie was old enough—that is to say, when she was seven—she too went aux champs to scare the birds away. La Benglèse sent her to the village school, but she would learn nothing there. They put her on the fool's cap, or bonnet d'âne; they made her kneel across sharp rulers, but it was the same back, her hands and arms black and blue from the strips of the martinet; and frustrated in her punishment, she remained away, among the thickets on the hill, for days together. The cure preached against her truancy, but Valérie absented herself profoundly, and was the only black sheep among the snowy little flock whom he prepared for their first communion. When she was ten she might have earned ten sous a day by picking up stones in the vineyards, but she destroyed more vines than she picked up stones. The curé advised La Benglèse to send her to Avignon to a convent, where the good sisters received such undisciplined cubs and whelps and broke them in with mingled kindness and severity; but Valérie coolly announced her determination of setting fire to the convent and murdering all of the sisters the first night she passed under a monastic roof. And all who knew Valérie felt to be perfectly capable of deeds quite as desperate. She was now between thirteen and fourteen, and about this time Jean Baptiste Constant came to Marouille and enter into possession of the "Lilies of France." La Benglèse took service with him, and Valérie accompanied her. The vaurien soon became familiar with the stable, and on most friendly terms with the horses and mules; would lead them to be watered to water, would litter and ... them down, feed them, and, indeed, was in short time quite as useful about the establishment as an hostler. Partly from compassion, and partly from an idea that the girl could be overcome by other means than violence, Jean Baptiste persuaded the housekeeper, in her management of Valérie, to abandon her formerly unvaried specific of flogging. For a time the girl went on worse, and was intolerably riotous and rebellious; but after a while she came to show, toward Jean Baptiste at least, a strange surly docility which seemed to be in some degree a return for the kind treatment she experienced. She came at his call, and almost at his whistle, like a dog. She obeyed all his orders without a murmur. A stern word or a stern look from Jean Baptiste was sufficient to render her quiet and submissive whenever she showed a disposition to defy her aunt. The mayor, M. le Curé, all the villagers, marveled at the phenomenon. Valérie was wholly changed.

But a stranger phenomenon was seen to take place. When the girl came to be sixteen she grew with astounding rapidity—perfectly beautiful. Like Peau d'âne in the fairy tale, she seemed, all at once, to have changed from a gobby little ragamuffin, a squalid beggar's brat, into a lovely and elegant princess. A princess every one she might have remained, certainly; but that the latter part of the "Lys de France" brought her back after one of his visits to Avignon enough cotton print of those manufactured for workaday frocks, and a piece of mingled silk and wool for a Sunday dress. Valérie, who had hitherto been modest as a violet and also the lowest of the low, was now envied. She went through her long-deferred first communion with unexceptionable decorum. She combed out her tangled brown hair, and arranged it in sumptuous plaits beneath a natty little lace cap. She washed her face and her leg like a princess, and from the cleared surface like stars. A film seemed to have been removed from her voice, even as it seemed to be removed by a skillful operator from a diseased eye. The voice was harsh and strident no longer, but full of deep rich tones and low whispers that thrilled to the very marrow of the listener. When she was in a passion now she was sublime, not repulsive. The angular movements of her limbs were replaced by an indescribable suppleness and grace. She began to dance without ever having learned. She began to sing without ever having been taught. She was evidently one of those raw creatures who "pick up" perfection as birds build nests and wild them naturally. Her capacity had flowered late, but the product was marvelous in exuberant bloom. The sun had ripened her as one of the other sex, who can rattle forth voluntaries on the piano and drive tandem without the slightest apparent training for either. So you will find a journeyman carpenter who is a born mathematician; a consumptive tailor more logical in his speculations than Aristotle. Whately in his study; more eloquent than Derby; more conspicuous than Hill. So on orange-wench, who needs no guardian's admonitions to doors, slur sik dresses and credit at the bonnet builders, to courtesy and flirt and fascinate like a duchess.

Her extraordinary loveliness made Jean Baptiste Constant endured during a transitory period. His own beauty was distinctly of a man, first the shickles, as well as the dirt and the coarseness and the clumsiness, fell from her limbs. She became a treasure. The servant sharply round on the strong old woman who used to flog and tie her up to the manger, and in a moment, literally, trampled her under her heel. La Benglèse was dazed and bewildered by this radiant serpent, so suddenly emergent from the cocoon of ugly. She gave in at once, and became Valérie's very humble and obedient servant. Her master, Jean Baptiste, held out a little longer, and once or twice essayed to scold the girl; but she soon determined the relations that were in future to exist between them. "Il n'y qu'une personne qui dera 'je veux' ici; et ce sera Moi." Thus she said, stamping her foot, and the inn-keeper his pipe, and, looking at her coolly from under his drooping eyelids, said "I will" no more, so far at least as she was concerned, at the "Lilies of France."

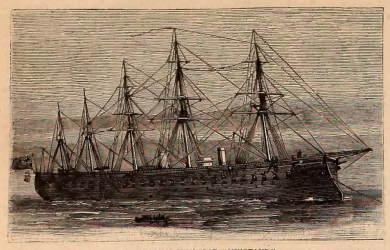
WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

As breezes stir the morning,
A silence reigns in air;
And blue the heavens above me,
Moveless the trees and bare;
Yet unto me the stillness
This thought seems to bring—
"Patience! the earth is waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."

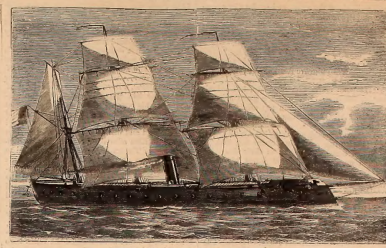
Strong ash, and sturdy chestnut,
Rough oak, and beech so high,
Stretch out their nailess branches
Against the wintry sky.
Even the gloomy pine
Hath ceas'd her quivering,
As though she too were waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

I strain mine ears to listen,
If haply where I stand
But one stray note of music
May sound in all the land.
"Why art thou mute, O blackbird?
O thrush, why not thy song?"
Ah! surely they are waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

O heart! thy days are darksome;
O heart! thy nights are drear;
But soon shall streams of sunshine
Proclaim the turning year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing;
Like them, be silent, waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.



THE ENGLISH IRON-CLAD "MINOTAUR"



THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD "LA COURONNE."

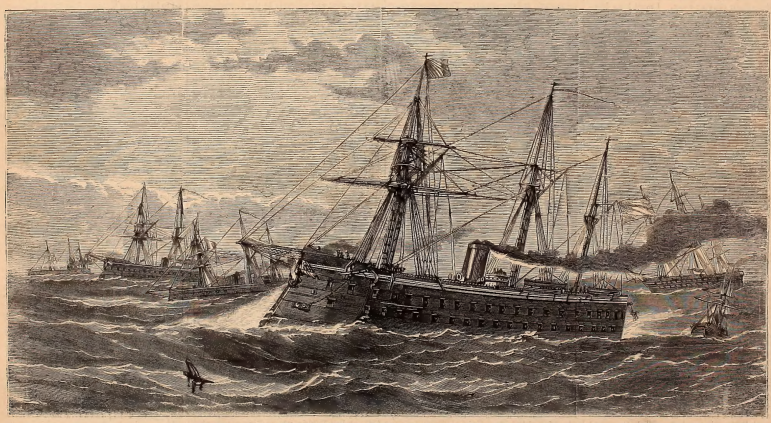
EUROPEAN IRON-CLADS.

THE illustrations here given are types of the style of iron-clad steamers which have been finally adopted by the French and English Governments. They are based upon the general idea of plating men-of-war of the old models with iron of sufficient thickness to resist the shot from guns which they think can be advantageously worked on ship-board. From 4 to 5½ inches of solid plates is the thickness fixed upon. The ponderous old three and four deckers are, with the exception of the French *Solferino* and *Magenta*—which have two decks, and are only plated in the middle—cut down to one. Otherwise the armament is disposed of, as in the old men-of-war, in broadside. Thus the English *Minotaur*, of 10,000 tons, has 50 guns; the French *La Couronne*, 6000 tons, has 40 guns. The *Invincible* is of nearly the same tonnage and armament. The floating-battery *Le Tonnant* is designed solely for harbor defense.

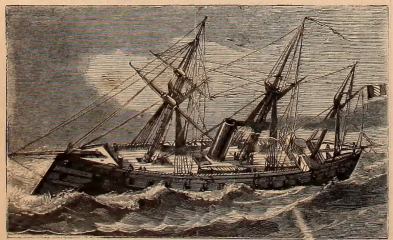
The first French and English iron-clads are now conceded to be failures. Of these a competent English writer says: "The mere multiplication of men and guns in great ships is, as Raleigh urged almost three centuries ago, not only a waste of means but a diminution of efficiency, as huge floating castles were slow in maneuvring, and limited in their movements by the depth of water which they drew. Whenever we have the misfortune to be engaged in a maritime war such will be found to be the case of our great show ships *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and the like." The trial-trips of these vessels were wholly unsatisfactory. They were even less seaworthy than our own "Monitors," which were never designed for sea-going vessels.

If, however, we can judge from the reports of the trial-trip made last October of the new French iron-clads, of which the *Magenta* and *Invincible* are types, their performances at sea were wholly satisfactory, and the French have practically solved the problem of building armored vessels of fair speed which may safely be dispatched upon distant service. They are, however, simply ships of war plated with four or five inches of iron, with a great amount of exposed surface, capable of fighting only broadside on, and thus in their numerous port-holes presenting many especially vulnerable points. If mere target experiments prove any thing, we may be assured that four or five inches of iron are no match for the heaviest modern artillery. But European constructors appear to go on the assumption that these heavy guns can not be used on shipboard, and hence the armament of these vessels is formidable rather from the number of pieces than from the power of any one singly.

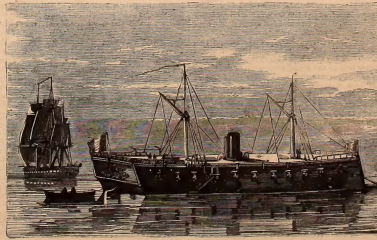
Our own iron-clads, with the exception of the *Ironsides* and the *Roanoke*, are constructed on a wholly different theory. We believe that the ship which can deliver the hardest blows will, other things considered, be most effective. We therefore construct our ships so as to leave the least possible surface exposed to the fire of the enemy, and to offer the fewest possible vulnerable points, concentrating their main offensive power into two or four guns mounted in revolving turrets. The exposed surface, being smaller, can be more heavily armored, with no increase of aggregate weight. Instead of the four or six inches of plating on the European vessels, our turrets have from nine to thirteen—a thickness which, as far as is shown by any experiments hitherto made, is not penetrable by any artillery yet constructed. While, as we think, our iron-clads are thus safe from any fire which could be brought to bear upon them from a hostile vessel, they are furnished with a pair of guns, one or two shots from which, fairly delivered, would destroy any French or English iron-clad. We think that no European vessel could deliver as heavy a fire as that which our "Monitors" have undergone before Fort Sumter with no essential damage, while



TRIAL TRIP OF THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD FLEET.—THE "MAGENTA" IN THE FORE-GROUND.



THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD "L'INVINCIBLE."



THE FRENCH FLOATING BATTERY "LE SAIGON."

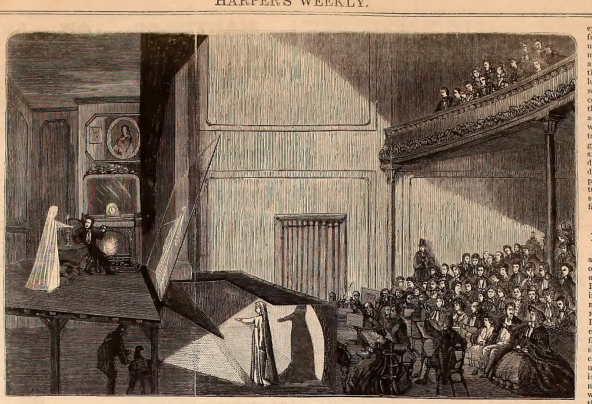
we think that the fire which they delivered upon that mass of masonry would have sunk any European vessel which had received it.

In some of the vessels now constructing, of which the *Dunderberg* may be taken as a type, there is a partial compromise between the two systems. She will have half a dozen of casemate guns, besides those in her turrets: but still the American idea of diminished surface and fire concentrated in a few large pieces predominates.

The great defects in our "Monitors" lie in their unseaworthiness, their want of speed, and in the uncertainty of the aim of their guns fired from turrets in motion. None of these defects seem to us irremediable. A turret with its two or four guns must be of less weight than an armament of forty guns, with its necessary ammunition. There can therefore be no insuperable obstacle in the way of placing a turret upon a sea-worthy hull, and providing him with engines capable of giving full speed. The uncertainty of aim may be fully obviated by the automatic mode of sighting and discharge, as proposed by the inventor of the Revolving Turrets, which was fully explained in our Number of April 18, 1863.

The European theory of iron-clads seems to have been practically carried to its ultimate point of perfection. Vessels have been constructed clad with 4 or 6 inches of iron, carrying 50 guns, fairly managable, and apparently sea-worthy. That the British authorities are satisfied is shown by the construction of the *Minotaur*, the largest war vessel afloat, and one of three of the same class now building. The French *Normande*, just launched, is of quite equal rate.

The American theory yet awaits full practical development. Still we believe that we have in construction iron-clads which would be an over-match for any of those of France or England. The only point upon which we are doubtful is the essential one of speed. If the *Dunderberg*, for example, attains the speed anticipated for her, we are confident that, with her two turret, two pivot, and six broadside guns, she will be able to cope with any European antagonist. Three things are now required of an iron-clad: *Speed*, to find or elude an antagonist; *Force* to assail; and *Strength* to resist. We believe that the worst of our vessels combine more of these than the best of their European rivals.



GHOSTS ON THE STAGE.

GHOSTS ON THE STAGE.

THE "Ghosts" which have within a few weeks figured so largely in all the European and American theatres are produced in accordance with well-known optical laws, and by a very simple apparatus, although considerable dexterity and practice are required to make the whole work satisfactorily. Let any one in a dimly-lighted chamber stand in front of a large vertical pane of glass, like that which is often placed in the sliding-doors between the front and back parlors, and he will see his own image as though reflected in a mirror, only it will appear to be behind the glass. The reason is, that more light is reflected from the glass than passes through it. Now behind the glass let other persons be placed, just as for behind it as the person whose image is to appear is in front, and the reflected figure will appear to be right among the real persons. Our illustration shows precisely how this law is made use of in producing "ghosts" on the stage. A plate of glass is placed at a proper inclination just back of the first "trap," the cover of which is lowered. The stage being dimly lighted the transparent glass is wholly invisible to the spectator. In front of this, under the stage, and concealed from the sight of the spectators, is the actor whose ghost is to appear. A strong illumination is thrown upon her, usually by means of an electric light, and in obedience to the optical law which we have mentioned, her image appears upon the stage apparently among the real actors. To the eye of the spectator she is as real as any one of them. If the electric light is shut off, the image of course disappears at once; if it is gradually lowered, the figure grows dimmer and appears to vanish slowly; if the light is increased, the figure becomes more distinct, and appears to the spectator to advance toward him. This augmentation and diminution of light is best effected by a proper arrangement of movable screens to be interposed or removed as the action of the play requires the figure to advance, recede, or disappear altogether. The whole principle of the exhibition is simple enough; but to make it "work" satisfactorily demands a vast deal of care and attention, and can be attained only by frequent and laborious rehearsals. This arises mainly from the fact that the spectral figure is not seen by the real actors on the stage, and yet they must "play to" it. They must kneel to it, cower before it, run from it, stab or shoot it, as the action of the play demands. The actors must, therefore, remember precisely where the spectre, invisible to them, appears to be to the eye of the spectators in front. The mistake of a moment in time may make the whole performance ridiculous. If every thing works well the illusion is complete. The senses of the spectator are completely cheated; even though he may know exactly how it is done. It would be well worth while to investigate how far the ghostly apparitions, which are recorded from the days of the Witch of Endor downward, have been produced by the thaumaturgists availing themselves of one of the most familiar laws in optics.

FORT POWELL.

WE give on this page a view, supplementary to our sketches of last week, of the attack upon FORT POWELL, at Grant's Pass, in Mobile Bay, by the mortar fleet under FARRAGUT, on the 24th of February last, as sketched during the engagement from the deck of the flag-ship *Calhoun*. Fort Powell is a sand battery commanding the Pass, which is a shallow strait connecting Mississippi Sound with Mobile Bay, along the northern side of Dauphin Island. The fort mounts eight or nine guns of long range, and is so situated in relation to the shallow water that vessels of ordinary draught can not get within two and a half or three miles of it.

The bombardment of the fort was under the personal supervision of Admiral FARRAGUT, who directed movements from the deck of the *Calhoun*, and was principally maintained by the mortar schooners, or "Bummers," as they are facetiously called by the marines. Four gun-boats were in the action, namely, the flag-ship *Calhoun*, *Port Royal*, *Octorara*, and the *Jackson*. The method of attack was to tow the schooners up through and into the mud, to a position as near to the fort as possible, and leave them to pound away as best they could, the gun-boats taking post near by to render assistance in case the mortars were disabled.

After the bombardment was well opened the firing was vigorously sustained until it became apparent that the distance was too great to effect a reduction of the fort. The fleet accordingly hauled off to await reinforcements of light draught vessels from New Orleans. Of the shells thrown probably not more than a fifth part took effect; and the rebels repaired at night what damage was done during the day. The casualties of the fleet were unimportant.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT POWELL BY ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLEET, ON FEBRUARY 24, 1864.—SKETCHED DURING THE ENGAGEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the present rates on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pens can be obtained by any one, in any part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Premium Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Thirty years' uninterrupted use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS in the United States, their introduction to the people of Mexico, Central and South America, the Australias, the Canadas and Australia, having been the means of saving from death and restoring to health thousands who have suffered from every form of disease, we may justly proclaim them the best purgative medicine the world has ever known.

Purgation is Nature's method of curing disease, and if any one doubts the fact, let him go to the Bible where the doctrine is taught. The horse, the dog and ox, when sick, resort to those grasses which open their bowels; even birds, who digest by muscular force alone, swallow stones to assist their evacuative powers. In a family as well as reason and the Bible, all teach that purgation is the natural law governing health.

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The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The name "AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The name in full on the movement

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The name in full on the movement

"E. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The fourth has the name

"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold at our FOURTH OF MAY. Others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many falsified names in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

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Agents for the American Watch Company,

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A SILVER WATCH, same as above, only $7. Specially adapted to the Army.

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A STERLING "*Double Gold Plate*" engraved or engine turned Hunting Case Watch, Magic Spring, "*Genuine Patent Jewels of Ne-del Movements*," "A 1" Quality," Independent Action, Self Balance, and has a NEAT MINIATURE COMPASS set in the surrounding reading it a "*Correct Guide*" to the *Sutler or Traveler*. Perfect time. "*Universal one year.*" WILL STAND ANON, and is an

Exact Imitation of $100 Watch.

Send for British Army Officers' Orders.

Sent free by mail, in elegant Morocco Case, for only $15.
Kingston Sterling Silver Lever Watches, engraved Hunting Case, full jeweled movements, warranted, $18.

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Full Ruby Jeweled, 4 oz. Coin Silver Hunting Case, Gold Joints, with Magic Spring, FULL GUARANTEE, only $30

Real English Duplex Stop Watch.

In Massive Silver Hunting Case, full Jeweled, Sweep Seconds, for *Artillerists* or timing horses, with $50 Chronometer, only $30.
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Worth $500,000.

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Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 50 cents additional.

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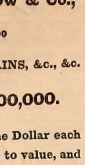
Lines suggested by using the SOAP, SALERATUS, and CONCENTRATED POTASH, *manufactured by*
B. T. BABBITT, *New York.*

By the cares of a family, made weary and sad,
The return of wash-day almost drives my wife mad;
By the bother with servants who are stubborn and mope;
And the impossibility of getting good soap;
But now all her troubles from that cause are o'er,
Babbitt's Soap is procured; they grumble no more.
It is true, as I know, and have often been told,
That naught saves the housewife like heavy, sour bread:
There are mistakes often made in all the bakes,
Sour biscuits, hard crackers, and sour buckwheat cakes;
But in but some Soda, with Babbitt's name on it, Do,
Oh, what a great change! It is hardly safe not done it?
Then to the "office" where types are ne'er clean,
And the paper that's printed is not fit to be seen,
Send off at once, for there's no time to be lost!
Have the Concentrated Potash Babbitt sent at the cost.
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

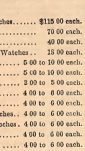
NATIONAL BATTLE PRINS.



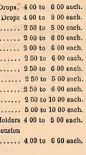
McClellan, Grant, Rosecrans, Banks, Meade, Gillmore, Burnside, Hooker, Sigel, and Foster. All are the same features as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and dates. Perfect photograph likeness in each pin, gilded with fine gold. By enclosing One Dollar a sample will be sent by mail.

AGENTS WANTED IN AND OUT THE ARMY. Sales unprecedented; has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts. Also,

Cavalry and Artillery Pins.



The above cuts represent perfectly the Cavalry and Artillery Pins we have been getting up for Soldiers, to answer the urgent inquiries of the boys from that important branch of the service so long neglected in upplying them with the Cavalry and Artillery Pins now adopted for the Divisions in



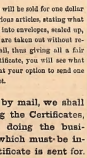
Red, White and Blue,

The outer rim highly polished as Silver can be had with Co., and Regiment. These Pins are Silver Metal, and cost One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents. If with the Name, Co., and Regiment engraved upon them, or One Dollar without engraving. If any engraving is required beyond the Name, "Co." and Regiment, Three Letters or Figure will be

charged.

AGENTS will be furnished at $6 per dozen without engraving, and $9 per dozen with the Name, Regiment and Co. lettered. The emblems are raised, and the Pin about the thickness of a two shilling piece.

UNITED STATES NAVY



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The cut is a correct copy of the Monitor Pins got up in Silver Metal. The name of the Monitor and gunboat "Pin will be engraved upon the same, and furnished for $1 50 each. The Pins are very beautiful, and go up expressly by desire of many officers of the Navy. Same Pins got up in Solid Gold.

Agents wanted, and supplied at $9 per dozen, without engraving, and $12 per dozen, engraved as above.
Every Monitor in the Navy represented.
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AS the warm weather approaches prepare to reduce your household expenses by getting

FISH'S KEROSENE LAMP COOKING APPARATUS,

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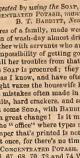
FOR

THE ARMY.



Superbly finished watches, the beauty of which is only equaled by their chronometer.—*N. Y. Weekly, July 18.*

Particularly valuable for officers in the army, and travelers.—*Frank Leslie's, Feb. 27.*

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Being a Hunting, or Open Face, or Lady's or Gentleman's Watch combined, with Patent Self-Winding Improvement.

A most pleasing novelty. One of the prettiest, most convenient, and decidedly the best and cheapest timepieces for general and reliable use ever offered. It has within it inclosed, concealed with its machinery to own winding attachment of this Watch are composed of two metals, the outer one being fine 16 carat gold. It has the important ruby action lever movement, and is warranted an accurate timepiece. Price, superbly engraved, per case of half dozen, $204. Sample watches in neat morocco boxes, $35. If sent by mail, 50 cents postage to be extra; registering, 25 cents.

Silver Watches!

First-Class Hunting Time-Pieces.

FOR ACCURACY OF MOVEMENT, BEAUTY OF MATERIAL, AND, ABOVE ALL, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, THESE WATCHES STAND UNRIVALED.

UNIVERSAL APPROBATION!

An imitation so faultless that it can hardly be detected by the most experienced judges. The material being of two metals, the outer one first quality Silver and the inner one German Silver, can not be recognized by soldering or heavy engraving, making it not only in appearance, but in reality, the best resemblance of

Solid Sterling Silver to existence.

The size of these watches for the army is a source of enormous profit, retailing, as they very readily do, at $25 and upward. Many hundred dollars can be made in a single day-pay by any one of ordinary business tact!

AT WHOLESALE ONLY! *In heavy hunting cases, beautifully engraved, white enamel ring, and fancy cut hands, in good reasonable order, by the half dozen, $17; quarter, $1 38; registering, 20 cts. Sold only by the case.* Can be safely sent by mail.

TERMS CASH, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. No agents employed; I never treat dealings directly with consumer is sent us by express or mail in a registered letter, it is at our risk. Orders will meet the most prompt and faithful attention.

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are four remedies which no family should ever be without. Price $1 per bottle each.

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12th Regiment Ball.

IN AID OF THE
Widows and Orphans
OF
Deceased New York Soldiers.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, April 25, 1864.

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IN
GOLD PENS.
JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with an Iridium or Diamond Point, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest price pen made, can be produced at little further outlay than of the kind hitherto offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an elastic and diamond pointed pen at a low figure, and, until now, all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against pens combining low price and good name and calling them gold. We know that ours is the only gold gold and genuine diamond pointed and elastic pen in the market that can be sold anywhere near our prices.

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No. 2. MEDIUM PEN,	$5 50.
No. 3. LARGE PEN,	7 75.
No. 4. ENGRAVING PEN,	8 50.
SILVER MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS IN MOROCCO CASE, EXTRA, PER DOZEN,	84 00.

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WE WARRANT every pen one year, and to be solid gold, genuine Iridium or Diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity of the most expensive gold pen made.

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Thackeray's "Last and Greatest Story."

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For April, 1864.

CONTENTS:

JOURNEY TO THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Removing an African Village.—"The Stream" the Nile Having Left Its Low Waters.—Speke's Faithful.—A Jolly Time.—Brewing Pombe.—A Nagbian at Work.—Grand Dancing with Ghastly Bugs, Cabbalah, or Goody-Limbed Trees.—Camp in the Uhunga Valley.—The Weeds Bridging Rivulets for Safe, Pressing Spoils to Runnakiva.—Rumbaiva's New Mode of Love.—Queen Mother Presented to Education.—King of Uganda Hunting.—Speke hits down Grant to the Queen-Dowager of Ugonda.—Mutesa's Drum.—Midsummer's Party on the March.

THE TIMBER FISHERS.—(With Illustration.)

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.—IX. WAR WITH THE CREEK INDIANS.

ILLUSTRATION.—Weatherford in Jackson's Tent.—Fort of Mims.—General and Staff in Action.—General John Coffee.—Plan of Battle of Talladega.

EVEA.

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CHAPTER LII. The Most Welcome to the Goostwick Bridge.

CHAPTER LIII. Lovely Lucy Harpleben.

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A GOLDEN WEDDING.

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MY ESCAPE FROM RICHMOND.

THE AVENGER.

DENIS DUVAL. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

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Silver Rings for the Million.

Every thing in the line, from a plain Silver Ring, at 10 cents, to an elaborately engraved Locket-Ring, inlaid with Gold, at $20 00.

See Advertisement on page 223.

Sickness on the Peninsula.

Our army before Richmond have suffered greatly from Chills and Fever, as well as Bowel Complaints. Some regiments have made a free use of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER and have consequently suffered much less than those who have depended entirely upon the surgeons. A few doses of the Pain Killer taken in the early stages

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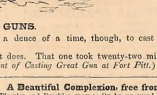

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Straight Hair made Wavy!! without heating it, by using *Lyle's Patent Hair Crimpers.* For sale at Variety Stores.

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LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and thriving settlement, on the Prairie, Winnebago County, 90 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, prodigious crops, excellent water, in sure growing. Twenty and fifty acre tracts, at from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within four years. Good business opening for all varieties and others, churches, schools, and good society. It is now the most important place East of West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers containing reports and giving full information will be sent free. Address JAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

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This celebrated and unparalleled medicine, composed entry of substances in purifying vegetables, has been for many years past the great popular remedy of South America, and is now offered to the world as the surest cure of phthisis, croupe, and all other diseases of the chest and throat, differing entirely from the relling, blow, or brandy, however severe: hemorrhages, wounds, contusions, ulcers, felons, burns, spitting, headache, toothache, and all diseases. (See Directions around the bottles.)

Ever since this valuable medicine has been introduced in this country, its internal and external use has never failed to produce the most wonderful, unexpected results.

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Putnam Clothes-Wringer.

TESTIMONY OF MESSRS. JNO. W. WHEELER, of Cleveland, Ohio, and Alfred G. Lefferts, of New York.

PUTNAM MFG. CO.

GENTLEMEN: I know from practical experience that iron well galvanized with zinc will not oxidize and rust one particle. I can also say, after several years experience in the manufacture of chain, for chain-pump and waterscrews, in which I have had the rubility of iron and zinc, that, if the process is conducted properly, it is a perfect weld of the two metals.

Nearly one year ago my family commenced using one of your Wringers, and have to-day as fine a machine as well as it did the first time it was used, and has become an indispensable article in the house. I have also observed several other kinds of clothes-wringers, the modus operandi being different, trying to produce the same results as the Putnam Wringer, but in my judgment they have failed. The Putnam Wringer is the only one I have examined, and I can cheerfully recommend it to be the best in use.

Respectfully yours, JOHN W. WHEELER.

Many years' experience in the galvanizing business enables me to speak with confidence as to its particulars.

ALFRED G. LEFFERTS, No. 100 Beekman Street, New York, January 18th, 1864.

Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town.

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S. C. NORTHROP, Agent.

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A fine assortment white and imitation of CORAL and TURTLE SHELL JEWELRY, at moderate, $1 50 pair. IVORY INITIAL BUTTONS, 75c. pair. New Patterns Pearl $1 00 pair. Sent free on receipt of the price. For sale at WELLING'S, 307 Centre St., N. Y., Sign of the GOLDEN ELEPHANT.

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For Indigestion, Heartburn, &c., manufactured only by S. G. WELLING, and sold by druggists generally. 50 cents per box. Depot No. 307 Centre St., New York, second floor. Sent by mail for 60 cents.

American Silver Chains
For American Silver Watches.
See Advertisement on page 223.

$47 AMERICAN $47 LEVER WATCHES.

Trade Mark. P. S. Bartlett, Waltham, Mass., Full Jeweled, WARRANTED, in 4 oz. coin silver hunting case, gold joints, fancy push pin, for $47.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

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By ELLEN COMFORTLAND.

This is one of the oldest and most interesting productions of this highly popular author, who writes exclusively for us. It is full of marvelous exploits on the ocean. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

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The standard preparation for the hair. Warranted in all cases to restore faded and gray hair and whiskers to their ORIGINAL color. It restores the natural shading to one half with another, and thus gives a life appearance instead of the dull dead look of dyes, so that the most critical observer can not detect its use. It does not require previous soaping and washing, and hours for its application, but rubs it into the skin; but is as readily applied and easily wiped from the skin or any hair dressing. It does not stain the skin, but cures it when it has once faded and is nothing else. Use it, whatever may be advertised to the contrary, but it will require a little rubbing on, make it soft and silky, and cleanse it from scurf, from all dandruff and humors, and entirely overcome the bad effects of previous use of preparations containing sulphur, sugar of lead, &c.

Hoyt's Imperial Coloring Cream.

An appropriate accompaniment to the Hiawatha; oils and colors the hair at the same time, and changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black. Sold everywhere.

N.B.—Ladies' French hair-dresser in attendance to apply the Hiawatha.

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and GOLD MOUNTED LEAF DROPS *(warranted Solid Gold)* by set or single, by mail on receipt of $1 00. AGENTS WANTED. Manufacturer of Ivory Goods, 403 Broadway, N.Y.

GUNS, PISTOLS, Military Goods,

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Chemicals, Soda Ash.

The following brands: *Johnson's, Kurtz, J. Hutchinson & Co.'s, Garrett's, Marseilles,* for Soap, Glass, or Woollen Mills, constantly on hand. Address

THOS. ANDREWS & CO.,
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Magnifying small objects 500 TIMES. MAILED FREE everywhere for 75 CENTS. *Fine for children.* Sent free for $1 00. Address P. C. BOWEN, Box 239, Boston, MASS.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 380.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR BUILDINGS.

WE give on this page views of the buildings on Fourteenth Street, and on page 228 those on Union Square, which have been erected and adapted for the uses of the Metropolitan Fair. The buildings on Fourteenth Street are appropiated to the exhibition and sale of the many varieties of goods contributed—the main building of the group, that with a cupola, forming a great bazar, with departments adjoining for the exhibition of pictures, for restaurant purposes, etc. The Book Department is in this building. These are the main buildings of the Fair, and to the majority of visitors will form the principal point of interest. The building erected over the sidewalk, and extending beyond it into the street, is occupied in part by the Indian Wigwam of Mr. Bierstadt, the artist, in which Indian dresses and curiosities are exhibited; and during the Fair a band of the "Red Men" will perform some of their dances, and give other illustrations of Indian life. Another part of this building will be occupied by the Ordnance Department, which will give to our peaceful citizens a glimpse of the field and garrison appointments with which our brave defenders have lately become as familiar as they were heretofore with the plow and plane, or any other implement of industry. The Firemen's display in these buildings is creditable at once to the generosity and taste of this important branch of the public service.

The building on Union Square is appropriated, among other things, to a Children's Department, which will be remembered as one of the pleasantest features of the Fair. In this department daily entertainments will be furnished, during the Fair, by some thousands of children. There are ten booths, one containing a miniature skating-pond; another embracing contributions from the public schools; a third gifts from benevolent societies, etc. Another feature of the Union Square buildings is the Knickerbocker Kitchen, in which New York, as it was long years ago, is reproduced for the gratification of the Young New York of to-day. Here, too, as the Fair goes on, our friends from the country, whose ancestors used to make pilgrimages to New York once a year, half a century or so ago, will be able to see illustrated precisely the manners, customs, and life which their fathers looked upon, and can thus determine, from personal examination, in how far the new life is an improvement upon the old. Probably, however, some may conclude that the old life was better, more practical and full of soul, than the new, in whose responsibilities we all are sharing.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR BUILDINGS ON FOURTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

THE TORN BATTLE-FLAG.

OVERHEAD are the milk-white clouds,
And the liquid blue of the April sky;
On either side are the jubilant crowds,
And the sunrise buildings towering high,
As up the street the veterans come
With screaming fife and rattling drum.

In front, by the color-sergeant borne,
Is the battle-flag that each lover will,
Grimy with battle smoke, and torn
By the whistling bullet and bursting shell;
And long and loud the people cheer
At sight of the flag that each holds dear.

Its stars were once like a glittering gold
On a field of glorious azure bright,
Of newest silk was each shining fold,
With stripe of crimson and pearl white,
And delicate hands of women made
The woven tassel and corded braid.

As the drums beat loud and the people cheer
Each veteran there remembers the day
When, parting with wives and weeping hearts dear,
From their peaceful homes they came away,
And bade farewell to their native hills,
To the verdant meadows and sweet-voiced rills.

Ah, through what scenes of strife since then
Has that tattered battle-flag been borne!
What memories it bears to these waiting men
In each shattering remnant stained and torn!
And proudly they follow it up the street
While the people this scream and the loud drums beat.

It tells of marches through wind and rain,
In the summer heat and the solemn night!
It tells of a gallant comrade slain
Who here is safely in many a fight—
Of the sudden skirmish where brave men bled,
Of the battle-field with its gory dead.

It tells of capture by traitorous foe,
Of rescue again by the hand of friend;
It tells of the enemy's overthrow,
Which must and shall be the glorious end,
When their fitful, ill-begotten rag
No more shall insult the dear old flag.

At sunset and at earliest morn,
At noon beneath the scorching heat,
On Southern slope 'mid the tasseled corn,
In battle's flash of rye and wheat,
Up the rocky pathway, strewn with dead,
That banner the advance has led.

And now they have brought it home at last,
Through blue and white the battle's smoke and torn—
What tales it will tell of the stirring Past
In future years, to the child unborn!
When gazing, mute, at the arsenal wall,
His eye on that tattered flag shall fall!

Beat, beat, ye drums, still louder beat!
Play fifes, with shriller, merrier sound!
Roll out, oh drums, along the street,
Till trembles all the solid ground!
And cheer, ye people, long and louder cheer,
For the brave old flag that your hearts hold dear!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

HAS the Union Convention been called to meet at too early a day? There are some loyal journals which warmly insist that it has, and that it should be postponed until the first of September. Their chief argument seems to be that we have a momentous campaign before us, which requires the hearty and united support of all good citizens, while the discussion of the claims of the candidates will certainly distract us, and consequently weaken our efforts. One journal, indeed, goes so far as to suggest that the coming campaign is in some sense final, and that if we do not crush the rebellion this summer we shall relinquish the struggle—a view which seems to us simply incomprehensible. But all the advocates of postponing the nomination are agreed that the failure of the campaign will be the virtual defeat of Mr. LINCOLN.

Now, since there is a President to be elected in November, and since he ought certainly, in order to secure a full and fair canvass, to be nominated at least two or three months before the election, it is clear that the argument for postponement drawn from the campaign is very incon sistent, because it can not be assumed that the campaign will end before the fine weather is passed. The battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chicamauga, and Lookout Mountain were all fought in the autumn or winter; and because we may be unfortunate in the campaign, it does not follow that we may not be victorious at the close of the campaign. If it be asked whether great reverses during the summer would not be the proof of an incompetency in the conduct of the war which ought to be rebuked rather than rewarded? the reply is in the other question whether the best soldiers known to the country, and most cordially approved by loyal men, are not now in the chief military positions, and vested with all necessary discretion? If they are, and—after doing their best—fail, do these journals propose to erect at the "interference" and "mismanagement" in Washington? Lieutenant-General GRANT, with a practically supreme military command, directs the pending operations. Even the stoutest advocates of postponing the nomination profess full faith in his ability to annihilate or disperse the rebel armies, but if he does not—woe to the President! is their remarkable conclusion. That he will be held responsible is very possible. That disappointment will produce a reaction which may lead to unhappy results, as it did in New York two years ago, when Mr. SEYMOUR was elected Governor, is very likely; but we are now considering what is wisest—what really thoughtful and loyal men and journals ought to advise.

And that brings us to the fundamental weakness of this whole policy of delay. It is simply an assumption that the candidacy of Mr. LINCOLN is to depend not upon the whole course of his administration for three years in the midst of frightful and unprecedented perils and disasters, but simply upon the issue of one campaign, which, by the admission of the objectors, is in the best hands to which it could be confided. Now to this reasoning we utterly object. These objections admit that the present Administration has been, upon the whole, so "successful and fair," that it inspires more confidence than any untried Administration is likely to do. Why, then, we ask, should it be condemned by one detail? Upon what reasonable grounds is it maintained that the general success of three years is to be outweighed by the issue of a single campaign? If we have expressed an earnest preference for the re-election of the President, it is exactly because his course has been "upon the whole, so successful and fair." It is because, in the extraordinary exigencies of these three years, he has shown such capacity and fidelity, because he has so truly represented the great public opinion of that very heterogeneous mass, the American people, and has brought them so surely forward toward victory, that we can not agree that it is a wise thing to set him aside, even if General GRANT does not annihilate or disperse the rebel armies before the first of September, or even if he should suffer a reverse.

Indeed, whatever the event of the coming campaign may be, we think his re-election the best thing for the cause. If the campaign be fortunate, the journals of which we have been speaking concede his nomination. If it be unfortunate, it seems to us that the country will need more than ever a President whom it thoroughly knows. If we fail, an entire change of the executive department, except upon the evidence of its culpability, would be as unwise as it would have been in the anguish and dismay of the first battle of Bull Run. Such moments are the very emergencies in which nations need tried, and not untried, magistrates. The sacrifice of leaders to the rage and chagrin of momentary disappointment is the very action of an intelligent people, nor will it be the counsel of truly wise and patient men. For, let us suppose the campaign successful, the President re-elected, and the following winter and spring operations unfortunate. He will then be the President for four more years, and yet by the argument the event of the campaign will show that he ought not to have been elected.

Inasmuch, then, as we support Mr. LINCOLN for what he has done, and for what General GRANT is or is not going to do, we wish that the nomination could be made by May-day. Then, if, as we hope, Mr. LINCOLN were the nominee, all differences among the loyal Union would cease, and their undivided interest, sympathy, and energy would be given to the prosecution of the war. If, on the contrary, the nomination be deferred until September, the whole summer will ring with the preliminary contest. To be exposed to such a debate for five months more, than to be involved suddenly in disaster, and obliged, in the midst of the universal tumult and disappointment, to select a candidate for the Presidency, does not seem to us to promise a very desirable result. How the Union men are to gain in unity, peace, and concord by such a course we do not see. Indeed, the collective wisdom of Mr. BELMONT'S Chicago Convention would undoubtedly advise us to do that very thing. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* Find out what the enemy proposes to do, and then with all your might don't do it, was NAPOLEON'S advice.

But it is said that the war Democrats will wish to join in the nomination. Certainly they will. And what prevents them? They and we are equally devoted to the cause, and the names of GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, SHERIDAN, FOOTE, LOGAN, and WALLACE, now in the highest and most important commands, show that there is no partisan flaw in the selection of the Administration, while its policy has no more faithful friends than they. Into what convention could these gentlemen and their companions-in-arms go but a Union convention? And in what other assembly would their position and claims be so honored and acknowledged? It is, we presume, a matter of course that the list of the names presented by that convention will be that of an old Democrat who has proved his democracy by his unconditional fidelity to the Union and Government. What PATRICK HENRY said of the Colonies is now true of old party lines: "Where are your landmarks, your boundaries of Colonies? There are none. All are Americans." The distinctions between Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." So say we all. The boundaries of party are thrown down. We are not Democrats or Republicans, but loyal American citizens.

In this spirit, and at a time when our view of the requirements of the Presidency may be unclouded by temporary excitement, let us name the man, whoever he may be, whose career certifies the fidelity, the patience, and the sagacity that we need, and God defend him and the right!

MR. "TEAREM" IN PARLIAMENT AND IN CONGRESS.

MR. ROEBUCK, in the British Parliament, has been throwing dirt at our Government with amusing ferocity, and Mr. Senator SAULSBURY, and gentlemen who sympathize with him, have been doing the same thing in Congress. This is perfectly intelligible. Mr. ROEBUCK is the representative in Parliament of the hate with which a privileged class regards a government of the people; just as Mr. SAULSBURY and his friends represent in this country the class and the policy which have always trampled upon the equal rights of men, which is the fundamental principle of our system. So long as the express and essential Constitutional guarantees of personal liberty and the right of speech for all citizens of the United States were openly scorned and lawlessly smothered in blood, throughout all the slave States, and in time of perfect peace, those language-patriots could see no danger to the Union or to the Government. They voted and acted in perfect accord with the despotism which left the country no alternative but the subversion of the Government or civil war. And now that the country has elected the latter they devote all their energies to perplexing and thwarting its efforts to secure the total restoration of that despotism in all its fatal supremacy.

The epithets of scorn and contempt which Mr. Senator SAULSBURY has spent upon the Administration, the official representative of the American people, are re-echoed across the water by the bitter British Tory. It is not surprising. His instantaneous cry for the fierce absolutism of the rebels, which is straining every nerve to destroy equal rights and to bring the name of Republic to a mockery, is a confession of the people exasperate the British Tory as they disheartn the American Copperhead. If GRANT should be defeated Mr. ROEBUCK would cry, Thank God! and the Copperhead would whisper in his heart, Amen!

The Tories in England and the Copperheads in this country talk of the war in exactly the same strain. It is "horrid," "fratricidal," "wicked," "infamous." Well, these gentlemen differ from the mass of their countrymen in each case. Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord CLARENDON, replying to Mr. ROEBUCK, said that he did not speak for the English people, more than half of whom, as Earl RUSSELL told us last session, most heartily sympathized with the cause of the American Government. So at home, as Senator SAULSBURY will remember, the sober people of Delaware will perhaps pardon (with the expression) differed last autumn from his friend VALLANDIGHAM by a hundred thousand majority, and did not have the least fear that their loyal States were in danger merely because Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was prevented from helping the rebels destroy them.

OWEN LOVEJOY.

IS OWEN LOVEJOY the cause of Democracy loses a noble champion. From the moment that he rose from the side of his brother, murdered by the foes of human equality principles, down to the last time that he opened his lips to speak, he was the cheerful, steady, fervent advocate of the great American principle. A characteristic and faithful American, whoever studies his character will see the kind of moral heroism and dignity produced by our distinctive principles.

In his earlier career he was a clergyman, and he did not leave his faith behind him, but took it with him into Congress as he carried thither his generous hopes and temper, and trenchant speech. His companions in Congress of every party-sympathy mingled their regrets over his death. When a meeting was held in his own neighborhood, in Brooklyn, Mr. LOVEJOY died, said that his efforts to suppress the rebellion were paramount to every other consideration. Mr. COVODE, of Ohio, said that what Mr. LOVEJOY believed he expressed, and was at all times prepared to defend his positions. Mr. ELIOT, of Massachusetts, said that he was not afraid to vindicate the right any where. Mr. FARNSWORTH, of Illinois, knew him as a good neighbor. Mr. ARNOLD, of Illinois, found him earnest pushing vigorously on to promote what he thought the interests of his country and race. Mr. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, declared him wise, vigilant, and faithful.

They are noble words to be truly spoken of any man; nor will any one doubt that they were true of him. His name will be inscribed with Mr. LOVEJOY—but as much a martyr to liberty as NATHAN HALE—and for his own brave words and unspotted life, will be always noted in his country. The laborers are called away, but the work goes on. Devotion to the Democratic principle of equal liberty before the laws must be its own reward. With OWEN LOVEJOY it was so. His steady soul pursues its career; but wherever it may be, its faith in the love of God and the brotherhood of man is no surer than when his visible life illustrated it.

DOUGLAS AS A UNION MAN.

In his recent striking speech upon Reconstruction, Mr. ARNOLD of Illinois—who in the last Congress introduced the bill establishing the freedom of the Territories, and, during this session, the resolution for a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery—recounts in a graphic and picturesque manner many of the incidents in our recent history. The whole speech will be read with peculiar interest as a review and defense of the present Administration. We have room but for one or two passages which the friends of Mr. DOUGLAS will see with especial satisfaction:

"No so illogressive an inauguration as that of Mr. Lincoln has occurred since the inauguration of Washington. He had been threatened with assassination, and the rebels had intended his murder as he passed through Baltimore. On his arrival here he found the public offices filled with traitors. Snuggs as it may seem, the rebel generals LEE and JOE and HARDEE, Secretaries, and Evans and DIXIE, Stewart and Maguder, Pierrepont and Wickes, held in March and April, 1861, leading positions in our Army. Traitors were every where. The citizens of Washington were in a large portion of them sympathy with the rebels. Secession had been preceded by secret conspiracy, concealed by those holding the highest official trusts. It had been veiled by specious professions of loyalty. Mr. LINCOLN'S arrival here there were the men he found in all the departments of the land and he was surrounded by spies and traitors. None who witnessed it will ever forget the scene of that inauguration. Standing on the eastern front of the Capitol, the judges of the Supreme Court, the Senate and House of Representatives, the high officers of the army and navy arrayed in the full dress of their functions and patriots, with many an eye looking searchingly into his neighbor's face to learn whether he was a traitor or a friend; standing there amidst scowling enemies in arms and masked traitors, Mr. LINCOLN was perfectly cool and determined. He read his inaugural with a voice clear and distinct enough to be heard by twice ten thousand people. When with reverence he closed by the Eternal God that he would faithfully '*preserve, protect, and defend* the Constitution, his record for firmness was stood, *not by accident*, at his side. Douglas knew, perhaps, better than the President elect the extent of the difficulties which surrounded him. He was observed to whisper in the ear of Mr. LINCOLN, and I believe said to the President the assurance that in the dark and difficult future he would stand by him and give him his utmost aid in defending the Constitution and crushing treason and rebellion. Nobly did Douglas redeem that pledge. His whole life, and death in short, he devoted to the well-known declaration that there could now be but two parties, patriots and traitors. Had he lived he would have sustained the President with all the vigor and energy peculiar to his character."

It will not be forgotten that at the Inauguration Mr. DOUGLAS entered with Mrs. LINCOLN upon his arm, and remained near her and the President during the evening. Indeed the relations of Mr. DOUGLAS and Mr. LINCOLN until his death, showed his sincerity in the following remark, which Mr. ARNOLD reports:

"Here I will pause a moment to state a most remarkable suggestion made by Douglas in January, 1861. The statement is furnished to me by General C. R. Stewart, New York, a gentleman of the highest respectability:

"Douglas was asked by Colonel Stewart (who was making a New Year's call on Mr. Douglas), What will be the result of the efforts of Jefferson Davis and his associates to divide the Union? Douglas replied, 'The Southern men are mistaken if they think that in the border States to their scheme of secession, and I am too fearful they will succeed. If they do succeed, there will be the most terrible civil war the world has ever seen, lasting for years. Virginia will become a charnel-house; but the end will be the triumph of the Union. And the loss of their first efforts will be to take possession of this capital to give them popular sanction. I will never consent to taking it; the North will rise en masse to defend it; but it will be necessary for hospitals; the Government will be used for the sick and wounded; and even this house and the Smithsonia block over the *Douglas Hospital* are to be devoted to that purpose before the end of the war.' General Stewart inquired 'What justification is there for all this?' Douglas replied, 'There is no justification, but my pretense of say. If they will remain in the Union, I will go as far as the Constitution will allow to maintain their rights, and I do not doubt but a majority of Congress will do the same. But,' said he, rising on his feet and accentuating the sentence, 'Any State attempt to secede from this Union without further cause, I am in favor of their having just so much land as will just cover their territory, as they can hold at the point of the bayonet, *and no more.*'"

UNDER WHICH?

ON the 28th day of March in this year, Mr. BRYANT, a Democratic member of the New York Legislature, supported in an able speech the resolution that a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery would be the truest conciliation, securing a peaceful and perpetual Union. Against the vote of the majority of the Democrats in the country, followed him, declaring that this atrocious rebellion of Aristocracy against the Democracy can be finally suppressed only by destroying slavery, and that Free Labor is the only corner-stone of an enduring Democratic government.

The same day Messrs. Chanler, Herrick, Ganson, Pruyn, Steele, and other Democratic representatives in Congress voted against a constitutional amendment abolishing slavery; and, of course, in favor of retaining the system which has brought the war upon the country, and which must always keep between the two sections who prevent a true and hearty and untroubled Union.

Between these gentlemen let the country and mankind judge. "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal," said the father of Democracy in this country. Who are his true descendants? who are Democrats? the men who ask to abolish slavery constitutionally, or those who refuse to abolish it at all?

What a dreary and terrible record is the simple fact of the ayes and nays upon this resolution in Congress, for the children of those who

shall hereafter see that their fathers voted for the continuance of a system which the human heart and the enlightened mind of mankind instinctively repudiates and scorns.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

THE Metropolitan Sanitary Fair will be opened by the time this paper reaches many of our readers. It will be one of the great events in the history of New York, and we advise all who can easily come not to fail to spend at least a day at the Fair. We begin in this number of the paper a series of illustrations, with copious accounts of whatever is most remarkable and interesting among the wonders and charms of the exhibition. We are glad in this way to convey to our brethren in the field some adequate representation of a spectacle of which they will hear so much, and which is inspired by sympathy with them. They will see in this Fair, and in all that have been and will yet be held, an the great majority of the State of New York in favor of their voting while still on duty, that they are not forgotten by their friends at home; but that the good cause of the country is served by all its faithful children wherever they may be.

Besides the general contributions to the funds of the Fair, persons engaged in almost every department of business in New York and its environs have made special contributions. Below we present a list of those made up to March 25 by the "Book Trade." Hereafter, when the lists are made up, we propose to put on record the amounts of the contributions from other trades and professions.

WILLIAM K. CONNERY, (Cash).....	$100
D. APPLETON & CO.,.....	1000
HARPER & BROTHERS,.....	1000
IVISON, PHINNEY, BLAKEMAN, & CO.,.....	500
E. WALKER & SON,.....	400
SCRIBNER & CO.,.....	250
G. P. PUTNAM,.....	250
GEORGE W. CARLETON,.....	250
A. D. F. RANDOLPH,.....	250
AMERICAN NEWS CO.,.....	200
GEORGE B. LINCOLN,.....	200
OAKLEY & MASON,.....	200
D. VAN NOSTRAND,.....	200
COLLINS & BROTHER,.....	200
THOMAS NELSON & SON,.....	200
J. G. GOODENOW,.....	200
IRON & TREADWELL,.....	200
T. W. STRONG,.....	200
C. T. HOPKINS,.....	175
ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,.....	250
JAMES B. KIRKER,.....	150
SHELDON & CO.,.....	250
G. F. PETTENGILL,.....	150
FRANK HOLME],.....	300
HENRY HOLT,.....	
JOHN WILEY,.....	100
HENRY FRANCIS,.....	100
F. A. BRADY,.....	100
JAMES O'KANE,.....	100
G. P. PUTNAM & CO.,.....	100
HOYT & BROWN,.....	100
A. S. BARNES & BURR,.....	100
MASON BROTHERS,.....	100
WALTER LOW,.....	175
MORTON, DILLARD, & HOUGH,.....	
C. H. GREEN,.....	60
MILLER & RICHARD,.....	50
JAMES MILLER,.....	50
GEORGE W. ALEXANDER,.....	50
J. H. TINGLEY,.....	50
W. H. KERR & CO.,.....	50
T. H. PETLEY,.....	25
WILLIAM RADDE,.....	25
ANDREW HOWARD,.....	25
F. W. CHRISTERN,.....	25
S. N. PERRY,.....	20
M. A. MACFARLAND (Cash).....	10
E. GOODENOUGH,.....	10
THEO. BERNARD,.....	10
HILTS & ALEXANDER,.....	10
C. SHEPARD,.....	10
G. G. WYMAN,.....	20
JOHN PETRY,.....	10
DION THOMAS,.....	10
C. A. MILLER,.....	10
A. TURNBULL (Cash),.....	5
H. S. PERRINE,.....	5
R. J. RICHARDSON,.....	5

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND COLORED TROOPS.

MR. BURNS has sent off its second regiment of colored volunteers. On the morning of Easter Sunday, standing upon the deck of the ship in which they sailed, Mr. Burns made the speech in presenting the flags, and the brave men went to join the great army of the American Union and Liberty. They are to be under the General Burnside's Ninth Army Corps; and that officer, whose name is dear to every loyal heart in the land, wrote a letter of regret that his operative official engagements in New England prevented his being present at the presentation. In this letter, addressed to JONATHAN STEVENS, President of the Union League Club, he says:

"It may not be amiss for me to mention a remark made by me at a banquet given at the Astor House in November, 1861, to the officers of the Fifty Massachusetts Regiment, then on recruiting service, preparatory to their starting on our North Carolina expedition. It was on the morning that we received Mr. DIX's success on the coast of South Carolina. I said it should be a source of congratulation to the loyal press that the judgment has been made by Union troops upon that portion of the Southern coast where slavery existed to the maximum extent. Henceforth no assertion has been made by the traitors that there is a necessity for us to have slavery for its support. It is true that the institution can be used by them as a powerful auxiliary, and now we still have an element of doubt in determining whether or not this force can not be turned to the same account; and it is clearly the duty of every General in the field to neutralize or turn to his own account every force that he may find himself confronted with by the enemy, whether it be active or latent."

"And now, Sir, your committee have requested me to say to the same rudimentary regiment, a regiment, the rank and file of which are colored men, many of whom were, on November, 1861, subjected to labor tool for traitors in arms, or doing other work which could not be performed by them but for the purpose of striking at the Government that had done them naught but good."

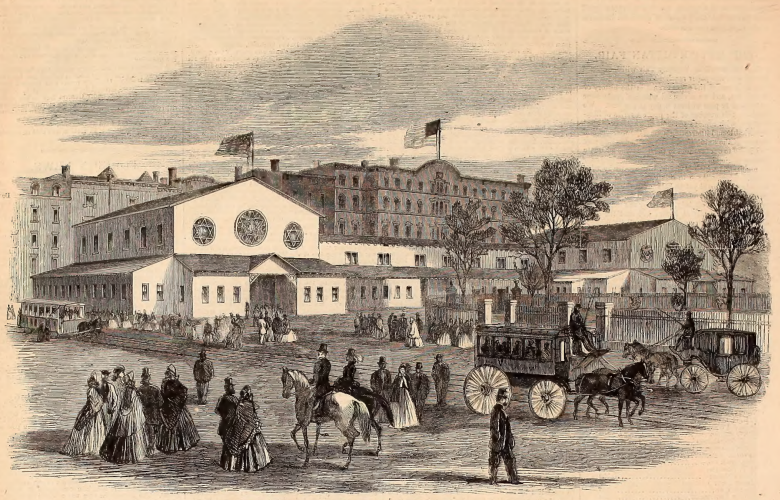
"I am sorry that I can not be with you to-morrow. Very sincerely your friend,

"A. E. BURNSIDE, Major-General."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March* 23. A resolution was passed appropriating $20,000 for the expenses of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.——A bill to establish a dock and Navy Yard at Cairo, Illinois, was introduced.——The bill in relation to deserters, distranchising all those who may refuse to return to the service on a call of the President, was taken up. Mr. WILSON, in favoring the bill, said there were probably 40,000 deserters from the army, of whom 8000 or 10,000 were in Canada and the British Provinces. Some of these were said to be anxious to return, and he argued that opportunity should be given them by a call from the President. Senator HALE, of Maine, opposed promptly returning. No vote was taken.——Mr. Powell's bill to prevent military interfer. nce in State elections was taken up and Mr. Howard spoke at length against its passage. The bill, he asserted, was unnecessary, and was a violation of the Constitution, which gives to Congress no authority over the regulation of State elections except in the first fall to prevent military interference in elections came up as unfinished business. The bill was passed by a party vote, and was followed by Mr. Saulsbury, who insisted upon the necessity for a law of this nature in order to secure the rights of the citizen.——*March* 28. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill to repeal a bill passed by the State of Michigan to the Municipal, for the passage of armed and well-equipped vessels. Also introduced a bill to enable the Indian refugees to return to their homes in the Indian Territory.——Mr. Harlan reported a bill to extend to him the benefit of the act to appropriate the proceeds of the public land to certain purposes—passed in 1862. The bill gives authority to devote the income accruing to the support of the Asylum connected with the University of Indiana. A bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract for carrying the mails overland from Atchison, in Kansas, to Pike's Peak, California, appropriating a million dollars annually. The limited time was fixed at ten days each month, and twenty days during four months. The Pacific Railroad, as fast as completed, will take the place of the overland mail service.——The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to prevent military interference in elections. Mr. Saulsbury supported the bill in a speech of considerable length, and was followed by Mr. Sherman, who said he was in favor of the principle involved in the bill, but that he would not vote for it. Mr. Trumbull spoke in support of the bill, arguing that the prohibition of attempts to control elections is manifestly wise and proper, and that the amendment of the Constitution is explicitly given to Congress to enforce it



METROPOLITAN FAIR BUILDINGS, ON UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.

THE United States Sanitary Commission, originated in that spirit of sympathy with the army which has so embellished with bright deeds the darkest pages of our civil conflict with rebellion, was never more necessary, as an ameliorating agency, than at this time, when all along the lines preparations are making for active hostilities, which will probably involve greater suffering and loss than any previous campaign. It is the appreciation, no doubt, of this possibility that is now impelling the people, every where, to unprecedented efforts in aid of its funds. The entire money receipts of the Commission, since its organization, probably exceed $2,000,000, while the money value of the supplies poured in by the women of the country can not be less than $9,000,000. The management of the Commission has been, from the start, most economical and efficient. Rev. Dr. BELLOWS, who is at its head, and whose portrait we give on this page, has given himself to this work with an industry and zealous self-sacrifice which the whole country will applaud long after the tumult and the sufferings of war have ceased from the land. Dr. BELLOWS is about to proceed to California for the purpose of laboring there in aid of the Commission, in place of the late Rev. THOMAS STARR KING, whose death left it without any special agent in that rich field.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

The Metropolitan Fair, in aid of this Commission, will undoubtedly surpass, in the magnitude of its display and the aggregate of results, all previous efforts in a similar direction. The preparations for the Fair have been made on the most extended scale, exhibiting the most liberal purpose on the part of the managers, who manifestly feel that the people will equal, in their generous giving, the largest possible expectations. Contributions are still flowing in from all parts of the world, Americans every where seeming to rejoice at the opportunity to show their sympathy with the men who are defending the cause of liberty and good government. Nor are contributions from abroad confined to Americans away from home. Thousands of foreigners, who look to America as the beacon-light of the nations, are sending their offerings in most liberal profusion. The steamship *Germania*, which arrived from Hamburg on the 24th ult., brought many costly gifts from the citizens of Hamburg, who, notwithstanding the excitement consequent on the Schleswig-Holstein war, find time to give practical expression to their interest in our brave soldiers. From Italy, Switzerland, and other far lands, similar contributions have been received, and in the Fair will appear as so many testimonies of the sincerity of foreign sympathy with the loyal men of the nation in their struggle with barbarism.

General JOHN A. DIX, whose portrait we give on this page, is President of the Fair Association. It is fit that a soldier should thus head the movement of the great city of New York in behalf of the army upon which the future of the nation so largely depends. General DIX is now nearly sixty-six years of age, and during his life has filled many positions of honor and trust, but in none has he proved himself a sturdier patriot and truer man than in this contest, on the peace side of which he now appears as the head of our Fair.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX, PRESIDENT OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D., PRESIDENT UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Our Heroines
IN THE PARLOR
ON THE BATTLE-FIELD
AT THE FAIR
IN THE HOSPITAL
SAVING THE FLAG

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XI.

SENDS AN IDYL.

THE Marcouilles began to talk scandal about J. B. Constant and his too precocious stable-girl and chambermaid, for she now officiated in both capacities, still preserving her ascendency as mistress of the horse, but having a lad to assist her. The mayor warned the inn-keeper against the whispering tongues that speak truth." M. le Curé insisted that, for morality's sake, the girl should be sent away.

"She is fit for something better than a fille d'auberge," he represented.

"Granted, monsieur," returned Constant. "But how is her condition to be bettered?"

"The good sisters at Avignon," hinted the ecclesiastic.

Constant shook his head.

"The good sisters," he remarked, "would, I much fear, be powerless in turning Valérie into a Sister of Charity or a village schoolmistress, and what more could they do with her? It is a pity that she was not sent to them, my good sir. Then they might have had the credit of her sudden conversion. For the rest, it is no affair of mine—an inn-keeper may have a servant, maid. She is a capital servant, and her aunt is there to watch over her."

It was the curate's turn to shake his head. "Mon ami," he said, "that poor ignorant old woman is a mere baby in the hands of that girl. She can no longer be chastised. The time for the cord and the thong is past."

"I should like to see any one attempting to lay a hand on Valérie," exclaimed the inn-keeper, with a sudden start, and clenching his fists. "Ma parole d'honneur! I would exterminate him."

"There is no fear of such an eventuality," the cure returned; "nor," he continued, in gentle reproof, "is there any need for a fallible human creature to speak of 'extermination'—a terrible power, reserved for the Omnipotence."

"I ask your pardon, M. le Curé."

"To granted, my friend. But, nevertheless, get rid of this young creature; if you don't, malicious tongues will continue to wag, and evil will follow."

Constant was privately of the priest's opinion, but certain reasons, at which the intelligent reader may have already hazarded a surmise, rendered him reluctant to follow the friendly advice of his pastor. He passed several days in perplexity, anxiously revolving plans in his mind for modifying the condition of his too handsome servant, when Valérie brought the matter to a solution by a voluntary suggestion that she should be sent to school for a couple of years.

"I'm tired of tending horses," she said. "My hands are not yet quite spoiled, but six months more of stable-work will make them as hard as buffalo-skin. I am tired of being ignorant. It is as much as I can do to read the big printed letters under the four lilies on the sign-post. I can't write at all. I want to be able to read the *Gazette de France*, and to play the piano, to paint pictures, and write letters, and be a lady."

"Vastly well, mademoiselle," replied Constant, with subdued irony. "But who, pray, is to pay for your education?"

"That is your affair, not mine. If you choose to send me to school it will be better for you. If you won't, I will get a livret from M. le Maire, and seek a servant's place at Avignon. My aunt will give me permission, and you must give me a character."

The argument was unanswerable. Baptiste had prospered at the "Lily of France," and could well afford the outlay. For the sum of a thousand francs a-year, a boarding establishment for demoiselles at Lyons consented to receive Mademoiselle Valérie Simon—for that was the real name of her mother—for twelve months, and construct her in all the accomplishments. The girl had refused point-blank to enter a conventual school, and had selected Lyons in preference to Avignon, because, she said, she did not wish to meet any of those people of Marcouilles by chance in the streets in the town. J. B. Constant agreed that in this particular she was in the right; nor, when the left Marcouille-le-Gency, did he make trouble for her aunt. He was about to proceed to school to receive a polite education; he merely said that a married sister of his, who kept a hotel at Lyons, had agreed to receive Valérie, and to look after her morals, and make her useful. La Bergluse did not care to contradict this statement. Perhaps she was never enlightened as to the real state of the case. It truth she had rather been covered from the state of bewilderment into which the sudden metamorphosis of the little grubby good-for-nothing she had adopted had thrown her. So, when Valérie went away La Bergluse looked upon her withdrawal very much in the light of a relief from an embarrassing position.

But why this concealment on the part of Jean Baptiste? Why should the upright J. B. Constant think Lyons preferable to Avignon? Why should he have given an untruthful account of the girl's change of life? The always intelligent reader will have little difficulty in answering these questions.

You, the hearty-headed, down-looking innkeeper was savagely in love with Valérie. I say savagely, because there was something morose and ferocious in the passion that devoured him. He could not bear the girl to be out of his sight. He chafed at the necessity of parting with her, even for a time, and for her benefit. He went into silent rages at her caprice, her arrogance, her cool assumption of superiority over him—all ignorant as she was, and next door to a castaway. She loathed and longed to rend in pieces all whom she talked or laughed with. He was madly jealous of her, mere child as she was.

He had no bad designs toward Valérie. At this time he was an honest man, and there was not much harm about J. B. Constant. He had never lored till now. His only hope was that the girl would be grateful to him. His wish was that she should grow up a beautiful and accomplished woman, and become his wife.

"I will leave this wretched little hole of a village," he said to himself in his day dreams. "I have made some money and can borrow more. I will take a grand hotel in Paris—in the English quarter—in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Valérie will be my wife. She will sit in the bureau in a black satin robe, and with a gold chain round her neck, and keep the accounts. The waiters will bow, and call her Madame la Patronne. She will go to mass at St. Roch or the Madeleine. On Sundays we will dine here and there, go to St. Cloud, and to the opera, and the theatres. Jean Baptiste, my boy, you shall be envied; you shall be happy. So be thought, and so he dreamed. Poor fellow!

"If she should be ungrateful," he soon sometimes whispered. The fear of her ingratitude was a black phantom not to be contured away. "No, no," he said; "not," he would mutter. "If she refuses to love me I will kill her."

When Valérie had been six months at school, J. B. Constant undertook a journey to Lyons to see her. He found her more beautiful than before. In accomplishments, too, her progress was wonderful; that she had already distanced many girls who had been in the establishment a year with the advantages of previous education—three and four years, and that, if she were allowed to remain with her two years instead of one, she would answer to the call, and, fitted to move in the very highest circles. She did not know that J. B. Constant was a mere village inn-keeper. He had written to her as an served nobleman, and at Lyons he put on his best clothes and his best manners.

There was one touch of bitterness in the hurried account the governess gave of her pupil. Mademoiselle, she said, was a young person difficult to manage. She would not endure reproof. She would not hear reason. Her temper was terrible. She had, within a few months, twelve hundred francs a year instead of a thousand, and you must make allowances for Mademoiselle's temper. "Poor child!" said J. B. child! she never knew her mother, and in early years was unkindly treated." The schoolmistress was a sagacious woman, and comprehending instructress, and for the extra stipend agreed to say nothing more about Valérie's indisposition to hear reason.

When J. B. Constant had an interview with his protegee, the governess being present, she received him with a stately courtesy, and eyes decurely cast down; but when Madame du Verger discreetly left them together, she accosted the inn-keeper with a familiarity which even was half redolent of the old rough manners of the stable-girl, and the chambermaid.

"Ah, oh, mon homme!" she cried. "What do you think of me now? Am I grown? Are my hands coarse? Do I talk like a fishwife?"

As he was going away, full of love and hope, though slightly discomfited by this reception:

"And La Bergluse, the old hag who used to flog me—is she dead?"

Your aunt is alive, Valérie," Constant said, with a reproachful look.

"I am sorry for it. Such old witches ought to die. I hate her, and will pay her out for all the blows she has given me. Besides, when I go into the world she will disgrace me. To have an aunt who has worked in the fields! To have an aunt who was a servant! Mon Dieu! Quoi! Mon homme, you must take care that you never leave Marcouille." And so, with the stately courtesy, in accordance diamond with her hard and bitter talk, the girl left him.

She never saw him again. The old woman was by no means despondent under this neglect. She merely muttered that Valérie would be a proud-looking piece of goods presented to Mr. le Préfet, and then went on working harder than ever. To Jean Baptiste the exemplary pensioner at Madame du Verger's was a source of intolerable regularity once a month. Her letters always began "Mon bon ami," as if this young puss-cat had been an empress, and Monsieur the president of a republic. Madame du Verger had suggested "mon cher bienfaiteur," but Valérie had refused point-blank to be connected to Mr. le Préfet, and then went on working harder than ever. To Jean Baptiste the exemplary pensioner at Madame du Verger's was a source of intolerable regularity once a month. Her letters always began "Mon bon ami," as if this young puss-cat had been an empress, and Monsieur the president of a republic. Madame du Verger had suggested "mon cher bienfaiteur," but Valérie had refused point-blank to be connected to Mr. le Préfet, and then went on working harder than ever. She wrote in a bold flowing hand: her letters contained a few words of the conventional progressions—of the books she had read, and the accomplishments she had mastered—and ended, "Valérie Sabine." Madame du Verger's governess had hinted that "votre toujours reconnaissante Valérie," would be a slightly graceful acknowledgment of the kindness which Constant was paying for her education, but Mademoiselle Sabine very scornfully replied, "I shall do what I like, and I am not to be bribed."

She left Lyons when she was on the verge of eighteen. This was in 1828. Constant was fearful of her coming back to Marcouille yet a while. He wished her to return only once, as his wife, to astound those who had known her in her poverty and her degradation, and then quit the place forever. His plan was that she should enter as a pupil in Paris, remain for another year or fifteen months—not as a pupil, but as a boarder—and that she should then make him happy. He unfolded this scheme to her, in the parlor of the school, on the day when he went to fetch her away. He avowed his love, and said, with a smile, that it was pure and honorable.

The girl laughed at him. "What a fairy tale!" she cried. "Beauty and the Beast over again! Yes, monsieur, I am Beauty, and you are the Beast, with your sleepy eyes, and your great black head like a primeval forest. Ah! you thought a pretty grape-vine was growing for you. Ah! you thought you had but to shake the tree and the pear would fall into your mouth."

"Valérie," the inn-keeper humbly expostulated, "I implore you not to speak in that mocking spirit. Have you no heart, no love, no eyes."

"I know nothing about it," sneered Valérie. "What should I, a school-girl of eighteen, know about devotion? I have not taught in this school. It was forbidden."

Again, and with the eloquence which sincerity alone can give, Constant spoke, to the most tongue-tied man—he pressed his suit.

"Don't be absurd," was Valérie's reply. "You will bore me. I know nothing of love. I have only seen one stupid provincial town, an tired of schools, whether as pupil or boarder. I have lost sight of books, and want to see the world. I must be free and independent. I don't want to tie myself for life to a stupid old man with a head like a bear. Do you wish to ruin my career?"

"Your career," repeated Constant, in sorrowful surprise. "Valérie, what would your career have been but for me? Ah! do not be ungrateful!"

"Do not exaggerate your claims to my gratitude. It appears you had your own purpose to serve in educating me—you merely picked up what had been abandoned. The next passer-by might have done the same, and not have been a village publican. He does not so blind as you take them to be. Somebody would have been sure to have discovered the pearl on the dunghill, sooner or later."

So she reasoned with the pitiless logic of an ungrateful heart. There was no moving or softening her. She would not listen to reason, fitted to move in the very highest circles. She did not know that J. B. Constant was a mere village inn-keeper. She had written to him as a served noblemen, and at Lyons he put on his best clothes and his best manners.

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Constant abandoned farther conflict. "I am ready to accompany you to the coach-office," he said, with dolorous meekness.

"There is a good little wolf. You'll make Little Red Riding Hood quite fond of you if you go on in that way.

Je pourrais m'enseurcher,
Je pourrais m'enseurcher,
Je pourrais m'enseurcher.

Do you know the chanson? The master didn't teach it me. The girls used to sing it in the dormitory under the bed-clothes. Ah! we learn a great deal at school."

"I am ready, Valérie."

"And I too. It is agreed upon, n'est-ce pas, that you leave me in peace for six months?"

"For six months I will not trouble you. I will not even write to you if you are averse to receiving communications from me. What I have to say shall be said through my sister."

"No, that looks like surveillance. Write to me: I will answer you."

A gleam of passionate satisfaction shot across Constant's face.

"I will write," he said, his heart palpitating.

"But no long letters. No love, or nonsense of that kind. Does your son love me. Now I am ready. Nay, perhaps you would like to give me a hand."

She held out her hand to him as she spoke. She had never greeted him that slight favor before. It was not a small hand. She was a grandiose woman; but it was very white, and soft, and pretty. Who, to look upon it, could have thought that it had drawn country wine for bumpkins and stable-boys, or wielded a pitchfork to toss stable-litter about?

He accompanied her to the coach-office, put her in her seat, wrapped her up in warm shawls and rugs, placed a basket full of provisions at wine by her side, and would have pressed if not kissed her hand once more, even in the open coach-yard, but she waved him off already:

"Enough of that. You nearly bit my hand just now, besides all but wrenching it from the wrist. Au revoir, mon homme. Good-bye, mon Good-by, and go back as fast as ever you can to your stupid old Marcouille-le-Gency. Adieu! Love for you, life for me!" And the diligence clattered and rumbled away Parisward, and Jean Baptiste Constant was left disconsolate.

He could not make up his mind to return to the village. He wandered about Lyons for two whole days, and, at last, found Madame du Verger, asking her futile questions. The schoolmistress knew well enough what ailed him. He had been a regular customer, and had conversed with him. The girl had left some inconsiderable fal-lals behind her—a gauze scarf, a pair of pens of glasses, a volume of music. These were given up to him, and he treasured them with burning avidity. Then he went to the theatre, and tried to listen to an opera; but the voluptuous voice of Valérie rose high above the braying and tinkling of trumpet and cymbal, and the flourishes of the singers. He went from café to café, and drank deep—which was not his custom; but Valérie's scornful accents were audible, to him, above the clattering of the dominos, and the jangling of the coffee-cups, the cries of "Trois-six!" "A qui le point?" and the shrill "Vlà monsieur!" of the waiters. Valérie's face was in the air, and Valérie's form wreathed itself out from the thready vapor of the cigars. At last he went back to Marcouille, to see after the wants of the billiard players, and to scold the postillions and stable-boys. But, days after that, he went back to Avignon, and instructed the same notary of whom he had purchased the good-will of the "Lilies of France" to advertise the Lilies again for immediate disposal.

It was a month before any reasonable offer was made. A person in a customer was found, in the person of an Avignon linen-draper, who thought that country air would do him good. After much haggling, he agreed to give forty thousand francs for the premises and good-will—a considerable sum on the which Constant had paid for them; but, by his energy and perseverance, he had much improved the property. He had returned to his native town to inform the approaching departure, but begged her to keep it, for a while, a secret from Valérie. He wished to be in Paris without the girl's knowledge. The first assessor in the post-office promised, in case any letters arrived for him, with the Paris post-mark, to redirect them to him. They did arrive, plays in the diligence, and in two days' time found himself in the French capital.

When he got to Paris he wrote to his sister, telling her to meet him at an obscure furnished lodgings in the Marais. The Hôtel-Beaumarais lies in the Rue Sainte Saluze, in one of the noisest, liveliest quarters of the brawling capital. All night long, carriages come and brought her budget of news with her. Valérie was more beautiful than ever. She had engaged a music-master, and was delighted. She was passionately fond of the Opera and the theatres; but her temper was insupportable; and I for mes will not say upon "good wine" alone. Beaumelhausen. "Jean Baptiste, my brother, you are a simple. Turn this girl out of doors if she won't have you. Nothing but the meanness of some honest woman whose temper does not turn the world topsy-turvy, and who knows how to love and obey a good, kind man."

J. B. Constant was far too much in love to see the force of this argument. He implored his sister to wait until the expiration of the stipulated twelve months—or at least of six, when he would see Valérie, and come to some new understanding with her. Meanwhile, faithful to his promise of leaving Valérie in peace, he waited patiently for the letter from Avignon to bring him that long-expected re-directed letter with the Paris Post-mark. But it never came. At his in-

stigation, Madame Hummelhausen gently hinted to Valérie that it might be as well to write a line to her brother.

"A quoi bon," retorted the girl, "that my letter should travel five hundred leagues backward and forward to no purpose? Do you think I am an idiot? The great dolt is here. Yes; Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant has been prowling about Paris these two months engaged in the highly dignified occupation of playing the spy over a young girl. Since when have you kept spies in your family, madame? Does Monsieur Constant belong to the Police? I have caught sight of him hundreds of times, on the Boulevards, in the Luxembourg and Tuileries gardens, at the theatres, at church even. What does he mean by this insolence, in dogging my footsteps? Why does he not come here, like an honest man, and tell me what he wants?"

"He promised to leave you in peace for six months," pleaded Madame Hummelhausen.

"Let him come now. I wish to see him. I have something to say to him."

He went to her, his heart bounding with the hope that she had relented; that she would say to him—"Constant, I have teased you long enough. I am changed. I am grateful. I am yours." But the nether mill-stone still held its place in her breast. She received him with the old mockery—the old disdain. Her imbecility had gotten a Parisian gloss upon it, and would have been horrible, had she not looked more beautiful than ever.

"I am sick of being a pensioner," she said; "of being told that I ought to be grateful for this and for that. I want to be free, and to earn my own livelihood."

She had the hardihood to tell Jean Baptiste that she wished to go on the stage. "I have a mission for the dramatic career," she said, with lofty conceit. "And you should rather see me a student of the Conservatory, as a singer, or a dancer, or an actress; but that I abhor discipline, and before a week was over I should be doubtedly box the ears of one of the professors. Imagine boxing the ears of Monsieur Cherubini! No; I must go where I can give complete vent of receiving them."

She unfolded her plans. She had made acquaintance, through the Hummelhausens, with one Duruflée, who had a kind of private theatre for dramatic aspirants at the Batignolles. She would pay him a premium—the funds, of course, to be furnished by M. Constant—and would practise among his pupils for a few months. Then Duruflée would get for her, for a commission, an engagement at one of the petty Boulevard theatres. Thence to the Gaîté, thence to the Porte St. Martin, thence to the Théâtre-Francaise.

J. B. Constant understood, and shuddered, but he did not demur.

"And after that?" he asked.

"After that we shall see," she replied; "after that, if you are very, very quiet, and well behaved, the ice may melt. How many years did he ton thumme Jacob work for Laban's daughter?"

Twas the first inkling of a promise she had ever given him. It threw him into an ecstasy of joy. He agreed to all she asked. Madame Hummelhausen was glad to be rid of her troublesome charge, but said little to encourage her brother's hopes. "She has no heart, not an atom," she persisted. J. B. Constant would not listen to his sister. He would not have lent an ear, where Valérie was concerned, to Solomon, or to Nathan the Wise, or to the seven sagest men of antiquity. What could those last-named wiseacres have done beyond advising him to go to sea in a bowl? —and was he not already launched upon the ocean in a skiff quite as frail?

Valérie chose to have apartments of her own at the Batignolles, close to M. Duruflée's private theatre. This worthy had been a chorister at the Académie till he lost his voice, when he hurdled de claque, or head of a band of hired applauders at the theatre. He lost his place through venality—for there is a code of honor even among claqueurs—being detected in taking money from two rival actresses who were to make their debut on the same night. The claque applauded both. The two affirmatives make a negative: neither triumphed. The rivals were furious; the direction scandalized, and Duruflée had his congé. After such a Fontainebleau (if to be kicked out can be considered an abdication) there was clearly no Elba for the unfortunate. Impotent of the claque but in the Rue de Jérusalem. He became affiliated to the police; then he served the Tribunal of Commerce as one of its bailiffs; then he went on the Bourse, and, by assiduous speculation for a fall, contrived to win some ten thousand francs in hard cash money in the world. His dramatic propensities were still strong within him, and he invested his gains in the organization of a theatre for young Eléves at the Batignolles. He was very fat, good-natured, clever, gross, humorous—vain, and a consummate blackguard. He still kept up his connection with the Préfecture. His instantaneous thirst for absinthe made him one of the rare monstrosities—a drunken Frenchman; but he was a better spy when intoxicated than when sober.

In the spring of 1831, Valérie, being then in her twenty-first year, made her first appearance, at the Folies Dramatiques. She came out in some sanguinolent drama of the then new romantic school. She represented some great wicked lady covered with gold and diamonds, and created a furore. The wickedness she was enabled to portray with rare fidelity from her accurate observation of human nature. It was J. B. Constant who found the diamonds. The money he had received from the sale of the estate at Marouile was all gone by this time. He was taking up money at a hundred per cent. from the usurers. He had borrowed from his sister all she could afford to lend, and more; but Valérie wanted diamonds, real diamonds—she laughed paste to scorn—and she had them. If she had ordered J. B. Constant to forge the name of M. Jacques Lafitte to bills to the extent of five hundred thousand francs with a certainty of the court of assizes, the pillory, and the galleys, in perpetuity, commencing from the very next day, he would have obeyed her.

She was soon engaged at a handsome salary at the Porte St. Martin. Her wish was attained. She was free and independent; but she did not offer to give back to J. B. Constant the money he had spent on her education, or the diamonds he had bought and paid for. On the contrary, she wanted more diamonds from him, and she had them. J. B. Constant was living, in usurers' clutches, at the rate of fifty thousand francs a year, and his clothes were growing shabby, and he dined every day at a restaurant for thirty-sous.

Valérie played in a piece in which she had to wear a robe of flame-colored satin, and to show a considerable amount of leg. Paris was entranced. A sculptor modeled the legs in wax, and they were exhibited, under a glass case, in the Galerie Colbert, for the public to marvel at. Her portrait was lithographed. Bérenger went to see her. His criticism was concise, but not complimentary. "Vous n'êtes pas Lisette," he murmured, and walked out of the box. The romancier, M. Honoré de Balzac, then beginning to make his way in literature, looked at her long and anxiously through his opera-glass. "She is a branch in petticoats," he said, "and will occupy Paris."

Up to this time she seemed impregnable. Diamonds, bouquets, and fascinating Jean Constant, were laid at her feet. She took them up and laughed in the face of the donors. She had no heart, and could not love. She took every thing—songs, dedications, money, jewels, bouquets, love-letters, compliments, and gave nothing in return but a smile, a bow, and sometimes a cold blood. She was Venus rising from the ice.

At this time there was a great English dandy in Paris by the name of Crosbie. This dandy had got it into their heads that he was "Sir Francois Blunt, Baronet;" but, titled or untitled, they persisted in thinking him to be the wealthiest and most sumptuous of nabobs. He lived in great state, on a first floor in the Rue de la Madeleine. He associated with all the English aristocracy resident in or visiting Paris. He played Écarté, at Frascati and elsewhere. He had his bagnionres at the little thentres. He gave his dinners at Véfour's, or the Rocher de Cancale; he had a box at every one of the Italian Opera. He drove a four-in-hand—a vehicle the Parisians had never set eyes upon before—a tilbricket, a phaeton, a barouche, every other thing you please. He was a capital French scholar, and a great favorite in women's society. He could give the best supper in Paris, and could hold the ace of hearts thrown up in the air with a pistol-shot at fifty paces.

He was a great admirer. He went to the Porte St. Martin to see the actress after whom all Paris was flocking. It is not very difficult for an Englishman, who is civilized and of comfortable, and is supposed to be rich, to procure an introduction to a French actress. He was in a short time permitted to make his obeisance to Valérie. There was a quiet mocking manner about him, a kind of impertinence which at first pleased her infinitely.

"At all events," she said, with an engaging candor to Constant, "this new admirer is amusing. He now granted him in the forenoon, and in her boudoir. "He is neither imbecile like the young Frenchmen who have been here, nor ridiculous like the English dandies. If he is insolent, he is witty. If he can give sharp strabs, he can take them. He pleases me. I like him."

She believed in the stories of his rank and wealth, although she often said that it mattered little to her whether he were a prince or a duke, or was a prince or a rag-picker. She determined, on New-Year's Day 1832, to give a grand supper in a garden on the new site of apartments she had taken in the Chaussée d'Antin. Half the fashionable roués and actresses in Paris were to be there. She was good enough to ask Constant to come, and also to condescend to borrow from him a thousand francs to defray the expenses of the entertainment. Constant gave her the money, and found himself at four in the afternoon of the day on which the party was to come off with exactly twenty-seven francs in his pocket. He was proceeding to dine at his usual thirty-two sous restaurant, when he met, in the Palais Comédie, when he was arrested on two bills of exchange for ten thousand francs each, held by one Rabal Escrivet, a Jew, and was carried off to a debtors' prison.

Soon other judgments crowded in upon him and he found himself responsible for a total of sixty thousand francs. As a foreigner he was liable to be in prison for a long term of years, his creditors being merely bound to pay a sum of ninepence halfpenny per diem for his maintenance. Most fortunately for him, Valérie incarcerated a month before he found succor. The Hummelhausens, who were worthy people, would gladly have "exercised hospitality" upon him, to say, would have sold their next stock, cock and barrel—to help their suffering kinsman, but there was no such thing. An uncle of the Constants happened to die at Ticino, leaving an inheritance of two hundred thousand francs. The use of this, for her life, he left to his wife, who was eighty-two years of age and bedridden. At her death a hundred thousand francs were to come to Jean Baptiste, and sixty thousand to the Hummelhausens. The prisoner found no difficulty in selling his reversion for a hundred and twenty thousand francs. He paid the usurers in full, and left the whitewashed walls comparatively a rich man.

On the day of his enlargement, and while he was treating to a vin d'honneur some of the gentleman captives in the establishment, one of the turnkeys brought him a copy of the *National*, asking him if he would like to look at it. The ex-inn-keeper's eye fell on a paragraph, in which it was stated among the Paris lions that one of the "illustrations dramatiques," or theatrical curiosities of the day, "is belle Madamoiselle Valérie," had suddenly broken her engagement with the direction of the Porte St. Martin, and winged her way to the "Vaudeville" land of Albion, where she was "incessantly" to be united in marriage to the Honorable Sir Francis Blunt, Baronet, and member of the Upper Chamber.

Jean Baptiste Constant rushed out of prison to his sister. He took places in a coach-and-four a dozen times since his arrest, not asking for money, but craving a word of sympathy. She had not cast him one. His devotion to her was as servile, so boundlike, that he had never murmured. Madame Hummelhausen had no good news to tell him. The paragraph in the *National* was true. At least she had Valérie's word for its genuineness. The girl had written her a cool letter from Dover, saying that she had been married there, and that she was now Mildi Blunt. "As for Constant," she went on, "you will say to him that I am very sorry for him, but that he bored me." This was his dismissal; but he could not go for all he had done to train and nurture this beautiful devil. She had studied another man. She was sorry for Constant; but he bored her. He was her yawn; she was her amusement, and the other man could amuse her. There was an end of the sky!

Constant came, trembling, to plead Madame Hummelhausen to give him the letter. "I shall go to England," he said.

"To kill Sir Blunt?" asked his sister, terrified.

"We are not in the Middle Ages. Lucrece Borgia is at home very well on the stage, but will not do in private life. I have been in England before. I have served in noble families. I have the most flattering testimonials. I will serve noble families again. Good-by, my good sister. Perhaps some day I shall have the high honor to send letters to Mildi Blunt's cook."

Mildi Blunt's honey-moon was soon over. The honey-moon of a young lady's speedily followed by the beswax-moon, and that by the gall-and-wormwood-moon. Valérie discovered that she had wedded a scoundrel with no means, and who was over head and ears in debt. Blunt sold her so plainly, and that it was useless to think of going to Paris, that she remained at Dover to Ostend, and thence went to Brussels, where, Valérie's Paris prestige being thick upon her, she again found an engagement. This resulted, outraged, beaten her. He had lived in luxury upon her earnings. She gave birth in Brussels, to a little daughter—in the very same year, to a child—a girl—who was christened Lily by the English chaplain resident in the Belgian capital. The day after the performance of the ceremony Blunt deserted his wife, but took his child and his child's nurse with him. He had come to the conclusion that in Brussels at this time, who lent him money, and talked to him of his brilliant prospects, but whose name was a secret from Mildi. The acquaintance accompanied him to England, and there became his valet de chambre, and his valet's name was Jean Baptiste Constant, Swiss by birth.

After her abandonment by her legitimate protector, the actress was more than ever Valérie. She was other more varied than reputable. She did not bewail the loss of her infant much. She was more in a state of infancy herself. She went back to Paris, and purged her contempt toward the direction of the Porte St. Martin by payment of a certain sum of money which everybody paid for her. Somebody had become necessary now; and when she grew tired of something, she could "abandonner." But, although her beauty was now in its zenith, her prestige as an actress was gone. Some other "illustration dramatique," who showed more of her legs, wore a grass-green tunic, and had more diamonds than she, was now holding Paris with admiration. "I will never sink to the secondhorses."

Madame Hummelhausen and her husband, going, one summer, from 1834, to Franconi's Circus, saw Valérie, in a riding-habit and a man's hat, cavorting on a beautiful brown mare of the Anglo-Norman unsurpassed ring. Stout Monsieur Adolphe Franconi followed her obsequiously, not so much as venturing to crack his whip. Mighty was the bow, supple were his jokes during her performance. She was doing the haute école, and the haute école was becoming a greater celebrity than Valérie of the Porte St. Martin. She was the rage. When she came to England in the summer of '35, and to Astley's Theatre, Mr. Ducrow gladly paid her thirty guineas a week salary. She came again in '37 at higher wages; but she always wanted money, and more money.

This was the lady who was good enough to patronize the Count Batiglione. Constant had found her there, and, walking straight up to her in the box, accosted her. She would have struck him, but there was something in his look that cowed her. He was no longer humble—no longer her slave.

He held out her hand.

"Let us sign a treaty. Allons! Let us be friends!"

So, without pens or paper, and on the basis of this protocol, the treaty was signed, and they were friends, after a fashion. And now that I have kept Monsieur J. B. Constant so long with his hand on the handle of the She-Wolf's door, he may surely turn it and go in.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FIFE should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Who ever knew a funny man to be a bad one? On the contrary, is he not, nine times out of ten, generous, humane, social, and good? He may be ill—Punch is a great thing. It smooths the rough pieces of life; makes the disposition flow, and may as a maiden's kiss; scatters sunshine and flowers wherever it goes: gives the world a round, jolly countenance; makes all the girls as pretty as June roses, and mankind one of the best fellows out. We go in for fun. The man who won't cultivate it must keep a good half-rod between us.

In bull-fight days, a blacksmith who was rearing a bull pup handed his old father to get on all fours to imitate the bull. The cadaw pupil planted the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding parental snorting, exclaimed, "Hold it! Be the making of the pup!" Bosh! Bother, bear it; it'll be the making of the pup!"

A SINGULARLY FLORAL WHIM.

This world is full of whims and ways,
Without, there would be no music.
While love and virtue work for praise
From that blest woe called Wessus.
Men's hearts without will thus rejoice in,
The glass, no face look grim in,
Nor will the wise be wise, but for the good,
The whim of whims called WORDS.

PROVERBS FROM THE OLDEN TIME.

Wide ears and a short tongue.
Beauty dies and fashion flies.
The danger past, and God forgotten.
Riches are but the keepers of the wealth.
Withers are wrak, yes they bind other wrak.
Who spits against Heaven it falls in his face.
There are none poor but such as God disavows.
Who wrote on love he wrote all that he can be written.
Little chicks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out.
Use what you have, and you shall have more and more.
He that hath a head of wax must not walk in the sun.
He who hath but three spans to get warm in the grave.
Love of lads and fire of chats is soon in and soon out.
Put when the good man's out the house is more than the fire of another's.
The best remedy against ill is mad is much ground between both.
There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he hath her.
Put when he hath her he should shall not have it to spend when he would.
Wives should have an eagle's eye, a lion's heart, and a lady's hand.
Love is the cradle, and the hand on the distaff, is the sign of a good housewife.
Put when the good man's from home the good wife's table is soon spread.
Put a mutual connection between great wealth and happiness; but great poverty and misery are nearly related. Though wish work's enough, content won't withstand woe.

WEAR A SMILE.—You can, if you will, live among beautiful scenes and sparkling waters, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness which you may enjoy depends much upon your will. Wear a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, be your face ever so fair, if you wear a frown, a sneer, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear pleasant countenances, let joy beam in your eyes, and love on your forehead. There is no place on earth where a pleasant face, a kind eye or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and in the morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

Some bugaboo, upon entering a house, blew out the lights. He was made sensible, in a different parte of the room. One took it to heart sadly, and exclaimed, "Oh, I'm undone—I'm undone!" Upon which the other replied, "Then come and undo me."

TO AGRICULTURISTS.—In consequence of 1864 being Leap-year, we may be sure it will go off with a good spring.

BOTH ARE RIGHT.—TOM Moore compared love to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes," "or rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes better by paring."

A STANZA FOR SPRING.

See, now reminded by the weather,
The birds work hard their nests to feather;
And thus, to make sweet music, they
Till thou hast feathered well thy nest.

A doctor in Scotland made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and wrote to his friend and pupil Dr. Arnott a little with it. He first cut off his dog's tail and applied some of the salve to the stump. A new tail grew immediately. He then applied some to the piece of tail which he cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which.

COVENTRY PATMORE'S WIFE (*to Husband*).—"Oh, Clever Coventry, I've been thinking—a quantity of money! What a fast piece of meat we had of you!"

CLEVER.—"Was there, Serena? I couldn't help that, you know, Mum; but, howsomever, the very first fat bullock I do kill without my bone I'll let you have the whole for nothing."

Some people are never contented. After having all their wishes for years made manifest, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

What country of Europe should have the largest capital? Ireland; because its capital is always Dublin (doubling).

Why do the recriminations of married couples resemble the sound of waves on the shore?—Because they are murmurs of the tide.

The most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1791. It runs thus:—"I owe little, I give to a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look out. If you would find them in still greater abundance, be on the look to.

A reservoir of water for the supply of a city is like a Christian—it never works without a pipe in its mouth.

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied—that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth.

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

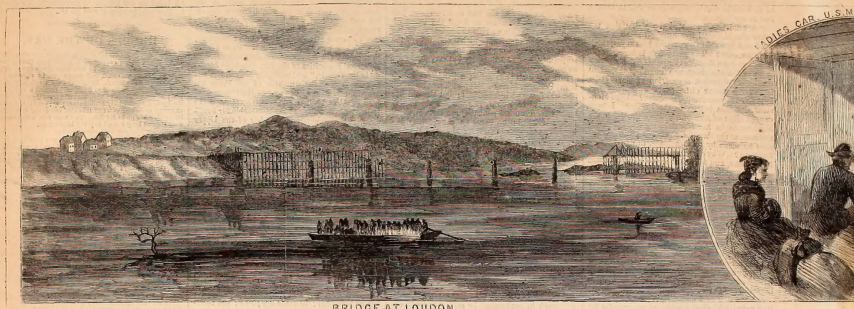
Is a person apt to warmth," as the red-hot poker said to the clown when he inadvertently put it in his pocket.

A new tenor is engaged to appear with the promising name of Heller.

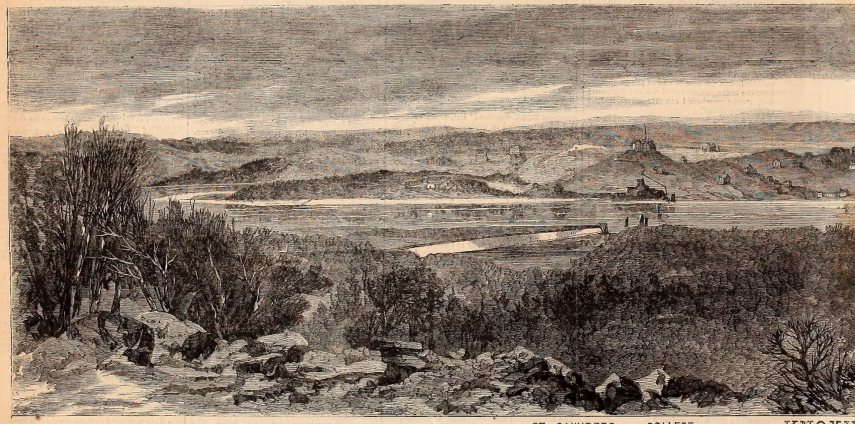
Which of the feathered tribe lifts the heaviest weight? The crane.

The best preventive of fie is to buy your clothing at a slop-shop.

The young lady that kept her word has found it very useful.



BRIDGE AT LOUDON



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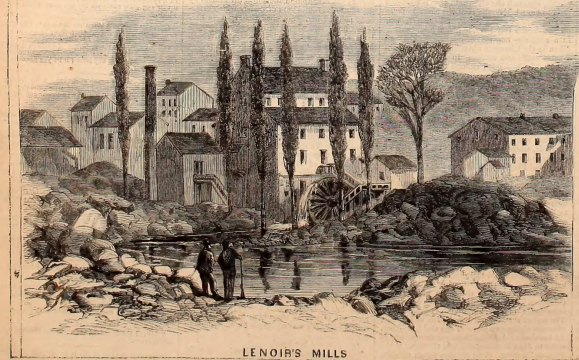
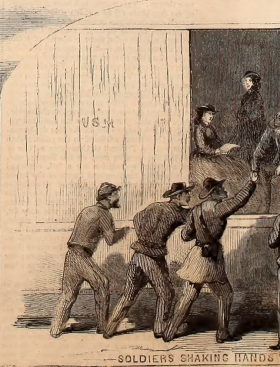


LENOIR'S MILLS



—SOLDIERS SHAKING HANDS

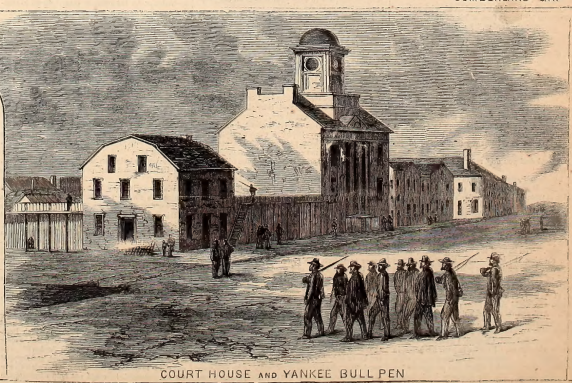
THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—VIEWS AT K

OFFICE BROWNLOWS KNOXVILLE WHIG

ILLE, FROM KEITH'S HEIGHTS.

CUMBERLAND GAP

WITH PARSON BROWNLOW.



COURT HOUSE AND YANKEE BULL PEN

KNOXVILLE AND VICINITY.—[SEE PAGE 234.]

VIEWS ABOUT KNOXVILLE.

THE sketches of KNOXVILLE AND VICINITY given on pages 232 and 233, obtained during a recent visit by our artist, T. R. DAVIS, will give an idea of the place and some of its surroundings. Sketching from the fortifications on Keith's Hill, or, as the places is known to the inhabitants, Big Bluff, the country seems a vast map, upon which a pretty little city is prominent, environed by rifle-pits, which at each knoll and hill become fortifications of size and strength. Far in the distance, to the right, the Cumberland Gap is just distinguishable. In the town the Union office and the "Yankee Bull Pen" (which is the name of the prison known as the seem objects of interest. The prison known as the "Yankee Bull Pen" was for a long time the abode of the brave East Tennessean who by some unfortunate enough to stray into the hands of the rebels. Now it is used as a residence, kept entirely for the accommodation of the old proprietors.

Near the prison is the Court-house, now a hospital, over which DR. BARRETT has control.

Near Knoxville is a picturesque place known as Lenoir's Mills, looking almost New England-like, so neat and thrifty it is, with quiet cottages and busy mills. The place has its local interest, having been the scene of frequent skirmishes between the loyal and rebel inhabitants of the country about.

From another illustration it will be seen that the military roads are not provided with special accommodations for ladies. As a consequence, ladies in that country generally stay at home.

In illustration of another of our views, MR. DAVIS writes: "Returning from Chattanooga, Parson BROWNLOW was on the train on his way to the 'land of plenty.' The soldiers at the different stopping-places crowded around the cars, generally introducing themselves with, 'Parson, I'm an Indiana boy, or 'I'm from Illinois,' or whatever other State might be represented in the ranks.' They had all heard of him, and were glad to see the leading Union man of East Tennessee."

The railroad bridge over the Tennessee River at London is rapidly rebuilding. This will complete the line of road between Knoxville and Chattanooga. At the present time passengers and stores are ferried over, and so the former have a quiet walk of a mile or more.

OUR LITTLE FRIEND.

OUR little friend is in this grave;
The sod is green with April rain.
We weep for him. What would we have?
To him at least our loss is gain.

We lose the hope of future years—
Our child, our gallant little man;
But he, the future's pain and fears,
We will be happy if we can.

Or, if not happy, still, content
His peace should solace our despair.
God takes away the gem He lent
To set it with the star-beams fair.

AT THE FAIR.

I.

"WELL, Jordan!"

"Well, Charley!"

"Ain't you going?"

"Going where?"

"Going to the Fair," laughing at the chime of words.

Jordan settled himself comfortably in his seat again.

"No, Charley, my boy, I'm not going to the Fair. But you are, I perceive. How you are got up though! I should never dare to travel in such brilliant company."

"Oh, bother!" and Charley glanced, with an honest blush on his honest face, at his dandy clothes.

"I say, Charley, Jordan," he quickly resumed, "you ought to go."

"Oh, hang fairs, Charley. I hate 'em. A fellow's driven to the death to buy a lot of rubbish. I'd rather by half contribute at the beginning what I can afford. That's my way. The buying is yours. So I'll be a young swell there, Charley. I can fancy you beset by sixteen of those girls at once, with sixteen different propositions to buy. But you'll think it fine fun. They'll delude you into buying any thing; dolls, and pin-cushions, and prayer-books. It will be all the same to you; and you'll bestow them with the grace and discretion of a young prince. I really envy that way of yours, Charley."

"A good deal you do," returned Charley, disheartenedly.

"I do though, really. I'm in earnest, Charley."

Charley Duganne looked in surprise at his companion at this; but Ellery Jordan's face was serious. There was a sarcastic play of the lips, no laughing twinkle to the eyes, of which honest Charley Duganne was always somewhat in dread.

"Yes, I really do envy you, Charley. You come to the pleasant turns as easily as I do the disagreeable ones." You extract the sweet from life, while I am chewing the bitter cud. Every body likes you, every body smiles upon you; and all from that 'way' of yours, and it's the way of good heart, Charley, so I can't learn it. And all the time you look at me and think 'In such a smart fellow—that I know the world and a heap of things that you don't. And you think I look down from my wise height sometimes and laugh at you when you come in with your Fair-pleasures, and in a stunning new suit. Instead of that, Charley, I look at you with genuine admiration. I rejoice in your freshness, in your capacity for enjoyment of all sweet and simple pleasure. Don't think I regard you as any the less of a man for it. It's the generous boy's heart, Charley, that's in it all, and that makes me like the man who owns it. I am sure for me, Charley, I am a great hulking fellow," whom nobody cares very much about. I never carry sunshine with me, I never win hearts or smiles. I'm a gloomy, sullen, surly wretch, who perpetually gets the wrong side of things, and blunders at every step. There, Charley, go your ways, go your ways, and don't mistake me any more."

He turned with his old laugh to his book, a little disconcerted at the earnestness into which he had been betrayed; but Charley, touched and bewildered out of his sensee, stammered thanks and praises and deprecation in a breath. But Ellery Jordan had had enough of the topic.

"Go your ways, Charley, go your ways," was all he said to him now; and at last Charley was wise enough to go. Jordan heard him whistling *Il se-gerie par ecser fikes*, as he ran down the stairs.

"That's the last you'll ever see of Charley," and Jordan smiled, then looked thoughtful and a little sad, then lost himself in his book. What do you think could interest him, this cynic this "gloomy, sullen, surly fellow?" A child's voice, crying. He had been conscious of it a good while before he felt called upon to look for the cause. He knew very well who it was. His landlady's little boy, Bobby Greene. But the grieved sobs continued so long he flung down his book and opened the door.

"Bobby!"

Bobby, surprised, held his peace for a moment.

"What's the matter, Bobby?"

The little figure, sitting on the first stair discolate, burst out afresh at this sign of interest. Resolute, burst out afresh and sobs his questioner discovered that somebody, some nefarious uncle Dick or other, had failed to carry out a promise to take Bobby to the Fair. It was a heart-breaking thing to Bobby. In vain Jordan, moved to pity, took the urchin and his woes into the little room with treasures that would at another time have made him hilarious. The boy hushed his crying, indeed he mastered it after a brave efforts under his amusement, but, as Jordan thought, "it was no go." Bobby had set his mind upon the Fair, the Fair, of which wonderful stories had fired his youthful imagination. Jordan looked at the small face, expressing the depth of childish melancholy.

"So our uncle this child can be happy, because of some hungering after what is denied," he mused. "But it is easy to keep one's self unhappy, and that is pity." He mused a moment longer, scowling over a new thought. Presently he gave a sigh that was nearly a groan.

"Bobby, go and ask your mother to wash off these tears, and tell her *I* take you to the Fair."

The reformation of the boy's face was not into a bevy of smiles was a very swift one. Bobby ran off shouting with delight, while Jordan rose to effect some changes in his toilet. His face was set with the so full of delightful anticipation as Bobby's. He elevated his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders as he thought of what he was about to inflict upon himself, for he hated Fairs, you know.

And this was a Soldiers' Fair. "How selfish of him!" you exclaim. Wait. He acknowledged that he preferred contributing what he could afford. And he did. But he has confessed to take that place. United States bills to the country. Long ago he gave *himself*. This is Captain Jordan, of the Hundred and something New York Volunteers. He is home on a furlough, not of simple ease and relaxation, but of necessity. Waiting for that right arm to get strength enough to wield a weapon. And leaving him here dressing for the Fair, let the story of the Fair run backward for a little in part.

II.

"SOPHY, you must help us in the post-office. We have counted upon you. Tell her it's her duty, MRS. Hamlyn, to do the work that lies nearest. And what lies nearer, for nobody's at home but you, and writes so beautifully as Sophy. Oh, Sophy, how can you refuse? Yes, yes, I know you've written to Captain Jordan—know he's down in Virginia, too—but now at the very last to refuse to write the addresses! You never expected to take that place, Sophy, Sophy, when you pour ears in all our preparations?"

If Sophy Hamlyn was firm, IDA JOCELYN was hopeful and persistent. Again and again she presented the case in its most piteous aspects to Sophy, and at last departed with the field.

"I shall come in to-morrow night again, and shall expect you to have yielded, Sophy; you know it all is a personal affair with me. I never have accepted my post but for the belief that you would be with me."

Sophy did not reply. She kept on a cool steely face until Ida had departed, then she went up to her room and "had a good cry."

If I tell you what she cried about, I am afraid you will think my Sophy a very empty-headed young lady; but have patience with her, and with her history, and do not condemn her at first.

Sophy Hamlyn cried these vexed and bitter tears because—because she had promised to write. To look about the pretty room, the curtains, the carpet, the vases. You note all the indications of a luxurious home, and you see that it is the generally morning attire, and your lip curls disdainfully, and you comment severely upon the weak and wicked exaggeration of a young girl who can not see the meaning of every thing at a first glance. Ida Jocelyn would tell you that Mrs. Hamlyn were not rich. That Mr. Hamlyn failed a few years ago, and has never been fortunate since. "Not actually poor, you know," Ida would go on to say; "only that Hamlyn can't give parties and keep a carriage, and Sophy don't have so much money to spend as she used."

This was all Ida Jocelyn knew about it. And this was all any body knew about it, but the Hamlyns themselves. Sophy had been in the room, and had such a nice time with Sophy in that "homelike house," as she called it, she did not perceive that Mrs. Hamlyn looked tired and worn. She did not know how very, very simply they lived; how much they pinched and struggled to be genteel, and she pretty room just as she had always seen them, looking fresh and bright—for the years of change were for her—for the Hamlyns. And since that time, when Mr. Hamlyn went down, there had been no outward difference in their surroundings. Why should there have been? The house itself was Mrs. Hamlyn's; and there were no rare pictures, no statues of great value to sell. So they kept on amidst the same curtains, and chairs, and carpets, but with only a single servant in the whole house. Mrs. Hamlyn had turned, and pieced, and re-made, with her own hands and Sophy's help, dress after dress, until now poor Sophy's wardrobe furnished nothing further; and Sophy, sitting there alone in her room after Ida Jocelyn's departure, cried vexed and bitter tears over all the vexation and bitterness of this constant planning and pinching; over the fact that she had kept from accepting a post which could not but look alluring to her.

So you see that although Sophy cried because she had "promised to write," it was not so much for the one dress lacking for the one occasion, but for the constant wear and tear of that poverty which hides its hideous cares, its humiliating annoyances, its anxieties, its petty details behind a smiling mask. It was for the necessity that laid the limits so narrowly that a new dress even was impossible at this time. It was for all this that the bitter, vexed tears came, though the one dress was the one final drop in the cup that set it overflowing.

Poor little Sophy! she was but human. Brave little Sophy, too, as you would say, if you knew how she kept repinings out of sight, and almost out of mind, and patiently herself much handiwork unknown before, and shewed a bright face always to father, and mother, and those three boys. But it was hard for poor little Fair. Oh! if she could discover some way to make her only silk dress presentable! It was of no use, no use.

"Ah me!" she said, very wearily. "I am too proud, I suppose, but I can not go shabby. I shouldn't enjoy it. I should have a sense of unfitness about me."

She lies there with her tears, thinking, thinking of the many pleasures which Ida Jocelyn, never dreaming of such thinking, makes her brilliant plans. Ah, Ida Jocelyn, there are many such homes, where such economy is kept, and where you never suspect the many, many cares that hide beneath those who have known better days. Not that they are many; but from Ida's delicate taste, keep up the fair semblance! In there a much sadder suggestion in this? But Sophy sees in a new through her tears.

"There's Aunt Martha's things!" And with this suggestion she slips from the couch, and dashes out of the room up to the dark corner of the attic, where lies that long-forgotten chest of relics, nearly a century old. The cavalry-sword has kept them back, and Sophy drags out a lilac brocade, with glistening eyes. It is so great flourishing pattern, and a trim design of sprays; not at all extravagant, Sophy thinks, and the color suited to her fair hair. Only three days before the evening of the Fair. Sophy is a busy worker; not at all unwilling

peace and safety, but the life of liberty, was at stake in the conflict whose murmurs filled all the air and made the land vocal with its cries. Ever since Ned had gone to the field—Ned, the dear brother who shared with her every confidence, rambled with her in dewy twilights in the same familiar walks, read with her the same books, and sang the songs she taught him—her thought had grown constantly more serious and earnest; through every scene of gayety her eyes looked to fields ghastly and ruined, to camps crowded with grim paraphernalia of war, to homes with chairs empty and the feet of orphans pattering on the floor. But society around her was not touched with this mood: its days were full of merriment, its nights radiant with pleasure. Indeed, more than once she had been rebuked for what her associates termed her "sickly sentimentality," her gloomy abstraction in the presence of the grandest social events; and so at last, dissatisfied with herself, at issue with society about her, she had retired to her home and stolen down to Aunt Debby's, yearning for rest and refuge, longing to study and enjoy the Real and the True, with her own heart only as interpreter of Nature's honest teachings.

Captain James Hunt, lying at his tent-door in the June twilight, looking listlessly down upon the Rappahannock flowing silently below him, was suddenly saluted with,

"Here's a letter for you, Captain, right from Riverton."

Captain Hunt was upon his feet in a moment.

"A letter for me! Who can it be from? I haven't, so far as I know, a correspondent in all the world."

Captain Hunt, let it be stated here, was an orphan, standing alone in the world, without father or sister, or any near kith or kin. From boyhood he had fought his own battle, and had fought it bravely, with the manliness of soul. One friend he had, a woman, many years his senior, who, for his father's sake—who one had been very dear to her heart—had more than once exhibited a direct interest in his welfare; but with all her kindness there was a strain in her character—a bravery, and something he could not define—which had made intimate communion impossible; thus leaving him, after all, self-dependent. When the war opened, he was blown over the land he was a tutor in the village academy, respected by all, but without any close companionship; and with the first gun, putting by his books, he went to the one person whose counsel alone he had ever sought, and said, "The flag, Aunt Debby"—as she was called by all who knew her—"has been insulted; war is upon the land; ought I not to go to the field?" The answer was, "Yes, for true soul will follow true soul, and in a week he was at the Capital, enrolled in the Union service, prepared to do and die in its behalf, more happy than he had ever been before. Since, now he felt he had a sublime work to do—an object to accomplish whose grandeur all history must celebrate.

But this June evening he had been saving to himself, "This is a lonely life I am leading, with no intimate friendships, no close attachments; with none in whom to confide—it is a very, very dreary life"!

Just then came the announcement, "Here's a letter for you, Captain, right from Riverton."

You may be sure his nimble fingers were not long in clutching the secret of the precious paper.

"I have felt anxious, James"—so the letter ran on—"that you should know I have not forgotten you, though you have been so long away out of our sight. It has been a joy to me that, thus far, no harm has touched you. I think of you very often, James, hard as my nature is; and, in my poor way, pray that you may still be kept from all evil. And thinking of you so much, my fingers could not keep still, and so I have made you a few homely handkerchiefs, and the like, which I shall send soon after this. Maybe you will find them useful in some time to come; and if they only help you to remember the lonely 'Aunt Debby'—much as it may surprise you to have me say it—I shall be content."

"The dear, good old soul!" said Captain James to himself, brushing a tear from his eye, "who would have thought that, under the rough exterior of her demeanor, there was such a wealth of thoughtfulness and love! Well, what's this?"

Turning the leaf, Captain James had discovered at the top of the page this: "P.S. Lucy Larcom, my nephew's niece, has just come down from the city to stay with me a while. She bids me send her 'duty'—for every soldier, she says, is her friend."

Captain Hunt folded his letter and put it away with a puzzled, wistful look in his face.

"Lucy Larcom—I have heard of her. A handsome, brilliant girl, rich and cultivated, shining in drawing-rooms, at operas and fêtes. And yet"—it seemed to please the Captain to add the "and yet"—"she must have a true woman's heart if, among all her gayeties, she has found time to think of the poor fellows in the field."

The Captain somehow thought very often that day, and during after-days, of the postscript to Aunt Debby's letter. Coming just at the moment when a sense of loneliness oppressed and saddened him, the thought it suggested that mayhap, sometime, he would find comfort and joy in the love of a true heart, stirred new depths of feeling, started a whole brood of pleasing fancies, and dissipated all the despondency which was gathering upon him.

But all these thoughts were put effectually to flight at last. Suddenly the intelligence came that Lee's army had moved into Pennsylvania, and, this almost immediately, was followed by an order for the whole Federal force to march in pursuit.

Captain Hunt, restless and uneasy, hailed with delight the prospect of active duty. He might, at least, if he could do nothing for the cause, escape the troubling thoughts which were pressing upon him, filling his mind with images that might, after all, prove only the delusion and a cheat.

His corps was the first to break camp. The march was a long and weary one, but it had its glimpses of rest, its anticipations of battle and victory; and at last, on the morning of the 1st of July, the corps came in sight of Gettysburg, around which the enemy were already concentrating.

Soon the battle began, rolling along the hills in fiery grandeur. Captain Hunt pressed into it with an enthusiasm amounting to rapture. At first success was ours at every point; the enemy could not resist the impetuous assaults of our gallant troops, and gave way in confusion and disorder. But soon reinforcements came upon the scene; the enemy hastily re-formed their lines, and again met the pursuers with solid front, slowly driving back our jaded columns toward Seminary Ridge. Captain Hunt, always the first in assault, was among the last in retiring. Fearless to a fault, the white heat of battle could never appall him. He was the impersonation of possible defeat was full of pain. So mouldy, almost recklessly, he followed the retreating column, as, sweeping along the plain, it began to climb the height and take fresh position.

But his mood found complete change before the crest was finally reached. Swinging forward to suddenly came upon a lieutenant lying, with a gaping wound in his side, just at the foot of the hill, and vainly endeavoring to stanch the blood flowing from the hurt. In the confusion the young officer —he did not seem to be over twenty—had apparently been forgotten, and was lying just where he fell in the first advance. There was something in the look of the wounded man which instantly attracted Captain Hunt; and gathering him in his arms, with the aid of a soldier he carried him at once out of danger, where, with the help of a surgeon of the other, he hurried away for his regimental surgeon, whom finding, he dispatched at once to the relief of the stranger.

Meanwhile the battle was growing hot again. The Eleventh Corps, coming to Reynolds's help, the enemy had again been driven from the field over the disputed ground, and we held once more the line first occupied. But the conflict was desperate and terrible. Nor was victory immediately ours. A second time our line was driven back; Reynolds had fallen; reserves were hurried forward to repair in the fiery storm; and so at last, bleeding, broken, sad, the brave columns again retired, and at four o'clock in the afternoon found themselves safely in a position where they did not be driven.

But Captain Hunt not this time accompany his command. In the midst of the struggle, while bravely leading his men, he was struck down by a brace of rebel bullets, and for an hour lay helpless and bleeding where he fell. Then, finding a surgeon who was passing over the field, he had been carried to a hospital, and there, while his regiment was establishing itself in the early evening in its new position, was suffering the amputation of an arm, hopelessly shattered by the bullets which some quivering sharp-shooter had sent him as an autograph.

The battles of Gettysburg were ended; the news of our great victory had flashed over the land like a new bestowal on our dear country's heart; the dead on the battle-field had been buried, and the wounded gathered up and cared for, and in thousands of homes waiting and watching with anxiety and fear, yearned through day and night for intelligence of absent dear ones, or smitten households, mourning over the sacrifice that blanked them that the foe had been vanquished, and his pride broken in the dust.

In the town cottage of Aunt Debby at Riverton, hung as it was with summer bloom, two such waiting hearts questioned every passing hour for news from the field. Lucy Larcom was continually asking of Ned; what fate had been his; was he yet alive, or lying among the dead on the field, his face ghastly under the bleaching sun? And Aunt Debby and Captain Hunt, Aunt Debby wondered with sad thought, and had been for days, if the brave young man again with his old smile to the brown cottage, again that sweet gaze on, scattering only on his nameless grave where faded leaves.

With such thoughts as these, full of pain, sharper at times than any knife, keener than any sabre-thrust, these two waiting ones sat through the drifting days.

"Out of the deepest dark rises the starriest hope," Sir Lucy's mockery, which sometimes was a true prophet, found full relief one bright afternoon, when a lieutenant, with bronzed face and faded uniform, alighted very excitedly at the cottage door, and, walking hastily up the graveled walk, caught the old lady in his arms, and before she knew it had half smothered her with kisses.

"Why, Ned!"

That was all the dear woman found voice, at first, to say in reply to this sudden, full-hearted salutation. She had been taken completely by surprise, having no guess of the coming inquiries of Lucy, with no shadow now upon her heart, became happy again as a heart's presence could make her.

Ned, so he told them, had been wounded in the first day's fight; had been carried to a house in Gettysburg, where his wounds were dressed; he remained for a fortnight, when he was permitted to go home. There he spent some days, when, knowing Lucy's pleasant home, he had come down into the country, hoping there to recuperate fully his wasted energies in the few days that yet remained to him of his furlough.

Happy as Aunt Debby was to have Ned under her eye, safe from the battle's rage, her anxiety as to Captain Hunt did not abate. At times she felt inclined, woman as she was, to go in quest of him; and this reflection told her how well most probably he as a soldier labor, and how he must wait and watch, hoping that in some way her solicitude would ultimately bring to her ear the Captain himself should never again be restored to her sight.

It was Commencement-day at Riverton Academy. In the old church, poplar-guarded, on the village green a crowd of anxious fathers, mothers, sisters, and friends were assembled in honor of the occasion. Lucy Larcom, with brother Ned at her side, was there, scores of manly eyes fixed upon her pleasant face. The scene was not so brilliant nor the company as fashionable as at many entertainments Lucy had attended, but she enjoyed it more the less for that, it had the spice of simplicity and novelty; the people around her were something better than artificial shams; the inspiration of the place was robust and practical; and, besides, was not Ned sharing with her the pleasure of the hour?

The exercises of the forenoon concluded, then, during a little pause, there was a sudden stir at the door, and a moment after an officer with a single arm, his face pale, and step weak and faltering, was seen moving up the aisle, half-supported by the village squire and a white-haired deacon known as Ned Riverton. Suddenly, as the pale face came in full view, a great shout rose from the assembly, and rolling into a cheer, was again and again repeated, every one brightening, almost every hand fluttering "a cambric welcome" to the coming one.

For one in that assembly the pale face of the unarmed officer, standing silent and shocked in the presence of the tempest of applause, had a peculiar fascination. Lucy Larcom knew from whose face she remembered, instantaneously, another scene—a scene of carnage and death, with streams of bloodstained lifted above with wounded, flowing through it; with heaps of dead lying far and near; with the flash of guns running along the hills, and the roll of musketry and bugle throbbing gravely through the battle-pauses; and chief of all, himself lying helpless with *that* face bending over him, and the tongue of angel powerless now, whispering words of cheer and comfort.

He saw in the wounded man whom all Riverton saluted with a cheer the soldier on the field of Gettysburg.

"Who is it, Ned?" said Lucy Larcom, when the cheering for a moment ceased.

Ned did not for a moment answer. Then he said, his eyes moistening as he spoke,

"I can not tell you his name, sis, but I can do something better than that: whatever his name, he is the man who saved your brother's life on that dreadful day."

Ned had told both aunt and sister the story of his rescue, and Lucy's understanding now Ned's interest in the stranger, felt her own heart warming toward him with gratitude.

Just then a voice was heard in faint, fluttering accents, speaking words of thanks for the unexpected welcome. "I left an arm at Gettysburg," the weak voice said, "I think more than compensates for the loss." And then the voice was still again, but another broke the silence with, "Let us thank God that Captain Hunt is safe again;" and then every head was bowed, and the old clergyman of the village gave utterance to the heart's gratitude of every heart.

Captain Hunt! Here was a wonderful revelation for Ned and his sister. This brave fellow who had saved his life was the same about whom good Aunt Debby was so troubling her thought. He did not wonder now that all Riverton rose to do him honor—he was honoring himself to lie at his feet, the brave, manly, modest hero.

At last the programme was ended; the crowd slowly dividing, Lucy and brother Ned Larcom, unable longer to restrain his impatience, pressed impetuously forward, caught the empty sleeve in his grasp, and, with tears in his eyes, vehemently exclaimed,

"The arm that was in that sleeve, Captain Hunt, carried me from death unto life; I am here to offer you my own in return for the deed that is, in life's coming days."

Then, in a moment, in a voice more subdued, "You remember it, Sir?"

Captain Hunt looked into the eager face; and he did remember.

How Ned Larcom thereupon narrated to all within hearing the story of his rescue at Gettysburg; how brave Captain Hunt blushed like a girl at hearing his praises so generously sounded; how Ned told him of Aunt Debby's alarm for his safety, and how he carried him away at last to the brown cottage, supporting him with his remaining arm as he went—all this is recorded in the history of that day in Riverton chronicles, but need not be repeated here.

But when Captain Hunt had Lucy gone? The moment Ned had left her, she had stolen away, with a strange sensation at her heart, to tell the glad news to Aunt Debby; who was for in ignorance of every thing, Captain Hunt having been taken prisoner the moment he arrived in the village and carried off by force to the church; and now as the two approached, the Captain walking feebly, she met them at the gate with a smile, laughing at whatever feeling the events of the day may have stirred in her heart.

"This is my duty, Lucy Larcom, Captain Hunt."

A quick flush crept into the Captain's face at that name. He remembered the message sent him in that name in the letter which, months before and months before, on the Rappahannock; remembered what sweet dreams and ardent hopes that message had excited—dreams and hopes now grey-ful of pensive sad bloom; and it was with something of the old hope in his eyes that he met the greeting which Lucy's "And this, sir, is my preserver, you know!" made necessary.

A month had slipped away; September had come, trailing her scarlet glories along upland and valley; and still Lucy Larcom with Aunt Debby. And still Ned gone: almost daily letters came, entreating her to return to her city home; but she thrust them all aside with indifference and remained. Ned had grown strangely silent and reserved in the few weeks gone; her face, indeed, was still bright and fresh, but it wore a more sober look than aforetime; her manner had become more subdued; in a word, she seemed to be thinking more about herself, and yet clearly it was a sweet thought which had no need to fear the eye of the world.

Captain Hunt, too, had seemed wonderfully changed in these latter days. He came often, it was true, to the brown cottage on the village slope. At first, while Ned remained, he had talked freely, as he had been wont, sometimes sitting for hours in the pleasant parlor, looking by stealth into Lucy's face; but of late he had become reticent, sometimes distant in his manner, Lucy's reserve seeming only to increase his own, and sold to the discomfort he manifestly felt.

But one soft twilight, sitting with Lucy on the vine-hung piazza, a look of new resolution came into the Captain's face. You could see at a glance that some new purpose was nerving his thought and making him strangely bold.

"I am going away soon, Miss Lucy—in a week or most."

He said it abruptly, and in the dim light he saw the girl's face grow white as the answer came, half-tittingly,

"So soon, Captain Hunt?"

"But," he continued, as if he had not spoken, "before I go I have one thing to ask." He paused a moment, and then, in a low voice, added, "I have been all alone in the world, Miss Lucy; in the hot battle-days, in the silence of the bivouac, on the weary march, no memory of a love in some home behind me has ever strengthened my soul or lifted me to lofty deeds for its sake. But these last days in which I have loitered here away from duty have brought me a hope, Miss Lucy, which has sung to me in the night, has brightened my days, and made life dearer than it ever seemed before. One thing only I now lack, and that is the assurance that some day that Hope may blossom into fulfillment—and you alone can tell me, Lucy, whether it ever may."

Lucy Larcom's heart beat almost visibly painfully; her face grew luminous, but she did not answer.

"My hope, Lucy, has been only this: that you might be mine; that when I go away again to the field I may bear your love with me as a comforter and friend. Must that hope, Lucy, be in vain?"

The downcast eyes were lifted now; the white hands, lying so listless before, crept into the waiting palm at once so tender and so strong; and Lucy Larcom, with a look of love and trust on her face that made it shine as the sunrise of a great hope, replied,

"You have given one arm, James, to your country; I shall be glad to give the other and all for their defense."

SPIRITS AND ANGELS.

LONELY musing in the twilight,
When the lengthening shadows fall,
Spirits bright and holy Angels
Come around me silently.
Lost and loved ones gone before me,
Phantoms fair from memory won,
Seem to fill the room with Peace
Midway to the setting sun.

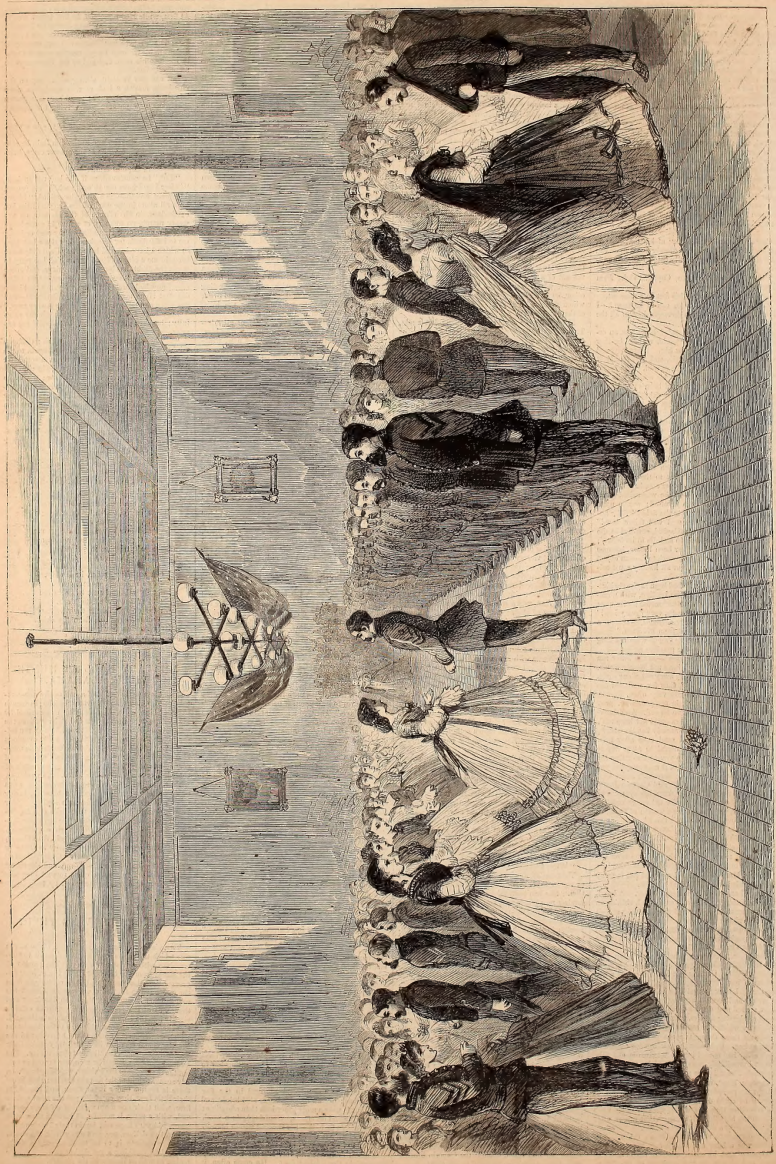
I can see them, robed in Beauty,
Some rejoicing, some forlorn,
Friendly all as when I sent to me
Out of Darkness into Morn.
On the chimes I hear their voices
Whispering soft from the skies.
Holy Angels, hover near me!
Fit my soul for Paradise!

MILITARY BALL AT HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.

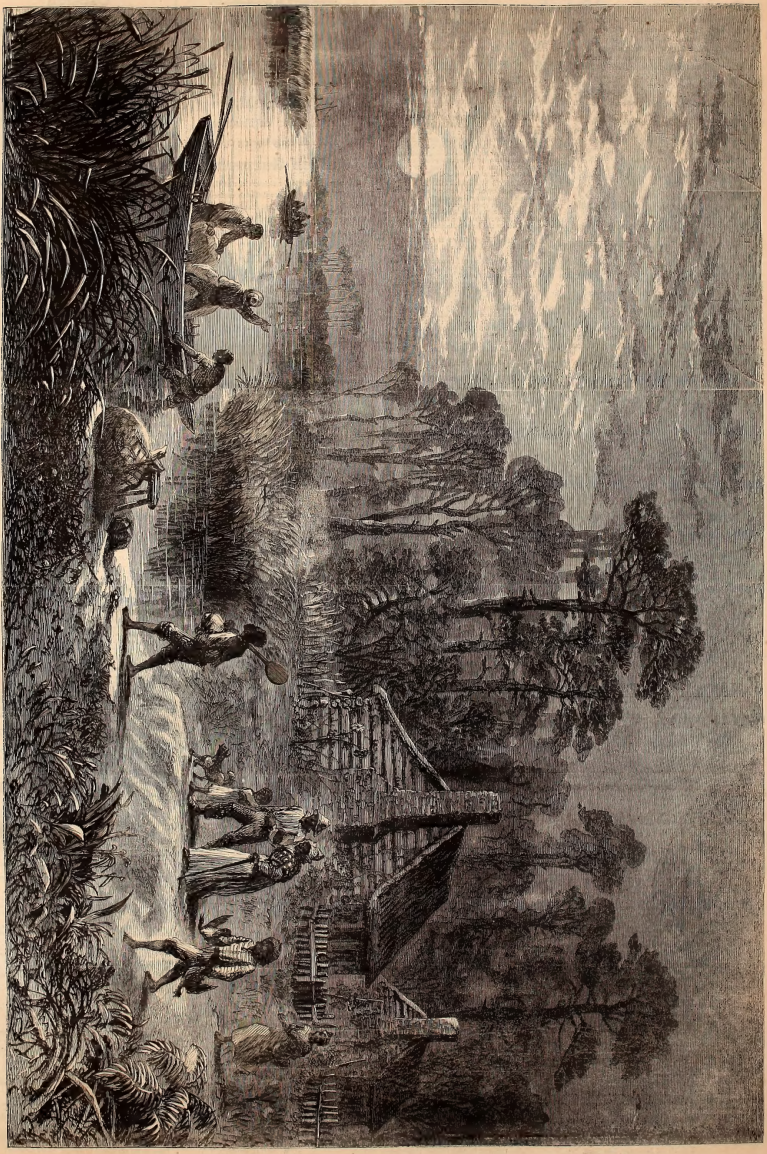
THE view on page 236 of a ball of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Fifteenth Corps at Huntsville, Alabama, is thus described by MR. LOGAN, who furnishes the sketch: "Since the occupation of this place by General LOGAN the soldiers have made many friends, and a few evenings since they gave a ball, at which a considerable number of ladies were present. The ball was as well conducted and as full of enjoyment as any affair of the kind ever was in this place. The soldiers, with their well-brushed though somewhat worn uniforms, clean white gloves, and bronzed, happy faces, presented a sight well worth seeing. Their very intimate acquaintance with balls of a far different nature and mission seemed to have peculiarly prepared them for enjoying such a gathering. The sketch gives the 'Virginia Reel,' danced with energy, and often performed as many as seven or eight times during the evening. General LOGAN attended the ball for a short time, and expressed himself pleased to see the entire respect that was every where shown the gentler sex by their brave defenders."

NEGROES LEAVING THEIR HOME.

THE view on page 237 illustrates a phase of the war which has not been fully found it in the contemplate with any complacency. The exodus of the slaves from the bondage which has so long oppressed them has at times steadily set continues from the moment the first blow was struck against the national honor, and it will still goes on, perhaps for a year or more, portrayed creatures coming weekly into the Union lines at all points in the field. The general sadness and gloom which overshadow which surrounds the homes of the negroes, and the heartiness and energy with which they make their way to freedom upon the slightest opportunity. The Federal gun-boat, it will be seen, lies far out at sea, but the sharp eyes of the waiting, watching bondmen have caught sight of the flag she carries; they know there is shelter under it for them, and launching their little boat, they carefully put the aged and infirm, with their few more valuable effects, aboard, and, with a pang, it may be, at leaving their rude home, but with hope and joy in their hearts at the prospect of deliverance, pull away from the shore, which henceforth is to be to them only a dark, dreary line and memory, a darker spot. There is pathos as well as history in the picture.



SOLDIERS' BALL AT HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.—DANCING THE "VIRGINIA REEL."—[See Page 235.]



NEGROES LEAVING THEIR HOME.—[See Page 236.]

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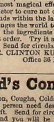

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The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

THE FIRST has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

THE SECOND has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

THE THIRD has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

THE FOURTH has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver case, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually furnished with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "DUNDA WATCH Co., Boston, Mass."—no such company exists. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our FOURTH or WM. ELLERY grade, usually known as our "SOLDIER'S WATCH;" others are named the "AMERICAN WATCH Co." others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from great imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

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Or, THE TIGER OF THE CORAL.
By WILLIAM LIVINGSTON.

This is one of the oldest and most interesting productions of this popular author, whose fame is now universally for six. It is full of marvelous exploits on the ocean. Neat, post-paid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

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The under edge presents a perfect curve, free from the angles noticed in all other collars.

The curvature of the points on the inside of the turn-down collar—they are AS SMOOTH INSIDE AS OUTSIDE—adds greatly to the comfort and appearance of the neck.

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These Collars are not simply flat pieces of paper cut in the form of a collar, but are solidified and made to FIT THE NECK.

They are made in a "Novelty" or turn-down style, in every half-size from 12 to 17 inches, and in "Turnks" or "Stock" shape, from 12 to 17 inches; also a "solid case" in neat box cartes, containing 100 each; also in packages of 10 each, suitable for every handy package for Travellers, Army and Navy Officers.

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In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—These acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

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Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using ordinary loose ammunition. *This* arm is now similar in all its competitions to be equivalent to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantage of handling with either class of loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others.

We also offer to the public our new Plant & Reynolds Cartridge and loose ammunition loading reviver. This arm is so simple that a bolt or pocket wrench.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

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Writes, Jan. 20th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete thing for a Smoker's apparatus that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the *Soldier* in camp, that it will certainly work itself into general use."

Gen'l Thomas Francis Meagher writes:
Feb. 8th, 1864.
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Gentlemen.—I feel great pleasure in acknowledging, with many thanks, your present of the "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case," and beg sincerely to assure you of my belief, that your ingenious and tasteful little invention will prove most convenient and useful to every Officer and Soldier, who can stand *Smoke* as well as *fire*.
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Compact and portable as a *Cigar Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two latter richly plated and engraved.
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Now I can say my family commenced using one of your Wringers. It now performs all of its functions as well as it did the first time it was used, and has become an indispensable article with us. I have closely observed several other kinds of clothes-wringers, the makers operated being different, trying to produce the same results as the Putnam Wringer, but to my judgment they have failed. The Putnam Wringer is as most perfect as possible, and I can cheerfully recommend it to the best in use.

Respectfully yours, &c., JOHN W. WHEELER.

Many years' experience in the cleansing business enables me to endorse the above statement in all particulars.

JOHN C. LEFFERTS, No. 700 Broadway Street, New York, January, 1864.

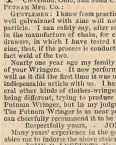
Patented in the United States, England, Canada, and Australia. Agents wanted in every town.

No. 2, $6 50; No. 1, $5 00; No. A, $8.

Manufactured and sold, wholesale and retail, by

The Putnam Manufacturing Co.
No. 13 Park Street, N. Y., and Cleveland, Ohio.
S. C. NORTHROP, Agent.

F. GROTE. Manufacturer of IVORY TUSKS, 79 Fulton St., New York, cor. Gold. Importer of Ivory, Pearl, Tortoise Shell, Horn, Bone and Napkin Rings, Combs, Brushes, Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail. Also, Manufacturer of Cut and Carved Ivory, Case Leather, Chain, &c. The only place to get a good set of enamel or ivory teeth at reduced prices. All Orders by mail promptly attended to.



Don't buy your Gaiters

or **Shoes without Fegg's**

Patent Lever Buckle.

They are self-adjusting, and require no holes punched in the strap. Dealers or manufacturers can enclose Ten Cents Currency, and I will mail sample of two patterns.

FREDERICK STEVENS,
215 Pearl Street, New York, and
68 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.

Shults' Ointment, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid, for 60 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

Soldiers of the Union!!!

Read the following Letters received from your comrades as endorsements of the

WORLD-KNOWN AND WORLD-TRIED REMEDIES

KNOWN AS

Professor Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

You will have find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where any of occupation is in force.

See to your Health!

All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay.

Your Life is Valuable!!

Not only to yourselves, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives and Brothers. Then while you may, purchase your Health!

For 25 cents, 88 cents, or $1 40,

With, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the grossest and ripest old age.

The following are genuine letters, on file for inspection at this office.

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Quartermaster's Department, }
20th Illinois Volunteers, }
Folly Island, S. C., November 26, 1862.

Prof. Holloway: Dear Sir—Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address

Lieut. A. W. Fellows, Q. M.,
20th Illinois Vols.

Camp near Brandy Station, Va., }
January 7, 1864. }

Prof. Holloway:

Dear Sir: I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in need of them until now, I want to try them, as Diarrhœa is very prevalent at the present time: send me the worth of the enclosed.

Yours, &c.,
Joseph Walsh,
Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

Pulaski, Tennessee, }
December 26, 1863. }

Prof. Holloway:

Dear Sir: Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dysepepsia, and seek cure.

Yours, &c.,
Thomas F. Turner,
Co. I, 24 Iowa Infantry.

Morris Island, S. C., }
January 21, 1864. }

Prof. Holloway:

Dear Sir: Enclosed you will find 50 cents; for which I wish you to send me some of your valuable Pills; send them by mail. I enclose 10 cents for postage.

Address, Israel C. Hall,
Co. D, 3d N. H. Vols.,
Port Royal, S. C.

Camp of 5th Excelsior Brigade, }
January 23, 1864. }

Prof. Holloway:

Sir: Please send me for the enclosed 50 cents the worth of it in Pills; enclosed find 15 cents to pay postage, and you will oblige. Address,

Yours, &c.,
Serg't. W. Powers,
Co. E, 9th Regt. Excelsior Brigade,
Washington, D. C.

Morris Island, S. C. }
January 21, 1864. }

Prof. Holloway:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and want to get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills.

Yours, &c.,
William Christy,
Co. D, 104th Regt. Penn. Vols.,
Morris Island, S. C.

CAUTION.

If the reader of this "notice" can not get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store for the price, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many females suffer from my medicines on hand because they can not make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 88 cents, and $1 40 per box or pot.

What a wonderful discovery is Perry Davis' Vegetable Pain Killer!

It not only cures the ills of the human family, but is also the best cure known for horses with colic. It has never been known to fail in a case of the worst cramp, and for sprains, galls, etc., it never fails—try it once. Directions accompany each bottle. Sold by Druggists generally—

Renton County (Ky.) Democrat.

250 Rare Receipts.

17 Superb Electrotype Engravings.
TELLS WHAT TO DO, AND WHAT TO DO IT.
Both sent free by mail for 25 cents.
HUTCHISON & CO., Publishers,
449 Broadway, New York.

TROPICAL BALSAM

Prepared by Carreno Brothers & Co.

This celebrated and unparalleled medicine, composed entirely of vegetable and purifying ingredients, is the only remedy ever past the great popular remedy of South America, and is now offered to the people of the United States, as a positive, cheap, and safe remedy for all the direful maladies, originating from impure blood, such as fever, ulcers, boils, blotches, tetter, scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, ringworm, scurvy, humors, piles, headache, toothache, and other diseases too numerous to mention in this notice.

Ever since this valuable medicine has been introduced in this country, its sales have increased so rapidly that we have failed to produce the most wonderfully successful results. Thousands of families are ashamed to keep always the Balsam by them, in order to use it in time in cases of wounds, hemorrhages, burns, bruises, &c., and those who are devoted to such occupations as expose them to danger, or require the use of edged tools, to which they may be subjected in any way. For valuable testimonial letters, see the Tribune and Herald, or the Trade Circulars.

Price of bottles, 37 cts. and $1.

General Depot at WM. E. SHELLEY, No. 7 Nassau St., near Wall, New York. To sold at the drug stores generally in New York and Brooklyn.

GOLD PENS AND CASES

Retailed at wholesale prices. 14 kt. Gold Pen, Gold Silver Case, $1 50, warranted for one year, guaranteed exchangeable, or money back, for a 3-cent stamp. Pens supplied on receipt of 50 cents.

E. S. JOHNSON, 18 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

$47 AMERICAN $47 LEVER WATCHES.

Trade Mark. P. S. Bartlett, Waltham, Mass., Full Jeweled, WARRANTED, in 4 oz. coin silver hunting case, gold joints, fancy push pin, for $47.

Also every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be pre-paid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on delivery.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches.
208 Broadway New York.

FINE WATCH FREE,

And $15 Per Day made Easy.

By selling the Great "*original and only genuine*" Dimond Paper Collar and Cuff Patents, each of which containing "*more real valuable articles*" than any fullsized linen collar ever sold. Each Package contains Fine Writing Materials, Engravings, Fashion Plates, Jewelry Articles, Yankee Notions, Games, Recipes, Many Ways to Get Rich, Rich Presents of Fine Jewelry, &c. The whole worth several dollars if bought separate. Retails only 25c. Wholesale rates to Agents low. Profits large. Sales immense. Every soldier and every family wants them. Agents wanted in every town and camp. $15 per day guaranteed, and a splendid Gold or Silver Hunting Case Watch, genuine English movements, perfect timekeeper, presented to each agent who reports. Secured by return mail.

We are the sole manufacturers of the GREAT ORIGINAL DIMOND PATENTS, each of which we have copyrighted according to law. None others genuine. Beware of imposition. Our mode of operation as described by other parties, see page 141 in New York *Journal of Beauty*, Feb. 25. *Send for our great new Circulars for 1864, containing "Letter patents indorsements," &c.*

S. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y. Original, Largest, and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

HOYT'S HIAWATHA

HAIR RESTORATIVE.

The standard preparation for the hair. Warranted in all cases to restore faded and gray hair to its natural and their ORIGINAL color. It restores the natural shading of one lady with another, and thus gives a life appearance instead of the dull dead black of dyes, so that the most critical observer can not detect its use. It does not require previous scraping and washing, and hows for its application, nor does it stain the skin; but is a beautiful applied and easily wiped from the skin or any hair-dressing. It does not claim to make the hair come in where it has once fallen out; nothing will do that, whatever may be advertised to the contrary; but it will prevent the hair falling out, make it soft and silky, and cleanse it and the scalp from all impurities and unhealthy matter, and become the best effects of previous use of preparations containing sulphur, sugar of lead, &c.

Hoyt's Imperial Coloring Cream.

An appropriate accompaniment to the Hiwatha; oils and colors the hair at the same time, and changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black, as desired.

N.B.—Ladies' French hair-dresser in attendance to apply the Hiwatha.

HOYT, WOOD & CO., 19 University Place, N. Y.

INFANTRY PIN FOR THE SOLDIER!!!

In Coin Silver!! For $1 50. Including the engraving of the Name, Co., and Regiment. Also the National Button Tie, Cavalry and Artillery Pin, Members, Engineer, and Signal Corps Pins.

LOUIS PHILIP & CO.
No. 2 Murray Street, New York.

Straight Hair made Wavy!! without heating it, by using *Dr. Lee's Patent Hair Crimpers*. For sale at Variety Stores.

Lands. To all Wanting Farms.

LANDS.—TO ALL WANTING FARMS.—Large and driving interest of Salem Dickerson, Agricultural Editor of the Tribune:—It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts in an almost level position, and admirable location for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western prairies.

Common Camphor will not kill moths—they only dislike it. Sweeping suffocation to Moths and Millers is

CEDAR CAMPHOR

Sold by druggists, and factured by HARRIS & CHAPMAN, Boston. Cheap, Durable, Certain, Fragrant, *Brit.* Write for a circular.

Diarrhœa and Dysentery will decimate the Volunteers far more than the bullets of the enemy, therefore let your Surgeon see that he carries with him a full supply of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. Their use in India has made them a household word in the British Soldiers. Only 25 cents, 88 cents, and $1 40 per box.

Distilled Dew
For the
Skin and Complexion.

Removes, tan, freckles, and discolorations, and renders the skin beautifully clear, soft, and white. Contains no acid, lead or poison. Sold by all Druggists. Principal Depot, 779 Broadway, N. Y.

To consumptives.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to Dr. Chase Brant, Box 2511, New York. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

To Consumptives.

Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung affections free of charge, by sending their address to

Rev. E. A. WILSON,
Williamsburgh, Kings Co.,
New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 381.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864. [$4.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT OF THE GREAT FAIR.—[See Page 240.]

THE SOLDIER'S REST.

At the breaking of the morn
Fresh and fair,
When the brightness of the dawn
Lit the air,
The clangor of a horn
* To the drowsy ear was borne
Of a soldier vast and worn
With toil and care.

Uprspringing he arose
From the plain,
Where he sought a calm repose—
Sought in vain.
Forgets the sleep he wooes,
And with dauntless heart he goes
To fight his country's foes
Once again.

For that bugle-call had thrilled
Him before,
When the blackened air was filled
With the roar
Of the ruthless guns that stilled
Many a heart with ardor filled,
And the hail that thousands killed
Fast did pour.

His weariness and all
Were forgot,
Through his veins that bugle-call
A frenzy shot,
Where the blows do fastest fall
He would conquer over all,
Or a hero's funeral pall
Should be his lot.

With a purpose widely rash,
And fast desire,
In the fiercest fight he'd dash;
No'er retire.
He'd fight where sabres clash,
Where leaden bullets crash,
And belching cannons flash
Deadly fire.

When the day had almost gone,
And the night
Was kindly coming on
To hide the sight,
At the setting of the sun
A great victory was won,
But some precious blood had run
In the fight.

And where they closest press'd
O'er the ground
As their numbers did attest,
Strewn around
Mid the bravest and the best
Who had stood the fiery test,
His last unbroken rest
He had found.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

To Advertisers.

☞ The Terms for Advertising in *Harper's Weekly* will hereafter be as follows:

INSIDE PAGE, $1 00 per line; OUTSIDE page, $1 50 per line, *each insertion*, Cash.

Harper's Weekly has a circulation of about One Hundred Thousand Copies, which are scattered over the whole country. Every number is probably read by eight or ten persons, so that the ensemble in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is essentially a home paper, and is found in every variety of circumstances take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed after being read, as daily papers are, but is kept, and in many cases bound, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business to the notice of the public at large, and especially of the households class, can find no medium so suitable for their purpose as *Harper's Weekly*.

SHALL GENERAL M'CLELLAN BE CALLED INTO SERVICE?

TO supply the excitement which the quiet of the last few days has ended the war. There was a reaction, indeed, and Charles Second returned. But then came a counter-reaction, and the supreme atrocities of Charles First fought for, and which Oliver Cromwell destroyed, Pompey may have been a better tempered soldier than Cæsar, but he was not. What then? Cromwell understood the cause, and believed in it. Fairfax did not. So, at the beginning of our Revolution, the people and the States fought the command of our army, George Washington and Charles Lee. Washington was a country gentleman, who had seen military service in his youth; Lee was an accomplished and approved soldier. It was the business of his life. If it had been a purely military question, Lee had the advantage. But his foreign birth, and the universal confidence in Washington's entire comprehension of the cause and devotion to it, decided the question. Lee had important service in the army; but he was of little real use; for he had little faith in the cause or care for it. He was a soldier seeking his own advancement. Washington believed in the cause of America, and he won it. Suppose Lee had been put in command solely on the ground that he was a good soldier, what would have been the result?

General M'Clellan may be the best soldier in the country. But unluckily for his claim, with the best opportunities in the world to prove it, he has not succeeded. On the other hand, the one thing he has proved beyond question is his sympathy with slavery and slaveholders and their friends, and his total want of faith in the policy of the war. Unless that policy is changed he could not honestly support it. Why then should he be asked to devote his military abilities to a cause which he does not approve? Until it is changed, therefore, his friends ought not to wish him to be recalled to the field. But when it is changed, when it becomes the policy of the American people to overthrow the rebellion of slaveholders by saving slavery, then General M'Clellan will undoubtedly be made Commander-in-Chief. The hands that now manage him will then manage the country—and the Lord have mercy upon us!

CONGRESSIONAL LETHARGY.

There are two bills before Congress of the utmost importance, the passage of which should not be delayed, but which have been put aside for matters of much less moment. They are the bill regulating the payment of colored troops and the bill establishing a Freedmen's Bureau. Both of them relate to the negro question, but considering that shirking the negro question has brought us into the war, it is tolerably clear that continued shirking will not get us out. The three most vital points to which public and legislative attention should be constantly directed are the financial question, the military question, and the negro question. They may be very disagreeable subjects, all of them, but they are unavoidable. And if the Union men in Congress would let the Copperhead twaddle about the eternal negro dribble itself away at its own sweet will, the great and necessary legislative steps would be taken.

There is no more pressing practical issue than the payment of the colored troops. There can be no doubt that if it is right to enlist such soldiers it is wrong not to pay them exactly as all other soldiers are paid. And if the wages of an apprentice enrolled under a draft or otherwise are not paid to his employer, there is still less reason to pay the wages of a slave so taken to his master. Again, if the children of a poor man slaveholder killed in a fight without compensation to the parent, there is surely no reason why the slaves of a rich slaveholder should not be regarded and treated exactly in the same way. It is intolerable that in a republic any class whatever should be privileged, but it is inhuman that a class based upon the meanest injustice should be preferred. Nobody insists, not even those friends of man, the New York city Copperhead delegation in Congress, that the poor laborer at the North should be paid for his children who are taken into the army; but these gentry insist that it is very tyrannical and unconstitutional if a rich man on the border is not well paid for the slaves whose wages and work he has always appropriated to himself. The truth is that the Government should accept every man it wishes, black or white, and pay them all equally for an equal service. Until it is ready to do that the policy of colored enlistments is premature. But Congress may be perfectly well assured that the people of this country are fully prepared for that policy, and heartily approve it. Let Messrs. Dawes and Sumner, Saltonstall, & Co., in the Senate, and Messrs. Cox, Pendleton, Wood, & Co., in the House, therefore, talk about the eternal negro until they are tired, and then let us have the Freedmen's Bureau which shall wipe out the class distinction among citizens in the army of the United States, which, by not being wiped out of the statute-book of Congress, has produced its inevitable consequence, civil war.

Nor is the other point of the Freedmen's Bureau less pressing or less practical. Statesmen and soldiers are to deal with facts. And the fact is that the overthrow of slavery, a natural and inevitable result of the war, has not already taken place in our hands. Under the circumstances we can not abandon them. We are bound to give them the same chance that all other people have had to save them alone is to deprive them of that chance. Our policy, therefore, should be universal and uniform. The freedmen are to be protected in their equal rights with other people, nothing more. They are not to be made serfs attached to the land; they are to be defended against the consequences of their ignorance, as their servile race of the white race and against the contempt bred by slavery in the whites themselves, which holds that they have no rights to be respected. The effects of long years of the condition of the emancipated slaves are every where effectively the same, and there is consequently not to be one policy in Louisiana, another in South Carolina, and another in Alabama. The late slaveholders in all those regions are to be made to understand clearly that the colored people are free, and have exactly the same rights of respect and protection under this Government that they have. They are to make fair bargains with them and keep them fairly, or suffer the consequences, as we are all suffering the direful consequences of departure from this simple and palpable rule hitherto.

Mr. Eliot's bill, already passed by the House, is good; but Mr. Sumner's, which will be introduced in the Senate, is simpler and more comprehensive. There should be no delay in any simple consideration and prompt passage. The grave questions imperatively thrust upon the country by so wide and radical a social convulsion as the present war are not to be settled by scoffing and sneering and jeering on the one hand, or by shirking and drifting on the other. The Union men in Congress have the work to do, and they must do it without the least sympathy or help from the Copperheads. We have no reason to suppose that the Union men seriously differ in their convictions upon the necessities and duties of the times. But all legislative bodies have a dangerous habit of delay. Let us urge our friends to be active, firm, and careful.

No. 2 PALACE GREEN, KENSINGTON.

The late sale of Thackeray's furniture, books, pictures, and collections of every kind occupied four days, and excited great attention. The prices were very high; nor is it surprising, because the peculiar character of the man gives its own geniality to every object associated with him. There was much plate and china for sale; he had a great liking, and the decorations of his house illustrated the taste which built it, and which is the pervading tone of so many of his writings—the fashion of Queen Anne. It is impossible to read the description of the busy scene without a painful feeling, for it is precisely one of his own texts.

It is the more striking because of a passage describing his presence at a similar scene at Gore House, the residence of Lady Blessington. It had been a merry house. Willis, in his earlier letters from Europe, describes it well. The wits, the beauties, the gay world of London —all met there. Bulwer, Disraeli, Moore, and the later set of lions all came and sat at the feasts of the blithe Irish lady, when suddenly Debt gave such a thundering double-knock at the door that the revel ended in a twinkling, and Lady Blessington, with her exemplary son-in-law, Count D'Orsay, crossed the channel to Paris. The sale at Gore House followed. The old Duke of Wellington took their hat. Thackeray came with the rest, and one can imagine with what feelings. His heart ached, we may be sure, as he saw for the last time the *cari lenghi*. His eyes shone kindly as his heart whispered, *Vanitas vanitatum*. But we need not imagine it only; we have the record. The speech which records about the sale is mildly in Paris. He describes the crowd, the eagerness, the confusion; and he adds: "Mr. Thackeray came also, and there were tears in his eyes as he went away. He is, perhaps, the only person whom I have seen really affected at your departure."

It was very characteristic. It is a very touching scene to remember. Thackeray did not stand there censorious. He did not think the soft-hearted Irish woman the greatest or the best of beings, but he was just to his own memories. He owed many a pleasant hour to the gay rooms, and he was not ashamed to pay the tribute of regret. She was not Aspasia; no. But as he moves through the rooms, with moist eyes, can you not hear him humming,

"Oh! what a pity
Or that of Sergeant Tadby,
Mostly I'd admire
Peg of Limavaddy.
And till I expire,
Sweet Peg of Limavaddy,
I will sing aside my lyre
Peg of Limavaddy."

It is of *his* Gore House that we read now, and of those who come to look upon *his cari lenghi*. How many as they moved sadly about must have murmured in their own words: "We moralize upon *his* life when he is gone, and yesterday's preacher becomes text for to-day's sermon."

EQUALITY.

It was very amusing to read the report of the debate between Mr. Pendleton of Ohio, and Mr. Broomall of Pennsylvania, upon the Montana Territorial bill. The Senate made the very natural provision in the bill that only male citizens of the United States should vote. Now the pro-slavery gentlemen repose in great comfort upon what they call a decision of the Supreme Court that negroes are not citizens; so that if they really believe that the question is settled, they ought not to be troubled by a bill in which the word "white" would be sheer tautology.

So when Mr. Pendleton called attention to the fact that the word white had been stricken out, Mr. Broomall asked him why he was troubled, since the court had decided that negroes were not citizens? Mr. Pendleton replied that his object was to know whether Mr. Broomall and his friends agreed with the court. Mr. Broomall asked him if he were not satisfied with the decision. Mr. Pendleton asked him in return whether he thought that it had been so decided. Mr. B. said that he had not so. Mr. P. said that he wished to hear Mr. B. thought so. Mr. B., according to the summary, replied that he was not called upon to review the decision. Whereupon Mr. Pendleton an-

nounced that his object in bringing the matter to a vote was to test the sincerity of the often-repeated declaration of the Union men that they were not in favor of negro equality.

"Here's richness!" quoth Mr. SOPERS over his skimmed milk. Here's statesmanship! We trust that Mr. PENDLETON will have had his vote before this, and that every Union man in the House will be present, and in a clear voice declare that the Congress of the American people holds this truth to be self-evident that all men, including Chia Copperhead as well as the brave brethren of ROBERT SMALLS, and the black heroes of MILLIKEN'S Bend, PORT Hudson, FORT Wagner, and Grimes, are created equal, and with an inalienable right to life and liberty so long as they behave themselves, and that the right to throw a vote shall not be determined by a man's height, nor the fashion of his clothes, nor the shape of his hat, nor the color of his skin.

It is quite time that this absurd talk about "negro equality" was ended. Does Mr. PENDLETON believe in "French equality," or "Irish equality," or "Chinese equality?" Does he think a drunkard and degraded man of any nation, who can neither read nor write, who is a nuisance and a pest, has a higher claim to "equality" than FREDERICK DOUGLASS? Let him be careful in his answers. *Quicker a oracle.* PENDLETON SMALLS is a much more valuable and honorable citizen of the United States than ROBERT TOOMBS.

OLD AND NEW COPPERHEADS.

As an illustration of the utter extinction of the right of *free* speech, which, with all other rights and liberties in this country, the bloated tyrant LINCOLN has annihilated in blood, we commend the following extract from a "Democratic" journal, the *Metropolitan Record*, a most faithful exponent and expositor of the "Democracy" which consists in toadying slave-lords, and supporting the theory that *capital* ought to own *labor*:

"As to the freedom and independence of the South we have no *apprehensions*. Her people can never be conquered, and, if they were possible, ARNAUD LINCOLN and the man to accomplish that subjugation. The address of the Virginia Assembly is a proof that the resolution which animated them is as strong as ever, and that it is unconquerable; that there is no faltering, no wavering. In the eloquent words of the great document, 'Virginia will not stop backward.' . . . Grand old State, may we never see the day when you shall have to bow beneath the yoke of the oppressor! If bloodshy should ever come, then will the friends of freedom, the lovers of true heroism and manhood, number you first and foremost of a great people, *for, while fighting for liberty and independence—fell on the battle-field*, you fell with WASHINGTON. . . . Such a response should have been sufficient to save the great Commonwealth from the *trend of the heartless* tendency."

This is like the speech which FERNANDO WOOD made last autumn at Bergen, in New Jersey, in which he said: "There is no such thing as secession under the Constitution upon which the Government of this country is founded. Suppose New York chose to secede, who dare attempt to prevent her? . . . Virginia has the same right as New York. . . . It is the privilege of the people now to refuse to give another man or another dollar for the purpose of carrying on the war."

If any man asks why the Government, in the midst of a civil war, does not silence such talk, the reply is very obvious; because it is quite strong enough to tolerate it. But its constitutional right and power to send FERNANDO WOOD to Fort Lafayette and to suspend the *Metropolitan Record* as indispensable as his FLAG to full a rebel upon the battle-field. They are not derived from the clause which declares that treason shall consist in levying war, but in that which empowers the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* when, in time of rebellion and invasion, the public safety requires it. In such instances as these, and at this time, the Government rightly judges that the public safety does not require it. For the great mass of the American people have found such orators and newspapers as their fathers felt toward Burke's *Aurora*, which said of General WASHINGTON, when he retired from the Presidency: "The man who is the source of the misfortunes of our country at this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens.....The name of WASHINGTON from this day ceases to give currency to political iniquity and to legalize corruption."

What the slanderers of Washington said of him their descendants, the Copperheads, now say of the Government of which he was a chief founder. They are equally safe in public contempt. They and their falsehoods will be equally held in the undying scorn of the American people.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 28.

GENERAL DIX has issued a strict order against thieves. General Order No. 28 recites that its attention has been called to the fact that the county of Richmond (Staten Island), the town of West Farms, Westchester county, and several other towns have provided for a bounty of three hundred dollars to recruits, and that the authorities have provided that a hundred of this sum shall be paid to the recruit, leaving the disposition of the rest to be settled between the recruit and the bounty broker—in other words, giving the broker two hundred dollars.

This ridiculous confluence of the authorities with the bounty brokers whom the United States liberally pay for their services, General DIX wisely intends to stop summarily; and therefore orders that no enlisting officer shall receive any recruit who has not received the bounty raised for him in the county or town; and that no recruit shall be allowed to pay any part of his bounty to the runner, even though an agreement be shown, such agreements being almost always fraudulent. The General most properly holds that when a certain amount, per man, is levied upon a town or county as bounty money it must be paid to the recruit on the order or appropriation of it is unlawful. But if the money be raised upon conditions specifically stated, as for instance, that two hundred dollars shall be paid to the recruit and one hundred to the runner, then the Court says that the only remedy for the taxpayer is to enlist where he is more liberally treated, and for the tax-payers to place their money in the hands of men who will not lavish it on runners and bounty brokers.

This is an admirable order, and we wish only that it had been earlier issued. The tax-payers of Richmond county especially have suffered grievously from this business. Notwithstanding that much of the money was raised by a direct tax, the impudition that able-bodied young unmarried men should not be bought off, we learn that the quota of the county was lessened by this substitute bounty, and that a large share of the money raised has gone into their hands. But if *strictly* enforced General DIX's order will put an end to the whole business, and, as he says, "protect recruits from the frauds practiced upon them," and also the tax-payers from the frauds to which they have been subjected.

THE BOOK TRADE AND THE FAIR.

We published last week a statement of the contributions made by the "BOOK TRADE," up to the 25th of March, to the Fund of the METROPOLITAN FAIR, and this week the following additional subscriptions have been handed in to the Bookseller's Committee of the Fair:

CARLTON & PORTER	$500
EVER & SEWELL	250
W. I. POOLEY & CO.	100
J. W. G. & H. BENSTON (Cash)	100
M. W. DUNN	100
ARS. S. S. UNION, per GEO. S. SCOVILLE, AGT.	500
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE	100
C. D. ARNOLD	25
JAMES FOTT, AGT.	25
TRAL PUBLISHING SOCIETY	50
THEO. BERNARD (Additional)	10
ALEX. STEWART (Additional)	10
A. TURNBULL (Additional Cash)	5

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March 30.* Several bills were reported from the Committee on Military Affairs and Militia, dealing with details of the claim of Mrs. Mary Throckmorton for compensation for six negroes enlisted in her name, which the District Commissioners of Emancipation could not allow, owing to refusal by the rebel army. Steps are taken in an officer in the Union army—Mr. Harlan reported a bill to add a railroad in Iowa, from Burlington to the forty-third parallel to a point on the Missouri River, with the Sioux City and Pacific, and Hannibal, Missouri, and one from Sioux City to Mankato, giving five alternate sections per mile.—Mr. Wilkinson from Minn. a bill to provide a temporary Government for the Territory of Montana.—Mr. Wade from Ohio, amendment to the 10th section, striking out the words "three white male inhabitants," and inserting "the same number of persons that entitle States, or those who shall have declared their intention to become such." The following resolutions were then taken up, to be proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution abolishing slavery.—Mr. Wade from Ohio, a resolution to instruct the Committee on Territories to make a speedy against the measure.—*March 31.* The House bills for the admission of Nebraska into the Union, Territory of Montana was taken up, the pending question being to strike out the 10th section. The 10th section, defining the qualifications of voters and eligibility to office of rebel Territory. The amendment was rejected—27 to 17. After a brief debate the bill was passed—29 to 8.—Mr. Sumner introduced a joint resolution for the joint resolution to amend the Constitution to prohibit slavery. Mr. Sumner offered the following amendment to the resolution: "That no negro, or person whose mother or grandmother is or was a negro, shall be held to service or labor, or be liable to any civil or military office, or any place of trust or profit under the United States."—The bill was called for Yeas and Nays, but no quorum voted.—*April 1.* Mr. Wade introduced a bill to fix the terms of courts to be held at Carson City, Nevada, and Dallas City, Oregon, and to extend the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the Island, Oregon, instead of an assay office at Dalles City. Its consideration was taken up and passed.—Mr. Howard endeavored to obtain the floor to get up his resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information in regard to the churches and property of Christian denominations taken possession of by or under the control of the military authorities of the army. Several Senators desired to get up other bills, but Mr. Howard, after a long debate, refused to withdraw it until Monday.—*April 4.* A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Foreign Relations to consider the expediency of so amending the Neutrality Laws as to prevent persons from being enlisted or commissioned within the neutrality to those which return the same, and to obtain the action of other Governments in the same manner.—Mr. Sumner reported a bill to establish a Bureau of Emancipation.—A bill for the relief of persons who have lost of claims for spoliation committed by the French prior to July 31, 1801.—Mr. Howard offered a joint resolution relation to the amount of five millions of dollars for damages to churches, hospitals, asylums, etc., destroyed by the French. It does not favor claims embraced in the Convention of 1831, nor those for which have been received the United States and Spain, nor those in the treaty of 1831 with France.—The House bill providing for the settlement of residents of one State into the regiments of other States was taken up. Mr. Sumner addressed the bill. Under it, he said, States unsuccessful in filling their quotas could go into the State to recruit, and persons of color who had been slaves to make up their deficiencies. To this he objected, as the objection, as the rebel Government were confounded and demoralize our army. Mr. Sherman also opposed the bill. Mr. Howard favored the bill. The passage would produce great mischief. Mr. Wilson argued in favor of the bill. Mr. Sumner moved to amend the bill of men for our armies from the States partly under rebel rule. The vote was reconsidered.—The joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery was taken up, and Mr. Howe spoke in favor of the measure.—*April 5.* A bill for the collection of taxes in the insurrectionary districts, with amendments striking out the provision authorizing grants of forty-acre lots to soldiers, and that empowering the Tax Commissioners to sell lands condemned to be unfairly made, was reported.—Mr. Anthony offered a resolution for the appointment of two Justices of the Supreme Court and District Courts at the next session, if they should not be appointed.—Bill of the Supreme Court from $4000 to $6000, according to the length of the circuit.—Bill to add three-fourths of their salaries to Justices of the District Courts, provided such salaries shall not be less than $2000 each in cases where the service has exceeded fifteen years.—The joint resolution to amend the Constitution came up as the pending order. Mr. Johnson spoke with great force and eloquence in favor of the removal of slavery, which has produced so much mischief. Mr. Davis's amendment, that "no negro person whose mother or grandmother is or was a negro shall be a citizen of the United States, or be eligible to any civil or military office, or any place of trust or profit under the United States," was rejected, as were other amendments offered by Messrs. Saulsbury and Davis.

HOUSE.—*March 30.* The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Senate's army bill, and a number of amendments to the thirtieth section, principally as to the rate of bounty, were adopted. The House then proceeded to consider the bill for the reconstruction of States established by the President, Mr. Ashley advocating its passage.—*March 31.* Mr. Stanton reported the Senate bill, which was passed, for the appointment of officers in the Department of Indian Affairs in California.—The House then resumed the consideration of the bill, defining the Delaware and Delaware Bay Railroad to be a Post and Military Road.—Mr. Kelley offered a resolution declaring that no contract was passed over, and the House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill. Mr. Stevens offered a substitute for the thirtieth section, with a view to restore the 7 per centum interest on bonds, economy, etc., for Canada, he having the day before reduced it to six, which was carried by 78 to 57.—*April 1.* The effect, restores the original thirtieth section, which provides that every association which shall receive any deposit or any loan or discount made, or upon any note, bill of exchange, or other evidence of debt, bearing interest or upon which interest is received in advance, or any banking, receiving, or charging a greater rate of interest than seven per centum per annum, exclusive of the entire interest. Those paying it may recover back by an action of debt the amount of interest thus paid. The section designating the places of redemption of the compound notes, viz.: Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburg, Albany, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Portland, and Buffalo. Mr. Eldridge moved an amendment, providing that the notes be redeemed in gold. No further action was taken on the bill.—*April 2.* Mr. Stevens asked leave to introduce a bill regulating commerce among the several States. It declares that no person shall be required to obtain a license to transport freight and passengers from one State to another. The object is to do away with the tax system now existing. Objection was raised.—Mr. Blaine introduced a bill to prohibit the exchange by loan of State certain sum of money expended by them in raising, organizing, and equipping troops for the Union army. It provides for a Board of three Commissioners to hold sessions in the several States, to audit the claims, and issue certificates due the States, towns, cities, and counties. The bill was referred.—Mr. Pendleton presented a bill fixing the rate of preventing collisions on the water, by signals, by whistles, etc. Mr. Pendleton introduced a bill to amend the act to contribute toward a uniform international code of rules. The impression of these rules had for a long time been felt by the parties interested, but up to this time none had been established by the authority of the United Kingdom.—A bill regulating the advancement and tonnage of ships and vessels of the United States was passed.—A bill was passed providing that the name of the Collection District of Cape Vincent be changed to that of Clayton.—Another bill was passed exempting from the payment of tonnage duties vessels of the State of Maine, salt-boats, freighters, scows, and other crafts without masts, and confined to the waters of the Atlantic boards of the State.—It reported a joint resolution to give notice of terminating the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada at the end of twelve months from the expiration of ten years from the time the treaty went into operation.—The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the National Bank bill. The Committee struck out the words of 64 against 59, the ninth section, which provided that no association shall pay out or put in circulation any notes which the banking association not authorized by this act.—*April 4.* The House resumed the consideration of the National Bank bill, and the Senate bill to amend the act to regulate the duties on imports, and to establish the Treasury Department.—*April 5.* The House took up the bill to amend the act to regulate the duties on imports, and to establish the Treasury Department.—*April 6.* The House took up the bill to amend the act to regulate the duties on imports, and to establish the Treasury Department.—*April 7.* The House took up the bill to amend the act to regulate the duties on imports, and to establish the Treasury Department.—*April 8.* The House took up the bill to amend the act to regulate the duties on imports, and to establish the Treasury Department.—*April 9.* The House took up the bill to amend the act to regulate the 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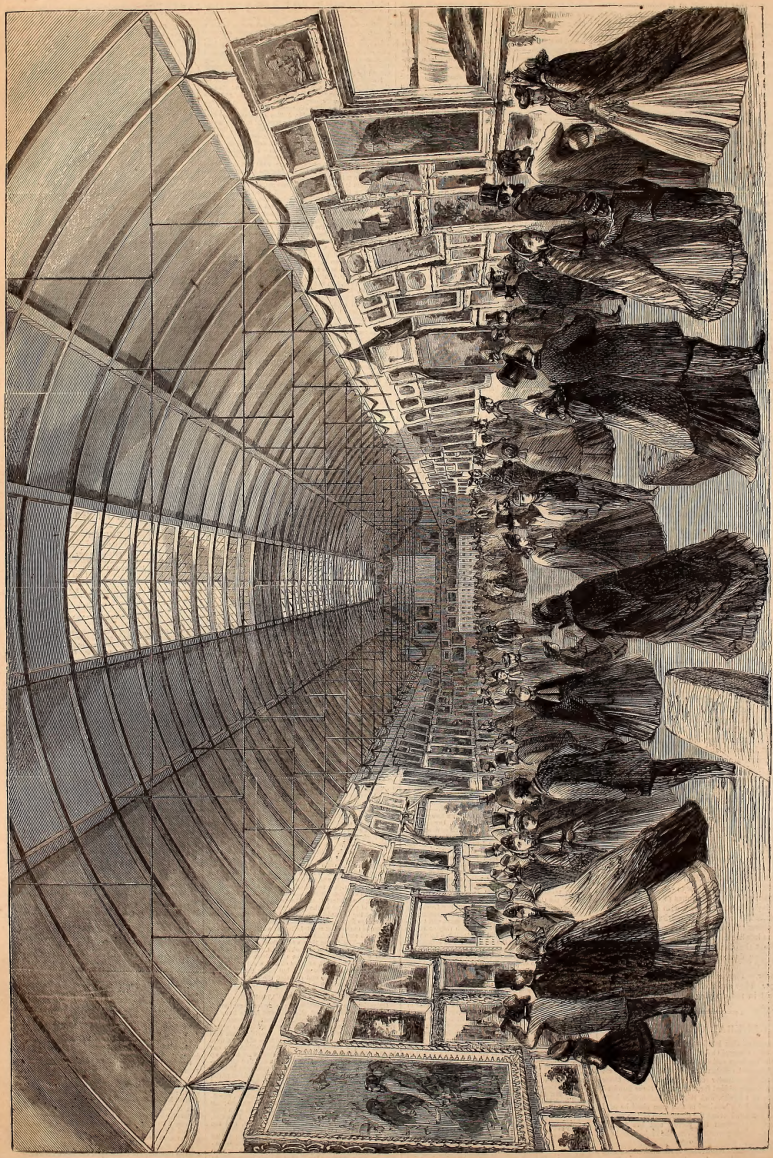
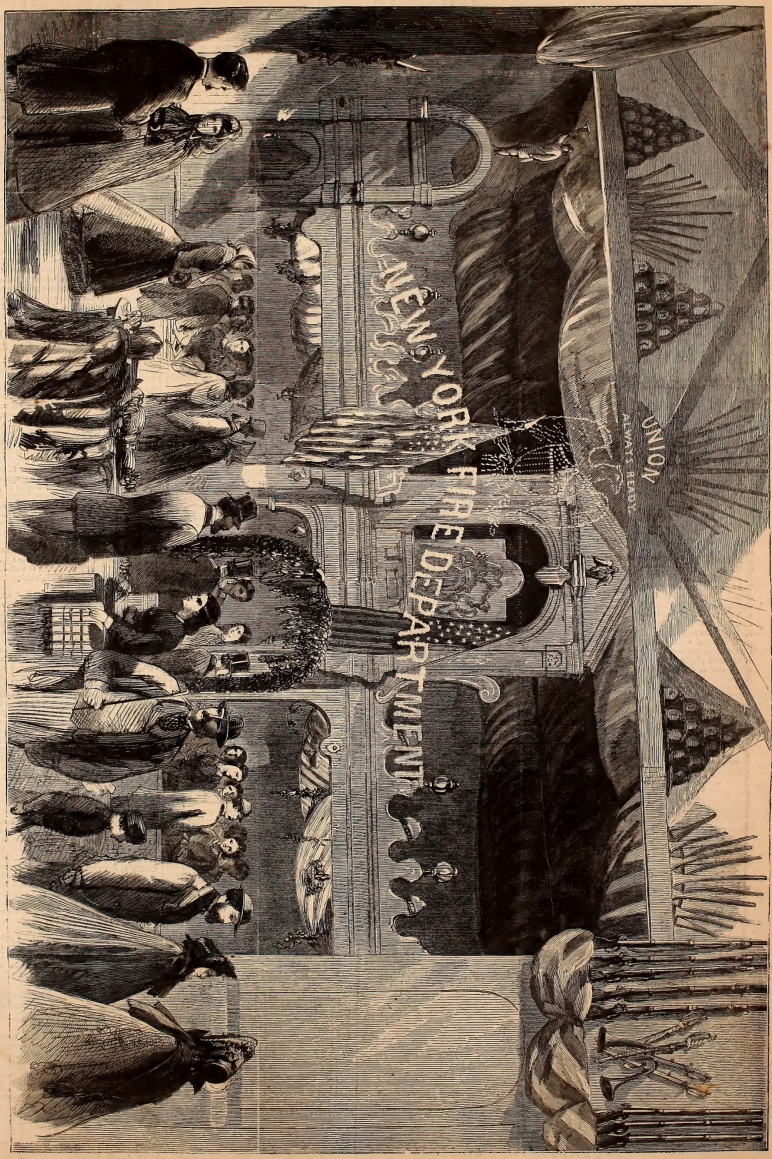


PICTURE-GALLERY OF THE FAIR, FOURTEENTH-STREET BUILDING.—[See Page 245.]



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT IN THE FAIR.—[See Page 246.]

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

THE METROPOLITAN FAIR, which opened on the 4th instant, is in every respect a demonstration worthy of the large-hearted and patriotic benevolence of the commercial metropolis of the country. The opening display, in which all the military in the city participated, was magnificent attracting universal attention. For the most part, business throughout the city was suspended, and the streets were in holiday attire, gay with flags and banners and great throngs of enthusiastic citizens. The military procession embraced some 8000 infantry, with 2000 cavalry and artillery. The United States troops were commanded by Major-General DIX, and the Volunteer and State militia by General SANFORD. The display on Broadway was in every respect the finest which has been witnessed since the reception of the PRINCE OF WALES some years ago.

The inauguration ceremonies took place on Monday evening. After prayer by Rev. Dr. WILLIAM ADAMS, and the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner, and the Army Hymn, composed by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, General DIX, on behalf of the Gentlemen's Executive Committee, formally presented the contents of the Fair to the Ladies' Committee. In his remarks, which were warmly applauded, he complimented in high terms the zeal and enthusiasm displayed by the women of the North in their labors for the relief of our suffering soldiers. Mr. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, in behalf of the ladies, responded to the speech of General DIX; after which the ceremonies were concluded by the singing of "Old Hundred" by the entire audience.

We give in this number a series of admirable views of some of the principal features of the Fair, together with an illustration of the grand opening, and a diagram showing the location of every department and section of the main building on Fourteenth Street.

THE GRAND HALL,

as we give it on pages 248 and 249, presents aspects under which can be fully appreciated only when seen from the point from which our artist has made his sketch. The whole interior is one mass of decorations and beautiful displays of tasteful ingenuity. Every available inch of space is filled, and every branch of business is represented in the goods offered on exhibition and sale. An inventory merely of the articles on exhibition in this building would occupy pages of our paper.

Among the many pleasant and attractive features of the Fair, none probably surpasses

THE FLORAL DEPARTMENT

(illustrated on page 241), which occupies the centre of the principal building. The structure is of elliptical form, about twenty-five feet in length, and twenty-eight in diameter. The symmetrical pillars are wreathed with flowers, and moss, and evergreens, while flowers of every hue and name are again trained up on spiral wreaths, blending most tastefully with the darker tracery of the chimney. The show-counters stand about three feet from the ground, and are handsomely paneled. From these counters double rows of columns ascend to the dome, which is one mass of evergreens and floral decorations. A smaller temple—a Temple of Liberty—surmounts the larger one, and this is reached by a spiral staircase, which is but one path of flowers. On the upper fence-work of the temple the names of the most glorious battles of the war are represented, that of *Gettysburg* being prominently represented. The names of other battles follow in the order of prominence, as follows:

GETTYSBURG. ANTIETAM.
FORT DONELSON. VICKSBURG.
FORT HUDSON. NEW ORLEANS.
FORT ROYAL. ROANOKE.
CHANCELLORSVILLE. CHATTANOOGA.

The names are wrought with different-colored immortelles, Gettysburg being in crimson flowers, Vicksburg red, Antietam blue and white, Roanoke yellow and white, etc.

THE FINE DEPARTMENT,

illustrated on page 245, occupies the northeastern corner of the main building. The stand is 60 feet in length, and is covered with a canopy of flags reaching to the roof of the building. An ornamental front of exquisite design hangs down to within six feet of the counter. The apex of the front is ornamented with hooks, ladders, brass pipes, lanterns, and hose, and arranged in such a manner as to represent the rising sun. Underneath is the motto "Union," constructed of gas pipes, which is lighted at night, and produces a brilliant effect. A large transparency overhangs the counter, and at night attracts great attention. Immediately over the centre of the counter is an extensive panel containing the coat of arms of the State of New York in zinc relief. On each side hang signal lights of the various steam-engines set between shields bearing the names of the principal battles in which the Fire Zouaves were engaged—"Antietam," "Gettysburg," "Fair Oaks," and "Malvern Hill," overhanging the counter to the north, and "New Orleans," "Port Hudson," "Vicksburg," and Chattanooga to the south. This department is crowded with every variety of rare and costly offerings. The arrangement was made under the direction of Mr. CHARLES MELLEN, and reflects the highest credit on his taste and skill.

THE PICTURE-GALLERY,

Of which we give a view on page 244, is an elegant witness of the wealth, magnificence, and progress in art and refinement of the greatest city of the Western continent. The upper division of the main hall—by far the largest—is devoted to the more massive of oil-paintings, of immense value, lent by citizens for the whole period of the exhibition. These paintings are all carefully labeled with the subject of the work, the party to whom each at present belongs, and the artist whose brush produced it. The value of these paintings alone exceeds $400,000. Among the paintings exhibited are LEUTZE'S "Washington crossing the Delaware;" CHURCH'S "Heart of the Andes;" BIERSTADT'S "Rocky Mountains;" HUNTINGTON'S "Mercy's Dream;" CROWNINSHIELD'S "Indian Summer," with others of the old and modern masters. The collection of engravings in the lower section of the upper gallery embraces selections from the galleries of GOUPIL & Co. The photographic section includes photographs of our most eminent men. Among others the following are conspicuous: A fine photograph of Secretary STANTON. Portrait of Secretary WELLES. Portraits of Generals GILLMORE, SHERIDAN, SLOCUM, HALLECK, CUSTER, DE TROBRIAND, MEAGHER, and PLEASANTON, and groups of American, English, French, Italian, and Russian sailors.

Every visitor to this Department will carry away with him higher estimates of the beautiful, and a keener appreciation of exalted man's in ennobling and purifying human thought and life.

THE NEW JERSEY DEPARTMENT,

presented on page 252, is eminently creditable to the loyal men and women of that State, who for weeks have labored with unwearied enthusiasm in preparing for this event. The arrangement of the Department, which was under the direction of Cropsey, the painter, who gave himself for a fortnight to the work, is at once tasty and effective, while the goods on exhibition embrace a vast variety of offerings, representing almost every department of production and home manufacture. This Department occupies a space of 90 feet on the northwest end of the wing toward Fifteenth Street; over the whole the name of the State spans a large portion of the wall, the letters being in the natgeal colors, red, white, and blue, and arranged in segment form. Under this is a large American eagle bearing the shield of the United States in his talons, and surrounded by a multitude of flags artistically arranged. Under this, and over the tent occupied by the Soldiers' Department, is another shield, upon which the arms of the State are depicted, and on both sides are hung tablets with the names of the counties inscribed upon the blue ground. American streamers float between. In the corner at the extreme right is the Cockloft Summer House—a fac-simile of the original, which LEWIS and FAUGERO have celebrated in their "Salmagundi"—and at the extreme left an Alhambra, the intermediate space being occupied by numerous tasteful flowering fair seasons, in which goods appropriate to those seasons are sold. The Cockloft Summer House is adorned by some picturesque embellishments, including a little garden with plants from the place where the original stood (at Newark, New Jersey), and some very fine Sunny Jim. Inside this house are a great variety of memorials, including a table upon which Mr. IRVING wrote.

In the *Square Buildings*

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

is one of the most interesting features. The department is handsomely decorated, and has an immense assortment of toys, baby-frames, musical instruments, rocking-horses, baby-houses, fruits, confectionery, etc., making it a bazaar, a museum, and a curiosity shop all in one. This department occupies the eastern end of the building. A platform advantageously situated, and crammed with banners and paintings, affords the necessary conveniences for tableaux, concerts, and other entertainments given by the children. No visitor to the Fair should fail to look in upon the little folks, and participate in the joy of their carnival.

Another department in the Union-Square Buildings,

THE KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN,

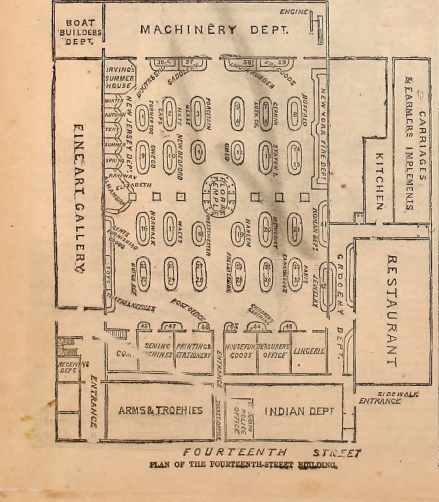
attracts special attention. All the appointments of the Kitchen are of the antique pattern, not excepting the chimney ornament, in the person of an old negro, who discourses sweet tunes from a violin for all who care to hear it. The wood-fire burning on the hearth—the old crane and pot hanging over the flame—the tea-chests on the mantle shelf—the deal dresser scrubbed into whiteness—the old crockery cracked and marked with the wear of a hundred years—the long low settees—the old bed with its curious coverlet—all remind the spectator of the time when the Knickerbockers reigned supreme through the length of Manhattan. The meals, too, spread on the Kitchen tables, are precisely such as the fathers sat down to daily in the olden time.

THE INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT

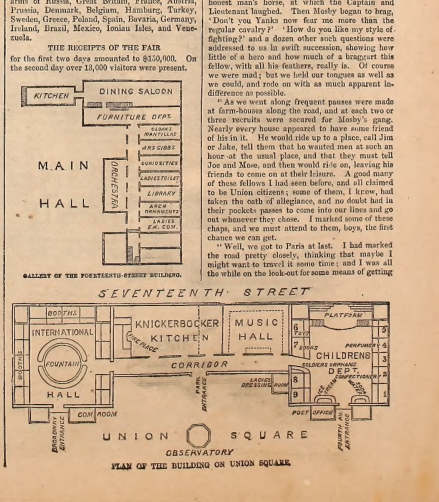
is one of the largest in the Fair, all nations being represented. Upon the window-screens are the arms of Russia, Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Belgium, Hamburg, Turkey, Sweden, Greece, Poland, Spain, Bavaria, Germany, Ireland, Brazil, Mexico, Ionian Isles, and Venezuela.

THE RECEIPTS OF THE FAIR

for the first two days amounted to $150,000. On the second day over 13,000 visitors were present.



PLAN OF THE FOURTEENTH-STREET BUILDING.



GALLERY OF THE FOURTEENTH-STREET BUILDING.

PLAN OF THE BUILDING ON UNION SQUARE.

CORPORAL SIMPSON'S STORY.

"IT was a grand ride and adventure—that we had last week."

The boys drew closer to the fire; they knew my story was worth hearing, and, lighting their pipes, got ready to listen.

"Yes, a right jolly ride! You remember, boys, that on the 25th of March Captain Gere, of the Griswold Light Cavalry—you have fought at their side more than once—was sent out with a hundred or so of men to the neighborhood of Berryville and Winchester on a scout. Well, we encamped at Millwood, a straggling sort of place, you remember, about seven miles from Berryville. After the fires were built, rations not being over-plenty, Dick Weatherbee, sergeant, private Harry Johnson, and myself determined to indulge in a little foraging on our own account, and in prosecuting our laudable purpose went some two miles from camp to a farmhouse, where we ordered supper from an old woman, apparently the only person on the premises. She didn't seem to care about giving us what we wanted, but we sat down resolutely to wait, engiving her to understand that we meant to stay, until our wants were supplied; and so at last she went about preparing us a meal. She moved very slowly, however, and seemed feverish and uneasy, as if she was waiting for something she did not wish us to know about. From finally, however, the supper was ready, and we were just sitting down at the table, when we were treated to a 'surprise' we had not bargained for. Suddenly several revolvers advanced threateningly into the room, each having a shaggy fellow behind it with 'shoot' in his eyes, and a firm set about his mouth that warned us that pleasant, considering how close the pistols were to our heads. Now you know, boys, I'm not a coward, but I *didn't* like the situation just at that moment. I recognized the foremost of the three who came into the room as Mosby; and I knew he was not apt to care where his bullets hit; and besides, the fellow at my Lieutenant who accompanied him did not look as if they were going to waste our wits in words or powder. Upon their demand, therefore, that we should surrender, we signified immediate assent, but not without a good deal of fuss, for we knew Mosby, which seemed all the more tempting now that they were beyond our reach.

Our surrender, however, was any thing but depressed. Indeed Le was in the jolliest humor possible, and indulged in all sorts of jokes at our expense. We didn't, however, take any of our wits in answer. We had been in worse scrapes a great deal than that, and we did not altogether despair of getting out some way or other.

"After helping himself to what supper he wanted Mosby told us we must march back to Paris, where he had his head-quarters, and we accordingly went out, watched by the Lieutenant, to get our horses, which were tied near the house. Johnson, somehow, managed to give the Lieutenant the slip, and, instead of getting his horse, hid in a haystack, and so got off. Mosby not daring to wait and hunt him up lest some of our fellows should pounce down upon him.

"Well, Weatherbee and I mounted, and under strict guard we started for Paris, ten or twelve miles, you remember, away. The ride was by no means a short one. Mosby constantly rode up with questions. 'Were you with Colonel Cole when I thrashed him at Upperville? was one of his first questions, to which, of course, he got no satisfactory response. Then, after a while, he asked, 'What do you think of my gray nag—I took him from a Yankee Lieutenant.' Weatherbee said that wasn't the only instance of a rascal riding on an honest man's horse, to which the Captain and Lieutenant laughed. Then Mosby began to brag, 'Don't you Yanks now fear me more than the regular cavalry?' 'How do you like my style of fighting?' and a dozen other such questions were addressed to us in swift succession, showing how little of a hero and how much of a braggart this fellow, with all his feathers, really is. Of course we were mad; but we held our tongues as well as we could, and rode on with as much apparent indifference as possible.

"As we went along frequent passes were made at farm-houses along the road, and at each two or three recruits were secured for Mosby's gang. Nearly every house appeared to have some friend of his in it. He would ride up to a place, call Jim or Jake, tell them that he wanted men at such an hour at the usual place, and then they must tell Joe and Mose, and then would ride on, leaving his friends to come on at their leisure. A good many of these fellows I had seen before, and all claimed to be Union citizens; some of them, I knew, had taken the oath of allegiance, and no doubt had in their pockets passes to come and go and go out whenever they chose. I marked some of these chaps, and we must attend to them, boys, the first chance we can get.

"Well, we got to Paris at last. I had marked the road pretty closely, thinking that maybe I might want to travel it some time; and I was all the while on the look-out for some means of getting

away. The chance came before I expected it. Mosby, as we came up to the house where he had his head-quarters, dismounted and went in, leaving his pistols in the holsters. How my heart fluttered when I saw that! My horse stood close by Mosby's, and his pistols were almost within my reach. But there sat the Lieutenant with his revolver in his hand, ready to shoot me down at the first impudent movement. Caution was necessary. So, leisurely getting down, I pretended to tie my horse. As I fumbled about the bridle I saw out of one eye that the Captain was moving off, to look, I was sure, for an Orderly to take the horses. Mosby's horse was between the Lieutenant and myself. Here was a chance: if I could only get the pistols, I might fight my way out. Suddenly I put my foot into the stirrup of Mosby's saddle, and had pistol in each of the shooting-irons. But the Lieutenant saw the movement and fired. Fortunately his aim was bad, and he missed me. In an instant I had one of the pistols, and, aiming straight at the fellow's heart, shot him dead. Heavens! how excited I was! But I wasn't out of the woods yet. The Captain, hearing the discharges, turned round instantly and fired; but he too shot wide of the mark. Mosby, all excitement, rushed to the door, shouting,

"! What's all this infernal row about?"

"We were too polite, boys, to swear at him in return, as I just leveled at him as he stood in the door, sending a bullet close to his ear, and making him dodge out of sight. Then what time we were! But we didn't leave without a benediction. As we flew away Weatherbee shouted,

"How do you like our style of fighting, Colonel Mosby?"

"And I sent back this parting cry:

"'Come and see us, boys, we're of the New York Twenty-first.'

"So, lads, we got away, leaving one vacancy among Mosby's officers, and carrying with us Lieutenant Mosby's flag, saddle, pistols, and over-coat. You will find them all in the tent there, except the horse—he is out cooler in the woods eating Union provender, on which, if Mosby told the truth, he was brought up.

"Oh, good thing came out of our capture. Mosby, as we learned during our ride, and from his talks with the farmers, intended to attack Captain Gere at daylight, hoping to surprise and cut him to pieces. Of course we spoiled that nice little plan by getting in time to give the Captain warning of what was going on, and enable him to make preparations for defense. Mosby evidently thought better of it, and didn't come."

Corporal Simpson's true story, told round the camp fire, has a sequel. His regiment were so pleased with his exploit that they have determined to buy from the Government the horse, arms, and equipments he captured, and restored them to the Yankee corporal who beat Mosby out of his pet nag.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

A LONG merry shout broke the stillness of the autumn afternoon as a troop of children came thronging out from the brown school-house among the maples, and then, breaking into groups of two or three, scattered along the worn wood-paths to their homes.

School was out, and yet the mistress lingered within, still seated in her chair, with listless, drooping figure, and hand shading her brow.

How those weary eyes had watched the lagging hours of that long day—how miserably long it had been to her! Never had her pupils seemed so restless and troublesome, never her calling so irksome and distasteful; the reins of authority had lain loosely in her nerveless fingers, for thought and purpose and impulse had all that day refused to exert themselves, while in her woman's heart Love and Duty waged fierce and doubtful strife.

As she sat there now so dreamily, a shadow crossed the sunny floor, and Lois Dense sprang up with a little cry, half of alarm and half relief. For the last, tremulous little hands were clasped in those of the tall young soldier standing near her.

A regretful, passionate wail broke from her lips:

"Oh! Allyn, my Allyn, why must you go? All I have to care for me in this bleak, bitter world, I have been thinking of it all day long, and indeed I can not have it so."

The maid that had been gathering so long over the violet eyes melted into tears, falling thick and fast over the flushed cheeks.

Allyn Winthrop could only draw the poor throbbing temples down to his breast, and whisper sweet words of love to soothe and comfort her; smoothing the rippling fair hair with touches that, in shades of grief, perplexity, and doubt chased each other over his fine, firm face.

That was indeed a hard struggle that had dispossessed her gentle soul of its life-long patience and repose—its shrinking sensitiveness, made her so different from his quiet love, his shy little Lois. How his heart still thrilled with that passionate cry, "Allyn, my Allyn!" She, his little betrothed, who scarce ever whispered a caressing word, though he *knew* she loved him dearly.

A little while, and the tempest of grief had robbed itself to repose, and the tenderly patient look came back to her eyes, though still the mouth now and then quivered, like a little grieved child's.

The clock ticked on with monotonous drone in the school-room, and from the pine table there floated up sweet odors of the blossoms and the maple boughs brought her as fresh love-offerings every morning. Ragged, in vases of broken tea-cups, on either side her piles of books, they were breathing out to her their fragrant hearts. Allyn's arm was about her, and his cool, soothing fingers still stroked her hair. How naughty and rebellious had she been all day! Those tears had eased her heart-ache, and she could think now that every one was very kind to her in her lonely orphanage, and even try to smile at her lover's cheery talk. The natural buoyancy and hopefulness of youth were coming back, and she was ready to talk with him quietly and almost cheerfully of their uncertain future. They even found themselves drawing vague yet delicious pictures of happy days when, peace returned, their lives, which were now to be so widely leveled apart, should be knit into one forever. Then they dwelt with kindling enthusiasm upon the Great Cause, to which they had both given all their hopes and aspirations; and while Allyn spoke with proud energy of the certain triumph of the Republic, Lois felt all the mists of doubt and fear vanishing away before the glad flame of patriotism, and herself lifted above all selfish sense of grief and loss, out of the shadows, to those shining heights of self-abnegation and devotion where his firm feet trode.

The fresh breeze came through the open door, freighted with the fragrance of the autumn woods and pleasant dreamy sounds, the lowing of distant cattle, a song from the village, and the clear note of a bell. On the verge of the horizon the golden sunset light bellows broke in surge and foam of gold and snowy splendor and waves of ruby light, rolled back athwart the sky, leaving a fine dusky purple room with crimson glories till it seemed beautiful in their eyes.

Presently Lois unlocked a drayer in her table, and drew out a little worn volume.

"I want to give you this, Allyn," she said, very softly, "because I value it more than any thing else I have. It was my mother's Prayer-book, and I her only child. Sometimes when I was very sad and beautiful Litany, when her heart was almost done throbbing here. I have nothing more precious to give you," she said, looking up with a sad, tender smile.

The light was fading now, the shadows falling among the maples, and the room was growing dusky and chill. Oh! sweet parting hours, why must they end? Allyn wrapped the shawl carefully around her slight form, and drew her to his side, the darkening school-house, wandering down toward the village. Deeper shadows drifted down into the maples, and one by one golden stars stole out, and looked down upon them with loving eyes.

"Lois, when I am gone you will go often to see Hannah, will you for my sake? I know that she is moody and petulant at times; but I am sure she loves you, as who does not? and she has been a kind, faithful sister to me. Ruth, too—poor, sensitive girl!—seems lonely and depressed, and since I will never away it has been my task to comfort and cheer *her*."

Tender, parting bequests, how fervently little Lois accepted them, how sacredly she kept her in a great loneliness was rising in strong, rebellious throbs!

Again she bent her head to listen to the low notes.

"And you, my darling, when Hope better than my pitiful counsel, tells you that even Honor and Life He will surely have you in His holy keeping, and love and comfort you always, dear Lois."

Another long silence, and they had reached the low red house where the young schoolmistress lodged. At the gate they paused. A long, clinging pressure of hands, kisses, and kiss—a broken "good-by"—and they had parted.

"Must other women's hearts yet break to keep the Cause from falling?

God pity our brave lovers, then, who face the battle's blaze,

And pity wives in widowhood. But is it unavailing?

O Lord, give Freedom first, then Peace, and unto Thee be praise."

The autumn had passed, and the bleak, early winter had set in. Fierce northern blasts swept through the leafless woods, and scattered with their scarlet banners of the maples, and beating in fitful gusts against the brown school-house, where Lois still gathered her little flock of pupils, and patiently strove to guide their tasks. But it was *hard* to be cheerful, now that her letters, those white-winged messengers from the front, were only a few a day irregular. She knew that Allyn's regiment had marching orders; that an engagement might be brought on every hour; that the Rebel forces were clouded her young life. She could only pray and wait.

So the days were on till near Christmas; then, the children dismissed for their holiday-week, she would enjoy a little rest and quiet at home, and a little time to sit and dream of Allyn, or fashion with her swift, slender fingers little love-tokens, some words of cheer and hope, to send him in Hannah's waiting box of good things.

Christmas-eve. And there came to the village fateful tidings of fierce conflict and bloody defeat. They found their way into the village church where a group of laughing, chattering girls sat among piles of fragrant green wreaths, wreath and garland for font, and chancel, and column.

There came a hush upon them as they glanced at Lois, sitting a little apart in the shadow of a pillar. for Allyn's regiment had been in the fight. The light shone down on the pretty head bent gracefully over her work, the violet eyes, the delicate, patient face, and the parted girlish lips. The subtle, spicy aroma of the pine and hemlock seemed to steal back to *last* Christmas-tide, when Allyn and she had spent a short, bright afternoon in gathering leaves for this same pleasant task. Again she felt the fresh wind blowing on her face, felt the pressure of Allyn's strong arm as he bore her, half-frightened, half-laughing, through the tangled wood in search of laurel and ground-ivy, and the delicate rose-tint deepened in her cheek while she recalled the swift kiss Allyn had given her as she stood on tip-toe stretching up her arms for the dropping boughs.

The sudden stillness brought back her wandering thoughts. One of the girls crossed over and put a paper into her hands. Her eyes ran swiftly down the lists of killed and wounded. She gave a little sob of relief, "Not there; God be thanked!" Further on she read, "Missing: Private Allyn Winthrop."

"Oh, girls, I can not work any more to-night!" she said, and hastily left the church; then ran down the street to Hannah Winthrop's door.

Weeks passed by and no further tidings came. How the bitter tears would start when returning from her fruitless errand to post-office or newsdepot, or from searching Hannah's stern face with her wistful eyes and reading their answer, "No tidings!"

Poor little Lois! poor lonely child-heart! She had had no mother on whose kind breast she might sob out her love and sorrow; and day after day she must go through her humble tasks, though her heart was crushed with grief. Hannah was too stern to her at times—as kind as her hard nature would permit; yet she sometimes met the poor, sensitive girl with blunt words, and even bitter reproaches, when she was yearning for love and sympathy.

Thus it happened one night, when, through thickly falling snow, Lois had walked to Hannah's door only to find a fresh disappointment awaiting her. As she shivered over the bright hearth-blaze, Hannah stood looking on with slowly shaking head and gaze. Suddenly she spoke, fiercely: "Yes, Lois Deane, it is just a piece of your work that Allyn Winthrop is dead and lying, filling his head, as you did, with your fine nonsense about duty and patriotism. What is it—I want you to answer me—more plainly his *duty* to stay at home and care for his own kith and kin?"

No response came from the shrinking girl, only the poor head drooped more meekly.

"Yes," continued Hannah, with fresh vehemence, as if stung by her silence—"yes, you knew when he had made up his mind to enlist, you could have stayed him if you had lifted as much as a finger. Oh! I believe you cared for him in your way."

Poor Lois, that last thrust was *too* cruel. Not care for him! How could she say that? Merciful God, how long, how long, the poor, friendless girl felt a sense of utter desolation creeping over her. Those harsh words, coming from Allyn's sister, pierced her heart like a sword-thrust. Allyn, Allyn, the beloved one, all her world, and the only light for her sunless life, dead, perhaps! Ah, she was desolate indeed!

"Mercy on us," cried Hannah; "the child is fainting! Lois, Lois—no, what have I done!" Here, Ruth, Ruth, quick!"

"Oh, Hannah, what have you been saying to her?" cried Ruth, kneeling to help her about the unconscious form, now stretched prone upon the floor.

"Oh, sister, my heart was so bitter with sorrow!" Hannah answered, as they bore Lois to the low settle before the fire. Then, "If she'll forgive me, she shall never hear a harsh word from my lips again."

Long and tenderly the two sisters bathed the pallid temples and slender wrists, dropping pitying tears upon the little pinched face, in which now, as it lay there as limp as death, they could see the tongues of a grief of whose intensity they had no conception.

But consciousness at last returned, and it was pitiful to hear the plaintive moan which rose to her lips as she slowly unclosed her eyes.

"O Hannah, Hannah, I could only die!"

Thenceforth Hannah would not hear of Lois's leaving her. "She should stay and take Allyn's place. She would try by teaching for that winter, for she wasn't fit for any thing, and must rest and get recruited up."

She was, indeed, too weak and ill now for any work, and she gratefully accepted Hannah's offer. In truth she would not have been denied. So the second year passed by while Hannah grew to love her very dearly—she was so gentle, so grateful, and repaid affection with such sweet interest.

Lois found it more pleasant to be a patient child; it was to her a new and delicious life, and she began to grow strong, and almost happy again.

She was sitting quite alone one afternoon, Hannah and Ruth being out on some household errand, when she heard a knock at the door. Was it a veritable premonition of some great evil that drove the blood suddenly to her heart? Faint and trembling she opened the door. There stood a soldier, brownfaced, and travel-stained.

"Does Hannah Winthrop live here?"

Lois tried to speak, but could only bend her head in response.

"Is she at home?"

"No!" was the inaudible.

The soldier looked at her steadily, and a grave gentleness overspread his face.

"Well, perhaps you will be good enough to give her this. I picked it up on the ground after the battle, and saw her name in it. I had heard him speak of his sister Hannah, and I thought I would take the trouble to hunt her up, as she might value it. I suppose it was a comrade to do as much for me if my time should come."

The soldier handed Lois a package, and, with a respectful touch of his cap, was gone, leaving the poor girl clutching the door-post for support, for every thing had reeled and turned black before her as she received the mysterious little square parcel.

Then she turned with tottering steps to the room, and sank down upon a chair, feeling a sickness at her heart she had never known before, for now the dread certainty of that she had only feared before came crushingly upon her.

Pallid and white, she sat there when the sisters returned, and silently she held out the package to Hannah. Her wistful eyes watched the trembling fingers as they untied the wrappings and brought to view a little book—*her* Prayer-book, torn by a bullet, and stained with blood.

Lois rose from her chair and staggered forward. "O Hannah, give it to me—it is *mine*!" pleaded the quivering lips.

It was not until she had reached her own room that she ventured to examine that dread souvenir. No tears came to her hot eyes as she turned the stained pages, and her temples throbbed with pain. Oh! bitter, bitter grief and loss. The bullet, as it had crashed through the pages, had marred that sublime petition in the Litany in which her full heart had so often and fervently been lifted up, at church, in her lonely walks, and in the silence of night at her quiet bedside:

"From battle, and murder; and from sudden death, Good Lord deliver us!"

Vain, vain and ineffectual prayer. It could not shield from the death-shot the heart she loved so truly. Oh, what was there left to live or to pray for any longer? As the eyes fixed upon the book mechanically traced the page, another petition caught their gaze,

"By Thy Cross and Passion—"

Oh sinful and rebellious heart, was there not One made whose sufferings were more sacrificial even than? She felt this even from the depths of her grief and heavy heart. Now came sweet and soothing tears. She would look up to Him, the merciful One, the Healer, and ask Him to pity and sustain her. And then she remembered Allyn's parting words—that God would love and comfort her. She would strive not to sink under her terrible grief. There were other bereaved hearts in the world. She would live for them. And then there came flowing back to her memory a fragment of a hymn her mother used to sing, in those far-off days when, a lighthearted child, she sported in safety and sorrow or loss:

"What if thou always sufferest tribulation,
What if thy Christian warfare never cease,
Soon thou shalt gain the spoils from the oppressor,
There thou shalt find thine everlasting peace!"

Perhaps the women who then wept in the solemn, quiet room—even with strong, passionate cries and sobs, and the other with plaintive, broken moanings—divined, when the three came together again, the sorrow of Lois's quiet repression; but it is certain that they both turned to her for consolation. It was strange to see Hannah leaning on this gentle child, who, strong in the strength of the Everlasting Arms, was now the pillar of the household.

So Lois lived on, finding comfort in pouring balm into other wounded hearts. She thought only of After all, life is short, and heaven a long, blissful rest.

Lois began her school again, gathering together her scattered flock, and teaching them with new love and skill. At home she bore with the nevervarying patience Hannah's now-returning querulousness, and strove to infuse into their hard and meagre life some of the beauty and fragrance of her own. Poor, pining Ruth, too, who grieved so unceasingly over her lost lover, found Lois's loving in the church-yard, and her husband away at the war, was an object of her kindest attention. All these helped to keep her mind from brooding on her own great grief, and she thanked God for this power to work and care for others.

Passion-Week, with all its gloom and sorrow, had gone by, and the happy Easter morning dawned fair and beautiful. Its warm, delicious sunshine flooded the church-with-in when Lois sang among the Sunday-school children, and filled her heart with something almost like gladness—certainly with grateful peace. The exquisite odors of Easter flowers—white lilies, jasmine, and violets, that her hands had helped to place around font and altar—seemed to float softly down upon her like the consecrated breath of martyrs and saints, once bowed in deathly anguish, now risen to life eternal and glory. The joyful notes of the organ joined the pure voices of the children as they soared upward in their Easter carol:

"Easter Day is come at last, Hallelujah!
Mournful Shadow of Lent no more can cast, Hallelujah!
Day to faithful hearts so dear
Was a feast all the year
Dawns so bright, and shines so clear, Hallelujah!

"Shame, and pain, and woe are fled, Hallelujah!
Glory crowns the wounded head, Hallelujah!
And the Lamb to triumph slain
Breaks the gate and bursts the chain,
Rising to an endless reign, Hallelujah!"

Bright tears stood in Lois's eyes, and sparkled on her fair cheek. And yet she felt so peacefully happy—as that adoring strain her soul had been lifted up above the cross and life of life. The music had ceased, the children passed out of the church, and Lois followed. It would be some time before she could sing; so she walked slowly home, and gained her own room so quietly that no one heard her. Here she pleased the quiet, neatly chamber seemed to her, with the bright morning sun shining in on the low walls, lighting up the rose pictures, and kissing the dark-brown little bud and blossom! She threw off shawl and bonnet, and sat down with her Bible on her knees. The *Easter Collect* was there but she could not read more fair, or pensive, or peaceful—

"Lois! O Lois! are you here, child? O Lois, *do* come quickly!"

The voice was Hannah's, and there was something in it that made Lois's heart stop beating, but not with dread.

"Don't faint, dear; don't be frightened!" hurriedly whispered Hannah, as the door sprang swiftly down the stairs. Lois only gave one look at Hannah's face, flushed with some great joy, and fell on to her knees, while her heart was lifted up with one prayer of thanksgiving.

After a while, when the tumult of joy which greeted the lost one's return had subsided, Allyn told them with his old, grave sweetness how it had happened that he was spared to them. The bullet aimed at his heart had only inflicted a severe wound, having spent its force on the book that lay in his breast; and so Lois's parting gift had saved his life. Then another shot came and struck his arm; and while striving to drag himself from the heat of the action he had swooned, and the book had fallen from his nerveless grasp. He told them of his sufferings those weary months he had been a prisoner, unable to send any news to those at home, and how at last, escaped from captivity, he had come back with feet arm and broken health, but with undaunted spirit, still firm and faithful in the Great Cause.

Then there came over all a silence deep and tender, out of whose stillness each heart was lifted up in a fervent though unuttered Easter psalm of praise and thanksgiving.

GRAND HALL OF THE FAIR BUILDING,

FOURTEENTH STREET.—[See Page 246.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

It is a sure sign when a man slips down in the mud that he has had a drop too much.

A soldier in one of the Kentucky camps, during one of the cold nights, says the motto with them is: "Unfed we sleep; divided we freeze!"

What language does an Arabian child speak before it can lie to its father?—ImmArabic, unquestionably.

"And ye have taken the tenderest pledges, have ye?" said somebody to an Irishman. "Indade I have, and am not ashamed of the same, either." "And did not Father Tim try to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "So he did; but being a true son Timothy, said there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

The editor who read the harder the work of driving my thing into it.

Miss Tompkins says that every unmarried lady of forty has passed the Cape of Good Hope.

An Irishman on board a vessel when she was on the point of foundering, being desired to come on deck as the ship was going down, replied that he had no wish to go on deck to "see himself drowned."

"Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gobbens of Stubbens, the other day. "Oh, not at all; he has only resigned over his property, and fallen back to a better position," was the reply.

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. "I must first clear with you," was the reply, "to see how you open your mouth, that I may know what words will fit it."

"Time works wonders," as the lady said when she got married after an eight years' courtship.

A lady, teaching her little daughter, four years old, pointed to something in the book, and asked, "What is that, my dear?" "Why, don't you know?" inquired the child. "Yes," said the mother; "but I wish to find out if you know." "Why," responded the little miss, "I do know." "Tell me, then, if you please," said the lady. "Why, my dear," was the reply, "it is no use my open your mouth, that I may know what words will fit it."

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"Grandmother" said Ike, seriously, to Mrs. Partington, "have you heard the report that the Prince of Wales's baby has not got all its fingers at one end and toes at both his legs and arms?" "Law me!" exclaimed the old lady. "How how could he ever wield the sceptre of his empire, or what he ought to do?" Ike, however, pretended not to hear the remark, but began clapping the cat's windows as if he thought she took that fashionable dish not one that nobody has all his fingers on one hand, nor any body at both ends.

A tavern-keeper in Newark, when giving a New-Year's present to his "help," told one of his porters (a smart Yankee) that he was about the best man in the town, and therefore he should give him the most costly present. "Sure," said Patrick, "you've hit me with eight, I always name to do me duty." "I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have taken from me during the year." "Thank ye Honor!" said Pat: "and may all yer friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally."

A bold-fashioned fellow in the Southern States tells of a baker whose loaves had been growing "smaller by degrees, and beautifully less") who, when going his rounds to serve customers, rang a bell to draw out purchasers, when the lady within exclaimed, "Who's there?" and was answered by the baker." "Bread or no bread?" "To leave you bread." "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it; I've brought the scythe!"

A cross story is told of an Irishman who went to see the gorilla in the cabinet of Amherst College. Not knowing the difference between that animal and the gentleman he remarked, on seeing it, "If they have got such soldiers as that off South, I don't going to war!"

It is said that the rebel guerrillas have killed and carried off seven hundred "bull dogs" on the Kansas border, first which proves conclusively, says an exchange, that the sword is mightier than the pen.

A poor fellow who pawned his watch says that he raised money with a lever.

Father O'Leary and Corran were cracking their jests at a dinner party one evening, as was their wont, when the celebrated advocate turned abruptly to the good Father, and said:

"I wish, O'Leary, that you had the keys of heaven."

"Why, Corran," asked the divine.

"Because you would then let me in," said the facetious counsellor.

"It would be much better for you, Corran," said Father O'Leary, "if you had the keys of the other place, because I could then let you out."

Before the days of the teetotalers, a neighbor of Mr. Bailey used to say to his children, at an early hour of the day, crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees over his footy ground, "Why don't you get up and walk like Mr. Bisbee? Why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor one day, when he had hit it's so slightly that here that I'm a-afraid I shall b-b-break through!"

"If but a sheep," said old Meredith to his better half when he found the cattle is going crisky. For he's grimin' at the plow, he's grimin' at the barn, and he's grimin' at himself wherever he goes."

"Well, well now! You don't know nothin'. The critter's got a love-ticket."

A country schoolmaster once asked one of his pupils if he had ever seen an elephant's tail. "Yes, Sir, I have," showed the young hopeful. "Where?" inquired the schoolmaster, quite surprised at the boy's acquaintance with an elephant. "At the ropy, accompanied with a most provoking grin.

Stocks are subject to tumbles, but crockery dealers are the boys for tumblers.

When does a fine sentence assume a lady's name?—When it is reversed.

A drunkard leaning against a church railing, replied, in answer to a question from the sexton, that he didn't exactly belong to a church, but he was listening that way.

Money, like a boot, when it's tight, is extremely trying.

A SUPERIOR QUESTION.—Will our marry me?

A fool may commit an error, but it takes a wise man to err in it.

The young woman whose modesty was so shocked the other day at the mention of a fore idee has been deserted in the act of concealing the naked truth under a false hood.

A tourist stopping at a French hotel saw the phrase "fresh-water chicken" on the bill of fare. Desiring to know what this meant, he sent for a dish of water chicken. He tried it, and finding it excellent, recommended it to the rest of his party, ladies and all. All liked the dish wonderfully, and so became frog-salore without knowing it.

When is a lady like a spoon?—When she is in-de-ran-ging.

What is that which nobody wants, and nobody likes to lose?—A lawsuit.

ONE OF MANY.

"JOHN GARVEY, private, killed."

It was a short record—only a line in long columns of other lines; but to a home in the New Hampshire hills it came with the power of a great despair, making all else dull and null.

It was a right pleasant home, with all beautiful surroundings, and on the first August day, this brief announcement brought grief and desolation, as home made luminous by love, musical by the prattle of sweet-tongued children, holy by the voice of daily prayer—a home where bright eyes looked lovingly into life's depths of joy and hope, and brave hands performed with cheerful industry life's daily work. Vines clung tenderly around the low windows; flowers—scarlet, pink, and gold—fringed the pleasant walks; and all day long, from the open door to the door, birds sung their jocund airs in the drowsy ear of summer, dreaming amidst the glories of her own bounty.

But it was dark now; there were shadows on the faces which had been bright all the summer through, and those who sobbed and sighed were waiting through the prayers of the stricken mother of the fold, kneeling with the dear wondering ones around her.

"I am dying, comrade." The voice was faint, and had a moan in it. "I am dying; put your hand here on my heart. See! it has almost ceased to beat. Dying, dying!"

The hills and hills along the valleys the battle rolled with noisy grandeur. Through the thick smoke great flashes of smoke burst now and then with terrific explosions. Men in dense masses were lying there on the edge of the flaming field, was closed to the battle's tumult. In his ears softer voices were breathing; on his eyes a vaguer than battle glory was shining—shining from far-off New Hampshire hills, where the sun was lying like a benediction.

"Lift me up a little," the weak voice said; "so," and as he spoke his brightened for a moment with an expression of relief. Then—"Comrade, comrade, rade, in dear New Hampshire, and a wife and three little ones are waiting for me. I had hoped to go to them in a little while—my time would have been out in September. I have dreamed many a night, lying under the stars, of walking up the village street, and finding Tom and Kate and Susy waiting for me at the gate, their little faces all shine with joy. Comrade, comrade, are you sure you've been praying for me, counsels—praying with their little hands folded on their mother's knee; and the dark home all took up to the throne. Sure that thought, the sight of that picture lying in my heart. But all that is over now. I shall never sit again with them at the table, or have my little wife on my chicken round me on the grass-plat, under the poplars, at the door."

A spasm passed over the speech for a moment. His heart was bleeding as well as the wound in his side. Presently, as if God were holding up to him the past, he went on, dreamily:

"I remember well, comrade, the day when Jenny and I were married. It was in the old church on the village green—you will see it if you go there, with a grave-yard full of weather-beaten tombstones behind it. June was blushing in her sweet breath in at the windows, filling all the place with a delicious balm; friends and neighbors stood around; the white-haired old minister—he had christened us both when it was still summer with him—with a happy face knit us together; and then, with a benediction resting upon us, he bade us welcome to life. If but yesterday—we walked homeward, oh, how joyously, along the narrow by-path, under the apple-trees, whose boughs seemed to whisper benedictions on us as we went. Then, I remember, I took Jenny to my own little home, just on the village border, and we began life's work together. Comrade, our hearts, summer overhead, summer under our feet, were a-wing. Then, comrade, there came to us—a boy with his mother's eyes; and a new song was put into our mouths. How like a visceral seemed the baby-face that was nestled against my own. How we watched and loved our boy! How our hearts opened to receive his sisters when they came, coming to be with us. Comrade, comrade, comrade! We used to think, Jenny and I, as we looked into the faces of our darlings, that God must have missed a three of his brightest, when three were taken and watched down to our home."

The soldier paused again, tears on his cheek, his voice trembling. Then, "Comrade, comrade, comrade," he said, "I will soon be done. Our little ones grew up around us; we had to work harder, for Jenny and I, and the future brightened all our toil; we would have given our lives for them. If you have a child at home, comrade, you know what that feeling was. Well, we were happy, never dreaming of going apart, when, suddenly—your memory will help you here—the nation called, and a cry came for help, for men to defend the life of the nation. My grandfather, comrade, fought with Washington at Valley Forge, and I believe I have at home a sword he wore in those old days, and my blood leaped at that call. But for a day, a week, I thought my own life I could not give up, I thought, and leave my home, my wife, my little ones, so dear, so more than precious. But then, that home was worth while only as a part of it; what would become of my dear ones if chaos came? I felt we could not walk the streets, and lie down at night, with the confidence, the consolation, that we had a country, a Government, a law stronger than any mob, greater than the maddest fury of rebellion? I could not hold out against these thoughts, comrade; so at last I told Jenny all that was in my heart; and she, God bless her brave soul! said, firmly but with tears: 'Go, John—the Father will care for us; the country needs you; go!' And so, comrade—you see my picture. I was to have horses, parks, chateaux."

"Well, you have four horses as it is."

"Yes, and I put a pad-saddle on, and dance on them for a livelihood, en maillot. My beautiful husband allows me to become a horse-rider in a circus. I am the Honorable Lady Blunt."

"Not a bit of it. Your husband is not in the least a titled personage. He is a gentilhomme Anglais, rien de plus."

"He is a fool, or else il finira galérien," the lady returned, with concentrated bitterness. "Enfin, I am the wedded wife of Monsieur Francois Blanc. Monsieur, je suis votre très devoeée. Oh! he is an angel, my husband!"

"Mon gros m'a donné pour mari,
Mais comme il est laid, mon Dieu!
Plus sottly whistled between his teeth Monsieur Constant.

"Say rather un homme lâche—a prodigy of baseness. He married me by subterfuge and fraud."

"He did," Constant echoed, agreeing with the wild animal for once; "subterfuge and fraud are the words. Après."

"His millions turned out to be all in protestéd bills, long overdue, and for which he was responsible. He was reliable de dettes. He made me dance and sing at his infamous supper parties for the amusement of his vagabond aristocrat friends. It was I who paid the Champagne à ces beaux festins. Monsieur was not too proud to spend my salary month after month. Monsieur was unfaithful to me."

"Vous lui avez donné la réplique, ma belle."

"If he insulted me, neglected me, he only went on, seeming not to have heard the valet's scornful remark. "He beat me. Beat me, on occasion to parent or governess ever dared to lay a finger."

"Don't you remember the Bengleuse who used to ride on the dance to the sound of cor and a leather strap. You tried to strangle Blunt twice, to stab him once. You would have put something in his coffee had you dared."

"Only when the marks of his brutal hands were on my face, when the livid bar raised by his cravache was seen on my shoulders. Men are women who like to be beaten. He should have undermined me if he did not love he is un lâche."

"I know it was not a happy marriage. You flew out of the window soon after the honeymoon, and Blunt followed after it. You used to smash a great deal of crockery-ware in those days. Well, you would have your own way. It was the Honorable Lady Hotel Rataplan, and to asking milords to supper."

"He deprived me of my child—of my little Lily," the lady said, after a pause of passionate silence, during which her bosom heaved, and she panted as though want of breath, and not want of self-command, compelled her to a temporary surcease in invective.

"No," cried Constant, quietly. "You have nothing to do with it. You have no respect to the child. *He* didn't deprive you of it. *I* did."

"Monster!" cried the lady. Her looks, however, did not bear out the accusation of her words.

"Benefactor, rather. I did not choose to have the little one brought up in the midst of the pugs and mamma were making round it. If Blunt had been left alone with it, he is so lazy, insouciant, thoroughly selfish and worldly heartless, if you will, that he would have left it on a horse, or sent it to the work-house. Had it been confided to you it would have had its brains dashed out by one of your mad rages; or else, à coups de cravache, it would have been educated for the pad-saddle and the circus. One amazon in a family is quite enough, countess."

He gave her the name bestowed upon her, half in joke, half in mockery, by the habitués of the theatre, whom she offended by her haughtiness and terrified by her temper.

"Non; shall the child, where is it?"

"Safe and sound, away from temptation, at school, chez de bonnes dames puritaines. When she is full grown she shall be a governess. Pray for her wicked papa and mamma."

"I will," said the lady, with tragic Blunt, and that is enough to make me hate it," said she woman, disdainfully.

"You are made for a mother. Nature, you are a potent influence. To be sure, you have scarcely ever seen the poor little thing. It was born during a long illness of yours, and on the morrow of her christening you have never set eyes upon her. I will take care you never do. Ah! by the by, I had forgotten—there is of a dangerous nature. When Heaven gave you that beautiful body, and that brilliant intellect, how was it you forgot to give a mother's heart? Imagotelle as a heart was left out, madame?"

As he spoke he raised his flaccid lids and gazed upon her with piercing intensity. The woman's head scornfully, and adjusted the glittering bauble she wore in her hair.

"Do you wish to revive the old story?" she asked, with a sneer. "I thought that in our present state of social alliance, diplomatic defensive, there was a secret article to the effect that nothing ever was to be said about the days when we were young and foolish."

"When *I* was young, and a fool—a madman," the valet retorted. "I am growing old. Je grisonne. You are still young, but foolish no more. You never were. Oh no! You were always wonderfully wise."

"As you please," the wild animal, who had become strangely tranquil, perchance through sheer bassitude, uttered. "I must beg you, however, not to bore me with these old histories of Colin and Jacqueline. They are all very well in pastel, or in porcelaine de Sax, mais elles m'ennuient en prose. What do you want here, so late at night?"

"We are both night-birds. My visit in the end will be a welcome one. I have brought you a hundred pounds from your husband."

"Keep yours," said the lady, coolly, and hold out her hand.

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QUITE ALONE

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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CHAPTER XII.

THE WILD ANIMAL.

MONSIEUR CONSTANT, giving one low but authoritative tap at the door of the front drawing-room, turned the handle, and found himself in a room of the presence of the "wild animal."

She was not lying on state. There were no bars before her. She was not growling à quatre pattes. Quite the contrary. She was merely a very beautiful young women in a black satin dress and with a great diamond necklace round her neck, and great diamond bracelets on her arms. Neck and arms were bare.

"I put on these for him. I dressed for supper," she explained in a fury so soon as she saw the valet, "and the traitor sends me word that he can not come. Sends me word by a wife of his brigade, that he is ill. Ill! Bah!" she continued, paraphrasing, perhaps unconsciously, Roy Bluss. "I will poison him. I will poison him in his soup. I greet him with the salute of a German ambassador, who eats onions and drinks stout."

The woman was a Frenchwoman, pur sang.

"Tut, tut, tut," quoth Monsieur Constant, in French. "If you have a fool to poison, be sure! You should have devoted yourself to melodrama, madame, and not to the manège. What a pity that Blunt should compel you to be a scrimsonge must, and that you should have nothing better to say in public than 'Haoup! hup là!' and 'Bravo Mlle. Fanfan!'"

"Coquin!" screamed the lady. "Are you come to insult me?"

"I am come to wake Mademoiselle Rataplan, qui dort du sommeil des justes? She does not ask milords to sup with her. Nor would you if you were the wife of an English gentleman, an fashionable, un lion, quoi?"

A deep crimson veil—a blush not of shame, but of rage, fell, like a gauze in a scene in a spectacle, over the woman's white neck and arms. She set her teeth for a moment and ground them, and then, starting up, began with the passionate volubility of her nation:

"The wife of an English gentleman! The wife of a swindler, un escroc! a gambler, un gueux. He was to have millions, forsooth. Je vous en donne, moi, millions. I was to have horses, parks, chateaux."

"Well, you have four horses as it is."

"Yes, and I put a pad-saddle on, and dance on them for a livelihood, en maillot. My beautiful husband allows me to become a horse-rider in a circus. I am the Honorable Lady Blunt."

"Not a bit of it. Your husband is not in the least a titled personage. He is a gentilhomme Anglais, rien de plus."

"He is a fool, or il finira galérien," the lady returned, with concentrated bitterness. "Enfin, I am the wedded wife of Monsieur Francois Blanc. Monsieur, je suis votre très devoeée. Oh! he is an angel, my husband!"

"Mon gros m'a donné pour mari,
Mais comme il est laid, mon Dieu!
Plus softly whistled between his teeth Monsieur Constant.

"Say rather un homme lâche—a prodigy of baseness. He married me by subterfuge and fraud."

"He did," Constant echoed, agreeing with the wild animal for once; "subterfuge and fraud are the words. Après."

"His millions turned out to be all in protestéd bills, long overdue, and for which he was responsible. He was reliable de dettes. He made me dance and sing at his infamous supper parties for the amusement of his vagabond aristocrat friends. It was I who paid the Champagne à ces beaux festins. Monsieur was not too proud to spend my salary month after month. Monsieur was unfaithful to me."

"Vous lui avez donné la réplique, ma belle."

"If he insulted me, neglected me, he only went on, seeming not to have heard the valet's scornful remark. "He beat me. Beat me, on occasion to parent or governess ever dared to lay a finger."

"Don't you remember the Bengleuse who used to ride on the dance to the sound of cor and a leather strap. You tried to strangle Blunt twice, to stab him once. You would have put something in his coffee had you dared."

"Only when the marks of his brutal hands were on my face, when the livid bar raised by his cravache was seen on my shoulders. Men are women who like to be beaten. He should have undermined me if he did not love he is un lâche."

"I know it was not a happy marriage. You flew out of the window soon after the honeymoon, and Blunt followed after it. You used to smash a great deal of crockery-ware in those days. Well, you would have your own way. It was the Honorable Lady Hotel Rataplan, and to asking milords to supper."

"He deprived me of my child—of my little Lily," the lady said, after a pause of passionate silence, during which her bosom heaved, and she panted as though want of breath, and not want of self-command, compelled her to a temporary surcease in invective.

"No," cried Constant, quietly. "You have nothing to do with it. I did not choose to have the little one brought up in the midst of the pugs and mamma were making round it. If Blunt had been left alone with it, he is so lazy, insouciant, thoroughly selfish and worldly heartless, if you will, that he would have left it on a horse, or sent it to the work-house. Had it been confided to you it would have had its brains dashed out by one of your mad rages; or else, à coups de cravache, it would have been educated for the pad-saddle and the circus. One amazon in a family is quite enough, countess."

He gave her the name bestowed upon her, half in joke, half in mockery, by the habitués of the theatre, whom she offended by her haughtiness and terrified by her temper.

"Non; shall the child, where is it?"

"Safe and sound, away from temptation, at school, chez de bonnes dames puritaines. When she is full grown she shall be a governess. Pray for her wicked papa and mamma."

"I will," said the lady, with tragic Blunt, and that is enough to make me hate it," said she woman, disdainfully.

"You are made for a mother. Nature, you are a potent influence. To be sure, you have scarcely ever seen the poor little thing. It was born during a long illness of yours, and on the morrow of her christening you have never set eyes upon her. I will take care you never do. Ah! by the by, I had forgotten—there is of a dangerous nature. When Heaven gave you that beautiful body, and that brilliant intellect, how was it you forgot to give a mother's heart? Imagotelle as a heart was left out, madame?"

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"As you please," the wild animal, who had become strangely tranquil, perchance through sheer bassitude, uttered. "I must beg you, however, not to bore me with these old histories of Colin and Jacqueline. They are all very well in pastel, or in porcelaine de Sax, mais elles m'ennuient en prose. What do you want here, so late at night?"

"We are both night-birds. My visit in the end will be a welcome one. I have brought you a hundred pounds from your husband."

"Keep yours," said the lady, coolly, and hold out her hand.

"Not so fast. I know your capacity for absorbing money. A hundred or a thousand pounds would slip with equal facility down that pretty swan-like throat. It is not the first time that I have been very hardlier dealt by fiends. Certain conditions, not very hard ones, are attached to this advance. We, that is monsieur," he was respectful to the dandy even in his absence, "must not be annoyed for six months."

"And you offer a miserable hundred pounds. C'est peu."

"It is all we can give. Business has not been prosperous. Times are very hard with us; and this hundred pounds even can be ill-spared."

"I dare say. Times also are very hard with me. But tell me, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, has my precious husband any funds of his own?"

"Not a sou. He ate up his patrimony years ago."

"Have you? I can understand the other."

Constant shrugged his shoulders. "What can a poor demoiselle à gages be worth?" he replied.

"C'est donc de l'argent volé. You have stolen this hundred pounds then. Keep it. Je n'en veux pas."

"Hypocrite! Your mouth is watering for it, and you know well that it were ten times as much. So, madame, it is not money stolen; it is money won."

"By cheating."

"As you please. I have it here, in five-pound notes."

"Give it me, then. I don't think my husband has yet devoted himself to forgery. He has not application enough. You may tell him from me that I will not trouble him again for six months. Milord, lui, n'est pas dans la dèche himself."

"What are you going to do with your milord?" the valet asked, with a darkling look.

"Cut his throat. I don't ask you with what little lingères you are en bonne fortune. If you must know what I mean to do with milord, then by Dieu-merci he is bleed him for the good of his constitution. It a trop de sang, ce mauvais-là."

"He is not of age."

"The usurers are kind to him."

"Do you love him?"

"Did I ever, even my body, Jean Baptiste Constant?" asked the woman, with candid contempt.

I don't think you did. It will be your lot some day to love, and to be spurned as you have spurned—never mind whom."

"Comte," replied madame.

"Qui que tu sois tu vois ton maître.
Qui sut, qui fut, ou le doit être."—

Who e'er thou art, thy master see.
Who is, or was, or is to be.

"A charming sentiment, more charmingly expressed, although I never believed in it for a moment. Love is no master of mine, never was and never will be. But the couplet is exquisite. It is Voltaire, is it not? A charming writer is Voltaire. It is growing very late. I think you had better give me the money and let me go to bed."

"Here are your wages, Harpy," muttered Constant, and he handed her a packet of notes.

"Thank you. C'est pas grand'chose, mais c'est du numéraire tout de même. I have almost forgiven milord. He will come to-morrow and see on his knees."

"Good-night, Valérie."

"Hein," said the wild animal, with a look of simulated surprise, but profound disdain. Since when, Monsieur qui brose les habits de mon mari?"

"Good-night, Mrs. Blunt, then."

"The Honorable Lady Blunt you mean, faquin" but this he/she said in mockery.

"Bah! that will do for France, but in England it is absurd."

"Au revoir, donc, under any circumstances. Be sure you give my love to my husband."

"I will give him as much love as you send him: and, mind me, I should say, waste much breath. Again good-night."

"Bonsoir, mon ours."

He had taken a seat during the entire interview, but had half stood, half lounged against the console on which he had placed his hat. He now advanced a step over her as she sat, threw his hat on her jewels and her satin, on a sofa, and putting his hands to hers, said in French, "Come and I will quote his very words.

"Tu es une créature sans cœur et sans mœurs, digne d'être enfermée et flétrie en plein Gallipolis."

"So I have no heart, and no manners, and ought to be whipped, eh? Thank you, my complimentary lover of moral philosophy. Au revoir et à bientôt."

Constant did not care to renew the colloquy, and without answering another glance he took her left the room. His face had turned livid, and he was trembling all over. But he had great command over his emotions, and by the time he reached the salle à manger again his countenance was as unruffled as ever.

Rotation had gone to bed. Constant, however, was an old habitué of the house, and made himself comfortable with the cigars and champagne. La Miss Thomas. He was no smoker; but she brewed him a silver timbale full of mulled claret, of which he took a mouthful in moderation, and remained, after a game or two at dominoes with the mahogany-colored sentinel, until past four in the morning. His conversation was mainly about the "countess" and her temper; to which the old woman's general response—she agreed, however, perfectly in what he said—was "Enfer!" Many of the lodgers at the Hotel Ratafiat were very late night-birds indeed; and it was four in the morning before Monsieur Constant left Leicester Place. Often, during his vigil, his eyes sought the smoke-begrimed ceiling, as though they could pierce through the joists and planking, the laths and plaster, and light once more upon the beautiful woman with the bare neck and arms, and the black satin dress.

CHAPTER XIII.

TO GAMRIDGE'S.

GAMRIDGE'S Hotel was in Pump Street, Regent Street. Gamridge's was much frequented by the junior members of the aristocracy, and by officers bearing his Majesty's commission. Gamridge's was the legitimate successor of the house of the old Slaughter's Coffee-house in St. Martin's Lane, whose ancient cellar and rooms military frequenters Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" discourses delightfully. Gamridge's, in 1836, was at the zenith of its glory and renown; but a few years afterward—such is the mutability of human affairs—Gamridge's was destined to be eclipsed by the Cave of Harmony.

Why "Rag" and why "Famish?" I, as a poor slouching civilian, am not, I hope, bound to know. The Rag and Famish seems to me a most palatial edifice, superb in all its exterior appointments. I have heard that its inner chambers are decorated in the most lavish style of Oriental splendor; that its smoking-room vies in gorgeousness with the Court of the Lions at the Alhambra; that, in point of luxury and cenory, it is the most eminent upholsterer in London has run riot. Nobody can be in rags, nobody can possibly be famished, at the Rag. The cuisine, I have heard, is exquisite, the wines and liquors are beyond compare. The lightest-rested and lightest-bottomed foot-page on the parish of St. James's gambol and grin behind the plate-glass doors. The men who smoke and the men who masticate military bricks puff their cigars on the steps. There are always half a dozen Hansoms in waiting before the door. On the Derby Day drags by the score start from the Rag. The prizes in the race sweeps at the Rag are said to be enormous.

Let me see, what is the pay of a subaltern in the Line? Some seventy or eighty pounds a year, I believe. What is the pay of a general officer? Not many hundreds per annum, I am afraid. It strikes me that the establishment, not only of the Rag, but of the Senior and Junior United Service Clubs, must have been an inestimable boon to the young warriors who are ready to fight their country's battles, and to the old braves who have fought them, and retired to grass, and whose belligerents are now hives for bees. To live like a lord, and to be served like a prince; to have all the newspapers and periodicals, and a first-class library; billiard and smoking rooms, baths and fiaratories, lounging and elbow-resting room; a numerous staff of silent, civil, and obliging servants; to have all your liveries, and as much stationery as ever you want; these are joys familiar to the members of the Rag, and of other kindred clubs. Then the young fellow on active service can run up from Chatham or Aldershot, and have the free range of a Venetian palace for a day or two. The battered half-pay has but to provide himself with a bedroom at half a guinea a week in Jermyn Street, or St. Alban's Place, and to dine mine at the clock on one morning till two or three of the clock on the next, he may live as luxuriously as the Italian Cathay. The charges themselves are moderate. The table-money is inconsiderable. Beer, bread, and pickles are dispensed gratuitously. The cigars are not dear. The champagnes and wines are supplied at rates very little exceeding mere price.

Whereas, I can't see what a civilian wants with a club at all. He has a home, which the soldier and sailor, as a rule, hasn't, and he has a meal at home. He may reflect himself in a decorous dining-room at home. If he wants books, let him subscribe to Mudie's. If he wants talk, let Mr. Panizzi for a ticket for the Museum Reading-room. He needs no smoking-room. Civilians have no right to smoke. It is not in their hard-room. Civilians should be men of business, and men of business have no right to play billiards. "Clubs," says Rochefoucauld, "are one of his wisest apophthegms, "are weapons of offense, wielded by savages for the purpose of keeping off the white women." So it is right. Clubs, for your dashing, rollicking, harum-scarum soldiers and sailors, are all very well. The gallant fellows need a little relaxation after the galling restraints of barracks or ship-board; but clubs, to the temperate civilian, are a snare and one of the meanest pretexts for selfishness and self-indulgence.

Having, I flatter myself, in the preceding paragraph, set myself right with the ladies (whom I am always trying to conciliate, and always unsuccessfully), let me proceed with the description of Gamridge's. Social clubs of the palatial order were rare in 1836. St. James's had its exclusive political coteries—Brooks's, Boodle's, and the like; but none save the elect of the elect could obtain admission to them. Cockcroft's was not yet founded, nor was a gaming-house. The Carlton wasn't built. The Athenæum and the Reform were arrogant with the flush of the March of Intellect, and looked down upon the men of the sword. The members of the latter defined all literary quarreling among themselves. The United Service only admitted officers of high grade. What remained, then, for the young or middle-aged warriors but Gamridge's.

Gamridge's was not a club; its coffee-room was open to all comers. The encroachment of its frequenters was so strongly marked that an outsider rarely, if ever, ventured to set foot within the mysterious precincts. A bagman who presumed to enter Gamridge's would have had a bad time of it. There would have been waiting in Lonesdale if a Manchester man had so far forgotten himself as to intrude, uninvited, on the Cambridgean exclusiveness. In its distinctive typification, and its invisible but impassable barriers, Gamridge's resembled one of the old coffee-houses of the preceding century. They, too, were open to all; yet you seldom found any but merchants at Garraway's or Jonathen's, soldiers at the Crown in Whitehall, gamesters at Sam's St. James's Street, country squires at the Star and Garter in Pall Mall, Jacobites at the Harp at Cornhill, booksellers' hacks at the Devil in First Street, lawyers at the Cock, and publishers at the Ball in Long Acre.

There had never, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Pump Street, been a Gamridge. Who he was, if ever he were at all, there is no knowing. In 36 the landlord—landlady, rather—was Mrs. Vash: a handsome, portly widow, who wore bishop's sleeves, and a multitude of ribbons in her cap, and had many daughters, whom she kept scrupulously at boarding-school to preserve them from the perils of Gamridge's; for, if not "wild geese" one would "Polly" about, wilder than ever. Mrs. Vash was a woman of the world. A few, a very few, of her oldest customers—old gentlemen who had been so long and so consistently raking about town that they seemed, on the principle of extremes meeting, almost staidness itself—were admitted to the luxurious privacy of Mrs. Vash's bar-parlor. She was an excellent judge of port-wine, and, being a generous hostess, would occasionally treat some of her prime favorites to a bottle with a peculiar tawny seal. In the coffee-room Mrs. Vash tolerated cigars, and liberally charged nineteen apiece for them. She was equally careful to charge exorbitant prices for every other commodity. You might get as dinner nowadays at the Rag for what a breakfast cost at Gamridge's. The political Gamridge's were High Tory to a tune. The tree-blue patrician class had lost much power and influence by Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, and three Parliaments for a change into dissipation. Liberal Conservatives had not yet perked up into existence. Among the Gamridge Radicals I was held to be the orthodox thing, just then, to be steady and sober, to bring in moral acts of parliament, to hound forward the Church Establishment. The Tories sneered contemptuously at education and morality. They were staunch churchmen, but in the "lying Jesuits" sense, like Lord Eldon, supporting the sacred edifice from the outside. They called the London University "Sinkomsley," or the new Gamridge Pig and Whistle. They held schools where the birch was not in daily use as the vilest hot-beds of sedition, and were careful to bring up children to seminaries where they knew they would have plenty of flogging in the good old Tory style. The society at Gamridge's was a permanent protest against the Penny Magazine, and the steam-engine, and the spread of cheap literature, and the diffusion of educational whimseys of your Broughams, Denmans, Fundays, De Morgans, and compeers. Nothing would induce any of Gamridge's to read or attempted at Gamridge's; and even those elementary functions were performed in the manner most calculated to do the least amount of benefit on the human frame. The guests breakfasted at three in the afternoon, and dined at midnight. The waiter in the coffee-room at noon, and knocked-up roots went to bed at tenthree. There were many white-faced waiters who never opened the shutters at all, and to like that perpetual insomnolence. Pale ale was unknown in England then, but the popping of corks from bottles of porter and stout was audible all day long. Dice, only, Mrs. Vash rigidly refused to wink at. "If gentlemen, who were gentlemen," she remarked, "chose to call a main, they must do it in the parish of St. James's, and not in the parish of St. Anne's." Mrs. Vash was a cool of the old school, and liked to see things done in their proper places.

It was a curious time, and yet somewhat of the patriarchal element remained. Plebeian disputation was confined to the youngsters. The old gentlemen sat in the Brunz, mounted on steady ambling cobs. A new race of rakes drove them gradually from the coffee-room at Gamridge's, and left them to back-gallop, where they piped disparagement of the rapscallion age over their port with the tawny seal. Thence, by slow degrees, they were driven to Pump Street, and to Bath, and Cheltenham, and Fogydom, and went home to bed, and fell paralytic, and so died.

Mr. Ernest Constant strolled into Gamridge's at about a quarter to one in the morning, with a light, tight-fitting frock-coat buttoned over him, a cane-hook in one, and looking, on the whole, "as fresh as paint." The coseness of the simile may find objection; but Constant had been refreshed with a glass of lemon-colored kid gloves decorated his hands, the many rings bulging from beneath the soft leather. His hair, which had been rearranged—perhaps those ornaments and his hair were not strangers to a recent touch from the curling-tongs—by the same hair-dresser in the Quadrant who kept open till past midnight for the behoof of exquisites such as he—his clothes had been brushed by the very exterior sprucest and polished up. He had passed a hard day, but he was ready to begin a night as hard.

There was no particular clamor about the exterior of Gamridge's. It was a George-the-Second mansion of sad-colored brick with stone dressings, and the door-way, to which a step led up, was in a state of compound fracture from the excessive playfulness of late-returning guests. A lamp-glass broken, one pound five, was a common item in Mrs. Vash's long bills. When the late-comers and lodgers didn't smash the lamp, they smashed the fan-light, or the soda-water tumblers, or the coffee-room panels, or the waiters' heads. They were always breaking something, and every thing was charged in the bill. You entered Gamridge's by a long, low, oblique passage, seemingly specially designed for the benefit of gentlemen who came home late, overtaken with liquor, and who had to find it out. They could not well tumble down in their progress along that sporting passage. The coffee-room was almost devoid of decoration. Had it been papered the gentlemen would have torn the paper off; had there been a pier-glass somebody would have smashed it, but as pier-glasses then cost twenty pounds the item might have been subject to inconvenient dispute in the bill. So, to be on the safe side, Mrs. Vash provided her guests with a thick circular mirror in a shabby frame, which defied even a poker. En revanche, the gallant youths who frequented the coffee-room had smashed their names on it, as well as on the window-panes, in a hundred places, with their diamond rings.

There was an immense dumb-waiter. The tables were of mahogany, brightly polished; wax candlesticks, in silver sconces, were always used, to the disdainful exclusion of gas—and each one of those same candlesticks many a tall fellow had been laid flat that the floor was subsided, and triangular spittoons were distributed about. It was the oddest combination of luxury and economy, of a club-room and a pot-house.

In this room a dozen of the greatest families in England were assembled. Some had fifty thousand a year, and some had nothing, and owed three fifty thousand pounds; but, poor or rich, all were fashionable. It was a congregation of prodigal sons and prodigal fathers, but fathers and sons were both accustomed to sit in the high places, and to have much deference paid to them.

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON SMITH.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON SMITH, whose portrait we give on page 253, and who has recently come prominently before the public as commander of the Red River Expedition, was born in Pennsylvania, and graduated at West Point in 1838. In the same class with BEAUREGARD and HARDEE, of the rebel army, old Generals BARRY, M'DOWELL, and Major Sibley in the Federal service. For seven years he was Second Lieutenant in the First Dragoons, with whom he served during most of that time in the Territories. In 1847 he was Captain, and served against the Indians in South Oregon. In 1861 he was appointed Colonel of the Second California Cavalry, and in March, 1862, was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. In October of that year he was placed at the head of the First Division of General GRANGER'S army in Kentucky; but subsequently was attached to General GRANT'S army, as commander of the Tenth Division of the Thirteenth Corps. General SMITH led the right division in the attack on Vicksburg in December of that year, and afterward commanded the Second Division of the Thirteenth Corps at the battle and capture of Fort Hindman, Arkansas Post, in January, 1863. After the return of this place the army to the vicinity of Vicksburg, General SMITH was placed in command of the district of Corinth, from which post he was removed to the command of the post of Columbus, Kentucky, in order to keep open the communications along the Mississippi River with General GRANT'S command, here the rebel strong-hold. Having cleared that part of Kentucky of guerrillas, General SMITH on the January 24, 1864, relieved of his post command, and ordered to lead the Third Division of the Sixteenth Corps in the Sherman expedition through Central Mississippi.

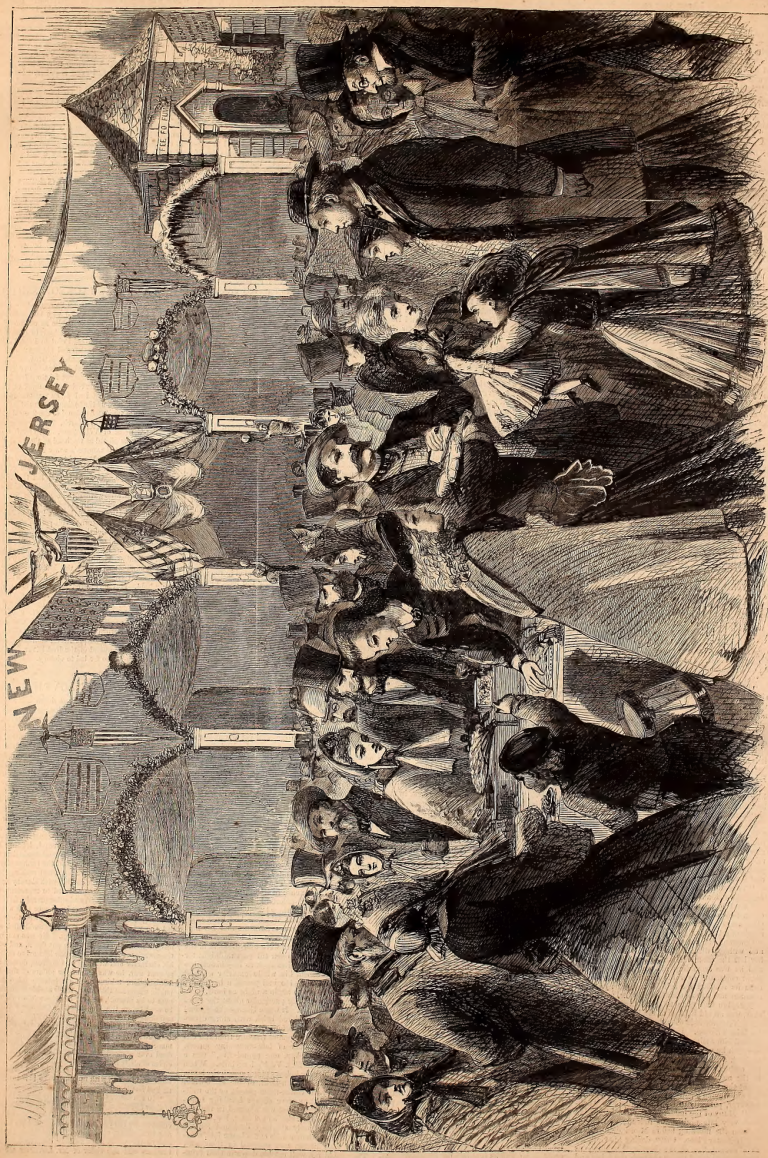
After the return of the forces under General SHERMAN to the Mississippi River, General SMITH was placed in command of the Red River Expedition, which he has so far led to victory.

HON. OWEN LOVEJOY.

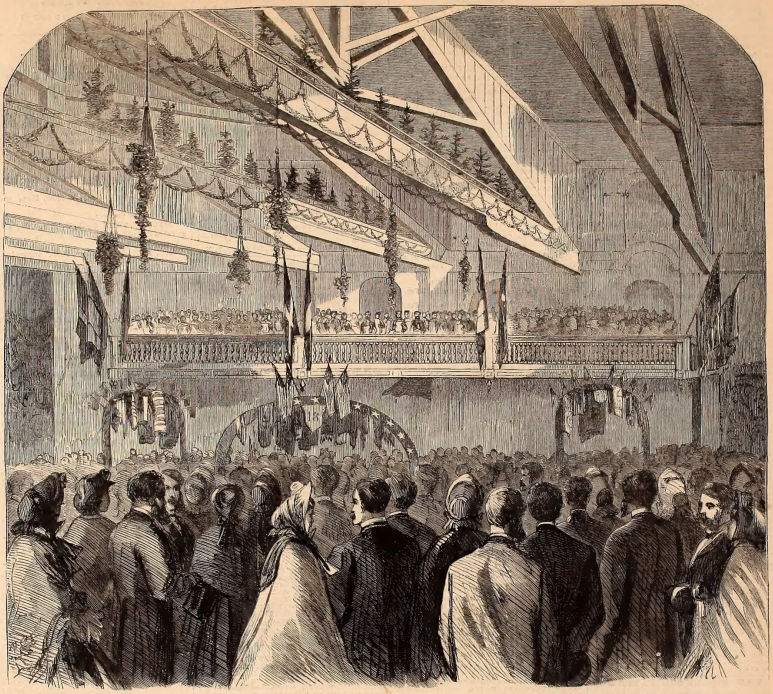
HON. OWEN LOVEJOY, whose death was recorded last week, was born in Albion, Maine, on the 6th of January, 1811. His father was Rev. Dr. DANIEL LOVEJOY. Until eighteen years of age his time was spent on a farm. He then fitted for college, and worked his way through Bowdoin by his own exertions. He studied for the ministry, and in 1837 was in Alton, Illinois, when his eldest brother, Rev. ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY, was shot. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS said, *"the first American martyr to the Freedom of the Press was Elijah Lovejoy."* Over his dead body OWEN, at the age of twenty-six, vowed a life-long hostility to the system of American slavery. He was ordained as a minister of the Congregational Church at Princeton, Illinois, and held that relation until 1854, constantly maintaining revolutionary and unpopular views, but his church to exclude slaveholders and apologists for slavery from its communion, and the community at large to protect the fugitive bondman from slave-hunter on free soil. As the conflict with slavery deepened, Mr. LOVEJOY was selected to represent the people in the Legislature, and subsequently, in 1858, was sent to Congress, where he at once took a commanding position, and became known, throughout the whole country, as an unconditional and courageous advocate of Liberty. He was emphatically a man who could not be awed or cowed even the enemies of his principles soon learned to respect his character and worth. In Congress, during the present war, he was one of the warmest of the Administration, taking such an intense interest in public measures that once, when unable from sickness to be present, he sent his views to Congress to be read before the House. The Chicago *Tribune*, summing up the features of Mr. LOVEJOY'S character, says:—"In public as well as in private life Mr. LOVEJOY was a sincere, upright, thoroughly honest man. He is mourned by a host not only living or dead ever accused him of departing from the principles of strict integrity.

"At home, of late years, he has been a large and successful farmer, with fine improved breeds of cattle and fertile fields.

"In the bosom of his large family he was the idol of their affections, the most exemplary of husbands, the most indulgent of fathers. A widow and nine children are left to cherish his memory and his virtues as a rich legacy, and to mourn what seems to them and to the world his untimely departure." Two brothers and one sister of Mr. LOVEJOY are still living.



NEW JERSEY DEPARTMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—[See Page 246.]



GRAND OPENING OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON SMITH.—[SEE PAGE 254.]

THE LATE HON. OWEN LOVEJOY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAMSON, BENDELTS.—[SEE PAGE 261.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until his consummated advertising, his business was done on Credit and strictly with the Trade.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great variety of pens now sold to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Premium Price of Gold Pens, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, send a "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

LATEST INVENTION IN GOLD PENS. JUST OUT.

After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the FIRST time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with the Iridium or Diamond Point, and possessing all the elasticity and flexibility of the highest price pen ever sold, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. More than has been spent in trying to produce an elastic and diamond-pointed pen at a low figure, and, until now, all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced pens and calling them gold. We know that none is the only solid gold and genuine diamond pointed and elastic pen in the market that can be sold anywhere near our prices.

Trade Prices by the Dozen.

No. 2. Morton Pen,	$3 50.
No. 3. Large Pen,	$3 75.
No. 4. Extra-Large Pen,	$4 00.
Silver Mounted Ebony Holders in Morocco Cases, extra Per Dozen,	$4 00.

Sample Pens.

No. 2. Morton Pen,	40 cents.
No. 3. Large Pen,	50 cents.
No. 4. Extra-Large Pen,	65 cents.
Silv. Mounted Ebony Holders in Morocco Cases, extra,	50 cents.

Warantee.

We warrant every pen for one year, and to be solid gold, pointed with Iridium or Diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity of the most expensive gold pen made.

We send no pens to any address in the United States, but postage paid, on receipt of price. Money promptly safeguarded and returned, if not as represented.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 181 Broadway, New York.

AMERICAN NEEDLE CO., 442 Broadway, N. Y.
J. W. BACHELDER,
Needle Manufacturer for the Sewing Machines.
12th Regiment's Illustrated Hand Needles. Try sample. Any quantity, any size. 250 for 50c., or with beautiful Needle Book, $1, by mail. "We find them superior to others for Sewing Machines or Hand Sewing."—Messrs. Demorest.

NEW SEWING MACHINE ATTACHMENTS.
(Applicable to all Machines, sent free by mail everywhere.)
The Self Guide,
Guides the work itself perfectly; Hems, Tucks, &c. Price $1.
The Needle Setter with Gauge,
Sets the Needle itself, and tells all the sizes. Price 25c.
Address J. W. BACHELDER'S Needle & S. M. Depot, 442 Broadway, N. Y. Discount to Agents; full directions accompany each.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.

Major-General Burnside
Writes, Jan. 29th, 1864, after thanks for what he is pleased to call our "useful and beautiful present" of a "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case." "It is the most complete and convenient apparatus that I have ever seen, and so entirely within the reach of the Soldier in price, that it is peculiarly such a gift as we desire."

Gen'l Thomas Francis Meagher writes:
Feb. 5th, 1864.
"To the Ridgewood Manufacturing Co.
Gentlemen:—I test great pleasure in acknowledging, with many thanks, your present of the "Ridgewood Pipe and Tobacco Case," and beg also only to assure you of my belief that your ingenious and beautiful little invention will prove most convenient and useful to every officer and Soldier, who can afford a Pipe and Tobacco as well as Box.
And remain, faithfully yours, &c.
Compact and portable as a Cigar Case, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the more richly plated and engraved.

3^{rd} Single Cases to be sent, free to the Army, and every Regiment a supply of price and 25 cents. Liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Agents Wanted.

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,
of superior quality and flavor, put up in Packages to fill the Cases, and in various sizes for the Army Trade. At all prices from 25 cents per Fine Tobacco, full weight, sent fully paid by mail; Small Plugs, 10 cts. per Oz. All Orders promptly filled.
OFFICE: RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
429 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

DEMOREST'S N. Y. ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—The only color and valuable Weekly will give some striking novelties this week. Do not fail to see it. Now ready.

Enameled Chamber FURNITURE

The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, washable and chaste, plain and ornamental, in suite, wholesale and retail. Also Mattresses and Palliasses. WARREN WARD, 377 Canal St., N. Y.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen of Pens—Morton's Pen, the same according to description, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Jim-dandy Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Intellect Pen.—These Pens are not warranted, but correspond in size to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 62½ cents, the Lucky Pen; and for $1 00, the Elegant Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Intellect Pen.

Also the World-Pervading, Self-writing Gold Pen, with Iridescia Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accidents.

All subscribers will please name the No. being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 5 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broads, Coarse Broads, and Stubs. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 25 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 00 a No. 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $2 75 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 a No. 10 Pen.—all 1st quality.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $4 00, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 a No. 7 Pen.

For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.—all 1st quality.

The "31st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridescia Points, carefully selected from the entire product of the factory, with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "31st Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him at any former Rates.

The "31st Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities the best Pens heretofore sold under Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Extra Gold Pens, he wishes to say, previous to reporting his New and Patented Machinery, that no one could have made a Good Writing Gold Pens at the prices, and the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Persons ordering must in all instances specify the Number and "Quality" desired. Either "Quality" will be sent, and he particular to describe to the kind they prefer—whether of flat nibs, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail is registered letters are at my risk; and to all who send twenty-five cents for registering, in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will pay postage on the letter.

Further sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full value in Gold Pens, at my risk.

To AGENTS.—A discount of 20 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $5, of 25 per cent. on sums of $10, and of 30 per cent. on sums of $20, if sent to one address at a time.

Address,
JOHN MORTON,
No. 25 Malden Lane, New York.

Sensible Present For a Soldier!

One of Howard's Patent Water and Sweat Proof Money Belts, with compartments for Letters, Memorandums, and Card Photographs. They are light, durable, and elegant. Sent free to all parts of the country on receipt of price, Two Dollars.
HOWARD BELT CO., 426 Broadway, New York.

Soldiers' Badges.

All Soldiers who want a nice gold or silver Badge should send in their orders promptly to me. I am constantly forwarding to the Army Officers' and Soldiers' Trophy, Eagle Badges, with Name, Co. Plan, at $1 00 each; also 18c. gold or 10 cents each. Crossed Cannons, Crossed Guns, Crossed Sabres Artillery and Cavalry Plans, at $1 25; 18c. gold, $2 00. Shield Badges, with Name, Co., &c., at $1 00 per doz. Badges enamelled in red, White, or Blue, for every Regiment in the service, at $1 50 per doz.; 18c. gold, $2 00; in silver, $1 50. Also fine Gold Pens, with ebony or silver mounted Holders, at $2 00 per doz. Send for circular or new styles, all sent free by mail. Agents wanted—Clergymen of all kinds invited here liberally that at any of my other houses.
E. KITH, 48 Nassau St.
Dealer in Army Badges, Watches, Gold Pens, Jewelry, &c.

WATCHES.

A Heavy Hunting Cased Silver Compoite Watch, fine movement, jewelled, stem-winding and setting, the appearance of Solid Silver, sold by the case at $12 00. Sample Watches sent free of expense, at $16 00.

The Great English Army Watch, in heavy handsome solid Composite hunting cases, beautifully engraved, highly finished and perfectly jewelled, and in running order. These cases will wear for a generation of time. Sold by the case at $16 00. Sample Watches sent free of expense, at $15 00.

The Great New Army Watch, especially for Soldiers, in heavy and in light Composite Hunting and Hunting cases, genuine Lever movements, ruby jewelled, and warranted a correct time-keeper, and durable, only $18.

Constantly on hand Watches of every description, from the cheapest to the finest. Send for circular or price-list. Sample Watches sent free. Postage, by the case, $2 00; Registering, 20 cents.

WARRANTED.

We warrant every Watch to be as represented, or money refunded. A written guarantee given if required.
GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Importers of,
181 Broadway, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS
in Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be ORDERED BY EXPRESS, No. 14 Broadway. Soldiers charged low rates.

New Cavalry Badge, in Solid Silver, $1 00.
New Artillery and Battery Pin, in fine Gold Plate, $1 50.
New Battle Pin, with the likeness of either General, in fine Gold Plate, $1.
New Naval Pin, fine Gold Plate, $1 50.
New Volunteer's Pin, do., $1 50.
New Engineer's Pin, do., $1 00.
Also a Solid Silver Shield, either Army Corps, Div., or Co. Pin, with your Name, Regiment, &c., engraved in best style.

E. P. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 199 Broadway, N. Y.

12th Regiment Ball.
For the Benefit of the
Widows and Orphans
Of
Deceased New York Soldiers.
ACADEMY OF MUSIC, April 25, 1864.

I loved that dear old Flag the best. Why I love her. My love is on the battle-field. "EVENDEN'S WAR" pieces. EVENDEN'S patriotic book; violin, flute, or cornet, each 25c. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS; price list mailed on receipt of stamp.
FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

A New Song
By the Author of
"Who will care for Mother now,"
"Mother would comfort me," &c., &c.
Entitled,
"He was not afraid to Die."
Words and Music by
Charles Carroll Sawyer.
(The Colonel of one of the Regiments his song concludes a letter written to the family of a noble soldier, who was killed in battle: "Yet will I always have these cheering words to console you.—"HE WAS NOT AFRAID TO DIE!")

The Music of this beautiful Song is published by SAWYER & THOMPSON, 20 Union square, New York. Mailed, $1 25" Sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the marked price, 20 cents.

Gray's Patent Molded Collars

HAVE now been before the public for nearly a year. They are universally pronounced the neatest and best thing in the market.

The upper edge presents a perfect curve, free from the angles formed in all other collars.

The cravat scorns no puckers on the inside of the turn-down collar—they are ALL SMOOTH INSIDE AS OUTSIDE—and therefore perfectly free and easy to the neck.

The Gutta Percha Cloth is smooth and enamel finish edge on both sides.

They require no soft simply flat pieces of paper cut in the form of a collar, but are MOLDED AND SHAPED TO FIT THE NECK.

They are made in "Novelty" cut turn-down style, in every half-size from 12 to 18 inches, and in "Funka" or Garibaldi, from 13 to 17 inches; and packed in "solid packages" of one dozen each, or "assorted packages" in smaller ones of 10 each—the latter a very handy package for Travellers, Army and Navy Officers.

12mo ENVELOPE COLLAR is stamped

"Gray's Patent Molded Collar."

Sold by all dealers in New York Furnishing Goods. The Trade supplied by

HATCH, JOHNSON & CO.,
61 Devonshire St, Boston.

J. S. Looney & Co., 37 Warren St., New York; Hayden, Bradley & Co., 64 Chestnut St., Philadelphia; Hodges Bros., 25 Hanover St., Baltimore; Wall, Stephens & Co., 20 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; Lewis and Bowles, cor. Fifth and Vine St., Cincinnati; J. von Borries & Co., 334 Main St., Louisville, Ky.; A. Frankenthal & Bro., No. 6 Main St., St. Louis; Bradford Bros., Milwaukee, Wis.; Weed, Whitten & Co., 7 to 12 Tehoupitoulas St., New Orleans.

Madame Benedict's MILLINERY and DRESS-MAKING Establishment is now REPLETE with every IMPORTED NOVELTY of the season. Millinery not admitted. 12 Waverly Place, New York.

Veteran Soldiers.
We are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Veteran Caps for all the Regiments and Corps now in the field, at $1 50 each. Also all the various Army Badges worn by the different Armies, by the single one, 10c, or dozen.
Sent to any part of the country by mail. Send for circular. Address
DARWIN G. MOORE,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, New York.

To Wounded Soldiers
Who have been Discharged.

The Bounty of $100 and Back Pay has been fully discharged on account of wounds received in battle, is now to be paid at the U. S. Army general Hospital, Fort Schuyler Pay Department. The Discharge must in all cases be procured by the Soldier. When a Soldier dies, only the discharge can be sent by mail, giving distinctly the Name and Full Address of the applicant.
New York, March 26th, 1864.

The "Star" No Chimney Burner

For Kerosene Oil Lamps and Lanterns. Gives a soft, mellow light, free from smoke or smell, and needs no chimney. We answer or parad to supply the increasing demand for this superior Burner, which every one who purchases it pronounces indispensable. Sample by mail, for 25 cts. Agents wanted.
P. LESLIE & CO., Manufacturers, 7 Platt Street, New York.

New Army Watches.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers, 213 Broadway, New York, want Agents in every county and every town. Liberal terms are offered to Agents. Send for circular.

Tooth Wash.

BENNETT'S ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH is worth all other dentifrices. Sold everywhere.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The first has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The second has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The third has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." printed on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The fourth has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "UNION WATCH Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold at our FOURTH OF JULY PRICE, and, usually, have the name "Samuel's Watch;" others are named the "APPLETON WATCH CO.;" others the "P. S. BARTLEY," instead of our P. S. BARTLETT. And the many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from great imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards.
National Emblems.

Sight of Eagles.

The suits are EAGLES, SHIELDS, STARS, and FLAGS. Union Number of KING: Goddess of Liberty for QUEEN: Major for JACK.

The Union Playing Cards are the first and only genuine American Cards ever produced, and as they are entered according to Act of Congress, they can be manufactured only by the American Card Company.

The Cards are rapidly taking the place of Cards bearing Foreign emblems. The demand for them is unprecedented in the Card Trade, and they will soon become the Leading Card in the American market.

In playing with these Cards, they are to be called by the names the emblems represent, and as the emblems are as familiar as household words every-where among the people of the American Republic, they can be used so readily the first session at cards bearing Foreign emblems.

The Union Cards are the most pleasing and attractive Card ever offered. They are produced in the highest style of the art, and each pack is put up in an elegant Card Case, suitable to keep them in when not in use, and thus in handsome dress for the trade.

Two Sample Packs in Card Cases sent, post-paid, on receipt of $1.
Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., or 419 Broadway, N. New York.

ENTERTAINING NOVELTIES continually appearing in DEMOREST'S NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Do not fail to see this week's number, now ready, universally acknowledged the most spicy and fine weekly now published.

Opera and Field-Glasses
Can see a man distance of 3 to 4 miles. Spectacles and Eye-Glasses with French flint glass. Also Microscopes of every description, from $1 to 250. R. & J. BECK, Philadelphia, 213 Broadway, cor. Fulton St., up stairs.
Wholesale and Retail. Send Stamp for Circular.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches ..... $125 00 each.
100 Gold Watches ..... 70 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches ..... 40 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches .. 15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains ..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets ..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches ..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches ..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops ..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops ..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 8 00 each.
3500 Gent's Breast Pins ..... 2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys ..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides ..... 3 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sets of Room Studs ..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons ..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings ..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings ..... 2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets ..... 2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry ..... 5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'tel Holders 4 00 to 8 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils ..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one has been, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Ballard Patent Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines.

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using ordinary loose ammunition. *This gun* is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantage of loading with either kind of loose ammunition also makes it superior to all others.

We also offer to the public our new Pistol & Reynolds' cartridge and loose ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifle and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.

MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
362 Broadway, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell by new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

POLLAR & SON.

MERCHANT TAILORS, 257 BROOME ST., NEAR BOWERY, N. Y. Will send a Sample of Cloth, with self-measurement, free of charge, a genuine Pipe for 5 Dollars. Pipes of any shape cut to order and repaired.

Watches and Jewelry.

American, Swiss, and English

WATCHES

In every variety, in (my own) superior styles and quality of cases. Orders from the trade or army, large or small, promptly and faithfully attended to. Established 20 years. T. B. SYNNES, 175 Broadway, New York.

SOMETHING NEW

IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Easting 50 cents and two red stamps, we send for sample pack. $5 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 82 Nassau St., New York.

MME. DEMOREST'S IMPERIAL DRESS ELEVATOR, a very durable, convenient, and perfect arrangement for raising the dress, and thereby forming the fashionable style, uniformly all around, and letting it down at will. Price 50 cents. Sold at all the fancy and trimming stores, or sent by mail free on receipt of the price, No. 473 Broadway. Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

BILLIARD BALLS.

Patent compressed Ivory Billiard Balls, 2¼ and 2⅝ in., $10 per set. 2¾ Bagatelle, $8 per set. 1¾ in. Bagatelle, $6 per set. 15 Ball Pool, $30 set. FRENCH ORE TIPS, $2 and $3 per box. FRENCH CHALK, $2 a gross. WM. M. WELLING, 207 Centre St., New York, Sign of the Golden Elephant.

New Catalogue of Jewelry
Sent free. Address
THOS. CAFFERTY & CO.,
Providence, R. I.

Union Playing Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 emanded cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Two packs, in cases, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
14 Chambers St., N. Y., or 105 Walnut St., Cincinnati, O.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES? —My Unguent will force them in a paper (merely in an envelope from the manufacturer) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—by mail, 25 cents extra. Address on receipt of an order. E. G. GRAHAM, No. 160 Nassau Street, N. Y.

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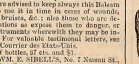

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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LADIES IN ATTENDANCE IN REGULATION COSTUME AT THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—[SEE PAGE 260.]

HOME-NEWS IN BATTLE-TIME.

DYING! Along the trodden, bloody field,
Along the hills where rifts of battle run,
The Night came down with flaming spear and shield—
Came down with starry helpers marching in her van—
Came down and touched the rows of mangled dead,
Across the knolls and by the little ridges lying,
With loving smile, and, silent, bowed her head,
Like some pale mourner, o'er other hearts once dying.

Just on the edges of the stormy fight,
At the soft night came down, a group of soldiers knelt
Around a comrade, lying calm and white,
A stain of flowing blood upon his buttoned-bolt;
Close by him on the trampled meadow-grass,
Beside his musket an unopened letter lay—
A message from the home which now, alas!
Must be forever dark because of this sad day.

"Read to me, friend!" he said at last—
"Read me what Mary says; I shall die happier so!"
Then, while across his face a spasm passed,
He softly mouned: "It only came to-day you know;
Just as I came afield 'twas given me—
I could not pause to read it then; but, comrades, hark!
I'm going now—the long, dim way I see—
Read me what Mary says; 'twill cheer me in the dark."

They read him, as he wished, the precious lines—
The words of love, of brave encouragement and cheer—
Read him how Mary, 'mid her household shrines,
Was hopeful and content; how Baby, "little dear,"
Had learned to walk; how Tom had won the prize
At school but time; how he, the dear one far away,
Was prayed for nightly; how with straining eyes
They waited his return, as for a festal day.

They ceased. Upon the pallid, vacant face
A deeper shadow fell, and with a weary cry
The dying soldier sobbed: "Give them Thy grace,
O loving Father, shield them till the storm goes by!"
His voice grew faint, then ceased—but one who bent
Close to the failing lips heard this: "Good-night, my
Mary dear."
As if with death's cold chill and pains were blent
Sweet memories of home—dreams of life's brighter years.

And still the battle throbbed along the hills,
And still the dying and the dead in billows lay
Along the trenches and by the crimson rills—
The night shades folding all in mantles dun and gray.
There, where he fell, they scraped a shallow grave,
And with a few letter on his breast, and old and calm,
Left him to wait the roll-call of the brave,
The summons to receive the victor's crown and palm.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

A WORD FOR THE HOUR.

WHILE the great preparations for the campaign are proceeding let us not fall into the old and foolish error. General GRANT will have a large and trained army. He will have at his command all the military resources he requires. He has already the confidence of the people and the hearty support of the Government. He has the cause of the country, of humanity, and of civilization to fight for; and he and his army fight like men and Americans. On the other hand, he will be opposed by a skillful and tried soldier; by a trained army, swelled by a remorseless conscription, fighting upon ground familiar to it, and for a cause which it has a ardently espoused. The battle will be desperate, as the issues are momentous. But before it is joined, let us, as sensible men, ponder on her how uncertain the event of every battle is, and not take leave of our common sense by declaring that we must and shall win. Unquestionably our cause will finally prevail, but only upon the condition that we show the qualities which compel final victory; and we merely prove the want of those qualities by a blind and exulting confidence that we can not be defeated.

However desirable success may be, and however easy of preparation, those who say that, if we do not triumph in this or in any particular campaign, there will be a reaction of indignation measures to end the war among ourselves, say so merely for a mischievous purpose, and with a profound want of appreciation of the American character. For what does it mean? If GRANT, for instance, is defeated, is it proposed to break up the war for the Union and to sue the rebels for such terms as they may vouchsafe? Or is it intended that we shall concede our task to be impossible, and ourselves propose a separation? No: those who speak in this manner mean that they would prefer to take the risk of civil commotion here, rather than that the conduct of the war should remain in the civil and military hands that now control it.

The object is a party movement ingeniously made, and loyal men permit themselves to be parties to it when they insist that we must not allow ourselves to contemplate the possibility of failure in this campaign. Yet the device is transparent as it is ingenious. For knowing that no truly loyal men would wish to remove GRANT, or BANKS, or THOMAS, or ADMIRAL FARRAGUT, or ROSECRANS, or BURNSIDE, or PORTER, or BUTLER, or SMITH, from their present commands, knowing that they only have the popular confidence, the game is this: to say constantly in advance, if GRANT succeeds, it is in spite of the Government: if he fails, it is because of the interference of the Government. In either case, it will be urged that the Administration is imbecile. And it is for this result that the "Democratic" managers are waiting. They declare in advance that his success is sure if only he is let alone, in order to whet popular exasperation if the fortunes of war goes against him. Should GRANT succeed, these managers will present him as the man who has saved the country both against the arms of the rebellion and the impotence of the Government. Should he fail, they will present General MCCLELLAN as the man who represents a new and more promising policy, counting for support upon the same popular disappointment and disgust which elected Mr. SEYMOUR Governor of New York.

This is the little game; and every man plays into the hands of its managers who abandons himself to exulting and unreasonable confidence.

Let every faithful citizen bear steadily in mind that the Government and the Generals are now in accord; that any secession from the unity of the Administration, no General can have a patent of victory; that if the rare military good fortune of the Lieutenant-General should desert him, it will neither be his fault, nor that of his soldiers, nor of the Government; that his want of success will not change in the least the character or the necessity of the final issue of the contest; that General M'CLELLAN's position toward the war and the cause will be exactly what it is now, and that his devotion to any influence in the country would be the practical abandonment of the struggle and the betrayal of the cause—not because he is a bad man or a traitor, but because he does not or does not comprehend the struggle, as his own Report and letters show; and because he is in the hands of designing men without comprehension of any kind, the recent political allies of the rebels, and the present silent or very doubtful friends of the Union in extremity.

Three years of fierce civil war, as they have made us sadder, should certainly make us wiser men. Editors may declare, as they did three years ago, that we shall dine in Richmond on the 4th of July, and that General GRANT needs only to strike one blow and he will break the back-bone of the rebellion. But events turn on such fine periods. We are to have varying fortunes in the war hereafter as heretofore. Its progress and promise are to be marked from month to month in the steady course of events and the growth of opinion, not by the issue of any single battle or even isolated campaign. Summer does not leap at once politics from the winter snows. There are warm days in March, and then chill winds and frosts in April. Even May may have its biting air. But through frosts and chills and storms the summer is surely coming. O ye of little faith, could ye not watch one hour? Let us be men, not children, and then we shall be equal either to present victory or defeat.

MR. LONG AND MR. HARRIS.

THE principle in the case of these gentlemen is perfectly clear. There is a vast conspiracy against the Union and Government of the United States. Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his associates sworn to support both. They declare frankly that they are in favor of allowing them to be overthrown: for Mr. LONG says that we cannot recognize the Confederacy. Mr. HARRIS frankly hopes that we shall not succeed in the war. Now, if these gentlemen are honest in saying so they ought to be shot as traitors, and do not wish to keep their oaths. For how can they legislate for the maintenance of what they declare can not be maintained at all, and ought not to, in any case, to be maintained by force? They acknowledge the success of the rebellion. They are, practically, rebels, since they propose measures for the defeat of the Union, which is all that the rebels wish. If they are honest, and that may be granted, why should they not be taken at their word?

They do not, indeed, as yet bear arms against the Government, nor did BRECKINRIDGE when he made similar speeches in Congress after the war began; for he did not take arms until October, 1861. But if, as even Judge BARNARD allows, a man who discourages enlistments is traitorous, and ought to be properly punished, a House of Representatives, which is the judge of the qualifications of its own members, may surely expel two of them who honestly justify the attempt to overthrow the Government by force, that consent to the overthrow may not be so culpable as by force of arms to attempt it. But neither these circumstances nor any moral distinction between the acts disappears. The accessory to a murder is hanged equally with the murderer himself. Nor, if they are expelled, are they punished for words spoken in debate, but for a practical complicity with the conspiracy, which, except for that speaking, could not be known.

The question becomes one of time and of expediency. But surely they should be expelled or left alone. In refusing to expel and at the same time declaring them to be unworthy members—that is, worthy of expulsion—the House stultifies itself. Suppose that either of the members had said upon the floor, "I have sent arms to our Southern brethren." They would be merely words spoken in debate. But would the House content itself with voting that the gentleman were unworthy of their seats, and then proceed, with these gentlemen still voting, to legislate for the suppression of the rebellion? Now Mr. LONG and Mr. HARRIS deliberately acquiesce in the overthrow of the Government as a foregone conclusion. Can a House which really means to put down the rebellion by force, and which has a discretionary power of expulsion by a vote of two-thirds, suffer such members to remain for the sole purpose of retarding and perplexing its action lest, if they are expelled, the right of free speech should seem to be violated?

The famous case of Mr. QUINCY and Mr. CLAY in the debate upon the war of 1812 has been cited. But Mr. QUINCY, with all his bitter vehemence, professed himself as devoted as Mr. CLAY to the defence of the integrity of the country, and the maintenance of the Government in fact. If he had declared his acquiescence in the overthrow of the Government, does any body suppose that Speaker CLAY would not have moved his expulsion, and been supported by the common-sense of the whole country? It is not the policy of the war for the Union, nor the details of its conduct, nor the corruption and weakness which they might declare attended it; but it is the *object* of the war, namely the maintenance of the Government and the Union, which Mr. LONG and Mr. HARRIS abandon. On what they, under their oaths, continue to be members of that Government. If the President should declare that he was convinced of the impossibility of success, and that he would sign no more bills for the prosecution of the war, ought the honesty of his intention and the frankness of his speech to save him from removal? So in this case; it is not a question of freedom of opinion or of speech. We are engaged in a war which must be prosecuted or abandoned. Congress represents a people which wishes it to go on. Its members swear to do all they can to promote that purpose. Those of them who assert honestly, "I have changed my mind, and I can not keep my oath, because I believe success to be impossible, that we shall lose it only, and ought not Congress to insist, that the question be referred to his constituents? Then, if he were re-elected, it would be evident that he spoke their opinion. Until then it must be assumed, in such a crisis, that he does not. As for making them martyrs if they are expelled, and creating sympathy for the rebellion through sympathy for them, the case of VALLANDIGHAM shows that loyal men need not be troubled. That case is perfectly well understood by the people of this country, and this would not be less so.

JUDGE BARNARD'S CHARGES.

JUDGE BARNARD'S name has been lately brought before the public by a charge to the Grand Jury of the Oyer and Terminer, and by another charge against one of the editors of the *Evening Post*. The latter was immediately branded as false by the journal assailed, and we presume nobody believed or believes it, because character in our case convicting has some vehement assertions even from the bench.

The other charge, that to the Grand Jury, contains expressions of wholesome truths which, had they not been hitherto uniformly despised and outraged by the political allies of the Judge, would have saved us from the war. The learned Justice declares that the right of free discussion is a cardinal condition of a republic. Nothing is truer. And because slavery can not coexist with it, they are incompatible with a republic. We congratulate the magistrate upon his perception, although it be somewhat tardy, of an elemental political truth.

But the Judge's perception was not so carefully pondered as it should have been. When a learned jurist announces that white is white, he should remember that not to say that it is black before he sits down. His Honor says, and very truly, in one part of his essay: "This is essential to the political freedom of a Republic that every citizen should have the full right to express his views on any political measure or any act of administration, and endeavor, by argument or persuasion, to bring others to adopt his views." But presently after he says that it is a traitorous act to induce and persuade men not to enlist. Why so? If a man thinks the war wrong, and the acts of the Administration in prosecuting it unjustifiable, why, upon the Judge's own ground, may he not say so to his fellow-citizens in the hope of persuading them not to support those acts by enlisting in the army? The learned Judge is guilty of a gross and absurd inconsistency.

The muddle in his Honor's mind is occasioned by his failure to remember that the Constitution provides for war as well as peace; and that many things are lawful in the one condition which are not in the other. The most fundamental right of personal liberty, for instance, is arbitrarily suspended in time of rebellion or when rebellion or invasion requires its suspension. And the greater includes the less, your Honor. If your Honor's self may, in time of war, be constitutionally and summarily suspended by General DIX without the relief of the *habeas corpus*, not less may Mr. VALLANDIGHAM be silenced at the discretion of the military commander. It is very sharp practice, if the Court please; but such is the nature of war, and such is the provision and the provision of the Constitution.

The men who made the Constitution had just emerged from a war. They knew its necessities and conditions. They laid down the cardinal principle of citizenship; but they were much too wise not to foresee that those rights might be appealed to in war to overthrow the very system which permanently secured them. They foresaw VALLANDIGHAM and the whole gentle tribe of Copperheads, and they prescribed for the case.

The learned Judge is right in saying that to discourage enlistments for the Government when it is struggling in civil war is traitorous. But it is only because in such an emergency the citizen has not the full right to discourage by argument or persuasion to bring others to adopt his views." Of course this formidable but necessary power of summary suppression must be exercised with discretion, for the people watch it closely, and hold the authorities responsible. But not the less is it expressly Constitutional, and a fundamental necessity for every government at war. By our own Government it has been wielded so temperately and honestly, that even in Ohio, where its exercise provoked the loudest opposition, the Government was sustained by an enormous majority of a hundred thousand voters.

THE AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

On the 8th of April, 1864, at the close of the third year of a civil war produced by the logical and futile effort to unite in one peaceful government the principle of the fullest popular freedom and of the most abject despotism, the Senate of the United States, by a vote of thirty-eight to six, proposed to amend the Constitution in the manner itself provides, for the purpose of prohibiting slavery in the United States. That nothing might be wanting to the moral grandeur and dignity of the occasion, the resistance offered to this vast American act was the petty sun-American advocates of human slavery was as contemptible as the system itself is revolting.

Of the six Senators who voted against the resolution four made brief speeches. Mr. POWELL, of Kentucky, said that if there had been no Abolitionists there would have been no rebellion: an historically too immodest claim. SAULSBURY, of Delaware, proposed to secure liberty of speech and of the press, and re-establish the principles of the Missouri Compromise—which was a proposition to feed a fire with water. For how can slavery and free speech coexist? Mr. DAVIS, of Kentucky, declared the constitutional abolition of slavery a wicked and unjust act, against which he was aware the protest of an angel would be of no avail; forgetting that the only angel to whom he would have talked to protest was named LUCIFER, and fell from heaven. Mr. M'DOUGALL, of California, announced that he was devoted to human freedom, and therefore, as a true friend of man, should vote in favor of slavery.

And this was the expiring gasp in the United States Senate of the infernal principle by whose service the clear, cold casuistry and subtle sophistry of CALHOUN was formerly devoted; before which WEBSTER used to bow from whose snare the human-hearted CLAY could never break away; which, by the universal obsequiousness of the American people, had succeeded in coiling its horrid folds around all our liberties, and from whose fatal embrace this war is the struggle of the national life to escape. Yet that final escape is won in the war. The innumerable hearts that are broken, the countless homes that are desolate in our own land, and the earnest friends in other countries who understand the scope of the struggle, will see that when the great act initiated by the Senate is completed, the costly sacrifice of youth and hope and love is not in vain, and that the future of equal justice which this measure secures is well bought by all the blood and sorrow of the war.

The issue is at last openly joined. If the House fail to concur by the necessary two-thirds vote, the Congressional elections of next autumn will turn upon the question of the Constitutional Amendment, and the vote of this spring shows what the result will be.

"MEAN PETTIFOGGING."

THE feebleness and poverty of the Opposition in Congress are in nothing more conspicuous than in the tacit recognition of Mr. COX as its leader upon the floor. He is entirely unfitted; for as the Opposition clings to the defense and the protection of slavery, so its orator displays in debate, whatever may be the amenities of his private life, an unqualified insolence of the plantation rantes; and it is surprising that the Union members should suffer themselves for a moment to be badgered and dragooned by this gentleman, the personal offensiveness of whose manner in debate is not relieved by any weight or power of argument, or the least impression of any profound patriotic conviction.

Why should a man like General GARFIELD, for instance, whose devotion to the Constitution and the country has been tried and proved by fire, bandy words for an instant with Mr. COX upon the question of their comparative regard for the Constitution? Mr. COX was the chief supporter of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM for Governor of Ohio. Could his position be more clearly defined? Or could any amount of loud talk in Congress about his overpowering regard for the Constitution obscure that position? What was the last object for which he obstreperously professed his respect for that instrument? It was

to shield from expulsion a member of Congress who openly professed his wish that the Constitution may be overthrown. Is this the kind of gentleman upon whom it is worth while for more soberly engaged in defending that Constitution to waste words? When Mr. KELLEY, of Pennsylvania, said that he had risen to expose the mean pettifogging of the champions of secession upon the floor of Congress, he did not characterize by too strong an epithet the speeches to which he triumphantly replied.

AUTOGRAPH LEAVES.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALEXANDER BLISS, of General WALLACE'S staff in Maryland, has prepared a unique and most valuable contribution to the Sanitary Fair which is to open in Baltimore upon the 30th of April, a day of peculiar interest in the history of the city. He has obtained manuscripts of ninety American authors, including all the most distinguished, living or dead, each manuscript the autograph copy of some famous poem, or page from some noted work of the author. These have all been lithographed in fac-simile, so as to reproduce the originals perfectly. The originals are to be bound in a volume and sold, either by raffle or otherwise (if they are more religious in Baltimore than in Boston), and there is to be an edition of the fac-similes for sale, bound in the same splendid style, with TUCKER'S Life of Prescott. The book will be called "Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors," and will have a small history by JOHN P. KENNEDY, author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," and one of the staunchest of Maryland patriots, of course in fac-simile autograph. The two opening autographs of the volume, after the preface, are KEYES'S Star-Spangled Banner and President LINCOLN'S speech at Gettysburg, the most perfect piece of American eloquence, and as noble and pathetic and appropriate as the oration of Pericles over the Athenian dead. Dr. JAMES DIXON is on the volume is the autograph of "Home, sweet Home!"

Among the other autographs which we remember from a cursory glance, are a page of the Life of Washington by IRVING; the opening lines of Gray's Elegy by COOPER; the character of William the Silent by MOTLEY; a letter of PRESCOTT'S; the Excelsior by LONGFELLOW; "Evangeline" by LONGFELLOW; the Army Hymn by HOLMES; The Maricby BAYARD TAYLOR; the passage describing sunrise from the Sunday Observatory Journal by EDWARD EVERETT; Rosalie, a poem by WASHINGTON ALSTON; a page of DR. CHANNING'S; Thy will be done, by WHITTIER; a charming poem by MRS. H. B. STOWE; some pages from One of the Twice-Told Tales by HAWTHORNE; a translation from the Spanish by GEORGE TICKNOR. These are but a dozen from the host. There could not well be a more interesting book, and Colonel BLISS has done a service to all his race. The happy thought of multiplying it. Whoever wishes to secure a copy, to have his sake and to aid a good cause, will send his name either to CESHNUS & BAILEY, or to Lieutenant-Colonel ALEXANDER BLISS, Baltimore.

MRS. KIRKLAND.

THE death of MRS. KIRKLAND is a loss even to those who did not personally know her, and who had never read her books; for so strong, even, a cheerful a nature is an elevating and purifying public influence. We are all better for the lives of such persons, as the air is clearer and more healthful long around us because of the steady winds that blow elsewhere. Her ample sympathy, her remarkable sagacity, her moral intrepidity, her fine wit and exquisite tact, blended with the most feminine loveliness, made her a power in our society and time, and we shall miss her the more now that she is gone. And yet a great, generous nature like hers impresses itself so deeply upon all who are brought in personal contact with it that it destroys the idea of death. It interprets the phrase, "Though dead, he yet speaketh." Richly gifted in character as in mind there is a completeness in MRS. KIRKLAND'S career which, although her life ended so suddenly, will always present its seeming to be a finished. Steady and faithful, ready for every moment and every duty of life, whenever death may strike, such souls are ready and ripe, and life and its harvest over. Almost until midnight she was busy with heart and hand in devotion to the work by which this nation is to be saved, and material helped forward, the work of the war, and with her hands, as it were, still lifted, she passed forward out of sight. Her work in this world was truly prayer. Her life was a benefit. Her memory is an inspiration. Early and always a true Father's business, with the meaning she old words have, as we think of her, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!"

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

AMONG the timely and valuable publications which the great Fair has occasioned none is more instructive than the "Washington and Napoleon: a Fragment," by DR. FRANCIS LIEBER: an exhaustive and striking contrast of the two most conspicuous men of the last century. The little paper is terse and complete. DR. LIEBER'S admirable scholarship furnishes him all the data, which he reports in precise and analytic. It is his fine comprehension of the true character of American institutions that has made the author so efficient an ally in the great causes upon our political and social development which is identified in the comments of the most foreign observers; while his domestication for many years in South Carolina peculiarly fitted him for experimental criticism upon the social spirit which is attempting our national destruction.

We can not quote copiously from a little paper of such uniform excellence, but we hope that this word may serve to direct attention to the "study" before the Fair closes, for whose benefit it has been printed and prepared. Ten thousand or a hundred thousand copies distributed as a tract in the army would be a good service to the good cause. We commend the good sense of this passage as a timely lesson:

"Washington was not personally popular; his power consisted in the universal conviction that he could be confided in; an almost unlimited trust in his integrity and wisdom by soldier and by citizen was his strength; but no endearing name was bestowed on him by his soldiers; and if it ever was done it did not adhere, and has not become historical. Napoleon was worshiped by his soldiers, and received the soubriquets of the Little Corporal, as old Fritz, Marshal Forward, and old Hickory were bestowed on FREDERICK THE GREAT, on Prince BLUCHER, and on General JACKSON, and adhered to them so that the names passed over into history and into the songs of the Béranger and the Arndts."

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

We have to record, besides the death of the distinguished authoress, MRS. KIRKLAND, that of WILLIAM D. TICKNOR, formerly of the firm of TICKNOR, WHICH was equally sudden. Authors and publishers will bear equal testimony to the courtesy and business skill of Mr. TICKNOR, while his name will be always pleasantly associated with the publication of many of our standard works, in a form which will give the books with the imprint of his house a special reputation. Every visitor of the old Saturday-night house at 135 Washington, corner of School streets, in Boston, will long miss his cordial greeting; and regard with a sincere regret the place which knew him so long and will now know him no more forever.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*April* 6. Mr. GRIMES presented a bill repealing the joint resolution authorizing the transfer of men from the navy into the army. Referred. Referred, on the consideration of the joint resolution amending the Constitution. Speeches were made by Messrs. HOWARD and Hale in favor, and by Messrs. M'Dougall and Powell against it. Mr. POWELL proposed an amendment to the resolution, providing that the President and Vice-President shall not be elected for more than two years, which was rejected, 12 to 21. The bill then passed to a third reading.——*April* 7. Mr. WILSON, of Iowa, introduced a resolution to return to their homes men who have served nine months or more in the army, from Indiana Territory, or so much of the rebellious portion of it as is now occupied by it.——The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution amending the Constitution, the question being made by Mr. HENDRICKS and Mr. SHERMAN, the former opposing and the latter advocating the resolution. Mr. SHERMAN'S Saturday offered but did not succeed in introducing a resolution declaring that the resolution now under debate in the Senate should observe its 11th daily substitutions.——*April* 8. Mr. TRUMBULL introduced a bill to amend section 3 of the rules of the Senate requiring nominations to be acted upon in open session. Referred.——Saturday night's bill to not pass: the report was adopted.—Mr. SHERMAN introduced a bill to provide for the payment of claims arising by the pledge of United States stocks, and to provide for the circulation and redemption of the notes issued to him proposed by Mr. Hooper in the House, without material change.——Mr. HARLAN introduced a bill for the relief of certain friendly Indians of the Sioux nation in Minnesota. It appropriates $30,000 to make good the losses of the friendly Indians who remained loyal in saving from the massacre many whites in 1862. It was unanimously passed.——Mr. Hale called up the bill to repeal the first section of the joint resolution of February 24, 1863, relating to the transfer of persons from the military to the naval service, which was passed.——The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution amending the Constitution. Mr. SUMNER addressed the Senate in favor of securing the amendment. Messrs. Powell and Davis spoke against it. Finally the amendment was adopted—yeas 38, nays 6. A motion to adjourn was lost.——*April* 11. Mr. CLARK, of New Hampshire, introduced a bill for the relief of certain friendly Indians of the Sioux nation in Minnesota. It appropriates $30,000 to make good the losses of the friendly Indians who remained loyal in saving from the massacre many whites in 1862. 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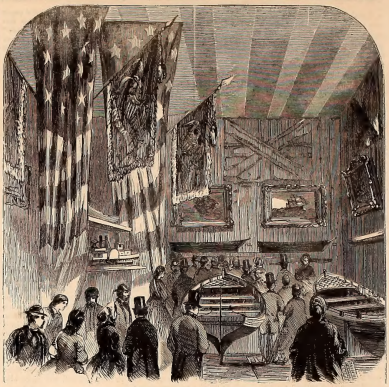
BOOK DEPARTMENT.



BOAT-BUILDERS' DEPARTMENT.

SKETCHES OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

We continue this week our illustrations of the METROPOLITAN FAIR, which for a fortnight has engaged the attention of all New York and its environs. In every respect the Fair has been a success, and thousands of our brave defenders in the field, in days of suffering in camp and hospital, will gather benefits from the munificent charity which has poured, through this Fair, into the treasury of the Sanitary Commission. And tens of thousands who are to-day preparing for the shock of conflict will carry themselves with a grander heroism and robuster faith, in the white heat of battle, because of the assurance this Fair gives that the people at home remember and care for the soldier, and delight to soften the rough places of his experience. On the first page we give a view representing

THE COSTUMES OF THE LADIES IN ATTENDANCE AT THE FAIR.

This illustration, aside from its prominent presentation of the ladies' costumes, gives a very accurate idea of the general appearance of the Fair interior, showing its magnificence of display more conspicuously, perhaps, than any illustration yet given.

In the Fourteenth Street Buildings BIERSTADT'S

INDIAN WIGWAM

has been constantly crowded by visitors desiring to study the habits and peculiarities of the aborigines. Several entertainments have been given daily by the Indians. Our sketch represents a WAR DANCE, as given on several occasions to the intense gratification of all spectators. Historically, no feature of the Fair has greater interest than this in which the life of those who, only a little while ago, held undisputed possession of our continent, is reproduced by a handful of the once absolute tribes for the pleasure of the pale-faced race, whose ancestors pushed them into obscurity and historical oblivion.

THE BOOK DEPARTMENT,

of which we give a view on this page, forms a most attractive feature to all persons of a literary turn, and a very considerable part of the receipts of the Fair will be derived from this source.

THE BOAT-BUILDING DEPARTMENT,

also in the Fourteenth Street Building, is full of interest not only to nautical visitors, but to the general public, who can not but be concerned, just now, in whatever relates to naval architecture and that branch of the public service, which, in this war, has achieved so many triumphs for the National cause.

Much interest in

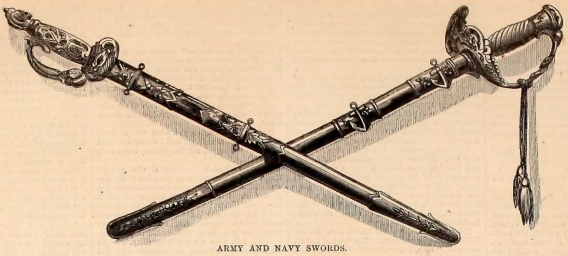
THE DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES

is manifested, and considerable speculation has been indulged in as to who will become the recipient of the two handsome swords—one of which is to be presented to a navy and the other to an army officer. The swords cost $1000 each, and as the subscriptions are without limit a handsome sum will be realized by the zeal of the friends of military and naval officers to secure the prizes for their favorites. Every person who pays one dollar has one vote, which he indicates on a book opened for the purpose. For the army sword the strife is between the admirers

WAR DANCE—INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

of General GRANT and General M'CLELLAN. For the navy sword the favorites are Admiral FARRAGUT and Commander ROWAN, of the *New Ironsides*.

The Museum of Flags, Trophies, and Relics in the Union Square Building, contains a wonderful collection of rare and curious articles. The whole number of relics on exhibition is one thousand and twenty-two. There are old guns, old uniforms, old swords, old pistols — relics of the Revolutionary fight, and specimens from the battle-fields of the present war against rebellion — balls, hand-grenades, shells, tomahawks, rapiers, Sandwich Island daggers, and Indian arrows — battle-flags and guidons — regimental colors that went through the Mexican war and reappeared in this one — Ellsworth memorials, and relics made sacred because Washington used them — a mere description of which would fill a volume. Among the more interesting momentoes of the present war are two or three dozen of BATTLE-FLAGS of NEW YORK REGIMENTS,



ARMY AND NAVY SWORDS.

The Mexican trophies consist of a Mexican flag captured at Mazatlan, pieces of flag-staff, sword, etc.—all illustrating the heroism of our army in the Mexican war.

Our artist also presents an illustration of the spur worn by Major ANDRE at the time of his capture, and the sword carried by LAFAYETTE while in the service of the Colonies. The original bowie-knife—the first of its kind—is also exhibited. It was forged in a common blacksmith shop on the Red

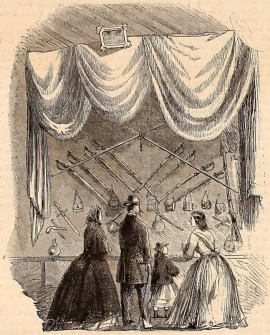
essor in gratitude for kindness to him when wounded. The relics of the war of 1812 consist of the flags of the British ships *Cyane*, *Frolic*, *Penaced*, and *Highflyer*—all contributed from the collection of the United States Naval School at Newport.

Among the rebel curiosities on exhibition are two flags bearing the "Southern Cross;" a piece of the flag that was found flying on the State House at Baton Rouge; and another flag captured by a naval officer, bearing this motto:

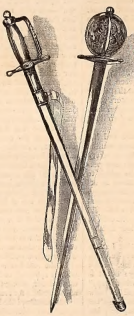
"Our cause is just, our duty
we know;
In God we trust, to battle
we go."

There are also bits of shell, grape-shot, round projectiles, hats and caps, over-coats and [illegible]-rolls, telegraph-wires, [illegible]ording-pikes and mail-[illegible]gs—all of which were once rebel property, and now speak to the fathers and mothers of our brave volunteers of the dangers through which they are passing in defense of liberty and good government.

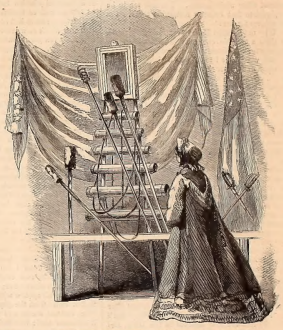
Several views of the interior of Libby Prison and of



DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—MEXICAN FLAGS CAPTURED AT MAZATLAN, MEXICO.



1. SWORD SURRENDERED BY GENERAL BURGOYNE TO GENERAL GATES.—2. HIGHLANDER'S SWORD.



DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—PIECES OF FLAG-STAFFS.

some of which have been riddled by the enemy's shot, their staffs splintered, their bearers killed, but were still saved from the rebel clutch. We give on this page a view of these flags as they appear at the Fair.

sword surrendered by BURGOYNE to General GATES on the battle-field of Saratoga, and another of a Highland sword found in a house in Cherry Street after the evacuation of New York.

Among other relics in this department are the

River, by James Bowie, who subsequently lost his life at the Alamo in 1836, and was used by him in the celebrated running-fight at Natchez, in 1828, where half a dozen persons were hacked to pieces. This knife was given by Bowie to its present possessor in gratitude for kindness to him when wounded. The relics of the war of 1812 consist of the flags of the British ships *Cyane*, *Frolic*, *Penaced*, and *Highflyer*—all contributed from the collection of the United States Naval School at Newport.

Among the rebel curiosities on exhibition are two flags bearing the "Southern Cross;" a piece of the flag that was found flying on the State House at Baton Rouge; and another flag captured by a naval officer, bearing this motto:

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Several views of the interior of Libby Prison and of the exterior of Ligon's Tobacco Factory at Richmond, the Jail at Columbia, South Carolina, and Castle Pinckney, at Charleston, have a similar interest to visiters, many of whom, no doubt, have had friends in those habitations of rebel cruelty.

DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—FLAGS OF NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

THE GOVERNESS AT SHANNON-LEIGH.

I.

"WHAT is her name, did you say? Oh! Katherine, you mean? a K. Humph."

"Oh, you think that is sentimental, fanciful, I suppose! *I* think it is good taste. Why shouldn't we go back to the pure old English when we can?"

"That's all. Let's have a lecture at once here, in this ball-room, upon æsthetics."

Duke, what a villainous mood you are in to-night. Come, let me introduce you to Miss Rothes. I'll promise that she'll exercise the demon you've got behind your eyes, though her Katherine *is* spelled with a K."

"My demon won't be exorcised to-night, then."

"Eyes won't be introduced."

"No, I won't be introduced."

"Doesn't she please you; don't you think her hand one?"

"Ish! doesn't she please me; don't I think her hand me? It is edifying to hear you high-minded, tr, unconfined fellow talk sometimes; you do yours: we quite on a par with us sinners. Doesn't she please me now, and don't I think her handsome! Indeed, I had offered up some dark-eyed houri to you in that manner, George, wouldn't you have opened upon me with bursts of my satanic way of appreciating women? Wouldn't you have asked me if that was the chief charm—the first, the final attraction—the pretty flesh and blood of her?"

"Duke, the demon is particularly unruly tonight. What ails you, old fellow?"

"What ails me? Poverty ails me, and twenty thousand other wickednesses. You ask me to be introduced to that Princess Katherine there. I'm a fit subject for it, truly."

"Why not? Miss Rothes is a fashionable girl, but she's a sensible one; she doesn't chocker her company for the sake of their possessions."

"Sid, what have I to do with such lovely things as women and flowers? They are the luxuries of life. I can't afford even the contemplation of luxuries now; it isn't good for me."

"You are morbid, and exaggerate, Duke."

"Oh, do I? Just as likely. You am I, five-and-thirty to-day, with four children on my hands, and just means enough to keep their bodies and souls together, and provide a second-rate governess to teach them manners, morals, and religion. You'd advise me to lower my lance at this Princess Katherine, I dare say, and ask her if she wouldn't like to bestow her hand and fortune upon a fellow in need; to go down to the shingle of those four young ones, who are like so many young savages; to help restore order and harmony to Shannon-Leigh, where there is nothing but decay and ruin and poverty. You wouldn't like to make me a visit now, Sid, at Christmas. We keep but one servant—Mr. Gill, who manages everything. One servant and one boy. How many of both were there, Sid, when you spent the holidays there? You'd back your own boots if you went over now, and if the Collyns should invite you over to a Christmas party, you'd look in vain for flowers in the conservatory to carry to Miss Lucretia. Mr. Gill—you remember Mr. Gill?—she was the housekeeper then, and calls herself a servant now. She's my best friend after all. I believe she'd make me the best wife. She's a faithful creature who believes in her Bible, and mends the children's clothes and their bad ways at the same time. Why shouldn't I ask her the question, some fine morning, that Robert Hall, the famous English divine, had asked his housekeeper,"

"Eh, what was that? I have forgotten."

"She came in with the breakfast things, and he bowed her with—

"'Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"'Betty, do you love me?'

"'Yes, Sir.'

"They were married forthwith."

Sid Chalmers, gay, happy, and prosperous, could scarcely understand this bitter, scornful talk. He knew well enough the facts of the case: that Duke Shannon, chief of the Scrandale Shannons, had met with serious misfortune. That he had lost his wife, a beautiful, brilliant creature Sid remembered well —not by much, for by that greatest tragedy of domestic life, flight with another. And almost at the same time a fine property had suddenly melted away in the Chancery keeping of his man of business, and Duke Shannon, of Shannon-Leigh, who had spent all his life as he listed, with books, and art, and wit, and social intercourse, with but never concerned himself about the making of money, only the spending of it; found himself brought to the limits of a slender pittance, and all his houses and lands but one remaining for the shelter of himself and his deserted children. These were the facts—bitter facts enough; but young Chalmers was disqualified from judgment of their effect, as well as from excitement as by circumstance. He, serene, easy, tranquil-natured, could never have been so hard and sardonic under any trial of life. He might have suffered acutely under misfortune, but he never would have known such savage discontent as this of Duke Shannon. Katherine Rothes, flying down the room to the musician in the waltz, caught the glances of these two as they discussed her.

She thought: "I wonder who it is that Sid Chalmers has with him to-night."

Katherine, who had met people to think of that she could well remember, could not help thinking of this stranger Sid Chalmers had with him. And it was little wonder, for Duke Shannon was a remarkable-looking person. Specially striking as he stood there in that brilliant ball-room, where even the men in their dark broadcloth had a fête appearance in the freshness and finish of their apparel; for in contrast, this gloomy face glowered out from the heavy tossed matted of hair that fell upon his forehead; and the stalwart figure, that by every movement betrayed the grace of an accomplished gentleman, was clothed carelessly and coarsely, roughly in an ordinary traveling suit. The hands, too, which now and then brushed back the falling hair or made slight gesture, were ungloved, but they were carefully kept, white and elegant as they might have been when Duke Shannon sat at noblemen's tables, and pledged his hostess over the costly wine; for in so far was Duke Shannon the native gentleman, that no degradation, no misfortune could have interfered with these simple services of refinement.

As he stood there he not only looked surly and bitter, but he had a dissolute appearance. The eyes were sunken, and the whole expression and aspect of his face was dissipated. But the first question she asked was: "Who is that dark man?"

And she made no bid for the whole story. "And why don't you introduce him to me?" she asked, looking at Sid inquiringly.

Sid looked at her and bright Kate Rothes, looking at him, understood. She laughed and bit her lips. "I see, I see," she said: "you have been supposing me for the twenty-first time the penniless duclines." Her head nodded once or twice in conclusion, as if she were fixing the fact in her mind.

Then Sid tried to make her comprehend how this unfortunate man, with his cares and struggles and griefs, had no part in any of their acquaintances. It is doubtful whether Sid Chalmers comprehended half so well as Katherine Rothes that this Duke Shannon's nature had many of the fine, delicate elements which go a great way in bringing compreliension, even about matters where experience has been lacking. "He is a man of genius, a man under Government, or something of that sort," went on Sid, "who, by-the-by, is a minister to a foreign court. He'd represent the country splendidly," Sid kept on, warmly. "But no: he's so bitter and proud, he just takes himself away and buries himself in a shanty brickerage in Wall Street; and he's no more made for business than a flag is made for singing. He doesn't understand it, and has no interest in their thousand-and-one ins and outs."

And Katherine, with her kind heart and her pure relish for art and literature, and her contempt of fashionable life, listened interestedly to every thing Sid said about this curious story; and perhaps the best proof of the power of the man over her of one of their friends, she would listen as attentively, and forget Duke Shannon and his history, and his slights and his griefs, and his misfortunes occupied her thoughts. As she stood while Sid Chalmers put on her white silk cloak, she said to him, archly, "Sid, you have been slow to look at him, as he bent over her:

"I'm convinced that some time or other I am to have this magnificent friend of yours in spite of his refusal. You know I am very prophetic. Don't go and tell him now every word I say: but it is about that we shall meet, remember what I say."

This was all spoken with a laugh; and Sid knew that in an hour's time the high spirits would fall, the hour, and the scene, and the music inspired; but it somehow made him feel grave. Long after he remembered and thought of the last time Sid had but the very look of her bright face, with its least tinge of pride, which her prosperous, happy fortune had never given her. He was the last time Sid ever saw her that season. But he little conjectured it to be the last. He thought as he had said: "I shall see you soon again."

But that to-morrow found Katherine Rothes hastening to the summons of her dying father. The season at Newport was over for her. She did not return to those lovely shores for many and many a day.

II.

"IT is my only opportunity, Sara. I must go."

"Come with me and wait a while, Kate."

Katherine Rothes looked at her friend.

"I have waited, Sara; it is six months since I began to look out for a situation. If I wait much longer I shall not have money enough to bear the expenses of the journey."

"Oh, Kate!"

Katherine knew well what Sara Fielding meant by that vehement exclamation, but Katherine was too proud to be helped when she could help herself; too proud for Sara Fielding to offer more than hint and suggestion.

"And you ought to get a better salary, Kate. To think of your being at the head of children's table, and such a Bluebeard for the master of it, too."

"Who told you so much about the master, Sara?"

"Mary Kingston. She visited somewhere in the neighborhood last summer, and heard all about him. She says he never comes to his own house, and sometimes when the neighbors called upon *him*, he was actually rude; positively rude, and quite plainly intimated that he preferred to be left alone. He comes tearing down from the city every Saturday night, and instead of going to church with his motherless children, he goes riding about the country with a parcel of dogs at his heels, and sits up half the night when he is back again, drinking and smoking. And more than all, there is a report that he is going to marry one of the servants. Now, Lady day, I think! Why, it's a title for a book or a piece—I wouldn't. Why, Mary said that the last governess there didn't get enough to eat, and they never have been enough to drink."

"Sara, did you ever know a man or a woman to live much to themselves without Mrs. Grundy's taking offence, and making mountains out of mole-hills in her stories about them? I dare say this is something of the case in the present instance."

But though Katherine offered such calm explanation of the difficulty, she by no means felt the same self-control and confidence. She felt the truth she was really disturbed and depressed, and a little dismayed at the prospect before her; but she was, nevertheless, determined to go. As she had said, it was six months since she had made up her mind, or rather since she had come to the knowledge that it was necessary for her to work for her daily bread.

"Has she come to that?" was the curious query of one of her summer-time friends when they heard that Katherine Rothes was seeking for a situation as governess. Yes, she had come to that—she, the gay, brilliant heiress of last summer, had come to this dire necessity for a woman!

Hastening from the sea-shore at the summons of her father, she had arrived in time to hear him say:

"Kate, I am leaving you when you need me most—three months longer and I should have had every thing arranged, and the property would have been doubled."

He got no further, the agony of what he contemplated for her brought on the crisis of his disease, and in half an hour after these words she was an orphan. When his affairs were examined, it was found that some new and splendid venture, which his clear, calculating intellect had planned and would have executed successfully if life had been spared, was now, by its inextricable involvement, bringing ruin upon the whole property. When Mr. Scranton, the lawyer, told Katherine this, she knew what he and every mourner in the house felt in words. But it took months to settle every thing, and to bring Katherine, who had never known any thing but the most luxurious life, to a knowledge of her situation. As she sits there talking with Sara Fielding, one of those rare persons who do not, through either envy or meanness, or any other motive, lose sight of friends who have "ceased to sit in the sun"—she fully realizes her situation; fully realizes that she is about to pledge herself to a life of unknown toil amidst strangers. And Sara, with the best intentions, only puts another stone in her stepped path, and gives another pain and fear when she tells her dismal story of the place and its master. But it does not move her determination. For six months she has advertised, she has made applications, and answered both; the result of all is, that only this one has come under discussion with them seems in the least feasible, the least objectionable. It was an advertisement that she had read in the city papers, a simple statement that a governess was wanted for four children, who could teach the common English branches, with French and music. The salary was $200 per annum. The address given was: "Mr. Shannon, firm of Shannon & Greaves, Wall Street. Now as Katherine read this, she could not once recall that summer night so many months ago when she listened to Sid Chalmers's story. Forgetfulness of events was one of the peculiarities, and in the intervening time had been so crowded with bitter loss and trial that it was enough of itself to overlay under possession the story of Chalmers's; and she did himself was not near to recall it for her. Directly after that summer season he had sailed for his appointment abroad.

So she sent her letter with its references to the address specified, and received a brief but satisfactory reply—namely, that Mr. Shannon approved, and directions for reaching it.

She examined the handwriting of this letter with a good deal of curiosity. It was very unlike a business-hand, open and clear—the strokes were firm and decisive; there was no waste of ink; and the free, flowing, connected style suggested more an elegant man of letters than one whose pen was employed at a counting-house desk. The letter-paper, too, was that of a gentleman, formal though it was. Katherine caught at this indication of civilization as a straw of comfort. She was, laughed at even her for it, suggesting "that a domestic fiend could have the exterior of a polished gentleman. Indeed the worst of persons that we are afraid of are not those who had fallen from a high place." But not even this moved Katherine from her decision, though it made her pause a little.

It was a dark, dull day in February when she arrived at the last station. The rest of the journey was to be by private conveyance—only a few miles; but night was fast closing in, and every thing was so new and strange to poor Kate, who had never in all her life been more than a social companionship. She found, too, that there was no carriage in waiting for her, and that it was rather unusual for a stranger to arrive at that station to Shannon-Leigh.

"Shannon-Leigh?" and the ticket-master looked curiously at her. "Well, I dunno. Jim, go down to Bates's, and see if he can send a lady over to Shannon-Leigh. Any baggage, mum?"

He looked at her again as she told him the number of her trunks, and Katherine felt her face flush uncomfortably. It was quite dark when the carriage appeared, and the whole way she tried to reason herself out of the timid forebodings that assailed her. Why hadn't she listened to Sara's warning voice, was her first thought as she entered the carriage? But that was followed by the calmer and more powerful reasoning without much success. And in this manner the journey was accomplished, and she finds herself at Shannon-Leigh. She dimly discerns a great house as they drive up the wide avenue, but no sign of light and cheer to give it warmth and cheer. But as the driver gives a vigorous ring at the bell there appears through the great ground-glasses of the side-window a faint radiance, which presently develops into the glaring flame of a candle as the door opens. It was a large, hard-visaged woman who stood before her, and her face was full of curiosity.

"I am the governess; did you not expect me?" as Katherine asked, abruptly, and with some hauteur, for she was getting her spirit roused by this time.

"Mr. Shannon didn't say when you were coming," was the explanatory answer; and she turned civilly enough for Katherine to enter, and was observing her where to go, when Katherine stopped her with:

"Will you tell one of the men-servants I should like my trunks in my room immediately?"

"There's no men-servants now at Shannon-Leigh, Miss; I'm the only one, man or woman," was the sharp reply to this request.

And then Katherine heard her giving directions to her charioteer outside, and presently saw her assisting him, in a strong, helpful way, about the trunks.

There was only a single candle left her to light her room, and in the open wood-grate there was no vestige of fuel, and the register at the side of the fire-place was cold as a stone.

Katherine's spirits, which had roused at the carelessness of her reception, fell now at this desolate prospect. Chilled, and weary, and faint with hunger, she at last broke down, and burst into tears. A knock at the door startled her. She turned her back to the light and Mrs. Gill entered with towels.

"Could I have a fire in my room?" asked Katherine, as composedly as she could.

Mrs. Gill stared at her; and the grim visage grew more forbidding.

"A fire! Miss McCann hadn't a fire the whole winter she was here."

"But I must have a fire every day," answered Katherine, quickly.

"Every day? Miss, I don't know where 'twill come from. I've had the last stick cut from Shannon wood; we never cut, and what money we get will never go far if we make fires out o' it every day for the bedrooms. You've come to a poor place, Miss; you might as well know first as last. I'wasn't always so. Shannon-Leigh was kept up in the fashionablest, but every thing's changed now; the money's gone, and I do what I can with what I get, and that's all any body can do."

This was said with a scowling defiance that took away half the force of truth, which would have given it the dignity of simplicity.

Katherine could not know whether to pity or dislike this strange, unprepossessing speaker, but said to her less hastily and indignantly than before:

"I must have a fire, and will pay for it myself. I will only trouble you to give the order to some countryman for a supply of wood."

The woman gave her a scrutinizing look and left the room. By-and-by, as she stood brushing her hair, another knock came upon the door; and there entered a boy of perhaps eleven or twelve, large of his age, and roughly clad in coarse, grey cloth, but with an air like a young prince, as he flung his arm down and deposited the basket of wood he carried upon the hearth. This uncovering of the head was the only recognition of her presence that he gave; and Katherine watched him curiously as he proceeded to build a fire in the grate. As the flame sprung up the boy involuntarily held out his hands, which were then arrested by outdoor exposure, but shapely in form and graceful in gesture.

He was going, when Katherine detained him by asking: "You are Master Shannon, I presume."

A pair of dark eyes lifted to her turned it slowly for a moment, then took an inventory of her figure, before he answered that he was Ralph Shannon. The voice was cold, the manner haughty, but Katherine could not help being interested in him, he was so haughtily handsome, and with that singular, unboy-like tinge of the pride of broken fortunes.

She was presently summoned to tea by Mrs. Gill herself, who ushered her into a room whose depth and space looked gloomy and desolate by the light of the one candle, which flared from a stately silver candlestick in the centre of the table. It had been a handsome room once, with its crimson draperies and damask-laid furniture; but constant use without any renewing had worn and marred its pristine elegance. But Katherine gave these details only a cursory glance. What interested her were the four faces that were clustered about the fire. Ralph's first, locked and haughty in expression; next him, a girl a little younger than he, with a frank and in a dark woolen gown, but as active and talkative as her brother was moody and silent. Her straight figure, her delicate face, round which a mass of fluxen hair curled in disorderly ringlets, looked pretty even in her dark, ill-made dress; and a little flippant tongue was busy in some fashion as Katherine entered. Down on the hearth a smaller girl, dark as Ralph, was busy thrusting splinters into the fire, and the buzz of the girls' voices mingling beside her was another boy, a pale, thin elf, whose insignificant blue eyes were the sole relief from non ugliness. They all turned as the door opened and Mrs. Gill entered with Katherine, and the two girls sprung forward to meet Miss Catherine, as by way of introduction, what they had known before, that this was their new governess.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" hastily whispered the elf upon the hearth to his sister.

"My name is Miss Rothes," answered Katherine, smiling in spite of herself.

"Every one we've had before had a Mac to her name; there was MacCann, and MacNeil, and MacLeod," remarked the little dark girl, without looking up.

The fair girl giggled and tossed her head, whereat the little dark one muttered something under his breath.

As they took their places at the table, Ralph at the head and his eldest sister opposite, Katherine noticed that they did it in an easy manner, as if such was their accustomed custom. The table, too, was well appointed; there was both silver and glass, and the china was of India. There was also plenty of food, of a plain, substantial character; and Mrs. Gill, whom the children called Gilley, waited in grim propriety.

This scene was a pretty good indication to Katherine of what she might expect. They were confidential, sympathetic, companionable to each other as their tempers were; they seemed to have no distrust among themselves, no enmities or quarrels beyond a little teasing; but to an outsider they were cold, or sullen, or flippant—in a word, unapproachable. They seemed to look upon her specially, or upon her office, as one to distrust.

That first week was a sore trial to her—gently tired and gently cared for—and at the end came the master of Shannon-Leigh.

III.

It was Sunday morning, and Katherine went down little thinking whom she was going to meet. She opened the door of the breakfast-room, which was the only room, besides the kitchen and her own room, where fires were kept, and which was consequently breakfast, dining, and school room; and, thanks to Mrs. Gill's vigorous efforts, always in remarkable order.

As Katherine opened the door that Sunday morning she saw standing by the fire a gentleman, whose dark haggard face, whose careless grace of figure, struck her as oddly familiar. His head was bent, back heavy masses of black hair, and came forward. For a moment, as he greeted her with the habitual manner of common courtesy, his eagle eye scanned her with closest scrutiny. Then the children came trooping in, and he turned to them. Arriving late the previous night, this was his first meeting with them. Katherine was curious to see this strange family salute its head and master. Ralph, who was before the others, went up to his father and put out his hand. There was an eager, excited look in the boy's face, Katherine could not tell then whether of pain or pleasure. Mr. Shannon held the smaller hand in his own a second; then, with half a smile, said, "I've brought down a new body for you, Ralph."

Floy, the graceful golden-haired girl, here stepped up, her innocence a trifle subdued, and looking more womanly and lovelier than Katherine had ever seen her yet. There was a beautiful bright color in her rounded cheeks, and her soft silk hair was put back simply in order. She had put on, too, over her dark dress, a white cambric apron, with cross-caps, whose line ruffling gave her an indescribably arch womanly decoration. As Mr. Shannon's eyes met this pretty picture his face grew cold and hard, and with the least touch of her hand he turned from her to the two younger, Maud and Richard. These two only he bent and kissed, especially observing that Maud, the little dark girl, who chattered, without the least fear of him, when it pleased her, about her rabbits, her cats, and the fine white dog Floy's uncle had brought her. As she talked, and Mr. Shannon answered her in a half-jesting, sarcastic manner, which would have daunted some children, Katherine, looking at him, wondered vaguely. Suddenly he ceased this banter, raised his eyes to Floy, who was playing off her pretty teasing and bent upon sullen Ralph. With a stern look which spoke plainly as a command. Floy desisted with painful blushes and tears of vexation. Ralph's glance seemed to meet his father's in deprecation, but it was met by another glance and a gesture of the white, elegant hand, which put even all deprecation to the will. That gesture, that stern, half-savage look! As Katherine met them the mist of forgetfulness rolled away, and she knew the meaning of a German waltz, and met the blue eyes of Sid Chalmers beaming beside a darker, gloomier pair. Then, too, that strange sad young lord over again, and remembered with wonder her last words to Sid as they parted. It was impossible to tell which of the proudly self-confident man Who sat before her remembered her as well. He was politer; but his cold, absent manner, unless he made some observation directly to her, which was seldom, seemed utterly forgetful of her. He passed the day mostly in his room, and walking over the place with Ralph. Early on Monday morning he was off before they were down stairs. So week after week went by, bringing the same presence, almost the same routine of action. To Floy, who grew day by day in beauty, his conduct was inexplicable from Katherine's quick observation; and more than once she had been roused to some expression, either by manner or her treatment of the child when her father was present, to harsh or oppressive. At these times Mr. Shannon's eagle glance would fall upon her with piercing intensity; but Katherine did not blench.

Once, as the spring approached, Floy came in from a walk home from church, where she had been alone that morning, and Katherine, sitting by the window, saw that she had a companion with her—a stripling of fifteen perhaps, who paid her boyish admiration of Maud for whom Floy was putting on all her little graces and airs—a miniature woman in every gesture and expression. Katherine looked up, waiting, but the view she caught of Mr. Shannon's face, who from the other window was also observant of this scene, struck her with indignation. It was full of passion—bitter, angry passion—and a certain shuddering scorn. But as the girl came into the room Katherine's indignation broke bounds while she listened to the scathing severity of reproof which was administered. The words were not only severe, but humiliating. They seemed to accuse the child of worse than childish vanity. Scared and bewildered, poor Floy burst into passionate tears, and ran sobbing from the room.

In her happiest tone, with something of that old manner of power which once used to rise up on occasions, Katherine said:

"Pardon me, Mr. Shannon, this child is yours, but she is also under my care; and I can not see such injustice like this done without a protest."

"You think I have been unjust to her?"

There was that in his tone, a mocking devil of sarcasm that roused her still more. She burst out vehemently:

"I think, Sir, that you are cruel and ungenerous to her!"

He stooped down from his height and picked up the review he had dropped. When he lifted his face again to view it was cool and passionless, and he said, coldly: "I am the best judge of her character." His tone and manner seemed to dismiss the subject. Katherine was so incensed against him, so sympathetic with the wild burst of grief that had sent poor Floy away, that she could have cried herself. Her thoughts following the culprit, she rose up with the object of going to comfort her in some way. Mr. Shannon must have read her purpose in her face, for as she moved to the door he stepped forward and put a detaining hand upon her arm, saying, as he did so,

"Miss Rothes, I must insist that you will not interfere by any consolation with my management of Florence."

"I had no intention of interference, Mr. Shannon," she returned, haughtily; "I trust that I can discriminate between needful kindness and partisanship, and I hope that I should never be guilty of the sin of alienating a child from its parent."

There was meaning asperity in the concluding sentence which struck home to her hearer. He drew back, his dark, haggard face more haggard than before, and only said: "You do not understand."

After this, for some weeks, there was a better atmosphere. Either Mr. Shannon saw no cause for reproof, or he was waiting for an occasion for the outbreak of that Sunday. Gloomy and abstracted as he was, Katherine could see by accident that the children were more or less attracted to him and fond of him; and as she saw more of him she perceived that beneath his rough or jeering manner there was somewhere good. Proud and fastidious as he was, fond of all refinements and elegance, she saw him wear coats and breakfast garments while he brought home to Ralph some costly book into whose mysteries of Latin or Greek he himself inducted the boy; and once, when the eight-years-old Maud had wept the loss of her only doll, he had remembered to bring home to her a pretty Parisian substitute at the end of the week.

To Katherine herself he had relaxed something of his silence—nothing of his coldness. But pacing the hall with the room, or in the parlor, he would gravely enter into conversation with her about books, or any abstract question, never a word of which to society had been his habit. Rare occasions she got glimpses of a mind original and cultivated, and now and then flashes of wit and humor that indicated a nature which might have been born, under happier influences; of Mary Kingston's account of him, and had her own estimate when she first met him, the saw little corroboration. Gloomy, stern, and unjust she had seen him, but never mean, brutal, or fiendish.

June at length came, making the desolate fields and the wild neglected garden of Shannon-Leigh full of blossoming beauty. Two days ago approached the master of Shannon-Leigh fell into the habit of coming home in an earlier train; and was daily about the whole of the time, or under under the soft spell of the days; and his mood relaxed a little of its gloom and bitterness. At times he would appear to Katherine as a man who has at present astonizing under some old elm; and the remarks or suggestions he would make were invariably full of keen, subtle knowledge.

Up to this time Katherine had seen no visitor enter the house; but one night, as she strolled home from a late walk, she met Floy and Ralph watching himself to her, she heard new tones floating from the open window. New yet familiar. She went in, and somebody came forward in the twilight with outstretched hands.

"Why, Sid Chalmers!"

"What, Katherine Rothes!"

And he held her hands for a moment, looking down upon her face out of his height with an expression of sympathy that made Katherine think of all the time since she had seen him last. When lights were brought Sid scrutinized her. The honest way,

"How thin you are, Katherine!"

She colored under all the thoughts his words brought, and, turning away, met the keen eyes of Mr. Shannon fastened upon her. Hastening to turn the conversation she asked,

"Did you know Sid was here?"

"Know? To be sure. Sara Fielding told me." Then he looked from her to his host in a speculative sort of way.

"How odd it all is!" was his remark, after a moment. Here Mr. Shannon walked out of the room, to Katherine's great relief; and in her joy at first with Sid he was made to understand how utterly she had forgotten his fears and his talk about him, until she found herself an inmate of his house.

"I came unbidden, you know, Katherine; Duke is too proud to write poste to me, but I heard that you were here, and I meant to see you."

This unbidden guest brought brightness and gayety with him. In his genial presence Katherine found something of her old spirit. With him she talked about the people they knew. With him she sang again. Floy came over to her study to ask the sweet measures of her old songs. With him she walked through the woods of Shannon-Leigh, coming back with her hands full of wild flowers and cheeks. Mr. Shannon came home now every night while his guest staid, but his mood was gloomy, and he looked quite capable of discovering that he was as a lady, and her heart had melted gradually to her with this discovery, and still more when the children, one by one, came over to Katherine to hear Mrs. Gill was as faithful as Birk the mastiff. She had lived in the Shannon family for years, and known Ralph from his birth. Many of her fortunes went down she stepped without loss of dignity from her sole position as housekeeper and took up all the cares of the household; and nothing could move her from her purpose. She was a strong, hard-featured woman, but her heart was of gold.

"The master's running down," she said to Katherine. "There's a hungry look in his eye, and his head not getting as high."

Katherine went back to the parlor and looked to see these signs. He was standing listening to his guest, his dark face fully revealed in the sunset glow. As she looked Mrs. Gill's words seemed prophetic.

Sid ceased talking as she approached. Putting out his hand as she was passing, with one of those gentle, gracious movements of his, he drew her arm in his and kept her there.

"Sing," he said, in a tone that made it entreaty. "I am going in the morning."

"In the morning?" she exclaimed, her voice expressing startled regret.

She sang; and leaning against the instrument, Sid Chalmers stood listening, his soul in his eyes. She had lost herself in memories as her voice went floating down "Agatha," when a child's long-drawn, gasping sob smote her ear. She lifted her head and saw a vision that made her voice falter. Floy, scarlet and quivering under the stern eyes, the severe words of her father, who stood before her in the hall beyond the parlor, his face expressing so much bitter pain that Katherine felt Katherine's soul sickened. In a moment she obeyed an impulse, and rising from her seat left the room, with a hasty "Wait for me, I will come back soon," to her companion. The feeling that had sickened her soul caused her to close the door between him and the scene she was approaching. Mr. Shannon was unobservant of her until she stood before him. Then he looked down upon her in a hoarse voice and with an authoritative gesture, he said,

"Go to your room, Florence, and remain there until I send for you."

As Floy disappeared he wheeled round to Katherine with bent brows. "Miss Rothes!" Katherine shrank from him with an involuntary motion, and burst into tears. He flung his head up. "God! Heaven! have I been such a brute, then?" he exclaimed, in horror-struck tones. "But you do not know. Come in here for a moment." He opened the door of an apartment she had never seen entered, and motioned her to pass in. It looked like a lady's boudoir, long since deserted; for on the mirrors and work-stand there was thick dust, and the flowers on the vase of mildew and mould. He walked across the room to a picture that hung shaded by a piece of damask, and turned it to the light. It was a woman's face, of whose likeness was the exact resemblance. There was a moment's pause while Katherine made her observations. Then he went on hastily, as though a necessity urged him: "You know my history—all the world well knows it; but you do not know. Others knows it!" with a bitter emphasis of stung pride. "You are at no loss, then, to conjecture whose face this represents. Look for yourself where the resemblance lies, but you do not see the deeper and more fatal points of resemblance. You do not see them with your eyes, nor with the head, every trick of vanity, every taste for decoration and display, even the pretty wiles which win you so affection, I detect those with the keen signs of weakness which led her mother to her ruin. God knows, I may be faulty in my treatment of these evidences in the child; but I see them, and I see their forbearance once; and now, if I err on the other side, Heaven help me!

"Do you wonder that I bring you here, when no one but myself has been for years—that I tell you what I have never told before? Do you think it is to exonerate myself before him, to make you believe I am not cruel? Pshaw! I am harsh because I care for blame or exoneration from you as Miss Rothes, the governess of my children; it is because I care for you as Katherine Rothes, and not the heart of Katherine Rothes, because it adds the last drop of bitterness to my life to think that she should have any cause of blame for me. Katherine Rothes—go back to where your lover and my friend awaits you. Go away from my accursed house—as I cannot make this man's happiness. I do not complain; it is my fate. I told him long since, when he proposed your acquaintance, that there was danger in it. Some instinct warned me even then."

His look did not seek her now; he only turned to gaze upon the face. But Katherine had forgotten to rise, forgotten what was expected of her by any womanly caution. A white dizziness of emotion had come over her, blinding her eyes with tears. He caught that look; caught that vivid color which she suffered her soft cheek with its scarlet, and the next moment he was bending over her, his dark face glowing with surprised emotion.

"Is it so, Katherine? is it so? Has this heaven of love come to me?"

At first she could but the heaven of love in his accents; then, in the last sad emphasis, the remembrance of his narrowed life, the cares, the struggles, the bitterness of which those rose up as impassable barriers. But he held her clasped closely against his breast while he said: "So—stay with me for a moment before you go. Say you do."

The passionate pathos of his voice aroused her to his sorrowful meaning. She lifted her head; her eyes met his, and he broke softly the sweet line of her lips. Eyes and smile, what new meaning did they give him! What hope, and strength, and determination did they awaken from that pall of pride which had shut him in!

"What! Katherine Rothes married to Duke Shannon? I thought he had turned misanthrope, and had shut himself up from his species. Not a year ago he was lost to interest of any kind. Stunned, as it were, by his bitter misfortunes, he would not put out his hand to seek or take. Now—well, you know that he had got that appointment to Munich? It's a fine thing for him, I am told."

But Sid Chalmers, setting there calmly viewing the distant sails, told no one that he had rejected this very appointment to suggest "one who would fill it much more creditably"—those were his generous, modest words; and Duke Shannon, when he thanked him for this suggestion, believed that Sid was glad to escape the pest to which he was hastening. Yet not a year ago Sid Chalmers had made bright gaiety in Shannon-Leigh here; and forced himself hastening away as eagerly as Duke Shannon, and in the self-same company.

But as he sits there viewing the distant sails he does not think of what he has done; he thinks of Katherine and that other summer when, in the pride of her beauty and fortune, she laughed at the avoidance of his gloomy friend, and, half in jest, made her playful prophecy thereat. And he thinks: "So the governess of Shannon-Leigh has the power to restore what Katherine Rothes the heiress could never have accomplished. And Katherine is happy—glad!"

And the distant sails fade out upon the far sea-line, and still others come and go, watched by those wistful eyes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MAXIMS BY OUR CLERK.

A sore dog isn't generally straightened by a course of bark.

He slip on water when it is frozen, and on whisky when it isn't.

Be careful of your table-talk. Do all your biting at table in biting your food. Don't be biting in your remarks.

It is often a grievous and unseasonable thing that contains of three-quarters wife and one quarter husband.

Quilp is a great admirer of children, and says he likes the crying one best. A unisex wife is a baby in her arms smiled at his odd fancy, and asked him the reason of it.

"Why, you see, Mrs. Quilp," observed Quilp, "I have observed in well-ordered families as soon as a child cries it is taken out of the room."

In a village church-yard in England there lies buried a young man who was killed by the fall of a piece of ice. His tombstone bears this inscription:

"Here lies I, A. L. I. S.,
Here he lies,
In a cake of ice,
Killed by an icicle,
The 1st day of January Domini 1717."

An old bachelor says, of all the solemn hours he ever saw, that occupied in going home one dark night from the Widow Bloom's party, when he had by her own baby that he "couldn't come again," was the most solemn.

Why does the letter B hold an enviable position?—Because it is never found in sin, but always in temperance, industry, virtue, and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion and the end of war.

Two WISHES DUTY.—Help yourself and pass the bottle.

The long bead is never headless.

Do you indorse a scoundrel when you make your mark upon his back?

A slow pulsation is the sign of a long life, not only in individuals but in lawsuits.

A cross wife, like the bird of Minerva, does most of her flying at night.

A lady in Brooklyn is known to be so extremely humane that she will not allow even her carpets to be beaten; and the other day, hearing a noise in the entry, a boy, who was relating a story about a donkey, tell his companion to cut his stick and leave. The supposedly biased away when a relative said he had been killing time.

Dr. Jacob Main, who lived in the reign of James I. of England, was distinguished as a scholar and a wit. He displayed through life a strong propensity for innocent raillery and practical jokes. Not being able to afford but one servant, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, that he might have him something that would not be stolen. The servant, as soon as his master was dead, impatiently awaited the hour of expecting, of course, to find a heap of treasure; but, alas, his disappointment was great in finding nothing but a red herring!

A passage-at-arms between a police justice and a strongminded woman has thus been condensed in rhyme:

"The brass upon your face," he said,
"Would make a famous ribbon."
"Your Honor's head," the wench replied,
"Is brass enough to fill it in."

One man is as good as another, if not better. One woman is as bad as another, if not worse.

A crusty old bachelor, not liking a way his landlady's daughter had of appropriating his property, filled his pipe with liquid glue the day before a ball to which the girl was invited, and she staid at home in consequence. It was a sticktion.

A country editor, praising a successful politician, called him "one of the cleverest fellows that ever lifted a hat to a lady or a foot to a backguard."

"Willy," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul?" "No, ma," says the child, in a voice like the body carries you about." "This is your body," sounding his little belly with his knuckles; "but here's something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, I know," said Willy, "that's the bath of intelligence in his eye; that's my flannel shirt!"

A man seeing an oyster-vender go by, called out, "Give me a pound of oysters." "Will you have a measure, not by weight," was the oysterman's reply. "Very well," said the other, "then I'll take a yard of them."

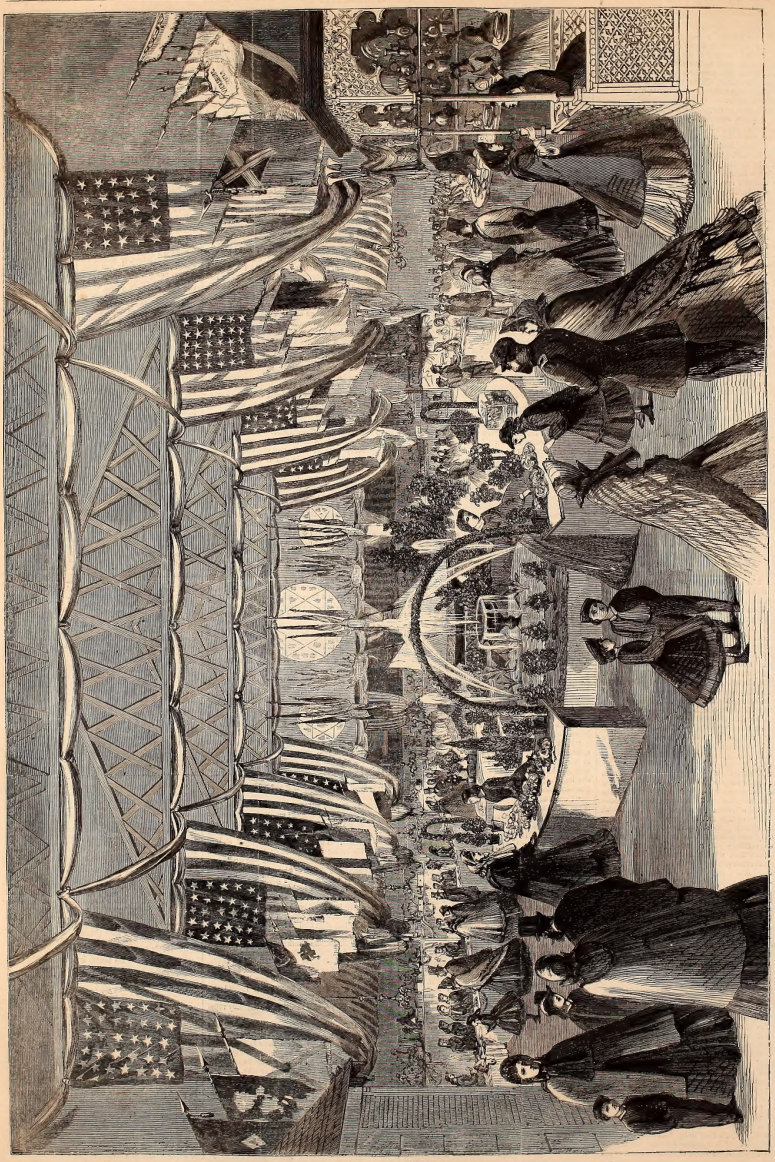
THE REAL TRIAL BY JURY.

Called away from avocations,
Worried by a dev'l vexation,
Dragged from home to go a distance,
From appearing in business;
No day's pay for that day's working,
Have to pay ten pence for dinner,
Can not make the court prove brains,
Though one may be self-incriminated;
For your loss of occupation
Not the slightest compensation;
Packed in box with dust that smothers,
Matter with clients abuts,
Coughing, wheezy, damp, and sneezy,
Space confined and fusty airy,
Doomed to question and replying,
Temper all those hours trying;
Bored by speeches long and prosy,
Thinking of your dinners cosy
These are things that, I assure ye,
Make a real Trial by Jury.

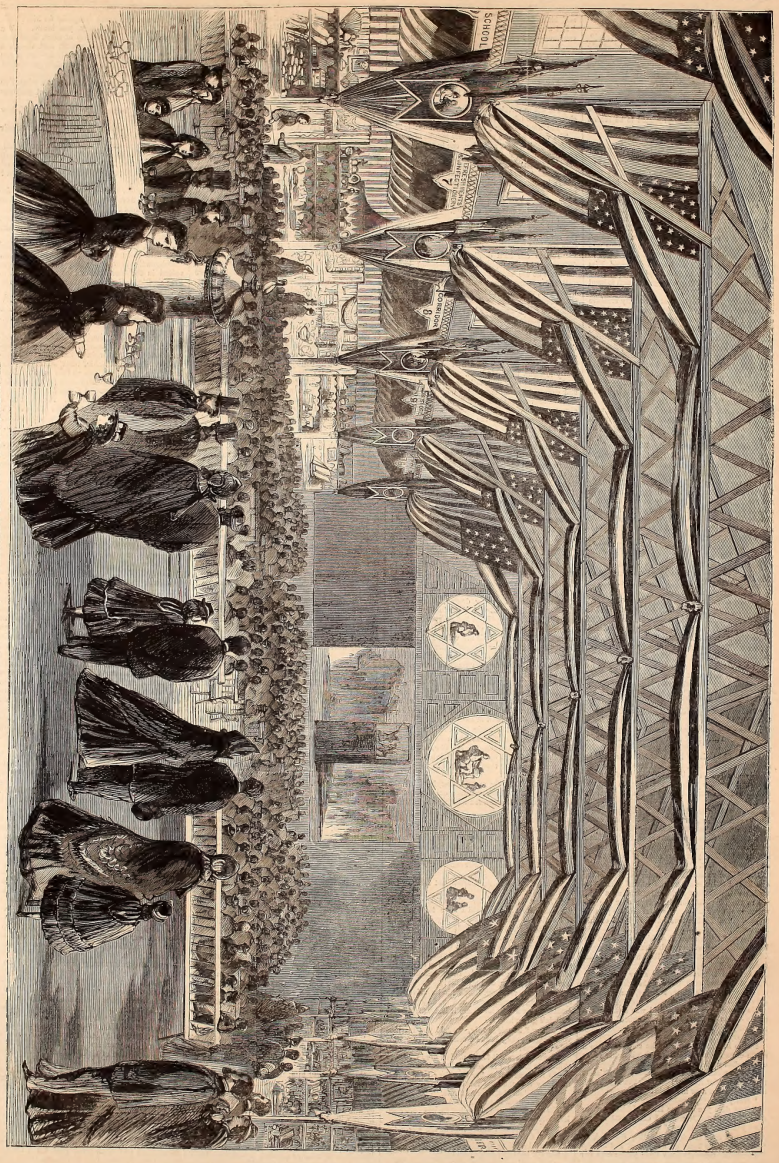
A lady occupying room letter B at a hotel wrote on the slate the following: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B is not up at eight, wake letter B again, for even if letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to letter A, or to call at half past seven." The porter, a better book-than orthographist, did not know at seven whether to wake "letter B" or "let her be."

An Irishman, in describing America, said, "I am told that you might roll England thru it, an' it wouldn't make a dint in the ground." Another fresh-water emigrant said that ye might drown Gold Ireland in; and safer Scotland to swim in than a canny Scot. Another said that he left it out, except it might be by the smell o' whisky."

The best adhesive label you can put on luggage is a stick to it yourself.



INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.



THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.—THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, UNION SQUARE.—[SEE PAGE 260.]

LEAP-YEAR.

"Nothing but a private—a common private!"

It would be in vain to attempt to portray the Lady Macbethian scorn which curved Harriet Deane's lip as she spoke the sentence. John Carlyle, aloft he was quite conscious of not deserving the keen-edged contempt, quailed beneath it, nevertheless.

"But, Harriet—"

"Hush!" said the imperious beauty, holding up a warning finger. "I can't understand this matter. Gilbert Armour was promoted to be second lieutenant, was he not?"

"Yes."

"And you are his equal in all respects?"

"Yes."

"Might you not also have shared his honors?"

"I might, I suppose, Harriet," said the young soldier, fixing his calm dark eye upon her fair, flushed face, "if I had chosen to share them at the expense of poor Talcott, who earned his shoulder-straps long ago. They should have been his by every right, months since, but poverty and obscurity are not the best place-winners. Either Gilbert Armour or I must stand aside to see a younger man righted. He did not choose to sacrifice promotion to a scruple. I did, Harriet—was I wrong?"

"Oh, of course, it's nothing to me," said Miss Deane. "You were perfectly right in consulting your own choice. Will you be good enough to hand me that work-basket?"

John Carlyle sat looking at the pretty creature around whom the love of his strong nature had been entwined with a fervor rare enough in these matter-of-fact days, in wistful perplexity. Shining auburn hair parted waved from a low, pearl-pure brow—deep blue eyes, like the velvety dark of a pansy, and a mouth whose intense crimson reminded you of the inside leaves of a Lent lily. Certainly she was by no means disagreeable to look at, and Mr. Carlyle was quite sensible of the fact.

"Harriet," he said, with an unconscious tremor in the syllables, "I came—"

"Excuse me, Sir," interposed Miss Deane, with studied contempt, "I am particularly busy counting these stitches—if you would be so obliging as not to interrupt me!"

All women and he was in the devious windings of feminine nature, John Carlyle instinctively felt that this was no auspicious season for the furtherance of his suit.

"I'll try again to-night," he mused, walking homeward. "She won't be doing crochet-work forever, and I can get away in such torrents of sunshine as this. She is vexed about the shoulder-straps; I wish, for her sake, I had them, yet I could not wear them tarnished by the faintest stain of injustice or dishonor!"

The clear, bright sky was jeweled with frosty stars, and the solemn old church-clock had just chimed nine from its dim belfry, when he entered the bright room with its many blue curtains and hangings of azure silk, and Parian statuettes hidden by vases of vivid crimson roses.

It was not gloomy, however, as he had hoped and expected. Lieutenant Armour stood in the middle of the apartment, decidedly conscious of his fine new shoulder-straps, and gratulating half a dozen pretty girls. He nodded laughingly to Carlyle, and went on with the sentence which the new arrival had interrupted.

"Leap-Year! to be sure it is. And I may as well state at once that I'm quite ready to receive any propositions my ladies may have to make."

"Nonsense, Gilbert!" said Mary Elphinstone, his cousin.

"Nonsense, eh? Well, I'm glad you consider it in that light—I don't! I think it's a great shame the girls can't help themselves of their privileges, when we men are ready with our blushes and timid glances!"

He looked at Harry Deane as he spoke, half in earnest, half jestingly. John Carlyle's eye followed the direction of his, as by a sort of fascination, and saw the rose-tint mounting to Harry's cheek, and the purple-blue eyes hidden by their white lids.

How long he stood there, with a giddy pain surging through his brain, and a chill at his heart, as of a cold hand grasping at its fibres, he did not know. It might have been five minutes, or it might have been five hours; but he was roused by the breaking up of the little party, the sound of merry voices, and playful adieus.

Harry Deane was standing under the chandelier, one light hand resting on the carved back of a Gothic chair—Gilbert Armour lounged on a sofa where the blue silk curtains swept over the entrance to a recessed window. As John Carlyle pressed forward, Miss Elphinstone laid her hand on his arm softly.

"No," she whispered, archly, "don't you see it's an understood matter with Gilbert and Harry? Give me your arm home, for Gilbert will never think of me again."

John Carlyle turned silently away with white lips and clenched teeth, blind to the wistful glance that stole through Harry's lashes, the uncertain quiver of her lip!

He was gone. Yes, the field was clear for the newly-made Lieutenant. He advanced, a little nervously.

"Harry—"

But to his horror and surprise she burst into a storm of passionate tears, through which her violet eyes flashed with ominous sparkles.

"Don't speak to me!" she sobbed; "don't come near me, Gilbert Armour! I wish you'd go home, and never come here again!"

"Harry!"

"How dare you call me Harry, Lieutenant Armour? Not another word; I don't want to hear what you are going to say!"

She held open the door, imperially dignified, although the tears hung on her lashes, and the arabesque braids, escaping from their pins, swept her shoulders; and Lieutenant Armour walked out, crest-fallen.

"Well, I've got my dismissal!" quoth he to himself, biting his long mustache in impotent wrath. "But who would ever have thought she was such a confound—ed little vixen!"

"You might take off the upper arm just here, without—"

"What's the use? He won't last out the day any way, and we may as well let him go easily, even if we had time to waste in unnecessary operations!"

"I'm not so certain about that. Give the man a chance for his life. Where's the ether?"

"You want no ether; he is totally insensible!"

The words fell like meaningless jangles of sound on John Carlyle's ear as he lay, one in a multitude of wounded and dying men, in a weather-beaten old shed. The busy doctor and the hard-hearted young cadet made no impression on his failing mind; he heard what they said as if they had been talking of some one else. There was no volition—no intellect. Life seemed ebbing away from him as the sparkling tide goes creeping—creeping from the sea on the strand-boat!

All at once there came a sudden, sharp pain as the surgeon's keen instrument cleft the arm, and then followed insensibility.

"Ten to one he'll die," said the surgeon, indifferently, as he replaced the glittering tools. "There's no use bandaging it so carefully."

But the young cadet I left down to flatten the wrappings, wondering in his heart what the man would ever come when he stood, should speak so carelessly of a fellow-creature's life, Got-given!

John Carlyle did not hear the grim old surgeon to the contrary notwithstanding.

There had been a glorious thunder-shower. Along the west hung heavy purple clouds, with a dark cloud, edged with dazzling fringes of gold, while the blue zenith, smiling through its brief tears, seemed literally to wear a coronet of stars. The air full of apple-orchards pink with billows of tossing bloom, and sunny slopes all empurpled with wild violets, came in warm sweeps of fragrance on the city winds, carrying the Wall Street jobbers and shrivelled money-changers back to their country homes, and boys, looking for the first strawberry blossom under the rosy canopy of the old apple-trees!

But Harry Deane, in her widowhood, went into the wide, open hotel window, lifted the damp masses of hair on John Carlyle's wasted forehead as he sat in the easy-chair beside the couch, and passed its cool fingers softly over his burning temples, as if it fain would whisper, "Don't repine say longer! Look out on the glad day, and feel Heaven's healing sunshine on your cheek!"

As if man ever heeded Nature's silent monitions! John Carlyle was no exception to the general rule!

"A common private!—those were her very words," he murmured to himself, with a faint crimson flushing on his wan cheek, "and I am crippled now for life! Ah, it was well that I drew back into the shadow of the curtain that night, or you should have let me die that dismal night in the hospital, when the ligatures slipped off and the red life-stream welled slowly from the severed artery, and the cold, when fever throbbed in all my veins, and I madly fancied I could feel Harry Deane's tears drooping on my cheek. If I had died—never awaking from that delusion! But now—a common private with only one arm!"

He laughed bitterly as the perpetually-recurring conviction pressed itself upon his mind—a laugh that was almost a sob. Only twenty-six, and weary of his life; it is not to be wondered at and hope die out of a man's breast at twenty-six.

And the clustering domes and the spires of the great city, looming against the last and purest blood-colonized of the sunset, grew dim, and seemed to reel, as he looked upon them, through the mist that was more bitter than the tears of salt brine.

"John!"

She turned listlessly around, fancying that the word had syllabled itself somehow out of the vague imaginings and unspoken fantasies that were whirling in his brain.

But it was not fancy.

A slender little figure in a dress of pale pink—the very dress he had seen her in a month ago—and she was kneeling on the carpet beside him, and Harry Deane's auburn hair, gleaming golden in the sunset, fell over the arm of his chair where the fair head drooped.

"Harry! Not there, dearest—not there. Let me raise you."

"Oh, let me kneel here, John!" she sobbed; "let me hide my face here, where I have told you all. If I could but call back those days when I felt I was so heartless, so cruel toward you; and you have suffered so much since then! Indeed, indeed I loved you all the time, John, even when I was most willful, and I love you still! And oh! if you will only let me be your little wife, I will nurse you so tenderly and care for you so fondly! Don't send me away from you now, John, or I shall die!"

The sweet, pleading face, with its velvet-blue eyes shining through tears, and quivering scarlet mouth—what a new loveliness it had won to John Carlyle's pale vision!

"Harry," he said, softly, "would you sacrifice your bright young life to a common private with only one arm?"

"I would devote it to the noblest hero who ever spilled his blood for his country!"

She could fall on her shoulder; he was sick and dizzy with the flood-tide of happiness.

"Harry," said he, after a minute, "do you know that I fancied you liked Gilbert Armour?"

The superb scorn on her arched lip was very comical, and not unpleasant to behold.

"Gilbert Armour, indeed! You are worth ten thousand Gilbert Armours!"

"Even including his shoulder-straps?"

She put her hand softly over his lips.

"You need not suppose, Sir," she said, with a pretty defiance that became her better than the tearful humiliation of a minute before, "that I should have come here courting you, if you hadn't been so sick and worn, and if—"

"Well?"

"If it hadn't been Leap-Year!"

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

Printed from the Manuscript and newly Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIV.

AT GAMRIDGE'S.

It was very late, or rather very early, and Gamridge's was in full conclave. There was laughing, and there was swearing; bets were laid, and taken, and booked; straws were told; and jokes were created; and scandals were, not covertly buzzed, but openly roared about. There was much sincerity at Gamridge's, toward two in the morning. A few of the dandies were drunk, and their candor was, consequently, somewhat doubtful; but the others, older and more seasoned vessels, were quite as sincere, being simply cynical. They did not, perhaps, wear their hearts upon their sleeves, the majority of the possible wearers not being troubled with centres of vitality; but they wore, instead, an impudent shrug of the shoulders, and an insolent contempt for all that was good or pure—or stupid—which was the Gamridgian synonym for goodness and purity; a bold, defiant, almost chivalrous, and completely diabolical pride—pride of birth, pride of rank, pride of person, pride of dress, pride of intellect (there were some fools there, certainly, and they were proud of their folly, and plumed themselves upon it as upon a virtue or their lisp), pride, in fine, of the power of doing evil, and of impunity in wrong-doing. When a very vicious man has very much wealth, he becomes, indeed, the roaring lion, raging up and down, and seeking whom he may devour. It is only when his combustibles is languid, and his limbs grow shaky, that he begins to crawl in the dust, like a serpent, and wind his body round trees, and whisper counsels of perdition to the silly.

So most present spoke their minds at Gamridge's. There was no concealment. Every vice had its votary, and his neighbor. At two o'clock in the morning there was no need for concealment. In the day time, at the clubs, at Greenwich, in the park, at the theatres, you saw the beautiful Gobelins tapestry, marvelous in the minute finish of its work, suffused with glowing and tender color. But at two o'clock in the morning, at Gamridge's, the tapestry was turned up and pinned against the wall. You saw the reverse of the picture—the web that was behind the exquisite work and the glowing tints. A multitudinous confusion. Full of knots, and loops, and cobbles, and dams, and dead frayed ends of dirty worsted protruding from a coarse canvas ground.

A roar of acclaim broke forth as Blunt entered the room. He was a great favorite among the dandies. The eccentricities of those days thrust forward his shoulder-of-mutton palm and squeezed Blunt's delicate hand. Francis Blunt, Esquire, was the only frequenter of Gamridge's who kept his mask on at two o'clock in the morning.

The dandies crowded round him, for he had a renown for saying things which, if not brilliantly clever, were at least spiteful, and consequently were liked. Mr. Blunt, on this morning, in no mood for venting epigrams or retailing scandalous anecdotes. He could ill conceal his preoccupation.

"Is Debonnair here?" he asked.

"Been here and gone, Sir Francis," answered the colleague he addressed, Captain Langhorne, of the Guards. "Been drinking oceans of soda-water, and looking very spoony. Mountshawington says he's in love. I say it's lush."

In the reign of King William the Fourth the aristocracy were not ashamed to use habitually the language of costermongers. In these days, the writer believes, the superior orders never soil their lips with the vulgar tongue.

"Will he play?" Blunt whispered to the Guardsman.

"Whom d'ye mean? Mountshawington?"

"He play? A hundy-gurdy, perhaps. I don't mean him. He's not worth playing beggar-my-neighbor with; for nothing, Mountshawington says, he is beggared already. I mean Debonnair."

"I tell you he's spoony. He'd do any thing you told him to do. He is the soft and wretched spinach, and sighs for the due accompaniment of gammon. Debonnair is the rope across the room he'd dance upon it like Madame Saqui—till he tumbled off tipsy. He's game to play any thing, from blind hookey up to chicken hazard. He's very spoony, and decidedly sprung."

"Will you see that he doesn't drink too much? Keep him off Mr. Hardy's ale. It's five hundred. Keep him on his soda-and-B. That won't do him any harm."

"Do you want him, then, that you've so very anxious about his precious health?"

"My dear fellow, I want him between this and five in the morning, for as much as ready money and I.O.U.'s payable within four-and-twenty hours will give me."

The Guardsman whistled. "You've been hit rather hard, Blunt, lately," he remarked, "and you want your winnings, I suppose? Well, Debonnair is as good as another, I suppose. Only don't knock him down as though you were pitching into a fellow in the Broadway. Let him down softly, poor lad. Let him fall on a feather-bed."

"Have you so much sympathy for him?"

"Well, he's only a boy, you know. It's a pity to knock him down all at once, because, because, you know, he's young, and there's a good deal more plucking about him—and if you skin him alive all at once, he might get sick of the thing, and turn steady."

"I see. Well, you shall have him when I've done with him. There'll be plenty of pickings left, I'll promise you."

"I know dashed well. Do you want any fellow to-night in with you?"

"Thanks, not one. Lord Henry Debonnair and self; that's all."

"And old Nick as double dummy. Well, I've no wish to spoil sport. Good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both, and a pull of ready on all three. What do you go in for? The bones?"

"No, not for serious business. We must, for form's sake, have an hour at Crockey's, but the real affair must come off at the count's. I want him at King Alfin, in a side room, where the rest of you fellows are deep at bazzard. Debonnair, how are you, old fellow?"

All this, save the concluding salutation, had been uttered in the discreetest whisper; but, "Debonnair, how are you, old fellow?" was voiced in the loud and cheery tone of which Francis Blunt, Esquire, was an admirable master.

"The Griffin means mischief to-night," Mr. Langhorne, of the Guards, cursorily remarked a few moments afterward to Lord Claude Mountshawington.

"Oh! confound him," replied the dandy addressed, who was a younger edition of his guardsman, and had been ruined too early: "he always does mean mischief after midnight. He has had me pumped a time, and for many a thousand. How in the world does he manage it? He plays on the square, I s'pose?"

"Not a square inch of square. A perfect cube. He's the soul of honor, my dear fellow. I'm pecking, and want some oysters and stout." And Mr. Langhorne of the Guards passed on.

"Debonnair, old fellow, how are you?"

Lord Henry Debonnair blushed like a child "old fellow." He was very young. He was a boy. He had a fair round smooth face, quite innocent and blooming. His cheeks were pink and white as unfurrowed brow. His blue eyes were cloudless. His pretty lips seemed quite untainted by contact with blasphemy. How should they not? If the inclinations of his secret soul had been laid bare the discovery that he was still fond of lollypops, and sometimes passed an agreeable hour hanging to pilfer a couple of the rosy-cheeked fruit of the doting Irishwoman to whom they belonged, might have been made. He blushed, and the act of fumigation made him very sick; but he continued to smoke, almost without intermission, because his other fellows did so, and it was the thing.

It was likewise the thing, in those days, to drink; so Lord Henry Debonnair drank—Champagne, Moselle, Tokay, soda-and-B, and not unfrequently a dose fortifying but paralyzing dog's-nose, with the friendly cabman, or the enlivening but poisonous Geneva with the convivial gladiator, the bruising ranger-or of the prize-ring. It was the thing in the reign of King William the Fourth to associate with cabmen and pugilists. Lord Henry was a little head sore next day, inexistence, in its most demonstrative form, was of by no means rare occurrence with him; and he had been at least half a dozen times locked up in various metropolitan station-houses, and the next morning fined five shillings. It was the thing to be locked up at nights, and banter the police magistrate in the morning.

He had always—from reason's first dawn, at least—experienced considerable difficulty in stifling, to his own satisfaction, that two and two made four. But he kept a voluminous betting-book, and backed the favorite, and against the field, for all sorts of events, double and single, to the extent of some thousands of pounds yearly.

He betted as he gambled, as he drank, as he did worse, as he went to prize-fights and cock-fights and bear-baitings, as he drove a four-in-hand (he who was hardly out of a go-cart), as he kept race-horses and bull-dogs, not because he cared much about those amusements, or those luxuries—for next to lollipops his most pronounced taste was for boiled mutton and turnips, underdone beef, and gingerbread—but because it was the "thing" among the "set" to which he belonged. He was very lazy, very thoughtless, very good-natured, because it was the thing to be so; and he had never done, and never intended, any harm to any living creature. Lord Henry Debonnair belonged to a class common enough in the reign of William the Fourth, but whose type in the reign of Queen Victoria is unique.

Francis Blunt, Esquire, had twisted this young nobleman round his finger. He had passed a silken string through his nose, and led him by it, with perfect ease and comfort to both parties. He was far too clever to be easily the young lord. He patronized him. Lord Henry looked up to him, with implicit trust and confidence, as schoolboy, schoolmaster, and friend. He recognized all the attraction of Griffin Blunt's brilliant depravity. He felt, in his boyish mind, quite sure I know as experienced a profligate, as cajoler and a master of nefarious arts. It was the respect a youngster at school pays to an eldster. Blunt was too wary to borrow ready money of his protégé. It was not the thing to be in need of a five-pound note. But Blunt obtained the noble name of Debonnair as acceptor, as endorser, as drawer, to innumerable bills of exchange, and all kinds of dates. His lordship was never troubled to part with ready cash when he became due. He had only to sign his noble name to a piece of paper, and the interest was paid, the bills were renewed, and Francis Blunt, Esquire,

was flush of cash, and would be able even to give Jean Baptiste Constant a trifle on account of his wages. Oh, the wonderful power of paper-money, and how wide-spreading are the wings of Iscariot until the wax melts off! Then he comes down plump; as Law did; as Turgot did; as the latest edition of Chevy CHASE will do.

Frank Hurst drew his arm through that of Lord Henry, and soothed, and flattered, and told gay stories to the noble boy he meant to cheat before midnight, whose brains he would have been, under any circumstances, glad enough to blow out: believing, as he did, that Debonnair admired him very much. Poor boy! If there not been seen, ere now, a little spaniel puppy dog frisking about in the den of a Bengal tigress? Hurst allowed no trace either of his design or of his resentment to show itself. He was a diplomatist villain, not a mere pocket-dam one. Friendly with my enemy first, and murder him afterward, if there be occasion for it: so ran the cautious current of Francis Hurst, Esquire's, reasoning.

As fate would have it, he was destined, that night at any rate, neither to win nor to kill Lord Henry Debonair. For, just as the boy and he had quitted Gamridge's hospitable roof, and were mounting the former's cabriolet, en route for Crockey's, two men of mildewed, slightly greasy, decidedly shabby, and unmistakably Jewish, mien, took their appearance in the lane, each one on either side of the aforesaid cabriolet. A third man, who was older, and shabbier, and greasier, and more mildewed, but not Jewish, appeared, with pantomimic suddenness, at the horse's head.

"Good Heavens, Blunt, what is the meaning of this?" cried Lord Henry.

"It only means," replied the dandy, with well-assumed coolness, but with a very pale face, "that I am taken in execution—arrested, as it is called—for about several five hundred pounds, and that, instead of going in your cab to Crockford's, I must take a hackney-coach, with these respected gentlemen, to Chancery Lane."

CHAPTER XV.

GETTING UP.

The morning broke very sadly and dreadfully to the little child left, quite alone, at Rhododendron House, by the servant-maid, with whom she had been put to sleep, had risen at six o'clock, for her work was of the hardest, and her pabulum of evil indifferent. So when, about half an hour afterward, the bold sun came hammering through Lily's eyelids, preaching to old and young alike, that eternal sermon against Sloth, the girl's place beside her being yet warm, but deserted, it is not, I hope, to be taken as a very wonderful event if Lily began immediately to cry. It does not take much to bring tears from the eyes of a little child. The infant weeps instead of capitating; and the result arrived at is about as logical in the one case as in the other. Lily's sleep was out of no very outrageous kind. It was less a fractious roar than a meek wail of expostulation. Her sorrows dawned with the day: the moment of misery was to come. She had but a very faint idea of where she was, and a fainter still of how she had come there. Every thing was strange to her. Her memory was naturally short. The events of the previous day had been rapid, crowded, and unusual. The upshot was hopeless confusion. So she betook herself to tears. The sun, however, after vindicating his dignity and potency before stirring her up so roughly, seemed to relent. He condescended to console her. He was a generous giant after all, and acknowledged that to stir up a little child might stir up some pleasure in the stirrer. There was time—hard and cruel time enough—for trials of strength, and petty rising. So murmuring (if the Sun indeed can sing) that beautiful burden to the old nurse's ballad,

Wee nut, my wanton, smile upon my knee,
When thou grows big thou'lt quite enough for thee,

he, too, began to smile on Lily, and to show her wonderful things. He had a phenomenal nature, and a rich, and a rare; and the child smiled in his company. The sun's beams dried her eyes. She looked, with round dazzles dancing in the golden rays; the strip of druggist tessellated in a bright pattern, the knobs on the chest of drawers gleaming in the sun-rays, outside, some early creeping green plants, stirred by the morning breeze, chose, with a merry fluttering, to peep in upon her through the lattice; and the sun waxed warm to all kinds of colors. Her mind was yet as light as a leaf: volatile, and carried hither and thither as the wind listed. She laughed, and forgot her little woe, and found herself playing with the pillow, which, to her, speedily became animate, and a thing to be fondled, dandled, chidden, and apostrophized. It is the privilege of very little girls to be able to say thing after the puppet; as it is of very little boys to make any thing into soldiers. I once knew the small daughter, aged three, of a tinker, who nursed for a whole hour a dead rat for a doll.

As nobody came, however, and the painful fact of the pillow having no legs became apparent, and the sun went in (to cast up his yesterday's accounts, maybe), after showing for a moment his jolly face, the door of his druggy, gloomy cane again to overshadow Lily's soul. The sun's beams were very soon darkened, and the rain-drops began once more to patter. She felt very lonely, very friendless, very hungry; and though the sun, in his back parlor, leaving her sobbing, looked up from his ledger, and opening a casement, drove a lively beam across her bed, she was inconsolable now, and wept with unassuageable bitterness.

All at once there came a dreadful bell. It must have been made of Chinese gongs melted down with revolutionary tocsins, fire-alarms, jarring chimes from brick chapels in grim towns of the shoddy country, peals from jails and work-houses, bells on men-of-war where discipline was rigid, and whose captains were Tartars: the whole hung in the Tower of Babel furnished with a clapper forged from Xantippe's tongue, and finally cracked and flawed under the especial auspices of Mr. Justice Q.C. It was a most appalling bell. It elected, first, to creak and groan, and then to emit a frightful rasping clangor that set your teeth on edge, and made your bosom's lord sit so uneasily on his throne as to seem in danger of tumbling off. The bell could hear the hand that was tugging at the rope, and the thud of the outer rim of the bell against the brick wall by the side of which it was hung. It was a terrible bell, and, long, banging of the clapper itself. It was a campanile of evil omen, a sound of doom, a most abominable bell—the school-bell of Rhododendron House.

The five-and-thirty boarders in Rhododendron House knew well enough, from long and sad experience, what the bell meant. It signified Get up! Get up this minute! Get up this instant! Get up, you fiery little sinners, under pain of ever so many bad marks, extra lessons, and diminished rations of bread-and-butter! what. It made her cry more than aught else that had previously excited her emotion; and if, at the end of five minutes, the bell-rope, the horrible instrument had not surceased in its uproar, it is not at all out of the range of probability that the terrified child might have fainted from sheer fit of a fit.

"Hoity-toity!" quoth Miss Barbara Bunnycastle, entering the room at this juncture, "what's all this noise about? No crying allowed here, miss! Fie, fie, for shame!" She had been up and dressed half an hour ago, little one.

She was quite another Miss Barbara Bunnycastle to the lady who had left the child Lily the night before. Her voice was sharper, her gait firmer, her manner more determined. She seemed to forget that she had any such persons as parents, and spoke only to pupils. Cake and wine existed no more in her allure; she was suggestive only of bread-and-water and sky-blue. The holidays were a million miles and ten centuries away. She was not cruel, quite: not severe, only what you please—was still the guide, philosopher, and friend of her young charges; but she was, above all, their governess.

Miss Barbara had at first some difficulty in reconciling herself to the gross infraction of scholastic discipline which the sight of the bald-boarder, who had not only neglected to leave her couch at the "getting-up" bell, and apparel herself in her everyday garments, but was also so ignorant of the arts of the toilet as to have left untouched the many dingy corridor, dignified with the name of a lavatory, where the five-and-thirty matutinally fought for the possession of two jack-towels and three squares of yellow soap. Miss Floris was not even competent to hook-and-eye another young lady's frock, or to adjust, or to fasten, to tie her pinafore. What was to be done with a pupil who could not even part her hair, and knew nothing of the mysterious mystery of a comb bag? But, by degrees, it dawned on Miss Barbara that Lily Floris was a very little, little child—actually, in fact—and that she had been a plenty of time to break her into the manège pursued at the Stockwell academy of female equitation. Even the education of Caligula and Theodora, those paragons of judicious training, must have had a beginning. Again, it occurred to Miss Barbara that the little one represented so much good money, already paid in her behalf, and that, as to her, there was no expense much more equally good. Accordingly, bowing to the force of circumstances, she shrugged the shoulders of her mind, and considered that the affair, although dreadfully irregular, must be made the best of; and, in pursuance of this same resolve, she undressed the child in spite of Floris's trunk, and to array the new inmate in the garments provided for her. Nay, she even went so far as to take the child upon her lap, and to frictionize and slouch, in alternate douches and dry rubs, the face and hands of her protégée.

Lily by no means liked this. She missed the warm bath, the soft sponge, the soothing words and merry chatter of Floris, to which she was used to make the ordeal of the tub tolerable. Now the tub was replaced by the servant-girl's washing-basin, the soothing words by cracks, not much bigger than a pie-dish. She was dreadfully afraid—she knew not why—of her instructress; but attend the earliest assault of stifled sobbing. When, added to anguish of mind, you happen to have some soap in your eyes, it is hard to refrain from lamentation.

Miss Barbara observed the child's grief, and, as she washed her, chid her.

"You naughty cry," she said, sharply. "It's wrong and foolish; and besides it'll prevent your learning your lessons. Do you know what a bell means, little one?"

"Es," replied Lily, who had once or twice essayed to put a doll through a course of elementary instruction, but, for the rest, had no more idea of lessons than of the Teleogoo language.

"That's right," quoth Barbara. "You'll have plenty to learn while you're here, I can tell you. Idleness is the parent of vice; and you'd better be dead than a dunce. Above all, no crying; it's wicked. Do you understand me?"

"Es," replied Lily again, feeling that she was called upon to say something, but understanding about as much of the drift of the query as of the primordial organization of matter.

"Then dry your eyes directly. You mustn't look as if you were unhappy. Nobody is allowed to be unhappy here. You're to be brought up under the law of kindness. I've washed and dressed you this morning, and, till you're able to do it yourself, the servant will see after you. I'm not a nursery-maid; understand that. Now come along."

"Es," replied Lily again, bewildered between the exposition of the law of kindness and the soap still smarting in the aqueous humors of her eyes.

"Then why don't you do as you're bidden?" pursued Miss Barbara, giving a very slight stamp with her foot.

Somehow Lily couldn't do as she was bidden. She saw no reason for crying—only distressed. But in her helplessness, and with this terrible personage, who spoke so sharply and scrubbed so hard, towering over her in an indefinable feeling of insubordination took possession of her small frame. She was a very tiny leveret to stand at bay; but she clenched her fists, and crammed them into her eyes, and stammered out, "I won't," sat down in the middle of the floor, and began the rest very inarticulate incoming.

Here was a fine piece of work! The logical Miss Barbara felt that it would be a lamentable desolation of the law of kindness to have recourse to slapping; on the other hand, the child only responded to commands by more passionate outcries. So Miss Barbara took a middle course, and seizing the recalcitrant by one arm, shook her.

"Will you come now, you ugg,ravating little thing?" she exclaimed.

The shaking was slight enough, but it was quite sufficient to subdue the aggravating little thing—she who, up to that moment, had never had a finger laid on her in anger. Miss Barbara had not clutched her with any extraordinary vigor; but she was muscular, and her fingers had left their marks on Lily's baby-flesh. The child looked at these marks, and acknowledged at once the presence of superior force, of irresistible force. An extinguisher descended quickly, and for good, on the flickering flame of revolt. She gave in—rose—suffered Miss Barbara to smooth her rumpled frock—and very meekly followed her down stairs, clinging to the bombazine skirt of her instructress.

Miss Barbara Bunnycastle had probably never perused the famous work on Education written by Mr. John Locke, author of an Essay on the Conduct of Human Understanding, in which that profound philosopher relates a light-hearted anecdote of a most affable maternal person, and an ornament to her sex, I am sure—who whipped her little daughter on her coming home from church times in succession, in the course of one morning, before she could subdue her obstinacy. "And had she stopped at the second whipping," opines the great Mr. Locke, "the child would have been ruined." Fortunately Lily's little mother had been got under by the first sort of coercion. I am not prepared to surmise what the result might have been after eight shakings.

So down she went, passing through the lavatory before mentioned, when two or three lagging boarders, who had been late in obtaining a hold on the jack-towels and the yellow soap, or were still dallying with the comb-bag, or vainly endeavoring to find eyes for their hooks, did, half suffering from Miss Bunnycastle's face, like chaff before the wind. Then they descended half a dozen brick-stairs, and having passed a damp hung with bags, and cloaks, and playground hats and bonnets, behind them, entered a long, low, whitewashed room, barely furnished with desks painted black, and wooden forms, and a few maps, and a closed book-case strongly resembling a confessional-box, and at the upper end of which, at a raised rostrum, sat Mrs. Bunnycastle, with a pile of open volumes before her. She was another Miss Floris in this. Mrs. Bunnycastle in the House of Lords, by lower chairs of estate, occupied by Miss Celia and Miss Alice Bunnycastle, the two English and the French governesses, or "teachers," as they were less reverently called by the pupils, occupied the first two forms in the school-room, and Miss Floris found a kind of roving commission all over the weaker-nerved portion of the house, to look, and to reprove. Her eye was every where, and her body was in most places.

It would seem that the solemn service morning, the whole pomp and state of the establishment of Rhododendron House had been brought out to impress the new pupil—although she was such a very little one—with a due sense of awe and reverence. It was rarely, under ordinary circumstances, that Mrs. Bunnycastle made her appearance in the school-room until after breakfast; and as seldom did more than two of the pupils at a time attend the earliest assembly of the pupils. However, on the first appearance of Lily in the school-room, she found herself in the face with the whole dread hierarchy of her future home—to say nothing of the five-and-thirty boarders sitting at their desks, whose gaze she was to be diverted toward Miss Floris with the concentrated force of one eye.

"Here's a new pupil, ma'am," whispered Miss Barbara to Lily; she had to stoop a long way down to whisper. "Little girls shouldn't stare. It's an idle, wicked habit. Now kneel down and be very quiet."

Happily Lily needed but slender instruction in this particular. She had been taught to pray. She plumped down on her little knees, and, folding her hands with edifying decorum, bent her fair head, and began to murmur God knows what. Emphatically He knew what.

There was a shuffling, rustling noise, as the girls, at a signal, rose from their desks to kneel upon the forms. Then Mrs. Bunnycastle read prayers in a mild bleating voice, taking care to pronounce "knowledge" with an omega. After the orthodox orisons she read a lengthy homily from a thin dog's-eared book, which, according to a tradition among the girls, had been written by a dean, who was Mrs. Bunnycastle's grandpapa. The homily was full of very hard words, and composed with most wholesome and improving; but its arguments seemed to have a direct reference to some by-gone theological controversies that in the immediate spiritual wants of the five-and-thirty boarders. However, there was a beautiful passage about the idolatries of Rome—which Mrs. Bunnycastle, according to classical precedent, scrupulously pronounced Room —and the homily was accompanied by at least one gratifying circumstance, that every body seemed very glad when it was over. The girls, who had joined in the responses to the prayers with great zeal and apparent zest, and in divers degrees of shrillness, now rustled and shuffled into their places again, and Mrs. Bunnycastle proceeded to promulgate divers bills of pains and penalties, in the shape of lessons and bad marks for offenses committed between the rising of the sun on the previous evening and the rising of the same that morning; and then, when one young lad had been taken into a dismal level and being condemned to learn by heart a whole page of Télémaque, and another had been relegated to the penal study of a cheerful geography of Genesis, and a third had seen the prospect of the after-dinner play-hour dashed from her lips by the stern fiat that she copy out three pages of Décobir, and when all the inculpated young ladies had vehemently denied the sins of omission and commission reported to them, and when the governesses appealed to had emitted lava floods of crimination and recrimination, and when Mrs. Bunnycastle had rapped her desk several times in a minatory manner, with the dean's volume of homilies, and somebody's ears had been boxed —for the law of kindness did not exclude some occasional commentaries and marginal references of a storm—Miss Barbara took the Lily of Rhododendron House, who, to all appearance, had been lying in wait below till the climax of shrill outcry and general uproar had reached, suddenly burst upon the assembly, not in person, but vicariously, by ringing the bell for breakfast. A very bad person was the cook. She would bend over her sauce-pans in the kitchen till she strained, as it seemed, a red heat, and would then rub up stairs into the dining-room and tug at the bell till she was cool: thus triumphantly vindicating the principle of counter-irritation.

MORNING.

Fresh-rounded hills and dimpling vales
Bright blushing shine—Morning hails
And the lonely star of morning pales,
And the mists are lifted from the dells.

Soft zephyrs are breathing from the west
Over the rippling corn,
And the sun is rising in the east
On the white brow of the morn.

The flowers shall look their every sheen,
And their petaled eyes unclose
With innocent looks on the calm blue deep,
That curtain their vapors.

From nestling homes, all leaf-embowered,
The lively song-birds arise,
And fields and river banks are showered
With sweet-notes insect-lauds.

All things are glad at the wakening breath
That heralded the day,
When weep, or sadly sigh to death,
Passeth upon its way.

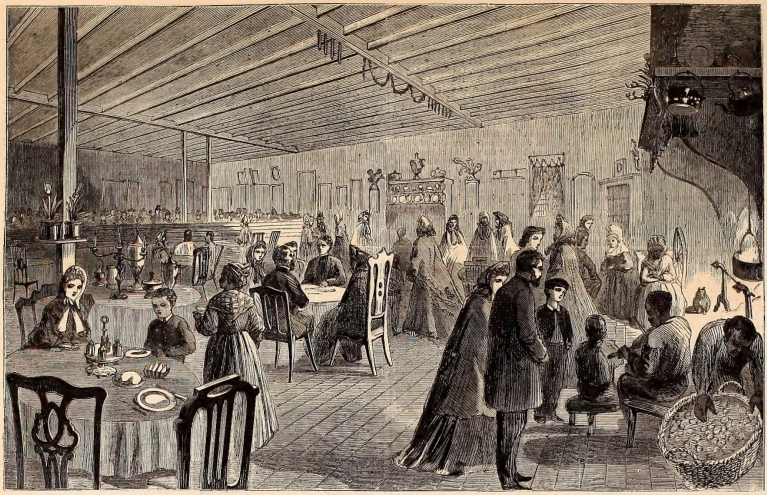
The sweet foreshadowing of that waking
What under heaven? Who knows?
While the morn of another life is breaking,
We shall open there darkened eyes.

THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AND HIS WIFE.

FERDINAND MAXIMILIAN JOSEPH, Archduke of Austria, and Emperor of Mexico by the intrigues of LOUIS NAPOLEON, whose puppet he has become, is the son of Archduke FRANCIS CHARLES and of Archduchess SOPHIA, Princess of Bavaria, and is the younger brother of the present Emperor of Austria, FRANCIS JOSEPH I. He was born July 6, 1832, and is now consequently just in the fresh summer of his years. He holds the rank of Admiral and Commander-in-chief of the Austrian Imperial Marine, having worked his way up from the lowest grade of his profession, aided very materially, of course, by the fact of his exalted birth. He is described as a remarkably plain and republican sort of gentleman, and has certainly enjoyed more popularity in his rule over the people of the Lombardo-Venetian and in every place where he has filled a station he probably his greatest weakness.

The offer of the imperial crown of Mexico was made to the Archduke by a Mexican deputation on October 3, 1863, and was accepted by him under the condition of the election being ratified by the Mexican nation. The latest advices from Europe represent that the Emperor was about to sail for Mexico to take possession of his throne, in occupancy of which he is to be supported by a force drawn from two sources—1. A Foreign Legion, in the service and pay of MAXIMILIAN; 2. A force of 30,000 men, such as can be hired to uphold the usurpation. The Foreign Legion, which is to consist at first of 6000 men, including up in part from the army of Paris, and the first installment of 500 men were embarking at Cherbourg three weeks ago.

The wife of MAXIMILIAN is Princess CHARLOTTE, daughter of King LEOPOLD I. of the Belgians, to whom he was married July 27, 1857. Princess CHARLOTTE was born June 7, 1840, and is consequently twenty-four years of age, and is said to be a woman of many charms of character.



THE KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN, UNION SQUARE.

SKETCHES OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR—CONTINUED.

In the Union Square Buildings the

KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN

—illustrated on this page—attracts a large share of the attention of visitors. Meals are served up in the old Knickerbocker style to all who wish them; and old Knickerbocker gentlemen visit the place nightly to smoke their pipes and chat pleasantly together in the corners. Several of the ladies having this department in charge appear in the apparel of the old times, made of the most costly and elegant materials. Some of the visitors to the Kitchen, according to the reports of the daily papers, carry extensive appetites. One day "one youthful gormandizer boasted that he had 'put away upward of fifteen Dutch cheeses' in the course of a tolerably long meal. An old gentleman from Ulster County appeared early in the day and called for breakfast. Soon after he returned and inquired for a little lunch. That having disappeared, he retired apparently satisfied. Not many hours elapsed, however, before he again turned up craving for dinner. At 9 o'clock he was enjoying a little something once more before retiring for the night."

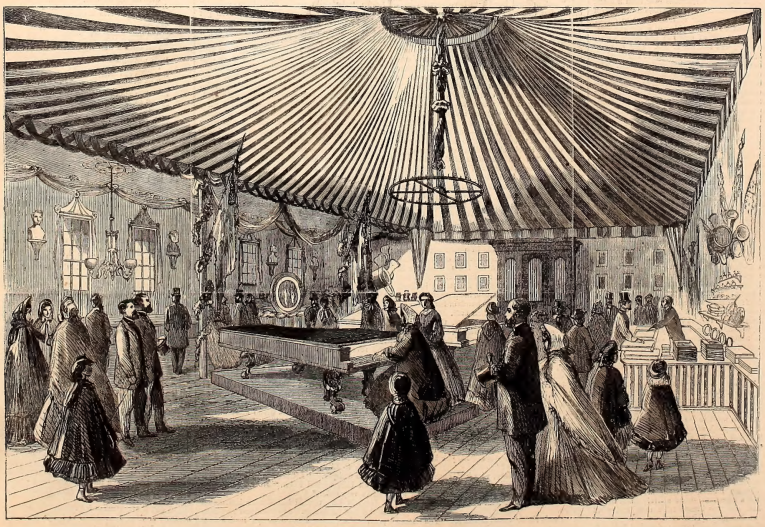
THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT

is a most delightful resort, in which lady visitors find especial pleasure. The instruments are all of the first class, and have been sold at large prices. There is also a select assortment of sheet music, musical books, etc., and at all hours of the day some performer discourses sweet sounds for those present.

Another point of great interest in the Union Square Buildings (illustrated on page 261) is the

INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT,

which is crowded with rare selections of Science and Art contributed from different countries. One of the principal ornaments of the department is a fountain in full play, margined by vases of flowers. The sales here have been very large.



THE MUSIC HALL, UNION SQUARE.

METHODIST TABLE.

INTERIOR OF IRVING COCKLOFT.

A main point of interest in the Fourteenth Street building is

COCKLOFT HALL,

or the Salmagundi Summer-House, in the New Jersey Department. This house abounds with relics of IRVING, to whose memory it is consecrated. Copies of every portrait ever taken of him are to be found there, together with the table on which he wrote, sketches and paintings illustrative of his life and works, original manuscripts and editions, etc. Here are also exhibited a scarf of ROSE STANDISH, worn in 1620, and many other things equally interesting—among them the flag of PAUL JONES, when in command of the *Bon Homme Richard*. The interest which visitors manifest in every thing about this house furnishes an eloquent testimony of the power of a great name, and the reverence all men feel for a good and noble life. Our sketch gives an interior view of Cockloft Hall.

One of the most attractive of the miscellaneous stands in the Fourteenth Street Building is that of the

METHODIST UNION,

illustrated on this page. At this stand—No. 26—nineteen churches of the Methodist denomination are represented. The contributions consist of camp-stools, library-chairs, silk sofa-cushions, cloaks, Afghans, a large assortment of embroidered goods imported from Paris, infants' clothing, wax and other artificial flowers, mechanical toys, dolls of all sizes and colors, shell-work, and perfumery. The assortment is one of the largest in the Fair, and is presided over by one of the ladies.

In the Union Square Building

FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT,

referred to last week, has proved a great success, not only affording the little folks an opportunity to do something for the soldier, but furnishing a constant source of amusement and profit to visitors. The sales in this department have been very large; but all vacancies created by purchases have been promptly supplied, so that the display has been uniform and complete throughout. The profit derived by visitors to this department has not been merely of the pocket or the eye. In thousands of hearts the spectacle there presented has revived sweet reminiscences of childhood; and many a withered, weary face has grown bright again, no doubt, in the presence of the memorials of that time, when the winds of June blew along their paths, and the birds of spring warbled in the green boughs of their young lives. Our sketch of this department represents one of the entertainments which have been given nightly, to the delight of thousands of visitors.

The view entitled "FLORA M'FLIMSEY" on this page represents a Doll contributed to the Fair by a lady and her daughter, with twelve complete sets of dresses, etc., all of the finest description, and made entirely by the hands of the contributors. The wardrobe thus provided for the miserable Flora includes every garment and accessory the richest taste or heaviest purse could suggest, and yet the whole is offered at a price which would not, probably, pay for the material at present rates. As a triumph of womanly patience and skill "Flora M'Flimsey" must challenge the admiration of all visitors. "Nothing to Wear" never had a more perfectly satirical illustration than this.

MAXIMILIAN AND WIFE.—[SEE PAGE 267.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HONEST ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
1,000 AGENTS WANTED TO SELL
LIFE, SPEECHES, LETTERS, ADDRESSES,
PROCLAMATIONS, AND MESSAGES,
OF
PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
with a Complete and Authorized
HISTORY OF HIS ADMINISTRATION.
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One large Octavo Vol. Price $1 50.
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DERBY & MILLER, Publishers, New York.
, Copies sent by mail on receipt of Price.

Dyspepsia and Costiveness cured.

D. J. TENNY'S CASE.—*New York Mercury*, January 14, 1860.—Whether the Brandreth Pill is ever conducive into blood, we will not now discuss. But our chief objects in view, is to give a statement of a gentleman who says he has taken one of the Brandreth Pills, for at least sixteen months, daily, or about 480 days in succession, and who says that at the end of that time he considered himself cured of Dyspepsia, attended by a constant costive state of the bowels, which had troubled him for a long time.

This gentleman, Mr. Daniel J. Tenny, resides at the Astor House, in this city, and has been in the employment of excellent health ever since he was cured by this treatment. He is an intelligent man, and there is no doubt of the truth of his statement. This proves, at least, this as many as one of the Pills prepared by Dr. Brandreth can be taken for nearly 500 days in succession without harm, and at the end of that time a dyspeptic and costive habit of body may be perfectly cured. This could not be said of any of the remedies in use by those who only relieve the *Regular Faculty*.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at 25 cents per box enveloped in full directions. Purchase none unless my PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP is on the box. See upon it B. BRANDRETH in white letters.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, BRANDRETH BUILDING, NEW YORK.

For sale by all respectable dealers in medicine.

12 Card Photographs for $1. Also of the best material, and will be sent assorted to any address on receipt of price in U. S. Currency. Address
J. U. ROLLINS, Box 670, Haverhill, Mass.

THE "RIDGEWOOD" PATENT
SMOKING CASE.

Col. Charles Anderson (Lieut. Governor elect of Ohio) writes:

In a letter of July 10th, 1863, acknowledging receipt of a "Ridgewood Case," says: I thank you heartily for the friendship which directed this present to me, but more heartily for the comfort and pleasure which it hourly affords me. Every soldier in the parties soon ought to have one of these cases, as a constant Campaign Companion, and adds: If I were rich enough, owner and officer of the 924 O. V. ("of God bless them all!") should have one forthwith.

Sincerely your friend, &c.

Compact and portable as a *Cheer Case*, it is offered in various styles at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, $3 00, $3 75 and $5 00, the two last being gold plated and engraved.

☞ *Single Cases* sent by mail, *free to the Army*, and every soldier can procure one through his friends. A liberal Discount to Dealers and Sutlers. Also the

Ridgewood Smoking Tobacco,

of *superior quality and flavor*, put up in Packages to fill the Case, and in various sizes for the *General Trade*. Also half pound packages of this FINE TOBACCO, full weight, carefully put up, sent by Mail, Free, on receipt of $1 25. *All Orders* promptly filed.

OFFICE RIDGEWOOD MANUFACTURING CO.,
479 Broadway, cor. Howard Street, New York.

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Send for our Illustrated Catalogue. Address
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Ask your Sutler
To show you one of
Howard's Patent Money Belts.
They will not sweat or wet through under any circumstances. They are light, durable, and elegant, and are made with compartments for
LETTERS, GREENBACKS, and PHOTOGRAPHS.
If your Sutler does not get them, you can have one sent you by return mail (postage paid) by sending Two Dollars to the
Howard Belt Co., 464 Broadway, New York.
Sutlers, Agents, and Peddlers wanted in every Camp, Hospital, and City.

Enameled Chamber
FURNITURE
The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in suits, wholesale and retail. Also Mattresses and Feather beds. WARD, 317 Canal St., N. Y.

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A New Song
By the Author of
"Who will care for Mother now,"
"Mother watch the Little Feet," &c., &c.,
Entitled,
"He was not Afraid to Die."
Words and Music by
Charles Carroll Sawyer.
(The Colonel of one of our Regiments has concludes a letter written to the family of a noble soldier, who was killed in battle: "You will never have these cheering words to console you—"HE WAS NOT AFRAID TO DIE!")

The Music of this beautiful Song is published by S.W. YER & THOMPSON, 70 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y.
☞ Sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the Sheet price, 30 cents.

To Learn Piano Playing Easily,
Correctly, and thoroughly, use "Richardson's New Method." Ten thousand copies of this work are sold every year. Its easy progressive lessons, its attractive Exercises, and its general plan of leading the pupil gradually from a knowledge of the simplest rudiments to an ability to perform difficult music, have made it a universal favorite with teachers and pupils. Obtain it every place where it has been introduced. Price $3 00. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

ARMY BADGES.
SOLDS SILVER AND GOLD BADGES of every description constantly on hand, and NEW STYLES to order. Also a Souvenir Ring, with Coat of Arms, Regt. beautifully engraved on the outside, in solid silver, at $2 50; 18 karat gold, $5 50. Send for Price List. Address HENRY HAYS, $1 00 each. Sent by mail. Agents wanted.
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The Printer's Devil; a handsome, illustrated, literary family paper, will be sent six months on trial for 25 cents. Address "THE PRINTER'S DEVIL, 113 Fulton St., New York." This offer has never been equaled.

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Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.
I will send a sample of either of the New Artillery, Cavalry, Engineer, Infantry, Navy, Zouave, Rifle, or U. S. Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Division, or Company Badge with pocket pin, on receipt of $1. Beautifully engraved thereon, for $1. Send for Wholesale Illustrated Circular.

5000
Agents Wanted,
TO INTRODUCE OUR
NEW GOLD PEN.
This gold pen is something entirely new, and is now offered to the public for the first time, and is made by an entirely new process, enabling us to offer them very cheap. Every pen is warranted one year, and to be genuine diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity and writing qualities of the highest priced gold pen made. Single pens sent by mail on receipt of the following prices:
WITHOUT HOLDERS.
No. 2. Medium Pen, each 40 cents.
No. 3. Large " 50 cents.
No. 4. Engrossing Pen, " 65 cents.
WITH SILVER-MOUNTED EBONY HOLDERS, IN MOROCCO CASES.
No. 2. Medium Pen and Holder, each 90 cents.
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No. 4. Engrossing Pen and Holder, each $1 15.
Great Inducements to Agents and Clubs. Send for our Circular. GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 181 Broadway, New York.

Grays Patent
Molded Collars

HAVE now been before the public for nearly a year. They are universally pronounced the neatest and best fitting collar worn.

The upper edge presents a perfect curve, free from the angles noticed in other collars.

The corset causes no puckers on the inside of the turn down collar—they are AS SMOOTH INSIDE AS OUTSIDE—and therefore perfectly free and easy to the neck.

The Gentlemen Collar has a beautifully finished edge on both sides.

These Collars are not simply flat pieces of paper cut in the form of a collar, but are MOLDED AND SHAPED TO FIT THE NECK.

They are made in "Novelty" (or turn-down style), in every height from 12 to 17 inches; also in "Gentlemen" (or Gretzel), from 13 to 17 inches; and packed in "solid sizes" in one dozen cartons, numbered from 12 to 17, or in smaller ones of 10 each—the latter a very handy package for Ladies, Gents, and Navy Officers.

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U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 6, 1864, which provides that in lieu of so much of the loan authorized by the Act of March 3, 1863, to which this is supplementary, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to borrow from time to time, on the credit of the United States, not exceeding TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS during the current fiscal year, and to prepare and issue therefor Coupon and Registered Bonds of the United States: and all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. The Bonds will be REDEEMED IN COIN at the pleasure of the Government, at any period *not less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually, and on all other Bonds semiannually.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year. The semi-annual Coupons are payable at those dates, and the annual Coupons on the 20 and 100 dollar Bonds are payable on the 1st of March. Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denom. nations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), One Thousand Dollars ($1000), Five Thousand Dollars ($5000), and Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000), and of any other of the denomination of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), and One Thousand Dollars ($1000).

Subscriptions will be received at par, exclusive of accruing their Bonds draw interest from March 1, by paying the accrued interest in coin—or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. for premium), or receive them drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit.

As these Bonds are exempt from municipal or State taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay over eight per cent. interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

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Subscriptions may be addressed to the *Treasurer of the United States* at Washington, and the *Assistant Treasurers* at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and by the

First National Bank of New York, No. 4 Wall St.
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First National Bank of Washington, D. C.
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Reduced.
By the operation of Brandreth's Pills, the *sum total of disease* is reduced, and their continued use, according to printed directions which accompany each box of new style, is certain to cure, in all cases where the life-principle is within their recuperative powers.

Beware of Brandreth's Pills Curative Qualities.—The whole curative effect may be placed in this light. If the stomach and bowels are out of order, the general health is effected. If any disease exists in any part of the body, whether local or general in character, that disease will more or less affect the stomach and bowels. Now, Brandreth's Pills, by removing promptly from the bowels, and cleansing the stomach and bowels of matters that interfere with their healthy action, restore and keep in order these important and governing organs of the economy of man.

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For sale by all respectable dealers in medicine.

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New Spring Styles for 1864.
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A Heavy Hunting Cased Silver Composite Watch, fine movement, full jeweled, lever escapement, make the appearance of Solid Silver, sold by the case at $75 00. Sample Watches sent free, on receipt of $25.
The Great English Army Watch, in heavy handsome gold composite hunting cases, beautifully engraved, is highly finished and partially jeweled, and in running order. These cases will wear for a great length of time. Sold by the case at $75 00. Sample Watches sent free of expense, on receipt of $25.
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We warrant every Watch to be as represented, or money refunded. A written warrantee given if required.
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FISH'S PATENT COOKING LAMP,
WITH WHICH
WATER IS BOILED AND FOOD, ARTICLES OF FOOD COOKED AT ONE TIME WITH ONE BURNER *with one cent's worth of oil.*
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Before and Behind the Curtain.—12 Photographs, showing the actresses in their dressing rooms and changes of the Stage box. Introduction; Subscribers' Privilege; Rescue; Behind the Curtain; The Actress' Reward; At Dressing Room; Gentlemen's Dressing Room; The Lobby; The Private Box; Behind the Scenes, and last picture by Richard Parker & Co., cor. Ann and Nassau Sts., N. Y.

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WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA is a sure cure. Ex-President Martin Van Buren was relieved from distressing paroxysms by its habitual use. It is not injurious.

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SOMETHING NEW
IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designed from French Artists.
The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, which, when one side is bent the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Packed in morocco case and two red stamps, and for sample pack, $5 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 60 Nassau St., New York.

J. H. Winslow & Co..

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$125 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	70 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	18 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
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3000 " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Breast Pins	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
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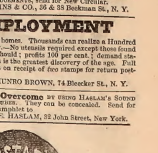

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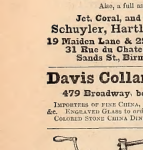

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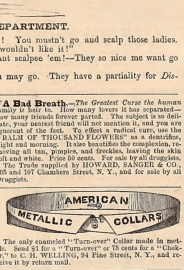

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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APRIL 20, 1864.

BY PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

THREE years ago to-day
We raised our hands to heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to heaven,

Oh 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of our sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
Two hundred march to-day;
Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
And hundreds in Maryland clay;
And other hundreds, less happy, drag
Their shattered limbs around,
And envy the deep, long, blessèd sleep
Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
The remnant, just eleven,
Gathered around a banqueting board
With seats for thirty-seven;
There were two limped in on crutches,
And two had each but a hand
To pour the wine and raise the cup
As we toasted "Our flag and land!"

And the room seemed filled with whispers
As we looked at the vacant seats,
And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
The rich but untasted meats;
Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
As we rose up—just eleven,
And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
Who had made us THIRTY-SEVEN!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

THE NEW EMPEROR.

THE arrival of an Austrian Prince to seat himself under French protection, upon a throne built upon the ruins of the Mexican Republic, is one of the most significant events in the history of this Continent. Somewhat less than fifty years ago the chief Powers in Europe allied themselves against constitutional governments. They enforced their will by arms in Naples and Spain. Great Britain, which, under CASTLEREAGH, at the Congress of Vienna, had gone near to a civil war, pronounced the alliance to be a conspiracy against the liberties of mankind, and asserted the rights of constitutional governments. The Holy Alliance, France taking the lead, restored the "grace of God" monarchy in Spain, and proposed to compel the Spanish American colonies to return to their old allegiance to the Spanish crown. CANNING proposed to Mr. RUSH, then United States minister in England, to recognize the independence of the colonies, if the United States would join in the recognition. Mr. RUSH had no instructions, but upon being surprised, pressed he consented to unite in the declaration; and in the next Message of Mr. MONROE the doctrine was laid down by the President, which has been known ever since as the Monroe doctrine; the substance of which is a declaration by the United States that any effort upon the part of any European power or powers to extend their system to any part or portion of this Continent would be regarded as dangerous to our peace and safety. We would not interfere with existing colonies, but an attempt to control the destiny of American States whose independence we had recognized would be considered an unfriendly act.

The reason of this action was evident. The Holy Alliance had assumed the political dictatorship of Europe. They wished to grasp that of the world. They denied the right of constitutional government, and they had overthrown them by force of arms. They designed to extend the same policy to this hemisphere, and naturally and properly the United States, seated here, and the chief free popular government in the world, declared that it assumed the championship of all the established free governments upon this Continent. Absolutism was triumphant in Europe and threatened America. Europe threw down the gage. America picked it up and replied, "You strike at your peril." This was the Monroe doctrine, the league of Liberty against the Holy Alliance and despotism.

Although never formally allowed, it has been practically recognized by the European Governments, until, under cover of our civil conflict, the declaration of forty years ago and our constant policy have been disregarded. A European army lands in Mexico; subdues the country; overthrows the Republic; establishes an Empire; and calls and escorts an Austrian Prince to the throne. Thereupon the United States Congress, passing in the midst of the fiercest party conflicts in a civil war, unanimously declares that the feeling and purpose of the people have not changed, and that they can not acknowledge a government so established upon this Continent.

If the original declaration of 1824 were wise and necessary, and we can not think any man familiar with the history of that time will deny that it was, its reassertion to-day is even more necessary, for we are menaced by the same danger against which it was leveled. The attack of France upon Mexico was made under the convictions that our Government was distracted. Its occupancy of that country will depend upon our division. And, unless it means to retire, the cardinal object of its policy upon this continent must be the destruction of the Union. No European monarch, and least of all LOUIS NAPOLEON, supposes that if the United States were at peace they would look placidly on at the establishment here, in the person of the Austrian, he becomes, politically, a party to the war. From that moment, and especially after the late resolutions in the House, it is in every way its interest that we should not succeed.

Meanwhile what is the actual position of our diplomacy upon this question? On the 31st of October the Secretary of State writes that this Government does not consider the Mexican Government, which it has forcibly driven from power, namely the Republican Government, overthrown; but that it will recognize whatever political action the Mexican people may "freely" take. Whether the progress of the French occupation, since November has brought the authorities to regard the Mexican Government as overthrown, we do not know. But whether it is, or is not, it is very clear that the Mexican people, voting for an empire in the presence of a French army sent to impose an empire (for ALMONTE and the priests were in Paris to ask MAXIMILIAN to be emperor before the army left, as appears from the diplomatic correspondence of 1861) are not acting "freely."

MAXIMILIAN will arrive. He will be enthroned. He will invite diplomatic recognition of his empire. The United States Government will politely defer and delay, or it will gravely decline. Is LOUIS NAPOLEON likely to fall to sucking his thumbs until our war is over?

Shall we, then, make war upon France? asks an impatient reader. But the question rather is, whether France will make war upon us. Is it likely, in view of the recent vote of the House and of public sentiment upon the subject, that France will remain in Mexico unchallenged by us? If the probability is that she will not, is LOUIS NAPOLEON likely to wait until we are better able to oppose him?

It is unfortunate that MR. CORWIN's treaty was not approved in the summer of 1861; but much may be forgiven to our sister's inexperience and incredulity. We thought we had our hands full at home. There are many who think so now, and who therefore advise that the Monroe doctrine can should be, and in fact does, exist. But it is too practical a question to be evaded. It is not whether we have not our hands full now, but whether they will not be fuller when MAXIMILIAN arrives. The ostrich is not the symbol of wisdom. Sooner or later we must decide the question whether the Monroe doctrine shall be maintained or abandoned. If the moment for decision has not yet arrived, and if we mean to decide wisely when it comes, we must consider meanwhile how we ought to decide.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

THE opening of the campaign by the rebels leaves the spirit in which it is to be conducted. The massacre of the black soldiers at Fort Pillow; the burning of the Quarter-master of the Thirteenth Tennessee Regiment; the ferocious tone of the rebel papers; the brutal mutilation of Colonel DAHLGREN's body, are all indications that in their fierce extremity the men who have been so long barbarized by Slavery have virtually raised the black flag, and propose to dash themselves with the fury of despair upon the stalwart Union armies.

The immediate consequence of this will be the most terrible fighting. The loyal Union soldiers in Virginia and the West who read the accounts of rebel inhumanity will undoubtedly grow more grimly to their work. The true men at the North, as they see more clearly the spirit and scope of the rebellion, will concentrate their forces and concentrate their energies upon the support and supply of the armies. The plain declaration of the rebels that they count upon the aid of Copperheads and traitors at the North, will but confirm the conviction and the knowledge of all thoughtful citizens. That they are the open enemies and assassins of the rebels will remove the doubts that any man may have entertained of the necessity of the summary measures which the authorities have occasionally taken.

Every month simplifies the contest. It is between the haughty aristocracy of the South allied to the Northern Democracy, to build on that aristocracy, try to excite discontent and trouble among ourselves, and the great body of the American people in the free States. They see the American people in the free States. They see the American people in the free States. They see that the basis of peace and peace man is a pander to the party at the South, which is fighting for the principle that capital ought to own labor, and that laboring men are a servile and unintelligent ought to be slaves and treated like cattle. Men like ANDREWS, who led the rioters last summer; like FERNANDO WOOD, who openly threatens about "the laboring classes," and who carried the taxes of the city of New York nearly to nine millions; like HARRIS and POWELL in the House of Representatives, who openly scout free men and women, are the champions of a system which would degrade and imbrute every laboring man in the country. The men who take their way they would make peace with JEFFERSON DAVIS and his faction upon DAVIS's own terms. What do laboring men think they would gain by a peace which would place every Virginian to sell his slaves in New York? For the war will end either by opening every State in the Union to the introduction of slave labor, or else by the establishment of a system in which the laboring men of the North of every color and race will be treated exactly as the laboring men of the South have been. The demagogues, the Copperheads, and Peace men will say that it was not so before the war. But every intelligent man in the land knows that the war was made by the slaveholders upon the country because their effort to accomplish this result was resisted. And the most intelligent of the Peace men were the most conspicuous abettors of that effort.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the rebels openly confess these leaders to be their friends. Do they not know that if they can get to Maryland MR. HARRIS, for instance, will not oppose them? He prays that we may not succeed. Do they not know that he will thankily welcome them? Yes, they know it, and we know it. The war as it progresses clears our eyes and strengthens our hearts and hands. Every such incident as the massacre at Fort Pillow reveals more plainly to the true spirit of this rebellion, and the true character of the Northern sympathy with it.

RETALIATION.

WITH the fine tact of simple honesty the President, in his little speech at the opening of the Fair in Baltimore, said exactly what we all wished to hear. The massacre at Fort Pillow had raised the question in every mind, does the United States mean to allow its soldiers to be butchered in cold blood? The President replies, that whoever is good enough to fight for us is good enough to be protected by us; and that in this case, when the facts are sufficiently known, the rebel authorities, in what way we can retaliate it is not easy to say. There is no evidence from Richmond, and there will be none, that DAHLGREN's body was mutilated by order of JEFFERSON DAVIS. On the other hand, we must not forget that the same papers which brought the President's speech proposing retaliation brought also the return of the rebel General in Florida, containing, for the relief of friends at home, the names and injuries of our wounded men in his hands, and that he included the colored soldiers of the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Massachusetts regiments.

But if public opinion has justified a stronger policy from the beginning—if the criminally stupid promises of M'CLELLAN and HALLECK to protect slavery and to repel the negroes coming to our lines, had never been made, we should not now be confronted with this question, because the rebels would never have dared to massacre our soldiers in surrender. But yet to be deterred from retaliation from fear of still further crimes upon the part of the rebels is simple inhumanity. Let us either at once or cease every effort and the officers of their regiments from duty, or make the enemy feel that they are our soldiers. It is very sad that rebel barbarity should be shot for the crimes of FORREST. But it is very sad, no less, that soldiers fighting for our flag have been buried alive after surrender. And it is still sadder that such barbarities should be encouraged by refraining from retaliation. Do we mean to allow MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, or his man FORREST, or QUANTRELL, to dictate what shall, and who shall not, fight for the American flag? The massacre at Fort Pillow is a direct challenge to our Government to prove whether it is in earnest or not in emancipating slaves and employing colored troops. There should be no possibility of mistake in the reply. Let the action of the Government be prompt and terrible as it will be final. Then the battles of this campaign will begin with the clear conviction upon the part of the rebels that we mean what we say, and that the flag will protect to the last, and by every means of war, including retaliation of blood, every soldier who fights for us beneath it.

ANNA DICKINSON.

IN his speech in the Senate in favor of human slavery, the other day, POWELL had a great deal to say about the freedom of the press and of speech. He was haranguing in favor of a system which denies and annihilates every kind of liberty whatever, and intentionally degrades and imbrutes human nature, and the Senator exclaimed, "Before God, I shall advise the people of my State to have their throats cut" the degradation of having free speech, a free press, and free ballot taken from them, to strike the usurpers to the ground." If MR. POWELL had but known it, he says this boastfully declares that he is a slaveholder—that he not only takes free speech, a free press, and free ballot from those of the negro race, but claims as his property, but deprives them of their personal liberty, buys them, sells them, sells their children; holds them fast in a system by which they are regarded as of cattle—and then stands up in the Senate of the United States and declares that milder usurpers than he ought to be struck to the ground! MR. POWELL seems to be prepared to take the first steps in that road which led his late colleague, BRECKINRIDGE, from his seat in the Senate of the United States to the camp of the rebels.

Nor is this all. But that the miserable subterfuge of this slaveholding Senator, bewildered by the loss of the power he sought by made perfectly transparent, Senator HARLAN quietly read from the record of the first session of the Thirty-sixth Congress that he had introduced a bill to alter freedom of speech and of the press on the question of Slavery and all other subjects—a right expressly guaranteed by the Constitution—and to punish "every such act." Of course he did, and he would vote nay to-day, if a proposition were gravely made to allow the same free speech in New York. And yet in reply to this exhilarating citation of MR. HARLAN's was that free speech in the Slave States would make the slaves rebel. Very well. Were his own words not warm in his mouth that rather than submit to the degradation of having free speech taken away he would advise striking the usurper to the ground? and does he not see the exquisite absurdity of gravely confessing in a republic that you have an institution which is too dangerous to discuss?

MR. POWELL's speech was only an expiring gasp of the hydra in whose folds our liberties have been suffocated for thirty years. But we will owe MR. HARLAN the heartiest thanks for his neat extinguisher.

ART-CRITICISM.

SEVERAL recent articles in the *Tribune* upon the pictures in the Fair Gallery and elsewhere lay an imperative hand upon all the fine lariel wreaths which we easy-going "gentlemen of the press" have been so industriously weaving for the heads of our friends the painters, and cast them upon the ground. Naturally there is much excitement, both among the artists and the critics, and we are glad of it, for the discussion is sure to lead us all to reflect a little more carefully what a picture ought to be. It was impossible that we should not feel in this country, sooner or later, the influence of the spirit known as Pre-Raphaelitism, of the originality of TURNER's criticisms, and of the powerful and detailed care of the modern French and Belgian schools. The progress of that influence has been for some time evident upon the walls of our exhibitions; and now it appears, fully ripe and ready for the contest, in the articles of which we speak. Their attack blazes all along the line. The critic plays at bowls with the pates of the luckless artists from which he strips the curls. And yet he has no positive principles, and so clear an understanding of what he means and what he likes and dislikes, that we congratulate our art and our artists and ourselves, the spectators, upon the vitality of interest which such criticisms evince. For whether our art be mannered, conventional, and false, or not, certainly our criticism has never before been weak, unintelligent, and flat, and as little independent or sincere as an ordinary book-notice.

But while we heartily rejoice at the unconventional spirit of these criticisms, and can easily see that their sharpness springs from the natural strain of a conscientious resolution to do something which is known to be disagreeable, and we by no means agree with all their verdicts. The philosophy set forth by the critic is that Truth is the end of art, and not "a something called beauty." If, not to reply that in art it is a fair question whether Truth is not necessarily Beauty—or, as GOETHE says, "whether every work of art must not necessarily please, whatever the character of the subject may be—we admit that Truth should be the end, and that picture-making and the study of art are not truthful. But is there any other criterion of this truth than individual experience? Can it be so absolute, palpable, and universal as to offer a tremendous vociferation of any individual judgment as of necessity the true judgment?

For instance, the critic defends a picture, by MR. FARRER, of *An Hour after Sunset in the Catskills*, against the jeers and mirth of the crowd which is peculiarly provoked by the adds that not other painters have so befogged our minds with falsehood that we can not recognize a true picture of Nature when we see it. Now what is the substance of this remark? Surely it is nothing more than this, that the impression which MR. FARRER has received from MR. KENSETT, for instance, in another; and that the critic sees it with MR. FARRER and not with MR. KENSETT. If our observation is correct that this is the way she looks under this aspect." MR. KENSETT says, "I have observed Nature and studied for many years these effects, and this is not the way she looks to me under this aspect; and MR. FARRER's picture is therefore false and feeble." The critic reply that it is not a matter of opinion, because the facts of Nature are so and not otherwise? But how is any man to know that he is not except by reference to his own experience? Thus he merely completes the circle and ends where he began.

Is it not true that Nature looks very differently to different men? By what right does one man assume that another does and say, "I see that she really appears and you do not, consequently this picture is true and that is false." Criticism of picture is the result of such absolutism. WORDSWORTH ran a tilt at CLAUDE. He might as well have decried the love of roses. "Those trees, why, they are not trees at all, they are my foliage," says RUSKIN. "Yes, and I neither know nor care whether they are oaks, elms, or pines, while I admire the ANNUAL BLOOM of the hedge."

The artist can but represent Nature as he sees her. The critic can only express how he enjoys what she will say? There is no other test than its acceptance by the general assent of mankind. Do not the universal popularity is no test whatever. PETER goes to the one hundred and seventeenth edition, and BROWNING sticks fast at the first; for this is the difference between the poetry of the people of the most renowned. There may be the truth represented in poetry or in many ways than BROWNING'S. Portrayed in Nature, but it is not a poet. The truth of nature may be told in other pictures than those of the Pre-Raphaelites, of the French school, or the Belgian, fine and faithful as they are. It certainly does not follow that MR. KENSETT is not a sincere artist because MR. FARRER is, nor that Shakespeare and ADDISON's style is bad because CARLYLE's is good. Does our friend the critic recall the picture that MR. MACREADY in the character, by the supper of the French Guard (we do not remember the exact title)? How carefully studied! How sensitively and even subtly rendered! How it conveys the same moral, although in no different a manner, with the Good Friend of BROWN'S, which, instead of seeking to be too indecent to mention, is not without a startling strain of Rabelaisque satire and warning.

Or look at HENNESSY's Mother by the Cradle, in the National Academy Exhibition; how tender! how sincere! how beautiful! And yet the various landscape works of MR. KENSETT we find no less sincerity, fidelity, and care. Last evening the New Jersey heights toward Morristown were tanked in solid purple against the "orange sunset waning slow," and it was not difficult to understand MR. FARRER's picture. To-day the same hills burst and glimmer in sunny haze, and KENSETT is justified. Last night the mazourkas of CHOPIN filled the room—to-day with the vague figures of "dear dead women" in Venetian palaces. This morning it is *Mourir*

pour la patrie that rings through the sunshine. The truth of nature? Yes: but how infinitely various in spirit, in influence, in form!

THE WASTE OF WAR.

As an illustration of the inevitable waste of war, and in connection with the song on our first page from the pen of Miss O'Brien, it may be mentioned that one of our New York regiments re-entered the service after the first battle of Bull Run nine hundred strong. After participating in the toils and battles of the Peninsula, it carried over the Rappahannock into the battle of Fredericksburg 240 enlisted men and twenty officers. Two of the fullest companies, after crossing the river, were detailed on a duty which kept them out of action, leaving the regiment with but 180 men and 15 officers to take part in the storming of the heights. At the close of the day, 2 of the 15 officers were dead and 14 wounded; and of the men, 142 out of 168 were either killed or wounded. This regiment belonged to a brigade which left this city 3460 strong, there being four regiments in it; and which returned not many months ago, the four regiments having been consolidated, reduced to a battalion of 620 able-bodied men, under the command of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

Facts like these exhibit with sad emphasis the lamentable waste and exhaustion of life which the rebellion has occasioned. But while the holy war goes on, and homes are made desolate, and lives are stripped of their bloom, let us remember that through all Freedom is winning new triumphs, and that every heart that bleeds for her sake shall somewhere find its compensation, and every life that is bruised in her defense shall find brighter blossoms among its leaves than ever grew there before.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

Not only the critic, of whom we have elsewhere spoken, has been stirring the placid waters of our art life, but Mr. Frank Pentland writes a second letter to the Hanging Committee of the National Academy; and the friends of Mr. NEILSON declare that the same gentlemen excluded his picture work by his; and it is evident to every body that MAYER'S picture of the Sick Soldier and the Sister of Charity should not have hung upon "the line," while we have our own protest to make to the same gentleman that his striking and beautiful picture of DU NAST'S "Faithful unto Death" should have been hung high in a corner out of sight, while MR. HAYS'S Dove of the Ark, a broad daylight effect, which hangs upon "the line" below MR. NAST'S, could have been as well seen and studied had it been placed just above, and the small landscape been hung in the high corner.

Of course the Hanging Committee can expect to be assailed. That they are. If the favorites of *some autres*, the critics, are not well placed the Committee must pay the penalty. They lay their account with the misappreciation of the artists and their friends. But why not be courteous? If you are ah A. M., why not also be a gentleman? Mr. NAGEL, or Mr. SWAIN, or Mr. PARTON, or whoever he may be, who is neither, shall have the place of honor? If the Academy Exhibition be designed merely to show the works of members of the Academy we do not complain, and we go thankfully and look at the pictures. But if it be meant for an exhibition of new pictures, often by fresh hands, then we go and ask that some of the new men shall have some of the best places.

The Exhibition this year is not large, but it is very good, notwithstanding the sharp rivalry of the Fair Gallery. MARY MAPES'S "Consolation" (192), NAST'S "Faithful unto Death" (144), THORNTON'S "Wayside Inn," M'ENTEE'S "Woods and Fields in Autumn" (147), CHURCH'S "Venetian View" (106 and 254), HUNTINGTON'S "Mother" (41), the rocks in Kensett's "Rock-bound Coast of Maine" (153), LA FARGE'S "Fog blowing in" (54) are among the pictures which struck us upon a rapid glance through the gallery; others as interesting, doubtless await us. M'ENTEE'S landscape is peculiarly beautiful and noble; while NAST'S dead soldiers, where the golden moon sees ground uncured the gun faithful unto death, is a true ballad of the war.

There are not too many pictures for careful observation and study in detail. It is clear that the average excellence is much higher than that of previous years, and the influence of the best contemporary European art is felt in our own. The new names that have vindicated their claim to honorable mention are many. LA FARGE is among them, who takes his place at a bound among our most promising artists. There is no slavish copying and traditional work than heretofore, although the works of the distinctively Pre-Raphaelite school are not many.

Next week we shall look at some of the newest names upon the catalogue.

THE OPERA.

THERE is something in the pertinacity of Mr. Manager MAETZEL which is truly admirable. Other managers come and go. Their dazzle for a season. They are meteoric. But here, certainly for the sixteenth consecutive season this year, the indefatigable conductor takes his seat, and gives us the best opera we have had for many a day. We are very glad to know that he is here. We shall be still more glad to know that his success is equal to his deserts. In Brignoli he has the best and richest tenor we have had since Mario. We may say so much for an old servant of the public without pointing the other admirable singers. Miss KELLOGG has created Marguerite in *Faust*, which has been more popular than any opera since the *Trovatore*. Give us, once or twice, the *Sonnambula*, Mr. Manager, and *Lucrezia*, and, somehow, let us hear again the *Barber*. ROSSINI has been feasting PATTI in Paris.—Let this friends of PATTI in New York honor the old maestro in cheering his music.

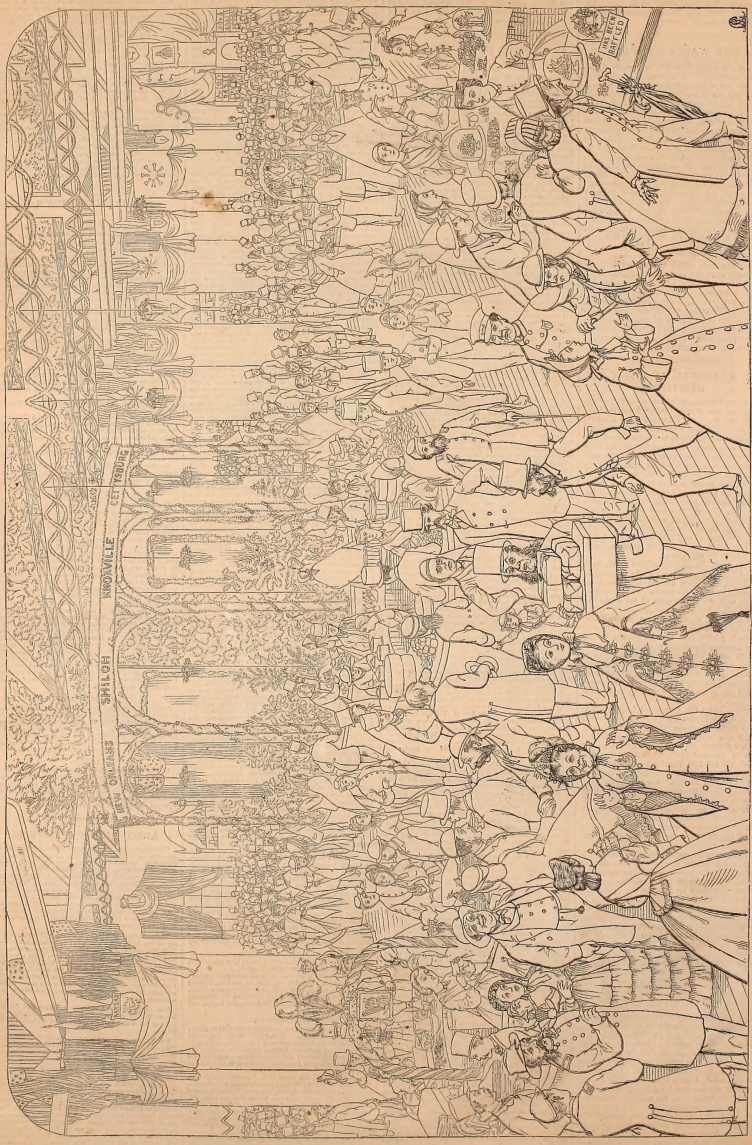
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*April* 14. The Bill to enable the people of Nebraska to form a State Government, and be admitted into the Union on the Naval Appropriation Bill, repealing the fishing bounties, but afterward withdrew it.—The bill was then passed with the amendment offered by Mr. Grimes to the effect, that no land, or loan, or delivery, of gold or exchange at the Treasury shall be made to any person, company, or corporation for the payment of differences, etc., are prohibited under the name of the Howland-Aspinwall Steam Ship Company, until contract be entered into.—The bill further forbids dealing in gold and exempts the Government from the purchase, and confines all transactions and contracts in gold to the Treasury, Assistant Treasurers, and Depositaries, under the same penalties as above.—*April* 15. The senate was unanimously adverse to the proposition of Mr. Sherman's bill to prohibit speculation in gold. Several amendments were proposed to the bill, but the bill was postponed without taking a vote on the proposition.—

April 16. The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the act to prevent frauds upon the Treasury of the United States. It provides for the appointment of a special commissioner, holding office, who may willfully neglect to or refuse to detect or bring to punishment any person, etc., who, in his opinion, shall be guilty of felony.—The bill relating to donation lands in Oregon and California was discussed. The bill granting lands to aid in the construction of railroads in Wisconsin was passed.—Mr. Grimes introduced a resolution which was adopted, that the Committee on the Conduct of the War inquire into the late explosion of powder-mills at Fort Pitner, and report soon as possible.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill providing for the gold and foreign exchanges. An amendment was adopted, making a subtreasury in the city of New York with a capital of from $1000 to $10,000. The bill was then passed, 23 to 19.—*April* 18. The Senate passed a resolution calling upon the private land claims in California, and to aid in the speedy settlement of the titles to property in that State.—Mr. Fessenden reported the Army Appropriation bill, with numerous amendments. Among them are those for appropriations being the specific enumeration of items in accordance with the estimates, and the following clause of $8,326,045.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to amend the act of July 17, 1862, for the organization, and judicial expenses of the Government. The amendments were adopted, providing that the clerks and employés of the War Department soon $500,000 as security to be given by the Secretary of War, and that increasing the pay of messengers and others to an amount not exceeding $1000 per annum, at the discretion of the head of the Department.—The bill was not completed in Committee of the Whole.—*April* 19. The Senate passed the Army Bill, as reported with amendments.—A bill was passed to incorporate the Columbia Fire Insurance Company, in the District of Columbia.—The House bill to amend the Enrollment act so as to raise the whole, or any part of the quota of any State, by draft, was referred to that of a Brigadier-General was passed.—The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation bill. An amendment was adopted providing for the publication of the laws in places contiguous to the rebellious States, that may be discovered to be necessary for the due execution of the accord. After a few unimportant amendments the bill was passed.—*April* 20. A resolution was offered by Mr. Wade for the restitution of persons to service or labor. The bill was passed by a short majority.—*April* 21. The bill of Mr. Sage was called up on its passage. Mr. Sumner said he should vote against the bill, which was a bill for the sale, as the multiplication table, a diary, or the Ten Commandments. Mr. Hendricks moved to amend the bill by striking out such an amendment to the Constitution as this. Mr. secretary's report of the Treasury Department was presented, and had no objection to his request now. He doubted the propriety of coming back at the end of the session to the loyal people of the South all their rights. The States, to which the Constitution of the United States belongs, were for themselves rapidly perfecting measures of entire emancipation. Mr. Wade said he should vote for the bill "except the act approved February 25, 1793, for the recovery of persons from service or labor." The amendment was adopted. Without rescinding a final vote the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—*April* 14. The House resumed the consideration of the Senate bill to amend the act of July 17, 1862, from Mr. Rogers in opposition to the resolution, Mr. Colfax moved to lay the resolution on the table, and demanded the yeas and nays. The motion was agreed to.—Mr. Dawes, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported back, with amendments, the bill to amend the act to provide for the collection of duties on imports, and to create additional collection districts.—Mr. Dawes moved the previous question, which was seconded, and the bill was passed.—Mr. Dawes moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill to provide for the collection of duties on imports, and to create additional collection districts. Mr. Dawes explained the bill, which



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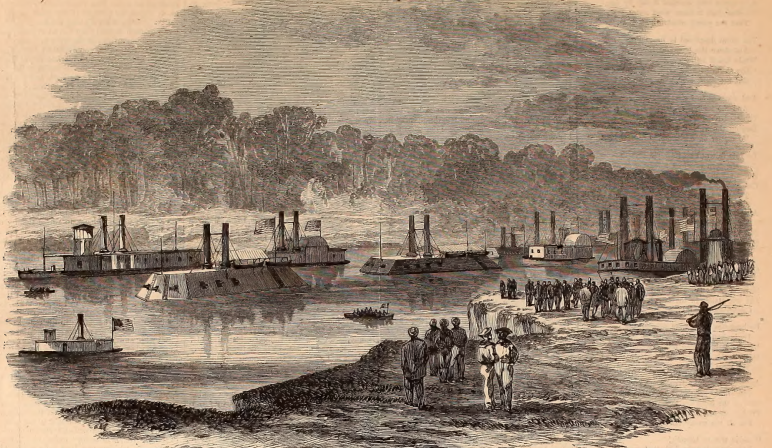


ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLOTILLA.

SKETCHES OF THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

We give on this page three sketches illustrative of the Red River Expedition, which has so far been attended with such marked success. FORT DE RUSSY, which is here accurately presented, was captured by our forces on the 14th of March last. The fort was a formidable work, quadrangular in shape, with bastions, and bomb-proof, covered with railroad iron. A powerful water-battery connected with the fort, the casemates of which were considered capable of resisting the heaviest shot and shell. It is said, however, that the gun-boat *Essex* tried some of her guns on these casemates, and succeeded in sending her shot straight through them. About 800 negroes were employed a year in constructing the fort and adjacent works, all the guns of which, upon its capture, fell into our hands, including one belonging to the *Indianola* when she was captured by the rebels.

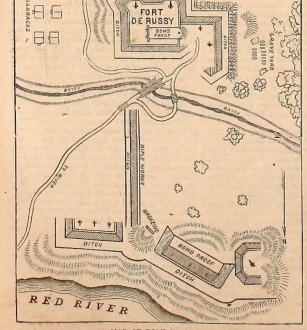
Our sketch of the celebrated ram *Switzerland*, belonging to the Mississippi squadron, represents her as she appeared in "full dress" on the 22d of February last. This ram will be remembered as having attempted, with the *Lancaster*, to run the Vicksburg batteries on the 25th of March, 1863, when the *Lancaster* was sunk and the *Switzerland* badly disabled.

Admiral Porter's flotilla, which has done excellent service, consists of twenty-two gun-boats, together with several supply steamers, hospital-boats, etc. Among the vessels are the following: *Fort Herman*, 7 guns; *Cricket*, 8 guns; *Lafayette*, 9 guns; *Neosho*, 3 guns; *Ozark*, 2 guns; *Eastport*, 9 guns; *Choctaw*, 8 guns; *Osage*, 3 guns; *Chillicothe*, 4 guns; *Louisville*, 14 guns; *Carondelet*, 14 guns; *Benton*, 16 guns; *Pittsburg*, 14 guns; *Gazette*, 8 guns; *Mound City*, 14 guns; *General Price*, 4 guns; *Lexington*, 8 guns; *Ouachita*, 3 guns; *Black Hawk*, 13 guns. Of these, the *Osage* and *Ozark* are turreted. The *Lafayette*, *Eastport*, *Choctaw*, *Chillicothe*, *Benton*, *Carondelet*, *Louisville*, *Pittsburg*, *Mound City*, and *Essex* are iron-clads. The *Lexington* is one of the three wooden boats first put in commission on the Mississippi. The *Ouachita* and *Black Hawk* are formidable wooden vessels partially plated. The others are denominated tin-clads. Our sketch was taken as the vessels were lying near Alexandria, preparing to go up the river. At last accounts they had passed the obstructions placed in the channel by the rebels, and were approaching Shreveport.

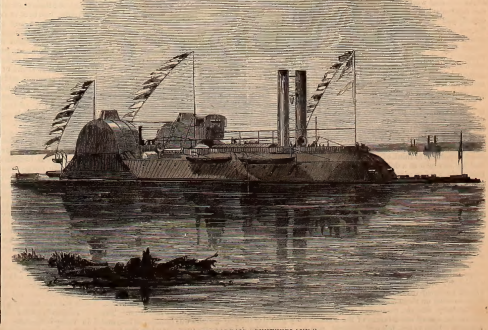
The opening of the Red River region has placed within our reach a vast amount of cotton, which the enemy had stored away for export or sale. On the 17th 800 bales from near Fort De Russy reached Cairo, and large quantities were still awaiting transportation at the date of our last advices. In the vicinity of Shreveport thousands of bales are believed to be hidden away; and should our army arrive in time to prevent its destruction a large sum must be realized from this source. While thus weakening the rebels in the seizure of one of their main elements of strength, the advance of the Federal forces has also achieved a vast positive advantage in delivering the loyal people from the oppression which has so long restrained them. The moment the old flag was restored hundreds of citizens seem to have come forward rejoicingly to testify their devotion to the cause it symbolizes. Many who had been exiled from their homes hastened to resume their old places, and aid in the necessary work of social and civil reconstruction; all animated, according to the newspaper accounts, by an intense hostility, not only to the rebellion, but to slavery, as its great cause and principal source of strength. Thus Freedom is every where achieving its own revenges.

THE PRESS ON THE FIELD.

We give on pages 280 and 281 a view illustrating a very important department of every army—namely, the NEWSPAPER BRIGADE. Every large camp in the present war has had in it some representative of our leading journals; and the country is more indebted to these industrious, energetic, and courageous reporters for early and authentic accounts of battles and important movements than the mass of our people usually admit. But for these enterprising and adventurous spirits, who penetrate into all sorts of dangers, and sketch, with the hail of battle falling around them, the scenes and actions in which the public has so great an interest, we must very often have remained in ignorance for days and weeks of events vitally affecting our interests and happiness. Nor is this all; the materials for the history of this great conflict are furnished almost entirely by these gatherers of "things great and small" on the field, and posterity would be wholly ignorant, but for them, of that vast body of incident and adventure which finds no mention in official reports, and which is absolutely necessary to a proper appreciation of central facts and events.



MAP OF FORT DE RUSSY.



THE STEAM-RAM "SWITZERLAND."

THE SOWING OF THE SEED.

THE seed of Liberty was sown
Upon our soil long years ago,
And strong men watched it day by day,
To clear each noxious weed away,
That the young plant might grow.

The storm descended in its might,
And down the heavy hailstones fell;
While far-off nations smiling, said,
"The storm prevails—the seed is dead!"
But the earth kept it well.

And when at last the sun shone out,
And the tempestuous time was o'er,
The seed unfolded to a tree,
Bearing the fruit of Liberty
To scatter on our shore.

Tyrants frowned on its rapid growth—
Their stern rivalings filled the air—
But up from North, South, East, and West,
Came the wise men, and the oppress'd,
To see a tree so rare;

And beg some of the precious seed
To plant in lands beyond the sea,
Till where'er stood a tyrant's throne,
The seeds of this young tree were sown,
Bidding the world be free!

Once more the fierce storm rages round,
Once more the rain falls thick and fast,
Stripped of its foliage, grim and bare,
The tree stands in the tempest's glare,
Careless the blast.

It branches sway from side to side,
Its broken limbs bestrew the ground;
But from the raging of the storm,
Deep in the earth, secure and warm,
The roots lie safe and sound.

And still above the friendly soil
The sturdy trunk unyielding stands,
And on the branches that remain,
Fresh buds are swelling out again
For all the weary lands.

O noble tree of Liberty!
The world's a vain doth theft avail;
In vain thy foes may gather round
To rend thee quivering from the ground,
For thou shalt still prevail!

Still tower aloft thy giant form,
Abroad thy lusty branches wave;
Scatter the good seed far and wide—
On lonely heath—on mountain side—
On every patriot's grave!

Bid the whole earth the lesson learn,
That where'er Freedom's seed takes root,
Though often sown in doubt, or haste,
Not one shall die, nor turn to waste,
Not cease from bearing fruit.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVI.

LILY BEGINS TO LEARN THINGS.

RHODODENDRON HOUSE was to Lily a mysterious monster, a dragon that devoured children. For the first "getting-up bell, the first prayer-meeting, and the first school breakfast, he gobbled her up; and she, a very small Jonah indeed, became absorbed in the fish, and dwelt in his immensity. Of the great boiling, turbid sea of the external world she could know nothing—the dragon's jaws formed the only entrance to the school, and were garnished with many fangs. So she abode within, and at first trembled, but gradually grew accustomed to the darkness, wards, and ribbed sides, and vast viscera of the monster; and as it was her nature to love things when she became accustomed to them, the school dragon lost at last all his terrors for the child, and Lily became that exceeding rarity, a little girl who was fond of her school.

Quite alone, she had nothing else in the world to be fond of. The people who had brought her to school had forgotten to put any toys amongst her neddements. Her exquisite papa had, probably, never heard of such vulgar frivolities, and Jean Baptiste Constant had, perhaps, matters more important to think of at the moment. Lily had not so much as a doll. The rough old playthings she used to potter about with in the plasterer's house soon faded into the nothingness of oblivion. So, too, did the plasterer himself and his wife her old nurse, and their little boy her foster-brother. First, she forgot their names, and only bore them in mind as the good people far away, who used to be fond of her, and rump with her, and hear with her little tempers. Then, the plasterer's face and form began to be a matter of doubt, and she could not tell whether he had red hair or black hair—whether he wore a beard, or whiskers, or both, or neither. Curiously, she remembered latest his rough ribbed corduroy trowsers—probably because she had careered on them so many times cock-horse to Coventry, and she connected with these garments the strong acrid fumes of the tobacco he smoked. Blue vapor, hot and pungent, was always curling from that excellent man; without his pipe Lily would have lost her last definite conception of her foster-father. But the pipe went out at last, and the smoke mingled with the clouds, and drifted away into space. The boy, her playmate, she forgot in one sudden landslip of recollection. He was there, for a moment, with a rough head she used to tousle, a top he used to spin for her amusement, a hack that was always at her service. He was her horse, her dog, her coach, her ship, her steamengine, but all at once his fastenings loosened, and he tumbled down into the gulf forever. And then, last of all, poor nurse went. Lily clung to her image as long as ever she could, and straggled hard to retain it, but the inevitable law asserted it, and nurse melted away. He came to have two faces, like Janus, and then none at all. Her hands and feet disappeared in a wreath of long mourning. Long after she had her checked apron remained—the apron on which Lily used to sit before the fire, warm and dry and glowering from her back, turning like a kitten—the apron which had strings to be pulled, and twisted, and untied by her uncertain little fingers, to the great discomfort, but never-failing delight of the good woman—the apron to whose corner Lily used to cling in her first venturesome excursions into the back garden. But the apron was doomed. The records of that court of exchequer crumbled into decay, and away went nurse, apron, and all, to be remembered again on this side death, when—oh! joy for some, and woe for invisible to others—we shall remember every thing.

This last holiday being taken away, what remained? Rhododendron House, and nothing more. The apparition of the two strange men who had brought her by night to school had scarcely ruffled the calm of the lake, but scarcely breathed upon the mirror. They could scarcely have been forgotten, for they had never been remembered. When the Miss Bunnycastles spoke to Lily about her papa, and told her that he was a perfect gentleman, and brought a man-servant with him who was almost as great a gentleman as he, she could respond only by a vacant stare. She knew no papa. Little by little there came over her a vague consciousness that she ought properly to have one, for most of the young ladies were continually vaunting their possession of such a parent; and when she was absent six, she toddled up one day to Mr. Dyas, when he was paying one of his periodical visits, and with a very grave and knowledge-seeking visage, asked him this alarming question: "Missa Dyas, have you got a papa?" The discreet medical practitioner was dreadfully disconcerted at this crude interrogatory. Old Mrs. Bunnycastle bleated, "Lor's a mercy—what next?" Two of the Miss Bunnycastles tittered; but the third, Miss Barbara, told Lily, severely, that she would never be any thing better than a little idiot.

Meanwhile she had set herself, first intuitively, next of her own volition, to learn things. I don't mean lessons. For the first year all the resources of the law of kindness were powerless to teach her even her lessons; and although Miss Barbara had a dim impression that she should properly by this time be deep in the mysteries of Mangnall, the foremost, and Lily was left to her tasks which she could not by any possibility grasp even the remotest meaning of, and consoled herself with the thought that there was plenty of time to rescue her from the perilous condition of a dunce. So Lily was left to few books that had pictures in them, and her first attempts were made to drum the significance of the accompanying letterpress into her head. She was too small to stand up in a class—too small to have copy-books, or good marks, or bad marks to stop small for any thing. She was left to creep or trot about as she listed, from house to playground, from play-ground to school-ground—now lulled to the fantastic tune set to the teachers—now listening, with demure astonishment, to the eloquence of Mrs. Bunnycastle, which was Greek to her—to the exhortations of the governesses, which were Hebrew to her—and to the monotonous drone of the young ladies, as at appointed times and seasons they repeated their lessons. In fine, she became as much a pet and plaything in the establishment as any very tiny domestic animal that could be kept in a conservatory spiteful, but very playful and very affectionate, might have been. Miss Barbara was of opinion that she should be kept "down;" but at last even she joined in the general concession, and seemed to be fond of Lily as every one else in the house was.

But all this time Lily was learning things. She knew the sea-shore by heart. She had almost a pre-Raphaelite acquaintance, mentally, with the bricks, with their various hues, now red, now russet, now pallid, with the mortar which encovered some of them, with the small beetle that did wonderful acrobatic feats on their acclivities, rivaling the soldiers of Astley's people, who marched up rocks that were quite perpendicular. She knew the tears which the strong mortar had shed on first being laid between the courses—and which the trowel had forgotten to scrape away—tears which the air had hardened into impenetrable durability. She knew the spider's web in the southwest angle, by the holly-bush. She was on speaking terms with the earwigs in the scrutous glutton, who died at last of delirium tremens, brought on by eating a blue-bottle who had fortified himself with a preliminary fermentation of fivepence-halfpenny moist at a grocer's shop in High Street, Clapham, and so had staggered to Stockwell, to be devoured and die). She knew that the spider did not always dwell in his web, but that he lay in wait, sometimes, in a little cavern or niche in the bricks, where a French bean peg once had been. The crowd of the peg-grooves was familiar to her, and a thrill of delight came over her when she found among the pebbles one day a broken shell. She knew all about the miniature allotment gardens which the most meritorious belligerent five-and-thirty were permitted to cultivate, and where they cultivated mustard-and-cress, to be afterward consumed on half-holidays afternoons at tea-time—mustard-and-cress which tasted hot as ginger to the tongue, and was rather uncomfortably gritty to the teeth. Into these garden-beds the young ladies frequently emptied the proceeds of their pocket-money, in the guise of small brown paper packets of seeds, presumably containing the germs of rare and gorgeous flowers, but which generally ended in disappointment, coming up in various forms of weakness or scrubbiness, but never turning out to be geraniums, or heaths, or any thing worth having. Then was there not the speculative Miss Newton, who was always planting acorns in the fond hope that some time hence a mighty plantation and fine group home for the holidays they would sprout up into giant oaks? Was there not Miss Close, the miserly hoarder, who, whenever halfpence, any fourpenny pieces even, in her two flower-pots? And then Miss Barbour, the draper's daughter, had a family set of garden-tools, all shining in iron and newly-turned wood—tools which excited the bitter envy of her companions, who had usually nine and ninepence-toothless rake, and one bent spade with a broken handle, to half a dozen horticulturists—tools which she didn't know how to use, and which probably at last led to signs grief and mortification?

All these things were noted by Lily; likewise the grim little back-door, fast bolted and barred, which, in former times, had communicated with Miss Jaggs's garden. Hence, was nothing more. That door was as much an object of grave and wistful contemplation to Lily as the Mahatmy door of Ali Baba to some queer people. Would it ever open? Why was it closed? What was there behind it? Mr. Jagg hated the Bunnycastles, but the Bunnycastles hated Mr. Jagg. He spoke scornfully of the five-and-thirty boarders as "a pack of young hussies," and spiteful hints of the Miss Bs. spending branches of his butt cherry-tree because a bough overhung the wall of the Bunnycastle play-ground. Whereupon Miss Celia Bunnycastle called us a cunning worker in iron, and caused him to erect a formidable palisade of spikes on the wall, as though to repel any attempt at midnight escalade by nefariously amative purposes by Jagg. Jagg denied the legal right of the Bunnycastles to erect this defensive work. There was much acrimonious correspondence; the solicitors of the rival houses were consulted; Jagg only refrained from going to law with Rhododendron House because Rhododendron House had him in the big, in the case of one of the maid-servants making solemn asseveration that he was not only in the scandalous habit of winking at her when she went for errands, but had on one occasion had the unmanly brutality to tell her that she was a "duck." Had justice taken cognizance of the woman's misdeeds it would have been an aggravated assault case at the very least —supposing, at least, that wholesome stature to have been in the period. The feud at last was compromised, and the chevaux-de-frise was suffered to rust in peace. They were not very fierce by that time, for the boys contrived to over into Jagg's garden: who avenged himself, let us hope, by forthwith disposing of them at marine stores.

There had been, of course, a primary cause for this envenomed quarrel. It was wrapt in uncertainty. A poacher who had gone away knew all about it, but to the existing generation it was a myth, and Lily knew it not. Mr. Jagg, a widower with one daughter, had wished the Bunnycastles to take her on reduced terms, but that they had declined, and sent her off at last that washing, music, and sent at church, should be extras. Others declared that the ladies of Rhododendron House had manifested an almost unseemly anxiety to secure Miss Jagg as an inmate; but that her unevil parent had contumeliously declined to let her be educated and be to a charity school than to the Bunnycastles. Finally, it was darkly bruited about among the older girls that Miss Jagg, many months before, a treaty of alliance offensive, defensive, and matrimonial, had been in contemplation between the houses of Jagg and Bunnycastle—Miss Celia being the high contracting party of the instituted female. But the treaty had come to nothing—it was often do—nothing; and this was why, perhaps, the Saint Scholasticas of Rhododendron House were always on the most ferocious terms of monster, a villain, and a base wretch; while the unfeeling Jagg, on his side, and with characteristic coarseness, was always laying a scornful finger by the side of his ribald nose, that he had found out the whole thing was a Plant, and had declared off the Match.

This was not among the things that Lily learned; but the mention of the barred-up door reminded me that the Bunnycastle and Jagg vendetta. It is time, however, to go indoors. There, the things that the child learned were manifold. Into the drawing-room and the superior parlor beyond she was but rarely permitted to peep, but she stayed all the afternoon in Mrs. Bunnycastle's imposing chamber to the less pretentious apartments occupied by the Miss Bunnycastles. Sometimes, however, she went one to five, where the five-and-thirty boarders slept on seventeen and a half iron bedsteads. This half was a mere nominal one—and temporary by day an escritoire. The law of kindness had, somehow, omitted to enact that the pupils should not sleep two in a bed; and Miss Barbour, the draper's daughter, was the only young lady in status pupillari privileged to have an entire bed —it was the half one, the impostor—to herself.

There were all kinds of things to be learned in these bedrooms—grammars, and things gey. There were hours of musing evoked from huge chests of drawers—as to whether they grew there, and what they held. Rows on fruitful speculations as to the birds and flowers on chintz draperies, and dreadful images conjured up of what, or who, might be hidden behind heavy curtains, or under Mrs. Bunnycastle's four-poster, or within the parapet of the great canopied tester. There were looking-glasses to be fortivily glanced in, and then run away from; portraits and engravings on the walls to study; Misses in the Bairnbles, and Jephtha's Rash Vows; Abraham's Sacrifice, and his Visit from Highness the Duke of York in full regimentals; the Temple of Concord in Hyde Park, and the Horse at the Gennetry of Sutton as formed in the East Indies; the Reverend Mr. M'Quashie, Editor of the Paris-Baptist's Missionary Chronicle, and the Land of Corfe; with other works of art, to be pondered over. There were gowns and shawls to be detached, in imagination, from their pegs and peopled with flesh and blood. There was the great tumber-room, where all the fivepandthirty boarders' boxes were deposited when they came home for the holidays—a very extravaganti full of trunks. There was the maidservant's room, where Lily had been wont to go the sun, and half-terrified to death by the hell, on the first morning after her coming. There were chairs to jump on, and hearth-rugs to lift the corners of, and clocks to whose ticking an attentive ear was lent. There were books in cases, and books in hanging-shelves, and plated candlesticks, and snuffer-trays, and two great old china mandarins, ready, on the slightest encouragement of a little finger, to loll out their tongues, and wag their peacock's feather and blue-haired heads in a manner wonderful, though somewhat awful, to behold. All these objects of research were, to Lily, beautiful, but perplexing, and during the long hours of study, while the girls here pent up in the school-room, droning and gabbling, and the governesses squabbling with a pending at them, Lily was permitted, whenever she grew tired of school—which was generally about five minutes after she had taken her seat on the little chair appointed to her—to slip out, and wander up and down the house: whose contents gave her, spoke by speak, a little glimmering light. And then, in the play hours, she would ask questions innumerable, both of the girls and of the teachers, with a little of the artlessness natural to the former. Who were generally warmed off from the premises of inquisitiveness as being "unladylike," and so by degrees, without book-knowledge, Lily Floris began to learn things.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE YOUNG LADIES.

CÆSAR and Pompey were very much alike; especially Cæsar, by which I mean in the days at Rhododendron House. For weeks, for months, from half year to half year, they knew scarcely any change. It was a well-ordered school, and the management most methodical. The result was a dead level of uniformity, distressing to erratic minds, but wonderfully enough to those who loved regularity and appreciated discipline.

The "getting-up bell" was the same every day; the five-and-thirty took amidst the same yawning, stretches, and inarticulate grumblings; there were the same peevish washings and ablutions, factory toilet in the lavatory; the same prayer-meeting, the same homilies; that is to say, when Mrs. Bunnycastle had reached the end of the dean's volume she began again at the beginning and read the salutary tome through again. The boarders should properly have learned by some families by heart; but I question whether any three of them could have repeated, without book, four consecutive sentences of any one of the dean's discourses. The fact is, the time occupied in this lecture was the time chosen by the young ladies for composing notes to their chums on those minor cases de Espana, the affairs of schoolgirls: for passing surreptitious articles of mercantile traffic, and for hand-shaking in masse, and for "having out" sundry trifling disputes of the previous evening or the interning. By the interchange of sighs and pinches, nudgings and respings of boots against ankles. They were "a devil of a temper"—was it not then that this young lady, being suddenly roused to ungovernable ire by a pinch from Miss Linscombe, the prophet, or had a remarkably ingenious knack of holding flesh between her finger and thumb, that she fell upon that young lady, as to the fell upon that young lady, as to the fell upon that young lady, as to the

lore to the establishment, opined that Miss Dallwallah was mad, and that sooner or later Miss Liberambe would be seized with hydrophobia.

"She'll bark like a dog," quoth Miss Miller, "and run about biting other girls, and then her father and mother'll be obliged to have her smothered between two mattresses."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Tallboys, the eldest of the parlor-boarders, and the cognatiness, indeed, of the school, for she was nearly seventeen years of age. "Smothered between two mattresses indeed! What next? Why, the magistrates wouldn't allow such a thing."

"I tell you it would be done. It's the law."

"I think I ought to know," retorted Miss Tallboys, loftily. "My papa is in the commission of the peace for the county of Kent, and I'm sure he wouldn't allow such cruelty."

"Your papa is only a brewer," Miss Miller went on, in great wrath, "and magistrates are gentlemen."

"I remember his beer," little Laura Smit-ker broke in, maliciously. "Tallboys & Co.'s Creaming Rochester Ales. My papa used to have it till he said they put gall instead of hops into it."

"You're an impudent little—!" was beginning, in great indignation, the insulted county magistrate's daughter, when the footsteps of Miss Dallwallah came lounging into the room—it was a half-holiday, and the elder girls were gathered chatting round the stove—in her usual lady-defiant manner.

"Miss Miller says you're mad," broke in a chorus of shrill voices.

"Perhaps you'd like to bite me, Miss Miller," herself continued, tossing her curls, which were flaxen, and turning up her nose, which was snub.

"I don't want to bite any body," replied the Indian, quite humble now. "*I* am a mad, passionate creature, and I ought to have said I was sorry I bit Lizzy Libby. I'm sorry I bit her. Only she vexed me. I'm sorry she's gone away, and if I could find out where she lived I'd take her my little enamelled gold watch, and ask her on my knees to accept it and forgive me. But she shouldn't have vexed me."

"She was a vulgar little thing," Miss Tallboys remarked, disdainfully.

"But it was very wicked of me to bite her," went on the repentant Begum. "And Mrs. Bunnycastle ought to have punished me. I deserved to be locked up in the coal-hole, with bread and water for a fortnight, only I'm papa's so rich, and I've always been brought up to do as I like."

"She says her papa's a magistrate," resumed the malevolent Smiker, giving a turn to the conversation.

"*My* papa's a judge, and is the head of a district twice as big again as Yorkshire," reclaimed Miss Dallwallah, with renewed dignity.

And, forthwith, all the young ladies plunged into emulous vauntings of their respective parentage, as is the custom of young ladies from middle-aged Indies, and old ladies—to say nothing of gentlemen—with or without encouragement: and when we are old, and can see and brag of our parents, we brag of our children, or, haply, being celibate, of our parrots or our lapdogs, our port or our pic-nics, as the case may be.

Miss Tallboys, whose Christian name was Grace, and who was a slender and elegant blonde; Miss Dallwallah, otherwise Juggernaut, otherwise the Begum, otherwise Lallah Rookh, otherwise the Sultana Scheherazade, otherwise a hundred other fantastic sobriquets culled from Oriental sources, and specially applied to her by her comrades, who loved her very dearly when she did not bite; and Miss Thrupp, whose parents were commercial (Thrupp & Calliper, ship-brokers, Mincing Lane), who was nearly sixteen, and who was amiable, but afflicted with red hair; were the three senior pupils at Mrs. Boddenron House. Their relatives were all wealthy, and they were, consequently, held in much consideration by the Bunnycastles. They did pretty much as they liked. They "studied," instead of learning lessons, and filled exercise-books with indifferent caligraphy, instead of repeating set tasks. They had masters for all the accomplishments, and acquired as many, or as few of them, as senior pupils in middle-class schools—remember, I am writing of the aristocratic period—generally do. They were proud of their liberal allowance of pocket-money as they chose; and I hope young ladies, who have left school, will not accuse me of libel, or satire, when I record that the major portion of their revenues went in sweetstuff. Now and then a servant-maid was bribed to smuggle in a novel from the circulating library; but, as a rule, a plentiful supply of almond rock, chocolate drops, and candied horehound, was held to be a more satisfactory palliam than sentiment in three volumes. At happy sixteen a girl can dream novels, and invent a hero every day, perhaps, but it is not enough to dream of almond rock. Sweetstuff is a thing that must be bought.

Mesdemoiselles Tallboys, Thrupp, and Dallwallah, then, condescended to take into high favor and affection the little girl who was by no quite alone, in that scholastic desert. They made a pet and a plaything of Lily Floris. Had she been a little pauper her petty pocket-money less heart, and winning ways would have made her a favorite, even with the work-house matron; but Mrs. Bunnycastle's parlor-boarders were predisposed in favor of the baby pupil by mysterious hints from Miss Bachara, who, in her occasional unbosoming of gossiping confidence with the seniors, was wont to descant upon the very grand folks whom she imagined Lily's parents to be. The dazzling diamonds, and scarcely less dazzling teeth of Mr. Blunt were still fresh in Miss Bunnycastle's recollection, and she spoke of the daughter of the possessor of those valuables full of credit for them. Miss Barbara's unbosomings were quite enough to make Lily, in the eyes of Miss Tallboys and her companions, a little heroine. There was something mysterious about her they were glad to recognize. She might be a nobleman's daughter; the offspring, perchance, of a foreign prince. She could tell nothing about her mamma. Poor, little, deserted innocent! They were it all. A forced marriage; an infant torn away from her agonized parent; an obscure retreat found for the heiress of prodigious London domains! They wanted even three volume novels smuggled in from the circulating library than ever, for Lily was a veritable subject of fiction in herself. But if they required less romance they stood in need of more sweetstuff, for they had more sympathy to share in it. The three friends solemnly adopted Lily and at once proceeded to make much of her to the no small content of the young person, who, as the child was too small to stand up in a class, and was occasionally, though not often, given to fretting if no notice were taken of her, was sometimes puzzled to know where and how to bestow her little profit, not only physically but intellectually, by the generosity of the "great girls," as the three redoubtable parlor-boarders were called: for Miss Tallboys, shocked at her backwardness in learning, had taken her under, and before she had been at Rhododendron House a year had contrived, by kindness and caresses, to instill into her a very fair acquaintance with great A, and little a, and with the alphabet. Miss Thrupp must needs undertake to teach the mite of a thing to read, which meant that she romped about with her in most making-game fashion; and certainly, as a recreational mission, gravely proclaimed that she was about to "ground her" on the piano. A great many music-books and a backgammon-board, falsely purporting to be Hume's History of England, had to be piled on the stool before Lily, mounted thereupon, could be brought to a position on a proper level with the key-board of the rickety old practicing piano (Popkinson, Great Swallow Street, Piccadilly, and Brighton) and her "grounding" did not extend beyond her being allowed to thump the keys, which were worn, and skewed, and generally like the teeth of an old horse, till she began to crow with delight at the noise she made, or her instructress, laughing, and stopping her ears by the din—though a quarter of the battered clefs were dumb—bade her, with a kiss, desist. As for the Begum, fingerwant was quite behindhand in activity of patronage to the little darling. She hung strange ornaments of barbaric filigree round her neck. I believe she would have pierced her ears—and her nose too, so the mischievous girls said—to hang jewels in it! In, had not that surgical operation been expressly inhibited by the scholastic bone government. Debarred from the exercise of this cherished Orientalism, she let Miss Dallwallah's chief delight to curl, to brush out, and to curl again, in all sorts of ringlets, tapers, ramages, and fantastic devices, her brown locks. The child's hair curled naturally, and wanted neither tissue paper nor irons; but Miss Dallwallah was passionately addicted to curlers, and nothing seemed more to delight her than when Lily's hair, after half an hour's elaborate frizzing, or compression, with the whole head-gear, reassumed the appearance of a highly ornate mop. The child submitted, and was pleased. Once, only, she gave way in a short fit of pique, when Dallwallah inadvertently touched the tip of her ear with the curling-tongs in general to be regarded the philocomic ordeal as a rare game and sport. However, one day, she thought fit to remonstrate against that which was decidedly a work of supererogation.

"My hair curl with water, Miss Lally," she said, looking up into the hairdresser's face with her large blue eyes.

"What a great stupid I am!" cried Miss Dallwallah, looking into the hairdresser's face with (whose petit nom among her familiars was "Lally"). "There, I've half spoilt your hair with these nasty hot irons. I'll put it right in a minute, my dear, now, of course. It's just like me. I never can do any thing properly. I wonder I haven't bitten you into the bargain. And Miss Dallwallah, who was of an impulsive, and not a very strong-minded temperament, and who latterly remembered her self-control only with Miss Slocombe, would have taken refuge in tears, had she not been diverted from the paroxysm by surprising hand in hand with one or the other of her three protectresses, was Lily the source of enormous pride and gratification. She was very good in church, although she sometimes swung her small legs, when the sermon was long, to the foot of the ground—in a manner to endanger the stability of neighboring hassocks; and once or twice, on the way home from church, she went to sleep, and would have tumbled off but that Miss Tallboys caught her. But take her for all in all, she was a most devout congregationist, and it was very pleasant to behold her gazing with a rapt wistfulness at the clergyman in the pulpit, and with interest not much less at the clerk in his desk; or nodding her head smilingly to the Indians if I am dreadfully afraid that she manifested a desire to converse (very thirty-third), or sitting with a very big prayer-book, of which she could not read one line, open and clutched in her hands.

"MASSACHUSETTS! MASSACHUSETTS!"

THE golden sunshine gleams o'er hill and glade and wave,
The blue sky every eye to studied thick with stars.
Ah, sunshine fails to delightly on a new-made grave!
And God's blue banner never is furled for our wars.

The summer come and went among the Berkshire hills,
Where weary watches kept true hearts as brave as stone.
Whose throbs were hero-marches, till the deathly chills
Hushed heart and lip and eye into a long repose.

But Charlie still was safe—thank God!—through many a fight;
At last he wrote (Ah me, such strange and feeble scrawl!),
"Don't fear for me—I'm wounded, but 'twill all come right;
Our boys have had tough work at terrible Fair Oaks.

"Perhaps when golden autumn lets the woods ashame
I may get home to show the tattered flag I bore.
You'll have your soldier back—a trifle thin and lame—
But dead or maimed, I'm sure you won't get one more!"

Poor fellow, brave and hopeful, how he stood the pain,
The torture all those weeks! They brought him North at last,
And fever laid her ganging hand on heart and brain,
Yet still in grim bore him to the happy Past.

He mean though heated days and through the moon-lit nights
Was "Massachusetts! Massachusetts! Take me there!"
Sometimes he rushed in memory into fondly fights,
Has always with the pleading, homesick prayer.

Strange nurses, doctors chilled by death to seeming cold,
Whose faces bent unmoved o'er many a bed to bend,
By Charlie's bed were touched of gentle mould,
And tender as their mothers' were the words they said.

Yet still that cry, "My home! the hills! the sea-let trees!
Oh only take me *there*, before it is too late!
Now bring a little home from my father's barn,
A little home-made bread upon a fair white plate!"

No name except the Saviour's made him still and calm.
But when we spoke of Jesus how his dark eyes filled,
As if there He, the wounded, was a friend to all,
And in the holy peace each thought of strife were stilled.

"Oh Jesu! Know Him? Yes! He is my Only Friend,
He's all around me *everywhere*." Then his eyes grew dim
With unshed tears. "He says He loved you once, and I couldn't stand the waiting if t'wasn't now for Him!"

"He won't forsake you, Charlie!" How his face grew bright!
"He says so, and I'm sure." "If even death should come?"
No matter! 'Tis the ending of the long long fight!
So take me home!" The wildness came again with "home."

Poor shelled harp, whose every string was out of tune,
Except the one that answered to the Deathless Love!
The earthly craving passed when Heaven's higher boon
Brought him in gladness to the Hills and Home above.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DON'T CRAVE NON SENSE.—Professor Neumager says that in 1863 a census will come as close as to enlarge the earth, and should it not attach itself to us one globule in a thousand, we shall be sensible of the shock—a theoretical alternative, the effect will be very beautiful (we should think so). Professor Neumager adds we shall have no sickness, but be bathed in the brilliant light of the blazing truth—can expect nothing more, and it is to be observed that the Professor avoids the use of the word tail. We don't, let us spell it fale, and apply it to the Professor as a bit of a wag.

"All is truisky," saith the Preacher. Yes; but what does the preacher mean by this question occurring on a fine day ago, when we are on episcopal equipage literally passing with the bishop, etc., etc., and we are actively help reflecting that a bishop should be more easily recognized by his surroundings than his carriage?

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

As sure as Sol will rise to-morrow,
So sure will sin conduct to sorrow.

A certain quack calling one day on an invalid, asked him "how he felt?" "Why," was the sufferer's reply, "I feel as "Then," cried the indignant disciple of Galen, "it must have been your conscience." With this he pocketed his fee, but never returned to the house.

At a recent party one of the candles was burning slightly. Mr. Griffiths, who boasts of his geography, remarked that it represented the Tower of Pisa. "Yes," said facetious Mr. Bliss, "and George Rex is a tower in Italy, and another is a tower in grease."

An over-curious person thinks the antediluvian life must have been a pleasant one for the ladies, and gleans from Genesis "Only fancy having two dried whales hanging in your house, and a cold shoulder of mutton always on the side-board. Shall I help you to a bit of the ichthyosaurus? Or, perhaps, you would prefer a slice of pterodactyl? Stewed plesiosaurus! Levitation à la crapaudine. Imagine a bill, and a tertiary mouth, and two hundred years, and a fellow who carried off your plesiosaurus getting sent to the lunatic asylum for twenty summers. Consider an elderly gentleman, with a liver complaint of only one hundred years' standing, wearing out four sets of false teeth, and finally carried off, after a brief illness of three hundred and ten years, by a lingering consumption!"

How sure able laughter is to flare was shown when Rubens, with a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying—and our authority without being great judge of painting, also brought in, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

Denmark is to be called the "Champion of the light of Europe," and to be girt, of course, with the little belt.

Why is the letter R very unfortunate?—Because it is always to be found in trouble, wretchedness, and misery; it is always the beginning of sad ruin, and never found in peace, innocence, or love.

The gentleman who attempted to cut his throat with a table joke, a few days since, has again made a rash attack by stabbing himself with a point of humor.

What comes after cheese?—A mouse.

"I hope it may be long," as the schoolboy said to the lesson.

The earth is exceedingly dirty, but the sea is very tidy.

Wanted, some stamps of indignation and one of true nobility.

"I say, Sam? Yah, yah!" (*Laughs identically.*)
"Well, Nigger? Yah, yah!" (*Laughs more identically, and relative like a stereotype.*)
"Yar's a Conundidrum. Lookee yar. If I tells you a lie, why's dat like my ole arm-chair?" "Fys gib it up? Cos it am *de seat* dat I use."

"Well, how do you like the looks of the varsity?" said a Southwester to a Downeaster, who was getting with round-eyed wonder, and evidently for the first time, at a mass of buildings, with wide-open doors, in the small burg of the Mississippi.

"Why, I 'spect," replied the Yankee, "she ain't what your call a handsome critter, but he's got a great deal of openness where he stands."

If you want to be a "credit" of the first water get the drapey.

A cynical fellow, who can't muster the cash for a sleighride, thinks that the best reason for the necessities is in the ball: "a your night-clothes, with both doors open, it take you not a quarter of a minute; you will get rid of tooth-water; drop the front-door key down your back; hold an little in one hand and ring the tea-bell with the other." He says, "You can't tell the difference with your eyes when you call it a grand dress circle!"

What do we seek redress for?—Injuries. Where do we find it?—*In juries.*

The "native gentlemen of the jury" sometimes exhibit a stupid fatality that is quite astounding. The following is a case in point. The jury were sitt'n' upon the case of a man found dead in a sand-pit. "I," (for return) a verdict of manslaughter. The coroner recapitulated the testimony adduced, and then like this: "Now he re-entered the court with 'We find that the deceased was still-born.' For 'n thint time they were dismissed, with Lord Campbell's well-known formula, 'Gentlemen, you will retire to consider your verdict—this man was found dead in a sand-pit.' So they avoided technicalities, and came out with the following: 'We find that the said Robert Trelawney is dead, and died of said!'"

"What is the reason that men never kiss each other, Mr. Jones?" asked a young world of inquiries the other day said the Captain to Gussie the other day. Gussie cogitated a minute, and then answered, "Because they never have something better to like, and the women haven't." The Captain "saw it" immediately.

A farrier, wishing to inform the public that he would make up firm in a fashionable manner out of date when ladies have at home, appended the following to his advertisement: "N. B.—Cows, sheep, etc., made up for the ladies in fashionable styles out of their own skins."

"Your quite welcome," as the purse said to the thrilling.

THE EXPOSITALION.

Now, Charlie, don't be cross,
Would have married you, dear,
Had I known of your passion for smoking:
Of that horrible habit
You've had quietly enough—
Put it down—I'll not have it in my drawing-room!

I've sat by your side
Till I feel choked
To speak, for the vapor is choking;
Is smoke the ladies' need—
You puff! puff! at the weed,"
As if a man were created for smoking!

That 'stitching old pipe,
I'm half tempted to gripe,
And cast in the fire I am poking,
And would, too, but bother,
It still that matter,
And cleave to the habit of smoking.

Ah, well I'll give way,
For, perhaps, as you say,
No husband in love love to be teasing;
You wed us "to cherish,"
And, for we should perish,
Like plants, we must suffer a smoking.

An Oxford student joined without invitation a party dining at an inn; after which he boasted so much of his riches that the host asked him how much he was not enough of what you can do; tell us something you can do well." "Sack," said he, "I can put my share in the reckoning."

A story is told of a German who attempted to court in the English style. He began by having a translation by an interview with an English lady, who, having received his proposals, referred him to her papa to whom he addressed the business thus:

"High born madam, since your husband have kicked de bucket—"

"Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased.

"Oh, portion—nine, ten thousand pardon! Now I make new beginning. Madam, your husband, poor thing, since your husband have cut his stick—"

It may be supposed that the old not used matters; and residing as many in the lady's countenance, he said, forgiving all, "Madam, your husband have raised fire!"

"Madam, since your husband has gone to kingdom come—"

This he said benevolingly, but the lady was past propitiation by this time, and rapidly moved toward the door, when he hurried back at his discretion by the German flow after the lady, crying out in a voice of despair:

"Madam, since your husband has gone to expected husband, have hopped de twig—"

This was the last straw, and as she was "came home," of course the poor man was totally wrecked. It turned out that the gentleman had been dead for days the verb *sterben* (to die) with the following wrenched parse of speech: "Madam, since your husband is, To engage in a single stroke of his brush, turned a laughing child in a painting to one crying—and our authority without being great judge of painting, also brought in, in like manner, from joy to grief by a single stroke.

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Th. Nast.
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BOOK.

SPRING HERALDS.

A softer murmur in the leafless woods,
And over meadows wide;
A joyous rushing of long-frozen floods
Down furrowed mountain-side.

A fitful sunbeam lighting up the scene,
Too dazzling bright to last,
Gilding storm-riven forest boughs between,
A waif of summers past.

Some star-bright snow-drops, winter's pretty flowers,
Fresh from their snowy fold;
A daisy smiling through the long, lonely hours;
Or crocus-cup of gold.

Sweet clustered primroses in forest-nooks,
Where dead leaves strew the ground;
And daffodils bent over purling brooks,
As listeners love to sound.

The glad new song of winged chorister,
The earliest of the grove,
Breaking the winter silence of the air
With gushes of love.

Soul-stirring impulses of recent birth,
Which round the heart may cling;
An all-pervading influence on the earth—
The spirit of the Spring.

MY SON AND BUT A FARMER.

I.

"My poor boy—poor Calvert!" sighed Mrs. Brande, dropping the letter she had been reading to look after a pair just sweeping past her window on horseback. He was a gentleman in the prime of life—a handsome, stately-looking gentleman—who bent much to his saddle-bow from time to time, as he turned with unmistakable glances of admiration toward his companion, a girl in the freshest bloom of youth, and beautiful as June blossoms are.

The face was regularly, yet sweet, with a lurking flash in the dark hazel eyes. There was something of pride, too, in the short upper lip, that was curving now with smiles as she talked, and shook back from her cheeks the intruding curls.

"I knew it," sighed Mrs. Brande—"I knew all the while that a girl like Katharine Vaux, so pretty and so good, and with so many chances in society, would never be contented to have a man with his way to make in the world, as my Calvert has. Poor boy! He's coming home to-night, and she a galloping over the country with George Hawley, a man old enough to be her father."

Crossing the room, Mrs. Brande stood mournfully, and slowly folding Calvert's last letter previous to putting it away.

"Well, mother!"

Two strong hands upon her shoulders, and a brown but handsome face close to hers.

She started, for he had come in softly—stolen over the threshold to surprise her, just as he had used to do when he was a little boy; and now he was a man grown—a tall, stalwart, strong-limbed young fellow as one could wish to see.

"Oh, Calvert!" she cried, putting her arms round his neck, "I'm so glad you've come."

"So am I, mother." And shaking back the heavy darkness of his clustering locks, half bashfully—

"How's Katharine?"

The widow shrunk a little; but either Calvert did not or would not notice it, and putting her motherly hand on his hair, she looked fondly yet sadly up at him, saying,

"Have you not seen you have grown, Calvert?"

"Have I?" with a little flushing of the frank, brown cheek. "Hope Katharine'll think so."

Then: "But such a little palace as I have been building, mother! All rigged up inside and out—all but the weather-vane, you know; Kathie'll lend to that. But you don't tell me how's Kathie?"

The widow's lip quivered a little; but she was by this time busy with some household task, and she pretended not to hear the question.

"Ah!" she said—"so you've got your house done?"

He ran on for a moment in reply, talking of his house; saying that he would rather be something else than a farmer if he could, and that Katharine would no doubt like it better if it could be so, but that he meant, nevertheless, to do well the work he had undertaken; and then, coming back to the one thought, asked again,

"How's Kathie lately?"

"I saw her this afternoon," said Mrs. Brande, with a stern setting of her lips.

"Oh! did you? Good girl! She promised me she wouldn't let you get lonesome." And Calvert's fine eye had a tender gleam in it.

"Katie hasn't been over this threshold in more'n three weeks," Mrs. Brande said, shortly.

Calvert looked anxious and puzzled. Then a bright smile broke into sunshine over his face.

"She's sensitive, you know, mother; and I dare say the proud little thing got afraid of coming to see Calvert's mother so much for fear of talk. Women are so foolish that way."

"Katharine Vaux is not, at all events. She staid away for a better reason than that, Calvert."

She lifted her head and looked steadily at her son.

The look had been more than the words had—more than with a vague and pained wonder.

"What do you mean, mother?" he asked in a low voice, coming toward her. "What is the reason Katharine staid away—is she sick?"

"Sick!" the widow said, contemptuously. "Not she; she never was in better health in her life—never had a merrier laugh, or a lighter heart, than since you went away. I don't believe she's thought of you half-a-dozen times since you went away, Calvert."

"Oh you, mother; she has written me more letters than that. I see how it is; you never liked Katie very well. She's a little wild, and high-strung, and—I see, mother."

"It is not that at all, Calvert. She's a most ridiculous young girl! That is, she is; and the reason she hasn't come here is, I believe, because she didn't like what I said to her about her goings-on the last time she did come."

"Kathie's what? Oh, mother!" Calvert said, almost angrily, "I told her not to mope while I was away, but to be gay, and do any thing to enjoy herself. What did you say to her, mother?"

"I gave her my opinion of her goings-on. She had no more right to do as she did than though she had been your wife all the time, and I told her so."

"Oh, mother, how could you?"

Looking at him with tender sorrow she said,

"Well, well, Calvert, we won't talk of it. Go and see Katharine for yourself."

"Why should Kathie break her promise to me? Is there any one she cares more for? I sha'n't hinder her if there is." His cheek grew pale through its bronze as he said it.

"I've an idea that there's somebody's money she likes better if she don't like him," said Mrs. Brande.

"Who is it, mother?"

"It's George Hawley!"

"Ah!"

He was standing at the window now, with his face to the street and Mrs. Brande could not see how he set his teeth as he said it, and how his eye flashed. It is bad enough to have another man win the woman you love, but to a man like Calvert Brande to find himself rivaled in the heart of the girl he worshiped by money the thought was unutterably humiliating—bitter.

Even as he stood there the music of a low, sweet laugh came trilling through the roses at the open casement, and in a moment more the same pair that Mrs. Brande had seen pass an hour before came riding slowly by, the bridles of their horses hanging loose, and their heads bent low. Hawley was bending, with a deference that was almost tender, to catch the whispered words that were for his ear alone—the sweet, bright, roguish face. Calvert saw it all—the dark floating curls, the uplifted face, the laughing eyes he had once been believ'd in six months, and now to see them thus under another's glance; his son, and clenched his hands till it seemed as though the nails would pierce the palms.

As the two came opposite—they could not see Calvert for the roses that grew at the window—Mr. Hawley moved his head nearer to Kathie's, with the emphasized with a gesture toward the house.

From even that distance Calvert could see the girl's dark eyes flash and sparkle. Then she never looked toward the house, but drew her little form up like the proud Kathie Vaux she was, and touched her horse sharply with her whip and gave Mr. Hawley a haughty little nod and dashed on.

He was by her side in a moment. And Calvert Brande, parting the rose-bushes, sprang through the window, and went trampling away—any where, so that he was where he should see his enemy and humiliation, and pain.

His *Kathie!* his Kathie! and she had written him such fond and loving letters, and had been true, and been gone; such frank, merry, loving, girlishly sweet letters, and—what falsehoods girls were. He wouldn't ever think of her again—no, not if Kathie Vaux were a lie no other woman could be true.

II.

In the low doorway of the porch at Woodbine Cottage stood Kathie Vaux that evening, little dreaming that he lover was so near. The sunset blaze was full on her face, making up a picture as one could wish to see. A deep setting of vines and blossoms framed her in, and some sprays of sweet-brier had caught in her hair, and others still drooped from her little hand and trailed beside her. June-lights were in her soft, dark eyes; and some thought, tender and bright as the young June itself, shed rare bloom upon her face as she stood.

George Hawley had just left the house, and she did not look after him. Her red-lip had curled with something very like scorn as he bowed his Good-evening to her from the road, and rode off, with his face cloudy and his brows knit. But that expressiveness had passed away now, and the fair and lovely embodiment of that June twilight, thinking of what? Calvert Brande wondered after he came toward her up the pretty flower-bordered walk.

Whatever her thought was it must have been a very entrancing one, for the low, eager whisper of his approach till he stood almost beside her. Then she turned swiftly, with an eager cry, and the flushes trooped over her face.

"Calvert Brande! Calvert Brande!" she cried, with a movement of her snowy arms that sent scarlet petals shivering about her. Then a sweet and lovingness looked out of woman's eyes they did out of Kathie Vaux's.

But for a moment Calvert would have caught her to him and sealed those tender eyes with kisses. Then coming a little to himself—there, he had seen George Hawley just passing away from Woodbine Cottage, and the sight had made him grind his teeth, and his heart had been trampling madly as he in the porch did not tranquilize him. "*He* has been standing there with her ever since he came home from that city, and she has been so unconscious of it—and while I was trying to strangle my jealousy and find excuses for her, she was looking in his eyes as she'd like to look in mine now. No, Katherine! No!" He had just said that to himself as he came up beside her, and he took the gave him, and that tenderness in the eyes that had been clinging he remembered six months ago, almost broke him cast away his anger as though it had been a serpent.

Not quite, for he recoiled as she bent toward him, and standing erect, and with folded arms before her, looked at her out of eyes hard with scorn and anger. The blushes died out of Katharine's face slowly; her arms drooped to her side again while she looked at him; and then, putting a little hand upon his shoulder as he stood upon the step below her, the girl said, faintly,

"Why don't you speak to me, Calvert?"

He thought her pallor was the pallor of a guilty and accusing conscience, and he said, speaking for the first time, and speaking scornfully, as though her deceit seemed, as it did, unutterably contemptible to him,

"If I had come a little earlier I should have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing and congratulating my successor."

Kathie understood him. She had been just enough wrong, just enough what Mrs. Brande said, during his absence, to be angry at his tone and words, which the more she deserved the less inclined was she to submit to them. Besides, Mrs. Brande had represented her in language that rankled still, and the more conjecture that she had repeated these very reproaches to Calvert was almost unendurable. He was looking at her as these thoughts passed through her mind. Her hand had dropped away from his shoulder, and color had come into her cheeks again.

I thought something terrible had happened, to come to me, that I found you in this way," Kathie said to herself; "but he is only jealous, and jealousy is a very hateful thing, and I don't deserve to be treated so at all!" and with this mood of her head Kathie broke off a spray from the vine beside her and carelessly drew it through her white fingers, while she said aloud, and without looking at him, "When did you get home, Calvert?"

"I came about three hours ago; I was at the window when you passed."

"Were you?" Her eye flashed a little, and she swept a torrent of the blossoms down with her impatient hand. She was trying to herself. He has been away from me six months, and the first word he says is an unkind one."

"She is glad to get rid of me so easy," Calvert was thinking with paling eyes, for he had looked against hope that Kathie would have something to say to herself. And Kathie, the more she thought the longer he was silent, the more hurt and angry she grew at his coldness. "Is an angry enough to—" was the thought; "but I won't. To think that he should come to me this way after so long; he might at least be right and civil, and get a say, and give me a chance for myself. I'm sure I haven't done any thing so very dreadful. But he knew well enough how I loved him, and he would not have done if Calvert had been able to see all.

"Will you come in, Calvert?" she asked, after a long pause.

"Thank you, no," Calvert Brande said, haughtily, and setting his teeth; "I only came to tell you, Kathie, that I have been a fool for me, free as the wind, that's more like you than any thing else is."

The girl's face grew deep snow, but she only drew the green leaves about it, and without lifting her white eyelids said, quietly,

"Very well, Calvert."

He raised his hat with a look at her that she could not see, and strode away down the walk with a single muttered utterance, "So that dream is dead!"

Katharine's dark eye flashed as she looked after him. "Calvert Brande!" she murmured; but even as she said it conscience smote her a little, and clasping her slender hands upon her bosom, she said almost resolved to call to him, and beg him to forgive her.

But pride forbade still, and she reassured herself that he would be glad to ready stay away from her long. He would come back if she waited, and if would be all right again then.

But he did not come back at the next day, and the next, and Katharine's heart grew heavier and heavier, till she could hardly carry it about.

The third day, at evening, she put on her hat, and stealing affrighted glances about, crept away by a path through the fields to the vicinity of the house in which Mrs. Brande lived.

There, shrouded among the trees, she stood and watched a long time, but saw no one save Mrs. Brande passing in and out. She went nearer, so that she even saw into the little sitting-room, and observed great deal, but no sign of Calvert. It still she saw no form save the widow's.

"Where can Calvert be?" she moaned to herself "If I could but see him one minute!" and then she fled away home again, thinking he might have come during her absence.

But he had not, and the next day she heard through a servant that Calvert Brande had been home and gone right away again—gone back West again.

Kathie waited for no more; seizing her hat, she stood very panting and breathless in Mrs. Brande's doorway.

The widow was sitting by the window, and as she looked up Kathie saw that she had been crying.

Kathie hesitated, her large eyes wandering over the room away from, and then back to Mrs. Brande, with a half-fierce expression. Then clinging to the door-post, and pushing back her curls with one little hand, she asked, in a low voice,

"Has Calvert been here again, Mrs. Brande?"

"Yes, he's gone," said the widow, shortly; "my boy's gone away again as quick as ever he can, I want's my fault his going though." She looked sternly through the window.

"What can you think it was mine?" questioned Katharine, timidly, advancing a little and lifting her dark eyes to Mrs. Brande, with a world of woe in their place. "That's why he went away again so soon, if you want to know.

Once such words would have angered Katharine terribly. Now she only lowered her head over her eyes, and drew paler than before. "Has he gone clear away?—he has he gone clear away West? Oh! I didn't mean to—he's him so angry as that."

"You shouldn't have done so then. Yes, he's gone back, to live alone in the house he built for you and him, and his heart was so bitter about it that he didn't even ask his old mother to go with him. You'll never find a kinder heart to love you, said, faintly, Katharine Vaux, than Calvert Brande's was."

"I know it," Katharine said, and drooped against the wall, covering her blanched face with her hands.

Mrs. Brande even was touched by the hopelessness of her tone, and the went on to tell her in her sympathy what tortures would not have wrung from her pride. "He was like a crazy man that night after he left you," she said; "he never slept a wink, and he walked the floor, tramp, tramp, all night."

Presently she added, "Some men now would be for forgiving you; but Calvert ain't one of that sort."

"But he'll forgive me—he *must* forgive me, Mrs. Brande," Katharine said, clinging to Mrs. Brande's dress; "he used to love me so, and I loved him all the time—and—and, indeed I did. I know he'll forgive me!"

The widow shook her head. "I doubt it, child. But I'm go to go to meet him somewhere on the way in a few days; he didn't ask me, but I told him I should; and he's got business on the road that'll keep him back a while for me to get ready. But you don't mind what I was going to say. I was going to say that when I see him I'll tell him how sorry you are. It won't do no good, but I'll tell him. I guess you do feel bad, and like you was the better for it. I didn't think really that you had got so much heart as that." Mrs. Brande had a great deal of heart, and the sight of Katharine's distress touched it to compassion. "It's a pity, too," she went on, "but what you and Calvert should make up. He's laid on a night's work on that house you and he was to live in. He said it would be all covered up with vines by another spring, just like Woodbine Cottage. How fellow! He won't care whether it's done now."

It was too much. Pride and resolution had kept Katharine hitherto from tears, but these last words of Mrs. Brande's were too much. She gave a wild glance around her, and, dropping upon the floor, burst into such a passion of weeping as frightened Mrs. Brande terribly. The girl's hat had fallen off, and her head, shaken by her, Mrs. Brande touched the soft bright curls and begged her not to cry. But the sad heart would not be comforted.

The poor girl had had a little conscience-smitten and self-reproachful herself. She never *had* quite liked Katharine, just as Calvert had said, and she was afraid she had been a little too proud of Woodbine Cottage. She suspected, too, with pretty good reason, that if she had not irritated him so before he saw Katharine Calvert's quarrel would not have taken place.

"But what made him most angry, Katharine," she said, "was seeing you and George Hawley ride by together, and looking so taken up with each other."

"I wasn't taken up," sobbed Kathie, "and I don't like George Hawley a bit. He tried to be very witty and clever, and I was very polite, just as we were passing the house, and I got so angry I wouldn't talk to him all the way home, and not much when we got there. He would go in, and I went off and left him to talk to father; and—and he asked me to marry him before he went away, Mrs. Brande, and I refused him, myself. That did you tell him, Kathie?"

"I told him something he didn't expect to hear. I can't tell you what it was."

"Maybe you told him you'd have him if you couldn't get Calvert," the widow said, thoughtfully.

"I *didn't!*" Katharine said, indignantly. "Calvert's worth a thousand like George Hawley, and more too."

"Well, I don't know why you need make such a secret of what you said if you ain't going to have him," Mrs. Brande said, with a lurking jealousy in her tone.

Katharine did not answer. She got up after a while and put on her hat, and, bidding the widow a tremulous "good-night," went away.

She came back the next morning with a face that blushed constantly, and had a tint of brightness in it.

Mrs. Brande was in the little back garden tying up some morning-glories when Kathie came through the house to her, and put her red lips to the widow's cheek. There was something very pleasant in the touch of those young lips. There was many more as she kissed Mrs. Brande, and though she was well aware that the kiss was more for Calvert's sake than her own, Mrs. Brande liked it, and thought, as she stole admiring glances at the lovely face, "that it was a pity but what Calvert and Kathie should make it up."

As she proceeded with her work, she said:

"It seems like lost time to tie 'em up when I'm going away so soon; but I can't bear to have my poor things dragging in the dirt and looking up at me reproachful like."

Kathie's little fingers fluttered about among the morning-glories, and she helped the widow fasten them all upon the frame, taking sometimes, but in subdued tone for her, when she looked up, as she did rarely, there was a gleam in her dark bright eyes that was half tears, half something else, that Mrs. Brande could not make out, and was a little afraid of. She understood it after a while.

"Wouldn't it be nice to go over to Ashley and tie up Calvert's vines for him before he gets back?" said Kathie, with a sly look at Mrs. Brande.

"Y—s," said the widow, hesitatingly. Somehow she suspected that speech meant more than it said.

"Mrs. Brande!" A white arm stole round her neck, and a white little hand patted her cheek. Mrs. Brande felt uneasy; but the hand was so soft and coaxing that she was not at all alarming. "Mrs. Brande, let me go with you out to Ashley, won't you?"

She lifted her eyes as she said it, and Mrs. Brande saw that the brightness that had puzzled her was a sad kind of roguery. The widow felt somehow very much shocked—pitiful, but shocked.

"Why, child," she said, bluntly, "you wouldn't go out there and ask me to have you, after all, would you?"

"I'd give him a chance to ask me, and I'd tell him how sorry I am that I treated him so."

Mrs. Brande shook her head. "I don't believe it would answer at all, Kathie. Calvert's very nice in his notions, and I don't think he'd like it at all. No, no, child; just you be patient, and I'll tell him, and I'll make it all right, if it can be made right. But I doubt it myself."

"So you won't take me with you?" said Kathie, with a queer smile, still patting the widow's cheek with her soft fingers, and looking at her out of thoughtful, dark eyes.

"I'd like to, my dear; indeed I would. I'm getting to like you wonderfully well myself. But it wouldn't do at all to take you out there with me; I wouldn't dare to do it."

"Can you tell me where to write to him, then?"

"No, I can't, my dear; and I doubt if he writes me at all. He won't feel much like writing now, poor fellow!"

"Then I'll do the other thing," said Kathie, with a half-defiant look.

"What other thing, dear?" asked Mrs. Brande. She was suspicious in her innocence tha' Kathie might mean to drown herself, or got lost in the woods, or marry Mr. Hawley, or something of that desperate sort. So her eyes opened very wide as she asked, "What other thing, dear?"

"A very sensible thing indeed, and you'll say so when you know," said Katharine, solemnly. "Good-morning, Mrs. Brande."

"What! you're not going? Well, don't do what you're thinking of, dear. I wouldn't. Just be patient a little while, and who knows what may happen? I wish you would tell me what you're going to do, Kathie, child?"

"I'll tell you when I tell Calvert, dear Mrs. Brande." And with a low laugh and her eyes full of tears, Kathie ran away.

III.

Mrs. Brande got ready in due time to follow her son. She heard, meanwhile, with some consternation and some relief, that Katharine Vaux had gone to visit some cousins in another part of the State.

"She might have come to bid me good-by, after all," she said, considerably piqued.

When she met her son afterward, at a point agreed upon previously to journey with him to Vaux Ashley, she found, at the first opportunity, to say something to him about Kathie.

"I know, mother; I won't hear a word," he said, sternly. "Her treatment of me was enough, and it don't matter how sorry she is now. A woman who could let me go so easily as she didn't care much about me, and that is the end of it. Don't mention her name to me."

Perhaps it for her pique at Kathie's not coming to say good-by Mrs. Brande would have persisted some longer. It is impossible to say or to know whether Calvert Brande would have relented if she had.

Meanwhile Katharine had got a very daring project in her small head, a project which she kept all to herself, even coaxing a suspiciously-large sum of money out of her papa, without telling him the secret.

She was not very accustomed to traveling alone, and Mr. Vaux was of the opinion that she was taking an immense amount of baggage for the shortness of the time she pretended she was going.

"Maybe it won't be so short," she replied to him. "I may take a fancy to go to the moon or to California by-the-by."

"Oh! I thought you were going to your Aunt Mayhle's," said indulgent Mr. Vaux.

"Well, I may go there," said Kathie, nonchalantly. And never suspecting that she could go any where else, Mr. Vaux saw her off, laughing, at the gate.

With very vague geographical ideas of the country she was going to, and the route to be taken to get there, Kathie yet made a pretty direct way to Ashley. She never stopped to think whether she was doing an improper thing or not. She was a spoiled child, used to having her own way and carrying out the strangest whims. She wouldn't allow herself even to imagine what Calvert would say. She got to Ashley about the last of June, and found it a new, rather pretty, and quite small country village.

She knew that Calvert's farm was on the outskirts of the town, and, with some ado, found the snug little house on which her lover had expended so much labor for her.

A charming little nest it was to0, with green grass all about it, and a grove behind it, two immense shade trees in front, and a perfect wilderness of flowers.

The windows of the house were curtainless, and peeping in, Katharine saw fresh marks of her lover's hand.

The doors were all fast, but she found a window that she could open, and, blushing guiltily, she raised it, and after much poising of herself on the window-sill, and much hesitating whether to go out or in, she got in, laughing and crying in the same breath as she stood up in the room that Calvert's loving hand had fitted up for her. It seemed almost sacrilege to stand there thus alone, and having stolen in to the Eden from which she had voluntarily expelled herself.

The rooms were all simply but very prettily furnished—carpets down in all of them excepting the snug little kitchen, the floor of which was painted, and in a corner of which stood a new cooking-stove with the wood placed in it ready to light.

Kathie sat down and cried again when she saw that. She thought he should bring his wife back with him, and he got every thing as ready as he could."

She had a long cry in a good many of the rooms, where so many things reminded her that Calvert had studied her desires.

She found that the back door fastened with a bolt on the inside, and she opened it to pass in and out.

She had found plenty of places for a woman's hand to put in order. Calvert had done his best; said a very good "best" it was. But he had been shy of asking any woman into the little household shrine he was offering to his wife (if Katharine to see it first), and he himself was but a man, and, though a very wonderful man, of course couldn't be expected to know about such matters as a woman would. Kathie went round with her deft little hand and put the finishing touch upon every thing.

She hung snowy draperies at the windows, and put some dishes in the pantry that Calvert had never thought of. There wasn't a mirror in the house till she put them there, nor a picture on the walls.

She hired a man to help her trim up the yard from the few weeks' luxuriance of grass and over growth, and she tied up the "said" vines that had begun to clamber over the walls of the house.

That was the beginning of a difficulty that no previous lien unselfless than Kathie Vaux's could have conquered.

She had been careful hitherto of being seen in her operations; and the house having been neutral tired, she had escaped observation till she went into the yard to work. The afternoon of the first day that she did that she found a man watching and helping by, and seeing what was going on stopped in some surprise.

"Hallo!" he cried, riding up to the fence, "Calvert Brande hain't come back, has he?"

The man, whose assistance Kathie had obtained, said he "didn't know nothin' about it," and gave a nod toward Kathie, who pretended not to hear.

"Well, you'll find out if you please," said the townsman, sharply. "Calvert has left the key of his house with me, and gave strict orders that I wasn't to let no one enter his house or yard during his absence. If he's come, it's mighty odd he hain't bin after the key; and if he hain't come, I should like to know, why."

Katharine heard every thing, and after an instant's frightened hesitation came forward.

The man started at the appearance of the fine that lifted itself toward him—Kathie wasn't unconscious of that; and she bewildered the man still more by looking straight at him with a pair of large, bright, darkest eyes it had ever been his lot to encounter, while she asked him, with a sufficiently demure air, after the weather.

With some stammering the man repeated what he had previously said. He stammered, but he evidently meant what he said, and Katharine had got to account for her presence there or quit the premises.

She was ready to cry with vexation. She might have told the man that she was Calvert's sister. Doubtful if he would have believed her though, even if she had not scorned to tell the lie.

Desperate emergencies call for desperate expedients. Kathie Vaux was just the rash, impulsive girl for such an emergency.

Dropping her long lashes, she watched the man from under them, while she said, gravely:

"If I had known you had the key I should certainly have been after it before now."

"Ah!" the man said, with a tolerably mystified look.

"Yes," Katharine said, with the same grave demureness, "it has been a matter of importance to me not having the key—it has really;" and her bright eyes bewildered the man again. He gave a short, embarrassed laugh, and said:

"I don't want to be impertinent, Miss, but should like to know why you're after the key?"

"My name is Vaux—Miss Vaux, Sir."

"Then you ain't Brande's sister."

"Oh dear, no! I'm just going to be his housekeeper, you know."

Katharine couldn't help blushing as she said that, and she with great difficulty kept from laughing at the man's astounded "Ah!"

"Why didn't Mr. Brande tell you where to find the key?" he asked, presently.

"It was singular, wasn't it? But he never said a word about it, nor I. We didn't either of us think of it. I dare say he can have it with you, Sir."

The man looked bewildered still, but he said he'd send the key over, and rode away, wondering what Brande wanted of such a housekeepers as that. However, he sent the key at last, and Kathie, and she or another day's interval came himself to see how things were going. He had his misgivings about letting a stranger, though a woman, step into Brande's house without better warrant than any Kathie had ever given him, when he came to think it over.

Katharine had vanished, however, probably anticipating something of the sort, and the house was locked. The man went away, and Kathie sang anxious frame of mind, and was not at all relieved when he got home and found a letter from Brande, saying he should be there the following day, and not mentioning the housekeeper.

Back he posted, and this time found Kathie, who had not expected him to come so soon. She had been expecting such news as this, however, and was prepared for it. The *complete way fraid* with which she received it relieved the man's mind some, and he went away and left her to her fate.

IV.

It was about two hours before sunset that Calvert Brande and his mother drove slowly up to the house.

He had called for the key as he came through town, and received the somewhat mystifying intelligence, from the man, that his wife had been and had left, that it was down at the house.

However, he was devoured by too many conflicting emotions to notice the trifling circumstance.

An altogether different coming home was this from the one he had pictured when he went away, and he felt the difference to his heart's core.

Here, he had thought as he unhasped the gate, Kathie would have turned toward him, with loving tears in her bright eyes, to say, "O, Calvert!" as she always did when she was glad at something he had done for her.

Had he by any possibility been unjust to Kathie? He had half a mind to write to her, and see what she would say. But no; he had trusted her to an unlimited degree, and she had carried matters so far with another man, that he had dared to ask her to be his wife (he knew that from his mother). She must have encouraged George Hawley very much, or he would never have gone so far as that; and then, hadn't she let him come away, scorned to offer him any explanation of her conduct? Oh, she hadn't any! She was married to Hawley perhaps, by this time. Hawley was rich, and he wasn't a *farmer*. Kathie didn't like farmers.

He passed upon the step, with his hand upon the door-knob. It seemed to him that he could not bear to enter into the scene of so many happy dreams, now forever blasted; for, as his mother had said, he was very unforgiving; and having lost her, he felt as if he had thought would stand all tests, he was not likely to make the first advances toward reconciliation, or to forgive easily if such were made to him.

He stood a moment, and finally, opening the door, stepped in, and without looking within, and suffered his mother to enter first.

"Why, Calvert," said Mrs. Brande, "I thought you said there was no curtains to the windows—you didn't put *them* up, I'll be bound. Calvert, I say!"

Mastering his emotion with a strong effort, Calvert entered in reply to his mother's call.

"You don't mean to tell me you did them yourself?" she questioned, pointing to the curtains that swept mowily down.

Calvert looked, and his eye lightened.

"I guess not; and he no one was to be suffered to enter here during my absence," he said, angrily. "And this is not at all as I left it!"

He passed on to the next room, noting every where the indescribable change that had come upon every thing, and noting it with an eye that flashed with surprise and anger.

The sound of a retreating footstep, light though it was, did not escape his quick ear, and he passed instantly into the next room, his cheek flushing to think that strange hands had been upon any thing in these rooms that had been so sacred to him.

No one was in the room he entered—a glance showed him that—but there was a small closet opening from it. He crossed instantly to it, wrenched opened the door, which at first slightly resisted his efforts; wrenched it open—and started back as though a heavy blow had fallen at his feet!

A but too familiar form was that drooping there and drooping so low that the soft, bright curls trailed the floor.

Poor Kathie had kept her courage very well until almost the last moment. Many a time, as something like a realization of what she had done came over her, she was ready to fly, to leave the house and Ashley; but the memory of her unwomanly conduct always, laughed at her own weakness, and staid. When she saw them drive up to the gate, however, every particle of courage suddenly left her.

She had never planned how she should meet him; she had vaguely meant to tell him all, how wrong she had been, and to ask to forgive her. Of course he wouldn't be able to resist such an appeal as that; and she had imagined how romantic it would all be.

But now from a point suddenly to drop from her eyes, and she saw herself, when it was too late, convicted before the man whose loving esteem she prized above all else convicted before him of a course so forward and unmaiden that it would be impossible for him to offer any thing but despise her all the days of his life hereafter.

Mrs. Brande, who had followed close beside Calvert, understood, and put a glance, and only a look of deprecation at her son—shocked as she was herself—passed between him and poor shrinking Kathie.

"Go out, Calvert, please, and leave her to me," she said.

Calvert Brande hesitated a moment, and then, with a strange light in his eyes, and a grave sweetness settling about his mouth, he said, gently, "Come, mother, you must go, too, and leave to the door.

"Don't be hard on her, poor thing; don't be hard on her, Calvert!" Mrs. Brande said.

But he only looked steadily at her, and shut the door.

Going back to Kathie, though she shrunk and would not lift her head, he took her quite up in his strong arms and went and sat down.

He does not seem to be afraid to let her hide hers yet a little while he questioned,

"What does all this mean, Kathie?"

No answer.

"Does it mean that you love me?"

She tried to writhe away from him, and would have knelt upon the floor, but he held on, crying:

"It means shame, humiliation, self-reproach, all unhappy things for poor Kathie! I wasn't satisfied with what I had to offer you to make you hate me, and I had to come here. I was mad to come, I know it now. Let me go, Calvert, let me go!"

But he held her and would not let her go. Forcing her face to uncover itself to him, he read an instant through all its humiliation and scarlet shame the old reverence he had for Kathie Vaux. And then he kissed the little face several times gently, and let her hide it in a strange and rapturous wonder upon his shoulder.

It was long before he could make her entirely comprehend that he loved her just as much as ever, and a great deal more.

"After this, too?" she questioned.

"After this," he said, smiling: "it was a wild, strange thing to do, but it was just like Kathie Vaux to do it; and while I disapprove—because she did it out of love for me—because I should not have her here in my arms now if she had not done just as she has—I am glad."

They had no other explanation than that. Calvert Brande had not reason to forgive, but he was fairly taken by surprise, and in a weak moment when his heart was tender with memories of her.

One day, when they had been married some weeks, Mrs. Brande suddenly brightening up, said,

"I declare I had forgotten! Kathie, you never told me what answer you made George Hawley; and seeing you made such a secret of it, I should like to know what it was."

Kathie colored, and glanced at her husband.

He only smiled. He could afford to smile now at mention of George Hawley or George Hawley's money.

Kathie hesitated so long, however, that it made him curious.

"Well, what was it?" he asked.

Kathie stole a hand within his and said, bashfully,

"He said something while we were out riding, about Calvert being nothing but a farmer. It made me angry at the time, and when he asked me as they I would not marry him, I said I was going to marry Calvert Brande, if he were nothing but a farmer."

Mrs. Brande said "Oh!" with some significance, and Calvert put to his lips the little hand that nestled in his, and whispered, "My darling!"

LOVE AND WAR.

I.

He stooped and kissed her again and again—
Oh, it was hard for the two to part!
Her tears fell fast as the summer rain,
And her bosom heaved with its weight of pain
As he held her to his heart.

She watched him pass down the village street,
Where the elm-trees cast cool lines of shade,
Moving along in the ranks while beat
The echoing fifes, on the mountain of feet
Kept time with the tune it played.

Oh, lovers, now is your time to kiss!
Kiss and embrace while yet you may,
For there comes an end to all human bliss;
Ah, never was cruel war like this!
Which darkens our land to day!

II.

See flash from afar those tongues of fire!
Hark to the din of the savage fight!
They summon our maid, and yet she cannot sire
That through the battle's terrible ire
Great God will defend the Right!

The sunset's gold in the burning west
Is deepening now to twilight's rod;
And fades the light on the mountain's crest,
While down in the vale, where the shadows rest,
Sleep the suburied dead.

And one is there whose unconscious eye
Seems with wonder fixed on the evening star;
No more shall his heart breathe a fond "good-by,"
Nor burn with a lover's ever new sigh—
And this is Love and War!

THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.

We give on page 284 a sketch of the horrible Massacre at Fort Pillow. The annals of savage warfare furnish no parallel to the cold-blooded, fiendish butchery than this, perpetrated by the representatives of the "superior civilization" of the States in rebellion. It can not be wondered at that our officers and soldiers in the West are determined to avenge, at all opportunities, the cold-blooded murder of their comrades; and yet we can but contemplate with pain the savage practices which rebel inhumanity thus forces upon the service. The account of the massacre as telegraphed from Cairo is as follows:

On the 12th inst. the rebel General Forrest appeared before Fort Pillow, and Colonel Columbus Lowenstein, finding it with considerable vehemence. This was followed up by frequent demands for its surrender, which were refused by Major Booth, who commanded the fort. The fight was then continued for about 3½ h., when Major Booth fell dead, and the rebels, in large numbers, swarmed over the intrenchments. The fort was then comparatively few of our men had been killed; but immediately upon occupying the fort the rebels commenced an indiscriminate butchery of the whites and blacks, including the wounded. Both white and black were shot down in cold blood, even dead bodies were horribly mutilated, and children of seven and eight years, and several negro women killed in cold blood. Soldiers unable to speak from wounds were shot dead, and those who could plead were thrown into the river. The dead and wounded negroes were piled in heaps and burned. Men and women, children, were hunted out for protection, were killed or wounded. Out of the garrison of six hundred only two hundred escaped alive. Three hundred of those massacred were negroes; five were buried alive. Two negroes were nailed to the walls, and carried off, including two 16-pound Parrotts, and two 12-pound howitzers. A large amount of stores was destroyed or carried away.

THE WAR IN GEORGIA.

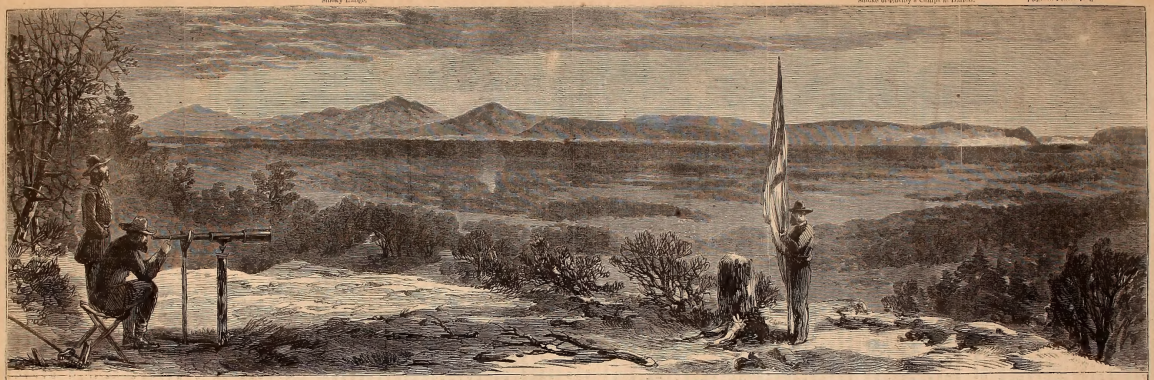
We give on page 285 a view of a Signal-Station of the Army of the Cumberland, whose advance is at Ringgold, Georgia. This town was formerly a place of considerable importance, but is now a scene of desolation and ruin. The mills, factories, and store-houses are a mass of ruins, having been destroyed during the retreat of the rebel army.

Of his sketch, Mr. Theodore R. Davis writes:

"From the Signal-station of Captain Howgate on the Ridge which was so gallantly carried by the troops of General Hooker just after the Lookout and Mission Ridge fight, the smoke of the various camps of the rebel army near Dalton can be clearly seen. The dark mountain in the distance, on occasional picket, and Buzzard's Roost—the Gap at which the late reconnoissance ended—are also visible, as presented on the right of the sketch. As showing the rugged nature of the country in which our Western army has operated with such distinguished success, and something of the nature of the signal-service, our illustration has a marked interest.

Ringgold, of which we also give a view, is positively nearer the centre of the Confederacy than any other point now occupied by our troops.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.—[See Page 283.]



THE ADVANCE SIGNAL-STATION NEAR RINGGOLD, GEORGIA.

RINGGOLD, GEORGIA.—[See Page 283.]

REFUSED!

"Nor yours the fault," you say—not yours?—
You women keep some bitter cura
For our proud spirits. How I long
To think you have not done me wrong.
Believe me, this is half my pain
To feel I can not give again
Respect and trust, which were your due
When I believed you wholly true!

The words of love you said one day,
"You meant the next day to unsay.
And if I thought of them—what then
I must in fealty like other men:
Must learn to woo is not to win:
That women's falsehoods are not sin:
Must lear what other hearts have borne:"
—I give you, lady, scorn for scorn!

It was for love I vainly sued!
It was a woman that I vowed!
Not something in a woman's guise,
To make my trusting heart a prize—
Rejoice to feel me in her power—
Play with me, vow to for an hour,
Then fling it down, with cruel jest,
And mocking scorn at my request!

No! it was something kind and true
I fancied that I saw in you!
Before a high ideal shrine
I laid this human love of mine.
I woke to find that shrine a dream—
That maidens are not what they seem.
Henceforth I, too, will share their mirth,
And take their love for what it's worth!

LOVE AND ENTERPRISE.

So small a thing as the scratch of a nail sometimes affects the history of a lifetime.

We had ridden all day at a smart pace, passing only now and then in the shade of wayside forest stretches to breathe our horses, jaded and worn by long travel. We had set out, with high hopes and resolute purpose, to inflict a blow at the very vitals of the Confederacy; and under Grierson's gallant lead we had, so far, swept every thing before us, scattering in dismay the bands of rebel troopers marshalled to retard our progress, and leaving on every side the evidences of our avenging presence. Inspired by success, running over with the love of adventure, crowded along—past thrifty fields, past scattered houses with affrighted inmates peering from door and window, past villages too contemptible for notice—singing, laughing as we rode, careless of present danger, indifferent altogether to the probable hazards of the future.

While, above all, we had so far been successful at all points, we had not escaped conflict and slight loss. At several points in our excursion we had been charged upon, and while many of the enemy had been made to bite the dust, a few of our own gallant troopers had been left to keep them company on the field. But notwithstanding all this we swept gayly forward, spreading terror every where, even with smiles on our faces and laughter on our tongues.

We had ridden smartly all day long and when in the twilight a detachment of us were sweeping into Enterprise, Mississippi, to the left of the route pursued by the main column. We knew the enemy had concentrated there in some force; but that only heightened our interest in the place, and with firm and steady columns we charged straight into the town. Before we had a half dozen shots we had fought and vanquished the rebels, and, with our horses pricked to the streets, were foraging for such cheer as we could obtain from the inhabitants. In the main, they were by no means the hospitable people we had expected to find them; but we managed, notwithstanding their coolness, to make ourselves very comfortable, taking some liberties, it must be confessed, which probably a strict construction of army regulations would hardly have permitted.

But we could not loiter long—it was a long way yet to Baton Rouge—so, after resting our horses and refreshing ourselves, we prepared to mount and be off. I had taken supper just on the edge of the town, with an aunt and his daughter, occupying a neat little house, and had been treated with great kindness. I said my adieux, therefore, in my very politest style, and started for my horse, out of my comrades having already mounted. But I was to ride no more that time, under Grierson's banner, lead. As I leaped toward my horse, in my haste to join my comrades, a nail projecting from the side of the gate caught my coat. Stooping hurriedly and with a sort of blind impatience to extricate myself from the annoying duress, another sharp point struck me straight under the eye, and with a howl of pain I fell back stunned and bleeding, being blind indeed, for the moment, from the agony of my hurt.

An hour after, opening my eyes, I found myself in a pleasant little room lying on a faded lounge, with the old man whose hospitality I had shared sitting by me. A candle, standing on a table, gave a feeble light, which made my face seem spectral in the little looking-glass just opposite.

In a moment I comprehended the "situation," and inquired, nervously,

"Where are my comrades? Have they all gone?"

"Yes, an hour ago."

"And left me here all alone?" Then in a moment I added, fretfully, "And among enemies?"

"All alone, Sir, but not among enemies. They didn't know, perhaps, you were not with them. It was dark, and they didn't move in much order. Then, as if to reassure me, he continued: "But you needn't be afraid, Sir; we'll take care of you."

"But my horse," I said; "what has become of him?"

"I cut him loose and let him go some time ago; it would be a bad case for any of the neighbors to have found him picketed before my door. No doubt he has followed the others."

Here was a fix indeed. Left alone, half blind, with a stinging pain in my face and eyes, with not a loyal man, probably, in all the town, liable at any moment to be taken out by some gang of rebel cannibals, and hung up, or quartered, or buried alive. I had started to ride through the bowels of the Confederacy to Baton Rouge, but I was likely only to ride into the bowels of some rebel Hades.

The old man evidently comprehended my thoughts.

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness," he said. "We haven't forgotten the old flag in *this* house;" and a glow came over his face, "and we will be glad to keep all harm from one of its defenders! June!"

"Here, father!" and a moment after the daughter stepped into the room. I looked at her more carefully now that I was likely to be her guest for a season. She was a round, rosy little body, with clear black eyes and thick wavy hair falling over her face, and a soft, cheery tone in her voice that was like music.

"June," the old man said, as she came into the room, "where is the flag?"

She slipped out a moment, and then, coming softly back, held out to the father a little flag with all the stars upon it. He fondled it a moment.

"We have kept it, Sir," he then said, "hidden away out of sight for two long years. I look at it every morning before I go out; it keeps fresh in my heart the memory of the good old times before treason had tried to blot out its stars. You see, friend, you will be safe with us if you will only keep out of sight.

Well, I was safe for a time—safe from the rebels, civilians and soldiers, swarming all around us, but not safe from the little minx, Jane Weston, who sat with me every afternoon in the little upper room where they had stowed me away. My eye was too much inflamed to permit of my reading, so Jane read to me an hour or so every day. Of course I fell very soon in love. I hadn't any thing else to do, in fact; and if I had been ever so busily employed, I couldn't have kept my heart from making "that" result! It pleased me to observe Jane saw at last what state I was in, and grew shy and reserved. Then I grew more enthusiastic, and she alarmed at that. I just took her one day in my arms, told her I loved her from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot; that I couldn't ever fight another day for the Union if she did not consent to be my wife; and, strange to say, the sly little creature, overcoming her reserve, accepted my right out, saying, roguishly,

"Not for your own sake, John—I only take you on patriotic grounds, as a brave soldier to the country—for no other reason, I assure you."

Of course I had my revenge for this imperti nence; that is to say, I thought I had.

Late one afternoon the old man—his name was James Weston—came hurriedly home with a troubled look.

"Somehow," he said, "it has been found out that you are here, and I have been threatened with the house over my head for giving you shelter, and to hang you forthwith."

I had always expected to be discovered sooner or later, and the old man's communication did not startle me.

"All we have to do, then," I said, "is to leave at once."

"That is easier said than done," he replied. "Pickets are every where, and it will be impossible to get away."

But I thought differently, and after a time with many tears, the father and daughter determined to attempt with me to reach our lines. How much it cost them to abandon their home and all the precious belongings, to turn their faces toward a strange land and people only those who have suffered as they have can know. I can only say that was more than estate, and *that* was in peril every hour they remained.

That night we stole out under a starless sky, and with such light effects as we could carry, set our faces Northward. Patrols were all around us, but I dodged them all, by the aid of my guide, and we traveled on, following unfrequented roads, sleeping often in forests and fields, telling such tales as we could in the daytime to every one we met. Finally, with poor Jane half wild with fever, reached the Tennessee, crossed over in a scow found ready on the bank, and, in the midst of a thunder-storm, that rolled with the noise of a thousand guns along the heights of Lookout, came into Chattanooga.

There, very soon, kindly hands soothed our weariness, nursed Jane into health, and rubbed from our eyes all the dust and stain of our long journey. Then, one day, I said to Jane,

"We are under the old flag now, darling; I am ready to become its defender again; shall we be married?"

With a blush she said Yes: and a week after we stood up before a chaplain, and with General Thomas looking on as a witness, were married; the flag hanging over us, its stars seeming to shine down with benedictions upon our union.

Thus it was that the scratch of a nail got me a wife, and as fair and sweet a wife as any soldier ever won.

Three months ago, when Sherman dashed into the heart of Mississippi, pushing columns in every and arteries, and one day paid his compliments to the town of Enterprise, I rode with others in the van. Old James Weston's house I found standing unmolested still, though weeds were growing thriftily about its door, and disorder appeared every where. They told me a rebel colonel occupied it now as his own; but I managed to save it from destruction, thinking that perhaps some day, when Mississippi is wholly redeemed, the rightful owner may return and set up his altars afresh, with grandchildren of the name of Smith prattling to him as the years grow old.

Already one grandchild is his, for only last week he wrote from the Rapidan, announcing that my dear ones abide, "A fat, bouncing boy dropped into Jane's arms yesterday; and she says his name is to be Enterprise Smith."

My name is John Smith. But Enterprise and a rusty nail gave me a wife; and it is only fair that my boy, crowing in his mother's arms away up there in Vermont, should be called Enterprise Smith, in memory of the day that brought me my fate. Besides, the name may serve him as capital when he comes to man's estate.

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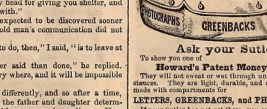

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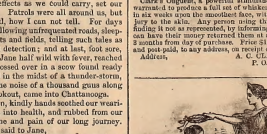

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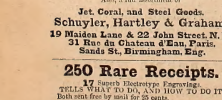

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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UNION SCOUTS IN LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 294.]

OUR DEAD ARMIES.

Two hundred thousand rank and file are they,
Under the Captains of fulfilled renown,
Led to immortal triumph since the day
On which they won the hero's perfect crown.

They march in silent lines compact and strong,
Unfreighted from all human deeds and deed;
No mortal trembers through faint pulses throng
In the unshrinking armies of the dead.

No straggler sinks away in pallid fear,
No ashy smells before the battle day—
No mixed and broken columns throng the rear
When on the front war's booming engines play.

They are invincible in hand and heart;
Before his final victory is sure:
From elbow-touching comrade none shall part—
None shall the after-thirst of wounds endure,

No cry for help from front ranks pressed and sore
Rises above the storm of fire and hail;
They hold gaps forward post forevermore,
And no supports are needed lest they fail.

The fortresses they guard shall never yield
To gnawing famine or to bursting shell;
No widening breach shall ever be unsealed,
No pallid flag its tale of shame shall tell.

They ask no furlough ere the next campaign;
Through the dark winter hours of storm and frost,
Fixed as the earth's foundation they remain,
The whole two hundred thousand, at their post.

Their term of service with no time expires;
The hidden future need shall see them stand
With changeless front to guard the altar fires
Set up to Freedom on a ransomed land.

Oh, Armies of the Dead! In tears and pain
They were enlisted for the eternal years,
To keep humanity's fair name from stain,
To lay forever all its rising fears.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1864.

UNION FOR UNION.

THERE are three classes of persons engaged in manufacturing opinion hostile to the Union Convention called at Baltimore. They are the enemies of the American Government and human liberty known as Copperheads. Second, the declared opponents of Mr. LINCOLN'S nomination in any case whatever. This class calls the Baltimore call "insolent" and criticises the Administration with all the acridity of the fiercest rival politician. Third, the class which is wholly devoted to the country and to liberty, but is dissatisfied with the influences that surround the President, and are persuaded that MR. SEWARD and MR. BLAIR are almost as dangerous to the good cause as JEFFERSON DAVIS or LEE. This class wishes the Convention had been postponed until after General GRANT has fought, and, in any case, asks that the terms of the call may be so changed as to include War Democrats and all other loyal Union men.

As to the first part of their objection, it is clear that under no circumstances whatever could the policy of a man like the President be altogether agreeable to them. It will always be a more cautious and patient policy than they approve. The practical point, therefore, for them to decide is, whether, looking at the whole course of his administration, the cause will be imperiled by its continuance; or whether, all the circumstances considered, any other man known to us is more likely than he to accomplish the great work. If they know such a man, clearly it is their duty to persuade the country to adopt him. If they merely wish that there were such a one, do not the times require something else than expressions of regret and dissatisfaction? If they believe the continued influence of MR. SEWARD and MR. BLAIR in the Cabinet to be detrimental to the country, let the attack upon those gentlemen be made openly, fairly, and incessantly. But let it be based upon facts, and not upon rumors nor bald assertions. Where the President is personally not the cause is injured by any of his advisers, and that public opinion demands their removal, we are very sure they will be removed. But a dumb dissatisfaction is of no use. Why should a few men go to Washington and privately decry any secretary to the President? The public has a right to know, at such a time as this, why any great change is made in high public officers, and therefore the discussion should be as open as possible. The treatment of General BUTLER was formerly one of the chief charges against what was called the influence of MR. SEWARD. Well, MR. SEWARD remains, and General BUTLER declares himself to be entirely satisfied with his present treatment. We are not defending MR. SEWARD nor denouncing him; but our friends ought to bear in mind that it is very easy to overestimate the influence of an obnoxious person.

Now in the matter of the call to the Convention. It is surprising that any man who has carefully read it should call it narrow, partisan, or exclusive. It is as comprehensive as patriotism, and as little tainted by party-spirit. Indeed we do not understand how a better call could have been issued. It is addressed to "all qualified voters who desire the unconditional maintenance of the Union, the supremacy of the Constitution, and the complete suppression of the existing rebellion, *with the same thereof*, by vigorous war, and *all apt and efficient means*." Such voters are requested to elect delegates, "in this and in all other districts where loyal Union man can stand, Generals BUTLER and DIX, MR. DICKINSON and Senator JOHNSON equally with General FRÉMONT and BANKS, MR. WEED and Senator HOWARD." How could it be simpler, broader, better?

Every man who wishes to see good popular rights established in all the States, and the final overthrow of the oligarchical spirit which generated the rebellion, and is a perpetual insurrection against our national institutions and freedom, is invited to take part in the elections to the Convention by the very terms of the call, "the complete suppression * * * of the cause of the rebellion." Its complete suppression is its total destruction by the establishing of equal rights. To change the form of the call to "all who are in favor of the people against an aristocracy" does not change its nature, nor make it broader or stronger. It is already addressed to those very persons and to none other. It certainly is not addressed to gentlemen like the SEYMOURS, VALLANDIGHAM, the WOODS, LONG, and HARRIS, nor to JEFFERSON DAVIS and his Confederates. But to every loyal Union man who wishes to establish peace upon equal liberty it is addressed with a directness that he can not avoid.

And how is it a party call? It is issued, indeed, by the Chicago Committee; but that is a necessity of the case. That Committee is the recognized representative, in a great mass of voters, and speaks by their authority. And by that authority a party platform is repudiated altogether. Had a few gentlemen of the several late political organizations combined in a call, it would have had the force of their personal influence, but it could not have had the weight—if they had been by consent of the voters, their representatives. And it is obvious that at this time the fact of the late party ties of the Committee is of no importance when it is seen that the entire absence of partisan character in their call. They propose nothing but the salvation of the country by every possible means, specifying the destruction of slavery as one of them. Can this, in candor, be stigmatized as a party call or a narrow call? Is there a loyal citizen of whom the least possible amount of the true enemies of the rebellion to refrain from hypercriticism upon the terms of a call which was intended and is framed to include every earnest and unconditional Union man in the country?

The Union men are unquestionably the mass of the people of the United States. They must not forget that every spring and autumn the elections are not unanimous. They must remember that last November Pennsylvania was carried by less than twenty thousand majority for the Union, and that if the summer campaign in the field is unsuccessful we shall need all our unity and all our patriotism to the November when will ensue. Let us seek, then, rather for grounds of union than of difference. We can not all be satisfied with everything. Shall we not take counsel of our patience and faith in justice and the people rather than of impatience and distrust?

THREATS.

IT is a very important question how far the menaces of refusal to abide by the nomination of the Union Convention at Baltimore which are uttered by the immediate friends and supporters of General FRÉMONT are authorized by him. Has General FRÉMONT interests different from those of the country? Is his nomination so essential to the national cause that the cause itself may be risked in order to secure it? We are unwilling to believe that he would acknowledge it. We do not willingly aware that he privately and publicly asserted that he means to be a candidate in any case; that those who declare their intention under no circumstances to vote for MR. LINCOLN, are to be considered to use the name of FRÉMONT as their rallying cry; and that his continued silence under such circumstances is to be taken for his acquiescence. Certainly if General FRÉMONT should declare that he means to abide by the decision of the Convention, he would neither decrease the favor of the Convention toward him nor the respect with which so many Union men, who intend to support the Baltimore nomination, have been encouraged to regard him.

Those who speak in his name repudiate the action of the Union Convention in advance, because they declare that it will not represent the people, but the politicians; and they propose to obviate this difficulty by calling another Convention. *Quis custodiet custodes?* How is the new Convention to be purged of politicians? These gentlemen object that the Baltimore Convention will be packed to nominate MR. LINCOLN. And what is their remedy? To pack another at Cleveland to nominate General FRÉMONT. But which is the more promising alternative?—an unpledged assembly called to nominate the best candidate, whoever he may be, or one which is called to defeat the nomination of a certain candidate? The friends of General FRÉMONT have as fair a chance to send delegates to the Baltimore Convention as the friends of any other candidate; and when they declare that they will have nothing to do with it, they say very frankly that, as they can not hope to control it, they will repudiate it.

If this is the spirit which animates them—if the interests of one man are dearer to them than the welfare of the country—if they are seriously resolved to rend the nominations of the Union Convention, if it should not be that of their favorite, and to bring a third candidate into the field, the inevitable consequence which may befall the country in consequence will be justly attributable to them. When the order relieving General FRÉMONT of the command of the Western Department reached him in camp near Springfield, Missouri, more than a hundred officers came to his tent, threw their swords upon the ground, and declared their intention to retire with him. "Take up your swords, gentlemen," said FRÉMONT; "remember that you are not soldiers of a cause, nor of a man." Has the General himself now ceased to be the soldier of a cause?

RELUCTANT JUSTICE.

THE Senate has at length done its duty in providing for the equal payment of the colored troops, and the full fulfillment of the promises made by authority to those already enlisted. The House ought not to delay for a day to agree to the bill. For nothing is clearer than that the policy of employing colored troops should be renounced altogether, or that we should treat them honorably. Professor PECK, of Oberlin College, who has investigated the condition of these troops on the Atlantic coast, reports that the difference of pay between them and white soldiers is rapidly demoralizing them. Chaplain CONWAY writes to the same effect. At PORT ESPERENZA, in Texas, a colored battalion of the Fourteenth Rhode Island Artillery refused to receive their pay, and declared themselves out of the service; and the sad case of Sergeant WALKER in Florida, who was shot because he would not submit to be put on the authority of the United States, is fresh in our memories, and will always be shameful for our name. And while we refuse to treat them with justice, probably the rebels massacre them like dogs. The rebel conduct is fiendish, but at least it is consistent. If men, because they are of a certain color, may justly be deprived of liberty and all the other rights of human nature, they may certainly be deprived of life at the will of their captors. Indeed, humanity, the most shocking inhumanity, are to be expected in a people who have been unfortunately bred under the slave system. But we have the right to require manliness and honor and justice of those who have been more fortunate. Shall we sacrifice the good name of our native land to the indulgence of a wretched prejudice?

"Well," says some reader, "I think they had better be paid—but what a pity that we had to call upon the Negro to do it!" Why so? Why should the Government be dearer to any one class of citizens than to another? When it is threatened why should not the call for its defense be universal? We don't think it a pity to call in the aid, as soldiers, of foreigners of every race; why is it so that native Americans of every tint should be discriminated? The result is only an evidence of the far-reaching taint of the slavery from which our troubles spring. For, except for the slavery, the hundreds black men as pariahs, it would be as natural, and as much of course, that they should fight for the Government which protected their rights in common with all others, as that Germans and Norwegians should fight together for France, or Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Yorkshiremen for England.

Of all the nations which contend with the earlier days of the war were rife none was more ludicrously silly than the exclusion, "Well, a white man can't go down this rebellion if he had better succeed." It might as wisely have been said, "If the men with pug noses, or red whiskers, or who are five feet high, or the bluest eyes, or who have mustaches, can't suppress it, it had better not be suppressed." The spirit which makes this kind of discrimination is one which entirely apprehends the character of our Government. It is not a Government of any class of men whatever, but of all the people, of every descent, complexion, or race they may be. The great object of the United States is the cause of human nature, said JAMES MADISON, speaking for the Continental Congress. And in the inaugural address of the PRESIDENT, just published by LIPPINCOTT, MR. JOHN C. HAMILTON records with emphasis the well-known sentiments of WASHINGTON: "All men have one common original: they participate in one common nature, and consequently have one common right." His son said editor adds, "He meant the whole human race, and looked to the emancipation of the blacks as part of the great sacrifice to be laid by the side of Christ upon the altar of freedom." If we had always believed and acted as the fathers of our Government believed we should have had no war. Long ago the purely arbitrary distinctions between citizens would have been destroyed. And when we fully believe our own principle, and bring the Government to conform, we shall have permanent and prosperous peace, and not before.

ART CRITICISM.

LAST week we welcomed the art criticisms of the *Tribune* for their sincerity and ability, however we might differ with the judgments they expressed. This week we wish to speak of the utterly unfair way in which those criticisms have been attacked. They use the plainest opinions of pictures founded upon principles plainly stated, and they are denounced as "personal injuries." The critic is insulted, if not threatened, in private speech and in published communications, for a faithful performance of his duty. But the insult is addressed to every man who discusses art quite as much as to the individual critic, and every journalist ought to take up the gage thus truculently thrown down.

The only open question in this whole matter is, whether there has been any personal attack made by the critic; a question which the most exasperated artist will not dare to answer in the affirmative. Their names are used merely as representatives of familiar things, as we say "a Titian," "a Raphael," "a Teniers." When, for instance, the critic says that the promise of MR. KENSETT is fading away in such pictures as the October AMERICAN from Lake George and the Massachusetts Coast, you may not agree with him; but it is perfectly clear that he in no more insulting MR. KENSETT than if he should say that he thought MR. FARREN had a truer eye for nature than MR. KENSETT. And even if there had been personality in the criticism, probably the account has been balanced by the petulant, and contemptuous, and, we must add, contemptible personality of the rejoinders.

But what right has the critic to write as he does? Simply the right that every man has to express his opinions. If he have insufficient knowledge—if he be merely presumptuous, shallow, and conceited, he writes himself down an ass as much and as emphatically than any one else can write him by calling him so. If you ask what right he has to have an opinion, you ask a question not worth an answer. Or, again, if you demand what he knows of pictures, the reply is, that the articles themselves answer. If they show that he knows nothing, why all the exasperation? MR. LUETZE, for instance, paints a picture of Washington Crossing the Delaware. He has thought upon his subject, he has studied and practiced his art. His picture may be assumed to be the result of long reflection and preparation. His critic has not and otherwise, because he is convinced that so it ought to be. Now, is it conceivable that, if the artist be correct in his conception and execution, the picture is work is to lose in reputation because somebody who knows nothing looks at it and says, "It is all false?" If the artist be so profoundly conscious that he should be before painting that or any picture that it is all true, are he or his friends likely to be more than amused or interested if some ignorant pronounces it unnatural in conception and extravagant in execution?

Or is nobody to express an opinion of pictures except painters themselves? The same rule must then be applied to all other arts. Only poets must criticise poetry; only musicians music. MOTLEY only may be allowed to criticise BANCROFT. BRYANT must be the sole critic of LONGFELLOW. But if any one has often listened to music in the company of musicians, or if he recalls what he may have heard painters say of each other's pictures, he can readily fancy whether criticism would be gentler if it were confined in every art to experts in that art. Are pictures made for painters or for the public? Do poets sing for poets or for the world? Why are the works of the year annually exhibited in the National Academy if it be not that their merits may be judged by the public taste? Has a man no right to be look at the present EMERSON, or prefer MCENTEE to GIFFORD, or GIFFORD to COLE, or COLE to HUBBARD, or HUBBARD to COLEMAN, or COLEMAN to any body else? Let us not too strongly condemn the spirit which has been displayed in the rejoinders to the *Tribune* criticisms, if it were a mortal offense in a critic to say that CHURCH is not a great painter and that FARREN is: that LAFARGE is untrue to nature and HENNESSY true.

But it is not unkind, you ask, to speak of any man as HENNESSY and DELAMARTER? Is it unkind of us to praise artists? They are denied every kind of excellence. Very well, grant that it is unpleasant; but what is the way to avoid unpleasantness? Is it to declare that gentlemen of such unblemished lives and amiable characters must necessarily paint true pictures or to show that they do not paint so? We are very sure of the answer both of the gentlemen named would give to the question. They would say that neither of them had ever made a positive claim to praise, and that, as artists, they must be judged by their works. They would say that PETER HAYNE was a kindred art—as indeed every artist always stands, at the mercy of any man who can show that their reputation is unfounded.

Let once more, we shall be asked if it is not ungenerous in any man to spoil another man's market for his wares? Here, we are told, are some young artists who club together, and hope to realize a pretty sum by the sale of their studies and pictures, and on the very eve of the sale an adverse critic, with a knowing air, in a leading paper, declaring that the pictures are unworthy the gentlemen who offer them for sale. Are gentlemen of honor, who are not very sure of their own taste, are shamed—and they refrain from buying lest they should make themselves ridiculous. In this, we are asked, not father hard upon young artists who, in any case, have no very easy path to tread? Now surely this is not on honorable question for the friends of the artists to put, since it implies that the pictures would, except for the criticism, have been sold under a misapprehension. Do the artists wish higher prices paid for their works than they are fairly worth, and

how is that worth to be established but by a frank expression of opinion? Are authors also to be allowed to protest against adverse criticism, because it injures the sale of their books? If, indeed, a man paints a picture as a piece of furniture, and merely wishes to get the highest price he can for it, without regard to its intrinsic value or to the intelligence of the purchaser—counting, indeed, upon the ignorance of the latter—he must be held to prostitute his art, and be judged accordingly. But in that case the intelligent buyers have a right to protest. They may justly ask why the market should be spoiled by the high prices of poor wares. Every man who is sincerely interested in the elevation of art and the consequent refinement of society, is also interested in that the prices of pictures, so far as possible, shall have some relation to their excellence.

In fact, the whole discussion comes to this single plain point—shall there be any criticism of pictures whatever? If there may be, who shall criticise—the painters, their friends, their enemies, or the spectator? If it be allowed that the spectator may be the critic, the question of his competency can not be arbitrarily determined; it can be settled only by the criticism itself. If this assails traditions in art and traditional reputations, it is not confounded by an equally strong statement of opposing principles, but it can not be evaded by personal contempt and indignation. For it should be remembered that every man who attacks any established reputation does so at the risk of ruining himself. We all know that there has been really very little art criticism in this country at any time, and we ought to welcome heartily any effort to it, however mistaken we may believe the philosophy to be upon which it is founded. For it gives us the opportunity of knowing both what we ought not to be the true philosophy, and of establishing the works of our favorites upon clearly defined grounds. The criticisms in the *Tribune* are evidently the result of careful study and profound interest in art. They are personally aggressive, and evidently wholly sincere. We do not agree with them altogether; but then, on the other hand, the critic does not probably agree with us. And if there is any pointer who can not read them without indignation, we beg him humbly never to show another picture. For all the signs show that criticism as an art is beginning in this country, and "Notices of Pictures" are hereafter to be something else than a weak wash of complacent

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."

THIS is the title of DICKENS's new novel, the first part of which will appear in the *June* number of *Harper's Magazine*. There has been a good deal of comment upon the title, for it is assumed that the author must know that the phrase is ungrammatical and absurd, and that he has a special purpose in using it. It is hardly possible that he ambitions of fame a sanction, and one of the most unfastidious of writers, it seems that the phrase could not have escaped unchallenged if it had been a slip of the pen. Yet it is so common an error, and DICKENS is so far from being an exact or dainty writer, that there is some reason for supposing that he has made a mistake. Mutual is a word implying reciprocity. Mutual friendship is the feeling entertained by two persons each for the other. A and B are mutual friends. C is their common friend. WEBSTER says that the word mutual may be used also in addition to numbers acting in concert. But the only true standard of language is elegant contemporary use, and that condemns the phrase mutual friend as applied to a third person.

But whatever may be the dispute about the title there is likely to be very little about the story itself. The power and fertility of the author are here unsurpassed. There seems to be no exhaustion or even weariness upon his part. We know that there are readers who can not feel the old charm in his new works. But fortunately for our own enjoyment we are not of them, and we believe that he will find few among the multitude of his audience. We look for "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND" with the same eagerness that the readers of "Ivanhoe" looked for the next work by the author of "Waverley."

CAPTAIN SPEKE'S BOOK.

THIS elaborate and amply illustrated journal (just published by HARPER & BROTHERS) is the account of the solution of one of the greatest, most interesting, and longest hidden geographical problems, the source of the Nile. Whether Captain SPEKE is entitled to the credit of the theory of the rise of the Nile in the Lake Nyanza, is a question which DEASE will always dispute. But there can be no question whatever that he was the first explorer known to us who actually beheld the lake and the stream in question. His work must take its first place as a most essential and crowning chapter of African research.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*April* 26. Mr. Harris introduced a joint resolution relating to making an industrial census in the several States.—The bill making an additional grant of lands to the State of Kansas to aid in the construction of railroad and telegraph lines was passed, with an amendment requiring the Hon. John Ehavenwood to be one of Lawrence to Emporia, and to carry one line to Fort Riley.—The question of appointing a Committee of Conference on the Montana disagreement was discussed, but no conclusion reached.—The bill regulating the Naptime Hour Law was taken up, and discussed by Messrs. Foster, Sumner, Wade, Hale, Fessenden, and Trumbull.

April 27. A joint resolution to fill the office of Postmaster-General when absent by reason of sickness or otherwise was passed.—The bill to prevent fraud in connection with the printing of officials of the operations of the service of the United States was passed.—The bill to authorize the sale to establish an Assay Office at Carson City in Nevada, and at Dalles City, Oregon. An amendment proposed by Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, for establishing a Mint at Dalles City, instead of an Assay Office, was adopted, and the bill laid aside.—The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law, and Mr. VAN WINKLE spoke at length on the certainty of the extermination of slavery.—The House bill to provide for a National Currency was reported, with some amendments in reference to the taxation by States of capital, circulation, and business of banking associations.

April 25. The House bill to establish a bureau of military justice was passed, and to give the Judge-Advocate-General the rank of Brigadier-General with a salary of $3,000, and no other allowance. The bill was then passed.—The Army Appropriation bill for the year ending June 30, 1865, was taken up, and the amendments of the House Committee were agreed to. Other amendments were offered—that all the maintenance money of the regular army during the continuance of the present rebellion shall be paid to officers who shall perform the service there or may be mustered into the military service; also, that no officer shall receive more than twenty dollars per month, or other soldiers of the regular or volunteer forces more than their service; and that all moneys collected or mustered into the service as volunteers under the call of April 15, 1861, and not paid to the volunteers actually entitled thereto, be subject to draft to the State in which they volunteered, shall be paid over to the State Bounty authorized to raise the same. The bill was then passed.—*April* 26. The subject of the disputed election of the two Senators was taken up, and the Territorial government for Montana was taken up, and Mr. DOOLITTLE, of Wisconsin, spoke in opposition to the extension of the right of suffrage to negroes. Mr. WILLIAMS, of Oregon, followed in opposition. Pending the vote, replied briefly, and the Senate agreed to the request of the House for a Committee of Conference.

April 25. Mr. HALE introduced a bill to amend the act of 1855, which provides that no person shall be made an officer shall be retired under the age of sixty-two, and that no officer shall be retired on less pay than the Register forty-five years after the age of sixteen.—Mr. WILSON introduced a resolution to pay a bounty of $25,000 be appropriated for volunteers that may be received by the first day of July next.—The House bill to establish a postal money order system in regard to the extension of the right of suffrage to negroes.—Mr. WILSON, of Iowa, introduced a resolution requesting the vote, replied briefly, and the Senate agreed to the request of the House for a Committee of Conference.

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HOUSE.—*April* 26. The day session was occupied in considering the Tax bill. Forty-two sections of the bill were acted upon. Several amendments were agreed to, and a verbal character.—During the evening session the bill for the better organization of an art in operation of the tax bill for reconstructing overthrown State Governments was taken up, and Messrs. Kelley and Broomall, of Pennsylvania, spoke in favor of the bill.—*April* 27. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Internal Tax bill, and acted on all the general provisions, comprising sections. Mr. WILSON moved to amend the amendment, providing that the stock of liquors on hand be taxed at the rate of one dollar per gallon. A long debate ensued on the various special duties, and to 79. An amendment was adopted including in the list of articles taxed at three per cent ad valorem and all refined coal oil upon which an excise duty is imposed, may be withdrawn from bond free of tax when the same is intended for exportation. An amendment was added providing that all tobacco, snuff, and all manufactured tobacco figures in bottles, shall pay no less or rate of duty than fifteen cents per pound.—*April* 28. The House resumed the bill for the construction of a ship canal to unite the Mississippi and the Northern lakes.—Mr. ELIOT reported by the Committee of Ways and Means a bill to encourage emigration to the United States.—*April* 29. The House resumed the Internal Tax bill, and acted upon the various sections. Amendments were adopted under which wholesale dealers are required to pay all the taxes imposed upon their sales under $50,000 a year, and $1 on each $1000 over that sum. The tax on sales was increased to five per cent. Gross sales were fixed as follows: brokers with business exceeding $50,000, $10; and $1 for each $1000 over that sum; commission merchants carrying passengers (except ferries) per $20 each; and auctioneers, auctioneers must have an office in which they are required to be kept on the premises; bowling-alleys and billiard rooms $10 for each alley or table; pedlers, commercial travelers pay $30 when doing business under $30,000, and $1 per $1000 over (except such as travel in a free carriage); coal (bituminous oil was put up from 10 to 15 cents per ton; anthracite coal, 15 cents per ton; coke, 10 cents per ton; gas companies, crude petroleum $1 per barrel; refined petroleum $1 per barrel; all other oils $1 per ton.—*April* 23. A bill was passed creating an additional Supervising Inspector of Steamboats for New Orleans, and Boards of Local Inspectors at Portland, Oregon, and Memphis, Tennessee.—A joint resolution was passed declaring the fourth section of the Act of March 2, 1799, empowering the United States Commissioners to hold in criminal cases and providing them with a seal.—The committee who investigated the charges against Brigadier-General Mc-Mindsort, of speculating in liquors, while in military command in the Department of Missouri, reported that McMindsort had not violated any law. Some remarks followed of a personal character between Messrs. Holman and Mc-Clurg.—The consideration of the Internal Tax bill was then resumed, and some amendments were added into a committee for that purpose.—*April* 25. A bill was introduced levied provisions for the collection of taxes on distilled spirits. It authorizes the commanding generals in the field to appoint provost-marshals to try persons charged with treason and other offenses, arson, burglary, rape, and violation of the laws and customs of war, and to execute them.—The Committee on the Internal Revenue bill. An amendment was adopted to increase the tax on bank notes, certificates, bonds, or other securities of the United States shall be increased to one per cent. An amendment was adopted to increase the duty at five per centum on all over six hundred dollars. The Bank stamp duty amendment was also adopted, providing that on incomes exceeding $600 and no more than $10,000, a tax of five per cent. shall be imposed; on incomes of $10,000 and not exceeding $50,000, a tax of seven and a half per cent. shall be imposed, and on incomes of over $50,000 a tax of ten per cent. shall be imposed.—The public printing bill was passed.—Messrs. Iowa, and Michigan, for railroad purposes, was passed.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Further details of the fighting in the Red River show them to have been among the most desperately contested of the war. On the 7th, the rebel General TAYLOR, with our cavalry advance and a body of the enemy, who were driven back seven miles, with heavy loss. The first engagement took place at Sabine Cross-Roads, between the rebel army, some 20,000 strong, under Generals KIRBY SMITH, Dick Taylor, Mouton, Greene, and Price, and a portion only of General Banks's army. Our troops, though greatly outnumbered, fought with desperate gallantry until the 9th, when the remainder of the command of General Banks's army came up, and was followed during the night by the fresh divisions of Generals A. J. Smith and Mower. At last, however, our line gave way, and slowly retired, fighting as it fell back, to Pleasant Hill, where it was joined by heavy bodies of men, guns, and material, a stand. The rebels attacked our position on the 9th, but the enemy again attacked our position at Pleasant Hill, where, during the night, General Andrew Jackson Smith had arrived with fresh troops. Skirmishing was kept up with varying success until 9 o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels had completed their arrangements for the grand final assault. What followed is thus described by the *New Orleans Era*:

"About this hour (5 o'clock) General Emory's skirmish line was driven in on the right by the rebels, who appeared in large force. They soon reached the open ground, and moved on to the attack in three lines of battle. Our artillery and infantry opened upon them with terrible effect, great slaughter with grape and canister, while the enemy's artillery, being in the wood and in bad position, did scarcely any damage.

"Colonel Landram's brigade on the left was first engaged, soon followed by Dwight's and McMillan's. The fighting was terrific, and for many hours in never was surpassed for desperation. Notwithstanding the terrible havoc in their ranks, the enemy pressed fiercely on, slowly pushing the men of the Nineteenth Corps back up the hill, but not breaking their line of battle. A sudden and fresh of the rebels on the right gave them possession of the brigade's battery, and forced our line still further back.

"Now came the grand *coup d'etat*. The Nineteenth, by carrying at the top of the hill, suddenly filed off over the hill and passed through the lines of General Smith. They must now march back to the rebels were now in his two lines of battle, the first having been almost annihilated. General Smith remained lying on the ground back into the second line. But these two lines came on exultant and rent the air.

"The first passed over the knoll, and all hostilities of the day line of infantry and crouching forms of a brave army as over trod mother earth, pressed on. The second line grappled on their feet and the death-signal was sounded. Words can not describe the awful effect of this discharge. Seven thousand rifles and several batteries of artillery, each gun loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were in the immediate front and the whole centre of the rebel line was crushed down as a field of ripe wheat through which a storm has swept. It is estimated that 1000 men were buried into eternity or frightfully mangled by this one discharge.

"No time was given them to recover their good order, but Generals Smith and Mower, with the first line, moved rapidly forward, the boys of the Nineteenth joining in. The rebels fought bravely and desperately back to the line, on reaching which a large portion broke and fled, leaving their dead and wounded in the hands of the victors. Seventy-six stragglers, as we also two of the guns of Semmes's battery, have been taken from us at Carroll Parish hill, and can be seen by others belonging to the rebel line, one of which was captured by Colonel Landram. Besides the guns, a number of caissons and battery flag was kept up for three miles, when our men returned to the field of battle.

"And the world this fearful and bloody struggle for the control of Western Louisiana.

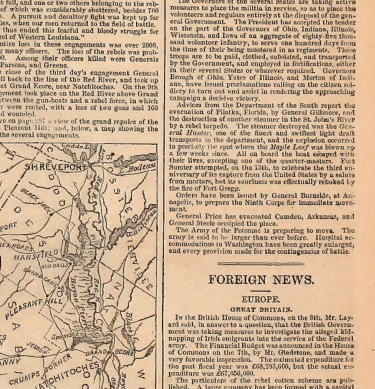
"The entire loss in the engagements was over 2000, including many officers. The loss of the rebels was probably 3000. Among the officers killed were Generals Morton, Parsons, and Greene.

"The fighting on the third engagement General Banks fell back to the line of the Red River, and took up a position on the high bluffs and bastions. On the 9th an engagement took place on the Red River above Grand Ecore, between the gun-boats and a rebel force, in which the latter were repulsed, with the loss of two guns and the destruction of another steamer in the St. John's River by the rebels. The most important disaster was the *General Hunter*, one of the finest and swiftest light draft transports in the department, and had on exploring expedition in precisely the spot where the *Maple Leaf* was blown up by a torpedo. The *Hunter* had on board 300 negroes with their lives, excepting one of the quarter-masters. Yet Banks' situation was by no means desperate, and the first anniversary of its capture from the United States by a rebels from morning, when the southern army was defeated by the fire of Fort Gregg.

Order have been issued by General Burnside, at Annapolis, to prepare the Ninth Corps for immediate movements.

General Price has evacuated Camden, Arkansas, and General Steele occupied the place.

The Army of the Potomac is preparing to move. The army is still in a much larger than ever therefore. Ample accommodation in Washington have been greatly enlarged, and every provision made for the contingencies of battle.



Disaster has befallen our arms in North Carolina. On the 17th a force of from ten to fifteen thousand rebels attacked Plymouth, and, after a severe engagement, drove upon its defences. Fort Gray, about one mile from the town, was captured, and turned upon the Albemarle which the town was penetrated by the rebels. In each instance, however, the rebels were driven back with considerable loss. Fort Gray was the front of the fighting, and did effective work. Four of the rebel gunboats came up the river and ran close to the fortifications in the Roanoke River, six miles from the town, and opened fire. The Albemarle was discovered, and was attacked by the gunboats. She fought with the utmost gallantry until fired under the bow of the *Miami*. Lieutenant-Commander Flusser, who was on board the Albemarle, then ran her down and destroyed her, which struck the ram, rebounding, and killed him. The rebels were thereupon compelling the *Miami*. The ram then attacked the *Southfield*, and she sank in five minutes. The *Miami* was also sunk. On the 18th the fight was renewed, and the rebels were driven back to the town. Fort Gray, about eight feet of water, and carries only two guns. The rebels have been taken from us at Carroll Parish hill, and can be seen by others belonging to the rebel line, one of which was captured by Colonel Landram. Besides the guns, a number of caissons and battery flag was kept up for three miles, when our men returned to the field of battle.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

DEPOSE MEXICO.

In the British House of Commons, on the 8th, Mr. Layard called, in answer to a question, that the Spanish Government was taking steps to investigate the alleged kidnapping of Irish emigrants into the service of the Mexican Government. Mr. Layard also made a statement in the House of Commons on the 7th, of Mr. Gladstone, and made a very favorable impression. The estimated expenditure for the past fiscal year was £83,000, but the actual expenditure was £67,000,000.

The steamship of the rebel confederate States, Alabama, a large company has been formed with a capital of £1,000,000, to construct steamers and run the blockade, for the purpose of bringing out cotton to relieve the rebel loan. Collins's Atlantic line is also urged in the matter.

THE DANISH WAR.

The Danish war is vigorously prosecuted by the Germans. On the 18th the Prussians opened a heavy bombardment on Duppel and Sonderburg, and it is stated that in the latter place 30 women and children were killed, they not having had notice to leave. The German steamer *Bradenburg* has arrived at Quebec from Danish mine-of-war. The Conference would meet in London on the 19th.

MEXICO.

Matamores letters assure the flight from Monterey of Governor Vidaurri, after he had declared his hostility to the Imperialists. He had issued a decree by which he made himself against any force the latter might send to attack him. The decree was dated May 2, and all the forces he could muster, some time before the soldiers of the Liberal army had reached the Rio Grande. He fled west to the border, being hot head of at Morelia. The Constitutionalists entered Monterey on April 30. Vidaurri is reported to have defeated a French force of 600 men at Jaujuapan, only eighty of the enemy escaping.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE Secretary of War has ordered that the new regiments of cavalry authorized by the present session of Congress shall be raised up to the legal standard of 1738 officers and men, within the period of six months from the date of the act by which they are credited. If regiments are not full on or before the 1st of May, 1864, the deficiency will be made up by draft until ordinary or infantry organizations. The order will not postpone the draft, but will only be suspended prior to which the draft will be declared from the quotas for draft.

The following order of General Grant having arisen from the army ride it of over twenty-eight hundred supernumeraries.

The President has assigned Major-General BRAIN to the command of the detachments (M'Clernand's Army Corps, now in the Department of the Mississippi.

Lieutenant-Commander D. HAVEN has been ordered to command of the Dictator.

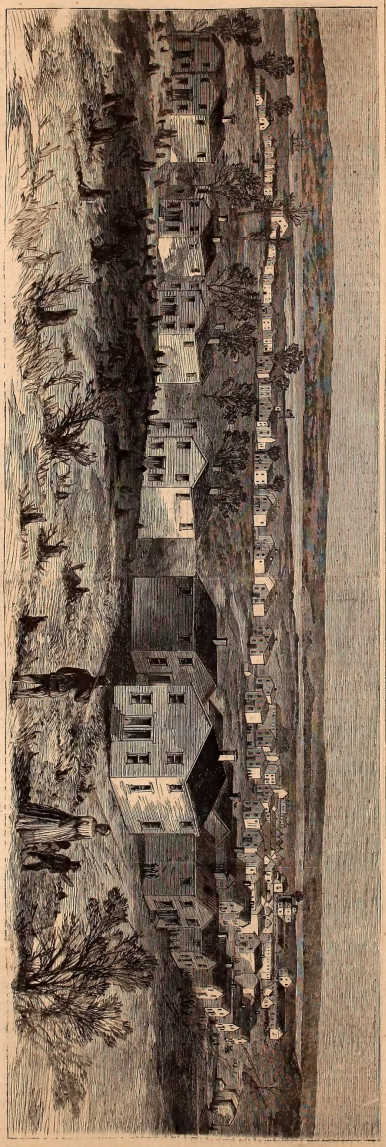
The Petersburg *Express* reports that the First Auditor of the rebel Treasury has been ordered to remove his bureau from Richmond to Montgomery, Alabama.

General Fremont has applied for an active command in the field.

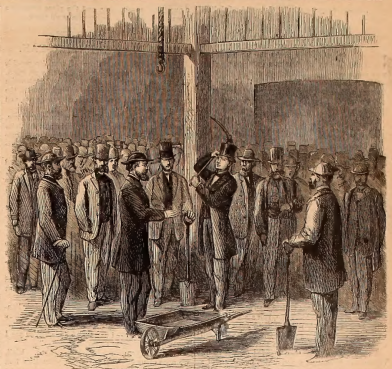
Governor PARKER, of New Jersey, has received instructions from the War Department to raise one regiment of twelve batteries of heavy artillery by the 15th of May, 1864, for the defence of Washington.

Colonel HAY, late Provost Marshal of Baltimore, and General Fremont, has been sentenced by one months in one year in the Albany Penitentiary.

NEGROES ESCAPING OUT OF SLAVERY.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 294.]



FREEDMEN'S VILLAGE, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.—[See Page 296.]



BREAKING GROUND.

THE GREAT LAKE TUNNEL AT CHICAGO.

ONE of the greatest works of the kind ever undertaken has just been commenced in the city of Chicago, under the auspices of the authorities, by Messrs. DULL & GOWAN, contractors; namely, the construction of a Tunnel under Lake Michigan, two miles in length, by which to supply the city with pure and wholesome water. Our correspondent gives us the following account of the enterprise:

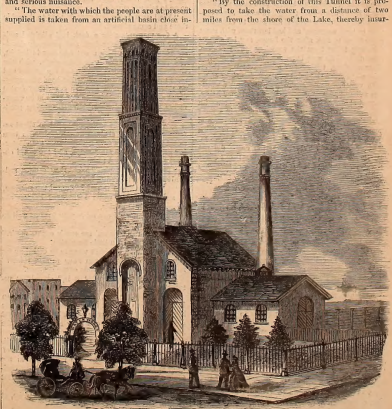
"Chicago is situated on a low and nearly level prairie, being but a few feet above the level of the Lake, so that even the earliest settlers found wells to be impracticable, from the fact that the surface water could not be avoided, while the river is nothing but a sluggish canal, the current of which sways up or down stream, as the wind outside the harbor happens to send the waters of the Lake inshore or out. A great deal of the sewerage of the city is also discharged into the river, together with all the refuse of the slaughter-houses and distilleries, so that it has become a vast and serious nuisance.

"The water with which the people are at present supplied is taken from an artificial basin close inshore, about three-fourths of a mile north of the mouth of the river, and by means of immense pumps, which are worked by two engines of two and five hundred horse-power.

"When the wind prevails from the south or southwest the current of the river setting outward is carried up the shore and is more or less deposited in the basin, causing the water to partake largely of the disagreeable flavor arising from a combination of ingredients neither agreeable to the taste nor smell, and at times rendering it altogether unfit for use.

"By the construction of this Tunnel it is proposed to take the water from a distance of two miles from the shore of the Lake, thereby intur-

IN TRANSIT.



WATER-WORKS BUILDING.

ing a constant supply wholly clear and unadulterated."

The views we present in this Number show the "Water-Works Building," which contains the machinery used in supplying water as at present obtained; "Breaking Ground for the Tunnel;" and the Iron Cylinders which form a lining to the shaft now being sunk.

We may hereafter give a sectional view of the Tunnel, together with plan of construction and other matters of general interest connected with it.

UNION SCOUTS IN LOUISIANA.

We give on our first page a sketch illustrating an interesting feature of the war in Louisiana. Among the most useful auxiliaries of General BANKS, in the operations in that State, is a band of native Scouts, led by Captain DUDLEY, who, knowing the country and accustomed to danger, penetrate every where in search of information. Many of these scouts are desperate men, who have suffered all manner of hardships at the hands of the enemy, and who, on this account, lose no opportunity to inflict the heaviest punishment on those who have driven them to the shelter of the swamps and forests. Captain DUDLEY is described as a slight, wiry man, about forty-five years old, with a small eye which is all black, and a face which is dark as full of cunning. A correspondent says of him: "He told me that he had been a physician in the Calcasieu River; that he avoided the conscription and had been living a wandering life for three years; that he had been back and forth from the Rio Grande to Mobile, had always escaped wounds, and I think had not been even shot at. One of his men told me that one night he followed a party of rebel bushwhackers to their camp, where till they were asleep, then crawled among them, determined to capture a gun which he had taken a liking to. One of the party waked, and DUDLEY lay down quietly among them until his hunter fell asleep, when he helped himself to the gun, and 'gently passed away.'"

NEGROES ESCAPING OUT OF SLAVERY.

We present on page 292 another view of one of the principal features of the war; namely, the escape of negroes, at all points within the rebel lines, from the tyranny of their bondage. Mr. A. R. WARD, who furnishes the sketch, sends the following account of a recent exodus during a Federal reconnoissance into the enemy's territory. The description will apply exactly to other movements of a like character in other parts of the field: "Coming in from the reconnoissance many negroes joined us. As it was not possible, on account of the muddy roads, for them to keep up with the horsemen, they were allowed to ride the spare and exhausted horses—many of them, however, coming to us on their natural horses. One party fell into the line of march with an old family coach, said to contain eighteen, principally pickaninnies. This was preceded by an old fellow with a torch, carrying a sooty 'a-straddle' behind him. All the women rode this way, side-saddles not having been provided by the ambitious owner. Sometimes three would mount upon one horse, and in one instance a father, mother, and two little children rode one animal. One colored fellow, on making out that the column was of Union troops, at once saddled his masters' horse, mounted, and taking another 'boy' up behind him, waved his handkerchief to the rest of the train, and mostly girls. 'Good-by, folks!' said he: 'I'se gwine to follow the Yankees.' He was asked how he would leave so comfortable a place. Scratching his head, and waving his hand toward his white-headed master, he answered, 'They's a kind o' poor class of people about here; don't have enough to eat.' Some others told us that the 'Mas'r' had gone to Charlottesville to 'raise a nigger,' and had left them strict injunctions to look after the house, and let no one take any thing from the premises. The spokesman insisted that he was busy hauling out things for other estables, telling the soldiers to help themselves—'For,' he added, 'we are gwine right along with yer, fer I'm free!' Many joined without a word; one fellow had been *waiting* for us for some hours. A party plowing in a field regarded the column with indifference for some time, when suddenly a light broke upon one: 'Why, boys, it's de Yanks!' And the horses were taken from the plow in quick time, the negroes mounting them and falling in. They all got in safely; even the coach did not break down. It reached the lines; but the quirky ones suffered horribly from fear of recapture several times."

FREEDMAN'S VILLAGE, ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA.

We give on page 296 a view of the FREEDMAN'S VILLAGE, situated on Arlington Heights, Virginia, by the Government. The village is to be a large and extensive collection of frame-houses, erected especially for the use of such contrabands as failing to provide for themselves, become a burden to the Government. The village is surrounded by farmland, which negroes cultivate for their own benefit. To Colonel ELIAS M. GREENE is due the principal credit of thus assisting the negroes to help themselves.

All the smartest and strongest among the released slaves find employment as servants of different kinds—barbers, teamsters, etc. But there is still a number who fail to get employment, and these Colonel GREENE has tried to make self-supporting on the Government lands, and so far with considerable success.

The village is quite lively, having a large number of children in it. For these there is a school-house; there is, besides, a "home" for the aged, a hospital, church, tailor and other work-shops, and other public buildings. The principal street is over a quarter of a mile long, and the place presents a clean and prosperous appearance at all times.

THE DEVIL'S FRYING-PAN.

THE United States sloop of war *Dragon-Fly* swung lightly to her anchor in the soft west wind, and the officers and men of the larboard-watch lounged lily about the decks or slept beneath the bulwarks dreaming of their Northern homes and waiting sweet-hearts.

Astern stretched broad leagues of moonlit waters, ahead gleamed among his countless islands the stately form of Adamska, and close aboard was Little St. Simon's Island, while a dark cloud upon the horizon showed where Sapelo lay.

"Well, Mr. Fewkick," said Lieutenant Fewkick, "yawned Lieutenant Benton, to Dr. Fewkick the surgeon, who had come on deck to enjoy the beauty of the night, and now stood leaning against the taffrail close beside the young officer.

"Rather so. But these long days are grand for study. Why don't you get yourself up in an 'elegy,' Benton, and astonish our fair friends in Boston by your erudition when we return?"

"Hum. A fellow that has seen service as I have doesn't need any erudition to recommend him to the fair sex nowadays, Doctor," responded the Lieutenant, sulkily twisting his little mustache.

"True. I forgot that." And the surgeon pulled away at his cheroot with a merry twinkle in his dark eyes.

"Have you ever been seriously wounded, Benton?" asked he, carelessly, after a moment or two of silence.

"Why, no, I can't say that I have. You see I never was actually in action but *once*—"

"But then you might have been. I see. Well, we none of us can improve the opportunities that are not given to us."

Lieutenant Benton, with a disagreeable consciousness of being very young and inexperienced, left off pulling his mustache, walked up the quarter-deck, casting a scrutinizing glance aloft, and sternly bidding the look-out man to "mind his eye."

The seaman thus exhorted suddenly restored his attention from the stars to which he was essential, at rather maritime, and immediately shouted,

"Boat ahoy!"

"There it is," remarked the surgeon, as Benton sprang to the side and looked over, and pointed to a small black object slowly approaching the sloop on the broad wake of the moonlight.

"Dug-out ahoy!" he might have hailed, "remarked the officer, forgetting his momentary annoyance. "It will be a contraband, I suppose."

"Running the blockade. Now is the *Dragon-Fly's* chance for distinguishing herself."

"It would be a fatal chance to come off to compare notes on the healing art with you, Doctor."

"My most humble apologies for the pencil of your mustache, Lieutenant," laughed the surgeon.

"Bother!" ejaculated the young man, and leaned further over the rail to scrutinize the clumsy little craft now within hail of the sloop.

"It's a boy—no it's a dwarf—or a monkey! What is it, Doctor?"

"One of Count Monbodo's humans in an early stage of the transformation from baboon to man, I should say."

"Well, here he is. Hallo there! Range alongside and give me your name and business."

The dug-out, after many wayward attempts, placed in the required position; and a voice from the lumpish heap of clothes, arms, legs, and closecropped wool, answered,

"Lor, mas', tain't noffin but me!"

"And who are you, and what do you want?"

"I's Ban, mas'r, dat's short for Caliban, an' I's come to tell yer sumfin."

"Well, Ban, make fast your dug-out to the cable there and come aboard."

A few moments after a dark ball alighted suddenly upon the quarter-deck and, unfolding itself, coped into a human form about four feet in height, and nearly as much in shoulder-girth, with the shortest and crookedest of legs, and the longest and most muscular of arms. A bullet-head surmounted this singular frame, and the crisp wool curled about a face incredible as to age, ugly in its lineaments, and expressive of mirth and cunning, good-nature and violent passions.

The young lieutenant gazed in silent astonishment at this strange figure, and he in turn cast his large eyes over the ship, evidently footing a group of sailors amid-ships, and the novel objects that surrounded him.

"Do you speak any English?" asked the stranger, suddenly, his eyes reverting to the lieutenant.

"Lord, Sirs! can it talk?" quoted the surgeon, in an under-tone, while Lieutenant Benton answered, good-naturedly,

"No, Ban, but I can serve your turn as well as if I were. What is it?"

"Reck'n I'll wait an' see mas'r cap'n, mas'r," returned Ban, after a little hesitation.

"The old man would have me to be called up for any thing this creature can have to say, think?" inquired the Lieutenant aside of the surgeon.

"That depends on what it is," concisely returned the surgeon.

"I'll go up to him, Doctor. You're older than I, and perhaps he will be more willing to confide his secret sorrows to your ear, if indeed my first guess about the right one after all, and he is the fetich man."

"We will see." And the Doctor bidding Caliban follow him, led the way to a secluded part of the deck, where he placed the negro full in the light of the waning moon, and stood looking curiously down at him from the altitude of his six feet two inches.

"Now do you come from, Ban?" asked he, indulgently.

"De Debbil's Fryin'-Pan, mas'r."

"And a very fine specimen of his cookery you are," mentally ejaculated the Doctor, but the only audible response was a wondering repetition of the name.

"The Devil's Frying-Pan?"

"Yis, mas'r, dats what we lib."

"Who lives there besides you?"

"Dad an' mam, an' lots o' pickaninnies."

"And how did you get here?"

"In de dug-out, mas'r."

"I know. But where is the Devil's Frying-Pan? and how far from here?"

"Right up in de Sount, mas'r, 'bout two mile from dis, I reckon."

"Is it an island?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"And who gave it that name?"

"Donno, mas'r, I's sure. Reckon it allus had it."

"And who named you Caliban?"

"Oh, mas'r! my mammy, she brung up on de ole plantation, an' daddy he free nigger. So he bought mammy an' me, an' de rest of de young uns has come along since."

"And your mother brought your mother and you to the Devil's Frying-Pan to live?"

"Yis, mas'r. It don't b'long to no one in 'ticlar, an' we jis like it, too."

"And how old are you, Caliban?"

"Donno, mas'r. Didn' nebber ask."

"And how did you get here and you five? How do you earn money, I mean?"

"We ketches fish, mas'r, an' 'sters, an' lobsters, an' we sells 'em to de truck in de gyrdin, an' we no wants money we totes a load o' fish an' sarce up to town an' trades it off. Den I fiddles for de dancin' sometimes, an' dats 'bout all."

"You fiddle?"

"Yis, mas'r."

"Well now, Ban, what did you come here for to-night? You had better tell me, and if I judge it worth while, perhaps I may persuade the Captain to see you. He is asleep now, and we don't like to disturb him without necessity."

Ban, in whom the surgeon's magnificent proportions had inspired a much greater degree of reverence than he was inclined to accord to the juvenile Lieutenant, drew confidentially close to his side, before he replied,

"Yis, mas'r, I tell you all but it. Dis yer ship am not to catch all dem dat tries to go in an' out dis yer Sount, ain't she?"

"All that belong to the rebels, or are trying to get to their friends, I suppose."

"Cause dere's a big schooner in here, hidin' away 'mongst de islan's, all landed down wid cotton, an' she's gwine to start out some days, for all de dem Yankees kin do to hender 'em."

"What will they sail?" asked the surgeon, hastily.

"Jes' arter moonset 'morrer night. Jes 'bout dis time."

"How do you know?"

"De sailors an' some ob de gen'lemen dat's gwine passenger comes ashore dis arternoon to look roun' at de Debbil's Fryin'-Pan, cause its kind o' curus dere, an' I heerd 'em talk. Den dey tole dad to 'scite de Yankees' chance o' fish an' git some stews or lobsters to-morrer, an' mam's gwine to cook a supper for 'em, an' I tole 'em I could fit 'em a heap better, an' I mind fer a dance. Dey liked dat tip-top, an' 'greed to come jes' arter sundown, an' den I heerd 'em say dey couldn' sail till 'bout two o'clock in de mornin'."

"And they are to be at your house after sunset?"

"Yis, mas'r. Dey 'fected dat ob de Yankees wanted fer ter kitch 'em all, dere'd be a fustrate chance, an' maybe mas'r Cap'n 'd gib a pore nigger suffin fer de news."

"And what do you think the Captain, or whichever of us got hold of you first, would give you if you let us know? Do you want us to shoot you, just as you now offer to sell them to us?" demanded Fewkick, sternly, as he fixed his penetrating eyes upon the negro's face.

"Spec's you'd shoot me jes' like dog. Save nun right too," returned Ban emphatically, and with a sudden flashing change of voice and eye that set at rest the momentary suspicion in the keen mind of his examiner.

"You are right. Whatever happened to me, your own life would be the prize of treachery. Remember that, Ban, and don't draw back even now if you are not sure of yourself."

"I wish I was as sure ob ten dollars as I is ob dere ole wish to be rewarded Ban, hastily.

"Very well. I will ask Lieutenant Benton to report your errand to the Captain. I suppose you want to return to your dug-out?"

"Lordy, yis, mas'r. Ef de folks aboard de *Sword-Fish* sights de ole dug-out, an' 'spects whar she's bin, it's all up. Dey 'spects me, an' dey'll shoot me too, mas'r."

"Very well. Stay just here till you are called."

The visit of the dwarf was reported to the Captain, and Caliban was soon summoned to the cabin to repeat his story there. He did with the utmost readiness, unshaken by the somewhat severe cross-examination of the astute commander.

The result was the immediate under charge of the steward to refresh himself, and a hasty council was held as to the best manner of using his information.

It was finally decided that two boats' crews under charge of the two Lieutenants should, early in the afternoon, proceed to the Island at the Devil's Frying-Pan, surround the house and secure the merry-makers, and then proceed to capture the schooner, she not being thought safe to venture on the sloop in the intricate channels and dangerous reefs of that portion of the Sound.

Dr. Fewkick volunteered to accompany his young friend, Lieutenant Benton, and his powerful assistance was gratefully accepted.

The next question was of a guide. It was obvious that the absence of Caliban after his engagement as musician would cause suspicion in the minds of the guests, and might defeat the whole plan, and yet no one on board the *Dragon-Fly* could tell the Lieutenants in charge of the boats of the Devil's Frying-Pan or of the contraband schooner.

Under these circumstances Ban was recalled to the council, and the difficulty stated.

"Twon't nebber do for dis chile to be mongst de musicianers," said he, thoughtfully, "or dad 'll hear. But Nep 'd do fus-rate. He knows de chan'l an' all jes' same's I do. I'll fetch yo Nep."

"Who is Nep?" demanded the Captain, cautiously.

"He one o' mammy's young uns. He smart chile, Nep do."

"How old is he?"

"Lord, mas'r, we don' none on us know nothin 'bout dat. We 'ys grows same as de grass, nebber mindin' when we begun. Nep he good big boy."

"Well, you may bring him off, and we will see what we think of him. When will you be here?"

"Ain't got time to go home an' back 'fore day, nohow," responded Ban. "Nep have his dug-out roun' back side o' de Fan, an' jes' paddle off easy arter dey gits dere. Den he tell mas'r cap'n mammy an' me, an' de rest of de young uns has come along since."

"And whether

low ridge of naked rocks, while a long reef of the same extended straight out into the Sound, whose waters broke over it in a loud reiteration of angry menace.

No appearance of life or even vegetation was visible, and the first lieutenant demanded, in an irresolute whisper,

"Is dis the place?"

"Yis, mas'r. Dis de Fryin-Pan, and dats de handle," said Nep, pointing to the low reef, over which and a small intervening island the upper part of the masts and rigging of a large topsail schooner were dimly visible.

"And how do you get ashore?"

"Jis in here, mas'r," and, under Nep's directions, the boats were laid close inshore, at a spot where a break in the natural fortifications of the little island afforded access to its interior.

With as much expedition and as little noise as possible, the two boats' crews, well armed and full of eager anticipation, were now landed upon the narrow beach, the boats anchored off, under charge of a small guard, and the party, numbering twenty stout fellows besides the officers, proceeded noiselessly inland, still under guidance of Nep.

Passing through the rocky gap they found themselves in a large level area, comprising perhaps a dozen acres, divided into field and pasturage, with a somewhat neglected garden-patch surrounding a cabin of considerable extent, from whose low windows streamed a ruddy light, while the shrill sound of a violin, mingled with roars of laughter, gave evidence that the inmates of the Devil's Frying-Pan were in a very jovial mood.

"Stop here, mas'r, while I go an' peek roun' a little bit," suggested Nep, and the party were accordingly halted while he crept softly up, peered through the windows for a moment, and then noiselessly returned.

"All right, mas'r," whispered he in a gleeful tone. "Dey's hard at it, singin', an' dancin', an' drinkin' like de berry de Nick. De feller dey eat to watch roun' de house has gone t'sleep t'likker, an' he's settin' in de doorway wid he gun on de floor side oh him. An' Bas he fiddlin' away fit to t'ar de ole fiddle to bits, an' rollin' he eyes dis way an' dat lookin' arter de comp'ny he axed to de breakdown for hisself."

"If she don't pass long to look, then," Forward man, and remember no nice till the word is given."

With stealthy tread the party approached the house and surrounded it. Dr. Fenwick, foremost of the line, paused at the same window through which Nep had reconnoitred the interior, and cautiously peeped in.

It was a large low room occupying nearly the whole area of the cabin, and generally used by the numerous family as kitchen, parlor, and hall. Now, however, it had been cleared of much of its usual disorder, including the countless cribs of the youngsters, having been packed into the loft, and with terrific threats of what should befall them in case of their appearance visible, were now engaging themselves with an airy view of the festivities below through the chinks in the floor.

In the centre of the room stood a table covered with the remnants of a savory supper, prepared in old Sally's highest style of art, and around it were seated twelve blacks, smoking, drinking, and wrestling with much amusement the exertion of two of their comrades, who had undertaken to give the company a specimen of the genuine Spanish fandango.

None of the negroes were visible except Bas, who, perched upon the top of a heavy bureau or chests of drawers, with his stunted legs coiled beneath him, and his long arms writhing alternately in the vehemence of his exertions, was dragging from the bowels of a battered old violin a perfect storm of sound, with no particular reference to either melody or harmony, but very expressive of his own condition of nervous excitement, ever since the moment when the twinkling eyes had encountered those of his brother peering in at the window.

The dancers had barely had time to master their delight when the voice of the first lieutenant shouted, clearly,

"Now, lads!"

And through the opposite door rushed a crowd of blue jackets, overpowering the sentry before he could even unsling his musket, and grappling fiercely with the revelers, who, although taken by surprise, drew their revolvers and knives in an instant, and were ready for resistance.

The surgeon applying his shoulder to the frail sash, burst it in, and throwing himself through the aperture, had an irresistible grasp upon the collar of a stout fellow in the uniform of a naval commander, and ordered him to yield himself prisoner. The Captain, who had just aimed his revolver at the burly head of Lieutenant Benton on the opposite side of the room, drew the trigger, but missed his mark, and with a furious oath turned upon his new antagonist, drawing a formidable bowie-knife, and thrusting savagely at him.

Seizing the uplifted wrist in his left hand, the Doctor suddenly shifted his right from the collar to the waist of his antagonist, and tripping him at the same instant, brought him heavily to the floor, disarmed him, and bound his arms behind his back with a belt of rope snatched from the surgeon's ready pocket.

"You're safe, my fine fellow," muttered the victor, coolly, as he rose to his feet and looked about for another antagonist. In a corner he saw little Benton grappling with a muscular rebel, whose brawn and muscle were evidently an overmatch for the stripling strength of the Lieutenant, even backed as it was by an indomitable amount of pluck. He had lost their weapons, and the rebel (who, dressed in plain clothes, gave no indication of his rank) had succeeded in throwing his antagonist, and with one knee upon his chest, and one hand fiercely griping his throat, was at the moment the Doctor's eye fell upon him, searching after his knife.

Fenwick sprung across the room, but, slipping on a pool of blood, fell forward: and although he recovered himself almost immediately, the instant thus gained sufficed for the stalwart rebel to reach his weapon and raise it, with a fearful oath, over the heart of his prostrate victim. At this moment Fenwick, recovering his feet, threw himself upon the unfortunate man; but, although he diverted, he was too late to arrest the blow, and it fell, inflicting a long flesh wound upon the cheek and shoulder of the almost insensible lad.

"Coward!" shouted Dr. Fenwick, roused for the first time from his usual phlegmatic calm at seeing the blood of his young favorite, and wrenching the knife from the hand of the astonished rebel, he was about to inflict summary vengeance, when Bas, springing like a cat from the perch where he had crouched throughout the fray, shouting and screaming with all his might, alighted full upon the head of the Lieutenant's assailant, and bore him heavily to the ground.

"Now, Bas's Doctor! Pitch in wid de knife. Ban hole him stiddy for 'e."

"Hold hard, then, Ban." But much to the negro's disappointment, the Doctor, instead of the knife, merely armed himself with another bit of rope, of which it may be as well to confess he had prepared a small private stock, and the party then proceeded to bind his second captive as securely as the first.

This done, and the fight being now well-nigh over, the surgeon turned his attention to the wounded Lieutenant, and was relieved at finding his wound far from serious.

"There, my boy," said he, after rapidly dressing it, with the help of his pocket-case of instruments, "that will do for the present. I'll defy it, if it smarts a little for a few days, console yourself by remembering how much better an honorable scar is than the stiffest of oldgers."

The brave young fellow smiled gayly, in spite of the stinging pain of his wound, and was beginning to declare his determination to be remaining the party in the attack upon the schooner, when his lips suddenly turned white, his eyes rolled wildly, and he fell back insensible in Bas's arms.

"Poor lad! poor, brave lad!" murmured the grim surgeon in woman-soft tones. "It is his first engagement, too," and he gently drew pillows and coverings, and make him comfortable here till somebody could attend to him. *Drayon-Fly.* Any other wounds to attend to?"

There were a few, but none very serious. The contest had been so fierce, and the fight while it had been more of a hand-to-hand struggle than a fight, and few of the combatants had found time for more than one blow before the fray terminated, and overtaken rebels had yielded themselves prisoners. These, being carefully bound, were now secured in the vicinity to await the event of the attack on the schooner.

The surgeon's arrangements for the wounded Lieutenant were approved by the officer in command of the party, who, moreover, stimulated Bas to additional exertion by promises and threats, which the surgeon, with more tact, had omitted to employ.

"Mas'r Doctor, I wants to peek a tilly word to you dis, I whispered Bas confidentially, as the party were about to leave the cabin.

"Speak quickly, then, as we go down to the boat. There is no time to spare."

"Mas'r Doctor, dere's a gal in dah 'long o' my mammy dat's wantin' to git Norf powerful bad. Ef she's we gone to fix it?"

"A girl! What girl?"

"Name's Lucy. She 'mos' white, an' she mighty pooty; do you eye don't look at her. To be pooty to stay roun' dere pats, mas'r, less she one o' dem ar creed gals dat don' keer wot dey does, an' ain't one o' dem sort, mas'r. She mighty good, an' so she run'd away from her ole mas'r, an' dah an' she fetch her down here las' week. But she set on gwine Norf."

"She is nearly white, you pretty, and has run away from her master because she wants to be virtuous?" asked the Doctor.

"Yis, mas'r, dem's um."

"Well, she must be helped. But she had better cut off her hair, pretty though it may be, and slip on a suit of Nep's clothes. Pretty young girls, especially if they are not white, are somewhat out of place in a mas-of-war. Let her come off with you when you bring Lieutenant Benton in the morrow morning, and I will see what can be done."

They had now reached the strip of beach, and Bas was placed in charge of Nep in the act to guide the lieutenant in avoiding numerous rocks and shoals, rendering the vicinity of the Devil's Frying-Pan a very dangerous one to the uninitiated mariner.

The drowsy watch on board the schooner had scarcely recognized the approach of the boats as the two boats rapidly approached when they were alongside, and the crews swarming up the sides. Taken entirely by surprise, and without any order or discipline, the rebel crew made but slight resistance, and the schooner was captured and its astonished inmates secured before they had time for any of them had fully understood their position.

The boats were next dispatched to the Devil's Frying-Pan for the prisoners on the island, and no sooner were they aboard than sail was made upon the schooner for the Navy Yard, consenting to serve his new masters as faithfully as he had served his old under temptation of a handsome reward in money, and a berth aboard the fleet. And so well did he perform his task that, when the sun next morning shot his first rays across the blue Atlantic, they gleamed with a glorious welcome on the white sails and brilliant bulwarks of a large top-sail schooner anchored under the guns of the jubilant fleet at the Navy Yard.

Not long after sunrise the clumsy old dug-out appeared creeping slowly across the sunny Sound, and the temporary approach was found to contain Ban, the Lieutenant, already convalescent, and a smart-looking lad of quadroon caste, with great shadowy eyes and cheeks, where the color came and went each time that any body looked at him.

The party were the three aboard than Bas drew the Doctor aside.

"Mas'r," asked he, anxiously, "what dey gwine to do wid de prize—dem ar Reb?"

"Send her to New York, Bas, under a prize-master and crew."

"An' wy couldn' dis yer boy—Tom's his name, mas'r—why couldn' he an' me go long wid 'em?"

"I'm can, I suppose. But why are you going, Ban; your family are all free, why do you go North?"

"Now, mas'r, dat am powerful hard question for to answer; but I's tell ye honest, an' then yer kin laugh ef yer's minded. De truf is, mas'r, dat de white can't help it."

"Well, Ban?"

"Mas'r, isn't she powerful harnsum?"

"What, this boy Tom?"

"Hi, hi! mas'r," chuckled the negro, nervously. "Dey don' pull de wool ober you eyes berry easy. Well now, Ban, let's hab a picter?"

"She is very handsome certainly," assented the Doctor, wondering more and more what all this should come to.

"Well, mas'r, dough Is dat ugly dat I nebber dare to look down in de water wen it still, I's got eyes, an' I knows dat Livy mighty nice gal to look at, an' got awful pooty ways too, an' de sof'est leetle voice dat ebber you hear, mas'r. Dey don' 'spect, and here Ban sighed deeply, "dat dis pooty leetle gal gwine to look at a poor ugly creter like dis yer, dough mos' anybody good an' kin to marry one dat she nebber showed she t'ought Ban look any dif'ent from Nep, fac' she allus seemed 'e like Bas de best, an' 'e, Bas, like she. Edder she wuzzunnabber she goes, trew de worl', an' take keer ob her, an' work for her all de time, an one do de harm, an' den ef she take up wid some good feller by-an-by, wy Ban will be de fas' to say, 'All right.'"

"Poor fellow!" said the Doctor, softly, his dark eyes shining as he looked down upon the misshapen form that had so unexpectedly developed a heart romantic and devoted as that of a poet.

"Boat ahoy!" hailed the look-out, and the Doctor turned to see Nep's agile form suddenly appear over the rail. In a moment he doffed his tarn hat to the Captain upon the quarter-deck, but his eyes eagerly ranged forward until they fell upon the form of the disguised negress, when he and the Doctor saw with a real pang of grief and dismay that as Livy met this gaze her eyes drooped meekly, and she blushed intensely.

"Poor Ban!" murmured the Doctor again, and went aft to Nep to learn how his services as seaman on board the prize into whatever Northern port she might be bound for.

"All right, by Your brother and that other fellow have just shipped as passengers, and you can work your passage and theirs too."

"Yis, mas'r," replied the accepted Nep, and hastened forward to Livy, who shyly welcoming him, soon allowed herself to be drawn aside to the bows, where hooking her arm in his, she began a whispered conversation ensued.

Dr. Fenwick returned to Ban.

The dwarf was squatted in a coil of rope, his arms grotesquely crossed upon his knees and his chin resting upon them, in the deep eyes of the kindly surgeon saw no grotesqueire, no deformity in the soul that dimly struggled up and looked out in the gaze that he met, so steadily fixed upon the graceful and happy lovers.

Had Ban shown jealousy, anger, revenge, the Doctor would have watched him with money, and turned away with his habit of cynicism a shade more firmly fixed upon him. But the uncouth features and misshapen form showed none of these, nothing but deep despair struggling with a love that could not be crushed but would be purified and elevated by its very hopelessness.

Dr. Fenwick took his hand out of his pocket, and sat down in another coil of rope, close beside him.

"Ban, you are a man. Now is the time to show it," said he, kindly.

"Yis, mas'r," said Ban, in a choked voice.

"If I can help you, Ban, in this or any thing else, remember I am your friend."

"Tank you berry kin'ly, mas'r," said the negro, in the same tone, but never moving his eyes from Bella's face, and still a long one.

"What do you mean to do now, Ban?" asked the Doctor again after a little pause.

"Fetch her free to Canada, an' save her faithful, an'—an' him for her sake," said Ban, and the Doctor hastily rose and left him.

"Shake hands with me, Ban. You are stronger than I."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY is a journey by railway like a street row?—Because it is a line of business (concussion).

An Irish physician was called to examine the corpse of another Irishman, who had been assassinated. "This person," said the doctor, "was killed by a ball." "Was it that if he had not been murdered he would have died still as here?"

A PATENT REFLECTION.—It is in matrimony as in warfare—there is many a conference without an armistice. In fact, we have, on the authority of no less a personage than as well as to the sorrow of innumerable others) the flight of a ball, a sure indication that the contest is going on, and vows to have continued with tremendous severity from the moment hostilities had been over. It was up at his weakness or ovardice not to have parted the belligerents. That was the truth, by intervention, but such is always a most perilous proceeding. He who interferes generally is expected to get the worst of both sides.

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Why is a lawyer's mouth like a toll-bar gate?—Because it is seldom opened but for money.

A dull day, and an empty pocket, and being in love, afflict a man with *Dora-Cy-Dy.*

The man who misguided himself once became he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper has been trying to get a proprietor's share in a rainbow.

George Selwyn once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Lady G. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when after her signature stood—P. S. And I've right now, you or I?"

At the close of a silly book the author, as usual, praised the word "Finis." A wit put this among the errata, with the pointed reader

"Finis!—An error or a lie, my friend!
In writing foolish books there is no end!"

HINTS TO THOSE WHO RIDE IN OMNIBUSES.—Never, on any account, assist any person, particularly if such person be a female, in passing in or out. Scrupulously avoid making room for a new-comer, although you may occupy twice as much of the seat as you have any right to. Be particular in placing your wet umbrella so close against your neighbor as possible. Always stretch out your legs so that your feet may be an annoyance to your opposite fellow-passenger. If you carry a stick or cane, try to stand it between your knees, and, resting both hands thereon, throw the others out in the inconvenience of those persons who may be fortunate enough to be sitting near you. Never ride outside, not even in a beautiful warm day, to oblige a lady, unless she be young and pretty.

Who feels all the umbrellas that every body loses? Every man who recovers the umbrella he loses, as he never never get acquainted with the man that finds them. Can any one answer the question, before the next rain?

RECENT UNCONVERTED.—"Do you know," said a would-be wit to a Jew, "that they hang Jews up, jackasses together in Georgia?" "Indeed, brother; then it's a well you and I are not there!"

A couple of travelers stopping at the Hôtel Français, in the city of Quebec, the capital of the Augustine Confederation, were surprised and amused by noticing on the bill of fare, "Eggs on horseback!" Determined to know what it meant they called for the equestrian dish, when it was stated there were two eggs on the bill.

Quilp says that women will pardon a great deal to their own net unless they are guilty of beauty. When they say they "don't like the looks of a woman," you may be pretty certain that soon do! Quilp had better look out for "Nell."

The distinguished individual known among the ancients as Cupid has recently changed his name to Cupidity, and will hereafter turn his attention to matters of money as well as matrimony.

UMBRELLAS.—"There are three umbrellas," said little Neil, "that I do not like—the weather's one, mother's another; and the sky is the third—the greatest of them all, but also the leakiest."

LET'S "PLAY-GROUND."—The church-yard.

"Jane," said a wag, "it's all over town." "What's all over town?" "Why, Jane's eye dropped.

Whisky is quoted as nasteady. So are these who drink it.

"What o'clock is it?" "I don't know, but 'tis only a quarter of 'eight."

A fellow's eye may be cowardly when his nose is pugnacious.

The *Weed of Jaddoh* is announced from Melbourne with 2700 crates of cold. Brown says that's the maid for him.

During an examination, a medical student being asked the question, "When does the heart cease to beat?" "When you pop the question, and are answered No."

Poole, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the other kingdom, a gentleman asked him if he had ever been at Cork. "No, Sir," said Poole, "but I have seen something of it."

"It is remarkable that you are always forgetting my name," said a quasi-acquaintance named Flint. "Why," said the wag, "it is a confounded hard name to remember."

"None of your raillery," as the stage-coach said to the steam-engine.

"There is no living with you," as the thief said to the knife.

Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh yes! I know," said the child, "it's when you're happy and laugh."

ANGRY MAN TO COOL OBSERVER.—"You'll come to the gallows some day, Sir!"

COOL ONE.—"With pleasure, if you will let me know when you are to be hanged."

A skeptic once said to Dr. Parr, "That he would not believe any thing he could not understand." To which the Doctor replied, "Then, Sir, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

A person who looks at the world in somewhat gloomy style recently complained, in M. Kinsley's presence, how hard it was that people must grow old. "Hard as it is," replied the latter, complacently, "it seems to me the only means of enjoying long life."

"Who was David?" asked a Governess Inspector, examining a school and not many miles from Brighton. "The son of Jesse, and King of Israel," replied the boy. "Who was Jesse?" "The Elector of Hanover."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that?" "Oh, faith!" replied the other, "I ren a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

Doctor Bolus, who was very angry when any joke was passed on his profession, once said, "I envy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or negligence." "I envy you no safety, Doctor," replied a wag; "dead men tell no tales!"

During the recent performances of "Romeo and Juliet" at a provincial theatre, the fair *Juliet's* question, in the balcony scene, "What's the sleeping hour?" What if this mixture do not work at all?" was answered by an auditor in the pit, thus: "Then take a double dose."

Sir Robert Walpole was fond of playing at billiards, at which his friend, Dr. Money, excelled him. "How happens it, Money," said Sir Robert, "that you always win at billiards or contradict me but you?" "The solution is easy," answered the doctor; "other people think me more from you; perhaps if I did, I should be at great a loser as yourself by the game."

A large steamboat proprietor, although a man of immense wealth, has also immense appetite, and dines every day plainly at all times, and sometimes rather shabbily. Being on his passage down stream, not long since, he was accosted by a passenger, who took him for one of the crew, and thus addressed him: "Do you belong to this boat?" "No," said he, quietly, "the boat belongs to me!"

A white man not long since sued a black man in one of the courts of St. Louis, and while the trial was before the judge the litigants came to an amicable settlement, and so the counsel stated to the court. "A satisfactory settlement will not answer," replied the judge; "it must be in writing." "Then," said the opposing counsel to the white, "I'll compound the counsel, pointing to the parties; "you what does your House agree with more than this?"

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What is the difference between fern and ceremony?
You sit upon one, and stand on the other.

What was Joan of Arc made of?
Made (maid) of Orleans.

A Dream.

I view the world in little space,
An always changing and changeless place.
No food I eat, but by my power,
Procure what all the world devour?

Sun.

STOCK GAMBLING AT "GALLAGHER'S EVENING EXCHANGE."—[SEE PAGE 295.]

REPULSE OF THE REBELS AT PLEASANT HILL, LOUISIANA.—[See Page 291.]

THE SWEETEST SONG.

CLOUDS were flying, blue skies glancing
Bright and shy as April bluebirds
Or a bashful maiden's eyes;
Coral reefs of maple-blossoms
Reached up toward the changeful skies.

Violet censers wafted fragrance,
Crocus-cups stood hemmed with leaves;
And the new wine of the spring;
Eagerly I drank and drank it
From earth, air, and every thing.

I had turned my steps that morning
From the restless, sombre city,
To a quiet port I know,
Where the houses, quaint and olden,
All cast anchor years ago.

There in grass-grown paths I lingered,
Listening to the waves' low slaughter
Breaking on a pebbly shore;
Sweet their free, glad chorus after
Winter and the town's uproar.

Long I lingered; balm for lonely,
Tired spirits growth only
In some green, still haunt like this;
And I turned away, reluctant,
From a spot so full of peace.

Homeward, past long rows of houses,
Past low fields where famine browses,
Gaunt and lean as Pharaoh's dream;
But I heard a blithe bird singing,
And the sky wore April's gleam.

And adown the trodden pathway
Stepped a little figure toward me,
Spring which blowing back her hair;
Something, ere I met her, drew me,
In her quaint yet childish air.

As she nearer came, I wondered
What it was this trim, small Quaker
Prattled to herself about,
Till I heard, "Pat on my shaker,
Spoken without fear or doubt.

Then I stooped to do her bidding,
Kissed her lips, and saw the treasure
Which shabby, small hands hold fast—
Pebbles gathered from the road-side,
That was all my eyes beheld.

If you'll tell me what the brooks say,
And the crocuses and robins,
I'll translate her artless lay:
But I know whose was the sweetest
Of all songs I heard that day.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVIII.

LILY IS SENT FOR TO THE DRAWING-ROOM.

YEARS sped on, and the baby became a child, the child a pretty girl. Years and years of peace in wars, tumults, and revolts, in famines and shipwrecks, in debates and dancing-parties, in pestilence and in new operas; inside, in the same dull round of little tasks, little duties, little quarrels, little pleasures, little pains. Rhododendron Place did not trouble itself about Corporation Reform, or the new Poor-Law Board. It contented it behold Bishops expostulations, Fieschi conspiracies, trials of Dorchester laborers. Fashions came in and came out, but there was no sartorial eleemosynary in the cut of pinafores at Stockwell. Corn-law questions convulsed the country, and Miss Bunnycastle grumbled at the baker's bill, but the free-and-easy boarders had four thin parallelograms apiece, of bread thinly veneered with Dorset butter, for breakfast, and four for tea, whether wheat was up or down in the market. Currency controversies agitated parliaments, engendered monstrous blue-books, and made financiers' lives a burden to them; but every Saturday, at noon, Miss Adelaide Bunnycastle appeared in the school-room with a tray set out with the boarders' weekly pocket-money, piled in symmetrical little heaps, mainly composed of sixpences. The hebdomadal average was fourpence. A young lady who had had sixpence a week was held to have an intimate connection with the plutocracy; a shilling a week, and she was set down wealthy. As for the parlor-boarders, who brought golden sovereigns to school with them after the holidays, and were continually having five shillings (with a cake) sent to them per carrier, they were considered as daughters of the house of Rothschild. Miss Dallwallah had once actually exhibited a five-pound note, payable on demand by the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. It was bran-new, crisp, and gleaming. She showed it to her chosen companions only as a mark of high favor toward them. Many were of opinion that it should be framed and glazed. Mrs. Bunnycastle, alarmed at the idea of a young lady not yet sixteen having so much money, remonstrated with Mr. Coopinghurst, the commercial gentleman in Austin Friars who was the agent in England of Miss Dallwallah's papa, and at whose country-house at Balham the sultana Scheherazade passed her Midsummer and Christmas holidays. Mr. Coopinghurst curtly replied, that, if Mrs. Bunnycastle was not satisfied with her pupil, he was ready to send Miss Dallwallah a lady at the next vacation, and that, indeed, he had been thinking of sending her a superior school for Miss Dallwallah, who, in all probability, would be the inheritress of great wealth. Mrs. Bunnycastle thereupon grumbled no more; if the Begum had brought half a dozen lacs of rupees back with her in her play-box at the beginning of the next half-year, the school-mistress would never have proffered a word of complaint.

Lily had grown up to be eight years old. It was agreed on all hands that, although her figure was graceful and well formed, she would never be tall. She had developed by very stages, and had not "shot up" in the bean-stalk fashion. The Bunnycastles granted that her brown hair was very soft and wavy, that her hands and feet were very small, that her skin was originally white, that her eyes were very large and blue, that her mouth was delicate and well formed, and garnished with teeth of irreproachable regularity and whiteness; but they authoritatively declared that she was not pretty, and would never become a beauty. She would be "a pleasing," nothing more. The truth must out, and I don't think the Bunnycastles liked her; Lily's nose was so decidedly retrousse as to be clear upon the shadow, and Lily had not a very charming little nose for all that—the coral and ivory nostrils almost transparent, the bridge slight and short, but coquettish, as a bridge over an artificial rivulet in a pleasure-garden. Then her forehead was decidedly a little too low. It has been my fortune to make acquaintance with a number of ladies and gentlemen of all ages, with foreheads so broad and so high as to astonish and who were more or less idiots; therefore I am not disposed to abide by the dictum of Miss Barbara Bunnycastle, who ignored the idiotic genius of Lily's brow, and was certain that she would turn out a fool. Finally, the shape of her visage inclined more to the square than to the oval. Unrelieved by expression or animation Lily's face would, from physiognomists whose broad principles of doctrine one should respect, but whose minute dogmatism on details is to be contemned—have appeared a stupid verdict of commonness. It is certain that Miss Foulbow, the dreaper's daughter, who was not very refined in her conversation, told Lily, that the girl's countenance found compensation, a handkerchief, in the merry smile that lighted up her lineaments at the slightest encouragement, and in the wistful, wishing, intelligent beam that played in her eyes; in her soft and pleading look when she was half doubtful that. She had a tempest of her own, a warm and somewhat peppery one, but it found no vent in black looks, bitter language, and clenched hands. When she was moved she turned very red, and spoke very quickly, and then there was a sudden and copious relief in a flood of passionate tears. It was dangerous to meddle with her then, for she would shake you off with those hands of hers, and the feverd movement of the hand which can only be thoroughly conveyed to the mind of a non-spectator by registering the accompanying physiognomic: the French "Na," the English "I shan't." But when Lily had said "I shan't," and "So violent" (in crescendo), and "I hate you," and "Go home," she calmed down, and the sun of her smiles came out as brightly as ever. Tempers were so easy to quell as they were difficult to rouse. She would bear a prodigious amount of teasing, pinching, cross words, and contradiction with surprising meekness and equanimity; or she would strive to disarm her persecutor by excessive and enduring good-nature. Contradict her. She was, when scorned, as pugnacious as a robin-redbreast. You might laugh at her, but it was never safe not to respect her. Her fits of passionate resentment of contumely arose from Lily being somewhat vain.

She was now eight years old, and neither a dunce nor an intellectual prodigy. Her masters and mistresses had very few complaints to bring against her. Since that first miserable morning when she sat down on the drugget and said, "I won't," she had always treated us all implicit and cheerful obedience to Mrs. Bunnycastle and her assistants. In the way of "doing as she was told" she was a model pupil to her round young ladies. Now and then in the school-room she was reprimanded for talking at unseasonable times; for her tongue was very glib, and there was the "clever pony" in a butcher's cart, and required to be reined in occasionally. Now and then Miss Barbara had had to scold her for carelessness, for trending her shoes down at heel, for making her pinafore look as if it had no pocket-handkerchief. Once or twice one of the governesses —but this was when Lily was very young indeed—had come complaining to interfere with what was in her tempers, and had recommended a short sojourn in the corner as a means of cooling those tempers down. These were her gravest scholastic offenses, unless, indeed, I take account of one or two desperate attempts she made when the goal, older to shield her play-fellows from reproof, and to take upon herself the blame they had incurred. She was very candid and unprejudiced instructresses of feminine youth to whom this will agree with me that the two master vices with which they have to contend in the education of their young charges to perness and sauciness in reply, and their painful manifestations at that form of deception which is known as "gloze." But Lily was never pert, and she could not be sly. With the exception of the attempts at shielding offenders mentioned above, which were usually so transparent as to be at once detected, she would not venture even upon a white lie.

Be it also, to the honor of the little woman, recorded that she never grumbled. Now, in order to be a grumbler at school it does not at all follow that you must be ill treated. Discontent is as often the result of satiety as of privation. A lady-cook may grow over his chickens and cream than a mongrel does over his bare bone. At plentiful harvests farmers (who murmur at every thing, and would have "wanted rain" in the Garden of Eden) murmur most. I dare say that a work-house child fed on gruel and "accidentals" bread from year's end to year's end is, in the long-run, less given to repine at her lot than a young lady at boarding-school, with three substantial meals a day, and the certainty of enjoyable meals as many, and as abundant, on the morrow. The Bunnycastles were economical, and made as much out of the housekeeping as they, with decency, conveniently could; but they neither starved the boarders nor fed them on coarse and unwholesome food, pregnant with boils, and blains, and skin diseases. The butcher's meat called regularly, and the joints he brought were, if not prime, nourishing. But Lily lived, nevertheless, in an atmosphere of grumbling. The great part of her existence passed more than one said at their instructresses, and accuse them of the most deliberate meanness in the article of money. The Bunnycastles themselves never assume a new silk dress without its being darkly hinted in the school-room that it was "got out of my bills." Every article of meat at dinner-time was denounced as shamefully deficient as to quantity and quality; the second helps were made the subject of a shameful and cruel imputation. The Wednesday mess of fish had boiled over—and it is a standing conspiracy to rob the boarders of their due, and their parents of the money they paid. "Unlimited diet indeed!" would Miss Barbara Purbrow, tossing up her head. "Is that nasty suet-pudding they give us twice a week unlimited diet?" Satirical remarks were made about the mangy cat which made its appearance every Monday morning. Occasionally the round of beef and mutton was favored by a piece of veal, and then the malcontents declared that Clodshop (Clodshop was the butcher) had lost a calf by disease, and had sold it to the Bunnycastles cheap. There was no end to their grumbling. Lily listened to it with unwearying goodwill, and refused to join in the chorus of complaints. She ate her meals thankfully, and did not find her food either scanty or repulsive. Perhaps she was too young to be a judge of cookery. Perhaps, never having had a home, she was not in a position to form invidious comparisons. And yet I scarcely think that the young ladies who were among the most inveterate grumblers had been, as a body, raised in the lap of luxury; many of them had been at other schools, where they were worse treated and worse fed. But it was the fashion to abuse the cookery, and those who spoke well of it were voted mean-spirited creatures. The insatiable appetite of female youth—for between fifteen and fourteen there are few things, out of the line of a cormorant, to equal a girl's voracity—may have had something to do with it. On the other hand, are young ladies at school the only persons in the world who are given to quarreling with their bread-and-butter.

If Lily had been any thing of a tale-teller there would have been sad work between the authoress and the grumblers, owing to those chronic criticisms on the cuisine. The child had full license to come and go between the school-room and the parlor; and might have been found a very convenient spy in the two naturally hostile camps. A Jesuit's mouth would have watered to instruct her in the arts of secret diplomacy; but she knew nothing of keeping-making; and somehow her little heart was so constituted that she would have trained her to be a hypocrite at school ashamed of their design, and abortive in their intent.

She had now been three years and a half at Rhododendron House, and the sum agreed upon by her mistresses and her protection had been regularly paid in yearly sums, always in advance, by orders on a banker in Cornhill. The drafts came accompanied by letters written in a foreign hand, but in very good English: in which a person signing himself J. B. Constant said that he had the honor to announce the payment of Miss Floria's account, and that he would not trouble Miss Bunnycastle to make any communication to him, for the information of her papa or to the young lady's health and progress, since, from causes at last removed, he was well informed upon those matters himself. To the satisfaction of the Bunnycastles at receiving so liberal a stipend for the board and education of such a very little girl was added a vague apprehension of losing her if they did not treat her with every kindness, and a dim consciousness that their proceedings were being watched over by some occult external influence. A mysterious interference, a mistake, and Miss Lily was fast verging upon her ninth year, that she was one morning dressed in her best and sent down to the drawing-room at once to the drawing-room, where a strange lady waited to see her.

CHAPTER XIX.

LILY'S VISITORS.

MISS FLORIS sent for to the drawing-room! A strange lady for Lily! The whole school was dazed at the news. There was a commotion. The very maid-servants were amazed. Such a thing had never occurred during the little girl's three years and a half's residence at Rhododendron House. She had been set down, by general expectation: not as a friendless child—for the implied pauperism, and the regular discharge of Lily's school-bills was sufficient evidence of her having friends somewhere—but as one whose connections, whoever they were, resided far away, and were deterred, by major reasons, from coming to visit her.

Miss Dallwallah was, to some extent, in the same position: the requirements of the Indian Civil Service rendering her papa's visits to Lombard, and her mamma's long dead; but no one would have dared to call Miss Dallwallah friendless. The Begum's own home, regularly for the holidays, to the commercial gentleman at Balham; whereto she had been passed, under scholastic escort, the outer gates of Rhododendron House. Those weary weeks passed in the deserted school-room and the scarcely less deserted house—for the Miss Bunnycastles were accustomed to holiday-time to repair to the pleasant shores of Ramsgate and Margate in charge of health and husbands; and Mrs. Bunnycastle was not, at the best of times, very amusing company for a little girl not yet eight years of age—were full of sorrowful memories for Lily. Inquisitive as she was, and fond of the continuation of external objects that she might build mental speculations upon them, one is apt to grow tired at last of peering into inkstands in whose caked depths florid growths of white fungi have accumulated. The dusty debris of last quarter's slate-pencils will at last lose charm, and novelty cease to emerge from the names of by-gone pupils cut on desks and forms. Lily remembers, with a shuddering sense of the tedium, how dinners and teas that used to be served to her in the school-room; the sepulchral ticking of the clock all over the premises; the sense of a certain black rat that used to sally from beneath the next-screen book-case, and watch her as she sat there alone; the hot tea with floating eyes, as though he said, "Drop me plenty of crumbs or, by my grandmother Whiskers, I'll bite!" the hot stool on which your tiny body is perched and can not up!" Lily was always glad when the holidays were over. And when Miss Dallwallah's young friends came back grumbling, as usual, at having to recommence their studies and leave their beds when getting up was a delight, she wondered, in her simple soul, whatever they could have to be discontented with.

After she had been dressed, and brushed, and tidied, and made generally spruce and shining as a new pin, Miss Barbara took her by the hand, and led her to the best parlor.

There was a lady waiting for her. She was a very handsome lady, not in her first youth, but in her second, which, very probably, was handsomer than the first had been. She was very beautifully dressed: so splendidly that Lily, modestly collecting all that she had heard about the Arabian Nights, instantly put her down as the absolute and perfect impersonation of Queen Scheherazade, of whom Miss Dallwallah was the imaginary type. She had a great deal of silk about her that rustled, and laces that glittered, and of flowers that waved, and a great many ornaments of jewels and gold that jingled and made a noise. She seemed to Lily that had she purchased the picture of that lady from the gallery of Mr. Marks, or Mr. Park, for a penny plain, she would cost at least twelve-and-sixpence to emblazon and finish off completely in tinsel.

The visitor did not disappoint Lily, for either every patient or a very good-tempered lady. She had been kept for some time waiting, and it had called her spirits down. She was drumming on the ground with her feet, and rapping Mrs. Bunnycastle's great cruciber walnut-wood drawing-room table with her unoccupied right hand, indeed, so to presume to rap that reverend article of furniture! Moreover, when Miss Barbara, with Lily gravely circling after her, entered the apartment, she turned to the former with a very quick and fierce movement, and said—

"Had you not better keep me all day? Is this little brat a princess that I am to dance attendance for hours before she grants me an audience?"

Lily opened her eyes at being spoken of as a brat, but quickly understood term had not yet been applied to her. This was evidently a very cross lady; as cross as the tall English teacher who was sent away for giving Lily pills. Cross when they were remiss in their geography—the Miss Bunnycastles observing, at the time, and with perfect truth, that any such remiss, if any thing of that kind was to be done, they could do it themselves. Lily noticed, too, apart from the angry vehemence of the lady's manner, that her voice did not resemble that of the Bunnycastles, or those who were accustomed to rule them. She spoke more like Mademoiselle, for shortness called "Mamselle," French governess at Rhododendron House, who was supposed to rail against the Bunnycastles as "tyrannical Megæras," to have the toothache, and to weep about her ancestors.

Miss Barbara drew herself up haughtily at being thus abruptly addressed. Indeed, it could not have so much manifested itself, but in the presence of a scholar, to be snubbed was intolerable. Did not Doctor Busby, when he went over Westminster School with King Charles the Second, apologize to his Majesty for keeping his hat on, upon the ground that if his boys were led for an instant to imagine that there was in the whole world a greater personage than he, his authority would be lost forever? So Miss Barbara drew herself up, and looked sharp-edged rulers, or whatever the law of kindness was capable of resorting to in moments of resentment, at the aggressor.

"My mamma, Madam," she explained, with the polite severity of offended dignity, "is confined to her bed by sickness, else she would have received you. My sisters are detained in the school-room by their domestic duties. To my own hands I have prepared Miss Floris for the

visit which, during three years and a half, her friends have never condescended to pay her instructresses."

"She ought not to want any preparation," retrained the lady, with undiminished violence. "Do you keep her in a pig-sty, that she is not fit to be seen when she stopped herself for an instant—"when her friends call upon her? Come here, child!"

Lily answered the summons not very willingly. The handsome angry lady terrified her. She was accustomed, however, to do as she was bid, and obeyed the command: approaching the lady, however, sideways, and with one small forefinger in her mouth.

"Don't look like a fool!" cried the handsome lady.

Lily did not know what else to look like; or, to an uninterested spectator, she might have looked very much like a little girl in active preparation for a good cry. Her perturbation was increased when the strange visitor, pulling the child toward her, and with no very gentle hand offered very unmistakable evidence that she was about to undress her. She stayed her hand, however, at the sight of Lily's little plump white shoulders, which—A most curious and inconsequential lady this—she proceeded, incontinent, to cover with very fierce hot kisses. And then, that nothing might be wanting to the oddity of her demeanor, she pushed the child away again.

"There," she said, "I see you're clean enough. Do you give her a bath every morning?" she resumed, addressing Miss Barbara.

"Miss Flora," retorted that young lady, combining a diplomatic evasion with much moral suavity, "has constantly received unremitting attention, both as regards her physical and mental requirements."

"Then why you schoolmistresses talk!" the lady went on, not, apparently, in the slightest degree touched by the governess's eloquence. "It is all in the nick-nammed, I suppose—Jannonce. What is your name, child?"

The little girl opened her eyes, and Miss Barbara opened her ears. Had not the strange lady asked for Miss Floris?

"Lily," the child answered.

"Lily what?"

"Lily Floris, ma'am."

"Beast of a name. We must change it. How old are you?"

Lily looked appealingly at Miss Barbara.

"I know you to believe," Miss Bunnycastle remarked, with lofty condescension, "that Miss Floris is rapidly approaching her eighth birthday."

"Are you happy here?" resumed the lady, not deigning to acknowledge Miss Bunnycastle's self-withered existence.

"Yes, ma'am," the child replied, with all the sincerity of eight years of age. The lady frowned at this answer; but Miss Barbara seemed rendered thanks to Lily, in her secret soul. "It was always an engaging little thing," she admitted mentally.

"Do they beat you?" the lady continued.

"No, ma'am," the child returned, opening her eyes wider than ever.

"Tant pis," said the lady. "When I was young they used to beat me like a negro. It is true," she added, turning to Miss Barbara.

Miss Bunnycastle made a genteel inclination of the head, which might mean anything; but I believe that in the recesses of her mind the thought just then was uppermost, that if that handsome lady had been one of her young lady-boarders, and of a convenient age, she would have given her some vice exemplification of the law of fairness, which should have been of a nature to astonish her.

"I suppose you're good for children, the stick and all that," the lady added, musing. "It did me a torrent of good, to be sure. It made me love every body so. There," she went, giving her body a sudden wrench, as though she wished to rid herself of an unpleasant theme of thought, "I dare say you're too frightened to tell the truth while your schoolmistress is near. Please to have her dressed, and I will take her out for a walk."

The last part of her speech was addressed to Miss Barbara, and the governess thought it high time to take a part upon it.

"Madam," she said, with freezing politeness, "Miss Floris was placed here, three years and a half since, by two gentlemen who, considering her—then almost an infant—to our charge, strictly enjoined that she was never to leave it, save under direct instructions from—"

"Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant," the lady interposed, with a wonderful sweetness of tone, "I know all about that. M. Constant is the agent for Miss Flora's guardian, and M. Constant pays her school-bills every year."

"Precisely so," Miss Barbara returned. "Therefore without instructions from M. Constant—"

"You wouldn't let her go: at least you'd say you wouldn't, although, if I choose, I'd have the child out of this house if fifty dragoons with drawn swords stood at the door to oppose it. But what nonsense all this is! Do you know the handwriting of M. Jean Baptiste Constant?"

"Perfectly well, Madam."

"Then send for it: get the child's hat and pelisse on, and let me hear no more about it."

She opened a pretty reticule, all velvet and golden bead-work, and flung rather than handed to Miss Bunnycastle a note written in M. Constant's remarkably small and neat handwriting, in which, with many compliments to the amiable Madame and Mesdemoselles Bunnycastle, he requested them, in all respects, to obey such directions as should be given to them in respect to Miss Lily Floris, by Madame la Comtesse de Beaunes, that young lady's nearest female relative.

"The letter, I see, is dated Paris," Miss Bunnycastle replied, after reading and re-reading the note, but still with a certain amount of hesitation.

"Whence else?" returned the lady, with impetuosity. "He being in Paris. M. Jean Baptiste Constant is ill. He is in bed. He has an aneurism."

"And you, Madam?"

"You are very inquisitive. I am Miss Floris's nearest female relative. I am Madame la Comtesse de Beaunes. There is my card, which I gave to your father, Sir Thomas Bunnycastle, when he was alive, and with a heightening color, exclaimed—

"I won't let the dear little child go. I don't know who you are, or what you mean. Your manners are most insulting, and unless the gentlemen come themselves to fetch Miss Floris, or M. Constant sends a messenger who knows how to behave himself, the darling shan't go. Do you want to go, Lily?"

The subject of this controversy, simply reasoning, that the strange lady was not to be obeyed, she was very fond of Miss Bunnycastle, and, moreover, that it was decidedly preferable to be called a darling than a little beast, and that the heart palpitating violently, that she was very happy where she was, and that she didn't want to go, began with sobs—

"I thought so!" Miss Barbara exclaimed, triumphantly catching the child to her. "A pretty thing, indeed, to be interrupted and domineered over in one's own house. You have your answer, Madam, and I must wish you good-morning." And she made as though she would have rung the bell to have the importunate visitor ushered out.

But Miss Barbara Bunnycastle reckoned without her host. The strange lady rose in a rage.

"You devil!" she cried, "you're making a genteel establishment for young ladies! "I will have the child. Do your worst. I say she shall go with me. You shall answer to me for your mother and sisters, and they will make you list to reason. And in the police, if you like, and see if not a charming figure you will cut in the dock."

She set her teeth together, and glared at Miss Barbara as though she would devour her. The schoolmistress was fairly paralyzed. Was the lady mad? Something must be done, and the only reflection she concluded that the best thing she could do was to call for aid outside. The front gate was fast locked, and the lady would hardly be so desperate, she thought, as to scale that railing. There was a bell-rope in the drawing-room, and how to get her away from Lily?

The stranger seemed to divine her thoughts. "Ring the bell, if you like," she said, "and tell the other servants to come. I'm not afraid of twenty of them. But I'll tell you what! Before I leave this room without the child, I'll smash every article of glass in the house. And the lady decidedly looked as though she meant what she said.

It was a strange dilemma; an uprooting of all the conventionalities, an unheard-of revolution in the ordinarily placid world of Rhodedendron House. A servant came in, and the Miss Bunnycastles summoned. Then a speech embassy was dispatched to Miss Barbara, who sat, with the old lady, on the sofa, now growing very feeble, and was not quite valid, mentally, should suggest a thing, and confined herself to a general remark that "it was a pity" of such goings on. As a last resource, Mr. Draxe was sent for. That tremendous person happened fortunately to be at home, and on his arrival the school did his best to throw oil on the troubled waters. He ordered cognac for M. J. B. Constant's handwriting was undeniable, and, M. J. B. Constant's wishes must be attended to. Moreover, there was present in the lady's hall was always paid in advance, and there were at least six months to run, to the next term of payment. The visitor was pacified. "Do be sure, Mr. Draxe had not seen her in a rage. Clearly, the only course to adopt was to accede to her very liberal demands.

It happened, at this conjuncture, that the strange lady's bearing underwent a remarkable change for the better. She condescended to smile on Mr. Draxe. She told him that he had acted with good discretion; which expression tallied so exactly with the quality on which he so much prided himself that Mr. Draxe was in ecstasies, and even Celia and Adelaide thought that their sister had been a little too hasty. To be sure, they, too, had not seen the handsome lady in a rage. She, on her part, remembered the information that she was Lily's aunt, that her only object in temporarily removing her was to take her out for a holiday and purchase her some new clothes; and she faithfully promised to return with the child in a most self-same evening. Finally, a treaty of peace was arranged. As a matter of form, a fresh embassy was dispatched to Miss Bunnycastle, to obtain her consent, as chief of the establishment, to Miss Floris's temporary departure; but that good lady merely told her daughters that they might do as they liked, and expressed a desire not to be "worried." Poor, placid Mrs. Bunnycastle: she shall not tease no more.

Lily, who had stood and wondered throughout the whole of this strange argument, was at length conducted to a bedroom and arrayed in her walking clothes. Miss Barbara it was who buttoned on her pelisse, and tied her hat beneath her dimpled chin; but Miss Barbara, although she had been forced to yield to superior numbers, was by no means satisfied in mind at the upshot of the dispute.

"You'll be sure to come back early this evening," she said, kneeling on the floor to adjust a bow, she gazed earnestly in the child's face.

"Yes, Miss Babby" (this was the petit nom which, of the five-and-thirty boarders, Lily, the chartered pet of the establishment, was privileged to address Miss Barbara by).

"Yes, Miss Babby," she whimpered; "and I'm sure I don't want to go away at all."

"There, you mustn't cry," Miss Barbara, who was on the point of shedding tears herself, hastily interposed; "it's naughty, and not like a great girl as you know. Now, kiss me, and say your prayers. If you don't, you'll be punished." This was said with a touch of Miss Barbara Bunnycastle ordinary and schematic enterdevalness; but her heart was not in her words, and, casting her arms around the little girl's neck, and without any valid reason in the world that I know of, she wept over her as though her heart would break.

The same quite irrational impulse led Miss Barbara, after Lily had been carried off in a kind of triumphal car, defiant triumph by the strange lady who had so remarkable a temper, to shed many more tears. It was foolish, she thought, but there, her heart felt. The child would be back soon. There was no harm in her going out. Her sisters were quite satisfied. Mr. Draxe had publicly declared to be the authenticity of J. B. Constant's autograph. But Miss Barbara mistrusted and Miss Barbara wept, in the lower regions. Miss Barbara, the heavy, hazel blue-eyed maiden had twisted herself round her heart, and she felt as though the twisting process had been repeated too many way. She dried her eyes, and put on, as well as she could, manage it, the scholastic countenance, and then she went down into the schoolroom and took a geography class. Her temper was tried to the uttermost. There was the usual average of stupid young ladies, careless young ladies, young ladies who were pert, and young ladies who were insinuating. She ground, for the five thousandth time, the dreary old barrel-organ to its accustomed round of tunes, let her spirit wet with tears. Her heart yearned for Lily. She distributed good marks and bad marks unconsciously, and she was inexpressibly grateful for tea-time to come because her vexatious task was over, but because the time had grown nearer when she thought the child would return.

That a schoolmistress is a "cross old thing," and nothing more, while generations of young ladies have maintained that in regards for remote from the school-room and its petty vexations, is a truism. But the difficulty in settling down the governess as a prim, prosy, ridiculous personage, full of angular ways and ludicrous feelings, to be ridiculed, to be contradicted, or snubbed, or supercilliously patronized. Ah! if we only thought a little more of what she had to endure! Ah! if we only reflected a little on how sick grows the head that has to listen to the strains, how numbed grows the hand that has to beat time, turn, that overtasking barrel-organ! Men, with a smug complacency, repeat, one after the other, that women have a peculiar aptitude for teaching: that they are patient, willing, persuasive, and the rest; and then, with ludicrous politeness, condemn them to grind the barrel-organ for the term of their natural lives. That men are not so eminently fitted for the task of tuition is shown by their losing patience half a dozen times in the course of a lesson, and falling on the cubs they are licking into shape and making them foremost; but gentle, long-suffering woman is contented to go on mildly nagging, and wrangling, and monotonizing over the cubs, and they decline to dance to the very gentelest of tunes. In the female breasts of every lunatic asylum you are sure to meet with one or more demented schoolmistresses. I often wonder that for the one or two I don't meet a dozen.

Ten-time came and went; then play-hour; then study-hour; at last the times for reading prayers and going to bed. Miss Floris had not come back. Her continued absence was common talk in the school-room. Among the girls, one party, the sympathetic, speculated on the dreadful things that would be done to a pupil who staid beyond her leave; another, and the majority, opined that Lily would be held harmless, seeing what a favorite she was with the authorities.

Time went on, and the Miss Bunnycastles sat down to that supper which they were too sick at heart to eat. Then came on the stroke of ten when the outer gate bell rang.

"Tis she! 'tis Miss Floris!" cried Barbara, "the dear little child!"

"The naughty little minx, rather!" added Celia, with some asperity.

"Perhaps it isn't her fault," pleaded Adelaide; "she may have been taken ill. But here she is!"

The door opened, and the maid appeared, with a scared face, announcing not Lily, but a gentleman; and, close upon her heels, there followed, with a rapid step, a tall man, nearly wild with excitement, Jean Baptiste Constant.

"The child!" he cried; "the child, dear ladies! Has she come back?"

A trembling negative had to be returned to his question.

"Oh! I am ruined, I am ruined!" the Swiss went on. "Where is she?" What have you done with her? Oh! my little, little Lily. She has been stolen, stolen by that monster of a woman. Malédiction!"

And for a time this was all that could be got out of J. B. Constant. He persisted in declaring that he was ruined. By degrees he calmed down a little, and explained that at five o'clock that afternoon he had seen the child pass, in a hackney-coach, with a person in whose company (so with much vehemence he declared) she had no right to be. It was in Regent Street. He had followed the coach as rapidly as he could, and, by voice and gestures, had endeavored to arrest its progress. But all was in vain. The coach was Regent Street; the time, the full tide of afternoon life. At length the driver of the hack compelled to abandon the chase, vainly endeavoring to persuade himself that he might have been mistaken. He had made scores of inquiries—perquisitions, he called them—in places that he thought it at least fairly probable that Lily might have been conveyed, and at length he had come to Rhododendron House.

The Bunnycastles could do little to console him. They made the most of their reluctance to allow Lily to leave; but what were they to do? They had long hesitated, and at last acted on the advice of Mr. Draxe, a trusted and discreet friend.

"Curse Mr. Draxe!" cried the valet, fiercely.

"Drax is a goose, a pig, a donkey!" And I am afraid the discomfited Miss Bunnycastles felt that moment very much inclined to agree with J. B. C. Drax's renown for discretion was gone for ever.

They showed J. B. Constant the note purporting to be in his handwriting. He flung it from him with something like an oath and a yell of rage.

"Forgery, an infamous forgery!" he cried, distractedly. "Fool that I was not to have foreseen the possibility of such a fraud! That woman would do anything to get the child."

"And whatever will your master say?" naively remarked Miss Adelaide, who had been eyeing the valet with much curiosity.

"My master!" he repeated; "burn my master! This little angel was worth twenty thousand masters to me."

Grief made him garrulous, but his communicativeness was not of a nature to satisfy the Bunnycastles. All he could permit to be said was made in advance, and the customary references dispensed with, they felt the indelicacy of pressing him with questions. Enough for them that was definite could be extracted from J. B. Constant. He could mention no names; but when the card of Madame la Comtesse de Beaunes was shown to him, he tore it, contemptuously, in half, and muttered, "Bah! one of her twenty aliases."

The council remained in session until an hour was attained quite unexampled in the annals of this well-conducted establishment. But Lily did not come back. Indeed to Rhododendron House she was never known again. J. B. Constant, with lowering looks, but with many protestations of regret at having flustered the ladies, to whom he was, for what if the child did not return, to be, they were very welcome to keep what remained of her wardrobe as some slight compensation for the trouble they had taken. And then the Bunnycastles were left desolate. The compensation was one not indeed. Bereft of hope to mourn the loss of her darling, and would not be comforted; and her two more practical sisters were bound in bitterness to acknowledge the new payments, having been made in advance, they could not demand even so much as a quarter's dividend on the sudden removal of their young lady-boarder.

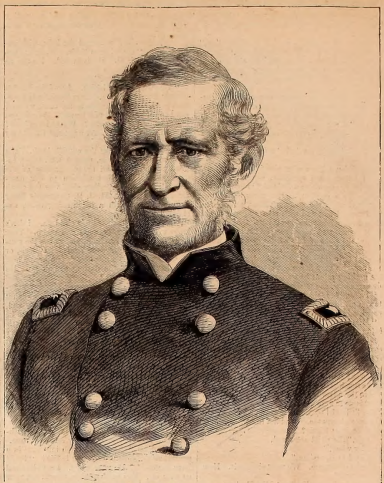
GAMBLING IN STOCKS.

THE excitement attending stock-gambling is finely depicted in our sketch on page 296. The scene here represented is one that is seen nightly at the new stock-board in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where operators, whose eagerness for speculation is only equaled by their ignorance, congregate in numbers and gamble far into the night.

GENERAL GREGG.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID M. GREGG, whose portrait we give on page 300, is a native of Pennsylvania, and is about thirty-six years of age. He entered West Point as a cadet in 1851, and graduated on the 30th of June, 1855, standing No. 8 in his class, among the members of which were Generals WETZEL, TORBERT, HAZEN, MERRILL, DU BOIS, AVERILL, COLONEL COLBURN, and many others in the Union army. On the 18th of September, 1855, he was brevetted Second Lieutenant of the Second Dragoons, and was transferred to the First Dragoons, with full rank, on the 16th of September, 1856. He was distinguished in several conflicts with the Indians in Washington Territory, in September, 1857, and in the early part of 1861 was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was further promoted to a Captaincy in the Second United States Cavalry (a new regiment), and afterward was appointed Colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, or Eighty-second Regiment of Volunteers. He served during the peninsula campaign, and was brevetted Major of the United States Army for meritorious services in reconnoissance before Richmond from July 1, 1862. At the death of General JAMES STEWART (commonly called "Jeb" Stuart), on the 14th of December, 1862, appointed to the command of his Brigade, with rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers from November 29, 1862. His command was confirmed in March, 1863. In February, 1863, he was appointed commander of the Third Division of Cavalry, under General STONEMAN, and in that position distinguished himself on several occasions. At present he commands the Second Division of the cavalry corps. He is among the most capable and daring cavalry officers in the service, and with CUSTER, PLEASONTON, KILPATRICK, SHERIDAN, and others, has stamped his name indelibly on the annals of our great conflict.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID M. GREGG.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 299.]



ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

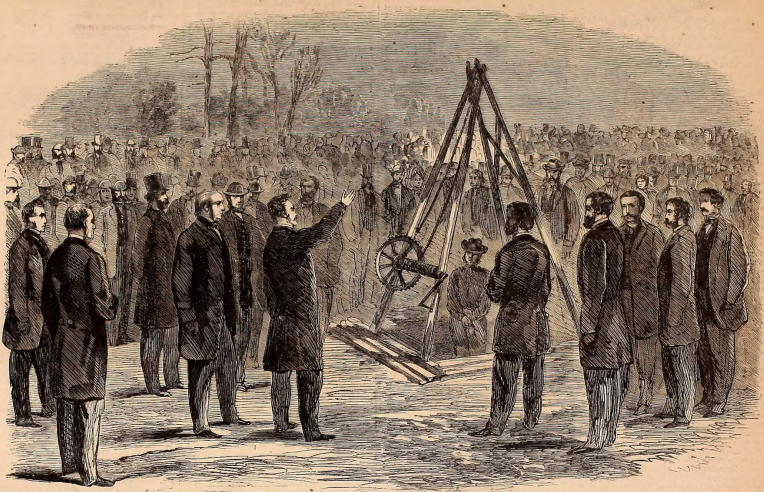
THE NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS CROSSING CANE RIVER, LA.

WE give below a sketch of the NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS, belonging to General BANKS's army, crossing Cane River, Louisiana, on a pontoon bridge. The crossing took place on the 31st of March, two days having been occupied in laying the bridge. Cane River, thirty-five miles above Alexandria, is one of the more considerable streams that flow into or out of Red River, according to the relative height of the water in the two streams. Like Red River, its banks are divided at short intervals by sloughs, or bayous, as they are called by the natives, which are sometimes magnified by rains into small rivers, and sometimes as dry as a brick sidewalk. Cane River is a fine stream, its waters being supplied by the drainage from the higher lands on its west side. As its name implies its banks are lined with extensive "cane-brakes," which in some places cover many thousand acres, and furnish grazing for large herds of cattle. Two days after crossing the river the Federal cavalry engaged the enemy in force, and defeated them with heavy loss. All the rebel cavalry engaged were under command of General DICK TAYLOR. The entire force of the enemy amounted to about 10,000. The success at that point will give Cane River a historic importance.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS.

WE present on this page a portrait of ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS, whose name has been prominently before the public during the whole of the present war. General THOMAS is a native of Delaware; he entered West Point in September, 1819, and in July, 1823, was made Second Lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry. From March, 1828, to February, 1831, he acted as Adjutant, and in 1836 was made Captain. In September, 1836, he became Assistant Quarter-master, and in July, 1838, was made Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Major. In September, 1846, he was made brevet Lieutenant-Colonel "for gallantry and meritorious conduct in the several conflicts at Monterey, Mexico." Subsequently, he was made Major of the Fourth Infantry, and relinquished his rank in the line. On the 15th of July, 1852, he became Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. At the commencement of the war he occupied this position, but for several months past has been engaged in the West in the organization of negro regiments, and the superintendence of the work of establishing the Free Labor system on abandoned plantations. In this work he has displayed great energy and wisdom.

THE NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS CROSSING CANE RIVER, LOUISIANA.



THE SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

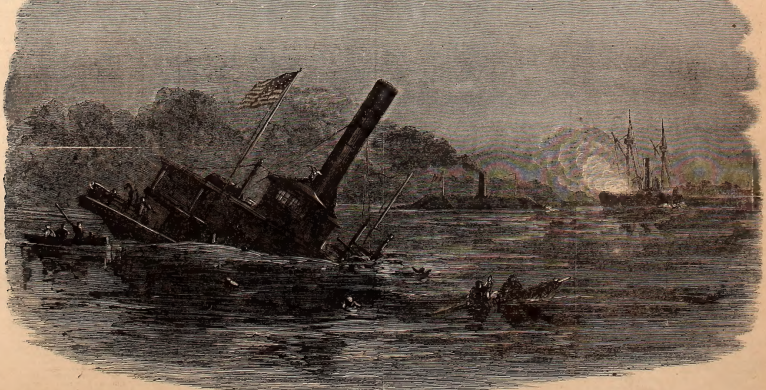
THE three hundredth anniversary of the birth of SHAKESPEARE was commemorated (April 23) in New York by laying the corner-stone of a Monument to his memory in Central Park. The ceremonies were witnessed by a number of distinguished citizens. The principal features of the occasion were addresses by Judge DALY and Mr. WHEATLEY, who recited an original poem, and the formal laying of the stone by Mr. HACKETT. The ceremonies closed by the formal acceptance of the monument by Mayor GUNTHER on behalf of the city. The site of the proposed statue is at the south end of the Mall, one of the most attractive and delightful within the limits of the grounds. A space staked off and surrounded with ropes protects the excavation, in which rests an oblong block of granite, bearing the following inscription:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
APRIL 23, 1864.

The Monument will add another permanent attraction to the Park.

THE REBEL RAM AT PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

WE give on this page a sketch of the encounter between the Rebel Ram and the Federal gun-boat *Miami* in the Roanoke River, near Plymouth, North Carolina. Our sketch shows the gun-boat *Southfield* in a sinking condition, having been run down by the Ram. The *Southfield* was formerly a ferry-boat, and carried a battery of six guns. Upon finding the *Southfield* disabled, the Ram gave chase to the *Miami*. Captain FLUSSER stood by the large gun, and asked what charge it contained. He was answered, "A shell;" and he made the remark, "Let us fire this, and afterward we will give him a better dose, solid shot." Captain FLUSSER sighted the gun himself, the iron-clad being only a half-length from him. The shell fired was a 10-second fuse, which struck the roof of the Ram, rebounded, and hit Captain FLUSSER. In striking him the shell exploded, and killed the gallant officer instantly, almost tearing him to pieces. The *Miami* then retired below Plymouth, having succeeded in picking up a number of the officers and crew of the *Southfield*.



THE REBEL RAM ATTACKING FEDERAL GUN-BOATS AT PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

BURIED ALIVE.

My name is Daniel Tyler, and my skin is dark, as my mother's was before me. I have heard that my father had a white face, but I think his heart and life were blacker than my mother's skin. I was born a slave, and remained a slave until last April, when I found deliverance and shelter under the flag that my master was fighting to dishonor.

I shall never forget the day when freedom came to me. I was working in the fields down in Alabama, my heart full of bitterness and unutterable longings. I had dreamed for two long years of escape from my bondage; the thought had run through the dark nights, and filled all the days with a weird sort of nervous expectation. Many dreams had proved unreal—more than dreams; the opportunity I yearned for did not come. But that day, working in the fields, suddenly along the road there there flashed a long column of loyal cavalry, the old flag flying at its head. How my heart leaped at the sight! How like a madman I cried out and thought: "This, Daniel Tyler, is your opportunity!" Need I tell you how I acted upon that thought; how, in one second of time, I leaped out of slavery into freedom, and from a slave became a man?

I will, joining the fleshing column, I rode with them for days, coming at last into Baton Rouge, and thence, having joined a regiment that had been recruited in Memphis. Thence four hundred of us came to Fort Pillow. But there are not four hundred of us now; for three hundred and five were murdered in cold blood only a week ago by Forrest's rough-riders.

It was a day of horrors—that 12th of March. There were seven hundred of us in all in the fort—three hundred whites of the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry, and four hundred blacks, a few of the all under command of brave Major Booth. The fort consisted simply of earth-works, on which we had mounted a dozen guns. Twice since that Forrest had been plaguing the country all about us, and imagined that perhaps he would try to storm us; but the thought did not alarm us, though we knew, those of us who were black, that we had little to expect at the hands of the rebels. At last, about sunrise on the morning of the 12th, Forrest, with some 6000 men, appeared and at once commenced an attack. We met the assault bravely, and for two hours the fight went on briskly. Then a flag of truce came in from Forrest, asking an unconditional surrender; but Major Bradford—to whom having been wounded—declined to surrender unless the enemy would treat those of us who were black as prisoners of war, which, of course, they refused to do, and the fight went on. The enemy in the next few hours made several more assaults, which but were each time repulsed. At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, they sent in another flag. We ceased firing, out of respect to the flag, and Forrest's men had no such notions of honor and good faith. The moment we stopped firing they swarmed all about the fort, and while the flag was in the act of drawing, made a desperate charge from all sides. Up to that time only about thirty of our men had been hurt. But in this charge the enemy, with their double-barrelled guns, and forthwith there ensued a scene which no pen can describe. Seeing that all resistance was useless, most of us threw down our arms, expecting, and many begging for, quarter. But it was in vain. Murder was in every rebel heart; flamed in every rebel eye. Indiscriminate massacre followed instantly upon our surrender. Some of us, seeking shelter, ran to the river and tried to conceal ourselves in the bushes, but for the most part in vain. The savages, pursuing, shot down the fugitives in their trenches, or, like Manuel Nichols, as brave a soldier as ever carried a musket. He had been a free negro in Michigan, but volunteered a year ago to join the Union ranks. He, with others, had sought a shelter under the bank of the river, but a cold-blooded monster found him, and putting a pistol close to his head, fired, failing however to kill the brave fellow. He was then hacked on the arm, and one day after died, delirious, in the hospital. Then there was Robert Hall, another colored soldier, who was lying sick in the hospital when the massacre commenced. The devils gashed his head horribly with their sabres, and then cut off part of his right hand, which he had lifted in a mute appeal for mercy. Then there was Harrison, of the Thirteenth Tennessee, who was shot four times after surrender, and then robbed of all his effects. Before I was shot, running along the river bank, I counted dead Union soldiers lying in their blood. One had crawled into a hollow log and was killed in it, another had got over the bank in the river, and on its board that ran out into the water. He laid on it on his face, with his feet in the water, and when I saw him was already stark and stiff. Several had tried to hide in crevices made by the falling bank, and could not be seen without difficulty, but they were singled out and killed. One negro corporal, Jacob Wilson, who was down on the river bank, seeing that no quarter was shown, stepped into the water so that he partly sunk under it. A rebel coming along asked him what was the matter: he said he was badly wounded, and the rebel, after taking from his pocket all the money he had, left him. It happened to be near by a flatboat tied to the bank. When all was quiet Wilson crawled into it, and got three more colored companions also into it, and cut loose. The boat floated out into the channel and was found ashore some miles below. There were, then, four of the famous escapes!

I was shot near the river just about dark. Running for my life, a burly rebel struck me with his carbine, putting out one eye, and then shot me in two places. I thought he would certainly leave me with that, but I was mistaken. With half a dozen others, I was at once picked up and carried to a ditch, into which we were bound like so many beasts, white and black together. Then they covered us with loose dirt, and left us to die. Oh, how dark and desolate it was! Under me were several dead, and right across my breast lay a white soldier, still alive! How he clutched and strained! How, hurt and weak as I was, with only one hand free, I struggled for air and life, feeling my strength waning every moment! It was a strange thing to lie there buried, and yet be able to think and pray. Maybe, friend, you have known what agony was, but you never had such pains of soul as I had down there in that living grave. I thought I could feel the worms gnawing at my flesh; I am sure I had a taste of what death is, with the added pain of knowing that I was not dead, and yet unable to live in that dark, dismal tomb. So I clutched and struggled and struggled on, digging upward as I could with my one puny hand. At last—oh joy!—a faint streak of light looked in; my hand had carved an avenue to the world of life! But would I live to lift my head? Might not some rebel, standing by, strike me down again on the moment? But I could not die there in that grave, I was not ready. Slowly, painfully, I rolled the burden from my breast—he was dead by that time—and then carefully crept out from my living death. It was dark, and no one was near. A moment I stood up on my feet; then—

The next thing I remember I was in the hospital where I am now. They had found me just where I fell, and brought me to a place of safety, and after a while, consciousness returned. I have been here a week now; and I think I shall get well.

I lie in the cot where poor Robert Hall lay when he was butchered by the rebels. They showed me, yesterday, a letter he had written the day before the massacre to my friend, Jim Lee, who could read and write at Memphis, after his enlistment, and used to send a message to his wife and children. He still remained there, poor fellow, for he, too, was his letter which a surgeon had helped him put together:

"DEAR MANDY—It run—I am very sick here in the hospital, but am better than I was, and hope to get well soon. They have been very kind to me; and I feel it very much to suffer for the cause. Tell Jim Lee to write. You must not worry on my account. Tell Katy she must not forget to say her prayers, and that I am thinking constantly how white she has an opportunity. And, mammy, take great care of the baby. I remember how he looks, and I think how and it would be to die and never see her little face again. But then chaplain says it will all be right in heaven, and he knows all about it. Good by, mammy, don't forget we are free now; teach both the children to be good, and I remain your husband,

"ROBERT HALL."

That was poor Hall's letter—it had not been sent, and we have no heart to send it now. He will never see the baby's face here; but then God may let him see it up yonder.

I hope to recover and get away from here very soon; I want to join Nat Gardiner's regiment. I have something to avenge now, and I can not bear to wait. Poor Hall's blood is crying to me from the ground; and I want to do it and avenge it for his and Manuel Nichols's wife, up there in Michigan, that his fall has had its compensation. And may God speed the day when this white people's power, for a time—what remains of it—shall be "Buried Alive!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to Mr. Mortan's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, Jobbers were obliged to sell and *credit* every Pen they took.

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past Two Years, only one Pen in Fifty has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price as those who live near it.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Premium Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the time spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in this column.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE COLLECTION
OF
Pianoforte Songs, Ballads, Duets, Quadrilles, Waltzes, &c.
"THE SILVER CHORD."
An elegant volume of two hundred pages. Price, plain binding, $2; cloth, $2 25; full gilt, $3 00. Mailed, postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Attention Company!

Clark's Cosgarot, a powerful stimulant. Each packet warranted to produce a full set of whiskers or moustaches at the regular Government price, $1 00. Sent anywhere free of duty to the Army. Any person using this Cosgarot, and finding it not as represented, by forwarding us the box, can have their money returned them at any time within 12 months from date of purchase. Price $1 00. Sent mailed and post-paid, to any address, on receipt of the money. Address, A. K. CLARK,
F. O. Drawer 118,
Albany, N. Y.

MME. DEMOREST'S IMPERIAL DRESS ELEVATOR, a very durable, convenient, and perfect arrangement for raising the dress in the street or carriage, the fashionable style, uniformly all around, and letting it down at will. Price 50 cents. Sent to all the trade and trimming stores, or sent by mail free on receipt of the price. No. 473 Broadway. Dealers supplied on liberal terms.

Union Playing Cards.

Colored for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. Ornamented cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the trumps. Sent to any part of the country, free of postage, mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. AMERICAN CARD CO., 16 Chambers St., N. Y., and 105 William Street, N. Y.

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 4, 1864, which provides that in lieu of so much of the loan authorized by the Act of March 3, 1863, to which this is supplementary, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to borrow from time to time, on the credit of the United States, not exceeding TWO HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS during the current fiscal year, and to prepare and issue therefor Coupon and Registered Bonds of the United States: and all Bonds issued under this Act shall be EXEMPT FROM TAXATION by or under any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are TO BE REDEEMED IN COIN at the pleasure of the Government, at any period not less than ten nor more than FORTY years from their date, and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually, and on all other Bonds semiannually.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year. The semi-annual Coupons are payable as above, and the annual Coupons thereon on the $50 and 100 dollar Bonds are payable on the 1st of March.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), One Thousand Dollars ($1000), Five Thousand Dollars ($5000), and Ten Thousand Dollars ($10,000), and Coupon Bonds of the denomination of Fifty Dollars ($50), One Hundred Dollars ($100), Five Hundred Dollars ($500), and One Thousand Dollars ($1000).

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their Bonds draw interest from March 1, by paying the accrued interest in the coin or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding fifty per cent. for premium, or receive them drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit.

As these Bonds are exempt from municipal or State taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay over eight per cent. interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds, and in all other forms of investment, the ability or safety of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is liable to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from $50 up to any magnitude, the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

The fact that all duties on imports are payable in specie furnishes a special fund for the payment of interest on all Government Bonds largely in excess of the wants of the treasury for this purpose.

Upon the receipt of subscriptions a certificate of deposit therefor, in duplicate, will be issued, the original of which will be forwarded by the subscriber to the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington, with a letter stating the kind (registered or coupon) and the denomination of bond required.

Upon the receipt of the original certificates at the Treasury Department, the bonds subscribed for will be transmitted to the subscribers respectively.

Subscriptions will be received by the *Treasurer of the United States* at Washington, and the *Assistant Treasurers* at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and by the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, No. 4 Wall St.
SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, 234 St. and Broadway.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, Pine St.
SIXTH NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, 6th Avenue and Broadway.
TENTH NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK.
NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK OF NEW YORK.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALBANY, N. Y.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF TROY, N. Y.
SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF UTICA, N. Y.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.
THIRD NATIONAL BANK OF SYRACUSE, N. Y.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BINGHAMTON, N. Y.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BUFFALO, N. Y.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WASHINGTON, D. C.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PHILADELPHIA.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BALTIMORE.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF HARTFORD, CONN.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW LONDON, CONN.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF STAMFORD, CONN.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON, MASS.
SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF BOSTON, MASS.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF WORCESTER, MASS.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CLEVELAND, O.
SECOND NATIONAL BANK OF CLEVELAND, O.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF CINCINNATI, O.
THIRD NATIONAL BANK OF CINCINNATI, O.

And by all National Banks which are depositories of public money. All respectable banks and bankers throughout the country will furnish further information on application, and offered every facility to subscribers.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS.
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description, viz.*:

THE GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not guaranteed, but correspond in size to numbers 3, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 50, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

There are Wood's Stained, Gold-Mounted Gold Pens, with Iridomia Points, the average wear of every one of which will be about a dozen of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore,* not acknowledged.

DIRECTIONS AND WARRANTY.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size accurately. No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest, Bankers' Shapes on the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are fine, but not extremely fine points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

THE GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 2 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 4th quality.

For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 00 a No. 7 Pen.

For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridomia Points, carefully selected, and of the finest quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" we superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1861.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Gold Pens, he hopes to excel all that, previous to opening his New Establishment, he could not obtain, and which have made a Gold Pen the Desirable Pen, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or "Number" and "Quality" of the Pen wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether for Broad-hand or Fine-hand.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send Postage Stamps to charge for registering, in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will generously pay the postage.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $15, of 15 per cent. on $20, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
No. 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

Eagle Gas Stove Works.

Summer Cooking Stove.

GAS the CHEAPEST FUEL.

BOIL, BROIL, ROAST, BAKE, TOAST, and do IRONING.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE.

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UTERINE CATHOLICON (Marshall's).
An infallible cure for "Female Weakness," and all Uterine complaints of women.
Price $1 50 per bottle. Five bottles for SIX DOLLARS.
THE GRAEFENBERG VEGETABLE PILLS.
The best Pill in the world. Price 25 cents per box for all Bilious and Liver complaints. Price 25 cents per box. Address all orders to J. F. BUDD, M. D.,
Resident Physician GRAEFENBERG COMPANY,
No. 139 Fulton Street, corner of Dutch, New York.
☞ INQUIRE OF DEALERS EVERYWHERE. ☜

Do they Pray for Me at Home? The best song out. Mailed for 25 cents.
O. DITSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Baker's Rheumatic Balm.

This remedy has been used in the family of the proprietor and his friends for many years, and they have resolved him to offer it for sale to the public, feeling confident, after a trial, that it will prove worthy of the confidence of

The cure of Chronic and Inflammatory Rheumatism it is invaluable; and if, after a fair trial, it fails to cure, the money will be refunded. Price $1 per bottle.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT: No. 164 Tenth Street, near Fourth Avenue. Sold by the principal Druggists. Remedies sent to any address on receipt of price.

Two Dollars made from twenty cts. Call and examine or the samples sent free by mail. Address, P. GARRETT & CO., Cincinnati, O.

☞ EXTRAORDINARY NOVELTIES continually supplied by the Agents of the New York Weekly Novelette. We do not fail to use this week's number, now ready, universally acknowledged the most spicy and fine weekly now published.

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Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$125 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	70 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
2000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
2000 " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
2000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Jet, and Enamel Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Jet, and Enamel Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 5 00 each.
2000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Plain Set Rings	3 00 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 00 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ed Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittances amount to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,

269 Broadway, New York.

ALL ARTICLES FOR SOLDIERS

At Richardson's Bazaar, and all places specified by Union troops, should be sent by HARDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Rubbers charged low rates.

New Army Watches.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers, 212 Broadway, New York, wish Agents in every county and every regiment, for the sale of their new styles of Watches. Unusually liberal terms are offered to Agents. Send for circular.

DEMOREST'S N. Y. ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—This spicy and valuable Weekly will give some startling novelties this week. Do not fail to see it.

SOMETHING NEW

IN PLAYING CARDS.

LOVE SCENES.

Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards. One combining pleasure with amusement. Price 50 cents and two red stamps, and send for sample pack. 25 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 99 Nassau St., New York.

DEMOREST'S NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS, "THE LEAF PAPER OF AMERICA.—Everybody and his wife are in ecstacies, and are complimenting and his wife are in ecstacies, and are complimenting DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS, as the most spicy, interesting, and live illustrated paper ever published. It needs only to be seen to be appreciated.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS vs. FEVERS.

Fevers are caused by an effect of Nature to throw out from the body poison that has been absorbed, either from another body, from checked perspiration of our own body, or from the atmosphere. Putrid exhalations, whether from living or dead bodies, or from swamps, or marshy vegetable matter, will produce fever. The GENERAL EFFECT IS TO RENDER THE POISONS OF LIFE. Should these exhalations form part of the air we breathe, they are carried into our fluids through the lungs, and actually act as a CORROSIVE POISON, which seriously disorders the digestive organs, and makes the blood impure, and circulates in the liver, and particularly in the stomach and bowels. If timely medicine is not administered to unload these organs, and unless what has been received is set free from its diseased actions as to ulcerate, and then no means will scarcely save life. What shall we do under these circumstances? Why you have an effect with fulness, pain in the head, confusion of ideas, dizziness of sight, pain in the back, loins, and side, sickness of stomach, or a general weariness, take at once four or six of

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS,

and repeat every four hours until they have operated well upon the bowels.

Remember, this precaution, produced by these celebrated Pills, does not weaken, but the patient is usually stronger, because they have removed the cause of weakness, which CORRUPT HUMORS WHICH WITHERS DOWN HIS LIFE FRENZIED PILE. This evacuation of the bowels is most necessary in all malignant diseases, but more particularly in Yellow Fever, and all fevers and violent diseases generally; for the stomach and bowels are the parts most effected in all cases of a severe character, whether they appear so or not, as is proved by what is brought away. But, by purging them with Brandreth's Pills, their putrid contents are thoroughly discharged, and counteract their bad effects. This timely evacuation not only cleanses the bowels, but

THE BLOOD IS ALSO FREED FROM A LOAD OF DEPRAVED HUMORS.

I have often noticed, in cases of fever, that, after a few doses of Pills, the vital power was restored that a gentle sweat has broken out and carried off all tensions of fever, and the patient has been well in a few days.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Let not an ill-timed fear about the weakness of the body prevent the Pills being given and continued until the bowels have been properly evacuated, and the blood cleansed; for it is this very weakness which calls for this treatment, which nature ever attempts, but is often not in sufficient strength unaided by medicine to do. Believe me, ye sick, it is the only method by which your lives can be CERTAINLY SAVED. I can affirm that I have given Brandreth's Pills in the most severe fevers, when the patient was so weak he could not walk across the room without help, and the pulse so feeble as to be scarcely felt, and the general prostration of nature, and, after the Pills had operated, he was stronger, as was evident to himself and all around him.

The U. S. 10-40 Loan.

Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued from the Treasury at Washington until March 26th. The Banks did not generally begin to receive subscriptions until one week later, and in distant parts of the country have not yet begun to work. Into the subscriptions reported by mail to the Treasury up to April 23d, amount to over $25,000,000, and the sum actually subscribed but not yet reported at that date is much greater. The attempt of interested parties to compel the Secretary of the Treasury to raise the rate of interest on this loan has signally failed. The experience of the last few weeks gives us every reason to believe that all the money the Treasury desires to borrow, can be obtained for five per cent. interest in gold.

Albums for the Army.

Our New Pocket Album,

holding sixteen pictures, and cost at

RICHARDSON'S,

is the cheapest and best Pocket Album ever offered to the public.

Send by mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five Cents.

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Photograph Album Manufacturers,

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$75 A MONTH.—Agents wanted to sell Sewing Machines. We will pay $75 a month to all who can obtain sold, or employ agents who will work for the above wages, and all others $50 a month. Address

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ITS ORIGIN FIRST AND ONLY GENUINE.

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$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address

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And the Philosophy of its Manufacture.

A small treatise, with valuable receipts on this subject, will be sent FREE, by mail, to persons who will send their address to E. KITCHAM & CO., 999 Pearl St., N. Y.

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Preparations of JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., of Boston, are the "*creme de la creme*." Sold every where.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Concentrated Rose Water (a new discovery in perfumery, and wholly unlike rose) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of a dollar. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 809 Broadway, New York.

COPY.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 19, 1864.

R. T. BARRETT, New York.—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed I send you a check for $36. You will please send me six boxes of your French Chemical Ointment Soap. I wish two for myself, two for a friend, and two for a grocery merchant in our city, whom I want to keep it for sale hereafter, and he wishes to try it. I first ordered it from you three or four years ago, and have used it ever since. My wife thinks she can not do without it; she informs me when the girl is enabled to do her washing in half the time required with ordinary soap, and her clothes cleaner and whiter. We are both fully satisfied that gotches like shirts, or other clothing requiring much rubbing, can fully one half longer or more when washed with the Exercise Soap, as so much rubbing is saved; and a still greater saving is made in the wear of such, in not boiling the clothes. This matter of boiling clothes has been pointed out for a long time; the hard lye clothes boiled all her life, and could hardly part with it, even though it was entirely unnecessary, and that clothes unboiled were a great deal cleaner and whiter, unless when boiling seemed to boil the dirt into the clothes, or to make them yellow, but when left without boiling, they were white as snow. I intend to get a number of my grocery merchants to keep it hereafter, so we can get it without sending to Boston. Should the saving per cent in case of fifty pounds each, strike me, and I will send you the balance. I am, very truly yours,

JOHN GIBSON.

Send by Merchants' or Great Western Dispatch, to

J. S. DUNN & CO., Indianapolis, Indiana.

N.B.—Above letter refers to R. T. BARRETT'S celebrated NEW YORK STEAM SOAP, manufactured at 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72, and 74 Washington St., New York, and for sale every where.

G. L. & J. B. KELTY

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The bounty due to soldiers who have been discharged on account of wounds received in battle is now being paid at THE UNITED STATES ARMY AGENCY, 64 BROADWAY, corner of Rector, opposite Trinity Church. The discharge must be presented by the soldier; when application is made by heirs, they must be prepared to give satisfactory proof of their claim.

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Excelsior Music Book. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, for violin, flute, and piano, 25c. each. The latest popular music, such as "FAUST MARCH," "FREEMAN'S WAKE," "Fred Wallace," "Lucy of Pompeii," "Lone grave," "An Irish sead reply." Leyung, I think of thee, &c. Price 25c. each. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, for violin, flute, and piano. ELEMENTS. Descriptive price list sent on receipt of stamp.

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Eczema in Sills, Gloves, Ribbons, &c.

HEGEMAN & CO'S BENZINE removes Paint, Grease Spots, Tar, Pitch, &c., and cleans Silks, Gloves, &c., equal to new. Only 25c. a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods Stores. HEGEMAN & CO., Nos. 288, 290, 292, 294, 176 Fulton street, corner of 4th Av., New York.

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SOLID SILVER AND GOLD BADGES of every description constantly on hand, and NEW STYLES to order. Also a BADGES constantly on hand, and NEW STYLES to order. Also a BANNER & PENNANT, Silk Fringed, and Lettered, engraved on the outside, in solid silver, at $15 00; FLAGS of gold, $8 00; Gold Pens, with Silver or Rhoad Pencils, $1 00 each. Sent by mail. Agents wanted.

S. KEITH, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

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New Spring Styles for 1864.

G. L. & J. B. KELTY 359 Broadway N.Y.

MME. DEMOREST'S MIRROR OF FASHIONS.—The Spring number of this magnificent Fashion Magazine is unusually attractive, a brilliant display of fresh novelties for the Spring Fashion, and some unusual and extraordinary attractions. Every one is a large Double Mammoth Fashion Plate, twice the usual size, and the most beautiful Fashion Plate ever offered in a magazine in the world. The Spring number also contains SIX Full Size Patterns, and a variety of other valuable information, information, &c., all for only 30 cents; or yearly subscription, $3, with a present of One Dollar's worth of extra Patterns. Do not fail to subscribe immediately. The Spring number will be ready for delivery on Saturday, for $1 75. Arthur's or Peterson's Magazine and the Mirror of Fashions, $3 75. Harper's Lady's Book and Mirror of Fashions, $2 75, less than the cost of Godey's alone. Splendid premiums for Clubs. Address Mme. DEMOREST, No. 473 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. B. C. PERRY,

DERMATOLOGIST,

49 Bond Street, New York,

Formerly of 29 Winter Street, Boston, treats successfully all Diseases of the Skin, Loss of Hair, and Shaving or Blanching. Also, removes Moth Freckles, and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. Consultations free.

For particulars send stamp for Circular.

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One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Self-Inker. Price $1800.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

"Good Looking."

PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, Physiognomy, and Psychology, with characters of Phrenological Subjects, given in the PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. 15 cents No. or $1 50 a year. For 60 cents the Portrait Double Nos. for January, February, March, and April sent by first post, by FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

Enameled Chamber

FURNITURE

The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in sets or single pieces. Also Mattresses and Feather Beds. WARREN WARD, 277 Canal St., N. Y.

5000

Agents Wanted,

TO INTRODUCE OUR

NEW GOLD PEN.

This gold pen is something entirely new, and is now offered to the public for the first time, and is made in the entirely new process, enabling us to offer them very cheap. Every pen is warranted and will be sent by return mail, post-paid, and to possess all the elasticity and writing qualities of the highest priced gold pen made. Single pen sent by mail on receipt of the following prices:

WITH SILVER-MOUNTED ROSEWOOD HOLDERS, IN MOROCCO CASES.

No. 2. Medium Pen and Holder, each 50 cents.
No. 3. Large, " " each $1 00.
No. 4. Engraving Pen and Holder, each $1 25.

Great inducements to Agents to form Clubs. Send for our Circular. GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers, No. 18 Broadway, N. Y.

WATCHES.

The Great New Army Watch, especially for Soldiers, in heavy and beautifully finished solid silver hunting cases, genuine Lever movements, ruby jewelled, and warranted as represented, and a perfect time-keeper, only $18. Instantly on hand. Watches of every description. Agents wanted throughout the country. Send for our circular. Sample Watches sent free. Postage, by the case, $2 38; Registering, 20 cents.

WARRANTEE.

We warrant every Watch to be as represented, or money refunded. A written warrantee if required.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Importers of Watches, No. 18 Broadway, N. Y.

50,000 AGENTS WANTED.

B. T. HAYWARD,

Manufacturing Jeweler, 209 Broadway, N. Y.

I will send a sample of either of the New Artillery, Cavalry, Pontonier, Engineer, or Naval Fits for $1 50 or a Full Dress Shield, or Officer's Cap Ornament, for $3. Company Fits with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1. Send for Wholesale Illustrated Circular.

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WOOL TWINE.

Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 94 Maiden Lane, N.Y.

BADGES. BADGES.

Solid Silver Company Pins (engraved to order), $1 00 ea.
" " Corps Badges " " $1 50 "
" " Cavalry " " $1 50 "
" " Artillery " " $1 50 "

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue. Address

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FORT RICHMOND, Staten Island, }

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FORT WADSWORTH, }

FORT TOMPKINS, }

FORT COLUMBUS, }

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FOLEY ISLAND, S. C., November 26, 1863.

PROF. HOLLOWAY—SIR: Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies. Address

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89th Illinois Vols.

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PROF. HOLLOWAY:

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Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH WALSH,

Co. F, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

FUSANIA, Tennessee,

December 28, 1863. }

PROF. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dysprepsia, and neck cure.

Yours, &c.,

THOMAS F. TURNER,

Co. I, 3d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., }

January 18, 1864. }

PROF. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR: Enclosed you will find 50 cents: for which I wish you to send me some of your valuable Pills; send them by mail. I enclose 10 cents for postage.

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PROF. HOLLOWAY:

SIR: Please send me for the enclosed 50 cents the worth of it in Pills; enclosed find 10 cents to pay postage, and you will oblige. Address,

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Co. E, 5th Regt. Excelsior Brigade,

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MORRIS ISLAND, S. C. }

January 18, 1864. }

PROF. HOLLOWAY:

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Yours, &c.,

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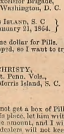

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 385.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

REBEL ATTACK ON OUR GUN-BOATS IN THE RED RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 310.]

THE SHARP-SHOOTER.

SOMETIMES I climb to the top of a tree,
And sometimes I hide in a thicket,
Or, crouching low in the tall, lank grass,
I fire on the enemy's picket.

All's fair, it is said, in love and war,
And both are concerned in my story;
To the lover, why, life and love are all—
To the soldier death is glory.

'Twas down in Virginia; the sky was fair,
And the hour of noon was nearing;
The sun poured down with a Southern fire;
And I stood at the edge of a clearing.

While opposite lurked a rebel in grey,
Where the open space was bounded;
By a dark wood; and shrill and sharp
The crack of our rifles sounded.

Then a deadly aim I took at my foe—
Now hear to the end of my story,
And I'll tell you what to a lover is love,
And how death to the soldier is glory.

"Advance!" came the word along our lines;
Then woke the echoes infernal!
And clear and loud above crash and roar
Rang the voice of our grim old Colonel.

I glanced as I passed at my fallen foe—
Do you wonder if I faltered?
'Twas the man who married the girl I loved,
Though his face was strangely altered.

I rather had lain where he lay that day,
On the field, all rigid and gashed;
If she had but loved me as she loved him—
And so ends this sharp-shooter's story.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

THE summer opens upon a situation which is every where most interesting. In Europe the question of general war will be virtually decided by the success of our campaigns. Europe is undoubtedly ripe for revolution. The Governments mistrust each other, and the people watch the Governments. Austria and Prussia have rushed into a war with Denmark, in order that they may continue their hold on Germany and thwart the free constitutional tendencies of Denmark, which would inevitably affect the German frontier and be felt in Berlin and Vienna. The London Conference will doubtless agree upon some way to avoid a continuance of the war, which is a threat to the present condition of affairs, and which makes Europe more sensitive to the chances of our struggle. In England the ministry of Lord PALMERSTON, strongly intrenched for many years in the lymph of the British people, now begins to totter. It has been defeated in Parliament. Even the liberal journals prophecy its fall, and it has yielded to the Tory assaults in the resignation of Mr. STANSFELD. Meanwhile the Queen is losing her popularity by her long seclusion, nor does she regain it by announcing that she can no longer fulfill the merely ceremonial duty of her position. Ceremonial duty! And your Majesty's self—? The Prince of Wales, the dull-looking youth who came to us four years ago, is inclined to Toryism. The Tory Lancashire cotton mill continues to grind, as PALMERSTON goes out DERBY will come in. It is always a choice of cake or smoke in England. If they can not have the traditional Whig they must take the traditional Tory. Whether there is any secret reason for the Queen's privacy is not generally understood. But it is not easy to forget, under the circumstances, the rumors that have been always whispered about the misfortune of insanity in the royal family.

But while there is evidently the sign of change in England, it is amusing to watch the recent conduct of the governing families. GARIBALDI, who is the incarnation of the popular revolution in Europe, was announced as on his way to England. Instantly public expectation was on the alert, and the papers fell to writing and speculating. If London is not to see the most formidable riot of many years, said one of them, let the Government be well prepared. GARIBALDI is the Anti-POPE, and a commotion of the Romanist masses was feared. But, also, GARIBALDI is the Anti-LOUIS NAPOLEON, and the friend of MAZZINI, and ENGLAND had not just condemned MAZZINI (if he could only catch him) to transportation for an alleged attempt at assassination; and England had refused the conference proposed by the Emperor. Poor John Bull was dreadfully perplexed. What could be done to keep right with every party? First, Mr. STANSFELD, a personal friend of MAZZINI's, had to go out of the Government. Then the enthusiastic GARIBALDI, and immediately called upon STANSFELD and MAZZINI. John, at his wit's end treats the Liberator as Mr. PICKWICK treated the horse, of which he was mortally afraid, and which he could not mount. "Poor fellow!" said Mr. PICKWICK, soothingly. "Poor old horsy!" and he revolved around him in the effort to liberate his possible wrath, until he declared that it was like a horrible dream. So John Bull pats GARIBALDI: "Good and great man, please come and dine with PALMERSTON, and ride in the DUKE OF SUTHERLAND'S carriage; and three cheers for the noble patriot who says that he wishes no political demonstration! No, no? of course not. Let's go to the navy-yard. Let us show all the sights to this great and good LIBERATOR, who has promised to behave so sweetly!" and while he shouts this cheerful speech he whispers to Lord CLARENDON, "For Heaven's sake, run over to Paris and tickle LOUIS NAPOLEON, and tell him that it is nothing but a tub to this terrible whale of the people; and that John Bull now, as in the time of CHARLES and JAMES SECOND, the great mystery, is the most humble servant of his dear ally!" That the noble and best men in England see with shame and sorrow that KOSSUTH was right, and that Great Britain is humiliated by France, is beyond question. They feel as we Americans felt when the policy of our Government, a few years since, was to bully the world and truckle at home to the meanest despotism.

France, meanwhile, crosses the sea, and enthrones herself in Mexico in the person of MAXIMILIAN. When she is once there, and has ascertained that we do not assent to the Mexican conquest and subjugation, she will be ready, directly or indirectly, to become a party to our war. The assent of the Governments of Europe to French participation in our affairs will be based upon their natural earnest wish that a popular Government may conspicuously fail; for our success would be an inspiration to the people of Europe to undertake what is coolly contemplated by the aristocratic class. On the other hand, any European interference in our war would be the signal for the rising of the people all over the European continent.

Thus every where the most momentous movements undoubtedly depend upon the issue of our campaigns; and by a curious fortune General GRANT has become a pivotal man. Yet in any case there is for us no cause of profound apprehension. If he fails, and France in any way interferes, even with the tacit assent of the great Powers, the people of the free States will rise as they have not yet risen. What France did in the Revolutionary time, namely, maintain herself against domestic intrigue and foreign combination upon contiguous soil, that the United States are perfectly capable of surpassing. Every European State will suddenly bristle with our friends and allies. On the other hand, if GRANT succeeds, LOUIS NAPOLEON will bow himself out of Mexico as gracefully possible.

In all these speculations upon contingencies and possibilities the true ground of faith in the issue lies, for a loyal American citizen, in the good sense of the people. The history of the war is the history of the steady development of that good sense. From the beginning, with apprehension, and open hostility to the people and their purpose. But that purpose was never clearer, nor the popular mind more resolved than at this moment.

WORDS.

IN the blessed days when that incorruptible patriot, FERNANDO WOOD, was lamenting to ROBERT TOOMBS that he could not send him rifles to shoot down the Black Republicans, a good deal said about "coercing" States. The right of secession was not exactly clear to some minds, but the wrong of "coercing" was plain. In other words, it was doubtful to these minds whether the Government of the United States had the right to enforce its laws; or, in truer words, whether secession was constitutional—but whether the only clearly constitutional thing was to connive at the destruction of the Constitution.

The word "coerce" played a great part in the debates of those days; but since the first battle of Bull Run it has gone out of fashion. Since the American people, namely, have addressed themselves to the maintenance of the Union and Government we have not heard so much of the Constitutional duty of submitting to national rule. But another word has arisen to take the rose for which the word "coercion" was employed. The new word is "subjugation." Mr. LOMAS informed us in Parliament that what the alternative is now concession of the success of the rebellion, or the subjugation of the rebels. He calls them States, but that does not alter the fact.

We beg to ask Mr. LOMAS if there has ever been any other alternative? Either the rebellious citizens of the United States are to be compelled by force of arms, and by every other effective measure, to submit to the Government, or they are to overthrow the Government. There is no middle ground, and there never has been. The insurrection has taken the proportions of a war. It is treated of necessity as a war. All warlike methods are properly invoked. The struggle has endured now for three years. But it still remains what it was at first—an armed and powerful insurrection of citizens of the United States against their Government; and either that Government will subjugate the insurgents, or the insurgents will subjugate the Government. The word subjugate means bringing under the yoke. And that is exactly the business in which we are now engaged. The rebels are being brought under the yoke; that is, the authority of the Government.

If the question is asked, "What then becomes of the assent which is declared to be the basis of the Government?" the reply is, that it is the assent of the people collectively which is intended. When a majority have created a Government by common consent which provides for its own amendment and change, no portion of that people, without speaking in the prescribed method of amendment, can insist that their interest shall prevail by arms over the interest of the whole. Nor in that case is any revolt new that was seen ever given, while to-day those who do not assent are brutally murdered. When it is said that the Government rests upon common consent, it is not meant that every citizen is at liberty to obey or disobey the laws. If he disobey he justly pays the penalty. If the County of Chautauqua should refuse to obey the laws of New York, what would New York do? She would compel the citizens of New York living in Chautauqua County to submit to the laws, exactly as the United States are compelling the citizens of the United States living in the State of Georgia to obey the laws. For the Government of the United States exists, or it does not. If it does, its first duty is to enforce itself against armed citizens in rebellion, and to subjugate them; that is, to compel them to yield to the laws which they, in common with all other citizens, have made.

This proposition was formerly called coercion. It is now called subjugation. In both cases it is exactly the same thing. It is the forcible maintenance of the authority of the Government. ALEXANDER HAMILTON long ago declared what all experience confirms, that the vigor of government is essential to the security of liberty. This will henceforth be the first lesson in our political primer.

THE FREEDMEN.

IF our conduct toward the colored race in this country during the war has been harsh, unkind, uncertain, and most sadly just, how noble and generous have been the sentiments! Despised, hated as an inferior race, as less than human, as properly enslaved and degraded, the history of these three years is full of stories of their bravery, humanity, and unfailing fidelity. And while their bearing as soldiers is now beyond question there is not a more touching and important, and that is their temper and capacity as freemen. This point is touched in a most timely and able paper in the *North American Review*, which we commend to the study of the cotton question. We commend its clear and conclusive summary to the most careful attention of those who wish to understand fully the prospects of the cotton supply hereafter, and the capacity of the freedmen as successful cultivators.

We may add to the testimony of the article that of a gentleman who for a year past has had several hundred freedmen in his employ on the Mississippi River. He affirms that he sees in every respect superior as a working class to the "mean whites" of the South; that they are docile, faithful, and entirely trustworthy precedent; that they display the utmost eagerness to acquire useful information; and that they are in every instinct loyal to the Government and its institutions. He says that in the cotton plantations worked by this gentleman nearly every laborer has grouped about his cabin—in addition to the family of actual kindred—dependents, exhibiting at once an appreciation of his home, and a sentiment of taste suggestive of a deeper nature than the mere animal enjoyment which will allow to his race. In the cultivation of his "patch" of ground, and the raising of poultry and pigs, he takes the greatest delight, giving every encouragement to his children to grow up to this pleasing work. In a word, the freedman, whenever an opportunity is afforded him, is demonstrating that he is a man, with the instincts, feelings, and yearnings of a man, and anxious most of all to qualify himself for the responsibilities and duties to which he has been at last restored.

The manifest desire of very many of the freedmen in Government service and the employ of planters on the Mississippi to save the proceeds of their toil has suggested to General THOMAS and others, as we are trustworthily informed, the propriety of establishing savings-banks on the various plantations, in which the laborers may deposit their earnings, and so provide for their future contingencies. Fourteen dollars per first class under the present regulations receive twenty-five dollars a month with rations; and as they for the most part support their old and infirm, as well as their small children, from the sale of the products of their humeries and gardens, they are able to put by the greater portion of this amount, and with proper encouragement would immediately do so. It is to be hoped that General THOMAS, who has so far exhibited a most benevolent interest in the welfare of the unfortunate class, will at the earliest moment establish some system by which this spirit of providence and thrift may be developed into practical results, and the freedmen set on the high road to that prosperity which they have already demonstrated their capacity properly to appreciate and employ.

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

THE House of Representatives has at last agreed to the Senate's amendments to the Army Appropriation Bill, by which the merest justice is done to the colored soldiers in the army; and by the time these words are printed we trust it will have the President's signature and be a law. The act of justice was, of course, resisted to the last by the representatives of the steadily and consistently repudiate the fundamental principle of the American Government, equal rights, and who, being the most industrious panders of an aristocracy and of class legislation, call themselves Democrats, but are called by the common sense of the American people, and will be known in history, as Copperheads. The vote was eighty-one yeas to forty-nine nays. Among the yeas we are heartily glad to see the names of two representatives from New York, Mr. GRISWOLD, of Troy, and Mr. ODELL, of Brooklyn; who, if they are unwilling to relinquish the party name of Democrat, yet show by their votes that they conceive Democracy to be something else than contemptible subservience to the support of human slavery. Of course Messrs. JAMES BROOKS, WINTHROP CHANLER, and FERNANDO WOOD, from the city of New York, voted against the proposition; and it would be difficult to name a single measure for the maintenance of the national honor, the salvation of the American Government, and the advancement of liberty and justice, against which Messrs. JAMES BROOKS, WINTHROP CHANLER, and FERNANDO WOOD did not vote.

Mr. HOLMAN, of Indiana, was very anxious lest Congress should "equalize" men. Mr. HOLMAN, of Indiana, need be under no concern. No Congressional act can ever make a base man equal to a noble one; an unjust statute can not be just one; an enemy of equal rights as true an American as a friend of liberty. No power in Congress can make a tool of freedom and an advocate of caste so safe a legislator for this country as a man who believes the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence. Nor can "equalize" intelligence and ignorance; generosity and meanness; treason and loyalty; or sympathy with rebels and devotion to the country. The most effective act, however severe and stringent, could ever "equalize" the infamy of ROBERT TOOMBS and the heroism of ROBERT SHAALER; or the spirit that grudges a soldier his fair pay with that which inspires the same soldier to fight and fall in the front of battle; or to enlist notwithstanding a bleak and prospect of imprisonment if he be captured. Let Mr. HOLMAN be comforted. Congress can not put asunder what God has joined; as, for instance, heroism and unintelligible animation of it: not while what he has severed, as, for instance, patriotism and party-spirit.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

THE Fair of the Western Sanitary Commission will begin on the 17th of May in St. Louis, and we are sure that the same charity which has not tired the Eastern States in the East will not tire the new demand. Missouri is a State which has been tried by fire. The war has wasted it for three years, and upon the border, and long after the State, it has been full of rebels and ruffians; and, on the other hand, it has been loyal to the Union. And because of the most devoted heroism and the most patient endurance of suffering. The loyalty of loyal border men is the loyalty of martyrs. They endure personal proscription by traitors and constant danger and alarm. But the heroic fidelity of such men has been equal but in the Union. Gen. FRANK BLAIR, Gen. BROWN to the Senate, and hardly less State, it has been full of rebels and ruffians; and, on the other hand, it has been loyal to the Union. And because of the most devoted heroism and the most patient endurance of suffering. The loyalty of loyal border men is the loyalty of martyrs. They endure personal proscription by traitors and constant danger and alarm. But the heroic fidelity of such men has been equal but in the Union. Gen. FRANK BLAIR, Gen. BROWN to the Senate, and hardly less from the last desperate clutch of Slavery. To help those who have given her true sons and daughters to make their appeal to us. General ROSECRANS is the President of the Central Committee, Governor YATES is the first Vice-President, and Mayor FULLER second, and General FISH third. JAMES E. YEATMAN, Esq., Treasurer of the Commission, and Secretary of Western Sanitary Commission, is chairman of the Standing Committee, and to him every thing is to be addressed; while bills of lading and goods are to be sent to Major ALFRED MACKAY.

But no proof of the earnestness of border Union men could be more striking than this, that in a Slave State, almost upon debatable ground, the Western Sanitary Fair is the first effort so far as we know, to assign by the unanimous vote of its Executive Committee a special Department for the interests of suffering and Union Refugees, and, as we are informed, one of the tables will be under the charge of a man who was a slave until a few months ago. And this is a city where slaves are still held and sold.

Whatever is sent to the Fair and is intended for this Department should be marked F. and U. R. Department, and it will be appropriated. "It is not a sectional work," say the Committee, "and they make no sectional appeal." We hope that our friends every where will do all they can for this great, good work; not forgetting that of the West receipts of the Eastern Fairs for the United States Sanitary Commission the Western Commission receives one-third, as it is a separate, although co-operative organization.

"UNION AND LIBERTY."

A PRIZED IN NEW JERSEY WRITES: "Hon. THOS. S. GREMER, of South Carolina, deceased since 1835, was noted not only for his rare virtues, commanding talents, research, and learning, but for his nationality of sentiment at a time and among a people when it almost involved martyrdom. His speech in the Senate of South Carolina in December, 1833 (prior to the famous debate which gave Mr. WEBSTER his deserved renown), on the resolutions respecting the tariff, avowed all on the topic of State Sovereignty except that of Mr. WEBSTER, and is richer in learning than his. And the following ode, for July 4, 1833, is certainly worthy of comparison with any produced by its ennobling subject:

"'Who would over Freedom's shrine?
Who would dare to lavishon her
Though, by birth, one spot be mine,
Dear if all the rest!
Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the ocean mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West!

"'By our sires and by our dead
By our hav'n deep-rooted tree!
By the Past's dread memory!
By our common kindred tongue!
By our hope, bright, buoyant, young!
By the ties of country strung!
We will die to be!

"'Fathers, have ye tied in vain?
Ages, must ye droop again?
Manly shall we rashly stain
Bleeding sod by Thee!
No! Receive our solemn vow,
While aside for those we bow,
Ever to maintain, as now,
Union and Liberty!'"

A MONUMENT.

OUR readers have not forgotten the terrible explosion at the Allegheny Arsenal in Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania, on the 17th September, 1862, by which fifty women were destroyed. They lost their lives in the act of working for our soldiers, and it is proposed to erect a monument to their memory in the cemetery in Allegheny Cemetery. A photograph of the design has been sent to us. It is a simple shaft standing upon a heavy pedimental, and surmounted by an urn. Any gift for the purpose, however slight, will be a sign of sympathy to the poor families interested. It may be sent to Mr. M. DEWORTH, clerk to Paymaster, United States Arsenal, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

A CORRECTION.

WE reprint the following letter from the *Louisville Journal*:

NEW YORK, *April 9, 1864.*

"To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:

"I have just seen in your paper of the 31st of March a letter signed 'A. Lincoln' and dated 'Chattanooga, March 24,' in which '*a few friendly hints*' are offered to me. The letter is instructive as illustrative of the coarse keenness with which personal criticisms are often publicly made, tho I venture to trouble you with this reply.

"At the front of the letter I read in the *Round Table*, a literary journal of this city, an anonymous article which he assumes that I wrote, proceeds to castigate me for it, and, warning with his work, forbids his remarks by a quotation from memory of what he says 'Mr. Curtis tells us' in *Harper's Weekly*.

"I have never seen the article in the *Round Table* of which your correspondent speaks, nor have I expressed in *Harper's Weekly*, or elsewhere, the sentiments which he attributes to me. I say sincerely that, however lighting 'at the front,' as I have no doubt he is, he will not begrudge me the use of his own common-sense the wholly gratuitous assumption that he is a rebel private.

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS."

DRAPER'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON.

THE illustration made from Dr. HENRY DRAPER'S Photograph of the Moon, published in *Harper's Weekly* (March 19th), is exciting great attention in Europe. It is proposed by the Committee of the British Association having the matter in hand to use it in rectifying the names that have been given to the lunar mountains.

LITERARY.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have in preparation, and will immediately commence the publication of an elegant Library Edition of The Works of WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. This edition will contain only those elaborate works by which the author wished to be known to after-ages, leaving out those transient writings, which, having served their momentary purpose, he wished to die. THACKERAY, who missed being a great artist only by becoming a great writer, designed many of the most characteristic illustrations to his works. These illustrations will be faithfully reproduced in this edition. "VANITY FAIR," being the first of that series of tales by which THACKERAY won his place as a great writer, will be the first in this edition. This story, the first volume of which is already ready for publication, will contain a portrait of THACKERAY, engraved upon steel, after the famous drawing by SAMUEL LAURENCE.

"The National Almanac and Annual Record for 1864," published by GEORGE W. CHILDS, is admirably designed and carefully prepared. It contains more than five hundred pages of facts and statistics, any one of which may at any moment be worth more to almost any man than the whole cost of the book. These are so arranged and classified that any man of fair intelligence may, in a short time, know precisely where to look for any fact respecting which he desires information. The work we consider to be an indispensable one for any man who has ever occasion to refer to a fact or figure belonging to the military, political, or financial transactions of the past year, whether at home or abroad.

"The Annual of Scientific Discovery, or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1864," edited by DAVID WELLS, and published by GOULD & LINCOLN, is also one of those indispensable works of reference for which we can not be too grateful to editor and publishers.

PROGRESS OF INTERNAL LEGISLATION.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*April 27.* The following House bills were passed: For the prevention of illegal practices of Indians in relation to the manner of vessels; fixing certain additional rules and regulations for preventing collisions on the sea; and to regulate the measurement of tonnage of ships and vessels of the United States; also, the bill to amend the section of the act for the enrollment of vessels, and for the said purpose; and to provide for foreign vessels. Mr. WILSON reported a bill concerning the volunteer and regular army of the United States, which makes the same as it was at the beginning of the war; and provides that hereafter no person shall be enlisted for more than three years, but being something more than the cost before the expiration of the term of service, the organization of the bill to provide a national currency, secured by the pledge of the United States bonds, etc., was resumed; but no vote was reached.—*April 28.* Mr. Chandler reported favorably on the bill to amend the act to regulate commercial men of Ohio Valley, praying for the improvement by Congress of the navigation of the Ohio River. The following bills were passed: Granting homestead exemptions to soldiers and sailors in the matter of the relief of the clerks in the Kittery and Philadelphia navy yards; to change the northern boundaries of the judicial districts of West and East Virginia; and the joint resolution for the relief of the clerks of paymasters of the navy and the graduation of their pay.—The joint resolution from the House to increase for sixty days the present duties of foreign imports fifty per centum, except printing paper, was also passed, and referred to the Committee to introduce several amendments.—*April 29.* Mr. Ramsey introduced a bill for the benefit and better management of the Indians, by which the President is authorized to make from any public reservation.—Mr. Henderson referred a joint resolution, which was adopted, to provide for the printing of the report of the Committee, of which Major-General Irvin M'Dowell was President, to examine into contraband and fraudulent claims in the Military Division in the West.—Mr. Sumner called up the Senate bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and to make it a City, Congress. An amendment striking out Carson City was adopted, and the bill passed.—*April 30.* The Senate took bill came up in order, but no result was reached.—*April 30.* A bill was introduced establishing the qualifications of candidates for all civil offices or promotions in such offices excepting the appointment of Mr. SUMNER offered a resolution requesting the President to communicate to the Senate the number of men in the army General so as the rights of colored persons in the army and elsewhere.—*May 2.* The bill to amend the enrollment act, the proposition was laid over.—A bill granting land for a railroad in Minnesota was passed.—*May 3.* Mr. WILSON's bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, the Finance Committee's amendments being agreed to, and the whole bill was then reported to the Senate. At this stage of the proceedings, it was being so current, the Senate then adjourned.—*May 3.* The bill to grant pre-emption to certain lands in California was discussed in the Senate. 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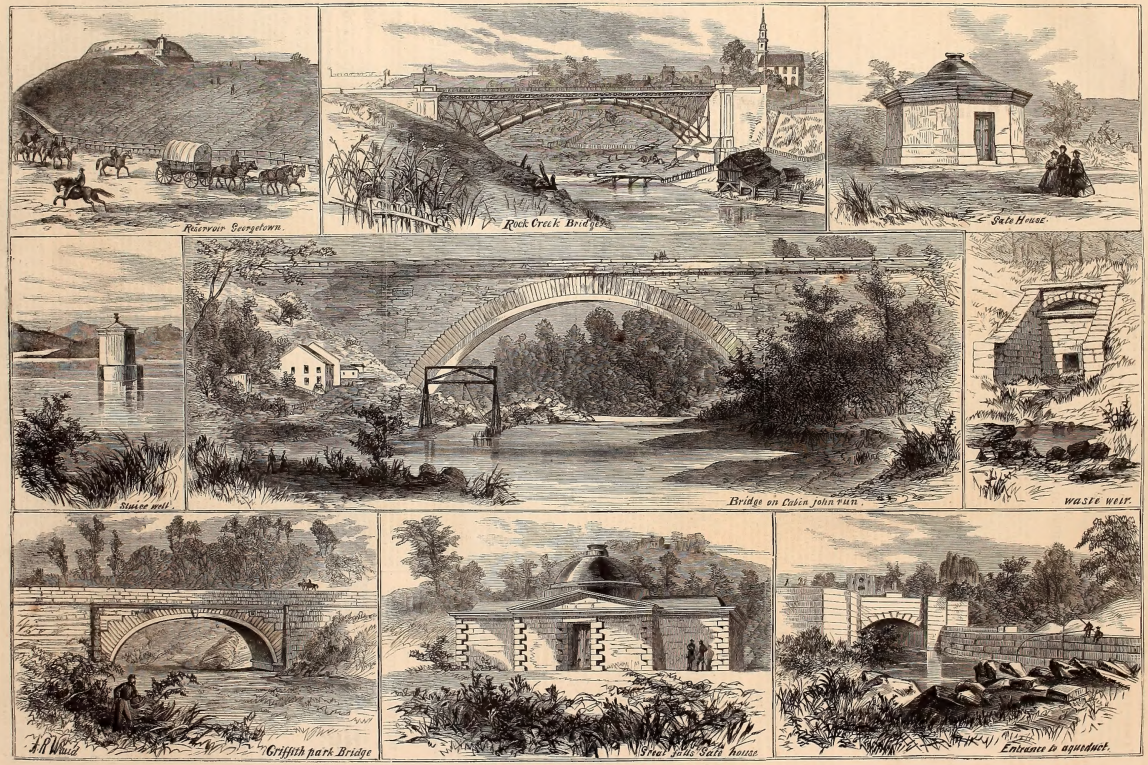

VIEWS OF THE GREAT AQUEDUCT, WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—[SEE PAGE 309.]

THE TWO POETS.

APRIL 23, 1864.

SHAKESPEARE.

GRAMERCY! what a night for stalking deer!
My kingdom for a—— Hold! what have we here?
A head of Schiller? Phœbus! can it be
Schiller in Central Park ahead of me?

SCHILLER.

Goddden, good Shakespeare, *Guten Abend*—long
Have I thy coming waited, Prince of Song,
Guarding the snowy flocks that round me throng.

SHAKESPEARE.

What flocks, O Schiller!—*opium poeus?*—say
Whose errant sheep into thy pasture stray?

SCHILLER.

No errant sheep; but the white birds that yon
The lakelet's placid bosom rest upon,
And are to mankind thy comparison.

SHAKESPEARE.

O faithful Schiller! who, by lake and river,
My truant swans thus unto me deliver,
Half of my white-necked flock be thine, forever!

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN, commander of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, whose portrait we give below, was born of Irish parentage in Perry County, Ohio, in 1831. He was appointed to a cadetship at West Point in 1848, and graduated there in June, 1853. In the same year he was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the First United States Infantry, and ordered to duty at Fort Duncan, Texas, where he remained about two years. Early in 1855 he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy in the Fourth United States Infantry. In July of that year he went to California in charge of a body of recruits, and was appointed to the command of the escort of Lieutenant WILLIAMSON, engaged in surveying a route for a proposed branch of the Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to the Columbia River, Oregon. Detached at Vancouver's Island, in September, 1855, he was assigned to a command of a body of dragoons which accompanied Major RAINE's expedition against the Yakima Indians. In an engagement with them, April 28, 1856, Lieutenant SHERIDAN acquitted himself so gallantly as to be mentioned in general orders. In May, 1856, he was in command of the Indian Reservation in the Coast Range of Mountains. In 1857 he received the compliments of General SCOTT, then General-in-Chief, for bringing about an adjustment of a difficulty with the Coquille Indians. Later in the same year he erected a military post at Yamhill, on the Indian Reservation.

On the 14th of March, 1861, he was promoted to a Captaincy in the Thirteenth Infantry, and from that position gradually advanced until June, 1862, when he became commander of the Second Brigade of the Cavalry Division, Army of the Mississippi, having served with great gallantry in some of the heaviest engagements in the Southwest. In July, 1862, he defeated the rebel General CHALMERS before Corinth, and was at once promoted to the grade of Brigadier-General, and given a stronger command; being assigned, in October of that year, to the command of the Eleventh Division of the Army of the Ohio, accompanying General BUELL in his advance upon BRAGG, and participating in the battle of Perryville, where he held the key of the Federal position, and repulsed two desperate charges of the rebels. General SHERIDAN was in command of a division at the battle of Stone River, and distinguished himself in a most remarkable manner, for which, on the special recommendation of General ROSECRANS, he was made a Major-General, December 31, 1862, his appointment receiving the confirmation of the Senate, March, 1863. In the battles of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge he won fresh laurels; and in his present position he will no doubt fully maintain his already exalted reputation.

General SHERIDAN is under the medium height, but is robustly built, and is full of life and energy. He knows more about the various fields of action than any one of his associates. Like the lamented KEARNEY, he makes all his leading reconnoissances in person. He informs himself thoroughly on all the topographical features of the hostile country through which he marches, and all the resources of the enemy's. He is never taken by surprise. The wants of his soldiers are always amply provided for. Hence, wherever he leads his men are sure to follow, confident alike in his courage, in his discretion, and his sympathy in all their needs.

SHAKESPEARE AND SCHILLER.

MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

GENERAL THOMAS E. GREENFIELD RANSOM.

GENERAL THOMAS E. GREENFIELD RANSOM, whose portrait we give on this page, was seriously wounded in the battle at Sabine Cross Roads, Louisiana, on the 8th of April. He was born in Norwich, Windsor county, Vermont, on November 29, 1835. He is the son of Colonel RANSOM, who fell at Chapultepec, September, 1847. General RANSOM entered the service as Captain of the Eleventh Illinois Volunteers on April 26, 1861, and became Major in May, and Lieutenant-Colonel in July of the same year. He was stationed at Cairo, and afterward at Charleston, Missouri, where he was wounded. During January, 1862, he removed to Paducah, to take part in the reconnoissance, under General GRANT, into Western Kentucky, to the rear of Columbus. He next took part in the movement upon Fort Henry and the contests before Fort Donelson, where he was again wounded, commanding his regiment on both occasions. In February he was promoted to the Colonelcy, in place of W. H. L. WALLACE, appointed Brigadier-General. He participated in the battle of Shiloh, where he was a third time wounded, and afterward assisted in guarding the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. On November 29, 1862, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and confirmed on March 9, 1863. During the latter month he formed one of the examining board of officers for the Seventeenth Army Corps. He was next placed in command of the First Brigade of the Sixth Division of that corps, and took a prominent part in the siege operations of Vicksburg, gaining great distinction, his brigade forming part of the force selected to occupy the city after the surrender. He was next placed in command of the post at Natchez, from which he was relieved during September, 1863, and ordered to the Department of the Gulf. There he has shown the highest soldierly capacities, distinguishing himself especially by his gallantry at Sabine Cross Roads, where he was wounded for the fourth time while standing among the guns of one of our batteries.

THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT.

WE give on page 308 a series of views of the WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT, at Washington, District of Columbia. The first of the series represents the high Service Reservoir at Georgetown. The next shows the handsome Bridge over Rock Creek, on Pennsylvania Avenue, the water being conveyed in the pipes which form the arch of the bridge. The octagonal building is the Gate-house of the Receiving Reservoir; the Sluice-well or Tower regulates the flow of water from the receiving reservoir. The Bridge over Cabin John Run, a muddy stream, is a splendid piece of masonry, with an arch of 220 feet span. The Waste Weir, as its name implies, is a drain for the aqueduct. The Griffith Park Bridge is a dry arch over a ravine. The Gate-house, at the head of the aqueduct, is a triumph of engineering and a handsome building. The last sketch, the Entrance to the Aqueduct, describes itself.

The Washington Aqueduct was built by the Unit-

GENERAL THOMAS E. GREENFIELD RANSOM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ed States Government, for the "purpose of supplying the cities of Washington and Georgetown with pure and wholesome water." The original surveys and plans were made by Captain (now General) M. C. Meigs, of the United States Engineers, in the winter of 1852-3. The plan adopted was to bring the water from the Great Falls of the Potomac, through a conduit, built of brick and stone, circular in form, of nine feet diameter. The Potomac is to be dammed about half a mile above the Falls by a cut-stone dam of solid masonry, 3000 feet in length, in the form of an arc, extending to the Virginia shore. At present the water is supplied only from a small branch of the river, a temporary dam having been thrown from the Maryland shore to an island. Ten miles from the Falls is the Receiving Reservoir, with a circular basin of some sixty acres, filled with water from a number of small streams entering into it. It is this water which the inhabitants of Washington have been using for some four years; but on the 4th of December last the Potomac water was introduced with appropriate ceremonies. Unfortunately, in the original plan no provision was made for bringing the Potomac water around this Reservoir, consequently the purer waters from the river are mingled with those of the small streams which receive the surface-drainage from a large area, and are somewhat turbid on every shower. The present accomplished Chief-Engineer, Colonel Silas Seymour, proposes to remedy this by constructing a supplementary conduit around this Reservoir, and this plan is recommended by the Secretary of War in his last annual report. Two miles nearer the city is the Distributing Reservoir, yet unfinished. When completed this will be a double basin of the same sizes' extent, the banks all lined with substantial slopewalls. From this the water is distributed to the city through cast-iron mains.

The crossing of Rock Creek, between Washington and Georgetown, is effected by a unique and beautiful bridge of iron pipes, five feet, of about 200 feet span, being composed of the mains through which the water passes. The structure of masonry along the line of the aqueduct are all built in the most substantial manner.

The total length of conduit is about twelve miles, and the level of water surface in the reservoirs 146 feet above mean tide. The diameter of conduit is nine feet, and the capacity 85,000,000 gallons daily. The estimated cost of the work is $3,500,000.

ENGAGEMENT OF GUN-BOATS ON THE RED RIVER.

We give on our first page an illustration of the engagement between Admiral Porter's gun-boat fleet and a large body of rebels on the Red River, above Grand Ecore, on the 12th ult. Admiral Porter thus refers to the affair in his report to the Navy Department:

On the evening of the 15th inst. we were attacked from the right bank of the river by a part of Taylor's force, which two or three days previous had gained success over our army, and flushed with victory, and the capture of a regiment of Negro, appeared suddenly upon the right bank and fearlessly opened fire on the steamers. Commodore Lee, under F. O. Smith's orders, gave chase, and after a short engagement with a transport (the *Black Hawk*) drove her ashore, towing her off. The rebels opened with 1000 muskets, and soon threw every one out of sight. Added to the safe seamstress of the monitor, Lieutenant Bacon had just come down his vessel (the *Lexington*) and unfortunately was enabled to pull up to her again, keeping close up to the bank. Admiral Porter opened a heavy fire from the *Cricket* and *Fairy*, and the vessels, who, undeterred by fright, had got on by their engines, were soon attempting to capture an army vessel.

Fate told that their hooting and actions baffle description; for after they seemed to have brought up the rear of the bank, where they confronted the guns of the iron vessels, only to be mowed down by grape and canister. In the mean time Lieutenant Bacon had reached his vessel, and, without the distance between them, attempted to be opened a cross-fire on the infuriated rebels, who fought with such desperation and courage against certain destruction that it could only be accounted for in one way. Our opinion was verified on inspection of the dead, for many the men actually smelling of Louisiana rum. This affair lasted two hours before the rebels fled. They brought up two pieces of artillery, one of which was quickly knocked over by the *Lexington*'s gunner, the other abandoned in a hurry off. The cross-fire of the *Lexington* finally decided this curious affair of a fight between gun-boats and rebels. The rebels were mowed down by her canister, and finally retreated in such quick haste as left the vessels unattacked, leaving the space of a mile covered with dead and wounded, muskets and knapsacks.

A PARROT ON THE RAMPAGE.

The spirited sketch on page 312 represents a scene which has often been witnessed by naval officers and sailors. The scene of the incident here illustrated was the forecastle of the United States steamer *Richmond*, off Mobile. During a high sea, causing the vessel to roll heavily, a heavy comber broke from its stays and knocked about with the utmost disregard of the consequences, occasioning great excitement among the sailors. For a time, however, proceeded to secure the gun as best they could. Our sketch represents the hardy fellows laboring to replace and restore the monster to his proper position by such appliances as they had at hand, taking care, however, while engaged in their persuasive task, not to put themselves in too close proximity to the frolicsome Parrott. Such scenes, while sometimes exposing the sailors to risk, always produce an agreeable excitement on shipboard, where even misfortune, if it only comes in a novel shape, is sometimes welcomed as a relief to a monotony which no pen can describe.

UNION REFUGEES IN THE LOUISIANA SWAMPS.

We give on page 313 an illustration showing a Rendezvous of Union Refugees in the Swamps of Western Louisiana. In no part of the Union have the loyalists suffered greater persecutions at the hands of the rebels than in the region where General Banks has recently operated. A correspondent who accompanied General Banks's army says that many Union men have been in the swamps for two years, having been driven there for refuge from the conscription. In many cases they were hunted by dogs, in others they escaped with wounds from the smoking ruins of their own homes, and did not dare to discover themselves until the advance of the Union forces, when they came out by hundreds from their dismal retreats, and enrolled themselves as scouts and rangers. Our illustration gives a vivid picture of the life which, for two years or more, these men have been compelled to live, for no other crime than refusing to turn against their flag and country.

AT PLEASANT HILL.

(On the battle-field at Pleasant Hill, the night following the engagement, a boy only nineteen years of age and an officer were found dead, lying side by side, each face wearing a smile.)

Two lives lying pale and stark
Beneath the moonlight's dull cast;
Two rifles gleaming in the dark,
Dropped from the unnerved dying palm:
Two faces bleak and stark and white,
In silence fading through the night.

One face a boy's, with auburn hair
Its outline fringing like a veil;
A forehead rounded, soft, and fair,
That until then no pelting hail
In all life's storm had scarred or torn,
That never on cold battle-field had worn.

Still on the lips a smile remained.
As if some dream had loitered there—
Some dream of home that, travel-stained,
Had come to rest with the weary—
Had come and whispered words of cheer,
And fond good-byes from kindred dear.

One face a boy's—The other sown
And seamed with prints of weary years—
Sad years that in their march hot strewn
Life's way with pains, and aches, tears—
A face with beard of silver white,
Wet with the falling dews of night.

No braver souls than theirs that day
Had faced the leaden hail and rain—
Through all, sweet voices far away
Talked with them, soothing all their pain—
The pain of battle, and the fear
And, having won, as trophies were.

Death came at last—came in the flash
Of desperate charge, and bare they lie—
Life in a sleep-like calm, as hush
Shall ever break—no storms that fly
Shall ever smite with harsh alarm—
A sleep God-watched against all harm.

The noble dead!—Not lost are they:
Through all the years their worth shall shine;
Their deeds shall live, and light our way
To those for future years shall twine
All royal souls with garlands white
As were these faces on that night.

STORY OF LAWRENCE.

Music sounded from below, and a cheery bustle of voices, and shouts from the drawing-room, while in the dimness of my chamber I could scarcely see a scarred and manly face and form. Now drawing-glass before which I stood, idly sticking in and out a great pin in the white frilled toilet cushion. We were married only last night, I think, to confide in ourselves. I did not say to myself that I lingered because the drawing-rooms were all one flood of merciless light. I was thinking of Philip's grave, and how I had to all that smooth dazzle of skin, and flitting rose-red, that he used to praise; but I straightened the slide of the pin, and turned my face full now at my collar, and then losing courage altogether, sat down by the window, and looked out. The quiet old-world street till Alice called me, and there was no further possibility of evasion; and then I slipped quietly down the stair and into the room (Alice and Catharine was in the shadow), never once glancing up till they all were fairly seated; though I might have heard Alice's quick breath, and seen her shower of four months, was too busy with Eliza Vaughan to bestow on me more than a brief look and careless smile.

Mother is the calmest being in the world, and never forgets her lofty courtesy. It is only on that every drop of the Morton blood was boiling in her veins, while Alice, who is like our father, and has less reticence and more of the King Lake fire, followed me to the recessed window, where, the wretched meal over, I made haste to hide myself out of sight. I was ashamed of such a little room, that window, shut out by heavy curtains, and holding a stand of heliotrope and the great fantoni in which I sat, my face burning, and my hands. But she need not see its comment on what was passing without while I listened to her prattle. I hate sympathy and condolence, because that shows that people know that your heart is sore.

At last:

"I know you want to be alone," said Alice; "but, my dear, I am in a rage, and I can't go out there yet, and mother and Mrs. Vaughan's eyes. If it means. In an honest business-like way, 'a bold stroke for a husband,' why, Heaven save the mark and help those who have not! I don't defend her work—by strategy. Imagine her telling him before us all that she never dreamed of finding him here!"

"Well."

"Oh, he lee if you choose, Georgie; but you know as well as I that two days ago she was in wrapper and slippers and that toilet was the result of seeing him pass the house."

I could not help a glance out at the perfection of the toilet in question. It was daintily and well fastened, even to her film of a handkerchief, and the scarlet flowers drooping from her black hair, and Philip I knew noted all these things.

"As for Philip himself," continued Alice.

"What of him?" demanded a pleasant voice, as the person in question parted the curtains and took possession of the footstool near me.

Alice gave a little shake and shrug of the shoulders for all reply, and continued:

"What of Philip?" he asked again, looking searchingly up at me keenly.

"What should there be?" I answered, lightly. "You knew our thoughts of you when you left us, and four months is too short space for the growth of new opinions concerning an old friend."

"Are you quite sure of that, Georgia?" he asked, quickly. "It is only my fancy that tells me you looked at me then with different eyes from now?"

Our tongues was often without leave, and, "Ah, the eyes were set in a different face!" slipped from mine, as if the words had been those of some third person.

To that the answer came swift as thought.

"Not for me, my darling. I loved the face then, and I love it now, better than my life. For you my life, and that for which I care to live;" and then I hardly remember more than that my hand was taken in his clasp, and that we were not in a sort of charmed hush, looking out through the open casement on the soft dark of the summer night, till Eliza Vaughan had run away in a pet; and some time on, late in the evening, Alice and George, my Mother-in-law, parted the curtains and peered in, laughing at us.

"Why were you not at town-meeting, Dr. Philip?" he asked, sly, merry malice. "The Crookers and the Wise men were there in full force, and not having you to turn the scales, we were equally divided as to how done nothing. The Crookers will have it that, at five seconds after midnight precisely, the guerrillas will be upon us, and that some one of us should stay with the speaker-horn for a night-cap, and with one eye open; while the Wise men, of whom, as you all know me, I is not unwise to say that I am one of them, in the belief that there are no guerrillas within fifty miles, and that Ewing's men are quite competent to protect us."

Philip looked grave.

"And in case they do come? What have you done?"

"Done! why nothing; unless we except a few resolutions peculiarly affecting that much belabored future generation."

"Have you any arms?"

"Not I! except the house nature gave me. Are you too going to turn Crooker on our hands! What would you have us do? Patrol the streets and frighten our little girls out of their senses? Here is my stout-hearted Alice trembling in her shoes already."

"Why did you tell me of your meeting?" rejoined Alice, petulantly. "I am quite certain that I shall not sleep to-night."

"Nor any of us," observed mother, placidly, "unless we move bedward soon. It is getting on to half-past."

All this time, under this surface chat, half-grave, half-jesting, was going on that quiet, electric, unspoken talk in which the husband is made of the business of home; for you see they had all an honest pride and interest in my fair looks, and all eyes were blow at mother and Alice on that first day when I had tottered down from my sick room; and when Philip should have gone coming, they had seen me had worn an air of waiting and anxiety that my pride only half liked; and now I found the pleasure in waiting to him almost as ill to bear. Perhaps, too, I was impatient of all this pother about the guerrillas, of which we had enough in Lawrence to give fever, and Philip's grave, anxious looks, as he still held my hand, red with the pressure of his fingers lightening their grip in the unconscious energy of his thought. I had been "heart hungry, very poor" in spirit for many weeks, and now, in the perverse manner of my sudden happiness, I was ready to say, "I shall never be moved." So blind are we!

It was after midnight when the house was at last hushed and the lights out, and an hour or so later before I could lose my tumultuous thinking in sleep, and then I had a dream. I thought I awoke from the very deepest abyss of that heavy, dreamless slumber that follows on strong excitement, and was dragged on a sudden up to startled consciousness by a hideous and inconceivable uproar, raging in the quiet outside of clattering hoofs, shouts, cries, groans, cracking pistol-shots, and repeated hurrahs for a name that I could not at first distinguish. I sat bolt upright, and looked over my door, still in her night-dress, her long fair hair all about her shoulders, and her bare feet busily thrust into slippers, in the act of dragging a rather, just sleepy little Susie by the hand. She came close to me, and I felt her heart beating.

"Georgia, don't you hear?" she whispered, as though these without could hear her,

"Georgia, don't you hear? Get up at once; the guerrillas are in the town!"

I knew then what it was they said. "Hurrah for Quantrell!"

But Alice will ready enough to avow ourselves heirs to all manner of indefinite human ills, but if by chance we come into sudden possession of any of this species of property, we are apt to exhibit a feeling of astonishment that calamity should have found us out. I had this species of incredulity strong upon me, for, notwithstanding that little dream, my dreadful dream to be shaken off by an effort of will. I dressed with a sort of stony apathy, frozen into one fear rather than saddened by the hideous outcries without. Alice wandered aimlessly from one spot to the other, looking out of every window, but was distracted with terror. Mother came to us calm as ever, but for the tremble in her steady tones as she spoke to each other, inaudible amid the tumult as last. They had been looking after the doors and windows below.

"Though it's useless," said George, with a bitter oath. "We're fairly trapped; caught here without arms, and not a door that those villains can't crash through in three minutes. Do you hear them? They are shooting men down right and left out there. Oh, my God! that I should have been doing across the river, while loyal men are murdered here like rats in a trap!"

Out on the gray sky of the early dawn flamed now a wicked blood-red light, shooting up in pointed, climbing flame, and making all the dim street as bright as noonday. They had fired the house just below (Eliza Vaughan's), and we saw her grandfather, poor old man, crazed with terror, run with feeble, tottering steps from the shadow into the great flare of light, and drop upon his knees, lifting up his hands for mercy; and so kneeling full on the pavement, his white hair all dabbled in blood, shot with deliberate aim by one of the men of whom the streets were now full, mounted and on foot, their scowling faces panting on the look of veritable demons in the glare as they shouted at every head showing either in door or window, and picked off unlucky fugitives trying to make good their escape. They worked with system and method, dividing into smaller gangs, and entering the houses one after the other as every house before followed the pistol-shots, and sickening cries and screams, and bursting smoke, and mounting flame, while household goods were tossed out on the sidewalk, and covered all the pavement; and there were more bodies now near Mr. Vaughan, lying with ghastly faces upturned to heaven, as if calling down its vengeance. Some we knew. One was Mr. Newton, our dear pastor.

I have been long in telling this, yet it was done with a horrible rapidity; and while scarce out of the house first amaze was yet dazed and dumb and with horror, sounded heavy blows and a dull crash below. At that Alice ran to George and flung her arms about him; another discharge of fire-arms, still holding Susie, praying; while I felt Philip's arm about me, and heard his low voice as if in a dream.

"Courage, dearest! Even these brutes will not burn women!"

But if I trembled for myself or wished for life without him! I remember too, dimly, that I saw him offer himself to the chief, and that George noticed it back, saying, briefly, "Of what use?" in every faculty, thought itself, was swamped in a strained intensity of hearing—listening for the first footfall below. As George had said, the fastenings were of about the worth of so much straw. There was a second score of blows, a crash and clatter of broken panels, a rush and shout, the jingling fall of a mirror, a hurrah! proclaiming that they had found the wine, then a brief pause and then I knew a heavy tramp on the stairs.

I sicken even now when I recall that instant of dreadful waiting; the wild prayer, the utter hopeless helplessness, the agonized grasp with which we clung to each other, our weak defiance. The door of our hearts as the ruffians stood at last in the doorway, coldly scanning us. Oh, gay girls and happy women! on that still, gray Sunday morning, so severely in your great peaceful cities of the North and East, and your quiet country towns, you know not, but by hearsay, and think of it as a story, or you could never sparkle in your gems, and tread out gay measures to gayer music, while such deeds were done! You could be in more solemn earnest: could you but feel the sorrows of our land, so of which you are a part, and for which you will yet be shadowed even in your dreams, what it was to stand there as we did that day, a whole lifetime of exposure in the few minutes that passed before I was then a brief command to Alice, "Out of the way, woman!" a short, stern questioning of George:

"Are you the State are you?"

"New York."

"Do you go for the Union?"

"Yes."

"Then you're too good for this earth; we mean to kill you;" and unloading our muskets, the six fell before we finish, and it won't be fit for an abolitionist. Reckon we'll give you a free pass to the upper regions."

And then a glittering barrel leveled at his head, and George's low "God-by, Ally;" and her frantic cry,

"Oh no! you can not, you will not have the heart to kill him! Oh! you do not know—he is so true, so good—he is my—my—my love! Kill me instead!" and we miserable women, clinging about them, and trying to shield them with our bodies, and the pistol close there, between us, and blinding smoke, and a groan, and George lying there on the floor, and Alice, Mrs. Vaughan's two girls without, and quick, sharp ringing shots, one after another; this time from Philip—as with a terrible cry of rage and anguish he fell forward with them headlong, and with such fury that for the moment they were staggered and gave back. A wild rush for the door, struggle, and then Heaven was merciful to me and I saw no further.

Fire leaping out of windows, and gliding down the stairs, and bursting up through the floors, and curling about the doorways, and toppling down chimneys, and crushing in our roof, and all our enemies left us—and the bodies of our dead. Lawrence was free of them. It was clear daylight now, and the country was rousing, and the rebels fled in prudent haste loaded with our spoil. We, at least, could find refuge in the street from the burning and crash of falling walls before it. Alice still knelt beside George's stiffening body, but at mother's touch she rose and followed me mechanically. I don't went I looked shuddering for another rigid, ghastly figure, but neither in hall, nor on stairway, nor passage was what I dreaded. Mother divined my thought.

"Best so," she said. "Don't look, love. Better to remember him as you saw him in life, than—like—dear George."

The streets were full of wretches like ourselves. Women in mourning and weeping, sobbing children, homeless families; weeping mothers, wives, sisters, kneeling beside bleeding bodies. The sultry, heavy air, blue with smoke of burning buildings, resounded with lamentations. True, at last the soldiers were coming, and men pouring into the rescue in hot haste, with old swords snatched from the chimney-piece, and guns hunted out of the barn, and grief and pain and every variety of agony they vowed a bitter vengeance; but vengeance would not bring us back our dead, and the weeping and wailing went on.

My uncle's house had been left unharmed, and we took refuge there. There too, came Ellen Vaughan, and in that strange way in which the veriest trifles will obtrude themselves on the most sacred grief, came back the remembrance of how I had seen her with the scarlet flowers trifling from her black hair, and of my paltry jealousy, and a dim sense at such pettiness, in a world where was murder, and death, and this unutterable bereavement; and while I sat there thinking, nearly swooned almost into death, but living yet, and to live, through the great mercy of God.

They had left her dead in the open street, where he had fought his way, and it was only what seemed like, and was, a Providence, that she recovered life yet flickering in him. He has lost an arm, crushed by a falling beam; but I will be to him arm and hand, and I am very happy, though after a subdued and chastened fashion; and awakes with a something like remorse, as I look at Alice in her widow's weeds, and with lines of gray in her beautiful fair hair, and think how selfish looks my happiness to her mourning.

ORIGIN OF THE DEW-DROP.

THE sable Midnight rose one day
To woo the Early Morn;
But the coy maiden fled away,
Away, away,
On light wings gay,
With laughing glee and scorn:
For Cupid, watching closely by,
Had quickly let his arrow fly,
But missed for ones,
Ha! Ha!

Then grieving he had missed his mark
(So much for shooting in the dark),
His tears fell down in sparkling showers,
And "lighting on the early flowers,"

Lay glistening there,
Till Early Morn and Sunbeam Bright,
Both laughed at poor Cupid's plight,
Did with their smiles the dew-drops dry,
And thus revived the archer sly;
While he with glee,
Cried out "I am
Though I've missed one,
Though I've missed one,
I've hit another."

MILLY GRAHAM'S ROSE-BUSH.

MARY a banger along the streets of N——— paused to look at Milly Graham's rose-bush, bending under its fragrant hood of pink and scarlet, just within the white fence gate before Widow Martin's door. It was worthy of the admiration so bestowed upon it. No other rose-bush in all the town bloomed and looked like this of hers, however-ed little Milly. No other pair of hands ever tended flower, or shrub, or plant so carefully as she watched and guarded hers.

Lottie Cushing came in one day just as Milly was giving her pet a cool, refreshing drink.

"I do believe," she cried, "you think more of that bush than of yourself; you're almost a gelling in your devotion to it."

Milly laughed.

"But you know I have nothing else to care for, ne brother or sister, no dear precious mother or fond old father"—and a shadow came over the bright face. "Why shouldn't I find companionship in Nature, and employ myself in nursing the lings?"

"Well, I won't quarrel with you, Milly dear. But why don't you let other people share in your wealth? There's the hospital now; why not send a bouquet, now and then, for some poor fellow lying sick and languishing in the hot, close rooms! They'd relish flowers amazingly, and somehow people seem to forget that they only care for bread, meat, and custards—as if they haven't the same sense of the beautiful as ourselves. If I had your wealth of flowers, I know I'd do it literally."

Milly Graham seemed struck with the suggestion. It was strange the thought had not dawned on her before; it had not, so that now it came like a new revelation of duty.

She was not slow to act upon the hint. Many a rose, from the parent, found its way to the hospital after that day; many a bouquet from the cozy garden shared the lonely hours of death and mingled ones lying in the dreary, crowded wards. Other hands too, after she had led the way, had their fragrant offerings daily beside her. Hearts which loneliness and absence of sympathy had filled with pain and despair grew hopeful under the ministry of the various ministers, telling of green fields, and smiling gardens, and kind hands gathering the sweet field and garden for their sakes. Life became brighter; Hope flooded many a little, little while before so dark, and its depths, filled before with sadness, to be thought that there might be boughs bending with fruit under which their now crippled, weary feet might again, some day, walk,—fields waving with harvests in which their now powerless hands might, some day, glean affluent sheaves, strengthened and comforted the suffering soldier-boys, lying there in rows, with white robes beside them filled with the offerings of kind hearts, fresh, bright flowers standing chief of all.

One bright day Milly Graham, going her rounds with her basket of flowers on her arm; came to a cot having a strange face as its occupant. It was a noble face, but so pale and wan that it almost startled her. The eyes were shut, the hands lay folded over the still breast, and hardly a breath stirred the lips. She paused a moment and looked sadly into the pallid face; then with a sigh put down her basket, and sitting down took the thin hands into her own. Perhaps I can help him," she said to herself. And her touch did help him. The eyes slowly opened, looked a moment wonderingly, and then brightened with gratitude deeper than any words could express. A faint whisper, too, fluttered from the pale lips: "You are very kind." It was brief, faint, but it was full of meaning, and she understood it perfectly.

"Shall I leave you a rose?"

He nodded, with a faint smile on his lips. Then,

"Let me have it in my hand, if you please," he said.

She put the flower into his hand, and, with a pleasant good-by, stole away.

Daily, after that, clustered to some impulse she could not explain, Milly visited the cot, smoothing the pillows of the invalid, preparing him cool, refreshing drinks, and leaving always a fragrant bouquet in the little pine table at his side. One day Lottie Cushing, accompanying her, called her on her devotion to her one favorite patient. The bright face flushed. In that moment, for the first time, Milly comprehended that she was finding it a pleasure to minister to that patient above all others, though something more than an ordinary interest lay at the bottom of her action. But the thought did not wholly disconcert her. She answered gayly her companion's banter, and went right on, day after day, at a feeding had been said.

At last he was able to sit up for an hour or so daily in his cot. The ugly wound in his side, out of which a ball had been extracted, in time, his life would flow away in driblets, was healing, and in a month or so, if nothing happened, he would be able to return to his field. Why not in that Milly contemplated the fact, when she came to know it, with a throbbing heart?

She came one morning as he was sitting thus, propped with pillows. His face brightened as, approaching, she sat down, with a word of greeting, beside him. Presently, after their talk had run for a little time in accustomed channels, he said, suddenly:

"Miss Graham, you have been very kind to me within these last few weeks. Will you do me one more favor—simply ask for an hour as my amanuensis?"

"Certainly," she said, wondering what he could mean to write.

At once she bustled about and procured pen and paper, then sat down by his side. It would be pleasant, she thought, to write for him. Then he began to dictate:

"Dear Cousin Kate—

Why did Milly's fingers tremble? It was only a common name.

He went on, telling how rapidly he was recovering: how he hoped soon to be discharged; and then added, "I shall make haste, darling, to come to you, and we will be very happy together."

A strange look came over Milly's face as she wrote these words. His darling! Who could it be? He had never told her of a sister. It could be some one nearer and dearer than any sister. But he was cool and collected as he posed her pen waiting his command. In a minute he went on, telling "dear Charlotte," as he called her, how kind he had been during his illness, how the hospital had daily put a bouquet in his hand—Milly stopped there, and refused to write it; but he said, with a smile, that Miss Graham knew about it. "Do not refuse me this, Miss Graham," and, with a blush, she wrote it down; how the world was growing brighter every day—how he looked forward all to simply adding his name, "Charlie." Then Milly sealed the letter and waited his dictation. She would know now whether it was a sister or some other dear one to whom he was sending his loving remembrances.

"What name?" she asked, timidly.

"Miss Charlotte Somers, Bridgeport."

Poor Milly! It was not a sister, for *his* name was Beaton. But she wrote it, nevertheless, though with a shadow on her face. And then, having received his thanks, she took up her basket and crept away homeward.

Was the sun clouded in the world that wild so dark as she hurried along the street? Had the day grown suddenly black and stormy? Where was her heart and what had become of it through the smiling days! *That* was the pang which wrote its autograph in the lines of her face and the hopeless sorrow of her eyes.

She confessed to herself now that the hope she might find full room for it filled her heart with a strange joy in the few weeks gone. He was so patient, so brave, so full of generous, noble thoughts that she could not help admiring him, longing to share with him life's burdens and triumphs. But it was over now—Charlotte Somers had the heart she would have given her life to win.

One day it was noised abroad through N——— that Milly Graham was seriously ill; she had contracted a fever, the gossips said, while waiting on the sick at the hospital, and the physicians feared the worst she could recover. It was a most malignant fever, they said, and usually only the most rugged and healthy constitutions withstood it. Her two volunteer nurses were also seized soon after with the fever, and before Milly had been sick a week a panic prevailed, and Widow Martin was left all alone to nurse her through her illness. Lottie Cushing had, indeed, spent a day or so at her bedside, but she was suddenly called away, and none others came to supply her place. Poor, deserted Milly Graham!

One day, Charlie Beaton, lying in his cot, heard one of the physicians say to another:

"It's shameful, I wouldn't have believed that dear Milly Graham would ever have wanted for a nurse in sickness—she whose hand has smoothed so many aching heads."

Charlie Beaton leaped on his cot and approached the speaker.

"What did you say, Sir, about Miss Graham?"

The doctor scanned him with a peculiar look. Then,

"I said it was a shame that now, when she is sick, many will be found, there is not one of all those in all this community, to whom she has in her noble life been a blessing and a help, with soul enough to go to the house and offer her heart-broken old nurse, herself dying by inches for want of that very help."

A look almost savage in its earnestness came over the soldier's face. Then, laying his hand upon the doctor's arm, he said, earnestly,

"Doctor, I will be her nurse?" Then, seeing the grave questioning of the other's face, he added, hurriedly, "She nursed and saved *me*, Sir; why shouldn't I do something, if ever so little, for her?"

The doctor at first thought it was impossible; but at last he agreed to arrange it, if it could be, as the minister in that parish was away. It would be better to save Milly's life, even at the risk of scandal, than to lose it for the want of any effort.

One day, weeks after, Milly Graham, opening her eyes and looking through the window opening at her side, saw Charlie Beaton sitting on the little piazza, in the shadow of the vines which since she had been ill had grown wild in the late summer and wore now russet robes. How had he come there? why was he to near when her first conscious thought had been of him? What wonderful fairy had contrived it all? She shut her eyes with a dreamy happiness, and tried to think. How long had he been sick? What had happened meanwhile? and what was *he* doing there—there, where her eyes could see him the moment God brought her out of the dark and swung open her soul again to the light of reason, and opened the doors of memory that she might walk again in the fair gallery? It was all a mystery, a blank; and weary with the effort at thinking she fell asleep, and for the first time in weeks dreamed of nothing. When, an hour or so after, she awoke Charlie Beaton was gone. He had remained with the widow from the day he had obtained the physician's permission to do so, adding her in every way possible, proving as tender as a woman and as thoughtful; but on this day Milly had been pronounced out of danger, and he had gone away, enjoining on Mrs. Martin perfect silence as to what had happened. The physician had had much to say of his action—it was so out of the ordinary course that it justified discussion at every social gathering—but he was in a way indifferent to it all, and he meant that Milly should be shielded from all unfavorable remarks.

At last, when he knew that Milly was able to sit up, Charles Beaton dropped in upon her. She had, somehow, expected him before; but she had feared to ask any one about him, and she could not have told; she only knew he *had* been there, for some reason, on the day when consciousness came to her after her long illness, and that gave her, somehow, a sweet consolation.

How pale and thin she looked as he came and sat down by her side! How she trembled as he took her hand, saying, in his soft way,

"I am very glad, Miss Milly, to see you thus life-like once more. I was afraid, I think, than ever before."

She looked at him with a startled, yearning expression.

"Yes, Milly," he said, answering the look, "like is brighter and warmer now that I feel I have not hoped to find it. It would have been always dark to me had you never come to us out of the Shadow into which Death had cast a little darkness. Now I am happy, because, maybe, you will consent to knit to mine the life He has given back."

Poor Milly Graham! How sweetly the words sounded in her ear! How she had longed to hear them! I shall not tell.

A sad, pained look stole into her eyes; a cold suspicion and dread crept over her heart. Then, in a moment, all passed, and broke into words:

"I thought you loved Charlotte Somers!"

"Charlotte!—why, Milly dear, she's my dear pet, and nothing more. She is after my mother had married a second time. She is only fifteen; she has been my playmate, my pet, for all those years. I love her! I will love her, but not as I love you, Milly."

It was all clear now, and the afternoon sun shine, lying among the faded vines, was not brighter than Milly's face. Then he told her, as delicately as he could, how he had lovered more in her sickness; how he had been filled with trouble and anxiety; how he had loved her from the day when he had first brought in his hands.

"But you never told me, Charlie, nor even hinted your thought."

"No, I could not, a weak, wounded, helpless man; I did not know I should ever recover, and I could not think of telling you my love while I lay there, a wreck, with the chances all over becoming incapable of shielding and protecting your young life. But I am well, Milly, but you acted as my sacraments that you were not indifferent to me, and that gave me hope and strength such as no medicine could give."

They talked thus, the twilight coming on and folding them with its hide. Then, smiling their happy betrothal with a kiss, he took a faded rose from her breast, and placing it in her thin hand, said, simply, "Let that be the sign between us," and so went away.

The sign between them! It was the rose she had given him that first day when she smoothed the matted hair from his pale face in the still hospital ward in the flush of the early summer.

And so Milly's rose-bush sprouted a flower more fragrant and beautiful than any she had ever gathered there before—a flower which, through all the coming years, she will wear upon her heart lovingly and proudly, as her soldier-husband wears on his breast the ribbon Kearney gave him for bravery on the field.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN IMAGINARY BEING.—A new work is advertised under the title of "A Woman against the World." It is announced as a story, and could hardly be supposed to be any thing but imaginative work of fiction. Where did know a woman to set herself against the world? If "A Woman against the World" is illustrated, the heroine should be represented as wearing no crinoline.

We have simply the choice either always or never to be out of fire. Nothing stands ever a loaded mine, and round about the hours alm at us naked weapons. Only one is a thousand hits, but, in any case, better fall standing than binding like a coward.

A JERSEYMAN was lately arrested for flogging a woman, and excused the act by saying he was near-sighted, and thought it was his wife.

DR. CUMMING'S LAST.—By advertisement we are informed of another new work by Dr. Cumming. "The Destiny of Nations as indicated in Prophecy." In this book the prophetic Doctor might profit to the last production of his literary constructiveness is "Small pickles and quick returns."

RUDE.—"How many rods make an acre?" a father asked of his son, a fast urchin, as he came home one night from the public school. "Well, I don't know, governor; was the reply of the young hopeful; "but I guess you'd find the same number an acre if you'd put such a tanning as I did from old vinegar-face this afternoon."

MARTIN BAD WORSE.—It is related of a Parisian portrait-painter, that having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic, who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed:

"It is really pitiable; but why did you take such an ugly model?"

"Ugly, mother," calmly replied the artist.

"Why, you monster, you rascal!" (you critic, in great confusion. "You are right; I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely."

To omit a good deed out of an approbation of being applied is to make a selfish motive too fair, and to keep up our precept by the breach of another.

BEAUTY AND IMAGINATION.—Sometimes there are the most beautiful creatures in the world. Reality surpasses imagination; and we see breathing, bright-eyed beings before our eyes, equal to the creations of our purest fancy.

CAREFULNESS NOT MEANNESS.—To be careful, however, is not to be mean. Meanness is a vice and impolitic, not less than prodigality and carelessness. The proverb well says that "The penny saved never came to two-pence. Generosity and liberality prove the best policy. Looking at the most common-place matters, we have often raised themselves from a humble position to affluence and eminence, and that they have generally been liberal men —men whose conduct has been as remote from meanness and parsimony as from carelessness and prodigality.

A new sign for a tavern has recently been invented—Dew-drop inn (do drop in).

"I think I see on a new *fac-torn* in this case," as the lady said when she cleared informed him that he had plenty of money.

Why are the drinking-saloons in Washington like a cotton-cloth?—Because they are generally surrounded by out-sheds.

Why must Shakspeare be a first-rate poet?—Because he's the best in the land. (In the land, Cotton and no unlimited supply of refreshments allowed for the reader's mantle in discovering this.)

A REFLECTION IN AN ANGLER.—Artemus's Aristocratic *Mental* man being bit a worm, is therefore by nature of a thoughtful turn.

A Mormon preacher lately said, "I have forty-eight children, and I have reason to hope that Heaven will vouchsafe me a good many more." Before a hundred years my direct descendants will exceed in number the population of the State of New York, which consists of four million souls."

Love, like a sailor upon a wind-calmed sea, beholds no depth, only heaven. Heaven above. Heaven below. Heaven around beneath, and the water that bears it up is merely a paler heaven.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire." "No danger o' that," replied Sally, "you are too green to burn."

A Frenchman writing a letter in England to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word "precaution," and finding it, wrote to his friend, word as follows: "May you and your family be pickled to all eternity?"

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—The love of the beautiful and the good is as strong in the heart of the cynic, restless, forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of the soul.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are poultry the most profitable things a farmer can keep?

Because for every grain they eat you get a fowl.

When did Moses sleep five in a bed?

When he slept with his four (four) fathers.

What part of speech is a kiss?

A conjunction.

What heavenly thing and what earthly thing does a ruby most resemble?—The sun and your nose?

The sun and your boots, for it takes the shine out of both.

My first relieves each pain and care,
My second as an helmet wear,
My third is found in every home,
My whole to every one strength it seem.
Red-pot.

Why are people born dead the most virtuous of beings?

Because they never arrest (hearth).

If all the oceans were dried up, what would Neptune do?

He would not have a surface on comet.

What's the difference between a young lady and a hat?

One has feeling and the other is felt.

My first is a pronoun,
My second is inferiority,
My whole an impertinent.
Matchless.

Why is a deaf doctor like a dead cricket?

Because they have both done quacking.

Why is A like a honey-suckle?

Because a bee (B) follows it.

Why are married people like a pair of shears?

Because they are so joined that they must be separated without violence, and yet always pursue one object, and always move between them.

My first is a city little brute,
My second's as the end on't,
My third, like many an honest man,
Is on a fool dependent.
Pig-foot.

THE PET PARROTT ON THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "RICHMOND" IN A STORM.—[See Page 320.]

UNION REFUGEES IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.—[See Page 316.]

'ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE!'

'Only a baby's grave!'
Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-dasted sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave!
To children even so small,
That they sit there and sing—so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all!

Only a baby's grave!
Strange! how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a space—
O more strange, could we forget!

Only a baby's grave!
Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead,
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave!
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such?

Only a baby's grave!
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer Heaven for it!

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XX.

LILY GOES OUT TO DINNER.

The handsome lady, who, probably to serve her own purposes, had been bland and almost affable while the treaty of peace with the Bunnycastles and Mr. Pax was being concluded, was seemingly of a most capricious disposition. At all events, she informed Lily, so soon as they were outside the door of Rhododendron House, that she would box her ears well if she made any rudes, or gave her any further trouble; and the child, quite unaccustomed to harsh treatment, or even threats, followed her new protectress in a very subdued, but scarcely cheerful manner.

The Clapham stage—peace to its short memory!—is extinct in these days, and it was by means of this conveyance that Lily was brought to the metropolis. First of all, however, the lady took her into a pastry-cook's shop and bought her a very large Bath bun, which she apparently considered a sovereign remedy for all the woes of childhood, for she said, very bad half eaten it, she said to her, not quite so sharply as before:

"Now, are you quite happy?"

Lily had not attained the summit of human felicity, but she deemed it expedient to appear rich a personage so stern as the personage who talked of boxing her ears. She murmured an affirmative.

"That's right," pursued the lady. "Be a gentle little darling, very sage and obedient, and I will love you. Don't vex me, or I shall have an attack of nerves. Satanée ingrisine, ya!!! This last remark she made in a language which Lily did not understand; and she noticed that the lady made remarks in the same incomprehensible tongue rather frequently. She noticed, also, that the lady, after bestowing on her the Bath bun, ate a macaroon herself, and called for a glass of cherry brandy; that, after drinking it, she declared it to be "detestable," and demanded a glass of water, the which beverage she characterized as "infamous poison." Likewise, Lily noted that her protectress apostrophized the young waiter in ribbons and ringlets who officiated behind the counter of the pastry-cook, as an "impertinent"—an impertinent, simply, not an impudent, nor any thing—and that she vehemently protested that there was a bad half-penny among her change. The change itself she flung at the head of a beggar boy who was lurking at the door, licking his lips at sight of the greasy delicacies in the twopenny tray; but the handful of farthings burst in the side of his head, so that he yelped with pain, and forbore to thank her. Then she swept out of the shop, nearly overturning an old gentleman in a white hat, who was seated on a cane-bottomed chair, meekly handing on a sausage-roll, and leaving the young lady in ribbons and ringlets in semi-hysterics of indignant mortifications.

There were two inside places vacant in the Clapham stage, and Lily, for the second time in her life, was installed in a coach. She had been such a little while at school that the great outside world seemed almost as strange to her as it might to a chosen nun, transferred, for some occult monastic reason or other, from convent to convent.

Lily gazed about her as wistfully and as carefully as ever a nun could do; but she wore no veil, nor had she a breviary; so she began to ask the lady a series of questions about the things on the road which she saw from the windows of the stage, and was lived in those tall houses; why there were gates and bars across the road, with men in white aprons, and with red faces, who darted out of the little hovels, and seemed so angry—to judge from their hoarse voices—whenever a carriage came through. The lady was not very communicative. Once or twice she said, "Absurd!" Then she cried, "Peste!" At last she bade the child be silent.

The journey, however, was saved from being entirely uneventful by a few fierce verbal encounters between the lady and two other inside passengers. One of these, a tall young man, with weak eyes, an eruptive countenance, speckled stockings and shoes, the lady accused of rudely staring at her. She called him several injurious names, and made him generally so miserable that the young man, well-nigh moved to tears, got out at Kennington Common, forgoing half the amount of locomotion to which he was entitled. Then she had a passage of arms with an old gentleman in a bottle-green spencer and a fish, whom she charged with having wilfully trodden on her feet; but in this last case she had reckoned without her host, for it turned out that the old gentleman had a temper of his own, and was not inclined to brook indignity with meekness.

"I didn't do any thing of the sort, mum," quoth the old gentleman, with rising wrath, on the charge being repeated.

"Sir, you are gross! you are brutal! you are elephantine!" retorted the lady.

"Upon my word, I think the woman's mad!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I'm very glad that I'm not your husband, mum."

"Insolent again,your hob-nobs are crushing my feet."

"Confound your feet!" screamed the old gentleman, in a fury. "I never touched 'em. Here, guard, guard, let me get out. And as for you, my darling," he continued, addressing Lily, "I wish you joy of your grandmother, and I wouldn't be in your shoes for something. Good-morning, mum, and a more Christian answer to you!" And, so saying, the old gentleman got out in dudgeon at the southern foot of Westminster Bridge.

They went on without any more adventures to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, where they alighted. The lady and her ward swept away, and the coachman and the guard both turned their heads to look at them.

"Fine woman, Bill!" observed the coachman.

"Good stepper!" agreed the guard; "stunning fine for rattling pace. But ra-ther a kicker; eh, Josh?"

"I shouldn't like to be the splash board," replied the coachman, "that she puts her right foot on of. Kick! She'd kick the Tower of London into toothpicks. God 'un to bite too, I should think. Say nothing of the young 'un, though! She's a real live woman, Bill, and no mistake."

The subject of this criticism had held pretty tightly of Lily's hand during the last few hours, but she now released it, and, with a fierce air, began to count a large wedge of silence among the million. The million were there, in the shape of many old ladies in beaver bonnets, and school-children, and raw lounging lads, and scores of the country-cousin order generally. They poked their fingers into the models, and peered between the backs of the ships to see to see where the captain's cabin was, and gave themselves galvanic shocks, at which they danced, and—the penguin per cent—screamed dismally. There they inhaled doses of laughing-gas. And then they had a most extraordinary machine, and a steam-gun, explained to them, by hand and hard to look at though they understood those scientific inventions. Then there was a Diorama, and there was a number of little round holes, and saw some very brilliant pictures, which, she was told, represented Lisbon, Chamounix, and Jerusalem, and the like: at the which she clapped her hands in not unfamiliar glee, for a man with a peep-show had once been about the Rhododendron House. Rhododendron House. The Bunnycastles took care to put this entertainment in the bills of the five-and-thirty boarders, inviting them to the Admission to a geographical and pictorial exhibition. Then, at the close of a light meal, was conducted into a dark room, where an unseen gentleman with a hollow voice, as from the tombs, delivered a lecture on astronomy, which, indeed, was so dreary, and so full of long words, that it almost made Lily cry; and then he exhibited on an illuminated table Jerusalem, which was like the spider at Rhododendron House, only magnified eight hundred million times; and to this strange entertainment was added a show which that of Rhododendron was monocayllabic. There was another dark room, another room from a pleasant gentleman with a bald head and a rough country accent, who was surrounded by bottles and glasses, poured a little coloured water from one into another, and turned green water into red, and popped little twisted pieces of tow into them, whereupon they went off like fire-crackers, and he trying his very hardest to blow himself up—which, indeed, in his ardor for science, he did, on an average, once in six months. "A piece of the flint's conder the receiver, and bockles of gass would arise," quoth the pleasant old gentleman; and then bubbles of gas did arise, and burst with a sharp crackling noise, and the audience clapped their hands, till another bubble rose, and somebody ran off to see a patent-potter's wheel, supposed to make any number of cups and saucers, elaborately painted, by merely touching a spring, but which habitually confined itself to spattering cascades of white mud upon the clothes of the spectators. Lily was delighted with every thing, only somewhat confused, and the lecture with the magnificent globe and the long name decidedly frightened her.

She was not sorry when, it being about three o'clock in the afternoon, they went across the Strand again. The lady had swept through the Adelaide Gallery in the disdainful manner customary with her, and now and again sternly reprehending strangers for crowding upon her, or treading on the skirts of her robe. The country cousins, however, did not seem to mind her much, and one of them was venturous enough to ask if the room not being big enough for her, she thought St. Paul's would be? Whereupon she tossed her head, and looked Perkins's steamguns at him. She condescended, however, to laugh at the galvanic shocks the cousins gave themselves, and declared that the invention was droll.

Lily observed that when they were in the street she always held her very tight by the hand, and looked about her a great deal, and that once or twice she put up one hand to take her away, to allow herself to be torn in ten thousand pieces first.

"Not that there is any danger," she continued, more to herself than to Lily, "not that I am afraid. Oh no. I am strong—strong enough for ten ancient men. But hah! let them come. What nonsense. My monsters are abroad. Are you hungry?" she went on, looking down at the little girl.

Lily, accustomed to the early and regular meals of Rhododendron House, answered that she would like to have her dinner, if the lady pleased.

"Dinner!" repeated the lady. "Absurdity! You are to dine by-and-by with the gentleman. You must wait. Come, little glutton, and have another cake."

She took the little glutton into another pastry-cook's, and presented her, as heretofore, with a Bath bun. And then when Lily had picked the caraway seeds and the spicule of lump sugar off the sticky varnished surface, she found she had no appetite for the sweet, saffron-coloured dough beneath. She sent hawked her little plate of bread, and the pastry-cook looked up so reproachfully in the gravy. She longed for a slice of the plain school-pudding, at which the big girls and the little girls used to fight to which they applied such opprobrious epithets. Seeing her distaste, the lady snatched away the Bath bun, and said a few words in French on the counter, and then ordered some ox-tail soup for Lily, but it was so hot that it burnt her mouth, and so pungent that it brought tears into her eyes, to say nothing of its being thick, and slab, and greasy; so the end of it was that the ox-tail soup shared the fate of the bun, and the lady, in a fume, pushed Lily before her into the street again.

"Intolerable little plague!" she cried, furiously. "What am I to do with you? Comparent yourself! Perhaps you shall be given to the black man. Entends-tu?"

A buxom mamma in flame-colored silk and a chinchilla tippet was passing over the way. Flesh—looked up with surprise as she heard the voice of the handsome savage woman who had dominion over Lily. Then a prudent look, as she gathered her chicks around her in a kind of nervous tremor, lest unkindness should be contagious.

"Blessings on us all!" murmured the buxom flame-coloured mamma, as Lily and her mentress went on their way, the latter scowling.

"What a Fury that woman looks!" How cruel it is the spoil a sweet innocent child darling. Fiscilla, my love, mind the crossing."

It was a very dangerous crossing—from the Golden Cross to the Strand. Metropolitan improvements have since diminished its perils; but in those days it was fearful ford. For, first, there was a man run over. Lily could only hear a yell, and see the rush of people to the spot, and a vague, confused crowd with a policeman clearing his way through it; but when the ranks of the throng opened and they came out carrying something between them, a hat, a cloak, and the jolly red face of the man—a van driver, who had unwittingly done the mischief—turn, high up in the air, a yellowish white, as the crowd cried out that somebody was killed, Lily turned quite sick and faint, and fancied that the old enough to swoon would have fainted on the spot. She would have run away; but the lady's grasp was firmer than ever, and she had herself seemed grimly interested in the catastrophe. She scanned the burden they were taking to Charing Cross Hospital; she questioned the policeman; and but for Lily's agonized entreaties that they might go away, she would have crossed the road to look at the accident.

They went into a hackney-coach after this; and the lady ordered the driver to proceed to Baker Street. Lily was taken to see Madame Tussaud's famous exhibition of wax-work. Old Madame Tussaud herself was alive in those days, and a very wonderful old lady Lily thought her, in her black silk bonnet and hood, handing about those terrible books at the door. And although there not Mr. Cobbett, looking so remarkably like life, with his broad-brimmed hat, and his spectacles, and his placid face, and breathing hard, like a benevolent grampus? And the recumbent lady with the black lace veil, whose bosom rose and fell? And the Jew-pedlar? And there not the kings and queens in valves and Roman chariots, looking quite as brilliant as real ones? And the cavaliers in armor, and M. de Voltaire with his shriveled face, and the old coquette in her hoop and brocade? Lily was in ecstasies, and for a time forgot about the poor man who had been run over. Here were all Mungrudi's questions, answered in the most splendid manner without the trouble of learning a single lesson.

The Rhododendron Museum was not then in existence; but the Chamber of Horrors was already one of the lions of London. 'Twas a strange place to take a little school-girl, out for a holiday, into; but the strange lady paid the extra sixpence—I don't know whether they admit children, now—and they went inside, and supped full of horrors. That horrible guillotine. That dismal cavern where the royal victims of revolutionary ferocity bore their captivity with such dignified resignation—in wax-work. That appalling torso in the emasgunned shirt. That gloomy dock full of murderers. Bishop and Williams were there, and Greenacre and Courvoisier; but it was too early yet for Goulds, and Rush, and Mannings.

Lily had not been long in the Chamber of Horrors before she began to think of the man who had been run over. The air of the show seemed hot and thick. She could scarcely breathe. The glass eyes glared upon her. The corded garments had a musty smell. She piteously besought the strange lady to take her out, promising to be very good and quiet if she would only take her away from that dreadful place.

"You are a little fool," said the lady. "La rue de ces marauds-là m'a donné de l'appétit." And then, with a sharp "Come along," she led the way out of the Chamber of Horrors. "Now," she said, when they had emerged amidst a hackney-coach, "we are going to dinner, and mind you are very good, or the sweep shall come and eat you."

Lily was too big to believe in any apocryphal devouring propensities attributed to the harmless, albeit unwashed, individual who carries the soot-bag; but the lady was so very strange, and, at times, so very fierce-looking, that she thought it not at all improbable that she herself, failing the sweep, could have done something in the child-devouring line. She shivered her head, and tried to look as good as she felt.

It was a very long way to dinner. They went through a number of brilliant streets and crescents, of which she did not know the names; but they were Oxford Street, Regent Street, and the Strand. Then they walked down a narrow street on to a narrow pier by the water-side. Then a man called out "Cheerawicks!" and they went on board a steamboat, where, to Lily's delight, they remained a whole hour. The ships, the wherries, the barges, the distant steeples, the bridges, the blue dome of Paul's, the towering Monument, the gray old Tower, filled her soul with joy. She quite forgot how frightened she was at the strange lady. She forgot how hungry she was, and was quite happy.

"To-morrow," said the strange lady, as they landed on the pier at Greenwich, and Lily followed her to a large handsome house, "to-morrow you will go to school."

"Not to-day, ma'am?" asked the child. "Not to-day, Mrs. Bunnycastle, eh?"

"Mrs. Bunnycastle," returned the lady, "is a ridiculous old sheep. You are not going back to her, but to another school, where you will be taught to be very sage, and to behave yourself."

The child was amazed, and lapsed into silence.

"What are you thinking of?" the lady asked, as they ascended the steps of the large handsome house.

"I was thinking, ma'am," Lily answered, "of what a curious smell of hot fish there was every where."

CHAPTER XXI.

LILY IS REGALED ON WHITE-BAIT.

A BURST of laughter broke from a balcony overhead as Lily and her protectress entered the large handsome mansion; and the child, looking upwards, could see a number of gentlemen congregated outside, who were leaning over the railings, which ran round the balcony, and appeared to be enjoying themselves very much.

"By Jove!" cried one of the gentlemen—but this Lily could not hear—"here's a female!"

"And brought the little one with her, too. She said she would," for propriety's sake.

"I wonder if she will oblige us with a rapid act of horsemanship round the room, after dinner."

"It's more likely that she will fly into one of her passions, and fling the water-souché, plates and all, at the waiters' heads."

"Or at us."

"I've seen her do something very nearly approaching that, once, at the Star and Garter, she grew jealous of somebody, and tried to strangle herself with a table-napkin."

"I've seen worse thing, the girl."

"Her daughter, possibly. Tigresses have cubs, sometimes."

"Hush! here's the tigress herself.—Countess, how delighted we all are to see you!"

The countess and Lily were received at the door of the mansion which smelt so strongly of warm fish, by a stout gentleman in a blue coat and buff waistcoat, who stood over a tub of ice and life appeared to be to show to every visitor how white, smooth, and polished, the centre of his bald head was, and how perfectly round the sutures of his skull were. He was continually bowing at, not so, the visitor of the establishment of which he was the respected landlord—he has been dead many years, and his name, I beg to say, was neither Hart nor Lawrence—and he butted at you, so to speak, with his baldness, like an affable albino. The pacific nature of the fat gentleman was typified by the snowy flag of truce which he continually waved. That flag was not precisely a napkin—that would have been too much like a waiter—nor a pocket-handkerchief—that would have been too much like a dandy—but a combination of the two: a cross between cambric and damask. But he ever waved it in peace and amity, as though to say, "I'm no enemy. This is the habitation of fish and of felicity. Let no cares sit behind your chairs. I know all my customers and respect them. If you do not choose to pay the bill on

the spot you can send me down a check by the post, or by your body-servant at your convenience: only, don't dispute my charges, for that would hurt my feelings. This is not a vulgar cook-shop. Last week I entertained his Majesty's ministers. We don't want common people here. Let them go up the town, toward the Park, and have tea and shrimps for sixpence. Here, we desire the attendance of the superior classes only. Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen. This is feelling time; and the bait is in excellent condition."

If a trader resolutely make up his mind definitively to address himself to the "superior classes," and if he carry out his intent with tact and nerve, he shall scarcely fail, I take it, to achieve success. The supposition is forward that tailor who boldly says, "Let others vaunt their sixteen-shilling garments: no puff of mine shall ever claim insertion in the columns of the press, and I will go on charging seven pounds ten shillings for a frock-coat. There are people who like to be mulct for waxcandles at a hotel, and who would think it derogatory to their dignity to pay less than seven-and-sixpence for a fried sole and a mutton-chop. Yes, there are persons who are uncomfortable unless they are overcharged. Dearness has a kink of affinity with high Toryism, and others of our glorious institutions. Cheapness is democratic: cheapness is leveling. I have always been of opinion that a daily newspaper printed on cream-laid bank post, but sparingly sold, and sold at the rate of half a crown a number, would be a success. It might have but a small circulation, but it would pay, and it would be read by the superior classes by the light of three-and-sixpenny wax-candles, after seven-and-sixpenny dinners, and while lighting a post-free fifteen shillings a bottle.

The validity or otherwise of this hypothesis is no excuse, however, for keeping a number of very hungry people waiting for their dinner. The lady passed the bald-headed landlord without a friendly inclination of the head. The landlord called out in a rich, but subdued voice—a voice like wood—"Show the Bentons in." A fat, obsequious waiter, with curved red whiskers, very like the claws of a lobster, conducted the guests up the newly carpeted stairway, and ushered them over to the mistress of the robes, a bouxom chambermaid.

As the lady, deftly unshawled, but still keeping on her bonnet, swept toward the Bentons, preceded by another waiter, the chambermaid, who had just taken off Lily's hat, and fluttered a brush over her brown curls, stooped down and kissed the child.

"Poor little innocent darling," she whispered. "Is that your mamma, my darling?"

"I don't know," answered the child, looking up to the face of her querist with a very trustful look, for by the young woman's voice she was kind and loving.

"Poor little thing," the chambermaid continued, "what does this pet have for dinner, then, baby? Why, they'd burn her tongue out! Don't you eat no devil, my dear."

Lily gazed at her with blank surprise. She had heard—what child has not? of the devil—and had been warned to avoid him and all his works; but she had never been cautioned not to eat him.

"Nor yet don't you take no punch, nor no sauce pickang," went on the chambermaid. "There, go along, dear, your ma's calling you."

"It's a shame to bring children here," the buxom chambermaid subsequently remarked to the waiter with the lobster-claw whiskers. "You can't do 'em no good, and it's enough to ruin their little stomachs. I don't mind the Eton boys that come here with their pa's and ma's, and manage to get tipsy unbeknown, and nearly dash their young brains out scrying monkey tricks outside the balcony, and then tear down the stairs like mad. I don't mind *them*. Mischief they've got to, and mischief they're full of. And, But what does that Frenchwoman want here with that little bit of a thing! I don't believe she's her child. She's been here three times to dinner this season. Last time she brought an old Frenchwoman who spilt snuff into her salmon cutlets, and got tipsy half an hour after the ducks came up. My belief, William, is, that she's nothing better than a playactress."

Another room of the dinner-hall threw open the Benbow, a pretty saloon overlooking the river, and announced the new arrivals.

He was a waiter with very light dun-colored hair and a pale pasty face. He was warm in appearance, but moist; the entire room, for it was scarcely an unnatural fancy to imagine that he had been fried in batter, and that, although now a waiter, he had, according to the law (as has broached) Theory of Development, sprung from a white bait.

Have you never observed how very like fish the waiters at Greenwich are? There is the John Dory waiter; the shrimpy waiter; the plump and plethoric; the white-bait waiter; the eel waiter, who wriggles very much as he waits.

A group of gentlemen advanced to meet the lady and her little client. They received her with many bows and more smiles. Lily was not at all frightened of them, for every one was grandly dressed they were all very kind and friendly to look. There was a large old gentleman with an embossed velvet waistcoat, and a great gold chain meandering over it, and a beautiful fringe of white whisker round his purple face. He had a fine hook nose, very prominent and very deeply colored, and to Lily he looked like a splendid Punch. She had seen Punch, once or twice, by sly peeps from the windows of Rhododendron House, and had woven a mythic legend about him that he and the Little Hunchback, and the porter who boxed the Barnecide's ears, were brothers. This old gentleman his companions addressed, but without much restraint, as Marquis. He had a loud voice, and often addressed the countess in that which was an unknown tongue to Lily. There were two or three gentlemen equally splendid, but younger, who were addressed indifferently as Tom, Dick, and Harry, whichever you please; and there was a spiteful-looking gentleman with very big black whiskers, which looked as though they had not been originally sable, but had acquired their present sombre hue by dint of pigment. This gentleman wore a high black stock, and a coat buttoned up to his chin, and his trowsers were strapped very tightly over his boots to the heels of which boots Lily saw something long and bright attached, with a spiky star at the end of each.

Finally, there was a very tall gentleman—a painfully tall gentleman, for there seemed no end to his legs—who kept a little apart from the others, and did not laugh so loud as they did. He had a long face, very thin and pale, and a good deal of beautiful black hair thrown back from his forehead. His hands, as Lily soon knew, were very small and thin; you could almost see through them. His clothes seemed to fit him very loosely, and when he spoke he lisped.

He was the last of the gentlemen who made friends with Lily. He was the last but one that He drew her toward him while the men were bestowing compliments on the handsome lady, and then asked her, in a whisper, a very soft kiss on her forehead. Not one of the other gentlemen had done that. Had they touched her Lily would have blushed, but their attempt would have risen, and she would have cried "Don't." But she did not reject the thin pale gentleman.

"And so your mamma has brought you to dine with us, little one?" he said, looking in her clear eyes.

The handsome lady was her mamma. This was news to Lily. She had in no way directly or his question, but began to chatter on what a pretty place it was, and how beautiful all the lights looked on the river.

"Ay, ay," returned the pale tall gentleman, nodding his head, "there are plenty of pretty things here, and plenty of people to look at them. Are you fond of pretty things?"

"Oh! I love them so dearly," the child cried, joining her small palms together. And then she began to tell him about the spider on the wall, and the wonderful picture in the Little Punch, and Miss Dallwallah's golden ear-rings, and a great doll with a blue satin frock and pink shoes and a sash, which she had left behind at home her, and which had belonged to Miss Knox crops, the poor girl who died before Lily came to school.

"You are a strange child," the tall gentleman said. "What's your name?"

"Lily Floria."

"The rose by any other name would smell as sweet. And how old are you, dear?"

"Nearly eight," quoth Lily; "and what's your name, Sir?"

"Tom Jones," replied the gentleman.

"No it isn't," pursued Lily, shaking her head "it's something much prettier than that. Do tell me, or I won't talk to you any more."

"Well," replied the gentleman, smiling, "my name's Long."

"Long what?"

"You little inquisitor! My Christian name is William, and people call me William Long. At school they used to nickname me Long Billy."

"And how old are you? I should so like to know?"

"I am twenty-eight."

"Then you're just twenty years older than I am. How nice! Are you married?"

"No," gravely answered the tall gentleman, who said his name was Long William Long. "I am Quite Alone."

"Quite alone!" quoth Lily, laughing. "All the girls told me so. I have always been Quite Alone till to-day. May I sit with you at dinner?"

Sir William was about to give a smiling affirmative to the naive question, when the countess—the handsome lady—was busily watching this little by-play from afar off, addressed the tall gentleman by the name of Good-for-nothing, and asked him if he could be induced to keep them waiting?

The speaker's face fitting with your little girl," he said, as he placed the child beside him.

Lily did not know any thing about flirting; but she had always felt that this man had been very kind to her, and she liked very much to sit near him.

"Flirting!" exclaimed the countess, scornfully. "You begin early."

"You had better teach the little one her A B C, in a hurry," returned Sir William.

"She'll get on fast enough if you take her away from school and teach her yourself," the old gentleman, who was a marquis, remarked, with a bow.

"When I want her to learn wickedness she shall come to you," retorted the lady. "Please to give me some souche, and, Sir William, I entreat you not to put the unhappy child out of mouth."

The lady brightened up more and more after each course, and when the sparkling wines were passed about, was quite radiant.

"I like this Greenwich," she said, holding a brimming glass of Moselle to the light; "it does me good. It makes me breathe. Give me Greenwich and Richmond, and you may sink the rest of your sad England to the bottom of your muddy Thames. How good these little dinners are! How crisp they are! Good-for-nothings, I drink to you." The lady was enjoying herself.

TO-MORROW.

THERE'S sunshine on life's path to-day,
The flowers bloom fresh and fair;
It is youth's balmy month of May,
There's fragrance in the air.
Around his way no cloud is cast
By memory or sorrow;
He looks with rapture on the past,
And hopeful on to-morrow.

But Time strides on, and from his wing
The autumn shadows fall;
Alas! the buds of early spring
Are withered, all and all.
And summer morn'ries only seem
A distant light to borrow;
While still the future will be sunly dream,
Joy may return to-morrow.

Then winter, with a ruthless hand,
Throws gloom across the scene;
And snow-storms fall upon his head,
Where sunshine late hath been.
Age shudders by the hearth a while:
And, bow'd by care and sorrow,
Looks to *that* future with a smile,
Where there is no to-morrow!

THE BLACK-EYED SMUGGLER.

"DID I tell you the story of Mary Simpson, the female smuggler?"

This inquiry was addressed to a knot of Federal soldiers grouped before a tent, standing in a row or so of others just out of Memphis. The questioner was a burly fellow with a good-humored face, in the plain uniform of a private, who seemed to be a favorite with the little company, all of whom insisted that they had never heard the story and would be delighted to do so.

"Well, here goes. Several weeks ago, by order of Captain Pillow of the Thirteenth Tennessee, I set out from Fort Pillow, some miles, you know, above here, to guide a party of four citizens to a point where a large delivery of cotton was said to be stored. We rode along through the woods at an easy gait, laughing and chatting pleasantly together, when, after making several miles, we were suddenly overtaken by a woman riding a mule—the sorriest looking mule I ever saw—and in the next instant we were all ordered to halt. Of course we slackened our pace to hear what the woman had to say, when, to the astonishment of us all highwayman, she drew a revolver, and aiming it straight at my head, ordered me to get down and give her my horse. Resistance was out of the question, of course, and I dismounted, and she mounted in my place. Then she turned to the four citizens, who seemed to be very much frightened at her appearance, and ordered them to march. Then she turned to me, and, with a mocking laugh, bade me farewell, and rode away, leaving the fair highwayman, in the words to practice, if she chose, on the trees, not having had the courage to make us her targets. She was clearly too much surprised at our coolness to shoot. She had supposed that, of course, we would surrender at the first demand, as we had no way and weapons visible; and when we simply laughed at her, she no doubt saw instantly how absurdly she had acted, and in the confusion of her thoughts permitted us to slip away unmolested.

"We rode on for a mile or so, chatting of the adventure, when suddenly it struck me that maybe it was not safe, after all, that this woman should be at large. I threw there were scores of female spies and smugglers in the rebel service, and no doubt she was one of the number. I determined, therefore, to ride back after her, and, leaving the party to make their own way toward the interior, at once struck into a by-path, and made all haste to report the affair at headquarters.

"Immediately upon hearing the story Captain Preston gave me a squad of men, and we set out briskly in pursuit of the woman and her miserable mule. The men were full of jokes at the idea of chasing a woman, and declared all sorts of conjectures as to the probable effect of a collision on the hearts of some of them bantering me sharply on my want of gallantry in not at once crying quarter with this invitation of the mule-heroine to exchange steeds. Finally, after riding some five miles, one of the men exclaimed 'There she is!' and looking down the road we saw she was there, in truth, riding leisurely up to an old house that stood by the roadside. It is unnecessary to say we rode overtaken, and had her mule by the bridle.

"'I've got you, have I, my boy,' your seat,' I said, as she was about to dismount. 'I am authorized by the commander of Fort Pillow to say that having heard of your late exploit, he would be happy to make your acquaintance; and, if you please, we'll go right back.'

"'Oh, boys, was the politest speech I ever made; even when I proposed to Nancy, the mother of my great strapping boys by the side of whom I wasn't half as polite as on this occasion; but the fair highwayman didn't seem in the least impressed by my style; on the contrary, she looked as savage as a meat-axe, and no doubt wished for the moment that she was a boa-constrictor that she might just swallow me whole. She was still trying to get down from her mule, but I again interrupted her with:

"'Keep where you are, please,' and with that turned her mule and gave the bridle to one of the men.

"'You're a brute I'she cried, savagely, her eyes snapping.

"'Thank you for the compliment," said I, coolly, and mounted my horse.

"'I won't go a step,' she said, as I gave the order to march.

"'But your mule will,' I answered; 'he's a splendid beast and loves good company if his mistress don't, and the men laughed.

"She gave up at last, murmuring, however, that no two men could have conquered her, but numbers overpowered her and she must succumb. With that she gave up her arms, and taking the reins into her hands jogged along pleasantly enough between two of the guard.

"Well, after a time we reached the fort, and the little woman, the pride of her generalship query examined. It was a decidedly delicate business, but I think the commander got through with it in a satisfactory manner, for he found upon her person orders from the rebel Colonel Hicks for a list of contraband supplies, such as gunpowder, cavalry boots, and similar articles—all of which, and had not been detected, she would no doubt have furnished.

"The next day, having been given a night's rest, she was questioned as to her mode of operation, and with no sort of hesitation told her story. She acknowledged that she was regularly employed by rebels in obtaining goods necessary for their comfort and smuggling them through the lines, which she boasted she had done with some success for a year or more.

"'What do you get for this service?' Captain Preston inquired.

"'One hundred dollars a month,' she answered, promptly.

"And how much of the money which the rebels give you to make purchases do you put into your own purse?'

She looked at him indignantly. 'I'd have you know I'm a lady, Sir,' she said; 'I'm not in the habit of stealing!'

"Oh!' ejaculated the Captain, and whistled, which was his companions, as much as to say, 'Here's an oddity—a smuggler and highwayman who won't steal!'

"Then came the questioning went on. Her purchases were usually made, she said, in St. Louis, whence she brought down the goods by steamer. In her last trip she had landed at Randolph, some miles, you remember, above Fort Pillow, and had passed through the lines in safety. The mule also was on her way, she said, to the house of a rebel sympathizer, whose name we obtained, and whose house at the head of wagons of violins, and after capturing a considerable quantity of contraband goods that had been smuggled out of Memphis.

"'And now,' said the amused Captain Postén remarked, when she had concluded. 'Now, if you please, what is your name?'

"'Mary Simpson.'

"'Do you never sail under any other?'

"'Oh yes. At Randolph I was known as Mary Timms.'

"That was about all we could learn then of the bishop's daughter, who married rascal, as she was lips. Some days after, however, I was sent up to Randolph to make inquiries as to her associations and movements there, and, by a little judicious management, soon gathered some very interesting additional facts. She was well known in Randolph and the surrounding country, having for a year or so ago passed under several *aliases* and been strongly suspected of acting as a spy for the rebels, and in that capacity carrying intelligence from Jackson, Tennessee, to the Hatchie. Over six months ago I found that she had escaped to the rebel General Worsart to purchase ammunition for his command. She was generally considered quick and determined, and not what would be called, wicked, which was a fault. Once, I was told, she had boasted that she could wind at will around her finger any Federal officer she had ever seen; but she found one exception, at least, in Captain Postén.

"I will not continue the story, boys, is yet to come. We found that this woman was married, and that her husband was actually one of our own Federal officers. In fact, when we first discovered that she was really fast she disclosed this fact and asked to see her husband, thinking, maybe, that for his sake she would be let off. But he would intercede for her and secure her some privileges in her confinement. Her desire was complied to the husband, but he positively refused to see her, saying she had brought disgrace upon him and their family by selling the enemies of the country, and she must take the consequences of her perfidy. He took steps, too, at once, to have his children taken from her care, which I didn't mean, for I felt that his boys should be taught to hate the flag he was fighting for. The man was a Tennessean, and you know, sometimes, when these Tennesseans are loyal they go the whole figure, *suffering* nothing in the shape of mercy to be shown to rebels.

"The woman seemed touched when her husband's answer was given her, but she soon recovered her spirits, and laughed at her fatherly refused to tell where the goods she had orders for were concealed; but we poked about, gathering up a thread here and a clew there, until at last we discovered evidence sufficient to justify the arrest of several persons as her accomplices, and the Captain began still to discover the contraband stock. Meanwhile Mary Simpson has an opportunity to think over her past life in prison, and she was deputed as she pleases of the future, which, just now, she must consider any thing but promising." And that ends the story of the Black-eyed Smuggler."

"But," said one of the listeners, "what became of her mule?"

"Oh, he was confiscated. The last time I saw him he was hitched to a cart, hauling wood for head-quarters."

"So all greatness fades. To-day the charger of a black-eyed, dashing, pretty woman-warrior; to-morrow hauling a great cart along muddy roads, with a wrecked, battered contraband for driver."

"Pshaw, Sergeant, you're sentimental. Put out your pipe, and let's to bed. Good-night, comrades!"

FORAGING IN LOUISIANA.—[See next Page.]

FORAGING IN LOUISIANA.

WE give on the preceding page a spirited illustration of the war in Louisiana, showing the manner in which the army is at times furnished with supplies. Necessarily, in advancing into the enemy's country, our forces are obliged to depend in some degree upon the resources of the region occupied for supplies of beef, etc., and probably no experiences are more pleasurable and full of excitement than those which are ordinarily encountered in expeditions such as our artist has presented.

JOHN MINOR BOTTS.

JOHN MINOR BOTTS, whose portrait we give on this page, and who occupied for many years a distinguished position in American politics, was born in Dumfries, Prince William County, Virginia, on the 10th of September, 1802. He early entered upon political life, attaching himself to the Whig party when, in 1824, it assumed its definite form, and becoming from the first one of its most ardent and prominent supporters. The previous year he was elected to the Virginia Legislature, and was afterward several times re-elected. In 1839 he was elected to Congress, and there distinguished himself as an advocate of a national bank, a protective tariff, and other measures of which HENRY CLAY was the great originator and expounder. In 1843 he was not returned to Congress, but four years after he was elected to that body for the third time. After the death of Mr. CLAY he attached himself to the American party, as a member of which he opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and sympathized with those Southern members of Congress who opposed the passage of the Lecompton bill in 1858. Upon the secession of Virginia he fell under suspicion on account of his known hostility to the movement, and for some time after war had broken out was held under close surveillance by the rebel authorities, being once or twice arrested by military direction. He has steadily refused to lend his support to the rebel movement, but at the same time has refrained from any distinct avowals justifying arbitrary measures on the part of the Richmond Government, which, probably remembering his great popularity, has hesitated to visit upon him the punishment which it has no doubt desired to inflict. Since our army has occupied the Rapidan his house at Culpepper has at all times been open to our officers, many of whom have been entertained with lavish hospitality. His last entertainment was given on the 29th of April, when Generals GRANT, SEDGWICK, HANCOCK, BURNEY, HUMPHREYS, GIBBON, and some others were present, the affair being, in the language of a report, "of the most sumptuous character."

JOHN MINOR BOTTS.

ARMY WORK-SHOPS.

WE give below a view of the WORK-SHOPS of the Army of the Potomac. As illustrating the manner in which necessary repairs are made at the head-quarters of an army, the picture is full of interest. Our sketch is made from a photograph furnished us by our artist, A. R. WAUD, at the Army head-quarters.

WORK-SHOPS—HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

FAR AWAY.

Upon the shore
Of Evermore
We sport like children at their play;
And gather shells
Where sinks and swells
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,
Nor voice nor speech
Doth things intelligible say;
But through our souls
A whisper rolls
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears
The voice of years
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day;
We strive to hear,
As it draws near,
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells
We drop the shells
We were so full of yesterday,
And pick no more
Upon that shore
But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide,
Far out and wide,
The yearnings of our souls do stray;
We long to go,
We do not know
Where it may be, but far away.

The mighty deep
Doth slowly creep
Up on the shore where we did play;
The very sand
Is waved by hand
A moment since, swept far away.

Our playmates all
Beyond our call
Are passing hence, as we too may;
Unto that shore
Of Evermore,
Beyond the boundless far away.

We'll trust the wave,
And Him to save
Beneath whose feet as marble lay
The rolling deep,
For he can keep
Our souls in that dim far away.

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3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Love and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Mosaic and Jet Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
2000 Love and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5000 Gent's Breast Pins	2 00 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Seals	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	4 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mounted Holders	4 00 to 6 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—BUZZARD'S ROOST PASS, GEORGIA.—[SEE PAGE 333.]

AT GETTYSBURG.

LIKE a furnace of fire blazed the midsummer sun
When to saddle we leaped at the order,
Spurred on by the boom of the deep-throated gun
That told of the foe on the border.
A mist in our rear lay Antietam's dark plain,
And thoughts of its carnage came o'er us;
But smiling before us surged fields of ripe grain,
And we swore none should reap it before us.

That night, with the ensign who rode by my side,
On the camp's dreary edge I stood picket,
Our ears mark'd our weary watch-mates who hied
A spy's stealthy tread in the thicket;
And there, while we watched the first arrows of dawn
Through the veil of the rising mist's quiver,
He told how the foemen had pitied in upon
His home by the Tennessee River.

He spoke of a wife in his weakness cut down
With that breath the traitor flag scorning;
And he said the same cry grew dark with a frown
That paled the red light of the morning.
For days he had followed the cowardly band,
And when one lagged to forage or trite
Had seared in his forehead the deep Minie brand,
And scored a fresh notch on his rifle.

"But one of the rangers had cheated his fate—
For him he would search the world over."
Such confidences, such assurance and hate,
Never saw I in woman-accursed lover.
O who would have thought that beneath those dark curls
Lurked vengeance so sure as death-rattle;
Or fancied those dreamy eyes, soft as a girl's,
Could light with the fury of battle?

So horse I sealed the bough, while grape-shot and shell
Overhead through the forest were crashing.
A cheer for the flag! and the summer light fell
On the blades from a thousand sheaths flashing.
As mad ocean waves to the storm-crowned bluff,
So on we dashed, heedless of dangers;
A moment our long line surged back at the shock,
Then swept through the ranks of the Rangers.

I looked for our ensign—ahead of his troop,
Pressing on with the coolest indifference,
His torn flag furled round him in festoon and loop,
He spurred to the side of his Colonel,
And his sabre was out, as I saw by his bright sword
Through shako and gaunty plume shiver,
With "this for the last of the murderous horde!"
And "this for the home by the river!"

At evening, returned from pursuit of the foe,
By a dash-scattered cannon we bivouac'd and lay,
And we buried him there in the sunset glow,
With the dear old flag knotted around him.
Yet how could we mourn when every proud strain
Told of foemen herded back in disorder,
When we knew that the North reaped her rich harvest grain
Unharmed by a foe on her border!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1864.

THE VICTORY.

THE earnestness with which the loyal people of this country are sustaining the war has been in nothing more signally shown than in the sobriety with which the great news of GRANT'S victory was received. Before he moved, every thing that was heard from the Army of the Potomac rendered hopeful, an unwillingness, a hearty faith in the cause, a grave resolution to fight to the end, which prepared us for a campaign entirely unprecedented. "My ground is of confidence," said "one who returned from the headquarters of GRANT a fortnight before he moved, "it is the moral as much as in the physical condition of the army."

In an hour like this comparisons are untimely and vain. We only know that the popular faith in the ultimate triumph of our cause—and no mis disaster, however grievous, has ever been fierce enough to shake—enables the country to contemplate its success without levity, but with a universal and sorrowful sympathy with the thousands of brave men whose dauntless constancy has saved human liberty, although it could not save themselves from bitter wounds; and with a lasting and regretful remembrance of the dead. The desperate contest upon the Rapidan, the dark battle through two long summer days, shown upon both sides the qualities which will make the regenerated nation invincible. Lee and his rebels had every prestige in their favor. They stood upon ground which their valor had maintained against us for three years. They were intrenched upon the Rapidan, where Fredericksburg, from which BURNSIDE had been forced to retire. They were flanked by Fredericksburg, where they had worsted HOOKER. They had before them Gettysburg, from which they had retreated in good order to Orange and Antietam, from which they had been allowed to retire. Far to their rear were the melancholy swamps of the Chickahominy, in which a noble army had been encamped so long within an easy possibility of victory, which had been surrendered with terrible disaster. All around them were the famous places of their triumphs or of their secure retreats. They were confronted with a new army whose unwearied bravery they had tested, but which they knew lacked the prestige of success. They saw new toils spreading for them, but they confided in the past, and believed they could secure the future.

Against such men, with such advantages, General GRANT organized his army and laid his plans. He knew the key of the military position. The defeat of LEE was the essential blow that must be struck. First of all, therefore, General GRANT secured absolute unity of purpose among his Generals. He established that moral discipline which is the source of permanent strength in every army. He brought with him the personal inspiration of vast and continuous success. He assembled a host. He and his officers, filled with the profoundest conviction of the importance of victory, imparted it by all they did and by all they were to the men. And when March and April were passed, when the soft May sun announced steady weather, and all the elemental conditions were ripe, he gave the word, and his faithful and indomitable ally, BUTLER, and the Union armies moved to a battle which they knew must be desperate, and which has been fought and decided.

The chapter of our history which opened on the 3d of May is not ended as these words are written. But the first week's work is of such augufty that we have the right to hope for a success which should bring every true American to his knees in religious gratitude—a success which will be a victory for the people of every country, and will mark an epoch in the advance of civilization. The words of the President are echoed instinctively in every heart. "While what remains undone demands our most sincere prayers to and reliance upon Him (without whom all human effort is vain), I recommend that all patriots, at their homes and places of public worship, and wherever they may be, unite in common thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God."

TO A JACKSON DEMOCRAT.

A CALM and pleasant letter from "a Jackson Democrat" in Indiana, gives us an occasion to explain more fully our position in regard to the Presidency. Our correspondent thinks that he is one of the four hundred thousand War Democrats who have sustained Mr. LINCOLN heartily, because he is the constitutional President and is trying to save the Government. But he complains that we, with many others, evince a *determination* to defeat Mr. LINCOLN nominated at Baltimore, and that War Democrats have been rejected by Republican Conventions as delegates because they were not in favor of him as a candidate; policy, he says, which does not require the formation of a new Union party; and if so, ought not the Baltimore candidate to be a War Democrat?

Since the appeal is made to us, we answer, frankly, that for ourselves we know no other party than the Union men: than the men, that is to say, before the war, who adhered to all the parties, Democrats, Republicans, and Bell-Everett men, and who are now united in an unflinching and loyal support of the Union and of the Administration in conducting the war. It is for that very reason that we deprecate such an action as that of our correspondent. Are you a War Democrat, and do you mean by it? are a War Democrat, what do you mean by it? If you are a Union man, why do you insist upon using a name which is not necessary to other Union men who have not been Democrats? And what prevents the formation of a genuine Union party except a desire to create divisions like you to renounce your old party name? The Union men who were lately Republicans do not call themselves War Republicans, or Republican Unions, or Union Republicans. They say truly that they are not Republicans, in a party sense, but that they are Union men. And they say as plainly as they can that they will support heartily any true Union man whom the Convention shall nominate. Why should not you do the same? Why should you see that your insistence upon recognition as a Democrat is entirely inadmissible, unless you recognize other Union men as Bell-Everetts, or Republicans, which is plainly absurd?

Therefore the call to the Baltimore Convention, although issued by a Committee appointed by a Chicago War Republican Convention in 1860, is perfectly free from any taint of exclusion. General DIX, Mr. DICKINSON, Governor BRODDIE, Mr. EVERETT, General GRANT, or General BUTLER have been named as men who explain that they are not invited, because nothing is said of War Democrats, than Senators SEWARD or SUMNER, or GARRISON, or PHILLIPS, or JAY have to make the same complaint because nothing is said in it of Republicans. General DIX, Governor BRODDIE, Mr. EVERETT, and Senator SUMNER are not Union men. Therefore they stand on any other platform they will, of course, not feel themselves summoned.

Now Union men are ordinarily have decided preferences among candidates. Our correspondent prefers General BUTLER. That General is a man whom the whole country honors. But why, for our part, should Mr. LINCOLN withdraw? I do so, not because he is a Republican, for he is not. He is simply a Union man, and the strongest opposition to him is from such men who were formerly Republicans. We prefer him because he has proved by his administration of public affairs, that he has the qualities, the sagacity, the fidelity, and the ability which seem to us essential to our final success; and he has the experience, which at this time must count for much. We do not say that other men have not the indispensable requirements; but we think that no one very plainly, making every allowance, that he has. And we put it to our friend whether it would not be extremely foolish in us to advocate his giving place to another man, who seems to us less desirable, merely because that other had been formerly a "Democrat?"

If the majority of Union men, at any primary meeting or convention in the land, have been formerly Republicans and are now in favor of Mr. LINCOLN'S nomination, and send delegates to secure it, we should have no why our correspondent or any man, who is only a Unionist, should have any other than the common feeling of disappointment if they do not have our way. He may be very sure that the old Republican party will no more be revived than the old Democratic party will be. But the Baltimore Convention shall nominate a candidate of Democratic antecedents, our friend will see the Union men who were Republicans working and voting for him just as earnestly as they expect, and have a right to expect, their late Democratic friends will work and vote for a candidate of Republican antecedents, should he be nominated.

Meanwhile our "determination" that Mr. LINCOLN shall be nominated is only a very profound conviction that it is best for the country that he should be.

THE HUMILIATION OF ENGLAND.

THE expulsion of GARIBALDI from England is the announcement to the world that the pleasure of LOUIS NAPOLEON is the policy of Great Britain. It has long been the proud boast of that country that it offered exile to the political refugees of every land. Tyrants and their victims, CHARLES I. and LOUIS PHILIPPE, DON MIGUEL, ROSAS, LEDRU ROLLIN, MAZZINI, LOUIS BLANC, METTERNICH, GALIENGA — the escaped from the dungeons of Spandau, and Newgate, and Mazas, the fugitives from the palaces of the Continent, she would receive them all, and the foreign hand that would seize them should fall powerless as it touched the English shore. And now comes a hero, such as does not appear in modern history, not from a dungeon, but from the heart of his countrymen and the confidence of his King, who is welcomed to England by the great multitude of the people, from the poorest weaver in a London cellar, to whom the name of GARIBALDI has a certain music of hope, to the Prince of Wales. The people, the Government, the town, the country, complain of the greeting; the nation salutes him; his foot is raised for a triumphal progress through the summer land.

Behold what a people! was the cry. They salute the man whom the nations love and kings hate. What a country, which is so strong that feasts GARIBALDI, and sits at council with Austria, Prussia, and Russia! — when LOUIS NAPOLEON says quietly, "GARIBALDI must go;" and LOUIS NAPOLEON is obeyed! He does not prevent his coming. He does not whisper discreetly to Kings at Cannes. No, but he will have the humiliation utter and overwhelming. He waits for the very crowning moment of the English enthusiasm and delight in their guest, and then orders England to expel him, and England obeys! So grievous a humiliation has not been inflicted upon a nation since JAMES II. signed a prostitution to LOUIS FOURTEENTH. CARLYLE'S picture of the posture of England during the Continental wars of the last century is not more terrible. It is almost nothing so sad as this. It is the most melancholy confirmation of KINGLAKE'S picture of English submission to the same power in the Crimean War. It suggests the impotence of England and the ascendency of France more than any contemporary event.

The fact is stated in a letter to the London *Spectator*, a liberal and sagacious journal, frankly admits that "for the present there is nothing for it but alliance as hearty as common interests can make it between the British and France." Alliance—yes; but upon such terms? alliance upon condition that lips warm with welcoming the conqueror shall never join whispered with "Please go; he says you must not stay." What makes it worse is, that the same article confesses that there is no diminution of the ancient jealousy and the ancient fear. "England was and is armed against France, and France alone." Put this sentence with the other we have just quoted, and what does it mean but submission? Surely when it is known that GARIBALDI went not because he was ill, not because his physician said he must go, as LORD PALMERSTON declared, who, two years ago, declared that there might be war with this country when for a fortnight he had had Mr. SEWARD'S disclaimer in his pocket, but because the French Emperor ordered LORD PALMERSTON to order him away, there will either be a popular tempest which will shirl the present ministry from power, or Great Britain deliberately accepts the post of French lackey.

PICTURE PREACHING.

In the Gallery of the Metropolitan Fair there was a very striking and painful picture of "The Last Day of the Guillotine." It represents a huge room in the Conciergerie or some other of the prisons of Paris swarming with the victims of the terror. Of gentle and refined aspect, most of them, dressed in the fashion of the time made familiar to us by the portraits of MARIE ANTOINETTE and CHARLOTTE CORDAY, the crowd sits or stands, cowed and shuddering, while a wretch, who seems the very incarnation of the hideous ferocity of the Revolution, has climbed a column, and, elevated above the heads of the crowd, points leeringly at a woman whose name he calls, to join the melancholy procession to the scaffold which is seen in the corridor passing the grated door. The victim has half risen from her seat, clasping her hands, but without turning her head, while her lover sits not far away, mute, motionless, frozen with horror.

It is one of the most tragical pictures ever painted. At the first glance it seems too great an outrage upon human nature to perpetuate a moment so terrible. But after a little while the real justification of the work is found also in the utter loathing which seizes the mind of the spirit from which such atrocities spring. A thousandfold more fervent than the most eloquent description or denunciation the picture exposes the true character of the great crime, and helps to plunge the national indignation which thrilled the world at that time, and has made the very words French Revolution synonymous with the most revolting inhumanity. The student who in reading the English history of that period is disposed to quarrel with FOX'S coercive domestic policy, no longer wonders as he contemplates this palpitating scene, at the wide and willing support that policy received from the British people. What sacrifice was not cheap, he asks, that tended to keep the English Government removed by such crime as this? It is a terrible picture. It represents unalleviated human suffering. But its moral is clear, and the pain it occasions is justified by the lesson it teaches and the influence it exerts.

This is the way we make to the friendly expostulations we receive upon the publication of such cuts as will be found in this paper to-day. They depict the most shocking barbarities, the bloodiest crimes. "How can I take the paper home? How can I show such things to my children? Is this a family paper, if you curdle the with such horrors?" are the questions asked, and in a kindly spirit. But may not the children well be taught the character of the enemy with which their fathers and brothers are struggling, and the spirit of the barbarism which is seeking to overthrow the Government, and ruin the country? The earlier they learn it, the stronger the impression will be, the better and truer Americans they will become. Our paper is and ought to be a vivid history of the time, and it can not bring a living witness of the constant sympathy and care which follow the fortunes of the soldier, when they are tragical as well as glorious. Perhaps in some such considerations our friends who differ may find a little justification for strengthening the public nerve as well as pleasing the public heart.

GENERAL WADSWORTH.

OUR victory is costly. We all knew it would be. None knew it more certainly than General WADSWORTH, and none was more willing than he that the price should be paid. The story of his death in battle is simple. He only saw the danger that threatened the country. Before the first shot was fired, he knew that war had begun in earnest between the principles of Republicanism and democracy. He devoted his time, his influence, his means, every power he had, to the success of the cause which he knew to be the standing fast for the great original principles of the Government. As the crisis approached he went to the Peace Congress, and did willingly all that a man and an American citizen could by do. When the smoke of the opening battle cleared he was seen in the van of the brave troops of the Republic, and fell, nobly willing to serve his country and her cause. Personal ambition, self-seeking of every kind he put aside as naturally as every other difference. An aid to the young M'DOWELL at Bull Run, General of a Division at the Wilderness, his heart beat and his hand struck for the same object, the true welfare of his fellow-men.

In the midst of the war, solicited to stand in another post of duty not less important than the purely military one he held, he became a candidate for Governor of New York, upon the simple issue of unconditional maintenance of the Government and Union. He frankly expressed his views of public affairs in a letter full of sagacity and earnestness. He was not elected, and remained in the field. He was not elected; but his memory will be precious and sacred to the people of his State and of the country when that of many Governors will be forgotten or recalled with shame.

Brave, courteous, and gentle; beloved by his neighbors, and friends, and all who knew him; busied to the last moment before the march in caring for the comfort of his soldiers, he is seen next, and for the last time, his noble gray head bared in the bright May sunshine, leading those soldiers into the fiery storm of battle, and falling, shot through the brain. So they die, the old and young together. So, with infinite sorrow to a thousand hearts, all over the land, and the shore, among the hills, in the wilderness, the heroic blood is poured out which shall baptize into the faith and love of liberty the nation which it saves.

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

MANY excellent ladies in Washington and elsewhere propose a general movement to dispense with superfluities and luxuries in order to reduce unnecessary importation and the price of the necessaries of life. The members of the society in Washington pledge themselves to use "no imported article of apparel" for three years. As a sign of earnest devotion and patriotism this is most welcome. It springs naturally from a profound conviction of the vital significance of the war; and if the spirit it evinces could become universal from the beginning of the rebellion we should to-day have many millions of dollars for actual use that have been squandered upon unattained display. It has always been a question whether, while the war has raged at a distance from our own homes, we have not been serious enough the sacrifice of individual comfort, and the success of this movement will be a kind of test of national earnestness.

We have no good an intention will not be marred by any folly in the fulfillment, and that a purely voluntary assent to the sacrifice will be the best test of its reality and value. There was a disposition, when the subscriptions to the great Fair were collecting, to whip in certain classes of persons and employments. The hotel keepers were stigmatized, we remember, as not having contributed to the fund. But the whole significance of the vast sum realized was that it was a free gift. When a committee passes round a compulsory contribution, a forced loan, have been regarded? It would then have been no indication whatever of real enthusiasm for the purpose, if there should be any moral coercion applied, there may be money saved, indeed, but there will be no sign of a free will in the money; and that will be just the important thing, because that shows the spirit which makes the saving of money service able to the cause.

The movement has been formally begun by women, but it is one in which we all have a common interest, and which we can every truly help or hinder with to conspire. The poor are doubly pinched by the large prices consequent upon the wild speculation which always accompanies great wars. Let us remember that charity, to others, to our country, and to ourselves, begins at home.

REV. DR. M'CLINTOCK.

ONE of our most valiant and faithful champions in Europe in the war begun with the life of Mr. M'CLINTOCK, who has lately returned home, and will hereafter occupy the pulpit of *St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church*, corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, every Sunday morning. He lost no proper occasion while abroad to vindicate the cause of his country, and his sagacity and ability have been of signal service. Of his general work the *Christian World* thus speaks:

"Dr. M'CLINTOCK has done a most glorious work for the cause of Christ during his residence in Paris. Through his able and influential letters the Chapel has been entirely self-sustaining; nor have his labors been confined to the duties which devolved upon him in connection with the Chapel. He has been a noble-hearted Christian patriot, and his letters have been satisfying for the welfare of his country. No one can be weak in England who reads the anniversaries, and there, like our friend Mr. Bunting, mildly battled for the right. Through his letters and speeches the great body of the Wesleyans in England have been our firm and steadfast friends."

WILLIAM SIDNEY THAYER.

MR. THAYER, late Consul-General of the United States in Egypt, died at Alexandria on the 10th of April—an event which we record with sincere regret in the course of this paper, as he has long been a contributor. He had been long in feeble health, but in his early youth and hope upon his old, and his friends trusted that an entire change of climate and occupation might work also an entire change of health. But profoundly interested as his important duties as a foreign representative of his country, thoroughly in sympathy with the great cause for which we are struggling, he resolutely give mind or body the absolute needful rest. Even the soft air of Egypt could not heal him: and at the age of thirty-four the accident, genial, energetic, accomplished man dies at his post, and dies leaving no one who ever knew him who will not long and deeply regret his loss.

ALL HAIL, OHIO!

ONE of the most striking and significant facts of the times is that upon the late call of Governor BROUGH for thirty thousand men, the State of Ohio responded by putting *forty thousand men into camp in five days*. SHERMAN's army now moving into Georgia "commits its lines of communication and supply to the men now mustering in the Northwest," says a Cincinnati paper; and it is supposed that SHERMAN will be stronger by twenty thousand veterans than if the call had not been made, or rather if it had not been so grandly answered. How faithful Ohio was to the glorious cause her majority against Vallandigham last year showed. How true and steady the Buckeye State is, this sudden rising of her noblest citizens proves.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*May* 4. The resolution of Mr. Sherman came up as the special order—that a quorum of the Senate consists of a majority of the Senators elected; that if a majority of the Presidential electors, duly appointed, shall have voted for one person, he is the President elect; that the election of President devolves upon the House of Representatives, and the vote of a majority of the States represented in the House be cast for one person, as President, when first discovered, was objected to, 26 to 11.

—*May* 5. Mr. Chandler reported a bill to prevent persons from duelling, which provides that after August next all baggage and effects of passengers, and all other property conveyed by the United States through any foreign country, shall be inspected, and if any duelling apparatus be found, the same, with the vessel, vehicle, or conveyance, shall be confiscated.—Mr. Colfax reported a bill authorizing the establishment of a mail steamship service between the United States and Brazil, with the assistance of the owners, which were held to be not necessary. The bill was amended, and as so adopted.—Mr. Ward presented the credentials of Mr. Stewart, elected by the Legislature of Nevada to form a State government under the act of Congress, and to the United States Senate, each half year after January, 1864.—*May* 6. The bill to amend the act to further and more effectually promote the useful arts, granting six months extension to patentees in certain cases, passed.—Mr. Sumner moved to amend the Charter of Washington City was called up by Mr. Dixon, with an amendment providing for the education of colored citizens. Mr. Cowan moved to insert the word "white" as a qualification. Mr. Sumner moved to vote on the amendment until the expiration of the morning hour. The National Currency bill was taken up, and the first amendment offered by Mr. Sumner, increasing the tax on the circulation of State banks from two per cent. to ten per cent., was rejected by a vote of 34 to 11. An amendment establishing Clearing Houses in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, of not exceeding one quarter of one per cent., was agreed to.—*May* 7. The bill to incorporate a public waking on additional grant of land to aid in constructing a railroad from St. Paul to the Lake Superior and Stone Lake and the mouth of the Sioux Wood River, or some point on the Mississippi River, was reported from the Navy for a copy of the record of the Wilkes Court-martial was adopted.—*May* 9. The bill for the erection of a branch mint at Philadelphia was passed.—Mr. Howard introduced a resolution for the relief of Fort Pillow. The Senate considered the Bank Bill at length, but little of the progress was made. The amendment of Mr. Sumner, to keep the circulation of the banks within certain bounds, was voted down.—*May* 10. A report from the Committee on the Conduct of the War, made a report in relation to the retreat of General Banks from Alexandria to Annapolis.—Mr. Colfax then read a dispatch from the Secretary of War announcing the capture of Fort Powell, where the Senate adjourned.—*May* 10. There was very little business done of an important character, except the passage of the National Bank Bill in an amended form, which was sent to the House of Representatives. The bill to prevent smuggling was passed.—The bill organizing the Arizona volunteer regiment, which passed the Senate, was passed.—The bill for Fortification Appropriation bill was passed, with amendments for repairs at Great Brewster, Boston, and Dover Islands, Portland Harbor, appropriating $50,000 therefor, and for repairs to the sea-wall at Buffalo, $27,000.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill guaranteeing a republican government to rebellious States. After a long discussion the bill was passed: yeas 73, nays 59. The bill provides for the republican form of territorial government, and that no military resistance shall be suppressed that measure as shall establishing a government inconsistent with the Constitution. Certain classes of persons who have voluntarily borne arms or held offices under the rebel confederate usurpation are excluded from voting or being elected to office. The bill was then laid aside to be reported with the admitted include a provision that involuntary servitude shall be prohibited and forever abolished throughout all that no debts created under the sanction of the usurping power shall be recognized or paid by the United States or any State.—At the evening session the bill extending to soldiers and sailors without regard to rank the benefits of the Homestead Law on rebel confiscated lands was passed.—*May* 11. The House was not in session to-day.—The Whole on the Special Order, *viz.*, the bill to reimburse Pennsylvania for the expenditures made in the rebel invasion of last year. After rejecting several amendments the Committee rose, reported the bill to the House, which, however, was subsequently reconsidered, and the bill was again committed.—*May* 12. The bill for Pennsylvania militia, with an amendment appropriating $2,000,000 to reimburse the expenses of the State in repelling raids.—Mr. Morrill moved that evening sessions be discontinued during the remainder of the session, and to adjourn at such hour as it may see fit, which was adopted.—*May* 13. Mr. Dawes presented the following, declaring that F. F. Blair is not, and the other that Mr. Knox, the commissioner, is entitled to a seat in the House as the Representative of the Seventh Congressional District of Missouri. Under the latter resolution debate on Election, declaring that neither Mr. Lazo, the sitting member, nor Mr. Reese, had received a majority of the votes cast for Representative of the Seventh Congressional District of Missouri. Under the latter resolution debate on the bill of adjournment was made the special order.—*May* 16. The ill-treatment of prisoners in rebel hands.—*May* 16. Mr. Howard reported a resolution that the Senate was dissatisfied by adopting a resolution declaring Mr. Lane, the rebel sympathizer, unworthy a seat in the seat, which rejects the report of the Committee on Elections.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The Grand Movement of the Army of the Potomac is in progress. The order of General Meade to march was issued on the morning of the 3d. General Grant's cavalry took the advance, and was engaged until late at night in repairing the roads leading to Ely's Ford, on the Rapidan. About midnight another cavalry division moved to Germania Ford, and by daylight the whole army was under marching orders. The Second Corps broke camp at midnight, and the Fifth crossing at Ely's Ford before daylight on the 4th. The Fifth Corps crossed at Germania Ford, following the Sixth. No enemy appeared, and the troops were advance reached the Wilderness. General Lee not having, apparently, anticipated the movement. It thrashed his communications with Richmond, and forced him out of his formidable intrenchments around Orange Court House, covered by Mine Run. Accordingly, on Thursday morning, the 5th, before General Grant had fully established his lines, Lee established, in his disposition of troops, a determination to advance, evidently with the design of cutting our lines. On discovering his intentions General Warren was directed to attack him at once, which he did at about 11 A.M. A determined musketry fight of an hour and a half ensued, in which Warren handsomely drove him from his position, with the infliction of great loss. Griffin's division of the Fifth Corps led the attack, and suffered severely, its loss being nearly 1000 in killed, wounded, and missing. Wadsworth's division, our center, finding the enemy had attempted to interpose an overwhelming force between his division and Hancock's, both of whom, in accordance with orders, was marching in a direction to the right of the Fifth Corps. Hancock, impatient, his advances, consisting of Birney's division, came in contact with the enemy's right, and in time to intercept the rebel General, who, at 9 P.M. commenced a terrible assault upon Hancock's left. Gibbon's, Barlow's, and Getty, the latter of whom had been temporarily detached to form the extreme right of Hancock's command. The fight lasted hotly until some time after dark, and resulted in the complete repulse of the enemy at all points. Our loss in this engagement was about 1600 men. Scarcely any artillery was brought into action, from the character of the ground rendering it useless.

On Friday the fight-firing was kept up, and early on the morning of Friday, the 6th, the battle reopened. Longstreet's corps had succeeded in getting in the rear of the Sixth (General Sedgwick). The assault, which was made by Longstreet, was terrific. The enemy then endlessly attacked the left, under Hancock, but were again driven back with heavy loss. The contest was kept up the entire line. At a quarter past eleven o'clock a desperate assault was made upon the right, particularly upon the Fourth Division, commanded by General Jackson. The rebels were driven back, rallying by turns, and at their head, leading the charge, this noble soldier was shot in the forehead, and died on the field, remaining in our possession. A partial lull ensued about noon, when an attack was made upon the center, on General Wadsworth. His veteran columns temporarily yielded to the shock, but soon rallied and drove the enemy back, staggering back the massed columns of the foe with most frightful slaughter. During the afternoon comparative quiet prevailed, but about seven o'clock in the evening the rebels made a desperate attack upon our right, throwing it into confusion, and in fact turning the position. Our reinforcements were at once sent forward, and the loss in this engagement was quite heavy, but the rebels were finally driven to the ground from our own. General Seymour and a considerable number of our troops were captured. The fighting on Saturday, the 7th, and on other counts was of a similar character, but not so severe as on the previous days. The retreat of the enemy commenced on Saturday night, and at 5 A.M. on Sunday, the 8th, Fredericksburg was occupied by our troops. The rebels left us 2100 killed up to same time, and 4000 wounded, during the same period, and during the night wing, 4000; total, 6000. To military lost, as follows: Killed, 1500; wounded, 7000; missing Friday night General Lee withdrew from the field, establishing his lines on the Rapidan. Our movement was under the personal direction of General Grant, who had swung his left flank (Hancock's corps) around to the extreme right, thus threatening Lee's communications. This forced the latter to withdraw from his position to save Grant, and as we go to press, indicated that Lee had made a stand at Spotsylvania Court-House, about 12 miles from Fredericksburg, but that at that date, though there had been some hard fighting, no general battle had occurred. General Grant is evidently pushing his army from his supply-trains, so as to advance with the least possible delay, and thus avoid the consequences of Sedgwick's death. He was killed in the fighting on Thursday, the 5th, by a ball from a rebel sharpshooter. He remains were at Fredericksburg. General Sedgwick commanded the Sixth Army Corps, and had command of the Corps. Generals Robinson and Morris were wounded, the former severely, and General Shaler, division of Warren's Corps; the latter the First Brigade of the Third Division of Sedgwick's.

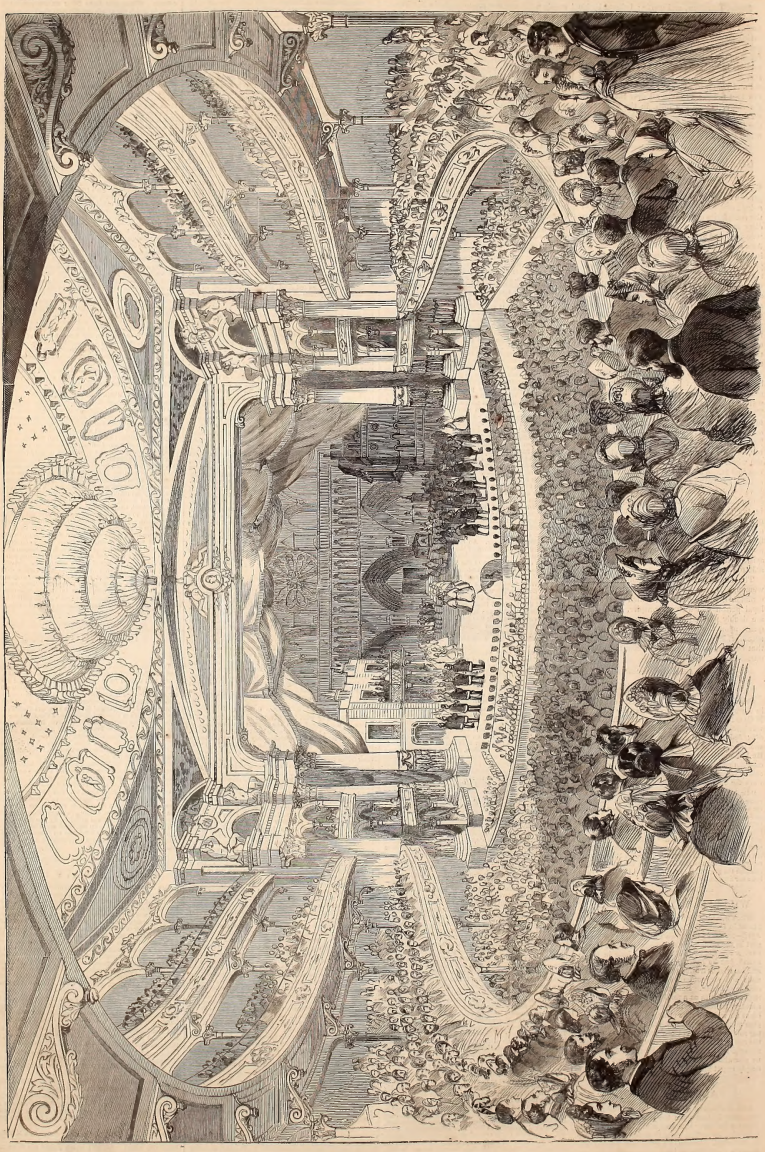
THE LOSSES.

Among the casualties reported from the field are the following: Generals Getty, Grant, Wadsworth, and Shaler killed; Generals Getty, Gregg, Webb, Owens, Robinson, and Morris wounded. The large number of Generals in either field and line officers were killed. Our total loss is not yet officially reported. We took prisoners up to Friday night. Very many of the wounded were but slightly hurt, and returned from the field to the army.

The rebel General Longstreet and Pegram were severely wounded, and many officers of the army were killed and wounded. Intercepted dispatches from Secretary Seddon to Lee and Beauregard show that the force of Fredericksburg was occupied on the night of the 8th, and that Longstreet's corps was being transferred at that point. Stores and medical help arrived promptly to the spot on the 9th and 10th.

GENERAL BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN.

Simultaneously with the advance of the Army of the Potomac, General Butler, from the Peninsula was ordered by General Butler, who proceeded to West Point on the York River, and landed with a force of about 20,000 men. Reports, as it intending to advance on Richmond from that line. On the 6th, General Butler moved up the river, and his cavalry from Fort Powhatan and other defenses on the James River to the vicinity of Chesterfield Station, on the south of the night, General Butler then withdrew his forces, and returned to Bermuda Hundred, who at once learned that the enemy had discovered their mistake our troops had fallen back, and were in force on the north of the river, and General Butler was master of the situation. The rebels attacked him in the morning of the 7th, but while army being transferred in 20 hours from Yorktown and Gloucester Point to the north side of the James River. Fresh reinforcements and a large number of gun-boats were immediately sent to him. The rebels consisted of the Tenth Corps, under General Gillmore, and the Eighteenth under General W. F. Smith. Fortifications were at once thrown up, occupied, and all the points along the river which commanded the position occupied and fortified. To cover this movement, cavalry expeditions were sent out in various directions, which destroyed railroads, the telegraph, and placing their communications in danger. Immediately upon getting possession of Bermuda Hundred, General Butler sent a force to destroy the railroad between Petersburg and Richmond, which was successfully accomplished, and the road severely wounded. The railroad bridge crossing one of the tributaries of the Appomattox, within about seven miles south of Petersburg, was set on fire and totally consumed, and the railroad track torn up and destroyed for a long enough for our forces to carry out other and more important operations. The movement was accomplished without much opposition, only a slight one, and that not to be accounted. On the 9th, General Kautz, with the 2nd and 3rd Cavalry Divisions, under *Jones*, while on picket duty in the Jones River, was fired upon by a party of rebels, who, on the first discharge of their carbine, and several of her officers and men were killed and wounded. The rest were



GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA IN AID OF THE SANITARY COMMISSION.—[See Page 324.]

DEPARTURE OF THE UNION FLEET FROM NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA, ON MAY 4, 1864.—From a Sketch by a Naval Officer.—[See Page 334.]

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BUTLER'S ADVANCE AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, ON MAY 5, 1864.—From a Sketch by a Naval Officer.—[See Page 334.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXI.—*Continued.*

THE dinner was a very grand one; but with all its grandeur piscine culinary art has progressed since those days, and by the side of a Greenwich banquet, as we now understand it, the repast might have seemed mean. Still there was an almost inconceivable variety of fish. Still rare wines came up with every course. The glass and damask would have appeared paltry in comparison with the sumptuosities of crystal and napery which are now displayed at such feasts; but it was a dinner fit for a king, and one Lily settled in her own mind of the precise description partaken of every day by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid. She fancied Giaffar calling for another salmon cutlets, and carving it deviled bait with his fingers. And then the bait themselves became the fish that turned in the pan and crouched the cook in the Fisherman and the Genii. And the pasty-faced waiters were black slaves with jewelled collars and armlets, and the rare wines were sherbet cooled with snow, and the child ate her dinner in a dream.

Sir William Long was faithful to his trust, and took the most sedulous care of her. He gave her some nice fried sole, and was cut off the waiters who would have approached her with perilous preparations of salmon and stewed eels. He bade the man bring him some Seltzer-water, and gave Lily a modest glass of the beverage mingled with Champagne. He gave her some white meat, which, with the thin brown bread-and-butter, she thought delicious, but he made her eschew the condiments of cayenne pepper and lemon. He watched over her with a careful tenderness, very curious to behold, and, though he drank fearfully long draughts of the rare wines, he took little more solid food than Lily herself.

"You must be very thirsty!" the child said, simply, as he drained another bumper of claret-cup.

"I am always thirsty."

"How funny! Why don't you drink tea, or go to the pump?—unless, of course, you are hot. Miss Babby will never let us go to the pump when we are hot. Miss Furbloe begged a jug of water from the cook once, when we had come in from a long walk, and broke out, two hours afterward, in a—O so dreadful rash. Mrs. Bunnycastle said it was a judgment upon

have jobbed for in the same yard going on for nineteen year," continued the man.

"Now, what's the matter here?" the gruff voice of a passing policeman interposed.

Nothin's the matter," returned the flyman, gathering up his reins, and settling himself on his box. "I've got my fare, and I'm satisfied. Only next time that lady wants to be driven to Old Scratch, I'ope she'll 'ail another fly." With which he drove off.

The lady certainly did not possess, or else she did not care to cultivate, the art of conciliating the lower orders. The number of enemies she had made that day might have been calculated by the number of inferiors with whom she had come in contact.

They slept that night in a house in Golden Square, where this benignant person had taken lodgings, and the first thing she heard in the morning—for to her great joy she was not put to sleep with the strange lady, but was bestowed in a small adjoining bedroom—was an alarming commotion with the servant-of-all-work respecting breakfast: in the midst of which a stout landlady arrived, breathless, to give the lodger warning.

"Flesh and blood can't stand it no longer," said the indignant dame. "I'd rather have the parlors empty for six months than be scarified in this outrageous manner. No, marm, the Englishwoman ain't to be treated like a black Injin."

"And like the dirt under your feet," added the servant-of-all-work, who was in tears.

"And you'd better suit yourself elsewhere, marm," the landlady continued.

"Canaille!" the countess replied. "I would not remain another twenty-four hours in your wretched hole for twenty pounds a week. Take your swindling bill, and I will pay it. I leave this evening."

The day was a strange one, and the lady scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with Lily. She was in too great a rage after the commotion to breakfast in Golden Square, so took the child to a French coffee-house under the colonnade of the Italian Opera. Then they had a hackney-coach, and went a long long way through low and darkling Temple Bar into the City, until they reached a large house in a crowded street. They entered this warehouse, and the lady said to the assistant, "I think your girl is going to school, supply her with all she wants, and put it in a trunk."

The assistant was a joyous, middle-aged man in spectacles, and whose stiff shirt collar made indentations in his plump cheeks, submitted that it would take a good deal of stuff to furnish the young lady's outfit; and asked where he might have the honor of sending the esteemed order?

"I will take it away with me," she answered. "We will return in a couple of hours. Stay: can you take charge of the child for that time?"

The assistant replied that they would only be too happy to take care of the young lady for that period.

"Then stay here," said the lady to Lily, "and don't get into mischief. At four o'clock (it was now close upon two) I shall be here." And she went away.

"Is that your mamma, my dear?" the stout assistant with the spectacles asked, when the lady had taken her departure.

"Y—y—es," answered Lily, hesitating somewhat.

"Ah! Dear me! A handsome lady, quite the lady, in fact," he continued. "A proud one, too," he said to himself. "Looks as if she had a devil of a temper. A Tartar, I'll be sworn. Now, Miss Eldred, my good young lady, will you be good enough to come here, and we'll get this little matter in hand."

Miss Eldred was a tall lady, but the prefix "young" could be applied to her only in courtesy. She was bony, but handsome. She was clad in brown merino, which fitted her so straight that her dress looked like the section of a pair of trowsers. She smiled affably on Lily, and asked her whether she had ever been to school before? Upon which Lily told her all she knew about the Pyrenacades, and their fine growth, and soon grew quite companionable with her. And then the little matter of her outfit was put in hand.

Lily never spent a pleasanter two hours in her life. It was wonderful shop, and wonderful how to sell every thing. They showed her cabins complete with swinging cots, and lamps, and delightful little sea-chests with "Lily Eldred" in brass initial chests of drawers, which they fitted up on board ship bound for Australia. They showed her great black sea-chests with "Lily Eldred, Saloon, Madras," and "Lieutenant Rampelbuggins, Cape of Good Hope," painted thereupon in white letters. They showed her bales of cloth, stacks of stockings, hives of straw hats, bags, portmanteaus, writing-desks, dressing-cases, secretaires, chronometers, and cases of digestive biscuits.

"We sell saddles," the stout assistant remarked, with conscious pride. "We sell beer. We sell anchors, likewise school-books, also bonnets, and pickles, and parasols, and sticking-plaster. We are general shippers. If you require preserved beef, there are five hundred cases of it in the left-hand corner. Do you want any gun-powder? That's your sort. You've only to ask for a chaise cabby, my dear, and you can have it at per foot. We fit out every body. A bride, or an Admiral of the Blue, a midshipman or an Indian rajah, a little school-girl, or the governor of Cape Coast Castle; it's all one to us. When you go to school, and they ask who fitted you out as you hours' notice, just hand 'em the card of Cutwig & Co., will you?"

He presented the child with a packet of address cards on the spot. "We furnish funerals, too," he went on, chirpingly, "and we've sent out wedding-breakfasts in hermetically sealed tins; but we couldn't get the lobster salad to keep in the Indian Ocean, so that branch had to be given up. But if they want any Devonshire clotted cream at Singapore, or any canary-birds in New Zealand, they send to Cutwig & Co. for 'em. We might have done a powerful stroke of business in portable theatres for the colonies, but the late Mrs. Cutwig was pious, and wouldn't hear of it."

Meanwhile Miss Eldred, assisted by a slender pretty girl, whom she addressed as 'Melia, and who had her sleeves tucked above the elbow in trying various articles of apparel on Lily, and asking if she thought them pretty. And then the stout assistant, whose name was Ranns, asked Lily for her name, saying that he only knew her mamma as a customer, and a very good customer she was, and a handsome lady. He said her name was Floris, not knowing whether she would escape censure from the strange lady for making that revelation unlicensed; and then Mr. Ranns whispered something down a pipe, and in a quarter of an hour afterward a man in a fur cap suddenly popped up a trap in the floor, in one corner, and heaved forward into view a neat trunk covered with black linen canvas, and inscribed with the name of MISS FLORIS in capitals of white paint.

Stencilled and varnished at once, by our patient instantaneous process," remarked Mr. Ranns, rubbing his palms together in quiet complacency at the expedition in which he was served by Cutwig & Co. "Lord bless you! we'd knock all the names of the officers of a seventy-four, with brass nails and all, in four hours a minute. Yours is rather an uncommon name, my dear, else we generally have the names of every body in the Post-office Directory ready painted on portmanteaus, chests, and traveling bags, in sets of two hundred and fifty each."

At this stage of the conversation Miss Eldred suggested that the young lady must be hungry and Lily, pulling out her chronometer to see if a back parlor of triangular shape, smelling rather too strongly of new chests of drawers, fresh feather beds, and cabin stores, to be pleasant or comfortable. And there, Lily, and Miss Eldred, and 'Melia, and Mr. Ranns, dined off a round of beef, and a dish of pickles, and some nice apple-pudding. Lily observed that Miss Eldred dined in her bonnet, and Mr. Ranns with a hurry, with a pen behind his ear; likewise that the front of 'Melia's dress was so garnished with treasury tags that she might have done good service as a martial buckler.

"Half a glass of sherry, and a nice rosy-cheeked apple—a pippin, my dear, by hogsheads—for Miss Floris," chirped Mr. Ranns, "and then we must go to business. This is a mill that never stops, my dear. And, indeed, it never did. Business had been going on very briskly all through dinner-time; and a dozen times at least Mr. Ranns had been up from the table, and bustled into the shop to supply intending shippers with flannel jerseys, or lucifer-matches, or bird-cages, or anything in an equally miscellaneous description. The stout assistant's manner, in the absence of customers was, however, left to a lanky youth of vacant mien, whom Mr. Ranns described as being rather soft in the head, and a poor salesman, but a capital hand at accounts.

After dinner Lily was taken into the counting-house—a dark little box on the first floor, to which you ascended by half a dozen steps, and which was fenced all round by balustraded panels, like a family pew. Here the vacant youth kept the accounts of the house, in a series of immense volumes, covered in rough calf and bound in brass. He was a good-natured youth, and imbecile, and permitted Lily to peep into one of the ledgers, where she found a great deal of writing in a neat, fat, round hand, almost as beautiful as copies.

"We've got a new week day Bibles," remarked Mr. Ranns, facetiously. "We ship to all the world six days in the week, and go to church on Sundays."

Lily thought the big ledgers very beautiful but wondered by what clairvoyance the vacant youth could read the writing in the book in the dark.

"Are you fond of apples?" the vacant lad whispered to her, with a friendly leer.

Lily modestly avowed a partiality for the fruit in question.

"Then 'ere's another," pursued the clerk, "and another; I dote on apples, I do. I always buy 'em when I'm out with a view to my acceptance. My wages is eighteen. I gives my mother, which is a widder, twelve, and I spends the rest on apples. I'm to be a partner in Cutwig & Co. don't like it. It's wicked. I eats apples all day. They 'elps me with the figures." And the vacant youth disappeared in the dark, munching as he went.

And now nothing would suit Mr. Ranns—to whom this amicable conversation had not been heard—but that Miss Floris should be taken up the stairs and presented to Mrs. Cutwig, Mrs. Cutwig & Co. itself. So, up stairs went Lily, pleased and amused, and in a front drawing-room they found, reading newspapers with a look of side of wine before him, such a nice dear old gentleman, with a powdered head which waged to and fro, and with gold-rimmed spectacles, that was Mr. Cutwig, head of the firm, Co. and all. He was eighty years of age, and father of his company. "Might have been alderman and passed the chair long ago, but the late Mr. Cutwig was a lofty soul, and couldn't bear the corporation. She thought it low," Mr. Ranns.

He fitted her out, Sir," was the simple speech accompanying the presentation of Lily.

"Good lad, good lad," piped old Mr. Cutwig in a very shrill voice. "Mr. Ranns might have been on the shady side of forty). "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he'll be worth eighty thousand pound, and on the Court of Assistants. Here's a new shilling from the Mint, my dear."

He pulled out of his waistcoat-pocket a very dazzling piece of money, which, with a shaking hand, he gave to Lily. And then he added some scruples as to accepting it, but, at a dreamy sign from Mr. Ranns, she took it and thanked him.

"I came into this town nigh upon seventy year ago, by the Dover wagon, with one-and-sixpence in my pocket, in my pockets," piped old Mr. Cutwig. "I slept on a hop-sack in the Borough market. Many a little makes a mickle. Honesty is the best policy. Ask Ranns. He's a good lad, and has been with me, man and boy, over seven-and-twenty year. I always took care of my lads, and my boys always took care of me."

Here the old gentleman's head began to wag more rapidly, and Lily noticed that he was holding his newspaper upside down.

"He's breaking fast," Mr. Ranns mentioned confidentially, as, the interview being over, he conducted Lily down stairs, "but he's as good as gold. Under the care of nurses in his time, my dear. He'd get up at six o'clock and ship two tons of goods to the colonies before breakfast. He's a little out of date now, and when you come back from school you mustn't be surprised to see Ranns & Eldred over the door. But Mr. Cutwig will be there, continued in a contemplative undertone, "Ranns turns into Eldred, and Eldred into Ranns."

It was four o'clock when they reached the shop again. Lily's outfit was quite completed, and she sat down meekly on her trunk, and waited for about half an hour longer, when a grand carriage came driving furiously to the door, and the countess Gothain (there were two behind the carriage) descended and handed out Lily's protectress. The child saw the lady turn on the threshold as she entered and wave her hand in token of farewell to an old gentleman in the carriage. He was a splendid gentleman, with a fierce black mustache and whiskers, and Lily somehow fancied that she had seen him before. It was at the Greenwich dinner yesterday?

The handsome lady was radiant. Lily had never seen her in such good-temper. She was pleased with every thing, and, to Miss Eldred, was positively civil. Mr. Ranns handed her, with a low bow, a receipt for the child's outfit. The lady, just glancing at the sum total, instantly, and without question, disbursed the amount in crisp bank-notes. Then a hackney-coach was called, and the trunk hoisted on to it, and Lily herself was lifted into the vehicle.

The coach began driving away, when Mr. Ranns, bearing a package which seemed to be a small canoe wrapped in brown paper, came running after the vehicle.

"Beg pardon for the liberty, ma'am," he said, deferentially, "but would you allow this parcel to be put into the coach?" Miss Floris is such a dear little girl, and we forgot to take off five per cent. discount for her. It's only a Noah's ark, with Cutwig & Co's compliments. And Mr. Ranns ran back again as hard as he could into Cutwig & Co.'s premises: thus obviating the possibility of the lady indignantly declining the present, or launching the canoe bodily at his head.

But the lady didn't decline it. She was in far too good a temper to do that. In fact, she condescended to say that it was kind, very kind, very kind, of the people in the shop; and she so smiled upon Lily that the child felt quite giddy, and said so benignant, that the child gazed upon her face with an admiring awe, as though she had been an angel from Heaven.

"What do you think of *that*, little one?" she said, in a triumphant voice, flashing before the child's eyes a gold bracelet which encircled her wrist, and which blazed with diamonds. When suddenly she descried something shining in Lily's hand. It was the new shilling Mr. Cutwig had given her.

The child, blushing and stammering, explained that the nice old gentleman with the powdered head had given it her, and that she had at first hesitated to take it, but that the other gentleman had told her to do so. The lady was in a merry wrath, snatched the coin from her, and flung it out of the coach window.

"I've a great mind to throw the Noah's ark after it," she cried with a furious look. "You mean little wretch. Ma foi, you begin early to be a beggar. You are thrifty blood in you. He would take any thing, that base monster; and she went on scolding Lily, but in a rambling and incoherent way, for the next few minutes. But a good temper was all gone.

By-and-by they came to Thames Street, which was full, as Lily knew, of carts, and drays, and barrels, and sugar-loaves, and piles of dried hides, and other such things. And there, at the entrance to a narrow lane, stood an individual in a suit of oilskin, who was crying at the top of his voice, "Belong Ashore! The Belong steamer! This way to the Belong steamer!" till he almost deafened Lily.

There was a great bustle waiting by the side of this individual, and he had a truck and some luggage on it. The luggage belonged to the lady, and was a wooden pier, and so on board a ship, much larger than the steamer in which Lily had come to Greenwich. The deck was covered with people, luggage, and merchandise. Every body was running about in the most distracted manner, and a great bell kept ding-donging furiously. Then a rope fell across Lily's feet and hurt her toes, and the steam began to make a horrible noise, and the funnel began to vomit great masses of black smoke, and the captain, who stood on a bridge above the deck, gave a number of orders in a hoarse voice, which a dirty boy who stood below him repeated in a shrill one. And then the wharf and the warehouses began to move, and the people upon it, all seemed to be moving away; but it was the steamer itself, and its crew, and Lily, who were moving.

She was on board the *Eurôpein* steam-packet bound for Boulogne. The shore drifted away from her; the last sound she heard on shore was the voice of the porter, who said that the lady had had a trifling dispute respecting payment, and who was shaking his fist at her and bawling out:

"You call yourself a lady! You call yourself a lady! Yah!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I fluttered her until she got the proud to speak to me."

"I say, Bill, what do those chaps mean by an accordion?" "Don't you know? Why, it's an exhaust bellows."

"Pa, bar Mr. Jones's eyes got foul?" "Why, my boy?" "Because I heard mother say at a party the other evening that Mr. Jones's eyes followed her all over the room."

Mr. Home, the medium, states that before his expulsion from Rome he was asked to sign the following declaration in the presence of the Chief of the Inquisition: "I, Daniel Douglas Home, do hereby solemnly declare and avow that I have not sold my soul to the Devil, nor have I any secret connection whatever, regular or holding communication with the Evil One."

What snows does summer never melt?—The snows of age.

A reformed gambler says that he who lives by the card may die by the card.

There is no danger of hard times among the shoemakers, for every man every shoe is sold before it can be got ready for the market.

"Don't put too much confidence in a lover's vows and sighs," said Mrs. Partington to her niece. "Let him tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a bunch of roses, eyes like an asterisk, and he such things otherse come from a tender head than a tender heart."

How many parts of speech are there?—It depends upon the speaker, who may sometimes divide his speech into several parts, and sometimes show a total want of parts in speaking it.

"Pray, Sir," said a young belle to the clerk of a circulating library, "have you 'Rose and Thorn,' by Miss ——, replied he, "but we have *Woman as she should be!*"

Man slip on water when it is frozen, and on whisky when it is not.

So long as a woman loves she lover rights on, steadily. A man has to do something between whiles.

A lady of somewhat dignified demeanor, having lost her way, said to a gentleman in waiting, "Boy, I want to go to Bond Street." "Well, marm," replied the boy, coolly looking at her, "I guess you'd better begin."

Many a judge has passed hundreds of sentences who could never parse one.

An offender fined a second time is not necessarily refined.

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if my grandfather was alive he would now be a hundred and fifty years old."

The last case of indolence is that of a man named John Fish, who was so lazy that in writing his name he simply used the letter "J," and then punched a hole through the paper.

A farmer in a village in Hampshire was invited to attend a party at the Squire's the other evening, where there was much dancing, and kept it up late. The following morning he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, farmer, how did you amuse yourself last night? were not the quarterone exercises?" "Why, really, Sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em; but the pork chops were the finest I ever did eat."

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND"—Charles Dickens, of course.

A teacher, one day, endeavoring to make a pupil understand the true interpretation of a passive verb, said, "A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving action, as for instance, I am beaten—what did Peter do?" The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance conceivable, replied, "Well, I don't know, without he licked him."

Queen Elizabeth said, "Anger makes dull men witty, but it keep them poor."

What weapon of war is an angry lover like?—A crossbow.

An old woman in Yorkshire crossed a bridge that was marked as "dangerous" with warning sign. She fell through it, and was saved at the last moment by a man who caught her by the hair of the head. "Ah, Sir," said she, "the court understood you differently. They supposed you had allowance came from you." "No, Sir; I only removed a light cut it."

Why is a bachelor's cart like his boots?—Because it carries his wheels behind.

"Have the jury agreed?" asked the bailiff of a locked-up set of twelve, when he had left under care of his man, a juryman, and when he had seen that all was right with a can in his hand. "Oh, yes," replied Dunny, "they have agreede to sind out a verdict of Nolo Contendere."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

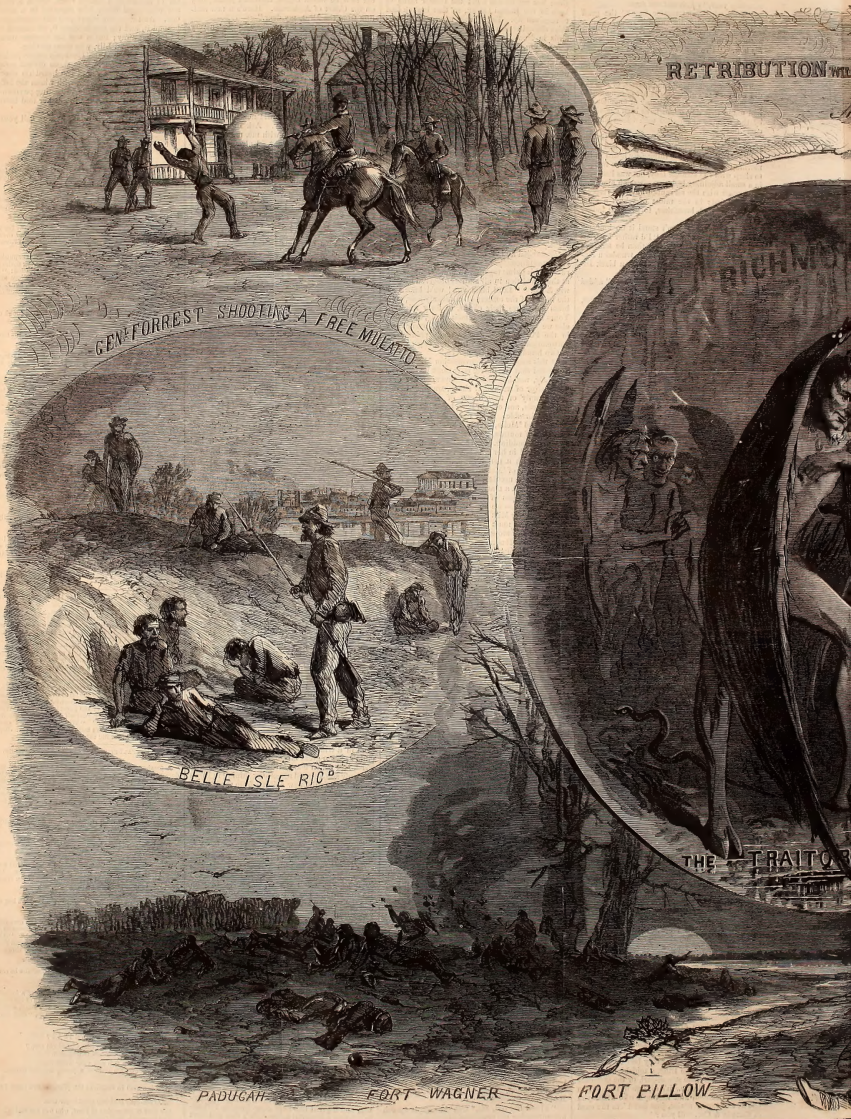
Why are the fixed stars like wicked old men?
Because they are old-fast (wicked).

The name of a fish not very uncommon.
The pride and the boast of a young married woman.
Her-ring.

Why is a man in search of the philosopher's stone like Neptune?
He is sea-king (seeking) what never was.

We hear of the widow's mite, but who was the father?
The widow's mite (Midas).

Why is a married man without any children like a bald head?
Because he has no hair (heir) apparent.



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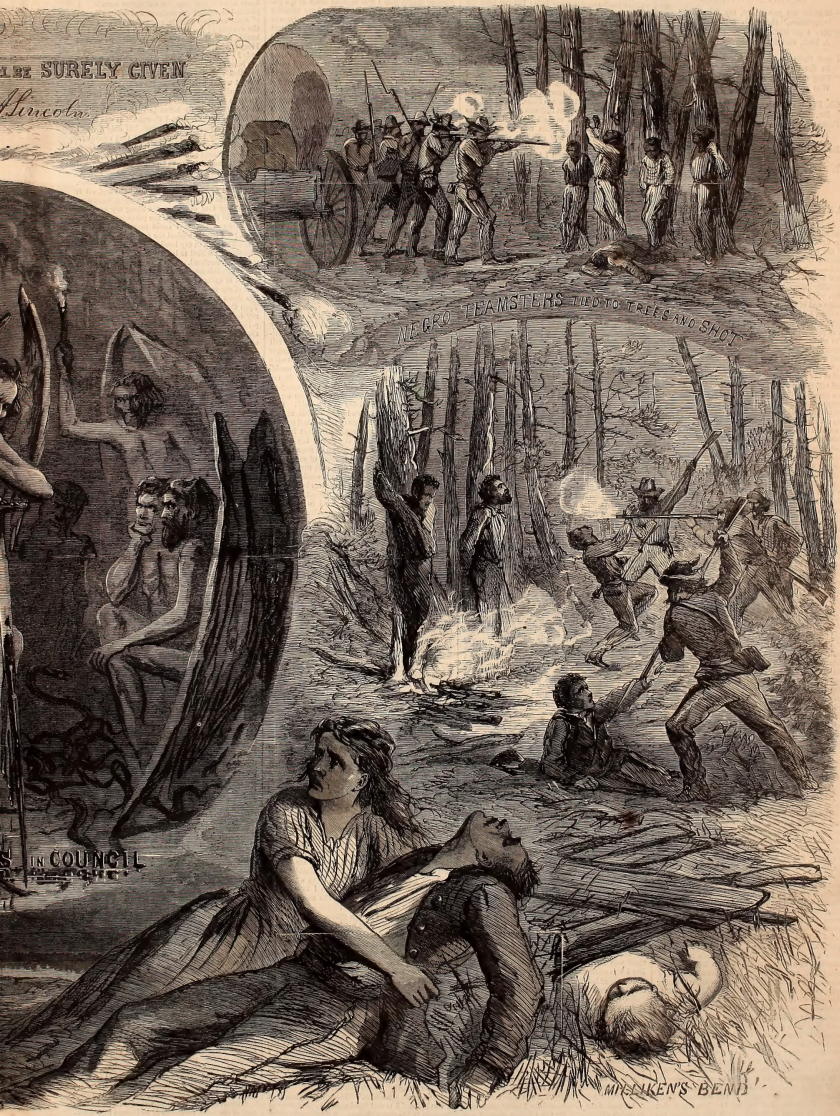

ES.—[See Page 334.]

GOING NOWHERE.

"Where are you going, my fair one?"
"Nowhere," she softly replied.
"May I go with you?" he asked her.
A look, and he walked by side.

I saw them go off together—
In the darkness disappear.
"They are going straight to their ruin!"
Was whispered close to my ear.

Oh, Parents! with sons and daughters,
Be sure they have Somewhere to go.
From their hearts teach them never to wander
Through the mazes of Vanity's Show.

Beware lest, in going Nowhere,
They come to a life of shame.
It lies in your fireside teachings,
And with you rests all the blame.

A NIGHT'S LODGING IN PARIS.

In 18—, before I had taken my degree at Oxford, and before, by my uncle's death, I had succeeded to the title, I made arrangements to spend the whole of the long vacation abroad. I was by no means desirous of a solitary journey, and was glad to find that ——, whose rooms were on the same staircase with my own at Brasenose, and with whom I was tolerably intimate, was also meditating a continental tour. We made arrangements for starting together at the end of the summer term, and in order to lose no time, I determined not to go into Scotland to my mother before my departure, but to travel as quickly as possible to Dover — had as little to detain him as I. We slept a night in the capital, and a night in the port, and three days after leaving Oxford were lodged in the Hotel Desein. Neither of us had ever left England before, and we were both full of the spirit of enjoyment. We reached Paris, still together, but the first fortnight of our journey had taught us that we were not very well suited for companions. I was by no means in the humor to endure tawny old market-woman, in her stiff white cap; I could spend a whole day in a church, and have still enough left for a port-folio full of sketches and screens and cornices, sacred St. Omer, Lille, Cambrai, Amiens, and other places of smaller note — grew terribly tired of all this. He said the scenery was detestable, he thought all the churches were shockingly out of repair, and was anxious to hasten his arrival in the French metropolis. But in Paris we were separated more than ever. In addition to the quarrel of our tastes, politics had by this time begun to break up apart. We both had a fair number of introductions to families moving in good society. But friends he were most placed with — and with whom we most pleased, though by birth entitled to hail their hands as high as any of the blood-blooded inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain, had been induced to give their countenance — to defend the unanointed usurper in the court of the Citizen King. An old friend of my mother's, married to a Marquis de ——, who took me under her especial protection, assured me that it was impossible for the loyal hearts who still cherished love and hope for the (temporarily) fallen cause of the white flag to associate with those who had degraded their race by recognizing the position of a usurpation as detestable as it would be opprobrious. I confess that I cared very little whether the elder or younger branch of the Bourbons issued the invitations for the academies at the Tuileries, and I had small hopes that Charles X. would be recalled. But I grew to like Madame de ——, and, as a necessary consequence, formed different acquaintances from those of my fellow-traveler. We had been in Paris about three weeks, and though we were staying in the same hotel, I had not seen —— for several days. We met by accident on the staircase of the hotel.

"We are quite strangers; where are you going?"

"To call on Madame de ——."

"What! will the legitimist Marquise! Shall we dine together?"

"By all means. Meet me here at six."

——— agreed to the appointment. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The day was intensely hot. Reflected backward and forward from white stone houses-from the sun's rays seemed to scorch up all that was breathable in the atmosphere. The dense of the streets were hot to be endured. I entered the gardens of the Tuileries, hoping to find some slight shade for my dazzled eyes. I knew of few scenes brighter than those Tuileries gardens. The water was mounting and falling with its musical bonise, with the shallow basin, whence little boys, under the superintendence of a black-eyed bonne, were swimming their toy-boats. More children and more nurses were playing on the orange-trees, for the three National Guards were lounging about. Nor were their uniforms wanting to give color to the picture. The re-colored bunting flapped lazily over the dome of the palace. A man in a queer muffy-looking hat walked by: he had a pair of spectacles, and his button-hole showed a shred of ribbon. I sat for perhaps twenty minutes listening idly to the plashing fountain, wondering whether Auguste or Jules—he must have been either Auguste or Jules—would get his boat within reach by judiciously shelling over it with pebbles, and somehow Napoleon pinching some honored ear, or the lunged-for Louis chasing over his favorite. Then it that very garden, watching the figure of the man in the brown coat and the green spectacles, growing "one by degrees" in the narrowing vista of trees. Then I thought of Madame de —— and my visit; but remembered that it would be more decorously paid in the evening than in the afternoon. What should I do with myself? I felt strangely disinclined to move. And my head? What is it that seems to weigh it down? Is it the sun and the heat? I never felt any thing like it before. The pain attacked me suddenly. Pain! no, that is not the pain. Perhaps the sensation can not be described

to those who have not felt it. I had suffered from violent headache for some days; but my head did not ache now. It felt dull and heavy. My natural impulse was to lift my hand to my brow. I willed the movement of my arm, if I may so express myself; but no movement resulted. I had no power to stir. I then became sensible that my respiration grew feebler, and that there was a kind of lull in the pulsation of my heart. It is difficult for me, as I have said already, to describe my condition. I can only say that I seemed suddenly to have lost life in me; my vital powers seemed to dwindle down to the smallest possible force. I existed, because I was conscious, but that was all. My senses remained to me; but not all in equal strength. The plashing of the fountain was as distinct as before the attack; eyesight was clear. Hearing dinned. Whether I could smell or taste, of course I could not tell. Of touch I had hardly any sense at all. There was a power of people within the sound of my voice. I willed to cry; but there was no sound. My tongue refused to articulate. I was horror-struck; but I was sensible of none of the usual symptoms of horror. My heart did not beat more quickly. I could feel no excess of alarm. Was this death? No; it could not surely be death. I had all my wits about me; and all my impressions were soundless. The fountain plashed on close round me just as it was wont. I alone was motionless. Then these flashed across me the recollection of a strange tale of my grandfather's, from which my grandfather's name had figured. I remembered that my mother had seemed distressed that the subject should be mentioned to me. I had made a casual allusion to it turned the conversation, and I had really thought little more about the matter. I remembered two mysterious expressions in the letters which I had received from my mother immediately after my departure, and two mysterious expressions which, when read in the light of my present brief experience, let me to the opinion that my family must have had some hereditary, constitutional evil, an evil which my mother had never yet dared to communicate to me. "I am very anxious," she had written, "about your health. Pray write often, or will not travel alone. Who is to be your companion? Do I know him? I know that you like no one for your long boy, and I should be sorry to think of your wandering through strange cities alone. Nothing is more dreadful than to be ill among a people who are intimate with your proposed *compagnon de voyage*, and if you are likely to remain together for the whole of the tour, I shall be happy." These flashed through my brain in a very few seconds. I knew that I must have fallen into a kind of trance. It could be nothing else. I had read and indelible kind; but I also felt intense curiosity.

I was sitting on a seat with a back to it, a few feet removed from the edge of the basin of the garden. My arms were folded, my head was slightly dropped on my breast, my legs were crossed at the ankles, my posture was that of perfect attention, so I sat rigid and immovable for what seemed to me an age. I imagined all kinds of possible explanations of my situation. I should be found, of course. I should be carried to my hotel; doctors would be sent for. I should learn what was the matter with me. What probably recover; these fits were rarely of long duration. Carried to my hotel! They would find my pocket-book in my pocket, and my name addressed à Monsieur ——, Hotel de ——. Would they? Was my pocket-book in its place? I could not feel. Suppose my pocket-book was left, as was sometimes the case, in another coat? What other means of identification were there of the street? A coat of arms on it, a hat with an English maker's name; neither of much use in Paris. But what matter was it to me? I was in no difficulty. I should of course be taken to the Hotel Dieu. What will they do to me, I wonder? Will they—ha! what was that?

"Qu'est ce que tu fais donc, petit méchant! Demande pardon à ce Monsieur que tu as—"

It was the voice of a child, a Alphonse, or Jules, in his infantile gyrations, had stumbled against me. I looked down at the little rosy cheeks, and the black threw me into a posture so objectively unnatural that I could not longer remain unnoticed. The nurse stopped short in her expostulation.

"Mais, mon Dieu! Il est mort!"

"No, I am not dead, I protest; but I am very much as that you have found out that I am not wholesomely alive. Now I shall be properly cared for. In a very few minutes I shall be the centre of a small crowd, and presently two or three gens d'armes shouldered their way through the straw. Then I shall be moved, and carried to my hotel. I felt —so, I did not feel; I was aware that I was quite still. One of them put his hand on my breast and held it there a while.

Presently the little group of by-standers, at command of an official, fell back. Hands, purses, and search was commenced in my pockets for some name or address. I was excited by the thought of this touch. You are not dead, but you are unable to express myself. I can not say "I trembled," "I held my breath," "my pulse beat quicker," there was no palpable evidence of my agitation. But I was excited.

They fumbled, finding only a watch, no portemonnaie, grumbling among themselves thereat.

No, there was no pocket-book. My heart sank; at least I felt as though my heart sank, as it often sunk. I can not tell how long this search occupied. My consciousness seemed now to become a little shadowy. I was aware of more people, a little less acute than in ordinary life. In the mean while a stretcher had been brought to the ground. I was lifted thereon, something was put over my face, and they bore me away. I could hear the fountain plashing, and the many children's voices ringing through the avenues. Oh that I could have spoken! Oh for power to say but one word!

We passed out of the garden; I could not be sure in which direction, for my eyes were under I perceived that we entered the crowded street. Presently we stopped; a door was opened, and I caught the hum of the moving world ceased. I was sensible that I was no longer being carried along, and guessed aright that I was in some office of the police. Here, I thought, the search for my trashes must end. They will send for a doctor; he will know of the probable duration of the fit, and will take such measures as will mollify the most painful symptoms, or perhaps release me from it altogether.

From the confused murmur of several voices in conversation which sounded in my ears, I gathered that in a room communicating with that in which I lay the officials were deliberating on my condition. I could not distinguish the words. Presently the voices grew plainer, and the speakers were evidently approaching. The face-cloth was removed. There were the same gens d'armes who had discovered me in the garden, accompanied by several others. A gray-haired man—yes, there no doubt of it—with them entered the little old gentleman in the brown coat and green spectacles, whom I remembered to have seen before my seizure. This, then, was the long-desired physician; I would tell them somewhere that I was not dead.

"He is stiff already. Such is not unfrequently the case in disease of the heart. I should have believed him dead before the hour which you say. In the garden of the Tuileries? I made there a promenade myself this afternoon. And neither name nor address? That is droll. Ah! it is already five hours! And I am invited to dine in a quarter of an hour! Poor young man! Close his eyelids, Gabriel; they have a mournful quite living. But mieur will permit me to sign the procès-verbal without delay. Let us go."

So much for my hopes of the doctor! And then an authoritative voice said, "Vous le porterez là sur le lieu de cette."

A door shut, and there was silence.

I began now to realize the awful horror of my position. Hopeless though it was to be dead, I experienced all those emotions which are said to be felt by the dying in cases where an accident plunges them from the midst of health and life to the immediate prospect of passing to another world. Most acute among these was the succession of my thoughts. I reflected on the frivolity of many of my occupations, on the time I had thrown away, and the small use I had been to any body. I remembered that my mother's last letter, full, as were all her letters, of expressions of the fondest endearment, had not been answered. And that last letter? I had told at school!—and my young life cut off horribly and mysteriously, none to be near me dying, none to know that I had become of me. All —— he would be waiting to dine with me. Where would he dine? I wondered. What would he do to me? Would he go to Paris, yet recover before—before what? Frightful, damning thought. I was dead; I was not dead. I was dead, but I felt. I was not dead. I feared, I said to myself; it was the manner of death.

I no longer all this I must confess that my agony was not so intense as now, knowing the circumstances in which I was placed, I should suppose it was likely that I should recover, or hope not that I was very calm, and I was very curious. I speculated on what would befall me almost as though I had been the unconcerned spectator of the adventures of another.

And what did "*la bas*" mean? The voice of assembly had spoken of carrying me "*la bas*." The door opened again. My eyelids were closed now, and I could not see who entered. I said to myself, say that I could not open my eyes. The voices were none of those which I had already heard. I felt myself lifted from the arms of the street lad, my ear with a sound slightly dulled, and I felt that I was covered with some kind of cloth. My bearers walked for about five fifteen minutes. There was a fresh sound of opening and shutting doors, and I was thrown rudely on some hard surface; not the soft decency of a bed, but on the office of my bearers, but thrown down like a worthless burden. Could I complain? I could not even groan.

But what was this? I felt rough pocks at my arms and legs. I was being stripped of my clothes. Was this for me? Was I to be buried in my shirt? I was over, and I felt weary and confused. A partial blunting of my senses spared me much of the pain I must otherwise have felt. I would still perfectly conscious of all that was going on around me, as far as any one can be conscious of what he does not see, hears, or touches. My hands were next, was stripped of my clothes—stripped entirely. Then I was carried through another door. Then I was softly stuck immediately smote my sense of smell. I was laid down on my back on an icy-cold surface. I felt somewhat higher than my feet. A horrible chill ran through me. was this grave? I could not tell. Nothing covered me, with the exception of a cloth which had been thrown over my loins. Was I in a coffin, waiting for a pauper's burial on the morrow? O God! to what a fate was I reduced!

No. It could not be the grave. It must be—the thought flashed across me in an instant. How singular that I had not thought of it before! It was of course was the destination of the unclaimed dead. That of course was what was meant by the *là bas* of the gens d'armes. I was in Morgue!

You may think it strange, but my first feeling was one of relief. I was not to be buried yet. Perhaps I might be saved from it altogether. So for the present I was safe. Safe! I was safe in only the avowed probability of my safety. I should lie here, perhaps, for days. It would be remarked that my bright shone with the signs of decomposition. Perhaps—would seek me in this grim receptacle of the dead. At any rate, there was hope. Should I starve to death? No; surely in cases of catalepsy the appetite is all but dead. The little life left in the body requires but little sustenance. At least, I felt no hunger. There was hope!

Then came a reaction. This horrible place that I was in! I could feel my head and feet, as lightly as courses in his grave-clothes. A deadly cold seemed to chill all my frame. And always that faint and stench! Oh, the horror of my—hideous thoughts of my companions. I was not alone. I began to speculate on the appearance of the place. I had heard what it was like. I had never seen it. I pictured to myself the mazed and rotting corpse of some unhappy suicide, recovered too late from the current of the Seine; for such suicides, I had heard, were the most frequent denizens of the Morgue. How close was I to that loathsome body? Could I touch it if I were able to put out my hand?

I talked with these fearful fancies, I hoped that the fit might not leave me till it was day. My blind helplessness was a sort of protection to me. To have all my horrors of life restored to me, and to be imprisoned for hours in that hideous place, would kill me in reality, I thought. And then better to lie there impotent as I was. If only I could sleep; if only I could escape from that consciousness which was all that was left to me.

I lay tortured and distracted by these reflections for what seemed of me to be many hours. Soon, I expected, it would be day. And then?

But now a strange shiver shot all over my frame. The blood seemed to rush to my head and fill it with violent darting pains. A tingling, somewhat resembling that of cramp, ran along my extremities. Did these mean that the paroxysm was coming to an end—that I could move—that I could speak? I hardly willed the samela to be true, as yet. The pain in my head grew more acute. Instinctively I willed to lift my hand, and press it on the aching temples. The limb moved to the volition.

Though this movement of my arm came to me as a kind of order of release, I yet hesitated to make trial of my recovered powers. I still kept my eyelids down. I held my hand fixed on my brow. Then the first thing sung in my mind was that in my force to try to effect my escape from my foul prison. I made a low sound with my voice. I put into motion such articulate words as I thought obeyed me. I moved my arm to my side again, and raised one of my legs. The pain in my head left me. I felt no suffering but absolute rest. Still I was affected by a strange weariness—a disinclination to use the smallest exertion. Courage! I thought; I am dead and save yourself. I lowered my eyes. A little light from a dull moon struggled in through the darkness. I was not guided by its help I could distinguish with tolerable clearness the aspect of my lodging. Immediately in front of me an illuminated clock—a dial with figures. Before I surmised, my friends would seek me. It fell on some six or seven hard cold beds of stone or wood, like that on which I was stretched. On several it showed nothing but the smooth shining surface. On two others, besides my own, it rested with a dull glimmer on something that was concealed the spirit of a man. One of these corpses looked little deadly than I did myself. It was not death I feared, I said to myself; it was the manner of death.

Then I thought all this I must confess that my agony was not so intense as now, knowing the circumstances in which I was placed, I should suppose it was likely that I should recover, or hope not that I was very calm, and I was very curious. I speculated on what would befall me almost as though I had been the unconcerned spectator of the adventures of another.

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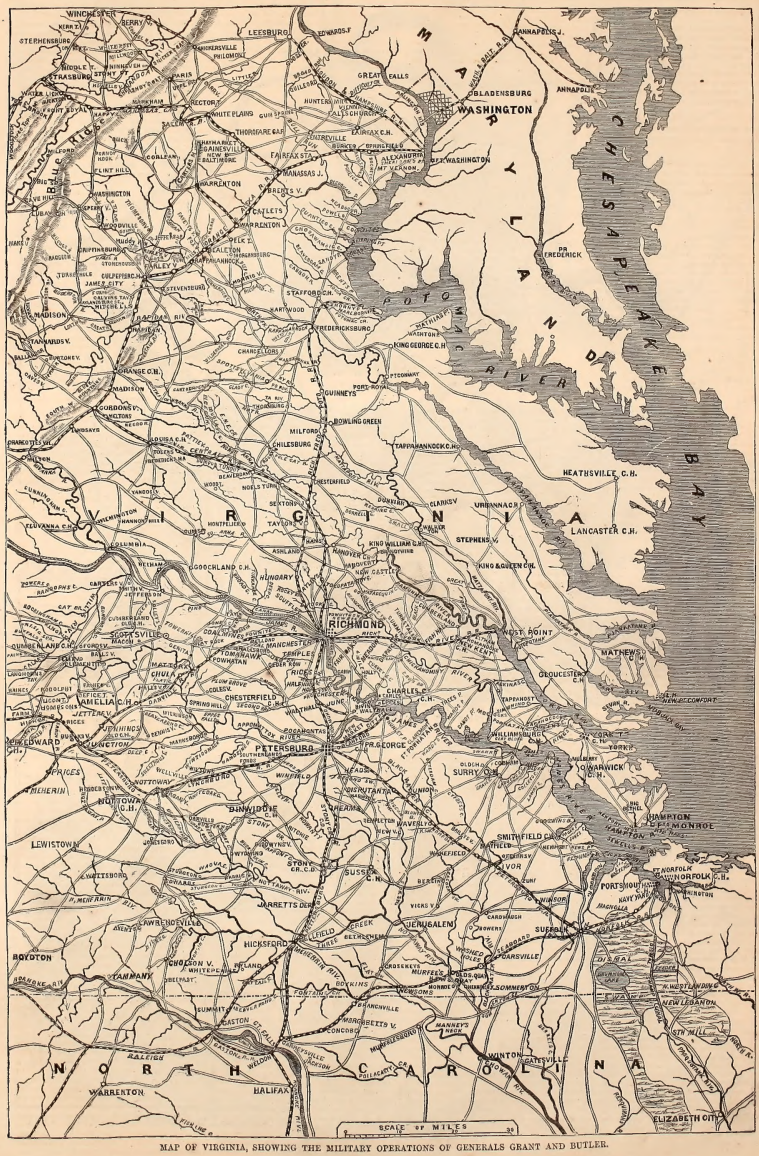
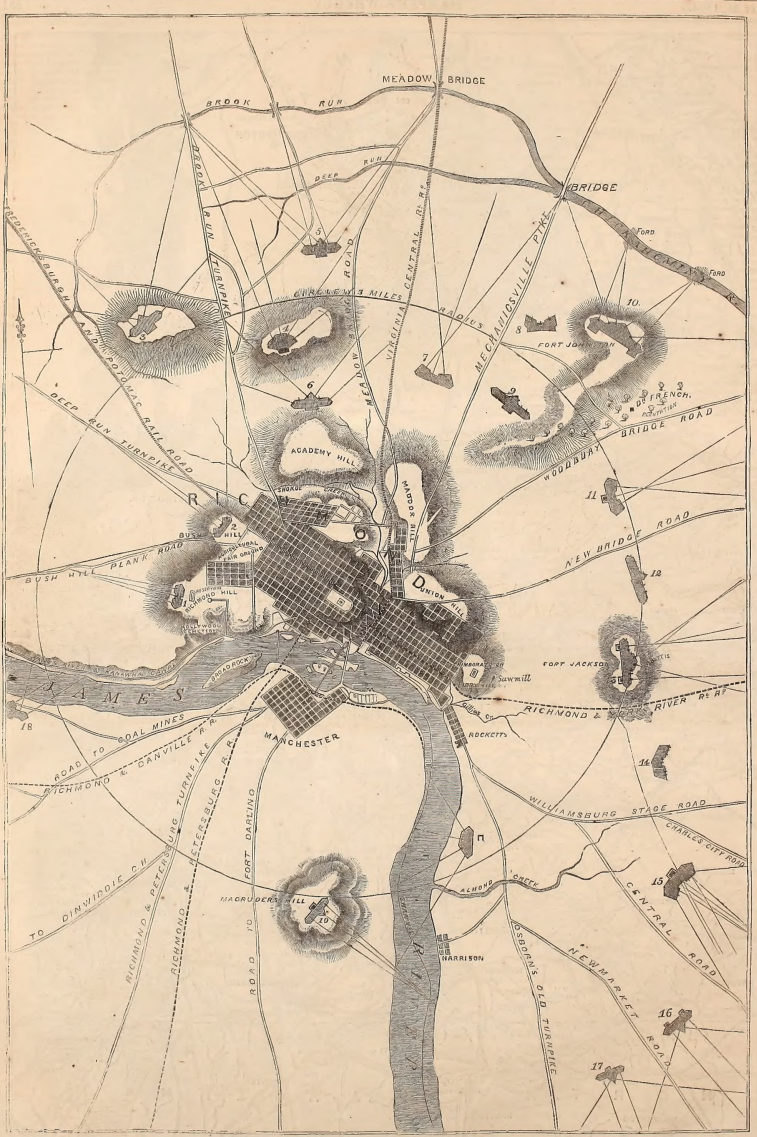
"Mon Dieu! On ne sait jamais ce qui peut arriver! Cependant il a encore bien l'air d'être un cadavre. Filons au moins de cette diable d'odeur."

Muttering these words between his teeth, he took hold of my hand, perceived in an instant how utterly weak and helpless I was, lifted me in his arms, and carried me out of the room. I have never seen my nose's lodging since.


MARYLAND
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
WASHINGTON
ANNAPOLIS
BALTIMORE
CHESAPEAKE BAY
POTOMAC RIVER
RICHMOND
PETERSBURG
FREDERICKSBURG
ALEXANDRIA
FORT MONROE
NORFOLK
PORTSMOUTH
LANCASTER C.H.
HEATHSVILLE C.H.
GLOUCESTER C.H.
MATHEWS C.H.
WEST POINT
WILLIAMSBURG
YORKTOWN
SURRY C.H.
SMITHFIELD
SUFFOLK
CHARLES C.H.
KING & QUEEN C.H.
KING GEORGE C.H.
PR. GEORGE C.H.
DINWIDDIE C.H.
SUSSEX C.H.
AMELIA C.H.
NOTTOWAY C.H.
LEWISTOWN
JETTERSVILLE
NEW EDWARD
JUNCTION
MANCHESTER
CHESTERFIELD
HANOVER C.H.
ASHLAND
HUNGARY
GOODRICH C.H.
KING WILLIAM C.H.
KING & QUEEN C.H.
MILFORD
BOWLING GREEN
GUINNEYS
PORT ROYAL
TAPPAHANNOCK C.H.
LANCASTER C.H.
HEATHSVILLE C.H.
WARSAW
CHILESBURG
MADISON
CHANCELLORSV.
FREDERICKSBURG
STAFFORD C.H.
FALMOUTH
ALEXANDRIA
FAIRFAX STA.
MANASSAS J.
WARRENTON
WARRENTON
THOROUGHFARE GAP
GAINESVILLE
HAYMARKET
GREAT FALLS
OBLADENSBURG
ANNAPOLIS
PR. FREDERICK
LEESBURG
EDWARDS F.
HARPERS F.
BERRY'S F.
KERRYV.
WINCHESTER
STERNHENSBURG
STRASBURG
STONY PT.
MARKSVILLE
PHILOMONT
PARIS
RECTOR
WHITE PLAINS
GUM SPRING
HUNTERS
FALLS CH.
VIENNA
DUMFRIES
OCCOQUAN
BRISTOW'S
ALEXANDRIA
MT. VERNON
WASHINGTON
BRENTS V.
CALLETS
WARRENTON
GOLDEN
HAMILTON
MIDDLEBURG
ALDIE
UPPERVILLE
ASHBY'S G.
SNICKER'S G.
MANASSAS G.
THOROUGHFARE G.
GAINESVILLE
HAYMARKET
GREENWICH
BRISTOW'S
CATLETT'S
WARRENTON
FLINT HILL



MAP OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, SHOWING ITS DEFENSES AND RAILROAD CONNECTIONS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES SHOLL, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEER.—[SEE PAGE 334.]

GEN. JAMES S. WADSWORTH.

GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH, who fell at the head of his command in the battle of the 6th inst., in the Wilderness, beyond the Rapidan, was one of the first volunteers of the war. His first service in the field was under M'DOWELL at Bull Run. About the 1st of August, 1861, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General; and during the long drilling months which succeeded General M'CLELLAN'S appointment to the command-in-chief General WADSWORTH won for himself the credit, among the most experienced army officers, of having his brigade, long before the close of the year, in the most efficient condition alike as to drill and discipline. In the spring of 1862 General WADSWORTH was appointed Military Governor of the District of Columbia; and on the advance of General M'CLELLAN to Manassas, and subsequently to the Peninsula, General WADSWORTH'S command extended to Occoquan Bay. In the winter of 1862–3, after his defeat as candidate for Governor of New York, he passed several months in the field, and was engaged at the battle of Chancellorsville. He was charged later in the season with a mission to the Southwest and the Gulf States, in connection with the organization of colored troops; and his latest position was that of General of the Fourth Division of the Fifth Corps. He gave his sons as well as himself to the service of his country, and used his large means with the utmost liberality to aid the national cause. He was nearly fifty-seven years of age.

THE LATE GENERAL WADSWORTH.

DESTRUCTION OF EAST TENNESSEE RAILROAD.

WE give on this page a sketch of the incident referred to in the following letter from a correspondent at Bull's Gap, Tennessee: "The First Brigade of the Third Division of the Twenty-third Army Corps started from camp on the morning of the 20th inst. to destroy the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, and returned last evening, having torn up the road for fifteen miles between Lick Creek and Greenville, burning every bridge and railroad tie, and bending every rail, so completely destroying the road that it can not be repaired in months. The Second Brigade left on Sunday morning to destroy the railroad bridge over Watauga River, fifty-four miles distant. The force had a fight with the enemy under 'MUDWALL' JACKSON, completely routing him, and on their way back burned all bridges and tore up the entire track. The sketch sent you was taken on the spot."

DESTRUCTION OF SCHOONERS OFF HOMOSASSA RIVER.

WE give below a sketch of the DESTRUCTION OF TWO REBEL SCHOONERS OFF HOMOSASSA RIVER, FLORIDA, by a boat's crew from the United States steamer *Sagamore*. A correspondent on board the *Sagamore* sends us the following account of the affair: "About three o'clock on the afternoon of April 1 we saw a schooner making in for one of the rivers to the southward of Cedar Keys, and immediately gave chase with the steamer; but soon shoaled our water so much that we had to come to anchor and send off boats. One boat soon distanced the others, finding two schooners instead of one. The crews of both had run them ashore and taken boats for Dixie. Our boats' crew soon had good fires going on both of them. The first one boarded was a 150-ton schooner with an assorted cargo, the other was a 70-ton schooner loaded with castor-oil and poor whisky."

GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

THE view of BUZZARD'S ROOST, which we give on the first page, from a sketch made by THEO. R. DAVIS, is of particular interest at this time. Buzzard's Roost is a gap in Taylor's Ridge, which runs parallel with Pigeon Mountain, and is situated

DESTRUCTION OF THE EAST TENNESSEE AND VIRGINIA RAILROAD.

DESTRUCTION OF REBEL SCHOONERS OFF HOMOSASSA RIVER, FLORIDA.

between Tunnel Hill and Dalton, Georgia. The Rossi forms a very strong natural defense, and in February last, at the time of General PALMER'S advance, the enemy were enabled, in the shelter of the gap, to offer a stubborn resistance with but little risk, while inflicting serious loss upon the assailants. Our picture will enable the reader to form a tolerably accurate idea of the character of the country in which General SHERMAN'S army is now operating.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

We give on page 324 a sketch of the opening scene of the Grand Musical Festival, in aid of the Sanitary Commission, in Philadelphia, on the night of the 4th instant. The feature of the occasion was the production of a new opera, "Notre-Dame of Paris," by WILLIAM H. FRY. The scene is described as most brilliant.

The festival, which opened with this representation is the beginning of a series of entertainments preliminary to the great Sanitary Fair to be held in Philadelphia in June. This Fair promises to be the most magnificent and extensive yet held, and will add another substantial evidence to the many which that city has already furnished of unconditional loyalty to the Union, and profound sympathy with the wants and sufferings of those who are battling in its defense.

GENERAL BUTLER'S MOVEMENT.

We give on page 325 two illustrations, representing the Departure of the Troops from Fortress Newport News, in the grand movement against Richmond, and the Arrival of General BUTLER'S Army at City Point. Our sketches were taken on the spot by a naval officer, and present an interesting view of the formidable character of General BUTLER'S movement.

REBEL ATROCITIES.

The picture on pages 328 and 329 illustrative of the atrocities committed by the rebels upon Union troops, white and black, is of particular interest at this time. The scenes presented represent only a few of the sad facts which rebel inhumanity has forced into the history of the time, but they are significant facts of the whole, while the design of the central scene most happily presents the origin of the black flag policy and the persons responsible for its adoption. All these butcheries were the result of the proclamation of JEFFERSON DAVIS, issued December 28, 1862, in which he declared that all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the Executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of said States. That the like orders be executed in all cases with respect to all commissioned officers of the United States when found serving in company with said slaves in insurrection against the authorities of the different States of this Confederacy." Under this proclamation the rebels proceeded to act at the first opportunity. At Galveston, January 1, 1863, part of a Massachusetts regiment was captured, and the rebels took two negroes, free-born citizens of Massachusetts, residents of Norfolk county in that State, and sold them into Slavery. Near the end of that month, twenty teamsters driving a wagon train of General ROSECRANS'S army were captured near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, tied to the trees by the road-side, and shot. In May, two negroes in the service and uniform of the United States were captured on picket at Port Hudson and forthwith hanged. On the 27th of May, the first assault on Port Hudson was delivered, and many of the negro troops fighting in that great courage were wounded and fell into rebel hands. Of these, some were murdered on the spot in the sight of their comrades. On the 6th of June there was an engagement at Milliken's Bend between about 700 negro troops and an overpowering force of rebels. A large number of the negroes were murdered on the field after they had surrendered. Some of these were shot. Some were put to death by the bayonet. Some were crucified and burned. Of those whom this last fate befell, several were white officers in command of the negro troops. And so at all points the work of butchery went on, culminating finally in the wholesale massacre at Fort Pillow, which is still fresh in the public recollection. The incident presented in one of our sketches —General FORREST murdering the servant of a Union officer—occurred about two years since, and is thus stated by Major-General SANDERS:

About the middle of the summer of 1862, FORREST surprised the post of Murfreesboro, commanded by Brigadier-General T. T. CRITTENDEN, of Indiana. The garrison was composed mostly of the Ninth Michigan and Second Minnesota Regiments and the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. After some little fighting the troops were surrendered. A wealthy man, who was a servant of one of the officers of the Union forces, was brought to FORREST on horseback. The man had boasted of him, with many oaths, "what he was doing there!" The mulatto answered that he was a free man, and came out as a servant to an officer of the Union. FORREST, who was on horseback, deliberately put his hand to his holster, drew his pistol, and blew the man's brains out. The rebel officer stated that the mulatto man came from Pennsylvania, and the name officer announced the act as one of cold-blooded murder, and declared he would never again serve under FORREST.

The treatment of our prisoners at Belle Isle and in Southern prisons is well known to the public, and need not be referred to here.

MAP OF RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

We give on page 332 a Map of Richmond and its Environs, showing the fortifications erected by the rebels for its defense, and its railroad connections. Only two of the forts are named; the others are known by their numbers. It will be seen that on the south side the city is comparatively unprotected.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

SAY, when the infant sleeps its wakeless sleep,
Its life-blood cold—its heart can beat no more—
Its little eyes, 'neath bright, with hazy film
Are clouded o'er—

Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the warrior sinks upon the field,
The hard-fought battle o'er, his duty done,
The last weak cry that strikes upon the ear
"The fight is won!"

Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the old man having run his race,
And seen his friendships fade, his hopes decay,
Life's evening close, and in Heaven awake
A brighter day—

Say, is this death?
No! it is only sleep.

Say, when she hears it fresh, and love's young dream
Together binds two hearts, kindred souls, two lives,
The loved one perishes, one memory lives.
One blest survives—

Say, what is this?
Ah! this is truly death.

SURPRISED.

"TICKET, Sir, if you please!"

Between dusk and daylight—the warm gold of the sunset sky just fading into crimson, and the Express Train thundering over the iron track like some strong, fleetless demon, there had been considerably conscious of these things as he started from a brief, restless slumber, wherein his knapsack had served as pillow, and stared vaguely into the sharp Yankee face of the obdurate conductor.

"Ticket! I suppose I've such a thing about me," he muttered, hoarsely, pulling out his pocket and then the other. "Oh, here it is! I say, Conductor, are we near New York?"

"Twenty minutes or so will bring us into Jersey City, Sir—we're making pretty good time."

And the sharp-faced official passed on, to harass the next unfortunate man who had neglected to put his ticket in his hat-band; while Captain Silver dragged himself into a sitting posture, putting his two hands back of his head with a portentous yawn, and smiled to remember the fantastic dreams that had chased one another through his waking during that half-hour of cramped, uneasy slumber from which the conductor's challenge had roused him—dreams in which blood-red battle-fields, lurid night-marches had blended oddly with sweet home-voices, and the sulphurous breath of artillery had mingled with violet-scented fern-fair twilight woodground, and gusts of sweetness from tossing clouds of new-mown hay, through which the flying Express Train shot remorselessly.

And then Carll Silver began to think of other things.

"Conductor!" whispered the fat old lady opposite, in the bombazine bonnet and snuff-colored shawl.

"Yes 'm," said the man of tickets, stopping abruptly in his transit through the cars, and inclining his ear.

"That young man in the military cap, Conductor—I hope he ain't an escaped lunatic dressed up in soldier's clothes. He's been talking to himself. And I don't a bit like the way he keeps grinnin' to himself and rubbin' his two hands together. He's acted queer all day—and I'm travelin' all alone, Conductor!"

The conductor laughed and passed on. The old lady bridled in offended dignity. Bless her anxious heart! how was she to know that Captain Silver was only rejoicing in the possession of the glorious "surprise" he had in store for his mother and dimple-faced sister that night? Was it not a year—twelve long, long months—since he had looked upon their faces last? And now—

Oh, on your own way, Express Train, through quiet villages where daffodils sprinkle all the gardens with gold! Speed over the sloping hills, where springing grasses seem to fill the atmosphere with and brooks babble under swinging willows—past lonely church-yards, where the white hands of innumerable grave-stones beckon to you through the twilight and are gone; for every throb of your iron pulse brings one true heart nearer home! Shot and shell have spared him for this—the fever, the pestilence and foul malaria have passed him by; and now—

Suppose there should be an accident! He had heard of such things. Suppose the train should run! Suppose he should be carried home a dead, mangled corpse, the words of greeting frozen into eternal silence on his lips, before they had been spoken under the heavy eyelids! Strange that such morbid fancies should never have occurred to him in the roar and smoke of Gettysburg, yet come to him now, like guests that would not be driven away, when he was within twenty minutes of home! Why could it break his mother's heart; or would she live on? And would Kate Meriam care?—Kate Meriam, the bright-eyed, fair-haired, rose-cheeked school girl at him save through her long brown lashes, and whose coy mouth always made him think of scarlet berries against a background of snow?

"To think!" ejaculated Carll Silver, bringing his hand down upon the seat in front of him with a force that made the glass rattle ominously and struck a chill to the heart of the old lady in the bombazine bonnet and snuff-colored shawl, who knock down the man who ventured to tell me I was a coward, should be afraid to say frankly to a little slender girl that I love her! To think that the very touch of her glove, the sound of her footstep, the rustle of her ribbons can frighten my self-possession away, and make a staring, silent idiot of me! After all, what is a man's courage worth? There's no use in thinking of it. I shall die an old bachelor, for I'll never marry any woman but Kate Meriam, and I never shall dare to plead my cause with Kate. I wish I hadn't such an absurd streak of cowardice through me."

Yet Captain Silver's men had told a different tale when he led them over the bridge in that dreadful charge at Antietam. Cowardice! there are several different interpretations to that word.

"Carriage! carriage! No, I won't have a carriage. Get away from me you fellows! you're worse than the locusts of Egypt, and ten times as noisy," growled Captain Silver, energetically elbowing his way through the swarms of eager hackmen, who were making night hideous, at the foot of Cortlandt Street. "Do you suppose I'm going to spoil my precious surprise with a *carriage*?"

Broadway by gaslight! How strange, yet how familiar it seemed to the returning exile, with its stately facades of freestone and marble, seeming literally to rest on thousands of quivering fire, and its throngs of people, coming and going in everlasting succession, like the tides of a never-resting sea. Carll Silver's heart leaped up in his breast with a quick, joyous throb at the old accustomed sights and sounds. It was good to feel his footsteps ringing on Manhattanese ground.

No lights in the house! His heart stood still a moment. That was strangely ominous. But then he remembered that his mother was fond of sitting in the twilight, and dismissed the lingering doubt from his mind. How lucky, the door was on the latch and swung noiselessly open.

Hush! not a creaking stair or clanking spur must betray him through the old familiar hall he passed and into his mother's room, lighted only by the ruddy glimmer of a bright coal fire.

"Where is she, and what are they all?" ejaculated Captain Silver under his breath. "No matter—they'll be along soon; meantime I'll wheel this big chair up, and take a look, for the sly child if it is the first week in May. Won't they be a little astonished, though, when they come in? Upon my word, things couldn't have happened nicer! Faugh! what a smell of paint—whitewash, too, as I'm a living sinner! Confound it, I've kicked over a pail of the stuff! If the women-folks aren't house-cleaning!"

The Captain gave an indignant and contemptuous sniff as he surveyed the desolate scene.

"What comfort a female can find in turning things upside down, and plugging the house with soap and water twice a year, I can't imagine. Carpets all up—floors damp—curtains torn down—not one familiar object to greet a fellow's eyes after a twelvemonth's absence from home. Heigh-ho! I feel deucedly blue."

Which he did, and began to smoke and meditate.

There was a rustle and a tripping footfall on the stairs. The Captain took out his cigar and listened.

"That's Minny," said he to himself. "Mamma doesn't dance about like *that*."

He rose, and leaned against the door-casing as the dancing feet came nearer and nearer. How his heart beat! How his face shone upon a crimson merino dress and a little white apron on the threshold! And the next moment he had caught the light form in his arms, and was showering kisses on cheek and brow and lips and hair.

"Caught, you little witch!" he exclaimed. "*That's* to pay you for presuming to clean house without my permission! No, you're not going to escape!"

Such a piercing scream as she rewarded his fraternal demonstrations with! Carll Silver let go her waist, and stepped against the wall with a faint idea of breaking through the lath and plaster, and hiding himself in the general ruin. For, as early as he could, in making in his confusion, out, the voice was not that of his sister Minny, but—Kate Meriam!

"How dare you!" she ejaculated, with crimson cheeks and quivering lips. "I'll ring the bell and call the servants if you don't leave the house this instant!"

"Upon my word I'm not a burglar or an assassin," pleaded the astonished boy in self-possession in a measure as he saw Kate's breathless terror. "It was so dark I couldn't see your face, and I thought it was my sister Minny. Don't you know me, Miss Meriam—Captain Silver?"

"You are an impostor," said Kate, with spirit. "Captain Silver is in the Army of the Potomac."

"No, he's not, he's here," urged Carll. "How shall I prove that I'm *myself*? Kate! Miss Meriam—"

For she had sunk into the chair and began to cry. He knelt beside her with a rough attempt at comfort.

"Kate, you are not sorry to see me back again?"

"No," she sobbed, "only—only I was so frightened!"

The little, trembling, blue-eyed thing! Carll Silver had never seen her to leave before. It was the assumption of dignity now—no royal airs—only brown disheveled hair and cheeks like red-clover blossoms in a shower. "I'm sorry you saw me—how ridiculous it seemed to clasp the tiny palms in his one strong hand!

"Kate, dearest, I love you! With my whole heart, Kate. Nay, do not be so frightened—I would die to save you one moment's terror! Only tell me that you cannot be mine!"

And when the tears were dried, leaving the eyes like drenched violets, and the cheeks blushed brightly, Carll Silver had leave and license to keep one little fluttering hand in his, and knew that he was an accepted lover.

"But where are my mother and sister?" he asked at length. "And what is the solution of this strange riddle?"

"Don't you know," laughed Kate, "they do not live here any more?"

"Not live here!"

"No; have you forgotten that yesterday was the 1st of May? We occupy this house now—papa, and Aunt Milicent, and I."

"Oh!" quoth Captain Silver. "So they've moved. And I never to hear of it. Upon my word they treat me pretty coolly."

"Ah, but you would have heard of it," said Kate, "if you had written from camp by any of the letters instead of roving over the country without a word of warning to your friends!"

"Give me one more kiss, Katie, and I'm off to see them. One more, my betrothed wife. Does it not seem like a dream?"

"And you are my soldier now," whispered Kate, playing with the gold buttons of his coat with tremulous fingers. "*Mine* to send out into the battle-field to dream of and to pray for. Carll, I have always reprised that I had no gift for my country, now I can give my best and dearest to aid her cause."

Spoken like a soldier's wife, Kate," said Silver, with kindling eyes. "If you but knew how much better we rough men fight for knowing that woman's love and woman's prayers enshrine us with a golden, unseen armor—nonsense! I'm getting sentimental. Good-night."

So there were three surprises that May evening—one for Kate Meriam, (couldn't you have been surprised, Mademoiselle, to be caught and kissed in the dark, and never know who the kisser was?), one for Captain Silver (a very agreeable one, though), and one—the old original surprise, if we may so term it—for his mother and sister. And Carll has not yet left off congratulating himself that his "leave of absence" happened to fall in the flowery and magnetic month of May. For if he hadn't blundered into Miss Meriam's house and kissed her by mistake, thereby bringing matters precipitately to a focus, the probabilities are that to this day he never would have mustered courage to tell her of his love.

And when the golden armadas of the autumn leaves float down the forest brooks, and the blue mist of Indian Summer wraps the hills in dreamy light, Carll Silver is coming back to seal Kate Meriam's destiny with a wedding-ring.

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ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK.—[SEE PAGE 339.]

THE SONG OF GRANT'S SOLDIERS.

Pile on the rails! Come, comrades, all,
We'll sing a song to-night;
To-morrow, when the bugles call,
Be ready for the fight.
Be ready then with loud hurrah
To battle or to die;
When Grant shall yield, the Northern star
Will fade from out the sky,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Before us lies the rebel host,
Their watch-fires we can see;
We laugh to hear the traitor boast
Of Southern victory.
Three cheers for Grant, and one more cheer,
Until the woods ring back!
Ah, well the rebel chief may fear
The blackened on his track.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

In Freedom's cause our blades were drawn;
The traitor yet shall feel
Before the day of Peace shall dawn
How strong is Northern steel.
Three cheers for Grant, my gallant men,
Give three loud, roaring cheers!
Until the foe within his den
Shall tremble while he hears.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Thus far we've come through fire and flood,
Still further on we'll press,
Although the way be red with blood
As through the wilderness.
Then cheer, brave comrades, let the night
Ring with your loud hurrahs,
For Grant, who knows so well to fight,
And for the Stripes and Stars.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Our longing eyes shall yet behold
Proud Richmond's slender spires;
Our children's children will be told
How fought their valiant sires.
Look well to cap and cartridge, too;
And as we onward press
We'll cheer for Grant, who brought us through
The bloody wilderness.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

Brave soldiers of the Lord are we,
In solid ranks we come!
The Southern traitors yet shall see
How fight the "Northern scum."
Be ready, then, with loud hurrah,
To battle or to die;
When Grant shall yield, the Northern star
Will drop from out the sky.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1864.

OUR ARMIES.

THE history of the last fortnight is the story of a tremendous battle between the armies of the Union and of the rebellion. No man will complain that we are not now making war in earnest. The rebels fight with valor and tenacity, and their own papers no longer deride the loyal army as the scum of creation, but confess that it fights with nerve and desperation. The face of General GRANT, of whom we published a portrait to-day, is itself a victory. It is fixed resolution in terrible. And his career is the commentary upon it. At the West, and conspicuously Vicksburg, where GRANT began, he fried another. He did every thing but doubt or despond, and always carried his point at last.

At the end of May, last year, GRANT made his brilliant march inland from the Mississippi. At once our papers announced the fall of Vicksburg. It was a premature exultation, and was followed by a corresponding depression and despondency. But on the 4th of July he finished his work, and Vicksburg fell. There has been the same experience now, and the same impatient hurrah. If the morning papers did not record a new victory there was a general inclination toward the same doubt. Yet every body knew that GRANT had entered upon a campaign which would be long and must be bloody. Every body knew that LEE had expected the assault and had prepared himself for it, and would contest the ground inch by inch. At the end of ten days the advantage unquestionably remained with us. But he has not taken Richmond!" whispered the despondent. No, for he aimed at LEE. LEE was Richmond. When LEE is driven, Richmond totters. When LEE is overcome, Richmond falls.

And what blows he has dealt! How grand the spectacle of the Potomac army, officers and men, inspired by one sublime purpose, and all worthy of each other! "Turn my face to the enemy," said the dying General REICE, and every living soldier said the same thing in his heart, and kept and keeps his face turned there. Every soldier trusts his commander, and every commander the General-in-Chief. There is a unity which that army has never known, a confidence which is unprecedented. It is based not merely upon the prestige of success which surrounds the Lieutenant-General, but upon the result of his operations. If at the end of ten days GRANT had not outfought LEE, certainly LEE had not outgenerated GRANT. The rebel was forced by arts as well as arms from two chosen positions. The strong hand of the Union army obeys irresistibly its clear head, and whatever the immediate result of this campaign may be, the army of LEE has been terribly shattered and its prestige is destroyed forever.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

ALTHOUGH so much nearer to Virginia than to Georgia that we have daily more copious details of military movements from MEADE than from SHERMAN, our friends of the Western army must not suppose that their course has not been followed with a sympathy and interest proportioned to the importance of their struggle. The crowds which have gathered at morning and evening around the bulletin-boards have beheld with the same joy and pride the big black letters which announced Sherman's successful progress; the withdrawal from Dalton; the evacuation of Resaca; the capture of prisoners, guns, and trains. The public confidence in the quality of the ARMY OF THE WEST has never been shaken by any events; and it will be disturbed by any result. The names of SHERMAN, of THOMAS, of M'PHERSON, and the rest, are names of heroes and soldiers. Incorporated in the same prayers with their brethren of the Potomac, the same national confidence in the final triumph of liberty and the speedy fulfilment of the hope to day the men of the Cumberland. Upon the green hills through which they press the roses already bloom, and beautiful upon those mountains will be their feet of victory!

THE DEAD HEROES.

THE friends of the heroes who have fallen in the late battles in the East and West need no assurance of the universal sympathy with which the whole nation mourns with them for they see and hear every where the tokens of a common sorrow. Death for the country makes the citizen especially the country's child, and it is not a private but a public grief which hangs over the enmizes the land. Every one of those brave men, officers and soldiers, died that all our homes may be happy and all our liberties secure. Smitten by a foe who took arms not because any right or liberty of his had been endangered, but only that he might endanger the rights and liberties of others, the dead of the late battles of ours have a sweet and holy memory; for they have saved more than their country, they have befriended humanity. "Consider, therefore," says PERICLES in his discourse over the Peloponnesian dead, "to the parents of the dead, as many of them as are here among you, I will not offer condolence so much as consolation.....For while collectively they gave the country their lives, individually they received that renown which never grows old, and the most distinguished tomb they could have; not so much that in which they are laid as that in which their glory is for ever preserved, and is unreservedly recorded on every occasion for doing so, either by word or deed, that may from time to time present itself."

But this universal public and private grief sees something else than blood and suffering in the great field of national glory. It will leave to those who have not the boldness and the victoriously slaughter the most innocent men, women, and children; who have no tear for the living or death of suffering, and who call for the awful massacres of Pillow and Wagner, to call themselves "peace" men, and to affect regret at the horrors of war. Why they should deplore the loss of life, when the opportunity of all that makes life honorable, will be always a question. Vultures and snakes will take one view of a field on which the fruits of a great generation has been fought; God and good men another.

On the 17th of June, 1775, JOSEPH WARREN, a young man who had every thing to live for, who might have had ease and quiet and "peace," if he had only consented submission and compromise with the great Empire, empire instead of advising a silly struggle of Yankee farmers with the trained troops of Great Britain, "after discharging the duties of a good citizen" at home, resolved to take part in the battle. He was entreated by ELDRIDGE GERRY," says BANCROFT, "not thus to expose his life which is pleasant and becoming to die for one's country" was his answer." At two o'clock he crossed Bunker Hill alone with a musket in his hand. The British fleurs were in possession of all central commissioners to the enemy to propose compromise. They fought until they had spent all their ammunition. They fought until they were forced back. They lost 145 killed and 304 wounded; and "just at the moment of the retreat fell JOSEPH WARREN, the last in the trenches." Did he die as the fool dieth? No, no; he died as all our brave and dear ones in the late battles, East and West, and in all the battles of this war, have died. Their memory now no more come nigh him, and he went to dwell in men's memories with HAMPDEN." Is it true of WARREN. It is true of every faithful brother of his who has fellen; and it is not his wounds, his blood, his suffering, that we see, but his immortal heroism and the cause which it helps to secure.

What the President said upon the field of Gettysburg in that speech, whose rare felicity not PERICLES nor any orator ever equaled, is said by every faithful American heart as it contemplates the battle-fields of the last fortnight in Virginia and Georgia: "It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE EARLY HOPES OF THE REBELS.

DURING our present occupation of Fredericksburg one of our correspondents discovered in the office of the Richmond *Enquirer News* in the large number of letters written during the maturing of the great conspiracy against the Union. From these we select for present publication the two following, written by that infinite charlatan, M. F. MAURY, who, finding his efforts to "stir up" the British Government against us futile, has now returned to the head-quarters of rebellion at Richmond for further orders. The letters were addressed to ALEXANDER LITTLE, who was at that time the editor and proprietor of the *News*. They show three things: first, that the rebellion was long and carefully plotted; second, that its object was to create the necessity of slavery; and third, that it counted upon Northern assistance, especially from New Jersey. How the MAURY and his fellow-conspirators were justified in their hopes of seducing New Jersey into the rebellion, may be gathered from the correspondence that took place in the spring of 1861 between Ex-Governor PRICE of New Jersey, who was one of the representatives from that State in the Peace Congress, and J. W. BURNET, Esq., of Newark. Mr. PRICE, in answering the question what ought New Jersey to do, says: "I believe the Southern Confederation permanent. The proceeding has been taken with forethought and deliberation—it is no hurried impulse, but an irrevocable act, based upon the secret, if not supposed, 'equality of the States;' and in my opinion every Slave State will in a short period of time be found united in one Confederacy.....Before that event happens we can not do, and should we not suffer in our material interests. It is in that contingency, then, that I answer the second part of the question, 'What position for New Jersey will best accord with her interests, honor, and the patriotic instincts of her people?' I say emphatically, *should go with her South, from every wise, prudential, and patriotic reason.*" EX-GOVERNOR PRICE proceeds to say that he is confident the State of Pennsylvania and New York will "choose also to cast their lot with the South," and after them the Western and Northwestern States.

[CONFIDENTIAL.]

"OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON, 21st Dec., 1860.

"DEAR SANDY,—FRANK MIDES tells me that the RHODE ORYE have been published. Of course you will see it, and there is no occasion for my sending you my copy. See the inclosed from Brooklyn. Do you know—please do—please make him understand—that these meetings at the North who are sending Commissioners down South are the most encouraging signs, like Moab's thorn in the air; that what we want is to get into communication with the people of the South in their own *corps organisé*; and there is no way of doing this except by getting the State of New Jersey and her people to go down there in their *sovereign capacity*, and in the person of their Commissioners ask them for their proposition? I have written to Dr. Cabell to see you, and request you to take a drive if on your own hook, and get a town-meeting to encourage New Jersey to act. She has got clean grit, and will welcome her.

"In haste, yours truly, M. F. MAURY.

"ALEXANDER LITTLE, Esq., Fredericksburg, Va."

[PRIVATE.]

"OBSERVATORY, Jan. 18, 1861.

"DEAR SANDY,—THE ORYE letter is out of date, and the New Jersey plan is 'no go,' I reckon. You much politician.

"But we must change plans as circumstances change. See my Tennessee letter, and do with it any thing you please.

"If Virginia accept the CRITTENDEN proposition, without any power of veto against sectional subjects, you and she will be in honor bound, if the North say so, to shoulder your musket and go down South to fight South Carolina and other seceding States back into the Union. Does not the North claim the power to coerce under the Constitution? Will not the North have the power to make the laws, and to make you help execute them?

"Where is the 'courageous wisdom' of Virginia now? With the CRITTENDEN proposition adoption alone the South is at the mercy of the North; and such a settlement can't stand.

"Don't you see, SANDY?—Suppose you make all south of 86° 30' a Slave State, won't the North have an entire neutral, through Congress, of all Middle lands there? Won't the North give them away to poor white settlers from Europe? and then you'll have a Slave State in name only. She will send to Congress worse men than Missouri and Maryland have sent.

"No, Sir. We can have, and ought to have, no settlement that is not based on the fact that the country is divided, and the Union is to be made up of *two sections*—two peoples—as antagonistic as two nations; and if you put one section at the mercy of the other, we are *shitzed* to have another Mexico.

"Yours, M. F. MAURY.

"A. LITTLE, Esq., Fredericksburg, Virginia."

A FRIENDLY ACT OF DENMARK.

DURING the absorbing interest in the domestic events of the last two or three months a piece of friendly regard from Denmark to this country may have been overlooked. Struggling like ourselves for national existence, and between two Austria and Prussia because of her declared policy of a free constitutional government, the ancient and valiant little Denmark, at the request of our Government, has purchased the Bremen and Hamburg steamers plying to New York to pass free of seizure by her cruisers, although they are the ships and the property of an enemy. This is a most unusual act of amity, and is done by Denmark, as her Government informally states, from her friendship for this country. Nor is it likely to be soon forgotten.

The exigency of our own affairs has prevented that general attention to the Danish question, and clear apprehension of it, which in a time of peace it would certainly have received from us. But it is a pleasant thing to have our sympathy to know that liberal Denmark is attacked by reactionary and despotic Austria and Prussia. The cry of "nationality" is one by which the absolutist rulers of Germany lead the German people to a war upon free institutions; and we have now the melancholy and absurd spectacle of Austria and Prussia cheering a destructive army in destroying the hope of constitutional government upon the Continent. Doubly contemptible, then, is the grasp of the hand of friendship which Denmark stretches to us out of her cloud of war. Her fate is almost sure. The impending execution of that old Kingdom can hardly be averted. But, in some form, the spirit of Danish constitutionalism will survive and be felt in European affairs. Meanwhile the people of the United States will remember, with a gratitude which may one day be serviceable, an act so friendly in the midst of their great struggle.

AUTOGRAPH LEAVES.

We mentioned a few weeks since the beautiful book of fac-simile autographs of Mr. and Mrs. F. KENNEDY and Lieutenant-Colonel ALEXANDER BIDDLE for the Baltimore Fair. Since then it has been published, and certainly contains most curious and interesting collections possible. Every noted American author is represented by some perfectly faithful specimen of his writing, and in almost every instance by some poem, a page or pages from a familiar work. It is not above the promise of such a book is so fully and faithfully kept, and the six dollars for which it is sold goes straight to help the Sanitary Fair. Besides the copy sent to each member, for the benefit of our great national charity, the Sanitary Commission, and copies may yet be had by application to CUSHING & BAILEY, Baltimore.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—May 11. The Rev. Mr. BOYNTON, Methodist, of Washington, offered a resolution, which was agreed to, Mr. LANE calling for an investigation, by the Committee on Military Affairs, of the fact, that the rebels had in their service on the Red River. Amended so as to comprehend all the rebel forces in the Southwest. Bill passed, appropriating $50,000 for the relief of the commander, officers, and crew of the Mississippi River gunboat Essex, which destroyed the rebel ram *Arkansas*, sun which was blown up by the fire of the Essex. Nominations confirmed. D. Porter.—The bill to equalize the grades of naval officers was discussed for the rest of the day, the making an appropriation for the relief of the friendly SIOUX; allowing Surgeon GENERAL to the Marine Army, to receive an additional from the English Government; providing for the better organization of the Quartermaster's department of the army; and granting lands in Iowa for railroad purposes. The Joint Resolution relative to the Capitol was further considered.

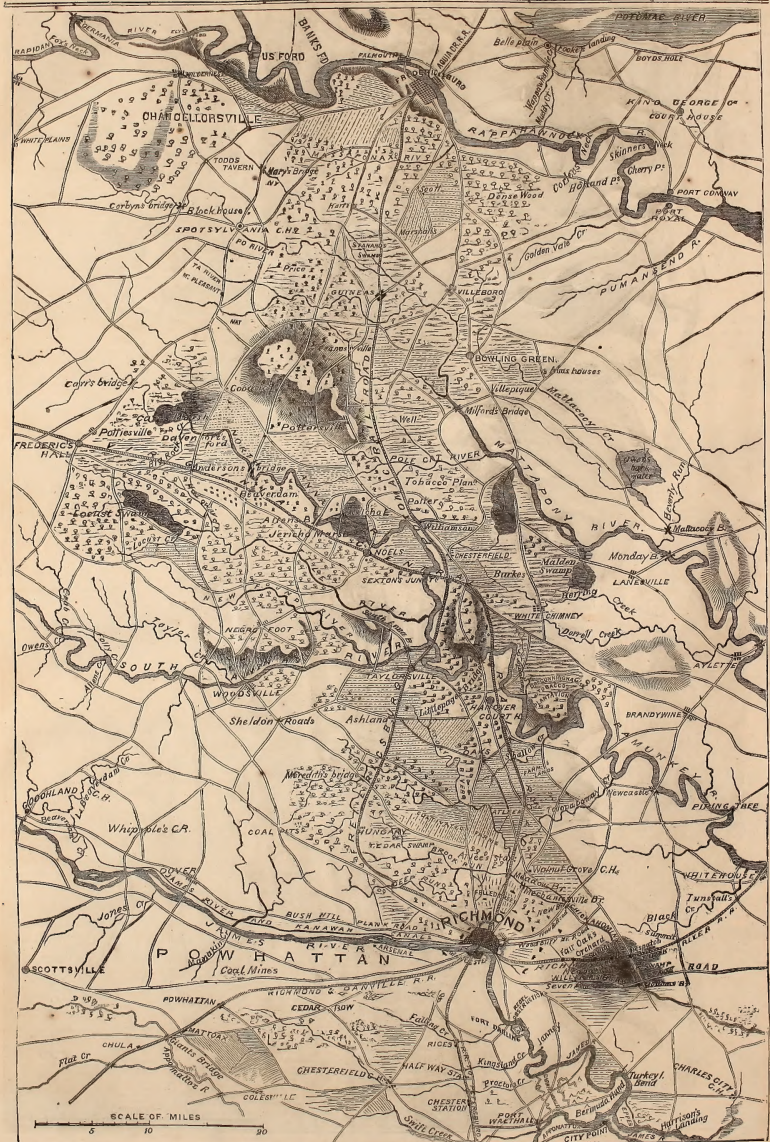
HOUSE.—May 11. Mr. WILSON reported in favor of the bill to facilitate communication between the several States.—Mr. WILSON submitted the joint resolution calling for extensive

tion as to the general officers commissioned since the war, and otherwise, their birth, etc.—The bill regulating the purity of elections in the District of Columbia was called up, and discussion ensued on the amendment of Mr. Powell, to insert the word "white" before the word "male," as a qualification for an elector. No vote was taken. Adjourned to Monday, May 16.——May 16. A joint resolution was introduced requesting the Secretary of the Interior to make the necessary provision for the taking of the national census in June of next year.—Bills were introduced making grants of land to Nebraska and Idaho for the construction of railroads, and for the relief of citizens of Denver, Colorado.—A resolution was adopted instructing the Administrator on Commerce to inquire if further legislation is necessary to prevent passengers and emigrants from steamers.—The resolution of Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, condemning the Executive proceedings in connection with the murderous bushwood on General Bissell and others, was taken up. Various amendments were passed for defeat by the Judiciary Committee.—Mr. Edmunds, for the relief of the widows of General Sykes.—The request of Mr. Wright, of Pennsylvania, that the Committee on Foreign Affairs be discharged from its consideration of the Mexican question was seconded to.—The House then took up the bill to confiscate the property of the rebels, but still granting pre-emptions to settlers.—The bill for the referred to the Public Lands Committee.—The bill to incorporate the Washington Monument Association was passed.—The bill to amend the Act of March 3, 1863, to provide for the efficiency of the naval officers, was passed.—The bill regulating the enrollment of vessels, was passed.—A message from the President, communicating the correspondence in the misunderstanding between Chile and Bolivia, was received and ordered to be printed.—The bill to amend the Act of 1855 relative to claims against Mexico was taken up, and some amendments to it were adopted; but the session adjourned without final action on it.——May 17. A bill to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to stipulate for the return of attachment or other process property claimed by the United States in connection with enforcement of the laws, submitted the report of the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California.—Mr. Conness called up the Pacific bill, authorizing a grant to the State of California of the mines embracing the Mariposa or Big Tree Grove.—The bill passed emulating the pay of soldiers in the United States army.—The bill relative to the title to copyright was made public printing, and for other purposes. The amendment that it shall be the duty of the Heads of Departments to furnish the Superintendent of Public Printing with copies of their reports on or before the third Monday in December was adopted.

House.—May 11. The Senate amendments to the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill were resumed. That relative to the Consul-General to Constantinople and Smyrna consular pupils was agreed to; and that authorizing the raising of the salary of our representative at Rome to that of a full minister was non-concurred in.—The joint resolution to pay from the army rifle fund to volunteer general officers was taken up, and after some discussion, and the offering and rejection of a few amendments, was adopted.—The Senate's amendments to the Postal Money Order Bill were concurred in.—Adjourned to 12. The Speaker presented the resolution of the New York Chamber of Commerce, communicating Mr. Cisco's scheme for a line of telegraph between Europe and America, through the Shetlands and Iceland.—Bills were filed to give soldiers and sailors homesteads on the confiscated estates.—A bill was taken up which the House then resumed the consideration of the bill declaring the Cumberland, Illinois and the Kentucky and Tennessee Bay railroads national post and military routes. After an extended discussion a substitute for the bill was offered. This substitute provides, in effect, that every railway company in the United States whose road is completed, or may be authorized to carry over said road all freight, mails, passengers, troops, munitions, supplies, and mail for the State to another, and receive compensation therefor.—May 12. The Speaker announced the appointment of the Committee of Ways and Means, to consist of the Chairman and Messrs. Morrill, Stevens, Hooper, Allen, and Dawes.—Mr. Ashley, from the Committee on Territories, reported a bill to create a General Land-office to be known as the Surveyor-General's office.—Mr. Kasson, from the Committee on Post-offices and Post-roads, reported a bill to amend the Act of 1863, to provide for the establishment of mail routes.—Mr. Dawes, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill to amend the Act of June 30, 1864, to provide internal revenue, and for other purposes.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported a bill making appropriations for the support of the army for the year ending June 30, 1865, and for other purposes.—Mr. Stevens, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported a bill making appropriations for the naval service for the year ending June 30, 1865

"WE HAVE NOW ENDED THE SIXTH DAY OF VERY HARD FIGHTING. I PROPOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE, IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER."—*U. S. GRANT.*

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BARTLETT'S BRIGADE OF WARREN'S CORPS CHARGING THE ENEMY.—[SEE PAGE 336.]



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF VIRGINIA.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

"The wilderness shall bloom."—*Bible.*

VICTORY! shout for victory
On the battle-field again;
For the bloom of the Wilderness
Glory to God! Amen!

Victory! shout for victory,
Though tears for such bloom may flow;
Only by Death's dark reaping
The lilies of peace shall grow.

Victory! shout for victory
With a million-throated voice;
For the bloom of the Wilderness
Let a nation's heart rejoice.

Victory! shout for victory,
And the men who bade it draw,
From the bloom of the Wilderness
The fruitage of the Po.

Victory! shout for victory
To Freedom, for in the flowers
That have so purpled the Wilderness
Has blossomed its hope and ours.

Victory! shout for victory,
That flashes a morning light
From the bloom of the Wilderness
Far into the years of right.

Victory! shout for victory
On the battle-field again;
For the bloom of the Wilderness
Glory to God! Amen!

MAY FLOWERS.

A SOLITARY little figure climbing up a long hill in the gray morning mist. A New England country girl, with all the faults which sprout in New England air. Too much soul and too little body: thoughtful, questioning, skeptical possibly, nervous, and shy—yet a true woman at heart, full of latent courage and heroism, the possibilities of good and great things. This was Ruth Hanson.

She had come out in the early morning, goaded by some restless impulse of dissatisfaction that would not let her be quiet. She was the only child, sole darling of Deacon John Hanson and Hannah his wife. She had known little enough of poverty, or hard work, or any of the real trials of life, and yet she suffered keenly. You have seen such natures—ones that thro' who live with them day after day and year after; never understand their secret—so pure, that the high cloud-spoken for nothing is then to do right, laboring patiently at little daily tasks and yet wild with secret pain and elation, tired; and yearning, and frenzied thirst to drink of other fountains.

She walking up the hill without thought, though she panted for breath, and a sharp pain came in her side. When she reached the top she stood still. She took off her hood, and the spring morning air caressed her. She was no beauty, and yet she looked more than pretty, with the faint color, pure and pink as dawnlight, breaking into her cheek; her features full of meaning, and the whole longing of her soul speaking through her gray, tearful eyes. You would have said she had a dangerous nature, looking at her in this moment of revelation—dangerous as much in its capacity to enjoy as to suffer, and yet capable of grand developments. A pure, delicate, dainty soul, that somehow always made one think of the faint pink blooms and subtle fragrance of the trailing arbutus. She looked afar over field and hill, and drew a long breath before she spoke—talking to herself, as she had learned to do in default of other companionship—

"What a great, wide world! There must be stir and life enough somewhere. I am sure to be all like the days here. Breakfast, dinner, and supper, and dishes to wash three times a day. Oh if I were a man! If I could fight or die! Any thing that was struggle and aspiration—that took me higher!"

You will perceive that she had known little about love. That would have taught her contentment with her lot—duties done for the sake of another would have seemed no longer trifling or ignoble. Nor yet had her experience of life been deep enough to learn that true glory lies not in the act itself, but in the spirit of its doing. This is no easy lesson, and yet it is the one Heaven is teaching us all our lives, often sooner as we may turn away from it. It is quality, not quantity, by which God judges us. Is it worther to have labored all one's day in the flame of immortal truth than to have discovered the far-off shining of many planets?

But Ruth Hanson was only seventeen.

She grew happier as she looked, for the growing spring morning stole tenderly into her heart. She caught the scent of opening buds. She heard the song of a few early birds, sweet new-comers. She saw the gray mist, touched by sun-rays keen as arrow-points, roll goldenly away, and give to view fields and hills green with the springing grass. After all she was glittered with the silvery morning sheen, and blent its low, deep-toned bass in the morning anthem. Her young pulses thrilled to the young year and day, and her face wore a look of natural, healthful joy, as she turned it at the sound of a coming footstep.

A young man had come up the hill from the other side, and now stepped to speak to her. His hands were full of the trailing arbutus blossoms, and he reached them out toward her.

"Oh, May flowers! the first I have seen this year."

"Will you have them? I think they belong to you."

"*my* ought—I love them so;" and she took the flowers tenderly, as she would have touched a child or a bird. Robert Crandall looked at her, filled with pleasure. It was plain enough to see where his heart was—and to him that little New England girl, with her gray, tender eyes and her thoughtful face, was the one woman elect out of the universe. He never said much to her. Really enough to talk elsewhere, with her he was shy. If he was ever awkward and diffident it was in her presence. She liked him thoroughly. He was her best friend—good, generous, warm-hearted, always ready to pleasure her. It was not strange if she was somewhat enough to tyrannize over him a little. He was cool and self-possessed as she fastened her flowers in her bosom, while he stood beside her, half-trembling with bashful satisfaction.

Perhaps she cared more about him than she had ever guessed; but his goodness of heart, his patience with her wayward ways, were so much a part of her wonted life that she forgot to value them, as we forget to value sunshine. She talked to him, however, more freely than to almost any one else. She saw a paper just peeping out of his pocket, and that turned her thoughts from her flowers and the radiant new morning in quite another direction.

"Any news, Robert, any good news?" with an anxious, questioning face.

"Not yet—not to-day."

"And the war has lasted a year already. It will be a hard struggle. If I were only a man!"

"Would you go?"

"Oh, would I not? It would give me just what I long for—a career, a work. It is such miserable weariness to sit here and bark to the martial music from afar, and listen to the cry of a great nation's need, bound down by womanhood, tied hand and foot by custom—"

And want of strength," interrupted Robert, dryly. "I think the first twenty miles' march would cool down your enthusiasm considerably."

He smiled as he spoke and blushed afterward. He, a man, had not done what even this girl longed to do. Perhaps if he had been braver he would have gone away sooner; but he had been waiting with some vague, blind hope that she would care more about him than she did. He was now facing instead of winning her by this waiting? She, meantime, had been going on with her own thoughts.

"Yes," she said, slowly, "I suppose I could not do it—but if I could!"

She walked down the hill then, silently. Perhaps she scarcely noticed that he walked beside her, for she spoke to him no more. At the gate she paused, however, and made him rich by a smile as she touched her flowers:

"You were good to bring them; they will be company to me all day."

She did not see him again for a week, nor did she think much about him. Hers was a nature over which love, when first it comes, could rule with absolute sovereignty; but its time had not come yet. So she dreamed, and went to and fro, doing her light tasks with half unconscious fingers. It was the eighth morning that she saw Robert Crandall waiting at the gate as she went out, as she did so often, to meet the day upon the hill-top. After a few words of greeting he walked on by her side. He was very quiet, and she did until they had reached the brow of the hill. Then something in his face, a look in his eyes, startled her.

"What is it, Robert?" she asked, with quick sympathy.

"Nothing, Ruth, only I am going, and I wish I could think you would miss me a little."

"Going!"

"Yes, to do what you would do in my place—what you wished you could do even now. I suppose I learned to envy you like a pitiful coward for not going before."

Then when she began to praise him he uttered a quick disclaimer:

"It is your doing. I am your soldier. I go today."

He did not tell her even then that he loved her. Yet, if her eyes were not blind, she must have read it in the unspoken pain which filled his face and then in the tender good-by. When he walked away she stood watching him. Turning, after a few steps, to see her, he waved his hand to her.

"Do you care? Oh, Ruth, do you care?"

"How could I help caring? You have been my best friend always."

Perhaps the answer lacked something he had hoped for. He walked on again, with the heavy shadow of pain settling but more deep upon him, and she went into the house, saddened by his loss, and touched all the more because he had not let her bidding.

As day after day passed these feelings grew on her. Unconsciously he began to be in all her thoughts. Where was he? What was he doing? Had come one in her eyes; and her cheek flushed with pride at the thought that she had sent him forth to the fray. If she had not yet owned him darker, or if she had loved him and never known it, a vague, sweet consciousness of what it would be possible to feel for him began to spring up in her heart. Before she was aware of it her prayers for him had grown to be the most fervent language of her soul. In name the most intimate and tender. Before God no one knew it. She scarcely knew it herself. She read more intently than ever the Holy Book. Her old faith in his courage that she scarcely feared harm would touch him; and she was no longer disconcerted with life, now that she was doing her share of work for her. Battles and rumors of battles scarcely disturbed her. She had a sort of faith that he would come out of them unscathed, and that she should die, she remembered the glory of a soldier's death, "and his only daughter" would as yet how empty the world would be without him.

She began to understand this last better, one wild March day, when her father came home and told her that Neighbor Crandall's Robert had come back from the war sick, and the village doctor thought he was going to have typhus fever.

"It will go hard with him, I'm fearful," the Deacon added, thoughtfully. "Those fevers they bring back from the camps ain't the common kind. Nine times out o' ten they're fatal."

A pang keen as a sword-thrust pierced Ruth's heart. She knew instantly what those words meant for her—how fatal indeed would be such a loss. With the thought of his danger came the remembrance that he had no one to care for him as she would care. His own mother was dead. His step-mother would give him the tending of duty, not love. Perhaps they would let him die, when she could save his life. She took her resolution instantly. Standing before her father and mother, where they sat side by side, she said, very calmly,

"He would care more to live were but for me. I sent him. He called himself my soldier. I am going, therefore, to take care of him through this sickness. It is right."

"Daughter, it is impossible." The Deacon's voice was stern, but his face was pale. Do you think we could risk your taking the fever, and leaving us, your mother and me, alone in our old age?"

Her face grew pale, but her voice did not tremble. She knelt before them, as she had done so often to say her prayers when she was a little child, and they looked at them with eyes full of tears.

"I am sorry, but I must do it. All my life I have been a very faithful daughter. I think, since I was old enough to know right from wrong, I have never disobeyed either of you before: but whether you give me leave or not I must take my own course now. Pity me, mother—I love Robert Crandall, and he loves me. If he is going to die I do not want to live. You and father have still each other."

Mrs. Hanson looked in her child's eyes, then at her husband.

"Let her go, father," she said, gently. "We have no right to hold her back. If it had been you, thirty years ago, do you think I could have staid away?"

Deacon Hanson bowed his head on his hands with a bitter groan.

"Do as you will," he cried, "as you will; but her brother and his father will be grey-headed under the hill, and she is my one ewe lamb."

When Ruth Hanson entered the house where Robert Crandall lay sick, the doctor met her compassionately for her. Pausing in the entry, she heard his words:

"I went for your sake, little Ruth. You sent me, and now you won't cone nigh me."

He is out of his head," his step-mother said, meeting her as she passed through the kitchen. "He's pretty sick. It's a chance, I tell 'em, if he ever gets out of bed."

"I have come to help you nurse him, Mrs. Crandall. He and I were old friends, you know."

Mrs. Crandall's face twinkled. She was glad of her honest anxiety for her step-son, with the pleasurable excitement of having discovered a secret. She nodded her head.

"Yes, I know. He's been calling for you. Chance, though, you can do any good."

Ruth went in. The eyes, fierce with fever, turned on her inquiringly for a moment, then roved vacantly away again. She spoke to him quietly.

"Why don't Ruth come? It was easy enough to send me off, but now I'm in trouble, and where's she?"

"Here, Robert," and she touched his hot brow with her little cool hands. "Here I am—come to help you. You must take care of your friends, you know Ruth."

She succeeded in arousing his attention for a moment, but there was no recognition in his eyes.

"You're very good," he said; "but you are not Ruth—not my Ruth."

Three weeks came after that, weeks of incessant anxiety and little hope. Without even the reward of a moment of gratitude Ruth labored day and night and day. If ever he got well again, Dr. Miles said, she would have saved his life. But oh what weary, weary days of watching and waiting!

At last the suspense was over. Sleep came, a long, quiet sleep, and after it the awakening to consciousness, to life. Ruth's life, that was Ruth bending over his bedside and knew her.

"My love, my darling!" whispered his faint, weak tones. "I should have been happy now—you are my Ruth—is it not so?"

She kissed him and answered him with the thrilling tenderness of her kiss. Then she slid to the floor weak and helpless, fainting, they thought, from utter exhaustion.

But when her eyes opened again they were wild and bright with fever. She had struggled, during those weeks of watching for him, against every symptom of disease—kept under every indication of suffering, scarcely herself recognizing their presence. Now, when overwhelmed with joy and relief, anxiety was over the repressed malady took full possession of her. The attack was one of great force and terrible for the force which had kept it back so long.

She could not even be moved home, so her father and mother came there and tended her. It was pitiful to see their anguish all they bent over their darling. At last they left Robert Crandall grew strong enough to steal like a wan ghost into the room where his little Ruth lay, and wait beside those two old people for the slow hours when he was to live or lose his life. Night and day, through the April sun and shower, there those three lingered. Ruth was never to regain consciousness in this state of birds. Scarcely they knew, save by the lighting of the lamps, whether it were night or day—those white-haired parents watching over their only child, that young man over his bride.

How shall I tell the sad story? For her, indeed, came also a waking from sleep, from the delirium of fever; but the light of reason shone from dying eyes. She had been slight and delicate always, and she had no strength to sustain her through a crisis so terrible. She knew herself, as soon as any one else, that her time had come. There was one sore pang at her heart at her eyes fell on Robert Crandall's face, and she said, with a quiver of pain in her low voice,

"I should have liked to live to make you happy. Do not forget me when I am gone. Remember that I loved you. It is hard to part, but the life to come will be long—surely we shall meet again there! It will be hardest for you. But you must do my duty for me. Father, mother, you must never call yourselves childless. Love Robert."

She had tender parting words, fond lingering caresses for all three; but it was on Robert's heart that her head lay last, his lips which received the last kiss from lips already growing cold. She had died for him.

The spring morning dawned bright and clear on the day of her burial. Robert Crandall stole out of doors for a little while, to the spot on which his very passion of pain lent strength and endurance, sought the lonely haunts where the trailing arbutus spreads its tangled net-work of fragrance. He went back laden with the white odorous blossoms, and strewed them round her, who looked more like them than ever in the pure whiteness of her dead loveliness. Beside her pale cheeks, on her still breast in her no heart-beat fluttered, in the slender fingers never to wear wedding-ring of his, he laid them.—"I wanted to die," he said, very bitterly, but I must do it. All my life I have been a very faithful daughter. I think, since I was old enough to know right from wrong, I have never disobeyed either of you before: but whether you give me leave or not I must take my own course now. Pity me, mother—I love Robert Crandall, and he loves me. If he is going to die I do not want to live. You and father have still each other."

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HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"IS the sense of smelling more pleasing than the sense of tasting?" was the subject up before a debating club. Skilton was the last to speak upon the negative, and all were anxious to hear him. Skilton, ringing the bell, ordered up a glass of hot whisky punch, and drank it off with great apparent relish. Then, turning to his opponent, he handed the empty glass to the leading disputant, and remarked coolly, "Now, Sir, smell of it." It is needless to add that Skilton "brought down the house," and carried the decision by acclamation.

A conceited coxcomb, with a very patronizing air, called out to an Irish laborer, "Here, you big-nutter, come and fix the pump for me, and be you sure and don't try and to a glass of Irish whisky." "By my word," said Pat, "an yer Honor's a gentleman."

Thackeray being told that an acquaintance of his, who was solicitor for his love of beer, had sailed for India, replied, "I am glad to hear it. I hope he'll take to East-India ale, we shall not look upon his like again!"

The other day a town-crier took in charge a lost child, and proceeded to cry about in the street. The father met a lady what the matter was, he replied. "Here's an orphan child, you know, and he tryin' to bring it to its parents."

"Well, my good woman," said a clergyman, who was sent for in the middle of the night by one of his congregation, "to put the matter in a few words, I will speak to a glass of Irish whisky." "By my word," said Pat, "an yer Honor's a gentleman."

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"Well, my good woman," said a clergyman, who was sent for in the middle of the night by one of his congregation, "to put the matter in a few words, I will speak to you as plain as I can. What can I do for you?" "No," replied the old woman, "you can't do nothing for me, Sir, but I'll tell you I help that?" asked the minister. "Oh, Sir," said she, "you is always to be sent for to bury or marry, and I thought that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!"

"That's a very hard case," as the Irishman said when he bit his thumb instead of his bread.

"You have been the making of me," as the mustard said to the cook.

What is a loan society?—A society which it would be prudent to leave alone.

In the company of the present Emperor of Austria, once upon a time, the conversation ran upon the absurd questions which some of the body ran to the strangest. The Prince was appealed to, when he said that, for his part, he gave each voice in favor of the man who was high at the odd idea of the Prince had ceased, he Highness was asked for an explanation, when he said, "Why, Prince Metternich has let my father by the nose for the last twenty years, and if he got hold of a nose or ever, and not a bit the worse for the exercise."

Some men's minds are never half blown. With their tongues it is all the other way.

Ladies should never put glass in their mouths. Their lips should be roses without thorns.

"Tell your mistress I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman to the domestic of a lodging-house. "Very well, Sir; mistress will put it down as rent."

A conjecture it has brought his business to such perfection, that he is now offering to the public his candid opinion.

"Those dear eyes of thine!" as the old gentleman said when he bought his wife a handsome pair of gold spectacles.

Money is the metal wheel-work of human activity, the dial-plate of our value.

Why is one fashion over by another is undoubtedly the tip of fashion.

Marriage is designated by some people as a "bridle," because it generally puts a curb upon some.

BEAUTY.

"What a frail thing is beauty!" said Baron de Grass, When he found that his true love had one eye of glass.

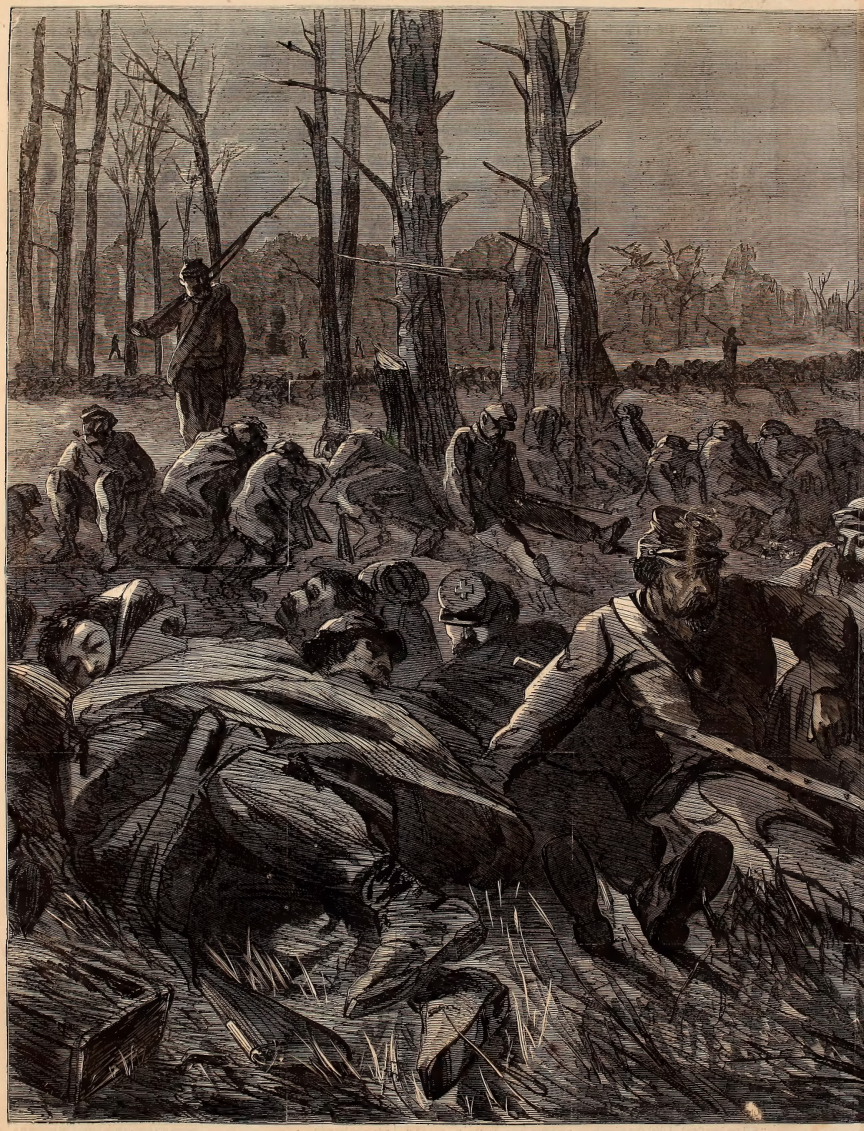
HORRIDLY.—An illiterate carpenter was arrested upon the very serious charge of forgery. In a letter of his he had said that, "he'd been to the Houston Counties Statehon to catch a stein, when he had seen his friend Forge there."

"Dear me!" exclaimed a lady, as she looked at the bus-conscience in a show; "why, the skin of the creature is of the most curious pattern." "It is, my dear," replied her husband, "and that is what Shakspeare alluded to when he talked about a snake being 'seeming.'"

MEDICAL.—Miss Ursula writes to know if the best writer upon corn threats was Dr Quincy? All we can say is, as corns consult a Solicitor.

A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a "possum to a gum-tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings no art can mend, leaving a portion of her soul on the upper leather of your affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others can see nothing to admire; and when her fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses in a baby bead of hair.

Why is a man charged with a crime like types?—Because he should not be locked up till the matter is said proved.



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SL

EEPING ON THEIR ARMS.

SHERMAN'S ADVANCE INTO NORTHERN GEORGIA.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LILY IS IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

It was three o'clock on the following morning before the steam-packet *Harlequin* entered the harbor of Boulogne. Lily had had a fearful time of it. She was very comfortable, and almost happy during the passage of the vessel down the river; for the weather was fine, the water was smooth, and her peacefulness, betaking herself to the perusal of sundry volumes bound in yellow paper, left her at peace. Then a gentleman in a braided surtout, with very large whiskers and a cigar-case, asked her if she would go to it, and who continually smoked a pipe with a very richly-colored brown bowl, a silver top, and a green tassel depending from it, and who were, besides, a leathern bag slung by a strap over his shoulder, was very kind to her, and showed her a variety of interesting objects on both banks of the river. He was a good-humored gentleman, but his English was, to Lily, well-nigh incomprehensible.

"Did you ligue joggolate?" he asked, in a hoarse voice and a grin that set his black whiskers very far apart indeed. "Joggolate is good for de liddle kinder. Yez, it is moldo grazioso. Dence, ma bedide, here is some joggolate."

He produced from the leathern bag as he spoke a stick of chocolate wrapped in some metal tin-foil. This covering he partially stripped off, broke off a piece of the sweetmeat, and popped it, with a jovial grin, between Lily's lips. The child had never tasted chocolate before. Then he began to fill his pipe from a yellow pouch produced from the leathern bag, and as he shut the latter Lily seemed to hear the chinking of money.

"Mein good little friend, ma bonne amie, gif me de book," he continued. "It is moldo grazious. He gif them to me, and I gif him her. I lof de bipes and de tobacko. De bipes is not good for de liddle kinder. He make romfozzle in der amiguchs zo."

Then, from a pocket in his braided surtout, he took a little bottle, uncorked the top, and applied it to his lips.

"De brandies is goods," he remarked, throwing his head back. "De brandies is moldo zo de real de mer. By-and-by your mamma, when de sea shall romfozzle your stomjacks, shall give you some brandies in your tea, and vere liddle, zo. Vill you ave some joggolate?"

But here the lady looked up from the French novel she was reading, and implored the child come and sit beside her. "You are not to associate with servants and low people. Quefont ces gens là, cette partie de la cuisine?"

Lily thought that if the braided and whiskered gentleman was a servant, he was a very fine one and a very good-natured one. He walked away, grumbling.

"Dowdy!" he murmured. "Quelle mégère. She needn't be so tam proud for what I am a gourier. Franz Stimm il vaut bien cette sauvage sur les arcaux."

It would be, perhaps, more correct, as the braided gentleman was talking to himself, to inscribe in their native tongue the thoughts which he gave utterance, but the gentleman hadn't any native tongue or native country either, to speak of; Franz Stimm was a courier, and knew all tongues, and all countries—a little.

He began to be busy because about the time the study of her French novels, and Lily stole softly away from her side, and went and sat on the little raised part of the deck above the rudder chains, and studied the weather-beaten man in the pea-jacket who was at the helm. Byand-by she totally ignored all printed conjunction of prohibition, she had the audacity to speak to him, and as the wheel and the man himself—it being a quiet afternoon, and the captain being in his cabin refreshing himself with his after-dinner grog—spoke to her, no word or harm resulted from this contravention of maritime discipline. He told her all about the *Dreadnought*, and the wind-mills on the Essex dykes, and the great guns at Woolwich Arsenal; also, that a many had been hung at Execution Dock, and that when he was a lad in a square rig he had been pressed and kept four days and nights aboard a tender, and that the Nore was nothing to hang his being a 'prentice, and having a 'stifficate from Waterman's Hall in his pocket.

But this confiding mariner was not in time removed, and the hairy man in the striped guernsey who succeeded him was not so communicative. He was shabbed with his spoke, and at the same time he had to spare was devoted to dextrously ejecting the juice from the quid he was chewing over the leeward bulwark. So Lily soon left he missed his aim, and then he swore monosyllabically. Lily couldn't make friends with him, and presently stole away.

In those days rich people were not quite so proud as here are now. At least they did not appear quite so genteel, quite so exclusive, quite so shut up, as I learn they are at present. In these days a member of the "upper orders" would faint at the bare idea of traveling to Boulogne by the common packet from London Bridge: but when Lily was young a great many wealthy and high-born people were content to take that route as the pleasantest though not the shortest. And more than that, they took their servants and their carriages with them.

There was a handsome private carriage—a berline painted green, with a rumble, heavy wheels, and a big ornament on the roof—aboard the *Harlequin*, nearly amidships, but slightly forward. Lily was wandering about the deck, and occasionally tripping herself up over the stiff protrusions of tarpaulin when she came to this carriage. She was admiring the pretty manner in which the wheels were lashed to bolts in the deck, when she heard a voice she recognized, and looking up saw that the carriage door was open. Standing therest was the bearded gentleman with the braided surtout who spoke such very funny English.

"Ach Himmel!" he cried, pleased to see her. "Here is de liddle cal vat eat de joggolate. Ach Sir, your Excellency, de liddle maid!" This to the dordor of de handsome dame dat loog like de tiger."

There was a gentleman in the carriage reclining at full length on a mattress. He was covered to the chin with rugs and shawls and furs, and had a yellow face, and looked very ill. He shrugged his shoulders peevishly at the courier's remarks, and spoke in a very querulous very tired of itself and all the world, bade Stimm not bother him, but bring him some orangeflower water.

"Bedder ave som brandies, my lord generale," observed Mr. Stimm, in respectful explanation. "Ve gave de Nore, and de eau de fe. r d'orange, he play de teufels vid your stomjac. Bedder brandies, my lord."

"Hang your brandy!" cried the yellow-faced invalid, peevishly. "One would think I was a grenadier, Stimm. Orange-flower water, I said what I've got left of it. Get me the orangeflower water, do you hear me, hey?"

The courier turned to the hamper, and Lily, frightened, was moving out of his way, when her eyes met those of the sallow gentleman. His eyes were very languid and heavy, but they were very black.

He started up eagerly on his invalid couch. "Mercelle Heavens!" he cried, "where have I seen that face before? Stimm, bring that child here."

But before Mr. Stimm could approach Lily a harsh hand was laid on the child's shoulder. It was the handsome lady.

"You little plague! You little demon!" she cried, furiously. "Here have I been a la chase for you this half hour. Where in the name of you? Shall I throw you into the water to be eaten by the black sharks that are always in packs, I mean? Come away this moment;" and she dragged Lily aft.

The sallow gentleman was not quite so great an invalid as he seemed to be. He descended, grumbling and moaning, however, from his carriage, and followed the lady and Lily at a very quarter-deck; but they hastily descended the companion-ladder, and then the lady shut herself with the child in the ladies' cabin.

Lily underwent many hours of the direst agony. It grew dark, and the stewardess brought her supper, and bread-and-butter, but she could scarcely swallow a mouthful. The washings clattered on the table horribly. A lamp was kindled, and it swung to and fro. They put Lily to bed on a shelf in a cupboard, and the shelf on which she lay was pushed backward, and then it seemed to be sliding away from Lily, and then she herself was dashed against the cupboard door. Then she was described, into the cabin, and lo! the ceiling was where the floor should have been. And all this while there was a dreadful noise, as though a giant were being stretched on the rack, and a dreadful throbbing sensation, which shook the very pillow beneath her head, as though the giant's heart was bursting under the torture.

She was very ill indeed. Many ladies joined in the cabin, and they were all sick. There was a little girl of timid aspect, a year or so older than Lily, who appeared to have a certain keenness as a kind of penal chastisement ordained for her sins, and who, in the intervals of nausea, screamed, "Oh, don't die, mamma dear, for I will be good!" and the like deprecatory ejaculations. There was one lady, tall and thin, with cadaverous lineaments, who occasionally uttered a request to be thrown overboard; there was another, stout, of a florid complexion, who had been exceedingly jolly all the afternoon, and who now, with a ghastly visage, and rolled up into a ball in a corner, moaned for her observable, "It's coming, it's coming! I hear it, I hear it! I hear it! Lawks ha mercy upon us!" probably anticipating the Day of Judgment for the ship, or the end of the world. And there was a poor little baby, who, in the course of seven hours, assumed the appearance, derived from Indian yellow to bistre, and from neutral tint to grey-green, which was given to her for many times. It was an awful night. The stewardess bore it unmoved. She was a hardy young woman, paid to do it, I should say, but to keep a sharp look-out after her dues; and although on shore I dare say she was as truthful a young woman as ever was born, yet, possessed of ordinary life, she was, on board the *Harlequin*, a prodigy of cool mendacity, declaring when the *Harlequin* was off Boulogne that it was a "splendid night in," and when tossing about Deal, that her young man remaining the steward—had just seen "Belong light."

There was somebody else who was not sick; the handsome young lady. Lily observed that. She lay down on a sofa, covered herself with a great shawl, and went resolutely to sleep. Once or twice in the course of the night, Lily noticed she apostrophized the *Harlequin*, the company that owned it, and the captain and crew who navigated it, in bitterly opprobrious terms. The stewardess also she was mercilessly hard upon, for the offense of wearing thick shoes; and more than once she child Lily for making a noise. She tended the suffering child, however, with a kind of stern tenderness, and then went to sleep again.

At last this night of torment came to a close. The *Harlequin* escaped at break of day from the buffeting boiling waters of the Channel into the smooth waters of the port, and Lily was carried in the arms of a seaman, who in his outward guise looked very like a grisly bear, but in his manners was as gentle as a lamb, up a ladder to a quay. There the seaman set her down on the shore of France.

A little man, not so very much taller than Lily, but with a big mustache, and a huge cutlass, and a broad sword-belt, and a very tall glazed shako, immediately seized on the Noah's ark which the seaman had deposited by Lily's side. The little man was close by her, but she forbore to scream the little man by the throat or to claim him over the quay into the water. She spoke him very fair, and called him "Monsieur." Lily noticed that on this new ground her protectress was quite polite. The little soldier, however (he had red epaulets and braided red swords on his shoulders), was as fierce as she was mild, and called out in a formidable voice, "A droite, à la Banane. Marche!" Those were the days when Waterloo was still remembered, when international alliances and treaties of commerce were not thought of, and when the little sisters of King Louis Philippe the First were very apt to be made to dance over when they had authority.

Half stupefied, trembling and dizzy with the soonest acquired, worst borne, and easiest cured of human misfortunes—bored with the novelty of the scene, the glimmering lanterns contending with the gray dawn, the clash of arms, the hoarse voices of soldiers and porters vociferating to each other in a strange language—the child followed her conductors to the custom-house. But ar- rived there, Lily's inquisitive could not refrain from asking her companion why all the soldiers had red legs and why they seemed so very angry with the porters.

Soon a stranger sight absorbed her attention. In the long, low, dusky, leaden room, twenty trunks were arranged wide open, and as many men all with mustaches, or looking like soldiers, and all in a great hurry, were examining packing beds. At least they tossed and tumbled the contents of all the trunks about as though they were shaking out beds: an operation which Lily had often watched with intense interest in Mrs. Bunnycastle's sleeping apartment at Rhododendron Villa. Then the braided gentleman who had given her the chocolate was in the very darkest of the corners, and had at least a dozen trunks to be tossed and tumbled over. He brandished a huge bunch of keys, and seemed quite as angry as the men who looked like soldiers.

At length it came to the turn of Lily and her protectress. As the soldiers seized the lady's portmanteau, she turned to declare;" whereupon she looked as though she would have very much liked to declare that it was bad, and she was in her behavior now, and observed that she had nothing liable to duty. Lily's little outfit was arranged with such lordliness that even Lily was driven to fury even the placable Mr. Ruans at Bowwig & Co.'s. The lady's store of purple and fine linen was recklessly rumpled, and then crammed back again into her portmanteau, as though it were mere rags.

Even when the trunks were re-locked, and their lids inscribed with cabalistic flourishes in chalk, their examination was not at an end; for they were conducted into a naked, whitewashed apartment, over the door of which the word "Octroi" was painted, and there were subjected, at the hands of perhaps the ugliest and snuffiest old woman who ever wore gold rings in her ears and a male coat, to a search, to the minutest of personal search. It is scarcely needful to say that there was no such ceremony performed upon Lily. There was very little outside her, and nothing at all inside her but nausea. The lady was passed over as though as an unconsidered ordeal which has happily become a thing of the past; but she contrived to lose her temper, and gave the old woman a piece of her mind—for which assumed such formidable dimensions, that the female searcher began to yell for "la garde," and the little soldiers led her with a five-foot piece. There were some other ladies, however, who gave vent to screams, and one or two hysterics, another vowed she would write to the *Times*, and a third made reiterated and passionate appeals to the Deity (meaning her absent husband), who was himself being searched in an adjoining apartment, strewing flowers of elocurses of the most romantic and malignant donnurs. I think all the ladies who screamed contrived to smuggle something; and the lady passed out she was the one—the lady who had been so very anxious to be thrown overboard in the passage—of innumerable strips of contraband textile fabrics as though she had been a bad leg.

Outside the custom-house there was much crowding and shouting; and a mob of shabby men, whose hair looked dreadfully in want of cutting, entered the douane, thrusting themselves into their hands, and bawling out the names of different hotels. And, staggering before her, Lily saw an old, wizened, dingy, swarthy personage, ugly of the one who had half dragged her inclosed child out of the custom-house—with short petticoats of linsey-woolsey, and very stout legs, and very thick shoes, and a very round back, on which were perched the lady's large portmanteau, and Cutwig & Co.'s outfit. The old lady wore a mob-cap too, but she wore a man's hat over that, and a pea-jacket over her gown body, and presented a hybrid maritime appearance.

They found at last a carriage, and were taken to a hotel. And there Lily was put to bed. Quite exhausted and tired, she fell into a blessed balmy sleep, and did not wake up till late in the afternoon, when she found herself ravenously hungry, and as well as a little girl of eight years of age, with whom there had been nothing the matter but a bad fit of sea-sickness on the previous day, could be.

The lady was writing letters at a little table by the bedside.

"You lazy little thing," she said, but not very harshly. "I'm sholld have been on our road to Paris hours ago. You have made me miss the diligence, and now we shall have to wait until to-morrow morning."

Some dinner was ordered, and it was brought by a waiter who looked quite like a gentleman and had beautiful whiskers—but not so beautiful as those of the gentleman with the chocolate—and a clean white apron that reached down to his slippered feet. "Very well, he said quietly," and," thought Lily to herself, "whatever Mrs. Bunnycastle think if a man with whiskers were to come into the kitchen!"

Lily had a little cutlet for dinner, and some potatoes fried in delicate brown. The thin wine was very much like to have a dress for a doll of that hue.

"I like dining here better than at the large house without a bit of fun in," she said, emboldened by the not unfavorable glance the lady had cast upon her while she was eating. "It is almost as good as dinner at school."

The lady frowned. "Petite bavarde," she retorted. "Always wants to hear no comparisons. You are to forget Greenwich; you are to forget the school where you were spoilt and petted by those foolish old women. You are going to a school where you will be treated properly, and have very different dinners."

Lily sighed and relapsed into silence.

Toward sunset the lady took her for a walk about the streets, which seemed very strange to Lily, but pleased her mightily. The houses were very white, and most of the windows had bright green blinds. The shops were full of the most delightful toys that Lily had ever seen, and among them she recognized with delight numerous little dolls the exact counter-fe old woman in the pea-jacket and the short petticoat, who had carried the lady's portmanteau and Cutwig & Co.'s trunk from the custom-house to the carriage. Only these dolls hadn't any short pipes in their mouths as the real woman had.

If Lily had been with Miss Barbara Bunnycastle she would have dragged her to the window and kept her there for ten minutes admiring the merits of these dolls. If she had been with the tall gentleman who had given her chocolate—she seemed to feel the impress of his lips on her forehead now—she would have asked him boldly to buy her one. But she felt that she would have told him that she would pay for it when she grew up. But she was afraid to say such things to the lady, who walked on briskly with the fascinating images by casting furtive glances over her shoulder. She could not help, however—or at least some invisible power whose wisdom was positively bursting with bile—saying the lady with the old women at the customhouse were, and why some of them were red petticoats and some blue? They had met more women than one of the same stamp in the course that afternoon; but they were barefoot, and wore yellow kirkles, and carried great nets slung on sticks over their shoulders.

The lady told her, tartly, that the old women were sailors' widows. "It is good to be a widow," she continued, "when your husband is a robber, and a villain, and a fâche. Now ask me no more questions. Tu m'agaces."

Lily went to bed for a walk on the pier, where it blew very hard, and a brave color came into Lily's cheeks, which the lady of the house thought had rendered wan. They met a good many gentlemen who seemed on speaking terms with the lady. Some of them patted Lily on the head, but she did not like them. They seemed coarse and rude to her.

"They are not so nice as the gentlemen at Greenwich," she remarked, timidly. "Ah! what a nice gentleman that was who said he was wicked!" But the lady believe he was wicked. He had such beautiful eyes, and he was so kind to me. He don't like nasty children."

Her companion angrily bade her, for a little fool, hold her tongue, and they resumed their promenade. They passed a great many fine ladies who were on speaking terms with the countries, but were on starving terms with their countrymen, and Lily noticed that the female searcher began to yell for "la garde," and the little soldiers led her with a five-foot piece. There were some other ladies, however, who gave vent to screams, and one or two hysterics, another vowed she would write to the *Times*, and a third made reiterated and passionate appeals to the Deity (meaning her absent husband), who was himself being searched in an adjoining apartment, strewing flowers of elocurses of the most romantic and malignant donnurs. I think all the ladies who screamed contrived to smuggle something; and the lady passed out she was the one—the lady who had been so very anxious to be thrown overboard in the passage—of innumerable strips of contraband textile fabrics as though she had been a bad leg.

Outside the custom-house there was much crowding and shouting; and a mob of shabby men, whose hair looked dreadfully in want of cutting, entered the douane, thrusting themselves into their hands, and bawling out the names of different hotels. And, staggering before her, Lily saw an old, wizened, dingy, swarthy personage, ugly of the one who had half dragged her inclosed child out of the custom-house—with short petticoats of linsey-woolsey, and very stout legs, and very thick shoes, and a very round back, on which were perched the lady's large portmanteau, and Cutwig & Co.'s outfit. The old lady wore a mob-cap too, but she wore a man's hat over that, and a pea-jacket over her gown body, and presented a hybrid maritime appearance.

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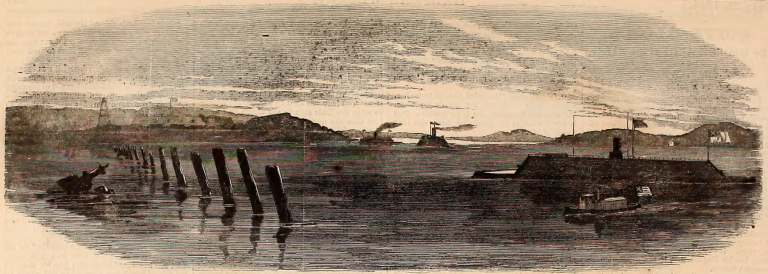
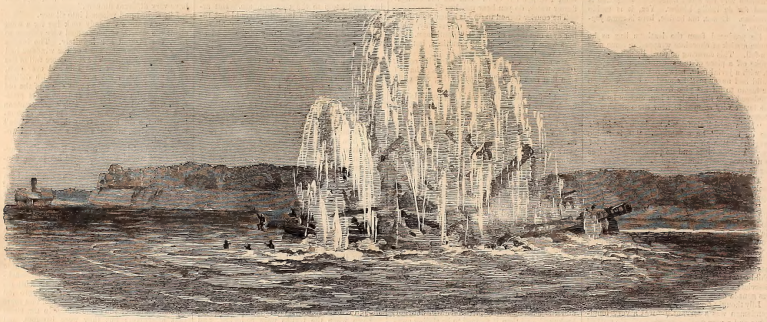


FORT DARLING AND THE REBEL IRON-CLADS ON THE JAMES, SEVEN MILES BELOW RICHMOND.



DESTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "COMMODORE JONES" ON THE JAMES.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—HANCOCK'S CORPS CROSSING THE RAPIDAN, WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 339.]

THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE LATE GENERAL JAMES C. RICE.

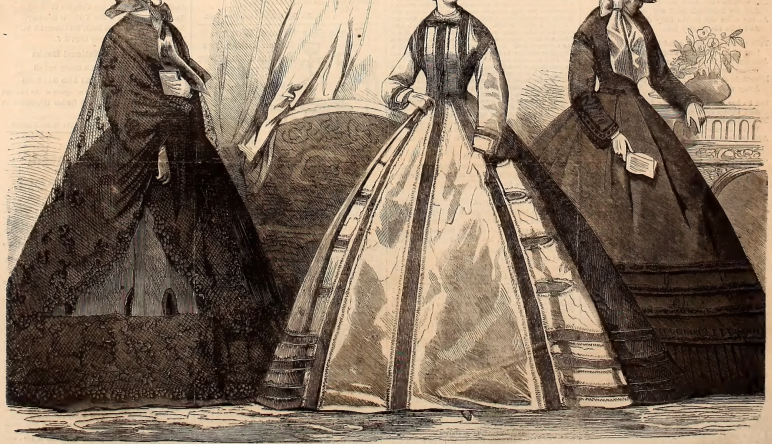
GENERAL JAMES C. RICE.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES C. RICE, whose portrait we give above, was one of the bravest and truest men in the Army of the Potomac—a Christian soldier in the best sense of the phrase. He was born in Worthington, in the hill-country of Massachusetts; was a graduate of Yale College; practiced law for some years, first in Natchez, Mississippi, and later in this city; and entered the army as a private soldier when the war broke out. He rose, through his own merits and bravery, from this position to that of Brigadier-General. He fought in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged except that of Antietam, from which he was absent by reason of a severe attack of typhoid fever. At Gettysburg he distinguished himself, as Colonel commanding a brigade, on the left of our line, and was appointed Brigadier at the request of General MEADE. He was, in battle, constantly in the front, and exposed himself without stint; but he was never hit but once, and that was fatally, in the battle of Tuesday, though in almost every battle he received bullets in his clothes or hat. At Malvern six bullets passed through his clothing. General RICE was a consistent and zealous Christian, a man devoted heart and soul to his country, and ready at all times to make the greatest sacrifices for the cause of Union and Liberty.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK

THE "Fighting Sixth" has lost its General. The portrait of this, the oldest of the corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, we give on this page. JOHN SEDGWICK was born in Connecticut in 1817, graduated at West Point in 1837, went into the artillery, in 1839 was made First Lieutenant, was brevetted Captain for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco, and Major in Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and San Cosmo Gate; the former brevet was confirmed by commission in 1846, and the latter in 1855. In 1861 he entered this present conflict as Colonel of the First Cavalry, and, August 4, was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers. His commission as Major-General dated from July 4, 1862.

A very modest man was General SEDGWICK; but he was the idol of his Corps, who all called him "Uncle John," and his intrinsic worth as a soldier was



PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 350.]

rewarded by successive promotions. He was twice wounded on the Peninsula, where he commanded a Division of SUMNER'S Corps. Succeeding General SMITH in the command of the Sixth Corps, he participated in the second assault on Fredericksburg and in the battle of Gettysburg. He always inspired his men with his own dauntlessness; and his courage on Friday night, May 6, when his flank was turned, and SHALER'S and SEYMOUR'S brigades driven back, saved the whole army from the full force of the blow. He was shot by a sharp-shooter, not as he would have desired, in the heat of action, but while adjusting a piece of artillery, on Monday, May 9.

Here! whose soul was grandly strong and still
When the still waves of battle round it broke,
And through the hours of tumult, fire, and smoke,
Held up the sinking lines with iron will;
Whose grasp was only less severe than death's,
What joy was thine upon the fruits of fame
To join the throng of immortal names,
Who sit above in spirit council-hall!
At the last victory flight his sword embathes.
We would have kept thee; we are selfish, all;
Fairest that we on bended knees should fall
And say, "We thank Thee, God, in this our woe,
That Thou hast given us strength to let him go.
So much of his was ours, even to the faltering wrestle."

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE Parisian spring of the good old times has returned in 1864, with its pleasant accompaniments of early violets and lilac flowers. There was a general laying aside of furs and woolens, and wearing beneath the genial sunshine of the charming month of April. Simple dresses, composed of robe and paletot, and of uniform color throughout, were predominant; and light-blue, light-green, and light-pink silks were introduced into pleasant relief by the brilliant sunlight. A considerable diminution in the amplitude of the skirts must be noted with satisfaction; indeed, the employment of steel crinoline seems to be altogether on the decrease. The suppleness and grace of the spring costumes this year could not have been attained otherwise than by the adoption of underclothing of a softer description. The small elegance of FANCHETTE, rather in fact, and passing with a simple curve down to the bavolet, are decidedly in favor at this moment, the materials preferred being crape and silk, and the latest ornament a sort of narrow scarf inside and outside, as shown in one of our illustrations.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for a Wedding Party.*—Mauve blue moiré antique robe, ornamented above the deep lace flounce adorning the skirt with three bias velvet bands, edged with narrow black guipure. Long black lace shawl. White crape bonnet, decorated with feathers and an aigrette above the rounded lace bavolet a rich blue velvet cincture, of the same tint as the bow and strings.

Fig. 2. *Evening Dress for a Young Lady.*—Silver-gray robe in foulard de Chêne, richly trimmed, as shown in the engraving, with blue silk stripes and narrow edging. The dress is cut in the style denominated the *Forme Impératrice*, and an open sleeve and chemisette are ornamented with stripes and bands to match those on the skirt. Small bias collar, finished by a rose-pink cravat.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Robe of iron-gray taffety, provided with a fluted skirt, surmounted by four rows of passementerie. The corsage is a basque, and the shoulders and cuffs are also trimmed with passementerie ornaments. The sewing-bonnet, with a tulle scarf beneath the front edge stitching a small feather. The scarf ornament is also repeated outside the bonnet.

ON THE BLOCKADE.

THE sound of the blasing steam is low,
And silent the flapping sail;
The western skies have lost their glow,
And the heathlands faint and pale;
As the sailor sits on the tarry deck
And tells his ghostly tale.

Tells of the ship that sailed his dreams
Last night down the watch we keep;
And the tale to the wondering landmen seems,
Whose first prize is not won,
Like their friends' blissful nightly ghosts that passed
Away with the morning sun.

But he has rocked on the sea for years,
And knows its mystery well;
The homing instinct through the waves he hears
When the mermaid blows her shell;
And he knows how the ocean spirits cast
Or true dreams a spell.

"Just below the horizon rim,"
Said he, "the steamer sailed;
I could make her course by the smoke-line dim
That clung the horizon trailed;
But the salt-sea mist was up in my eye,
And to make her hull I failed.

Round in an hour came up the speed,
But never a knot we gained;
Every sail on the yards was spread,
And the bellys spanned and strained;
And night and day a shark's fierce eye
On me like a gun was trained.

He did round, and we did round,
And the same steamer too,
Till we passed beyond our cruising-ground
To the Gulf Stream swift and blue—
Till we wound far into the outer sea
Unsailed by a mortal crew.

I grew old, and the ship grew old,
With the years of that ghostly chase;
The sailors' mark grew thin and cold,
And pallid the captain's face;
But the steamer was ever as far away,
And the shark he kept his place.

At last both ships into my dream
Dissolved from the ocean wide,
And the waters changed to an inky stream,
And a boatman rowed its tide;
I sat a ghost at the bow, and the shark
His hunger had satisfied."

"Come, sailor," a brawny landsman said,
"That was a dream you know."
"On whom do you think the shark had fed?"
Said the sailor quick and low.
"Fed on the ghostly winds that through
Your sailor fancies blow."

"We shall make short work of the next black ship
That sneaks from out Nassau,
For a prize the water is on my lip,
And a hunger in my maw;
Come, let's turn in, for the watch is done,
And the wind is getting raw."

What, ho! A dark bulk cleaves the sea,
And ashore is a signal light;
Up! for the steam slugs merrily;
The chase shall be short to-night;
But the sailor looks where a shark throws off
A trail of blue fire bright.

The shark 'alk melts into the dark,
And the signal lights pass dim;
The prize is lost, but the hungry shark
Has a mile light banquet grim,
And the land-man knows that the sailor's dream
Was a foresight into him.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Coin-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The MORTON GOLD PENS are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but MORTON has in no case increased his Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach the subscriber's entire satisfaction, and the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted. Readers, you can have no safer, surer, more handy, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than a Steel Pen; and at the present premium on Gold and Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

SEWING MACHINE AND HAND KNITTING.
ALL KINDS at BARTLETT'S, 442 Broadway, N. Y.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS.

BY ONE WHO HAS WORN THEM.—Parties interested in Artificial Legs will obtain much valuable information by reading the following reply to a letter, "asking advice about purchasing, &c.

REPLY.

PERRY, Ark., April 13, 1864.

Mr. Painter, Cincinnati, O.

DEAR SIR; Yours of March 15th, just received, and contents noted. You say you want my opinion on the corrugated rubber leg; so you will have a candid one, I will answer you candidly. If you get a leg made out of wood, you may be fitted for any at from one to five years; but your stump will get thinner a good deal, and you will have to put on under the place where the shaving goes in. In my experience with wooden legs, I have found this to be a great inconvenience. In the second place, the joints in wooden leg are not made strong enough, for this reason; every time you step, the joint gives a concussion, it naturally sprains the ankle-joint, which, after a week or so, becomes loose and is easily broken. In the metallic leg, which I gave away with altogether, by a stout rubber that sets like a joint, and every time you step on an uneven surface, yields like a natural foot. You will see that the metallic leg is altogether superior as a walking leg, and also only one half what a wooden one costs. Another reason is, that the mechanism in a metallic leg is very simple, whereas in a wooden leg it is so complicated that if anything gives out you will have to send to the manufacturer, and the manufacturer's, and they will charge you a good round sum for it. I, for one, advise you to get a metallic leg for cheapness, lightness, and durability. If you get such a leg of A. W. WILSON, 491 Broadway, New York, send me, you will get a good, substantial leg. Hoping you may be suited at last, and that you will have good luck all over $500 for limbs. I remain yours, I. GUNTHER, JR.

Mr. Gunther doesn't mention three important advantages my leg has over all others.

1st. I guarantee a fit in all cases.

2d. The measure can be sent, and the leg returned by Express, thereby saving the time and expense of coming to New York to be fitted.

3d. It makes no noise.

OFFER.

I have such implicit confidence in my Improved Rubber Leg, that I will give any one purchasing a stocking-leg if if they are not satisfied, after six months' trial, and I will return the money, less twenty-five dollars. Price from $75 to $100.

Send for a circular to J. W. WILSON.

Office and salesroom 491 Broadway, New York; Edwin H. Wetzel, 91 West 4th street, Cincinnati, O.

NEW VOCAL MUSIC.—"For the Dear Old Flag" to Die." "Was my Brother in the Battle?" "Hurry Me in the Morning." "Will They Be True?" "I will Be True to Thee." "Merry Little Birds are We." "If you've any gift a Mountain." "The Little Rebel Girl," "When Old friends were Here," and "She was all the World to Me."—Just out. "Home Again." "I Hear Angel Voices Singing." "Kindly Words and Smiling Faces," and "Hymn of Nature." "Sweet Spirit Hear My Little Soul," "Dying Drummer," "Weep no More for Lilly," "Katy Did and Katy Didn't," "The Hood Never Strikes his Mother," "Dost Thou Ever Think of Me, Love," "Mary Joy, the Contraband," "The New Emancipation Song," and "The Angels are Hovering Near." Beethoven's "Dear Gem, I Think of Thee." "The Rose of Clifton Dale." —Lawrence.—"Christ will Care for Mother Now."—Words too. All of which are recommended. Price 30 cents each. Mailed free. HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—You will get the Recipe for a sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, and all lung complaints, by sending to Rev. Chas Irons Box 3531, New York. He sends it free. Write for it.—It has cured thousands.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."
THE GOLD PEN.—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description, viz.:*

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Reliable Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but are suitable to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

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For 90 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 2 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 09 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 25, a No. 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $3 75 a No. 9 Pen; $4 25 a No. 10 Pen, all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENHOLDERS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 2 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

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The "1st Quality" are polished with the very best Iridium Points, Pointed, Ground, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the nicest Workmanship can attain.

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All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk; and to all who remit a sum of money for the purpose of sending me the price of goods ordered, I will guarantee the safe delivery.

Either Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

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These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 3th, 1864, which provides that all Bonds issued under this Act SHALL BE REDEEMED IN COIN, at the pleasure of the Government, at any period not *less than ten nor more than forty years* from their date; and until their redemption FIVE PER CENT. INTEREST WILL BE PAID IN COIN, on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually and on all other Bonds semi-annually. The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year.

At these Bonds, by Act of Congress, are

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At the present rate of premium on gold they pay

Over Eight per Cent. Interest

in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

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These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums from $50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and to the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

The Funded Debt of the United States on which interest is payable in gold, on the 1st day of March, 1864, was $768,385,600. The interest on this debt for the coming fiscal year will be $45,937,136, while the customs revenue in gold for the current fiscal year, ending June 30th, 1864, has been so far at the rate of over $100,000,000 per annum.

It will be seen that even the present gold revenues of the Government are largely in excess of the wants of the Treasury for the payment of gold interest, while the receipts because of the tariff will doubtless raise the annual receipts from customs on the same amount of importations to $150,000,000 per annum.

The authorized amount of the loan is Two Hundred Million Dollars.

Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued until March 8th, but the amount of Bonds reported sold at the United States Treasury up to May 14th was

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3000 " " " ..... 3 00 to 5 00 each.
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3000 Masaic and Jet Brooches..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches.. 4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4 00 to 6 00 each.
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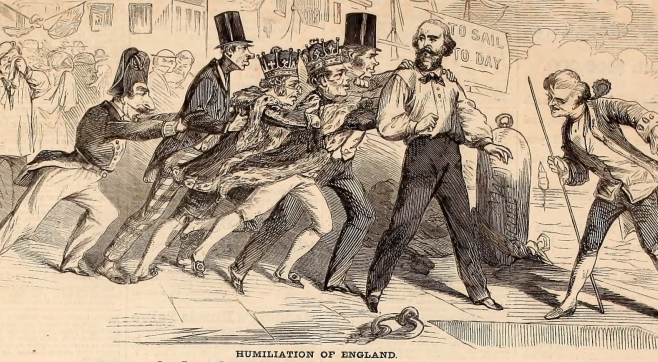

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 388.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

WE give on the preceding page a portrait of Major-General WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, commanding the Department of the Mississippi, and just now prominently before the country in connection with the Federal victories in Georgia. General SHERMAN is forty-six years of age, and is regarded as one of the ablest officers in the service. A sketch of his life was published in No. 370 of the *Weekly*, March 12, 1864.

TOUCH THEM TENDERLY.

O TOUCH them tenderly; they fell
In the harsh storm of shot and shell,
When, like a vast Plutonian bell,
Rang the responding air
To artillerean thunder-strokes,
Shivering a chained nation's yokes,
The dappling pines and spreading oaks
Fell with the soldiers there.

Touch tenderly these sons of MARS;
Wrap SEDGWICK in the flag of stars;
Sponge the brows blood from WE LCOTT'S scars,
Through which his spirit fled
From honor here to glory where
The banner lies in fields of air,
Is bright with stars forever fair,
Without the stripes of red.

Touch tenderly the living braves:
Blessed be the gentle hand that saves
A hero! while our banner waves
The loyal heart will live
With quicker pulses where they tread.
Bind softly the poor wounds that bled
Where the wild-flowers their odors shed,
Making the free air sweet.

Touch tenderly the gallant men
Who smile at their red wounds, and then
Ask to be ordered back again,
To join the fight anew;
To go where GRANT and HANCOCK lead;
To follow BUTLER, BURNSIDE, MEADE;
To watch and march and charge and bleed
Where waves the starry blue.

Touch tenderly the man whose life
Is dear to mother, sweet-heart, wife,
Whose blood was poured out in the strife
Of liberty with crime:
For braver than the Spartan band
Are the defenders of the land,
Who like a living bulwark stand,
Each crowned with deeds sublime.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1864.

OUR WAR MAPS.

THE readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will find it for their advantage hereafter for constant reference to the elaborate and complete Maps of the Seat of War published in the last Number. Every important place and position is so carefully laid down in these Maps that the reader can trace upon them, from day to day, the movements of our armies under GRANT in Virginia and under SHERMAN in Georgia, and those of the enemy under LEE and JOHNSTON, opposed to them. They can thus gain a clear and intelligent view of the design and effect of the various movements and counter-movements of the belligerents.

"NOT EVERY ONE THAT SAITH LORD! LORD!"

THE papers which were lately suspended in this city profess an overpowering regard for the Government and the Union. They do not deny that the war for the maintenance of both has reached a most important crisis. They will agree that it is the duty of all good citizens who wish, as well as profess to wish, that the rebellion may be conquered forever, to make every allowance for the exercise at such a time of that supreme discretion which necessarily belongs to every Government. They will be disposed to view the acts of the Government, even when irritating and ill-judged, as more leveled at the liberties of the citizen but at the crimes of rebels. They will concede that at a moment like this the publication of a forged proclamation of the President to the effect that the struggle is going disastrously against us is an offense of the gravest kind, whose tendency is to strike a fatal blow at the cause for which hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens are fighting and falling in the field. They can not seriously plead that it is only "a hoax," nor mean absurdly to excuse themselves by saying that they had left their columns without any responsible supervision. Their columns, by their own confessed negligence, have been made the vehicle of a damaging blow at the Union and Government to which they so zealously profess their devotion, and however sincerely they may deplore the order by which they were suspended, they will honorably allow that, under the circumstances, they ought to suffer some kind of penalty, and will believe that the suppression, however mistaken an act, came from patriotic zeal rather than from despotic tyranny.

Now let every candid man decide whether, granting that the suppression of those papers was ill-judged, their comments upon the act show a sincere desire to forbear with the Government, or whether they are not intended to do exactly what the forged proclamation they published was meant to do—namely, to perplex the Government of the United States, disheaten the loyal armies, encourage the rebels, and invite foreign interference?

It is strange, of course, that journals which, by their own account, are so devoted to the salvation of the country, should put the worst conceivable interpretation upon every act of the Government; should stimulate opposition to the raising of soldiers by draft; should resist —with an acrimony that might, except for that professed devotion, be called patriotism—the whole policy of the Government; very strange indeed that papers so zealously loyal in profession should constantly denounce the Government so much more fiercely than the rebellion that they are universally considered as virtual friends of the rebels. But such is the present state of affairs. And there are probably people to be found at this moment, and intelligent and loyal people too, who sincerely believe that both of those journals, if they were swindled, hoaxed that the proclamation might be genuine; people who think that it is not a hearty loyalty to the Government which habitually does depict the Government as the real enemy of our liberties; people, in fine, who believe that neither of the journals, so professedly loyal, would be very sorely grieved if the Government of the United States should be overthrown by a compromise with rebels. It is our firm faith that such people could be found. And if it were asked us, how we will reply to papers in question exclaim, "Of what avail then are the loudest professions of loyalty!"

TWO GLIMPSES OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

WE have lately had two glimpses of JEFFERSON DAVIS, and plenty enough. About a month ago a little son of his fell from a balcony and was killed, and on the Sunday afternoon after the funeral, which was the day subsequent to the battle of the Wilderness, DAVIS is described sitting alone in his pew in church, clad in deep black, a figure of utter grief and woe. The second glimpse was at the funeral of the rebel General J. E. B. STUART. It took place at a late hour in the afternoon. The scene was most dreary. "The sad duties were read" as if there must be no time lost. The gun that threatened Richmond with justice roared beyond the city. No military escort accompanied the procession to the grave. Only the family, and the burial service at the church, JEFFERSON DAVIS is seen sitting near the front "with a look of grief upon his care-worn face."

Care-worn his face may well be at a soldier's funeral, for he has caused more funerals, more agonized heart-breaks, more comfortless sorrow, than any man on this side the moon. Nor is there probably a more wretched being in the world. Balked in his ambitious and long-plotted schemes, unsupported by those upon whom he counted in the North, deserted and disdained by the British Government, sick and sad in soul and body, his whole crime is punished by a solitary ray of extenuation or excuse. That his theory of the National Government might honestly differ from ours may be admitted; but that he should assert it by a mere defiance, by the least excuse of oppression, at such cost of blood and sorrow, is itself an atrocity. While to assert it, as he and his party have done, with the basest and most odious of purposes, is an inexpiable wickedness. Even could he succeed, and his Confederacy secure its position among recognized states, the infamy of its origin could no more be forgotten than the source of a fortune which sprang from the slave-trade.

Even could the effort to destroy the Union and divide the country prosper, the object of the destruction would be forever remembered. Great the success; enormous the hate the rebellion triumphs! So you think JEFFERSON DAVIS would rank in history with MILTIADES, with CURTIUS, with ALFRED, with WASHINGTON, with WILLIAM TELL, with WASHINGTON, with BOLIVAR, with GARIBALDI? Would his name be hailed with love and enthusiasm as a friend of humanity? Would his epitaph would have no higher theme? brain than this: "He destroyed a great, powerful and prosperous nation because it refused to be degraded, and to see its commerce, its ship, women and sell babies unchallenged." In American history the crime of BENEDICT ARNOLD disappears beside the crime of JEFFERSON DAVIS. The gloom that shrouded him in these two glimpses in the church will never pass away from his figure as it is seen in history—the gloom of unrelieved infamy.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARMY.

IF any body is troubled by the fact that there are skulkers from our armies, let him remember that it is so every where, and in all armies. When General SIDNEY JOHNSON was in the rebel command in Tennessee he issued an order, the details of which we take from the *Richmond Examiner* of that time, by which every captain was to call the roll of his company before going into action, and again upon coming out, when every man who was not dead, wounded, or absent upon duty was to be cast forthwith as a cowardice. Carrying the wounded from the field during action was prohibited, and every man going to the rear upon any pretense was to be shot by the file officers.

There are doubtless some skulkers in our armies; but the spirit of the Union soldiers as a mass is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. An eyewitness tells us that the Army of the Potomac began with faith in General GRANT, but that the first week's fighting so endeared him to them that the faith has become a life of worship, and the army moves and fights under that inspiration as one hero. The same spirit seizes them every where; and the knee of one of the best cavalry regiments in the service, on duty elsewhere, which, notwithstanding the preference of all savalry for its own branch, has asked to be dismounted and sent to the front as infantry to fight under GRANT.

We do not wonder the eye-witness declares that he and his army have no more doubt of success than of the sun's rising.

FORGETFULNESS.

THE Richmond *Examiner*, of May 12, exclaims: "Heaven and earth now call upon the Government to bring it all the troops at its command;" and the *Sentinel*, of May 13, says: "If we can conquer now—and God is giving us the promise of it—our work will be done." Both these papers forget what the Virginian, THOMAS JEFFERSON, said long ago: "The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest." The author which JEFFERSON contemplated was exactly that which the rebellion is waging, an attempt to remove the "only firm basis" of the liberties of a nation; namely, "a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are the gift of God, that they are not to be violated but with his wrath."

THE "RE GALANTUOMO."

THIS noble old ship of a Power which has steadily battled and buffeted on during our great struggle, torn and shattered by the tempest in which she was long supposed to have been lost, arrived at Naples about the first of May. She took from New York on board as cargo, the guns of 250,000, modore ISOLA, and from him we have received an interesting letter, from which we make the following extracts:

"The journal I send (*Il Pungolo*, Naples, May 5) can not give you an idea of the joy which pervades the whole city. Forty thousand people shouting for joy is a spectacle not often seen or heard; while more substantial tokens of the general interest felt in the *Re Galantuomo* are not wanting. A grand banquet is to be given to all, even the crew, and the city is to be illuminated.....Commodore ISOLA was very courteous and solicitous for the welfare of his solitary guest amidst all the trouble and anxiety of our fearful storm as in the first bright days of New York, and the pleasant sail from the Azores to Gibraltar, and thence to Naples. The officers are simply *heroes*. Their courage, brave endurance, and straightforward forty-days' voyage (which we had good cause to without hope for three days), is something not to be forgotten. And yet, withal, so unostentatious and quiet. I shall love Italy and the Italians while I live. What a noble thing it was those frigates searching for us! They should know how heartily it is appreciated. The formal acknowledgments and decorations and honors of the Italian Government do not tell half the warm gratitude all on board the *Galantuomo* bear toward them."

The journal *Il Pungolo* describes at length, and with enthusiasm, the festal reception of the *Re Galantuomo*, and after a vivid account of the storm, during which only two men were injured, and all were heroes, as our correspondent writes, the editor exclaims, with natural pride, "With such men Italy may certainly soon become one of the great maritime powers of the world." The circumstances connected with the *Galantuomo* have served to bind this country only the more closely to the land of CAVOUR, of GARIBALDI, and of VICTOR EMMANUEL. *Viva* GARIBALDI! *Viva il Re Galantuomo!*

GREAT BATTLES.

WHILE all our minds are so intent upon the fierce Virginia fights, and of speculation upon their progress and results, it will be useful to remember the facts of other great historic battles.

The details of the old Greek and Persian and Roman contests are of course more or less fanciful, but they doubtless indicate the relative forces. At Marathon the Athenians are said to have but 10,000 to the Persians' 100,000. The Athenians lost 192; the Persians 6400, and were defeated. Then came XERXES with his famous army, which he gave in detail, horse and foot, fleet, army, and followers, at 2,500,000. Against this invasion 7000 Greeks held the Pass of Thermopylæ, and upon the marble lion of LEONIDAS was the inscription: "Here 4000 Peloponnesians fought with 3,000,000 of foes." HERODOTUS, who loves a generous measure, says there were 5 500,000. At Arbela the tradition makes ALEXANDER vise the Great with 47,000 horse and 1,040,000 Persians. At Cannæ HANNIBAL had 50,000, and of the 80,000 Romans slain there were at least 40 thousand of the Roman force escaped. At Pharsalia JULIUS CÆSAR with 22,000 routed POMPEY with 52,000.

In later times GUSTAVUS VASA at LÜTZEN with 18,500 foot and horse defeated WALLENSTEIN with 15,000. At Blenheim, one of the pivotal battles in European history, the final check to LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH'S ambition, the French and Bavarians under TALLARD were 60,000 with 61 guns; the Allies under MARLBOROUGH and PRINCE EUGENE were 56,000 with 52 guns. The battle wavered at intervals during the day, but at last, with a loss of 5000 killed and 8000 wounded, MARLBOROUGH almost destroyed the French army, which lost 12,000 killed, 14,000 prisoners, all its guns, with its General and 1200 officers. Not more than 20,000 of its effective men ever reassembled. At Pultown CHARLES THE TWELFTH with 24,000 men fought nearly 60,000 Russians. CHARLES was defeated, and lost nearly half of his army.

The NAPOLEON campaigns are the story of the most sanguinary battles. Yet in Egypt, as the famous battle of the Pyramids at the beginning of his career, NAPOLEON, with 10,000 French under KLEBER, routed 60,000 Egyptians and destroyed the Mamelukes; and the French loss, according to PATOUT, the latest authority, after unknown hours of severe exertion, was no more than 10 killed and 30 wounded. At Marengo NAPOLEON, with 28,000, defeated 31,000 Austrians, killing 7000 and capturing 3000, with artillery and standards, and losing about 7000. At Austerlitz the Allies were 75,000 strong, NAPOLEON 80,000. The Allies were overwhelmed, losing 10,000 killed, 20,000 prisoners, 185 guns, 400 caissons, and 45 standards. At Wagram NAPOLEON had a magnificent army of 170,000 foot, 30,000 cavalry, and 750 guns. The Allies brought into action more than 140,000. The battle was decisive. The loss on each side was about 25,000, and the French captured a few guns. At Borodino the French counted 125,000, the Russians 130,000. The latter lost 52,000, the former 80,000. In the whole Russian campaign, of an army which is rounded by modern at 500,000, NAPOLEON lost 240,000 killed, 193,000 captured, and 132,000 dead of hunger, disease, and exposure. Yet the next year he crossed the Rhine again with an army of 350,000. At Leipsic, with 175,000 men and 750 guns, he was defeated by the Allies with nearly 300,000 men and more than 1300 guns. The battle lasted for three days, and was one of the most fiercely contested ever known. The Allies had more than 60,000, the Allies more than 40,000. The tough old TORY ALISON says that it was this battle which "delivered Europe from French tyranny." But NAPOLEON made one more and final effort. He began the four days' campaign of Waterloo with 130,000 men. Upon the actual field the Allied reinforcements give the English 49,608 foot, 12,402 horse, 5645 artillery, with 156 guns; in all, 67,655, of which about 24,000 were British. The French had 48,950 foot, 15,765 horse, 7232 artillery, with 246 guns; in all, 71,947. The battle lasted for eight hours. The British loss was 15,000 killed and wounded. The French army was virtually destroyed, and NAPOLEON SOLD again went it.

The battles of our Revolution were hardly more than skirmishes. On Long Island the American army numbered 9000, of which 1500 were sick. The British had 15,000 men, with 40 guns. Their loss was about 400. At Trenton we had about 2100 engaged. The Hessians, 1500 strong, had 22 out on 4. At Monmouth the forces were about 13,000 on each side. The Americans lost 200 killed and wounded. The British about 300. In the battle of the Brandywine WASHINGTON had about 11,000 effective men. The British lost in all 600. The British lost about 600 killed and wounded. The American loss was greater, but no exact returns were made. At Camden CORNWALLIS won a little more than 2000 regulars, routed our miscellaneous force of 6000. We lost 900 killed and as many wounded. The British lost in all 1200. In the Revolutionary siege of Yorktown the Americans and French were 16,000, the British 8000. During the siege our loss was about 300 killed and wounded, the British about 550.

Such are the contests those of Marathon, Arbela, Pultown, Blenheim, Waterloo, and Saratoga are ranked by Professor CREASY as among "the decisive battles of the world." Of the battles campaigns of the spring in this country shall result in a full triumph of the national arms, it will not be the least of these decisive battles.

ART-CRITICISM.

Mr. W. H. Beard:

DEAR SIR,—In the *Tribune* of May 21 you address a letter to me, justly accusing me of a note an article entitled "Art-Criticism" in *Harper's Weekly* of May 7. That article was suggested by the rejection by the Academy of Design of three pictures, which, so far as I had heard or read them, consisted of personal vituperation of the personnel of the artist. I therefore wrote the article to which you allude, in which I assert the right of every man to express his opinion of a picture however unsound his philosophy, or distasteful his style, or erroneous his conclusions, or gross his ignorance may appear to you, as you have provided always that he does not personally asperse the artist. The criticisms in question, sweeping, severe, ignorant, and arrogant as they have been called, did not seem to me to be properly described as personal attacks upon the artists criticised, and in my mail I wrote that the most exasperated artist dared not call them so. You reply that you "not only dare but do" say that they are false in that personal sense. You say that in your own case especially the "criticism" is not so much an attack upon your art as upon your moral character.

I have read the articles again, as you suggest, but I still can not agree with you that they are personal attacks. The sentence upon your *Dance of Silenus* are certainly a wholesale condemnation of that picture. It is described as "here" with other epithets that I need not repeat, and as tending to the corruption of youth. But that you are "low,"

er that you painted the picture for the purpose of corrupting youth, the critic does not say. A man may say that I state what is not true; but that is very different from calling me a liar. The question then still remains, whether a spectator looking at a picture, and thinking it to be false in art and dangerous in morals, may not publicly say so?

If I print a book, and the reader, without any acquaintance with me or prejudice against me, thinks it sophistical, false, or immoral, may he not say so? May he not warn the public against what he conceives to be the debasing influence of my book, and hope that "this man" will write no more like it? May he not declare that my book is as bad as Mrs. Beecher's, and worthy to be read and read in the stews of Corinth, if that is his opinion? He may indeed express himself in a very offensive way, but I can not fairly demand that criticism, however false I may think it in substance and arrogant in expression, as a personal attack. Therefore you are wrong in thinking that I have approved an assault upon your moral character.

If you will allow me, I will add a few words upon the general subject which has occasioned this correspondence.

You speak of what I wrote as "an inforsement of this man's articles," meaning the *Tribune* criticism. Of course when you say this, you were not aware that in *Harper's Weekly* of the previous week I had expressed my dissent from the principle, so far as I understand it, of the criticisms in question, and also with many of their special views. Now that article I say of the picture of yours, which was so severely censured by the *Tribune* critic, Count Gurowski, instead of seeming to us too indecent to mention is not without a startling strain of Mohammedan satire and warning. It is not, therefore, "indorse" the articles. I merely "indorse" the critic's right to express his opinion of any artist as an artist, just as I do yours to express your opinion of my critic as a critic. Then you deny that every man has a right to express his opinion publicly of any book he is free to buy and to print. But do you really think that PROUDHON had not the same right to say that the sun never moved, as the bath Correspondence had to say that the earth moves round the sun? How is the question of ignorance to be settled? The Popes always say, virtually, that MR. DERAND is ignorant of nature. Upon your principle, he ought to insist that MR. DERAND should not be suffered to paint. He says that, if I like the pictures of certain artists, I know nothing of nature. Upon your principle, he ought to insist that I should not publicly express my opinion of those pictures, because they are subjects upon which I am totally ignorant. Certainly you can not mean that. If he should take that ground, I should reply that my admiration of RAPHAEL'S pictures, and of MURILLO'S, and of those of HOGARTH, of HOGARTH'S, of NAST'S, and of your own, might be very ignorant, but it was wholly sincere, and that I should not hesitate to express it merely because a critic, whether he were an artist or not, thought me incapable of judging.

Indeed, nobody can write a book of art in literature, painting, music, architecture, whatever it may be, take its chance? They are addressed to the human heart, and will justly judge them, and winnow the chaff from the wheat. Besides, the balance of criticism of artists and authors is pretty fairly adjusted. If our books are locked in the *Round Table*, for instance, they may be swathed with sweet spices in the *Independent*. If an "ignorant" criticism sits in the *Tribune*, a genial sympathy and intelligence may sparkle in the *Evening Post*. When you say that no person has a right to publish his study of subjects of which he is ignorant, you seem to me to forget that then nobody's right to talk could ever be satisfactorily settled.

I cordially agree with you that criticisms of pictures would always be better if they were written by competent artists. And you remember that it was said of a certain picture also that it would have been better if the artist had taken more pains. I welcome the articles in the *Tribune* not because I agree with their judgments, for I do not, any more than I agree with the attacks that Carlyle makes upon her; nor because I commend their style, for it seems to me that the writer is much too absolute and dogmatic, and has a most unfortunate knack of being unpleasant thing in an unpleasant way; but I welcome them because they seem to me an able and honest, and, under the circumstances, even a brave effort at serious criticism, and I am very sure that you and many other artists entirely misapprehend the spirit in which they are written. And I think you allow me to end what is meant at least for a friendly letter by copying the last sentence in yours?

You say, "The true artist desires nothing more than just criticism." I fully believe it, and also that the true critic desires nothing more than to criticise justly.

Respectfully yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—May 18. The House bill defining the pay of officers on the Retired List was passed after debate.

—The House bill, granting lands to the State of Iowa for railroad purposes, was reported with amendments and passed.—The bill to expedite the public printing was passed, with an amendment allowing the publishing of the report of the officers received and contract made for carrying the mails.—*May 19.* Mr. Morrill reported a bill, which was passed, to amend the act of Congress, approved September 28th, 1850, granting certain lands to the public authorities in California.—Mr. Morrill, from the Committee on Conferences on the disagreeing amendments to the bill for an exchange of a Territorial Government, reported a report which recommended that the Senate recede from its amendment, striking out the words "Territory of Idaho" and inserting in the qualification for voters," and inserting "All citizens of the United States and those who have declared their intention to become such" under the act establishing Idaho, in which Messrs. Morrill, Hale, Wade, Horton, and Sumner participated, the report of the Committee was adopted.—*May 20.* Mr. Wade's Pacific railroad bill was then taken up as unfinished business, but no action was had upon it.—*May 21.* The Senate was introduced by Mr. Wilson to authorize the President to call out such militia as he may deem fit for the purpose of chartering a mail steamship service between the United States and Brazil was brought up and after some discussion laid over.—*May 21.* Beyond debating the Pacific Railroad bill, the Senate did nothing of importance.—*May 23.* The bill in relation to naval supplies, which was reported upon adversely by the Naval Committee, was taken up. Mr. Grimes proceeded to defend the bill against the report of the Naval Committee, showing the abuse of the old system and the need of a reform. Mr. Hale and others participated in the discussion. The bill was taken. Mr. Morgan introduced a bill that so much of the act of Congress as authorizes cutting out the second force, and all mandatory thereof, as authorize the discharge of any officers from the service by reason of the non-payment of $100 for the procuration of a substitute or otherwise, be repealed.—*May 24.* Provided that the sum of $1,000 shall be construed to alter the provisions of the existing law in relation to the Military Academy at West Point.—The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up, and, after a long discussion, was passed.—*May 25.* Mr. Wilson introduced a bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Mississippi to Puget Sound.—The Brazil Mail Steamship bill was passed.

HOUSE.—*May 18.* Bills were introduced to amend the two local inspectors of steamboats for collection in the District of East Tennessee and others.—The General Revenue bill was discussed at length on the clauses regulating the duties and salaries of officers to be appointed under the law. The amendments of the Finance Committee, which were verbal, were adopted.

HOUSE.—*May 18.* Mr. Julian reported a bill, which was read, providing for the sale of certain lands to bona fide holders of "floats" issued in pursuance of the act of October 19th, 1850, to locate Spanish grants in California.—The House then proceeded to the consideration of the joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to abolish slavery. Pending which question as will insure more perfect uniformity of trade between the States of the Union and the North American Provinces. Mr. Elijah Ward addressed the House in favor of the bill.—*May 19.* Various resolutions were made, but of no special importance, when the Committee rose, and the House went into Committee of the Whole on the bill for the relief of the officers and crew of the Monitor, and after a brief speech in favor of the bill by Mr. Ancona, the Committee rose.—*May 20.* The House passed the bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to issue patents to certain settlers on the Des Moines River.—*May 21.* The House passed the bill to amend the act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1863, entitled an act for the enrollment and calling out the national forces, and for other purposes.—*May 23.* Mr. Ancona moved to take up the bill for the relief of the officers and crew of the Monitor, which was agreed to.—*May 24.* The House passed the bill to amend the act of Congress, approved March 3d, 1863, entitled an act for the enrollment and calling out the national forces, and for other purposes.—*May 25.* Mr. Morgan introduced a bill that so much of the act of Congress as authorizes cutting out the second force, and all mandatory thereof, as authorize the discharge of any officers from the service by reason of the non-payment of $100 for the procuration of a substitute or otherwise, be repealed.—*May 26.* Provided that the sum of $1,000 shall be construed to alter the provisions of the existing law in relation to the Military Academy at West Point.—The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up, and, after a long discussion, was passed.—*May 27.* Mr. Wilson introduced a bill granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Mississippi to Puget Sound.—The Brazil Mail Steamship bill was passed.

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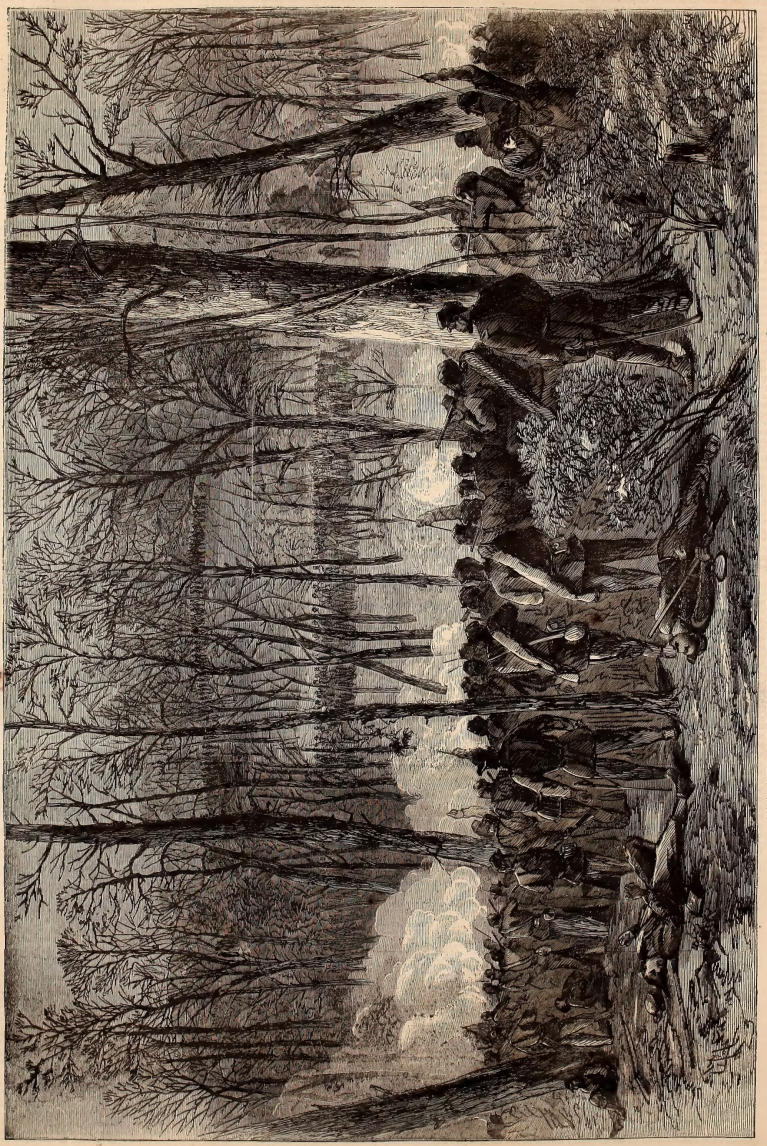

MAJOR-GENERAL WADSWORTH FIGHTING IN THE WILDERNESS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WARD.—[SEE PAGE 357.]

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—OUR WOUNDED ESCAPING FROM THE FIRES IN THE WILDERNESS.

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on page 356 a striking sketch of the engagement of General WADSWORTH'S Division of the Army of the Potomac in the Wilderness near Chancellorsville, showing where the lamented WADSWORTH fell at the head of his command. The sketch gives a good idea of the almost impenetrable nature of the Wilderness, and of the disadvantages under which our soldiers fought.

On this page we give an illustration presenting the place where SEDGWICK was killed. General SEDGWICK was shot by a sharp-shooter, of whom the General a moment before remarked to an officer, "That fellow, at that distance, can't hit an elephant." General SEDGWICK at the time was standing at the foot of the tree on the right.

We also give a sketch showing Generals HANCOCK and WRIGHT fighting, on the 12th, for the rifle-pits of the enemy. This picture gives a gen-

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCENE OF GENERAL SEDGWICK'S DEATH.

[FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.]

eral view of the battle-field in front of the Landrum House, the breast-works on the right being our advanced line the day before, and those on the left the rebel line, which was a very powerful one. Our troops were massed along under its cover, having turned it on its defenders, except at the head of the valley, where they still held one side and we the other. This was the scene of the most deadly struggle that this campaign has seen.

Another picture, on page 360, presents a scene which has been very common since the opening of the present campaign, namely, a Dull Day in Camp. The time at which this sketch was taken was six o'clock in the evening. Mr. Waud's sketch of the capture of rebel prisoners by a charge of General Winslow's Corps shows how like a river of frightened cattle they were driven into our lines by our gallant veterans. The prisoners, 1200 in all, came along pell-mell, anxious to get out of the range of their compatriots firing on our troops. If this charge had been made earlier in the afternoon it is probable that even greater success would have resulted from it.

Of another illustration on page 357 Mr. Waud, who furnishes these sketches, says: "The fires in the woods, caused by the explosion of shells, and the fires made for cooking, spreading around, caused some terrible suffering. It is not supposed that many lives were lost in this horrible manner; but there were some poor fellows, whose wounds had disabled them, who perished in the dreadful flame. Some were carried off by the ambulance corps, others in blankets suspended to four muskets, and more by the aid of sticks, muskets, and even by crawling. The fire advanced on all sides through the tall grass, and, taking the dry pines, raged up to their tops."

AUNT HEPZIE'S WARNING.

"You wanted to hear about the warning? Very well, then; toss me that bundle, please, and hold this zephyr while I wind, and I'll tell you all about it."

Aunt Hepzie had come over to take tea with my mother, and the two were sitting, in cheerful state, before the open fire; aunty was arrayed in her pontificals, her best alpaca gown and silk apron, with a stiff cap, which always came in a box and went in a box during the intervening months between sublimely upon its corner's head.

"Is there any thing of interest in the village?" asked mother. Aunt Hepzie was from the village? We were suburban.

"No, my dear, I scarcely that I know of," replied my aunt, conscientiously, at the same time adjusting her knitting sheath. "I think our church is in an awful state."

"Why do you? I thought they had seemed very united the last year," remarked mother.

"United! Fiddle! yes, Deacon Hull he say we're all froze together. Oh, he talked beautiful about it t the last Conference meetin'. Said he wondered that more than come down to prayers and Gomorrer didn't visit us. Oh, it's o' the Lord's mercy that we ain't consumed, every one on us"; and aunty cast a deep sigh.

"Why as to that, it's o' God's mercy we have all our blessings, isn't it Hephzibah?" remarked mother, with some energy. She never relished aunty's attacks upon times and people; and she went on, "As for thinking that we are in any degree like the cities of Sodom, I don't; I don't even think we are particularly deserving of it. No doubt we have all great reason to be humble on account of our sins; but what's the use of saying that we live in the worst age, and among the worst people? It's no benefit to us. For my part, I'm thankful my lines have fallen in such pleasant places."

"Well, Susan, I'm glad of you can take such cheerful view, I'm sure! but that wan't the way Deacon Hall talked. An speakin' o' him reminds me: they've got a Church Hall's reely pretty, as I've carried. They hurried Miss Squire Jones's cake tins this mornin'. Borrym'n them cake tins allers means a wedd'n' or a child dies. An' that sounds more like it—aunty was fairly under way now. I knew there would be no intermission until tea time.

"Do you that Squire Jones's nephew had come up from New York to spend the summer?"

"No. We hadn't heard of it. What nephew? asked mother.

"Why, young Farley. You remember his mother; she't was Lucy Jones. She married Farley, an' her, right off down country some wheres to live, an' this is her son."

"Ah yes, I remember his mother perfectly. Well, this will be very pleasant for Miss Jones. I shouldn't wonder. Come up here for his health indeed! Don't believe a word of it. I see him to meetin' Sun'y at Miss Jones, an' he looks mighty 'hough, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin'. All pink and white. Well, I know one thing! If I was a girl I wouldn't speak to him with all his airs. Come upstairs!' and aunty made an emphatic pause. There was a silence broken only by the clicking of two sets of knitting-needles. I had a book, reading with my eyes and hearing with my ears, quite conscious that the present subject was supposed to have bearings upon myself.

"I tell you," began Aunt Hepzie again, sturdily, "girls better be pretty careful. There's a lot o' mighty conarstain—mighty conarstain," and she repeated the words to render them still more impressive. "All they care for country girls is to ask about an' hev a good time with 'em here, an' when they get back to the city they don't think no more about 'em 'n they do about last year's robins—not a whit more; so, Lozzy"—here she sent a shot from her black eyes over her spectacles at me—"no now you may take warnin'."

"Thank you, aunty, but I don't think it will be needed. Pink and white people aren't just my style, you know," I said.

Just out of the city there was a grand old place with bay-windows and balconies, fountains and flowers. That was the Farley place. Up on the hill there was a brown house with low roof and vine-covered porch. That was our house. Philip Farley's father owned ships on sea and blocks on shore. Mine had gone to sleep years ago under the tangle of wild brier and golden-rod up in the churchyard.

Six feet tall and broad-shouldered, with blue eyes, light hair, and a beard golden and silken like embroidery floss—that's Philip.

You see how little and dark I am; and my hair, did you ever see it down? Look at me then when I take the combs out. Black as night, and nearly covers me, you see. "Vain of it," you say? A trifle, perhaps. Why not? I know it's beautiful. If I were sorry myself I'd pretend I was not; but I'm not, you know. Wasn't it odd that a great mass of sunshine like Philip should fancy a little dusky bit of shadow like me? But he did, and I love it, of course. A woman always knows, I suppose. And I don't mind now telling you that I liked him from the first. In fact we began to love; I use the expression under protest, because it's the briefest way of putting it.

You see there is a class of our country people who, for some reason or other, are inimical toward their city brethren. You can easily imagine that my Aunt Hepzie was one of these. It was a few days after her tea-drinking at our house that she met, hustling about one bright morning in her tidy kitchen, and that kitchen, by-the-by, you should see. From silver spoon down to brass kettle, everything shone. It was a perfect bit of repercussion-gation to introduce mirrors into that house, when one may see one's face in every thing. But, as I said, Aunt Hepzie was in the kitchen when she heard a "skrimping noise," as she reported to me subsequently, with a vigor of diction peculiarly her own, and hurrying, she was met by a figure hastening in the doorway.

"Mrs. Sinclair, I think," said the stranger, with a bow.

"Yes, that is my name," replied auntie, more concise than suave. "What can I do want to come to the back door for?" she thought.

"And mine is Farley," said the young man; "it think you and I ought to be friends, Mrs. Sinclair, and I hope you'll let me come and see you sometimes for old acquaintance's sakes."

"If I do you'll be glad to see you, I'm sure," said aunty, a little less stiffly—the chivalrous bearing of the visitor was not lost upon the hostess.

"And you sent over to Miss Jones's cook from her garden. Perhaps you will allow me to set them for you in your border," he said.

"Oh, I'm much obleeged. Won't you just come in and sit down a minute?"

And the young man crossed the kitchen, flinging his broad-brimmed straw-hat upon the white table, tossing back his curls, and then seizing upon the rocking-chair.

"Wake up here, puss, and see your friends!" he said, bidding the astonished quadruped at arm's length by the nape of the neck. "Mrs. Sinclair, how is your dog Beppo? I hear that some rascallion had broken the old fellow's leg for him."

"Yes, indeed!" said Aunt Hepzie, and she went on to detail the whole affair to the visitor.

"What the heel was to Achilles, what the joint of the harness was to the Israelitish king, her dog and cat were to good aunt. Whatever the attack or tearer had been of your wonderful butter, and I want to taste it."

"Then you your soul, my butter ain't nothin' to brag of! When you go home though, you remind me an' I'll send 'long a ball on't to Miss Jones' for aunt she's allers fond of my butter, I'm sartain."

And so Aunt Hepzie, fairly conquered by goodnature, laid down her arms, and was no more to be talked against by Philip Farley. And so, I say, I suppose, she forgot her "warning," but not so I. There was not one of all those summer afternoons when Philip and I sat swinging together on the porch, not an hour of all those remembered hours when we were floating down the river, that I was for one moment forgot. Neither did I forget my mother's story of her beautiful young sister: "Lozy, aged eighteen," and the handsome young soldier, the noble lover had held and treasured, until, one day, there came a gay suitor from the city and stole the prize, and afterward trampled it under foot. I remembered it all, and I said to myself many times in the day that it was only for a little while—only for that summer day, and then I was sure things could easily be made to fall back into the old line again.

It was May when Aunt Hepzie came to tea. It was September when Philip and I stood, one evening, upon the porch. The woodbine was crimson, and away down the west the day was burning itself out behind golden bars. We had been riding up on the hills to see the sun set.

"Good-night," I said, my hand upon the latch of the door.

"Stop a moment, Lou!"

And I turned, startled a little at the quick, peremptory tone.

"Your servant, Sir," and I made a mock obeisance.

Philip stood pulling the leaves from the vine, and his face was very white. I think mine was white too, when he said:

"Do you know I'm going back to-morrow, Lou?"

"Back where?" Of course I knew, but I had lies plenty in my right hand that night.

"Home. Back to Paris. But God knows where then—into the army, perhaps," speaking quickly.

"Well, it has been a very pleasant summer," I said, carelessly enough. And then no one spoke, and it was very still, only I could hear the rushing of the brook in the glen.

"Is that all you have to say to me before I go, Lou?" he asked.

"I never bid my friends good-by. It isn't pleasant. Of course I wish you a delightful journey," I replied, coolly. "I don't recollect that I've any thing more to say."

"Well, I have; then, to say to you." And he pulled a handful of crimson leaves, and flung them, a shower of flame, upon my black habit. "Lou! you must know—I love you. I will not bid you good-by for long. You must tell me when I am to come back and claim my wife."

"O nash to pieces! a gilt's fair,
And rich and poor mate in,"

I hummed from a ballad we had read that very day.

"Lou, how provoking you are! But why don't you go on?

"I put love has never known a law
Beyond his own sweet will."

"Because mine is common-sense, and yours is poetry. Your father is wretchedly out of place in this everyday world of ours, but common-sense, fortunately, is coin current the world over."

"And that common-sense and poetry never go together, I wonder? But seriously, Lou, you must listen to me."

"Seriously, Philip, this is folly. You will blush for it to-morrow. Besides, begging your pardon, the old play of the city lover and the rustic basis in between, you know. I pity you, we'll not have it acted over again at my expense."

"Stop, Lou!" and he spoke sternly this time, "this is too much for a man to bear. Can't you be in earnest?"

"I am in earnest."

"Tell me, then," and he took a step nearer me, speaking fiercely. His black figure shut out all the glowing sky. "Tell me, child, do you love me?"

"No."

He stood still an instant, then his hand touched mine, and then I heard the gate by my eyes through the darkness where he was disappearing among the trees. I went in and closed the door behind me. I had done my duty, I thought.

And next morning, of all that bright happy summer there remained only a handful of red leaves, fallen off, and the cold, sere face of the year.

And I? Of course I was very miserable. I never stopped to think; I only sometimes in the night, up in my chamber, with the stars looking at me through the one dormer window. Daytimes there was always Aunt Hepzie to keep me busy.

The morning Philip went away we sat at breakfast and I heard the whistle of the train. Something hard came into my throat. I thought, "He is gone, and he was more to me than all the world. I said, 'no.' I ought to begin house-cleaning—my mother!"

I was thinking of that last night. It's past the middle of the month," and mother threw a searching glance over the room. "Sir," said among the prophets," her countenance said. I had never been notable—the contrary rather. I cared more for my books.

"Then why not begin to-day?" I asked, adding enthusiastically, "I like house-cleaning!"

Mother looked incredulous, and more than incredulous looked Aunt Hepzie when she came in, two hours afterward, and found the parlor carpet up, the books down, and half the chairs inverted, their sword-like legs bristling at each other in the most belligerent manner.

"Mercy to me, Loizy, ef you ain't a cleanin house!" and aunty raised both hands in contemplation.

"Certainly; and why not, aunty?"

"Why not, indeed! Pretty time for you to be askin' that question; but better late 'n no time."

My want of domesticity had been a great trial to my meticulous kin, and to none a greater than to Aunt Hepzie.

"Spose you know 't Philip Farley had gone off this mornin' to enter the army? expected a sartin fer his self among the books in the great chair.

"I knew he was intending to go soon," I replied, uncomfortably. I mounted a table and began taking down curtains.

"Yes, he's gone. He come over to bid me good-by, an' I'm sorry I did. I really pitied the fellow; he acted so sorter down in the mouth. Somethin' gone wrong now, I tell you. He stood there on my premises, an' see I to him, 'I hope you'll be here again next summer, Mr. Philip,' and he said, 'I don't know where I may get down next summer, Aunt Hepzie.' Then I laughed, an' told him most likely he wouldn't never want to come and see us. 'You'll forget all 'bout your summer girl friend; but I wish to Heaven I could forget the last three months, although they have been the happiest of my life.' An' then he said, and mother went, only he shook hands with me and went out o' the yard; and if you can b'lieve it, I just sot down an' cried. I didn't have no more idee 'n the chipper round 'mong our folks this summer. Lawful heart, Loizy! what hev ye done? Smashed the silver fingerbowl or nothin'? Can't ye handle a hammer better 'n that, child?"

"Never mind, it's nothing," I said. I had crushed my finger, and the blood was streaming. The pain was a relief. I sat down, *in medias res*, to bind up the wound.

"That's right, dear; do it straight up in the blood. Better 'n any salve that is to cure a hurt," said Aunt Hepzie.

"Thank you, aunty; I'll try your recipe." It was more than a finger wound that I bound up in its red rag that blood morning.

"Where's your mother?"

"In the garden, I think."

"Well, I'll take this right her over a bundle o' valerian. She was talkin' on me that she was troubled to sleep o' nights. Hain't ye minded, Loizy, how pale your mother's be a gittin' lately?"

"No; I hadn't noticed." And I cursed my blindness when I saw upon her face that night the same look which, years before, my father's had worn.

That winter she died. It was New-Year's morning when, all along the country side, women stood out upon their door-steps, silent, listening, counting, while the bell tolled the years of my mother's life. During the storm and the darkness of that winter night her spirit had gone out and up, and the heavens had received her out of my sight. I was alone. A few weeks, and my solitary, aimless life became intolerable. Small as I am, I am strong of body and iron of nerve. You know there are places where such women are needed to-day, and in a month I was a hospital nurse.

Not one of your city hospitals was it; but a large building, with windows looking every way, with plenty of God's blue heaven above, and plenty of his fresh air wafted through—a place to sleep, to rest, to grow strong, and, if God so willed, to die in.

A September day was nearing its close. Golden lights and violet shadows flecked the Virginia hills. How calm and still it was over there toward the west! and yet, just beyond that calm, quiet, everyday, a fierce battle had raged. All day long those weary hospital trains had brought us loads of wounded and dying; but now, with the night, came a peaceful hush through all the wards. I stood still in the doorway, an open window. These moments of rest were rare enough now. It was just a year that night since Philip went away. Did he remember? I often wondered. I couldn't help that wonder sometimes, though I had tried to put it all by.

"This way a moment, Miss Sinclair, if you're not tired out. I want to see Dr. Mills who arrived." "I want a steady hand," he continued, as I followed him down the room. "A bad case, very bad case! A young German, wounded yesterday, leave all day giving orders about his men, and now there must be an amputation" and we went on.

"What is it, Freddie?" A little brown-haired drummer-boy put out his hand as I passed his cot.

"Am quite too tired to write to my mother to-night, please?"

"No, my boy, I'll come back in half an hour; and the next moment I stood by the side of the new patient. The assistant-surgeon was there. "Chloroform?" he asked. "No," said Dr. Mills; and then to me, "Can you stay strong to hold this arm? The other is to be taken off."

I took my place, bracing against the wall. I was a little strong girl with finger-tips like cold steel. I glanced toward the face; a handkerchief was thrown over it, and I saw by the brave man, in his agony, to conceal the writhings of pain.

"Take charge of this for a few days, will you?" and I started when I saw Dr. Mills holding out a pocket-photograph case. It was like the one Philip used to carry, and, as I took it, one red-leaf fluttered to the floor.

"Are we all ready?" asked Dr. Mills, and that instant a little red gleam from the open sleeve of the wounded man sent a sudden sickness all over me.

"Wait a moment, please," I begged.

My own cool bracelet! There was no mistaking it, for the trinket was of curious carving, and quaint design; "a Florentine-looking thing," mother always said—brought from abroad by a seafaring relative. I had lost it more than a year before in one of my boat-drives with Philip Farley. I supposed it was at the bottom of the river; I had never thought to find it here. I knew then whose hand I was holding—knew that fearful struggle that was over, that, through those weary months, while I had been trying to forget, he, during all the turmoil and tumult of battle, had never forgotten.

Half an hour afterward I went back to my little drummer-boy. "Why, Miss Sinclair!" he said, "how hard-eyes you look to-night. What makes you look so happy?"

"I've found my lost friend, Freddie!" I said. The letter to his mother was a cheerful one that night.

You know the rest; how, as soon as Philip was strong enough, we came home—a pleasant home to come to, wasn't it? But there's the tea-bell, and Aunt Philip coming up the walk. Oh, one thing more! Do you know Aunt Hepzie is coming to pay us a visit next month—coming to see the results of her "warning," I suppose!

IN FRONT OF DALTON, GEORGIA,
May 13, 1864.

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

God never leaveth utterly
The world that He hath rounded;
With the delivering angels,
And on the wings of our black hates
Ride His supreme evangels.
In riotous glut of wrongs abhorred
A people's shame increases,
Then lo! your land is prophet-wise his sword.
And cleaves the lie in pieces.

O leader of our sacred cause,
Twin sharer in our sadness,
Defender of the trampled laws
From perjured felon's madness—
In all our press of mortal strife,
Our counsels and our battles,
Our hearts thank God our country's life
Is in thine honest keeping!

So blithe amid the cares of state,
So calm 'mid howling faction,
Clear-souled to hasten or to wait,
As fits the largest action;
With joyance like a little child's
Along thy green moods straying,
And breezes as from heather wilds
In every cheery saying.

God bless the reverent lips that spake
The one grand word whose thunder
Thrilled all the gladdened heavens, and brake
Our damned chains asunder!
God bless the patient hand that traced
The golden, glorious pages
Whereby our lost crowns are replaced
For immemorial ages!

We follow where thou leadest; for
Beyond the tribulation
That drapes these dreadful years of war
We see a newer Nation,
Through balmy days of greatening power
And nights of calm ascension,
Expand into the perfect flower
Of God's divine intention.

RICHARD REALF,
85th Illinois Infantry.

A LEGEND OF LEAP YEAR.

"HARRY! Harry!"

Through the bounding pulses of the delicious waltz that filled the air, horn and viol, and mellow ophicleide, Meta Beck's little voice reached Major Keith's ear. He skillfully whirled his partner into a seat, said a word or two of excuse, and worked his way through billows of crêpe and tarlatan to the fair-haired damsel who was beckoning him into the secluded shadow of a curtained bay-window.

"What is it, Meta?"

"Stoop down, Harry!" said Meta Beck, in mysterious whisper; "I've something very particular to tell you."

"Oh, you have," said Harry, meaningly. It's Leap Year, Miss Beck, and if you have any propositions to make I shall most assuredly say 'Yes.'"

"Nonsense!" said Meta, coloring just enough to look prettier than ever. "I wish you would be serious for just half a minute, Harry!"

"Well, I am serious," laughed the young man, leaning up against the window, so that his gold army buttons were just on a level with Meta's blue eyes; "what is your unfathomable mystery?"

"There's to be a surprise party to-morrow evening!"

"Where?"

"At your rooms in the ——Hotel."

Major Keith elevated his eyebrows deprecatingly.

"But, Meta, how on earth am I to entertain forty young people in a bachelor quarters?"

"That is for you to decide, Sir," said Meta, laughing mischievously at his evident perplexity. "The girls are all so delighted at the prospect of taking you by surprise, and the gentlemen declare it will be capital fun!"

"I'm much obliged to 'em," said Harry, dryly.

"But mind!" said Meta, holding up a warning finger, "you're never to tell that I gave you a hint of their intentions!"

"I won't, Meta, upon my word—you are the sweetest little friend in the world, and I don't know what I should do without your kind offices," said Keith, fervently.

But through all the melodious tumult of the band, and all the merry confusion that filled the ball-room, Harry Keith kept pondering on the intended "raid" of the morrow's night.

The fine morning brightly in the grate the next morning, for Mr. Job Keith liked a salamander sort of atmosphere, even though the May sun was waxing hot and into the bloom in many a meadow slopes, and the thermometer laughed at fires—and Mr. Job's temperature was ruling in the red glimmer to say nothing of Mr. Job's breakfast—broiled chickens, fresh-laid eggs, and coffee, whose delicious fragrance crept through the walls and spirals into the seventh heaven of gastronomic delight—upon the table, and his velvet slippers set mathematically straight in the left-hand corner of the rug.

After these details it is necessary to state that Mr. Job Keith was an old bachelor!

"Two sleeping-rooms, two bedrooms," quoth Harry, viewing the apartments critically as he stood at the window whistling softly in inward perplexity. "I might do pretty tolerably well if it wasn't for Uncle Job. Uncle Job don't approve of pretty girls, Champagne, or bonnet-strings—he will spoil the fun completely! Uncle Job must be got rid of!"

Harry enunciated this murderous sentiment with a sort of subdued despair, adding, "and Job he's to be got rid of I don't know."

The words were yet on his lips when the door opened, and walked the identical Uncle Job—a parsy little man of about forty, with a shining bald head and round-cheeked spectacles.

"I'm late this morning, Harry—I know I'm late," he began, stirring the fire; "but I didn't sleep well last night. That confounded chanticleer-barnsail got the flannel blanket over the chintz comforter in front of under it, and I'm quite sure she has taken at least two ounces of feathers out of the pillow!"

"Indeed!" said Harry, absently.

"Fact," said Job Keith, measuring twenty-two grains of granulated sugar into his cup. "Give me an egg, Harry—that is, if they're fit to eat. Thank you, my boy. Now for the newspaper."

"Uncle Job," said Harry, suddenly.

"Eh? what is it?"

"There's a party of girls coming here to-night."

Uncle Job dropped the spectacles into the cream-jug.

"Girls! what for?"

"To see you, I suppose."

"To see me? *I* don't want 'em—why can't they stay at home peaceably? Girls, indeed!—when the sight of a cart-paper gives me the dyspepsia? What does this mean, Harry?"

"Well, I don't know," said Harry, chipping an egg-shell deftly with the end of his fork—"unless—"

"Unless what? Speak out, boy!" cried Uncle Job, melodramatically, the cold drops coming out of every pore on his forehead. "They want me to subscribe to some zigmarole fair, or church, or charitable institution, I suppose?"

"Ah, uncle," sighed Harry, mysteriously, "I wish that was the worst of it!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing—only you must remember that this is Leap Year."

Job Keith sat staring at his nephew, his face alternately changing from dull crimson to pale yellow.

"Harry," he ejaculated, solemnly, "what's the use of laws if a man is to be persecuted in this way? I'll appeal to a police magistrate—I'll call in the military!"

"I suppose you might swear 'em over to keep the peace," said Harry, "but it wouldn't look very dignified—people would be apt to laugh at you, wouldn't they?"

"Harry, where's my valise?" said the old gentleman, jumping briskly up. "I'll take the ten o'clock train up to Philo's. You don't suppose they'll follow me clear up into Westchester County?"

"Oh no, of course not," said Harry, inwardly chuckling at the brilliant success of his plan. "I must say I think you've hit on the best arrangement that could be made!"

Uncle Job began to toss his effects into indiscriminate heap, and valise, carpet-bag, and clothes-basket, by turns came to the front.

"Hadn't you better stay?" he cried, as a little knock came to the door.

"Don't know," said Harry; "but I should think from the sound that [illegible] pretty widow who occupies the suit of rooms across the hall come to borrow our newspaper."

"Widow!" shouted Uncle Job, "a widow come after me! Harry Keith, don't let her in. Double-lock that door immediately, Sir. A widow! How did I know what her intentions may be? Confound Leap Year, I wish it came once in forty years instead of once in four!"

But Harry only rebuffed, greatly to Job's consternation.

"Harry!" he whispered, hoarsely, "that widow will knock the panels in if you don't open the door. Good-by, my boy, don't let the woman get the better of you, do ye hear?"

And Uncle Job darted down the back stairs, his hat perched one-sidedly upon his head, and the valise under his arm, as Harry threw open the door to a very diminutive boy, who brought no more threatening document than the gas-bill.

It was not until the train steamed into the quiet little station at Thorneydale—nearly noon of a brilliant May day, the sky above bluer than the violets along the banks, and the air full of sweet gusts from the apple-blossoms in every guarded old orchard—that Job Keith walked hurriedly up the shadowy winding lane that led to a low-eaved cream-colored farm-house, wherein dwelt his brother Philo, he congratulated himself on having at last reached a bourne of sweet and peaceful rest.

"Not a woman in sight," said Job Keith, leaning against an angle of the fence and a cluster of delicious wild honey-suckle shook its pink chalices of spice against his flushed cheek, and wiping his wet brow with a rich pocket-handkerchief, as he shifted his valise from one hand to the other. "And what a blessing that is, to be sure! What a fortunate thing it is that Philo's wife has no children's seven girls!"

"I'm sick of you, any how," said Job Keith, walking boldly up the path, and pushing open the door. "I'll take board with Philo's folks until the first of January—and Harry's nothing to me, any more!"

The syllables died away on Job's tongue as he strode into the cozy "keeping room."

The green paper curtains were half rolled up, the chairs stood primly against the wall, and the floor was covered with a gayly-colored home-made rag-carpet, while a fat, grey kitten lay basking in the broad band of sunshine that streamed from under the shades and quivered in golden ribbons on the floor.

There was nothing in Mrs. Philo Keith's neat "keeping room" to excite astonishment or appall the heart of her city brother-in-law; that is, there would have been nothing had the apartment been empty. But it was not.

Swaying composedly back and forth in the morris-cushioned rocking chair, with a bandbox on one side of her and a basket on the other, and a tall and angular female, with keen gray eyes and a complexion whose consistency reminded one irresistibly of boiled starch, perched bolt upright in molasses-colored calico, entirely innocent of any lining like crimson, and a bonnet-bristling and over with defiant-looking artificial roses, sat Job's widow dropped from his nerveless hand to the floor with a hollow sound, she rose up and confronted him.

"I've been waitin' for you this hour 'n a half!" she said, tartly.

Waiting for him! Had he steered safely from the rocks of Scylla only to be wrecked on Charybdis? Had he, to fall back on a less grandiloquent simile, jumped from the frying-pan into the fire?

"There is some mistake, ma'am, I'm sure," he pleaded, in as insinuating a manner as he could command.

"Oh no, there isn't," returned the lady. "You're the gentleman from New York, ain't you?"

Job could not deny the soft impeachment.

"And I'm Mahaly Hawkins from 'cross the river. Philo Keith knows me!"

Job bowed stiffly. He began to think that it was useless to fly the iron decrees of fate, while Mahala Hawkins, leaning deliberately on a rusty cotton umbrella, proceeded to define her platform.

"I ain't so young as I was, but I don't s'pose that makes any difference, as long as I'm spry and look sharp arter things. I'd calc'late to be as savin' and economical as possible, and keep an eye to your interests jest the same as though they was mine!"

Job sank down on a chair, with a momentary dizziness at the vista of the inevitable future, however, went on, flourishing her umbrella to give emphasis to her remarks.

"Tain't every body I'd make sich an offer to!" said Mahala. "You may think yourself very fortunate to get one like me!"

Mr. Job Keith stared helplessly at the gaunt female before him, but said nothing; a fact he was mentally cogitating whether a man could be married in spite of himself.

"I'm a first-rate cook, though I say it as shouldn't say it," proceeded the gaunt female. "I can make all sorts o' pies and fixins, and I'm a great hand to iron shirts and keep a gentleman's wardrobe in order. Besides, I can play on velvet and play the accordeon, when you get lonesome and want company in the parlor."

"A very formidable list of accomplishments," thought Job. "If it wasn't for that woman's thumping the floor every now and then with the ferule of her umbrella, I should certainly think this was a fit of the nightmare."

"Well, what do you say, yes or no?" demanded the redoubtable Mahala Hawkins after a brief pause.

"You are very kind, Ma'am," faltered poor Job, hastily, "but really I don't think it is necessary—I don't need—"

"What?" ejaculated Mahala, fiercely grasping the umbrella in the middle, "ain't you going to take me?"

"No, I am not," said Job Keith, driven frantic by this series of assaults. "Nothing of the kind, my good woman, I assure you."

"Very well," said Mahala, jerking up the words from somewhere in the pit of her stomach, and stooping to recover the bandbox and basket, "very well, Mister, I'll remember I had you on my feather and fare words. Just as you please—just exactly —only this I *will* say, I wouldn't go to live at your house not for the inducement you could offer, you mean, good-for-nothin' stuck up—"

And Mahala Hawkins and her adjectives vanished out of the room together, while Mr. Job Keith put his two hands in his pockets and dismally meditated whether he had better escape this system of persecution by drowning himself in the pond of water whose blue tides gleamed through the distant alders, or by running over the common to obtain protection against the rest of the sex!

"Hallo, Job! what on airth brings you up to Thorneydale?" said Philo Keith.

Honest Philo clapped his brother on the back to rouse him from the deep reverie into which he had fallen.

"Look here, Philo," said Job, in a hoarse whisper. "Do you see that woman in the big bonnet, who carried a bandbox, and a cotton umbrella? There she is crossing the little bridge now under the willows."

"See her! why shouldn't I? There ain't nothin' the matter with my eyes! It's Mahaly Hawkins, ain't it?"

"That woman, Philo, has given me a shock that I shall never get the better of—never!"

Philo stared.

"She wants me to marry her, Philo, and I declined—declined positively!"

Philo burst into a loud laugh.

"Now look here, Job, there's no use chaffin' me if I do live up in the back-woods! Mahaly Hawkins wouldn't marry the Prince o' Wales himself, I guess you're mistaken, ain't you?"

"No, Philo, no, a mistake is impossible. She told me she had been keeping here for me—she demanded in a most uncompromising manner whether I was not the gentleman from New York—"

"Oh, now I see—she was through the millstun," roared Philo, stamping on the floor with delight. "She come here to engage out as housekeeper to Uncle Thomas Keith, and bought a farm on the hill, and he was to meet her here this mornin'. Good Jerusalem! I guess you made a pooty fool of her, you did. Why, Job, what ever put it in your head she wanted to marry you?"

Like a flash through the real truth shot through Job Keith's mind. Miss Mahala had, very naturally, mistaken him for somebody else—here had been a mistake all round! He looked up, crimson and crest-fallen.

"Philo, I've been a fool; but it wasn't my fault. If you had seen the sly, sneering manner in which the women as I have, you'd be suspicious of every one that came near you. But there's one favor I have to ask of you—don't tell your wife!"

A confused giggling in some unknown direction struck on Job's ear as he ceased speaking. Philo pounded the floor with a gayer and diminished fife. Philo and a plump, pretty woman of thirty-five or so, laid their sides in convulsions of mirth.

"Why, it's Eunice Carver!" stammered Job.

Yes—it was Eunice Carver—the very one of all others whom he would not wish to be the witness of his discomfiture; the Eunice Carver who had flirted with him at eighteen, and had pouted so prettily when people accused her of being Job Keith's "sweet-heart"—and Eunice Carver still.

But her eyes were bright as blue diamonds yet, and there were the same red rosy bloom on her round cheeks that reminded Job not unpleasantly of the old times.

So Job, emboldened by the emergency, availed himself of the only apparent method of checking the tantalising giggles; he walked boldly up to Eunice and kissed her right upon the cleft cherry of her mouth.

Wasn't that pretty bold for a determined old bachelor?

That night as he lay in the little bedroom under the eaves, with the cherry branches tapping softly on the roof overhead, he came to an eventful resolve regarding the two alternatives which he had that afternoon placed before himself.

"I won't drown myself," he pondered—"that would be exceedingly absurd! But I'll see what Eunice says about it!"

And Eunice said "Yes."

Philo Keith's strawberry beds were a sheet of white bloom when his old bachelor brother first took refuge from the dangers of Leap Year; the berries glowed red and ripe among their dark green leaves, like a fallen shower of jewels, when he went away again with his blue-eyed wife.

"I don't like to tell Harry; he'll be sure to laugh at me," thought Job, as he alighted from the cars at the New York depot. "However—"

"Why, Uncle Job!" rang out the clear voice of the tall Major.

"It's you, is it, Harry?"

"Yes. I thought you might be on to-day, and I wished very much to see you, to—to— Pooh, what a fool I am! The fact is, Uncle Job, I am married."

"Are you, Harry?" said Uncle Job, smiling benignantly. "So am I!"

Harry opened his eyes very wide and whistled softly under his mustache, but it was not his "style" to evince any great degree of surprise at whatever might transpire.

"Very well, I'll not detain you just now, Sir. I'll bring Meta to call on her aunt this evening."

So it was that Mr. Job Keith, and the Major of Infantry, his nephew, met their matrimonial fates in one and the same Leap Year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN a poor fellow is about to be buried he appears to have his very existence in a state.

NOW, Mrs. Brackett, I always like to have an old-fashioned fish ball when I buy a live lobster, Japan. I'm awful tempered, but I'm dreadful forgivin'. Have you a good cellar, a hot and cold water, stationary tubs, out-door privy on the floor, dumb waiter? Monday I want to be settled in more than day. Terms? House. Nobody to come near me that day. Wednesday I baker. Not to be at home that day. Thursday I goin up to Jacob's. Jacob's to come near me that day. Friday I goin to Jacob's. Nobody to come near me that day. Saturday I bakes, and Saturday afternoon my beau comes in. Nobody comes near me that day. Sunday I has to myself."

What is the difference between the river that runs from Albany to New York and the other is a-ver-der.

THE ALREADY OF REJOYNED FOR A WIFE.—OF AN EARNEST DISPOSITION, but of a cheerful temperament, affectionate, artless, sizable, accomplished, beautiful, benign, benevolent, charming, chaste, candid, cheerful, complaisant, charitable, civil, constant, dutiful, dignified, elegant, every, engaging, excellent, faithful, fond, fine, fair, good, graceful, generous, generative, good-humored, handsome, beautiful, healthy, lovely, mindful, intelligent, interesting, industrious, ingenuous, just, kind, lively, liberal, lovely, modest, beautiful, measurey, neat, notable, obedient, obliging, pretty, pleasing, peaceable, pure, righteous, sensible, submissive, sociable, temperate, true, virtuous, well-formed, and young. When I meet with a woman answering to all of these requirements I will.

PROGRESSORS.—An able physiologist has written that one-fifth of the human body is composed of phosphorus. It will remain this most likely accounts for the number of matches made.

An admirer of Napoleon was heard to say that that monarch was a real friend to Gerhard and his cause, and that he had taken the part of Italy for some years past. Quite so! But when the people, the party, and sovereign most vital and dear to the Italians—and he's *legit* to *too*!

"THERE'S A MAN IN IT!"—The confidence reposed in Lieutenant-General Grant by President Lincoln was happily illustrated by a characteristic anecdote related recently by the President to the escort of a fraudulent conversation with a personal friend, and in reply to a question in regard to the present campaign, he said, "Well, Sir, your question reminds me of a little anecdote about the automaton chess-player. You remember it was exhibited here a while by its skill in that game. After a while the automaton was examined and it was found that, although the great chagrin, was beaten twice by the machine. At the end of the second game, a little paper, mysteriously pointing his finger at the automaton, exclaimed in a very decided tone, 'There's a man in it!' And this, Sir, is just the secret of our present success."

A VALUABLE PROFESSIONALIST.—What's *Whats*," by the author of "Who's Who."

QUEER PAPERS.

The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of the future.

Paper for roughs—Sand paper.

Paper contributed by the fair—Ruffles.—The paper of *niceties*.

Soiled paper—The French press.

The paper that is full of rows—The paper of *pins*.

Paper indispensable to a lady—Foolscap.

Paper illustrated with cuts—Editorial exchanges.

Drawing paper—Bills receivable.

A taking paper—The sheriff's warrant.

Why does the Emperor Napoleon's position toward the Church force upon him to be no Christian?—Because he is a muzzle-man.

SCOTCH AND SHAKSPEARIANA.—"Dyes ken why ma auchanbrunchan's so like ane Shakspeare's plays?—Hoot toot. Ye dinna ken?—Varra weel: then I'll just tell ye, ma auchanbrunchan's like ane of his plays because it's a Tweoon."

EARLY RISING.—Jump out of bed the moment you hear the knock at the door. Don't wait for a second time when called to bet. The mind should be made up in a minute, for after rising in one of those subjects that entails of *no morning over*.

"How many feet long was the snake?" asked a person of a traveler, who had just related a story of his encounter with a boa killed by him. "One hundred and ninety-two inches," was the reply, "unless have no feet."

How melancholy the moon must feel when it has enjoyed the fullness of prosperity and gets reduced to its last quarter!

THE REASON WHY woman has her way so much oftener than man is, that both he and she are conscious that her way is the best.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry?—Nothing.

GENERAL WRIGHT'S CORPS RUNNING IN TWELVE HUNDRE

GENERALS HANCOCK AND WRIGHT FIGHTING FOR THE ENEMY'S RIFLE-PITS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 358.]

D REBEL PRISONERS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 358.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

LILY IS LEFT ALONE IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

In the court-yard of the post-office, not far from the hotel, Lily was introduced to an enormous machine—a hackney-coach, an omnibus, and a post-chaise, stuck together—painted yellow, and surmounted in front by a kind of hackney-cab, and in the rear by a tremendous pile of luggage covered with a tarpaulin. The formidable affair was mounted on very low wheels, and to it were harnessed, by very ragged looking ropes, six horses, three abreast, and as ragged as the cords which confined them. This was the Paris diligence belonging to the Messageries Royales of Messrs. Lafitte, Caillard, & Company; and each of my courteous readers who may have attained middle age, and went to school in France, have probably journeyed by this same lumbering, jogging, and cumbersome conveyance.

The hackney-coach compartment, which held six, was called the intérieur; the omnibus-looking compartment, which afforded want of accommodation for eight passengers, went by the name of the rotonde; and that portion of the vehicle which has been likened to a post-chaise, and in which three persons could sit, sufficiently at ease, was entitled the coupé. The lady had retained the whole of this coupé; one place for herself, another for Lily, and the third for the semper; although it is questionable whether the entire diligence would have been big enough to hold that. After a time an individual in a semi-military uniform, with an embroidered badge on his arm, and a laced cap with a peak to it, who was the conducteur or guard of the machine, came to the window and read off the passengers' names from a two-bull; and the gendarme in a cocked-hat and jack-boots, who had come, it is to be presumed, to see Lily off, and to conduct her to the examination of passports, he was carrying an infernal machine to Paris to blow up the Orleans dynasty withal, waved one of his long gauntlets in token of dismissal; the postilion, a frightful-looking creature, in monstrous jack-boots, and with a quantity of pistol-holsters, all very dirty, jumped off, rang from his hat, cracked his whip, and began to scream out some abusive language to his horses, and the top-boy came running out of the post-office yard.

They were waving and staggering over the ill-paved streets of the town when a carriage, which Lily had seen before, passed them at a steady rapid pace. It was the green chariot which had been lashed to the deck of the *Harlequin*, and reclining in it was the invalid gentleman with the yellow face. There was no room in the rumble for M. Franz Stimm, and there his place properly was; but he was a confidential courier, and, the carriage being closed, occupied a place by his master's side.

"There is that little girl again," the sallow man remarked dreadfully, as they passed the diligence.

"She is ver graziosa; I gif her some joggo-late, my lord generale," returned the courier.

"Don't my lord me, Stimm," peevishly exclaimed the invalid; "nor general neither. I never was the one, and I'm sick of having been the other. I can't get that little girl's face out of my head. It haunts me. Who can she be?"

"Bah! bas grand chose," Monsieur Stimm observed, in reply. "Za mère elle est osme grainc; c'est une diablesse. I tink I see her somewhere in de zeatre, daucing on de cord or jumping on de horse. Hoop-la!"

But the child was by this time many yards behind, and the invalid, pettishly asking for some orange-flower, and being, as usual, assisted to take it by Monsieur Franz Stimm turned "gognac," forgot, for the time, the bright little face which, he said, had haunted him.

The occupants of the coupé traveled all that day along dusty roads, for the most part bordered with beech, and, like walking-sticks, surmounted by birch-brooms. The perspective was not enchanting. The fields were of an ugly ashen green, and divided by ditches and hedges. There were no pretty villages by the roadside; what buildings there were did not get beyond tumbledown cottages, at the doors of which toothless old women, with their heads bandaged up, sat, or with their wheels, or their children, sprawled. From time to time they met a man walking, in a blouse and sabots, powdered with dust from head to foot: a knapsack on his back, and a quantity of ribbons streaming from his hat. Sometimes he looked wobegone, and blubbered; sometimes he whistled cheerily, and was defiant, and drunk. This was Jean Pierre, or Gros Guillaume, the conscript who had drawn a bad number, and was trudging to the regimental depôt. Frequently, on coming to the base of a steep hill, the diligence would stop, and the conducteur, coming to the coupé door, politely invite them to descend. Then they would have to walk up hill, toiling after the diligence for half a mile or so; but there were no wild flowers by the way. There were loathsome beggars instead, who, in twos and threes, dotted the highway from Boulogne to Paris, flaunting their tatters, exhibiting their sores, holding up to sigh their cadaverous faces, and, in droning, monotonous tone, repeating: "Charité, s'il vous plaît! Petit sou Anglais! Petit morceau de pain! Anglais!" A recent change in the order of things in Paris has had, at least, one gratifying result—the roadside beggars have disappeared.

They staid half an hour, at five o'clock, to dine at Abbeville, where there was a noisy crowded table d'hôte. Lily could eat nothing save a spoonful of soup, and a slice from an enormous meal which followed the table. Five francs a head were charged for this repast, which gave the lady an opportunity of stormning at Lily, at the hotel, and at the world, for the next twenty miles. A little way out of Abbeville some men were singing the battles of a newly-slaughtered pig in a field; and the odor of this porcine suttee borne on the breeze gave Lily a notion of incipient cracking, and made her almost hungry.

They went jogging, rumbling, clattering on, the pestilent creature in his whip and screaming, and the horses, not to be behindhand, screaming too. They traveled all night, but Lily could not find room for the unwonted thing. At about six in the morning they stopped at a pretty large town, where, from an inn-door, a black-headed barefoot girl brought out to the coupé two white bowls of scalding hot coffee, with a liberal allowance of milk therein, and two huge slices of bread. Lily was able to breakfast very heartily, and, though her feet felt chill and numb, her spirits had risen by the time they arrived at St. Denis—about eleven o'clock—when she was told that they were within six miles of Paris.

The lady's temper had been throughout detestable, and she had seldom spoken to Lily, save to scold her. But when they reached the capital, however, her face brightened, and, at Montmartre, she condescended to inform the child that Paris was the only place worth living in all the whole world.

"Shall we be pretty much ?" she asked the little girl, with a timid look.

"We?" repeated the lady, coldly. "You are going to stay with your aunt, I am told. Bah, bah, to learn lessons and be put in the convent en pétrisse, as you will be if you are not naughty. I have not the least intention of troubling myself about you. There will be one Paris for me, and another Paris for you, ma petite."

The diligence passed by the Porte St. Denis, then a barrier, where sundry custom-house officers came to the window asking whether there was any thing to declare, and suffering the coupé to drive into the luggage beneath the tarpaulin. They took away a bottle of wine from a stout lady in the intérieur, and a bundle of cigars from a man in the rotonde, the possessors of those edibles and potables having been foolish enough not to declare them, and to wait until some of the octroi. For in those days, as now, every thing eatable or drinkable, except the octroi duty, or gave tolls, to the good city of Paris.

The diligence clattered up and down several steep streets, which were illuminated by gas-lamps, but, instead, clumsy lanterns suspended to the centre of ropes slung across from house to house, and every where Lily saw people walking, or talk, preferentially, in the gutter. A great many of the men wore blue shirts above their trowsers, and wooden shoes, and many white caps, in lieu of bonnets, on their heads. Lily thought the whole scene very unlike Stockwell.

Arrived at the diligence office, a street called Grenelle Saint-Honoré, and in the yard of which half a dozen diligences, all of the yellow and as clumsy as the Boulogne diligence, were slumbering without horses, and where a number of ragged men were lounging and smoking pipes and lounging about, they found another custom-house, and had to undergo a fresh examination of baggage. Lily's and the lady's passport was again inspected, and at last taken away from her altogether with an intimation that she might reclaim it at the office in the Prefecture of Police. The lady engaged a carriage hung very close to the ground and drawn by two horses, which, like the harness, were very ragged, and whose knees were very bandy. The driver wore a glazed hat, a red waistcoat, and a very dirty face.

Up and down more narrow stony streets, and then they crossed a wide river, and entered thoroughfare skirted by lofty mansions and splendid shops, with wide branching trees along the inside of the footways, and thronged with people, and horses, and carriages.

"Oh, what a beautiful street!" cried the child. "Do look at the shops, and the trees, and all those flags; and, oh, here is a whole regiment of soldiers!"

"Beautiful!" echoed the lady, with complacent disdain. "I should think so, little ignorance, for it is the finest street in the world. It's the Boulevard des Italiens."

But they soon left it and dived into more gloomy, narrow streets, and emerged into the filthy lanes of the old quarter of the city. Then the houses grew fewer, and the gardens more numerous, and presently they turning in the boot, called through the window:

"Was it the Rue de la Pépinière, or the Rue de la Courcelles, the bourgeoise asked?

"De Courcelles, ganache!" replied the countess, addressed as bourgeoise.

"Thanks for the compliment," the driver, who was a good-natured fellow, replied. "Je vous la souhaite belle et bonne, ma bourgeoise. Do you have any thing else by way of pour-boire? Hahahehe!" Ostrogoth of a rhinoceros!" The latter remark was addressed to one of the white horses, which was essaying to lunch on his neighbor's near blinker. And they went on again.

They reached a street where there were no houses to be seen, only a double succession of staring white stone-walls, of different heights, and here and there a green door. At one of these doors, the number five, the carriage drew up. The bell-rope, a long link which dangled by a long wire from the wall, and this was presently answered by a lad in a shabby livery, and whose face was fearfully scarred with the small-pox. Lily's trunk was alone removed, and the coachman was ordered to wait. The pock-marked lad conducted them across a dreary court-yard, in the interstices of whose stones rank dank herbage grew, up a broken flight of mildewed stone steps, across a bare hall, or vestibule, papered green, which smelt very mouldy and felt very damp, and so into a dismal saloon with six long bleak doors, a pattern like a chessboard, and which was so highly polished that Lily almost broke her entrance, and was very near tumbling down.

She was bidden to sit on a vast chintz-colored sofa, and remained there, shivering and shrinking to the harsh ticking of an ormolu-clock on the mantle-shelf. The lady left her at the expiration of ten minutes, and Lily thought she could hear voices in an adjoining apartment. She remained on the sofa for another ten minutes, and then the door bang violently shut. Through one of the tall windows (which reached almost to the ground) she saw the form of the lady-passenger hastening across the court-yard. The shabby lad opened the door for her. She entered the carriage. She was gone. Lily's heart sank within her. She was now left Quite Alone indeed.

CHAPTER XXV.

LA PENSION MARCASSIN.

THE child's hand was on the handle of the clock; but it turned on the other side, and a person came in.

She was tall and shapely, and had once been handsome; but she had bidden farewell to middle-age, and, without pleading guilty to imminent antiquity, would have had little chance, if arraigned, of a verdict in her favor. Of her good looks only enough was left to make her angry at the remembrance of having been comely. Her hair, banded in the old long-fingered church by they were, retained their symmetry, and were dazzlingly white. But they were heartless-looking hairdressing, and, more accustomed, if manual expression can be eloquent, to give but fets than to give charity. The nails looked as though they had been bitten, not pared. Her hair, iron, not silver gray, was disposed in plain bands beneath a rigid cap of point lace if you will, but lace that was dirty, as though it had been brought out of some white metal. She was tall, very tall, and was draped in one long black silk dress, without a flounce, and with a long train, lying in few folds, and those stiff and angular. A great cross of dull gold was on her neck, and that was all the ornament she wore. Her voice was chilly and windy. The words came as though a cold, slightly moist, air, charged, a draught of cold air let in, and then closed.

"I am Mademoiselle Marcassin," she said.

She spoke in a low tone but with a foreign accent, fainter and harder than that which marked the speech of the strange lady. Her words fell like drops of sleet upon Lily's fainting little heart.

"Stand before me, here, in the light, so," continued Mademoiselle Marcassin. "Listen to me with all your attention."

She placed her white thin hands on the child's shoulders, turned her round, and dressed her up, in a military manner, by the window. Anon she went to the window shutter, and let the dull daylight came in, white and almost blinding.

"I wish you to see me very plainly," she remarked, "and to talk to you. Mark them well. Tell me if they look soft and yielding."

Lily did mark them. She was too frightened to say what she thought, but to her mind those eyes were gray, hard, baleful, merciless.

"I am your schoolmistress," went on Madem oiselle. "You are not to be here to be taught, and to be punished if you misconduct yourself. Here you will be taught nothing, and punished if you had no more idea of uttering a word than of dancing a gavotte, or setting the house on fire. "The fact is, you are to learn must be to hold your tongue."

"This is the last time," she pursued, "that I shall speak to you in English. You had better forget that I ever addressed you in that tongue. I shall address you in French when I think you have been long enough here to comprehend me, and if you do not understand you will be punished. What do you know? I mean, what lessons do you know there in England?"

With much blushing and faltering Lily went over the whole round of her book-learning. Mademoiselle Marcassin heard her in contemptuous silence.

"As ignorant as a squirrel," she resumed, when the child had done, "and, I dare say, quite as restless and troublesome. Here you will be industrious as well as tamed. We can not begin too soon."

She rang a bell, and in a few minutes—rendered by Lily in a tremor bounding approximating to breathless terror—a low tap came to the door, and again, who looked, as to garb and demeanor, and again, who looked, as to garb and demeanor, and gold cross and all, a duplicate edition of Mademoiselle Marcassin, only she was somewhat younger, shorter, and stouter, came into the room.

"This," said the lady superior of the establishment, "is Mademoiselle Espremêl, the head governess. She will take you into the school-room and tell you your duties. In all things she is to be obeyed even as I am. Woe be to you if you are insubordinate. Now go."

And without another word she turned on her heel and disappeared. The lady addressed as Mademoiselle Espremêl took Lily's hand, and in an equal silence led her away.

They traversed the hall and another room, which was Mademoiselle Marcassin's private salle à manger, and then entered that all this part of the house, though it was bare and comfortless, was very stately and polished, and had a curious pervading odor of cold stones—for cold stones have an odor—and beeswax. But when the head governess pushed aside a green baize door, and they crossed a high walled graveled play-ground, they entered upon quite another region.

Every thing was barer, every thing more cheerless; every thing, moreover, had a squalid, frowning, prison-like aspect. From the moment Lily entered that house to the moment she left it she could not divest herself of the notion that she had *done something*, that she had committed some crime, and that she was in retribution for it, under the immediate auspices of Mademoiselle Marcassin and her subordinates.

There might have been twenty girls, between the ages of ten and fifteen, in the first white-washed school-room they entered. It was a frightful looking room, in sepulchral whiteness relieved only by the dingy black of the transverse desks, a big black stove in one corner, from which a blacker pipe crawled along the ceiling like a serpent, and a black board supported by a double frame—a kind of alphantine easel.

The girls looked as though they had done something, and were much disturbed in their minds in consequence. The teachers, however, of whom there were two present, seemed to be of a contrary opinion, and to hold that they had done nothing, and did not mean to do any thing, at least of what was good. For which reason they continuously girded at the twenty pupils.

"The first class," remarked Mademoiselle Espremêl, dryly, to Lily, as she marched her through. She made the observation in a tone similar to that which a female turnkey might use in pointing out the refractory ward.

A girl of twenty-three face and black hair could not resist the temptation, as Lily passed her, of pulling slyly at her dress, and making (in perfect safety, however, be it understood) a face at her. But the quick eye of the head governess caught the impudence in transit, and she was down on the merry one in a moment, like Thor's hammer.

"Five bad points for Mademoiselle Marygold," she exclaimed; and then, turning to the culprit, continued, "you are becoming a Rothschild in bad points. Beware of the day of reckoning."

Mademoiselle Marygold set up a whimper, as a governess whose hand was not to be hatcheted, that, when she bent over the girls at their writing lessons, they were apt to feel the backs of their necks, and to make sure that they were safe on their shoulders—chalked five crosses against the Marygoldian name on the black board. She had a tremendous balance of black marks already in her disfavor.

"The next room," said the head governess, as they entered another apartment, somewhat smaller than the first, but holding an equal number of school-girls.

None of the girls ventured beyond a quick and furtive moment of looking up as the two passed through. The door was a double one, and, apparently about eleven, with a very dirty face, the result of her having rubbed her countenance with her hands and the underside of her hair having mingled with the tears which streamed from her eyes. This young lady was on her knees in a corner by the door; and very uncomfortable in that attitude she seemed to be. There was reason enough for it, as she was standing on a square wooden ruler, the sharpest edge upward, specially provided for the mortification of her flesh. And, moreover, the poor young lady's head was decorated with an enormous fool's cap of gray paper, decorated at either side by lengthy bows or ears of blank crape, and which gave the poof little thing somewhat of the appearance of Mr. Punch in full mourning.

"Mademoiselle!" said the head governess, regarding this forlorn little personage with severe disdain.

"Again, Lucy? Then good night for the Prix Monthyon, truly. A pretty Resière, my faith! She is in penitence," she continued, turning to Lily, "She passes half her time in abject degradation."

Here a fresh burst of sobs came from the unhappy Mademoiselle Rose face, as it could not be much blacker, became absolutely fairer for the outbreak; for the tears traced little white channels for themselves in her cheeks till she scrubbed them all together in a muddy neutral tint. They left the luckless Niobe, and went into another school-room.

It was the largest of all, and there were perhaps fifty children in it. They were all very little girls—none of them older, and many younger, than Lily. Likewise there were no desks in this room, but rows of benches, and no seats for the governesses. And the forms on which the children sat were slightly raised one above the other, by a kind of amphitheatre.

"This is the third class, and you belong to it," said Mademoiselle Espremêl, with a slight yawn, as though tired of officiating as mistress of the ceremonies to this very insignificant guest. Mademoiselle Rouault, then, is the little one to be put sur le banc des petites. Her name is my faith! Madame forgot to tell me her name, but you will see it in good time."

This she said in French to the teacher. She continued in indifferent English to the child,

"What sort of knowledge have you?"

"Lily—Lily Floris, ma'am," answered the child, meekly.

"I ask you for your name of baptism, not your name of family," interposed Mademoiselle Espremêl, sharply. "There are half a dozen Lilies in the school," she added to her confidator, "and three in this class. That will never do. Never mind, Madame will find some other name to her. Elle n'est pas grand'chose—she is not of much account—I fancy." And, without waiting, Mademoiselle Rouault, and retired, leaving Lily trembling in the middle of the class.

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Mademoiselle Hudault was not ill-natured, but she was overworked. Her eyes could not be ever where, consequently the child who was nearest her, and on whom her eyes most frequently lighted, had, habitually, rather a bad time of it; she was the scape-goat, and suffered for the sins of the rest of the forty. The forty were certainly enough to try the patience of Mademoiselle, or of any other mortal woman. Some of them were always going to sleep, and had to be shouted up into wakefulness. Others, who were day children, would creep on all fours to the corner where the baskets containing their dinners were deposited, abstract hunks of bread, bunches of grapes, or morsels of cold charcuterie—generally strung on the porcine corkscrew and essay to munch surreptitiously behind their books or slates. Then detection followed, and there was a disturbance, and the unfortunate provisions were seized, and Mademoiselle Hudault would threaten to confiscate "la totalité," or to give the whole of the class "en punition." Add to this the fact that the majority of the pupils who had lessons to get by heart were in the habit of repeating their tasks to themselves in a monotonous drone; that when a band of small disciples was called up for "repetition," there was sure to be a book lost, or a page in the essential part torn out; that Julie was always making complaints against Amanda for pinching her, and that the bitter lamentations of Natalie in consequence of Hortense having crammed her left ear full of slate pencil, were (all-high) incessant; that the atmosphere of the class-room was close almost to stifling point, and the odor exceedingly disagreeable; and that Mademoiselle Hudault's sole assistant in teaching and managing the forty girls was a depressed young person of sixteen, who was a little dull, and somewhat lame, and was understood to be maintained out of charity by Mademoiselle Marcassin, and it may be judged how far the misery of the class was overworked, and that her nightly couch was not a bed of roses.

Mademoiselle Hudault, who spoke no English, made signs to Lily to sit at the extremity of the form nearest the wall where the child crouched in half-listless, half-alarmed quiescence. The strange noise confused her, the heavy, drowsy smell stupefied her. She saw very vaguely and shaken by her journey; she had eaten nothing since the morning; the class-room began to swim round: then it settled into a murky haze, and she fell into a trance that was half sleeping and half swooning.

She roused to find herself in a little pallet-bed, in a long, low, hospital-like room, with whitewashed walls. On either side, as far as the eye could see, were more pallets, and ever against her, stretched in interminable perspective, a corresponding line of white, ghastly-looking couches.

There was somebody at her pillow. It was the merry young girl with the wavy dark hair, who had pulled her dress and made a face at her, and who had been apostrophized as Mademoiselle Marcassin. No sooner did Lily open her eyes than this young lady proceeded to kiss her on both cheeks with great heartiness, bidding her (in Lily's delight, in English, he still for a dear, and she would soon be well.

"You're English and I'm English," quoth the merry young lady, who spoke with extreme rapidity, as if to make up for lost time, and compensate for the many hours during which she was compelled to hold her tongue. "And Madame (that's Mademoiselle Marcassin), but we call her Madame, although she never been married, to distinguish her from the rest of the governesses, who are all old frumps, and Mademoiselles of course. We're both English, and as you can't speak a word of French yet, Madame says I'm to take care of you, and tell you things, and air you ride in the third class till you're able to get on by yourself. And oh! what fun to be in the third class, and I'm going on for fifteen, and I shall escape that horrible first class, with Mademoiselle Glacon—icicle's her name, and she's her nature—and Mademoiselle Esprémiél—we call her the hippopotamus—bothering us all day long, to say nothing of Madame; and then she comes the lovely airy a blow up. And now tell me all about yourself, my little darling. I'm seven years older than you; but we're the only two English girls in this jail of a place—and it is a jail, and worse than a jail—and we must be great cronies."

Here Miss Marygold paused, as it is to be apprehended, for want of matter than for want of breath, for she never had to go far for one.

"You weren't very well, and dozed off like; and you couldn't understand when Ma'mselle Hudault told you to wake up, and that's the box your ears if you didn't; Madame don't allow it, but Ma'mselle can't help her temper sometimes; and you were a cross old thing to the others, but she's always in a hurry, and that makes her hasty; and then one of the girls reminded Ma'mselle that you couldn't speak French, and another said you were ill, and then they threw water on the-and-water out of one of the day-girls' bottles) over your face, and you didn't wake up; and so, as you couldn't walk, you were carried to this bedroom, which is Dormitory Number Three, and the doctor came and said you would be very nicely after you had half some sleep and some soup, and I'm to sleep next to you; and, upon my word, here comes Annette with the soup, and it's as nasty as ever, I do declare!"

The plateful of soup which a bony female servant, with a tall white cap, and a yellow silk handkerchief crossed over her breast, brought to the bedside was certainly not nice. It was very hot and thick, but it had a sour shell.

"Beans, cabbages, and tallow," remarked Miss Marygold, in contemptuous disparagement of the potage. "That's what we're fed upon at the Pension Marcassin, with cold boiled horse and Vinegar-and-water to make up. Don't touch it, Lily, I beg of you. Not eating your soup is called rebellion here. Madame says that Atheists and Voltairians alone refuse to eat their soup. What, can't you eat it? Well, it must be awful somehow, and to keep things quiet and comfortable I'll eat it myself."

So which was presently proceeded to do, swallowing the nauseous compound in great gulps: but presently lowering its vigor, was to be eaten by Lily, and, indeed, the child needed but little persuasion, for, though her gorge rose at the soup, she was half famished with hunger.

"Annette's a good sort," went on Miss Marygold, when the soup was gone, with a grin of satisfaction at Lily's returning appetite, had departed, "and never tells tales. We should be short stayed with Annette. She'll bring bread-and-jam, for not half of us can eat the nasty messes they serve up in the refectory. I think the girls who have got money to spend, like me, buy things, and then she's a kind-hearted soul, and gives away out of her profits to the poor ones and the little ones."

Lily said that it was very kind of Annette, and emboldened by the kind mercy face of her companion, ventured to ask if she were long over time?

"Yes-time!" echoed Miss Marygold. "Bless you, my pet. You'll never see say tea here. Why, only princesses and duchesses drink tea in Paris. Coffee, Madame says, is the vice of a mouth, when the Abbé Fruthomme comes to catechise the girls, and prepare them for their first communion, and for confession, dear! I'm not, and Ma'mselle Espréménl says I'm a heretic, and Ma'mselle Glacon says that out of the pale of the Church there is no salvation, and the girls tease my life out, because I don't cross myself, and don't believe in purgatory; and when madame has company, Annette sets tables it with boiling orange-flower water, and puts rum into it, and hands round bonbons and chocolate drops, and all kinds of nasty things. Tea! You'd better forget all about tea. We have hot milk and bread in the morning, and dry vegetables, cheese, and wine (that's the vinegar-and-water I mean), at twelve; that's called breakfast number two; and at five o'clock we have half past now, and the clock was striking when Annette brought you the soup—we have that horrible soup at five o'clock. Supper's our soup that's worse, and some meat that's either half raw or half burnt, and potatoes messed up in all kinds of forms, and we have bread that's never fresh, and that's all till the next morning. Tea! Not if Madame knows it."

Miss Marygold paused again for respiration. Her lungs replenished with a fresh supply of oxygen, she resumed Lily's brief but sad history in her bed, soothed though fatigued, and with a smiling face upturned toward her companion: that her papa Miss Marygold's father Mortress called Polly; but that the diminutive in question was only made use of in England, and that here Mary Marygold was being compulsorily taught, and there being many Marie-Jeannes, Marie-Claudes, Marie-Françoises, and Marie-Louises in the school, she was compelled to answer to Mary-Gold, as though the one-half were her christian name, and the other her surname.

"And a poor neglected Marygold I am," she continued, shaking her wavy hair. "My father was left guardian to the children of a poor bookseller's shop at Exeter, down in Devonshire, you know; but he failed in business. He was what you call bankrupt, and he failed business-and-sixpence in the pound. And then we came over here: I and pa, and my little brother Joey. And Joey died in the Pension Marcassin a long ago. And he's buried in the Fosse Commune, the poor people's grave at the Montmartre Cemetery.

"All pa's money was gone," she went on, wiping her eyes, "and he couldn't get any work to do. And now he's a kind of parish clerk to an English chapel in the Champs Elysées, where they call it. But he'll get my darling; and he picks up a little by interpreting, and showing the museums and places to English visitors stopping at the Hôtel Bristol, where he has a hard job to get along! He placed me here at school as an articled pupil or three hundred francs a year, and it's as much as ever he can do to pay it: but I learn as much as ever I can, and I've been here two years and a half, and when my time's out, which will be in another eighteen months, I shall get a situation as governess and help pa, and we shall be very happy and comfortable. Dear old pa! I don't tell him how badly I'm treated here, for it would make him fret, and he'd quarrel with Madame, or take me away, and I don't know half enough yet, even to be a nursery governess, and it would be a dreadful thing."

Again she took breath.

"You see," she resumed, "I try to learn as much as ever I can, and they do certainly teach you a lot of things here, and Madame is awfully clever. They say that she's a little prig. She had been-ever-a Overdyke he had to be kept out of the sand-beds as if he were himself a pig, for in the garden he would go down on all fours, and grub among the growing vegetables with his projecting teeth. He relaxed also a brotherly regard for the whole race of pigs, and understood them so well that they would let him ride upon their backs. His pleasantest memories were incidents of his life among them as a child. This Clemens, who had a narrow head and a low forehead, was of imperfect intellect, though not an idiot. Given to laughter, and open to flattery and influence. He can be controllable fits of passion. Once, when he had tried to murder his brother-in-law with a woodcutter's axe that he held in his hand, he was carried away laughing to confinement.

The other wicked boy at the Overdyke asylum had learned to live as the beasts of the forest, only prowling about villages of nights to steal food. He climbed trees for eggs and birds, that he ate raw, and had extraordinary knowledge of birds and their habits. So each that he knew he gave a name of its own, and it is said that birds seemed to recognize the names he whistled after them.

Sir William Sleeman, in his narrative of journey through the kingdom of Oude, gives a very curious account of a boy, said to have been taken when running on all fours with the wolf and her three cubs. They were all seen coming down to the river to drink when the boy was caught. The wolves, left to themselves, are very numerous among the ravines which run down to the banks of the Goomtee River. They are wolf reserves, for the Hindoo belief, that a drop of wolf's blood spilt within the bounds of any village deems the village so destructive to cows as scarcely for wolf protection than a game law. The vagrants, with whom no conscience pleads for the protection of the wolves, are said to divide equally with them in depredation. Very young children go about with costly ornaments upon them. Wolves carry off and eat the children, but leave the ornaments untouched for refuse, and for the chance of finding these, the vagrants patronize the wolves, and are on visiting terms with them.

Getting more apocryphal as it proceeds, the narrative says that the wolves are said to be so easy that a he wolf always eats the children he gets, and so does a she wolf, except when she is sucking; in that case she shares with her own puppies stolen baby. Now as to the particular boy whom Sir William Sleeman found at Sultanpoor, and who was said to have been caught when travelling on all fours with the wolf foster-mother, and his three cubs of foster-brothers, to the river to drink. When first caught he had to be tied like a puppy not run off into holes and dens. He ran away from them, and, like a wild animal, snarling like a dog, to bite them. He ate his meat raw, like wolves, using his hands as forepaws; would let a dog share with him, but would growl at a human being who came near. He was sent to Captain Nicholetts, commanding the First Oude Local Infantry, with whom he became tamer; but he growled at all who passed, and he fed on all fours, and ate whatever was thrown to him, preferring raw meat and bones to gnaw. He could eat half a kid, and drink a large bowl of buffalo buttermilk without drawing breath, and would pick up and eat earth and small stones. He delighted in cold, but hated clothing. When the weather they gave him a quilt, but he tore it up and ate it bit by bit like bread. This he was of repulsive aspect; he shunned human society, preferring that of dogs, but when his favorite, a pariah dog that came and lived with him and his dinners, was shot because he was depriving the young foundling of his food, the boy showed no concern whatever at its loss. "The beast child," who was supposed to have been taken from the she wolf at nine or ten years old, lived three years among men, signifying wants by a few words, and showing affection limited to his mouth—and was never known to speak till a few minutes before his death, when he put his hand to his head and said it ached, asked for some water, drank it, and then died. These few words spoken before death would have been the return of an old childish impression.

Another of Sir William's stories is of a boy said to have been suckled by a wolf when seven years old, and while his parents were working in the fields at Chupra. Six years afterward he was caught in a mango grove on the river side, by a party of exile, and recognized by a birth-mark, as well as by the race of a scar, and the marks of the wolf's teeth in his loins; for she had been seen to take him and carry him off by his loins. This boy was alive at the time of Sir W. Sleeman's visit, but could not articulate words, his knees and elbows were hardened with going on all fours. He followed his mother about like a dog, he could get his food as he would make off to the jungle. He also liked his meat uncooked. The village boys threw frogs to him, and he ate them like a bullock did and its skin was taken off, he would go and eat it like a village dog.

The unproved fact, in the case of both these idiot boys, who had been outcasts in the woods, is the well-nursing. The nursing of wolf-reared is commonly attached in India to the outcast idiot children, who are sometimes found living, like the wolves, on the savages' food and prey.

In Poland the same belief once gave to such unhappy children a credit or discredit which placed them among the bears. Of one such boy, caught two centuries ago in a bear hunt, it is said that he appeared to be eight or nine years old, went on all fours, and ate greedily such things as bears love—raw flesh, apples, and honey. He was taken to the king of Poland and baptized as Stephen. With difficulty he was taught to walk upright. He never could learn English, but expressed his views of life with an ursine growl. The king gave him to a vice-chamberlain, who employed him to carry wood for his kitchen. He never had much wildness, and sometimes escaped into the woods, where the bears never molested him.

Such stories are not more credible, though more honestly set forth, than that of the Irish boy exhibited at Amsterdam, as having been reared by a sheep, so that he ran upon all fours, cropped grass, and bleated.

GENERAL HOSPITAL, CENTRAL OFFICE.

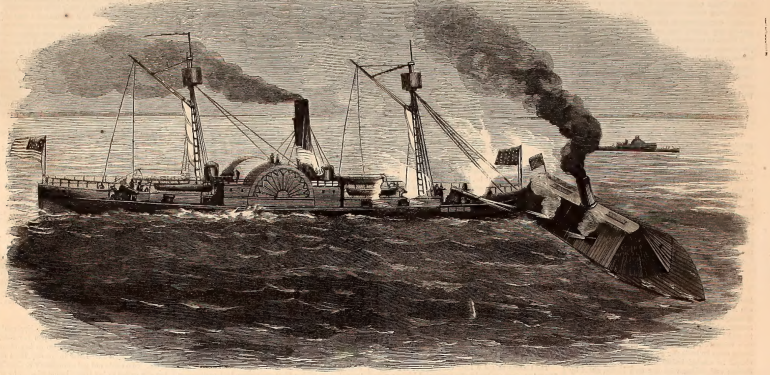
SHERMAN'S DEPARTMENT—ENGAGEMENT AT SNAKE CREEK GAP, GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 355.]

THE WAR IN GEORGIA.

WE give on this page two illustrations of recent events in Georgia, sketched on the spot by our artist, THEODORE R. DAVIS. The capture of Dug Gap by General GEARY'S Division of HOOKER'S Corps was an achievement worthy of the veterans who had already earned renown by their bravery at Mission Ridge. The assault was made on the 8th instant. Ridge after ridge was carried by the fearless veterans, who climbed the perpendicular crags with steady feet, often crossing rocky gorges where a single false step would have been instantly fatal, and at last swept the enemy from the heights as so much chaff. Mr. DAVIS writes: "Captain BARTLETTE, commanding a storming party of the Thirty-third New Jersey, was killed on the last crest. The Thirty-third behaved with splendid valor. Our loss was 220 killed and wounded. Some of our troops, after they had actually climbed the last ridge to the crest of the palisade formation, were hurled from the top by the rebels, who, instead of taking them prisoners, preferred to mangle the brave boys among the rocks beneath. The place was defended by STEVENSON'S Rebel Division. Colonel CLARK, of the 145th New York, was among those thrown from the top." For an account of the engagement at Snake Creek Gap see news page.

SHERMAN'S DEPARTMENT—GENERAL GEARY'S ASSAULT ON DUG GAP, GEORGIA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE NAVAL FIGHT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND.

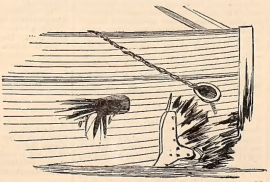


THE STEAMSHIP "SASSACUS" RAMMING THE REBEL RAM "ALBEMARLE."

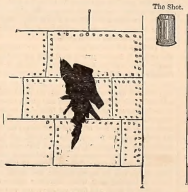
We give on this page a sketch of the engagement in Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, on the 5th inst., between the United States steamer *Sassacus* and the rebel ram *Albemarle*. Our correspondent on board the *Sassacus*, in sending the sketch, says: "No better opportunity than was here presented could have been desired for testing and deciding the mooted point as to the possibility of injuring an iron-clad by ramming with a wooden ship. The engagement may be briefly described as follows:

"The *Mattabesett* senior ship, being in advance, had commenced a circle of which the ram should be the centre, while we at a short distance followed in her wake. The *Bombshell*, a consort of the ram, was rendering him every assistance by a constant fire upon us; and though the design of running down the iron-clad was fully formed, we turned for a moment to the weaker vessel, and delivered a fire which brought the flag down and the officers and crew to their feet, frantically waving white handkerchiefs and shirts in token of surrender. Turning from the *Bombshell*, and being then about three hundred yards distant from the ram, we started for him at full speed, striking him fair and square, caressing him over so that the water swept his decks, receiving the raking fire from his guns, and soaring into him the contents of the whole of our forward battery almost at the same moment. The instant he had perceived our intention he endeavored to avoid us by putting on all steam and going ahead, so that after we struck his forward motion gradually laid us almost alongside, our guns meeting his, muzzle to muzzle.

"At this juncture a shot pierced our boiler, and in an instant every thing was enveloped in scalding steam. So dense was the cloud that objects were shrouded and invisible at the distance of a rod. The roar of our guns, the crack of musketry, the screams of the scalded and dying now commingled to make the scene most appalling; yet in the midst of all our men stood firm, and, with a heroism never surpassed, continued to pour a deadly fire of solid shot into his very ports, our riflemen coolly seeking every chance to pick off the enemy at their stations, and our look-outs aloft throwing hand-grenades through his gratings, until, after twelve long minutes, our engines working upon a vacuum and beyond control, we slowly but definitely drifted out of range. As we separated the muzzles of both his guns were seen to be broken off; yet for an hour the fire was continued upon him from the other vessels of our fleet till the darkness became too great, and, cruel failure and defeated, he sought refuge in the river from which he had so vaunt ingly sallied. Beyond the displacement of our stem this ship was not injured by the collision, nor was she made to leak in the slightest degree. We struck at a speed of about eleven knots. We are entirely satisfied as to the ramming qualities of our ship."



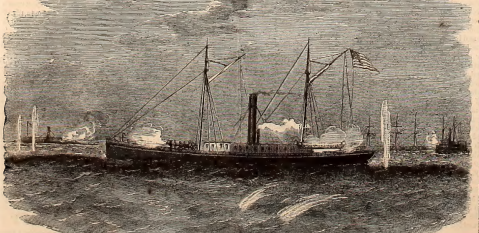
APPEARANCE OF BOW AFTER THE BATTLE.



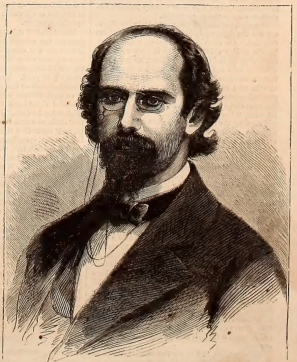
EXIT OF SHOT FROM BOILER. ENTRANCE OF SHOT IN BOILER.

REBEL RAM.

THE following extract from a correspondent on the United States ship *William Badger*, off Beaufort, North Carolina, explains the illustration on this page of the REBEL RAM AT WILMINGTON: "One of the rams that have been so long building at Wilmington, by the rebels, to annihilate the entire Yankee blockading squadron off that harbor, has lately made her 'first appearance' among our vessels, but signally failed to go through with the modest part assigned her by the over-confident Confederates. She was compelled to retreat inside the rebel fortifications, from behind which she takes an occasional peep at the 'Lincum gun-boats' in the distance, and makes a display of



REBEL RAM AT WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.



JOSEPH HOWARD, JUN., THE FORGER.

GENERAL TORBERT CAUSES THE

three formidable horns, designed to tickle the ribs of our wooden vessels so very unpleasantly. If they should undertake another such *rampage* the fleet is determined to capture or destroy them. They have three rams in all, but we have a heavy force to oppose them. Probably a few doses of 9-inch Union pills dropped down the smoke-stack may operate rather disastrously, and afford a few months' employment to the mechanics of Wilmington—if they should ever get back there.

"We have at present on board this vessel (*Badger*) the officers, crew, and some passengers of the blockade-runner *Stranger*, ex *Shandy*, captured by the U. S. steamer *Kansas* on Sunday, the 15th May, with a cargo of cotton from Wilmington. The way the ram is fast aground in the harbor, and efforts to pull her off have been unsuccessful."

JOSEPH HOWARD.

WE give on page 365 a portrait, from a photograph by Mr. CHARLES H. WILLIAMSON, Brooklyn, of JOSEPH HOWARD, JUN., whose name has been brought prominently before the country in connection with the forged Proclamation which was last week palmed upon the public through the columns of two New York daily papers. The history of the case is already known, and it is only necessary to say here that Mr. HOWARD'S action was in the last degree inhuman and dishonorable. Mr. HOWARD is yet a young man, and has been connected for some years with the press, holding at the time he committed the forgery which sent him to Sing Sing the position of city editor on a Brooklyn journal.

WIDOWED IN THE WILDS.

IT is now many years since I accompanied my husband, a missionary, into the wilds of South African Africa. At length we reached our station in Namaqua Land. When I saw the wild savages among whom and with whom we must henceforth live to sink; but the goodness of our purpose upheld me; moreover, there was little time for fears, for a house must be built ere we could live in it, and the chapel be erected before we could commence our duties; and toiling with our own hands, aided by our guide and driver, who remained for a while to help us, we at length completed both.

It was a day I shall ever when we heard the little bell ring out over the creek, summoning their inmates to the chapel, at one end of which my husband was to instruct the men; while at the other I should try to instil into these rude wild women the womanly and wifely virtues; and though for a time these efforts were not by any means fruitful, and my husband's services were more frequently sought as a rain-maker or witch-finder than in any other capacity, we ultimately saw our endeavors unveiled, and we won their respect and confidence, and, as we hoped, in one or two cases, something more.

Thus passed nearly three years; and though to the world our life at that remote mission station might seem desolate and dreary, it was in reality full of interest, and cheered by the daily increasing hope that we had planted the germs of the religion and civilization which would spread and bear much fruit.

Such were our prospects, when one day we learned that the great chief Luto, beneath whose protection we lived, was taken ill, and we resolved to visit him; more especially as, like most missionaries, my husband possessed some medical skill. The chief's kraal was scarcely five miles from the station, and we started early, to avoid the heat of the tropical sun; but we had hardly traversed half the distance when a dead silence, as of expectation, broke the intense stillness of the wilderness, increasing as we advanced, until it swelled into a succession of wild cries and fearful shrieks. Ignorant as whether this might not be the form of mourning for one so exalted as Luto, we hastened on, though, when we reached the spot, it was with fear that we could force our way through the thick belt of terrified-looking Caffres who were eagerly pressing forward to witness the scene within.

At length we reached the front; but very different was the view we looked on to what we had anticipated. On one side, stretched on a dingy mat, lay the mighty chief whose will was law over hundreds of miles and thousands of lives, writhing and writhing with neuralgic pains, and his stern countenance disclosed by suffering. But his eyes glowed with rage as he caught sight of me, with a deep guttural intonation: "I am bewitched—an evil-eye has been cast upon me. However," he added, with set teeth, "I will be punishing him."

Following the direction of the chief's outstretched finger, our horrified and astonished eyes fell on the form of a Caffre bound hand and foot while writhing, and pinioned to the ground; while two others, wearing the filthy decorations of witch-doctors, were busily engaged in breaking and spreading over the uncovered chest of the wretched man nests of the fierce red ants whose formidable mouths and deadly torture—each fresh application of which drew forth a new burst of agony from the sufferer, and elicited another fiend-like triumph from the chief Luto.

But mingled with our horror at the scene was the feeling that the victim of this fearful superstition must at once be rescued. It was obviously a difficult task, for the prosecutor was likewise the judge, but it must nevertheless be achieved; and I, as in due respect, in consideration of his sovereignty, but eagerly, earnestly, entreatingly, as if we had been petitioning for our own lives, we besought the chief to release his tribesman. The answer was an abrupt negative. But in such a case, and with those frightful cries ringing in our ears, we were not to be deterred; and more zealously, more anxiously than ever, and with many assurances that health and sickness were in a Higher Hand, we preferred our suit.

At length, wearied of our importunity, the chief uttered the emphatic denial no Caffre ever rescinds. That door of hope was closed. But it was impossible for us, the servants of religion, civilization, and humanity, to stand idly by and witness such a sacrifice; and though well knowing he incurred much peril by braving the despot's will, my husband sprang to his feet, and snatching an ostrich-feather fan from one of the chief's attendants, bounded with it across the area, and pushing aside the conjurers, swept with a rapid hand the ants from the tortured man; then cutting the detaining withes, he assisted him to rise.

So sudden and unexpected was this act that Luto and his great men seemed almost paralyzed by its temerity, while my heart trembled with fear as to its consequences. Another moment, and the chief recovered himself, and catching up an assagai, which lay beside him, ere I could interpose, hurled it, with a fierce Caffre denunciation, full at the devoted missionary.

To this day I seem to hear the whir of the swift weapon, as its long slender shaft quivered through the air; to see the gleaming steel of the barbed head, as it entered the side of my beloved husband, and struck him down on the very spot from which he had just rescued an innocent victim.

With a cry of anguish I rushed to his side, while the entire Caffre concourse was stirred by howls and deafening yells, whose meaning I did not seek to learn. My whole heart was filled with the husband moaning in, it might be, his death-agony, as I knelt beside him, and tore my dress in shreds to stanch the wounds through which the life-blood was welling. Meanwhile, louder and higher swelled the tumult around me, until it broke on my sorrow with a tenfold fear lest they were executing the punishment of their unfinished deed, which alone and friendless among their savage enemies I could not expect to resist. At length a step approached me, and involuntarily I clasped my beloved one closer, as if that could avert his fate.

But the voice which addressed me was a friendly one—that of Keemer, the most promising of our little flock; and he came to bring me the welcome intelligence from the chief to be at my wounded husband back to the station, to which was added an imperative command to return to Luto's kraal on the following day, and no longer trouble his. A few other friendly Caffres followed, and between them the missionary was borne carefully home. That night, however, he died.

The Caffres raised a lofty cairn of stones, which formed at once my husband's tomb and his security from the wandering beasts of prey; but ere it was finished a messenger arrived from the chief Luto. "It the Caffre law," he sent word, "the widow and children of a slain man become the property of his conqueror, therefore my child is my wife." But he would be merciful to me; and if I and mine left his territory at once we might go free."

I had neither wish nor power for our transport, and at first it seemed that I must take my little one in my arms, and go forth alone to encounter the horrors of the wilderness for her sake. But Keemer did not desert me in this strait. The only pack-ox we possessed was devoted to my use, and he, his wife, and two of their children, with myself and my child, made up the party. At early dawn we mounted our pack-ox, and headed on our solitary way, over hill and dale, and precipitous passes, where a single false step would have been destruction; through thick, thorny jungles, which tore us as we passed, and across vast plains of burning sand, where there was neither tree to shelter us from the fiery sun-rays, nor water to allay our consuming thirst. Sometimes for days at a time of hunger, and heat, and weariness, until darkness brought our anxious journey to a close.

We had crossed about half of Caffreland when, one night, the ox on which my child and I had hitherto ridden fell down dead, having contracted on the flat was killed by a hyena. This was a serious disaster, and Keemer was greatly troubled at the thought that, having lost our only conveyance, another, I must henceforth travel on foot. But I had suffered too many great afflictions to have much care for small ones; and folding my child in my cloak and blanket, which had formed alike our saddle and bed, I trod diligently on beside the faithful Caffre, who, in addition to his wife and children, had now to look upon his shoulder.

That thought I dismay bust, it soon appeared our progress was reduced one half; and so weary did I grow with this unusual exertion, that more than once we were compelled to halt for a half-day's rest. On one of these occasions we had camped beside a large ely, or pond. The day was intensely hot and oppressive, and we had reposed in the scanty shadow of an aged mimosa, when suddenly we perceived an extended cloud-bank showing darkly against the bright-blue horizon. Instantly Keemer, who was expect mode us watch its coming, as, advancing rapidly, as if borne on a strong wind, it swept along the distant sky, spreading and increasing as it proceeded, until it covered half the heavens with inky blackness, and seemed near enough to be heard in its furious tempest. When it reached the zenith it began rapidly to descend, emitting a strange crackling sound; and in another moment, above infinite astonishment and consternation, like a great hailstorm, a vast swarm of locusts came rushing down upon us, whirling, whizzing, and darkening all in a blinding and bewildering mass, until they lay three or four thick upon the ground.

Not a spot remained uncovered by them. Far as the eye could reach across the level prairie nothing was visible but the dark-brown mass of the insect brown and green armor of the aerial legions, as they battled bircely, and ate voraciously every leaf, and leaf, and blade of grass, which escaped them. Even the arums on the borders of the pond, and the blue and white lotus flowers floating on its surface, were hidden beneath their straggling clusters, while the feathery foliage above our heads drooped and trembled under the universal pest.

Small as were the ravagers, it was a fearful sight; and yesterday's smiling verdure around us was now scarcely an hour after, when the living cloud rose to seek fresh pastures, and we looked on the desolation it had left behind—the denuded shrubs, the skeleton-like trees, and the long stretches of bare brown earth, which that morning had been green and glowing with verdure and flowers.

If any thing could have increased our horror at the scene it was the knowledge that our path lay through this new-made desert, and that, however full of weight and peril, we could in no way escape it, since the same dire destroyer had passed both east and west; while at the same time we knew that its kraals would immediately be forsaken, and the game would flee where pasture could be found, and that consequently no food would be obtainable. The only course open to us was to press on indefatigably, and trust to Providence to bring us to the fertile country which should be our home.

Could we escape the desert there might be hope; and making an almost superhuman effort, for my child's sake, I again dragged on, upheld by the determent by the low wailing cries which now and then broke from my suffering treasure. At length even Keemer's courage could strive no longer, and in utter exhaustion, and, as it seemed, sick unto death, I sank upon the ground, with scarcely strength left to entreat my sorrowful companion to leave me to my inevitable fate, and endeavor to save my child.

It seemed as if the Caffre even understood me, for he stretched out his wearied arms, and a few tears rolled down the infant cheeks, withered and dried by the fierce heat. But Keemer laid him by my side I felt with a pang that his short race was run, and that he too was about to tread the dark journey. By an effort I gathered him in my feeble arms. My last tie to earth seemed broken; and trying to forget the fierce pains of that miserable desert death, I prayerfully awaited its coming. At length my little one's moans and my own intolerable agony commanded his hour and mine alike had come, and with, as I believed, my expiring breath, I murmured for him and me the same words of faith and hope with which my husband breathed his grave of the beloved husband we were now about to join.

For a few hundred thousandth time was the axiom verified that man's extremity is God's opportunity; for when hope was past and life was almost gone from us, we were discovered bound into Luto's kraal, and, coming to the devastated district, had left his wagon on its edge some twenty miles distant, and travelling with a few attendants about the same extent, had providentially encountered us just in time to save us from the privations we had suffered with him. Every kindness was lavished on us by this good Samaritan; and as soon as we were equal to the journey Keemer returned with us to the colony, where Keemer accompanied us, and where he has ever since remained, valued by me as the friend in my greatest need, and generally respected as a most efficient teacher of the Caffres within the colony. But neither time nor resignation can soften the unavailing remembrance of the sorrows and sufferings attending my widowhood in the wilds.

MELTED.

"LOVE him? Of course not. Marry him? I should as soon think of marrying the King of the Cannibal Islands with their grand equipage." Thus my dear Dora Deane, your friend St. George Endlov (I wonder where he got his name) hasn't any designs on me, nor I on him."

"Fie, Constance, to call St. George Endlow King of the Cannibal Islands! He's the very handsomest man of my acquaintance."

"Precisely, and of mine—an exquisite of the first water, the prince of dandies."

"He's not a dandy, Constance mine. I don't believe you think so either. St. George a dandy! He doesn't help himself to scent more than you, Constance Sutherland can. But dandy! You'll find he is not that, Miss Constance."

"Shall I? Well, dear, I've no interest in the matter, I'm sure; but I never saw a handsome man yet that wasn't a dandy to his very heart's core."

"Poor Endlow! He is all over with him so far as you are concerned. You're a very prejudiced personage, Constance Sutherland."

Dora Deane and Constance, as a waltz on somebody's arm, and Constance Sutherland remained, had left me by the droped curtains of the window at which she sat.

"Proud, unapproachable, and peerless!" was what the world of Constance, queen in right of her beauty of all the gay circles which she frequented; but a somewhat scornful queen, since she seemed utterly indifferent to the homage she received, and rarely melted enough from her hauteur to be conversational, except with a select few. A beautiful proud girl, men declared and was said to be unsuspected herself, a great deal; but a woman with a heart and an intellect, a woman worth winning, a woman who could be melted and made tender and divine, if human creatures can be so, and in Love's vocabulary the possibility is certainly much talked of.

Just outside the window at which Constance sat, and hidden from her view by an immense flowering shrub that stood there, sat during the whole of the preceding conversation St. George Endlow. As Dorcas had guessed, he was at first, and a very natural feeling had made him shrink from changing his position afterward, lest Constance should see him and think he had heard her unpleasant comments upon himself. Besides, he said to himself, listening, that it would be but a right thing for him, even under such questionable circumstances as these. He was sitting there still, unable to quit his post for fear of overhearing him, when a fine gentleman, Constance's brother, joined her, and he had the pleasure of hearing himself under discussion again, somewhat to this effect:

"Mr. Endlow turned soldier—it must be a mistake!" exclaimed Constance; "dapper gentlemen are misformed, and dapper men as he is are not likely to risk spoiling their beauty by exposing it to hazard or active service."

Constance's brother rose very soon and left her, half angry, half laughing at her prejudice against "Endlow." St. George sat a moment, the bold blood rising to his very temples. If it had been a man who had spoken thus of him he would have known how to answer him in a manner to seal his lips forever after on that subject. Being a woman, and that woman Constance Sutherland, he rose presently, and passing from the shadow of the shrub, stood before her, his splendid eyes making vain endeavors to subdue their flash as he said,

"If Miss Constance will permit me I should like to thank her for her magnanimous expression of herself concerning one whom she supposed not present, and therefore unable to defend himself."

Constance's cheek grew vivid color flooding her naturally tranquil face. She blushed with shame to the very tips of her delicate fingers, and stood too confused to retort even a reproach for the part he had played of listener. Never had she looked so beautiful in the eyes of St. George, but he only compressed his lips, and was turning on his heel when she lifted her hand with a gesture half haughty, half appealing, saying, in a low voice,

"I beg your pardon, Sir. Nothing could justify the language I have used concerning you."

He did not speak at once or touch the hand she extended to him. But presently he took it in his own, and with a vicelike pressure, saying, in a rapid undertone,

"Give me a chance to possess this hand, to deserve it as mine, and you will soon say, 'Why?'"

"That were impossible," retorted Constance, instantly growing white and standing haughtily erect.

"Why? Do possess or deserve?" questioned St. George, calm again.

"Either." And she vanished from the window.

"Pity about St. George Endlow, isn't it, Con?" said young Sutherland, lounging in his sister's sitting-room morning some months after. "Oh. I forgot; you never liked him. Splendid fellow though. Rode in the Crimea, fought his way up, and died at the head of the brave boys he was leading."

"Died!"

It was all Constance Sutherland's lips could utter; and then, with her hand upon her side, she went slowly out of the room, up to her chamber, and shut herself in. Later in the day Dora Deane came. She could not get admittance to Constance, and went away in the extacies. Constance is ill, said it just; she was a thoughtless girl.

Ill she was. St. George Endlow is badly wounded. Hadn't you better go down and nurse him, Constance?"

The thought swung open, and Constance stood upon the threshold saying, "Wounded? Fred said dead."

"Oh! I believe that was the first report; but it's contradicted. Fred says, said, Lightly."

The next train took Constance Sutherland toward the battle-field. I doubt if she knew herself, in the agonies of his death scene, that it was St. George Endlow.

She found him. It was long enough first—an agony of suspense—and there was a frightful gash across the broad white forehead that had been "too handsome."

He needed her long before she reached him, and did not know her when she came. But he lived to bless his life to her care, to love her with a fond tenderness that in the old distance he had never dreamed of; and to receive at last from her trembling lips the confession that he was more to her than all the world besides.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 389.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864. [SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

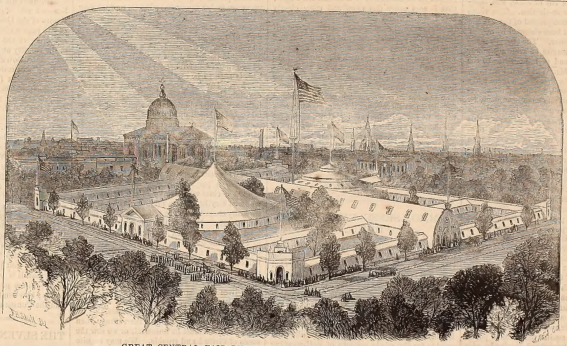
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GREAT CENTRAL FAIR IN PHILADELPHIA.

We give herewith a view of the GREAT CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR BUILDINGS at Philadelphia, Pa. These buildings cover a space of four acres of ground on Logan Square and possess great architectural beauty. The Main Hall is over five hundred feet long and thirty feet wide, and is considered fireproof. Paintings valued at $500,000 will be exhibited in this Gallery. The FAIR, which opens the first week in June, will, it is believed, exceed in extent and results even the *Metropolitan Fair* held in this city. Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New Jersey will all contribute to the Exhibition, and all parts of the country will be more or less represented by characteristic productions. As indicative of the deep-seated loyalty which has distinguished Philadelphia from the very commencement of the rebellion, this Fair will have a historic significance.

During the continuance of the Fair a newspaper, called *Our Daily Fare*, will be published every morning, giving full reports of all current events, facts illustrative of the Sanitary movement, and original articles from some of our first writers. Contributions are also expected from well-known European authors. This paper will also contain a number of interesting documents by General Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lafayette, William Penn, and other great men of our past, never before printed. Among other literary curiosities, a curious autobiographic letter, by the English novelist, Smollett, to an American, will be exhibited.

The heart of every soldier fighting in the field must be cheered by these efforts in their behalf.

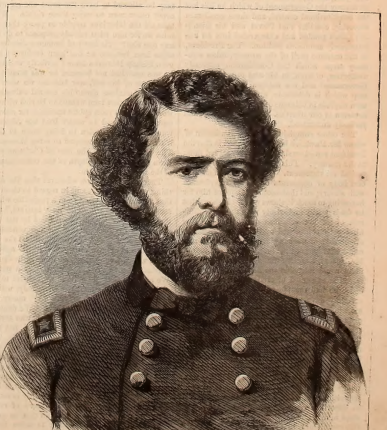


GREAT CENTRAL FAIR BUILDINGS, LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

GEN. GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.

GENERAL GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN, whose portrait we give on the first page, is one of our ablest and most skillful officers, having demonstrated in all the positions he has occupied the highest qualifications for command. He is a native of New York, and entered West Point in 1846; and in July, 1850, was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He served acceptably in various positions until the outbreak of the rebellion, when his high soldierly qualities found vigorous employment in the field. Rapidly rising in the scale of promotion, he was in May, 1863, made a Major-General, and served in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac with distinguished bravery. Upon the reorganization of that army, in March last, he was promoted to the command of the Fifth Corps, which was strengthened by the consolidation with it of the three divisions of the First Corps. During the present campaign General WARREN has added to his high reputation by the most exalted courage. His corps was the first to be attacked in the battles of the Wilderness, and has sustained, heavy losses in every engagement, evincing the highest daring even in the face of overwhelming odds. No army ever had corps commanders superior to HANCOCK, SEDGWICK, BURNSIDE, and WARREN. On page 372 we give a sketch of the General rallying a body of faltering Marylanders in one of the engagements about Spottsylvania. He seized the colors of a regiment from the hands of a retiring Sergeant, and, carrying them himself, led the regiment back to its place in the line of battle in spite of a storm of shot and shell.

GENERAL GOUVERNEUR K. WARREN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 374.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

OUR WAR MAPS.

THE readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will find it for their advantage to preserve for constant reference the two elaborate and complete Maps of the Seat of War published in Number 317. Every important place and position is so carefully laid down in these Maps that the reader can trace upon them, from day to day, the movements of our armies under GRANT in Virginia and under SHERMAN in Georgia, and those of the enemy under LEE and JOHNSTON, opposed to them. They can thus gain a clear and intelligent view of the design and effect of the various movements and counter-movements of the belligerents.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

IT seems to be understood that the Baltimore Convention, on the 7th of June, will nominate MR. LINCOLN for re-election. The views which we have hitherto expressed of the wisdom of this course have not been changed by any of the events of the summer. The direct opposition against him, of the exercise of arbitrary power by the Copperheads, and of indifference to the Slavery question by MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS, seem to us to be, in the first case, a mere party clamor, and, in the second, a profound misapprehension. Summary arrests have been made by the Government, as in every war they must be made. The practical question is whether this power has been generally abused. That mistakes may have been made is to say that men are fallible; but that there has been a peculiarly dangerous exercise of this power, whether in the detail or in the intention, he is a very hardy man who would seriously affirm.

Of course we do not gravely combat the assertion that the President has menaced our liberties, and meant to menace them. There is a phrase in the western part of the State, applied to very difficult enterprises, that you might as well try to pull up Niagara at the tail. This is advice of exactly the proper dignity to be offered to gentlemen who, mindful of Junius and the pamphleteers, attempt to depict MR. LINCOLN as playing the part of CHARLES OF ENGLAND IN ART. The President's policy, if an English precedent must be found, is to be sought rather in that of WILLIAM THE THIRD, who established the British Constitution. Nor will the student forget that, while JAMES was the advocate of the divine right of kings, against the political economists of the people, the Copperhead gentlemen who decry the President are the champions of the privileges of rebellious slaveholders against the natural rights of man. It is enough to say that these indignant vindicators of civil rights against executive usurpation are the zealous politicians who repudiate the principle of the Declaration of Independence. JEFFERSON DAVIS, after an election in which he and his friends take part, attempts with them by force of arms to destroy the Government of which he has lost the constitutional control, and these gentlemen smoothly consider that DAVIS and his friends have been goaded and exasperated into an unfortunately erroneous position. The President, in the extreme peril of the country, takes summary steps which the Constitution expressly authorizes, or even, in his zeal to maintain the Government and the national welfare, takes a step which is debatable, and the same gentlemen exclaim in phrases of horror at the direct invasion of our liberties. It is a party cry, and perfectly understood.

The other complaint urged by gentlemen of whom MR. PHILLIPS is the spokesman is that the President considers slavery the only sacred thing in the country. This seems to us simply a ridiculous misstatement. But the very fact that one body of opponents decry his interference with slavery, and that another denounce him for hindering it, shows what? Actually that because he deals warily and wisely with the most difficult of all the questions of the war—neither hindered nor hastened by the sour exaggerations of one side, or the caustic taunts and bitter misrepresentations of the other. The argument of MR. PHILLIPS and his friends is, that if the President could set aside the *habeas corpus*, which is the most sacred of civil rights, as it is conceded he had the power to do, then he might certainly have abolished slavery, which is the most infamous of human wrongs. But the reply to this, which is so obvious that it would seem impossible for it to escape the attention of those who did not wish to avoid it, is plainly this: that both in the suspension of the writ and in any measure of emancipation the President must be controlled by his conviction of public approval. It is very clear that the public mind might be entirely ready for one step, when its opposition to the other might be so resolute as to imperil the very object for which alone both steps were to be taken. Indeed the fallacy of this complaint is that it requires of MR. LINCOLN to embody in his policy as President the views held by a few of the most advanced Abolitionists, when nobody can be clearer than that the views of these gentlemen are not those of the great mass of the American people. That those views are right, both as regards slavery and its relation to the war, we individually fully believe. That an enormous change toward their adoption has been made by the country, under the teaching of the war, is as evident as the progress of General GRANT toward Richmond. But that no policy is wise or practicable which is not supported by popular conviction, is the whole secret. While, therefore, it is the duty of every sincere citizen to influence public opinion by every means to can command, and it will take the simple, manly, American ground of fair play for all men, it is idle for him to denounce the Government for not taking for granted what it knows to be untrue.

The Government can not carry on this war by doing what it thinks to be abstractly right, but by doing all the right that is practicable. If we believed MR. LINCOLN were likely to be unable to see or unwilling to do that, we should oppose him as warmly as support him. But we thought that he lagged behind public sentiment we should feel that he retarded it. It is because we believe that the nation is heartily in earnest in its resolution to maintain the Union that it sees every day more and more clearly that Union without Liberty is impossible; that it will very soon establish the proposal, and ultimately the political, liberty of all innocent and capable citizens; and because MR. LINCOLN, with marvelous sagacity, with incorruptible honesty, and with entire devotion to the expression of this movement of the popular mind, that we hope to see him President for another term. The London *Spectator*, which has been calmly friendly to us throughout the war, says in words which we cordially approve: "How any honest Northerners who read these noble words (in the Kentucky letter), and see how modestly yet firmly MR. LINCOLN has acted on the lessons which have opened his eyes to the great Divine purpose of his war, can hesitate for a moment's opinion of any untried man for the next President, we find it hard indeed to conceive."

COMMON-SENSE *VERSUS* PREJUDICE.

IN the late meeting of the Methodist General Conference in Philadelphia the Rev. DR. MOORE is reported to have said that he believed God Almighty was going to give us an exodus of the whole colored concern to South America." And what exodus does the good Doctor think that the same Almighty has given to the whole colored concern, or the whole Irish concern, or the whole English or Scottish concern? Above all, what exodus for the whole concern of well-meaning but not very philosophical gentlemen who complacently theorize about the wholesale exportation of the less most valuable to any country, the laborers?

The man of African descent born in America is exactly the same natural rights here, as a man and a native, that the man of European or Asian descent has. All that he asks, and all that he can fairly claim, is that he shall have the same chance to develop himself as the white man. If he may be allowed to have the same chance with every other man to enjoy those rights. Why take all the laborious trouble to prove that we must do for him what we propose to do for any one else? He has had immense disadvantages here because he has been enslaved: but even Bishop HOPKINS has cheerfully said that he was enslaved not because he was unable to take care of himself, nor because we were so nervously anxious about his moral salvation, but because other men wanted to be rich without working. The most subtle apologist for slavery never quite dared to assert that the Africans would have been stolen by the hand of God if they had not been wanted to serve Mammon. The very urgency of the plea of Christianizing them only shows the depth of the consciousness of the wrong done them.

There is no question whatever that the only thing necessary at present in regard to the negro is that we shall remove from a prejudice which some of us amusingly call an "instinct," and that every man who has been freed by the war shall be protected against the consequences of that prejudice. The "instinct" against the African race is akin to the old "instinct" against the Jews, which was only the effect of ignorance, guished by men of sense with so fine a name. We are told that the colored men aspire to social and political equality. Certainly they do. Is nobody aware that they aspire to marry our sons and daughters! Do they? We demand the proof. We challenge any body who says so to name a single instance of the kind, so that he knows, but that he has ever heard of. The fact is, that they no more demand to marry us than we to marry them. Marriage is an affair of mutual inclination, and when there is a general mutual inclination to marriage between the people of different races they will do it. Until then they will not. Social equality is settled by individual taste, not by a theory of races. The people of African descent in this, as in all countries, leave that question to solve itself. Might we not, with advantage, emulate their wisdom?

But they aspire to political equality! Certainly they do. They would be very poor Americans if they did not. Surely, if an emigrant from the Isle of Skye, wretched, ignorant, drunken, degraded, utterly useless, or a nuisance and pest to the country, may justly aspire to political equality, as he does, the moment he sets foot upon our shore, it would be very difficult to show why a man native to the soil, half of whose blood may be the blood of the worthy MASON of Virginia, by inheritance, or the sober WHARTON of Texas, or the valorous TOOMBS of Georgia, and who is himself honest, industrious, and intelligent should not aspire? In a Government like ours we would as soon trust to the vote of FREDERICK DOUGLASS, for instance, as to our own, or to that of the last ship-load of emigrants from any nation in Europe. If you say that this is an exceptional case, we reply that it is no more exceptional, the numbers and circumstances considered, than any intelligent vote among the mass of voters. If you say that, however worthy an individual may be, yet that the general feeling against the class makes it unwise to do any thing toward enfranchising them, which is the ground of MR. DOOLITTLE, of MR. COWAN, and of MR. TEN EYCK in the Senate, you merely set out the existence of a prejudice makes it wise to yield to it; which may be true so far as say specific act is concerned, but which can never be true as regards the duty of resisting and exposing the prejudice. In other words, there may be a choice of evils. We would not have a law which is not supported by general conviction, for such a law, good or bad, is sure to be evaded and to bring the authority of law into contempt. But we would certainly, by as many means as possible, endeavor to influence public opinion to demand and to sustain any law based upon natural equity. There is undoubtedly a strong opposition to what is called negro suffrage. But that opposition is the sheerest possible prejudice. It is an opposition to the fundamental doctrine of our Government, its very genius, and to common-sense. It is an opposition springing from no "instinct," but from a prejudice which inevitably exists against a class which is the legal victim of an enforced servility, and a prejudice which is most carefully cherished by the most despicable partisan appeals. It is such an opposition as all kind must be accepted by every legislator and by every reasoner as a fact, it is still an opposition which no truly sensible and patriotic man will cease to endeavor to remove or disappears. Foolish themselves combat it, and we have yet to see whether the men who have heroically exposed their lives in the cause of the flag to same dangers then any other soldiers are to have less privilege under that flag than all others.

If indeed we mean to limit the suffrage then the conditions must be universal, or we sow the seeds of discord and trouble. We may require a stated intelligence, or a certain property, as a qualification. But we do, we must not presume against a candidate's satisfaction of the conditions because he is of one race, or country, or religion or party.

We are at war because we have refused to treat one class of our population as we concede that all men should be treated, namely, with perfectly fair play; and we shall be at war until we have conquered the "instinct" which denies to intelligence, moral worth, and industry that absolute equality which the law which we freely allow to ignorance, immorality, and degradation. May the good Providence upon which DR. MOORE relies grant us a sure and speedy exodus for "the whole concern" of such "instincts!"

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT.

UPON page 373 of this paper we present the latest portrait of the President of the United States. He is represented attended by his two secretaries, MR. NICOLAY seated by his side, and MR. HAY standing by the table. In his eastest, care-worn face, saddened by a solemn sense of the great responsibility which in God's Providence has devolved upon him, we see the man who said to his neighbors, as he left his home three years ago, that he was called to a graver task than any other President since WASHINGTON, and who whose simple faith and devotion bade him ask them to pray for him.

From that moment to this, through three years and more of storm, of beginning amidst clouds and darkness, and gradually emerging into a more cheerful light of hope and final success; through all possible perplexity of events, which have sometimes elated the bitterest enemies of the national life, and sometimes disheartened its most sanguine friends, the faith of the President has never wavered, nor his hand faltered. And now in the beginning of his last year of office, his policy fully declared, and the end of the Union, freed from foreign jealousies, united and resolved, under a military chief whom even the enemy fears and respects, the President contends a more than equal respect, a more thorough confidence among all faithful citizens at home and trusty friends abroad than any President since WASHINGTON.

Look thoughtfully at this rugged face. In its candor, its sagacity, its calmness, its steadiness and strength, there is especially expressed the distinctively American. The hardy, simple traits of the best American character are there. Turn then to the portrait of General GRANT in our paper of three weeks ago, and there you see another purely American face. There are the same homely honesty, capacity, and tenacity, the same utter freedom from every kind of cant and affectation, in each. It is to such men, one in the council, the other in the field, in every fibre, in every heart-beat, in every hope and thought and study, very intimate and quality, American, that the salvation of American institutions has been providentially intrusted. Children of the people both of them, sprung from the poorest and plainest ancestry, as unpretending and unselfish in their high places to-day as in the time when they were both unknown, they are men illustrative of some of the character of American civilization and of the American people. There is but one prayer in the great multitude of American hearts to-day, God bless President LINCOLN and General GRANT!

SENATOR POWELL'S CONSTITUTIONAL ANNUITY.

MR. SENATOR POWELL lately proposed in the senate a vote of censure upon the executive authority of the Government, in closing the offices of two papers which had been made vehicles of the purpose of the President's name to the peril of the country at a most critical moment in the war. MR. POWELL called the act a "violation of the Constitution." But a violation has no formal respect for the Constitution? In the Thirty-sixth Congress, when we were not at war, there was a simple proposition to guarantee free speech in the Southern States. The right of free speech in peace being an express provision of the Constitution, and MR. SENATOR POWELL saved No. 1. But he had voted against a bill by jury he could not more fully have disdained the Constitution. We can assure the Senator that he took no more by it than he deserved. No one who has watched his course can have the least doubt that in his view nothing is more constitutional than a rebellion to overthrow the Government; and he must be an extraordinary man who believes that the Constitution of the United States would be safer if confided to the interpretation of MR. SENATOR POWELL and his friends VALLANDIGHAM, COX, and FERNANDO WOOD, with the assistance of the papers that published the Richmond Enquirer only, than it is in the hands of the Administration. These gentlemen are the friends of the rebels; how can they be the friends of the Union and the Constitution?

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, THEN AND NOW.

WHEN the rebel conspiracy was ripening there was entire confidence upon the part of the leaders that the city of New York would stand by them. They counted especially upon the Seventh Regiment. It was the military representation of the fashion and capital of the city, and there could, in their estimation, be no doubt of the course it would take. Little gentlemanly sops were administered to make every thing pleasant. There was a removal of the remains of MAJOR ANDERSON to Woodlawn. The Sixth Regiment was the escort. There was a dedication of a WASHINGTON Monument in Washington, when a Virginian was the orator and the Seventh was the guard of honor. It would be a very pleasant beginning, it was thought, to have so pretty a regiment ready drilled to serve the secession Convention.

The Convention began its sessions in Charleston and Baltimore, and while the news of the massacre of loyal citizens in the latter city was trending along the wire, the Seventh Regiment, with ranks fuller than ever before, was marching down Broadway through the same applauding crowd that it now be forgotten. THEODORE WINTHROP, who had joined it during the week, wrote the sparkling story of its march to Washington. But so soon as the conviction of the southern rebels that the regiment would be true to them and false to the country and Government, that it was a friend who was in Baltimore at the time told his host the news of their arrival in Washington, he refused to believe it, and insisted that it could not be. Indeed the prompt movement and fighting front of this regiment was one of the decisive events of the war. It was the first shattering blow to the delusion that party spirits was strongest in the free States than patriotism. And to the moral effect of its action the historian will add that it has furnished some of the noblest and most efficient officers of the army.

We have been recently reminded of the brilliant record of the Seventh Regiment during the war by a characteristic sneer in the Richmond *Examiner*. General SHALER, who was captured by the rebels with General STARVATION at the battle of the Wilderness, was formerly Major of the Seventh Regiment. The rebel paper speaks of the prisoners as follows:

"The two worthies are named SHALER and STURGIS; the former has visited Richmond before in his capacity as Captain of a company in the New York Seventh, and that dandy company of Gotham soldiery was entertained here on the occasion of the Mozeale funeral obsequies. At that time, we recollect, SHALER and do some more contemptible, but not his comrades were received with all the cordial, unexplosive hospitality of Virginia. Now, as

vening with his crew of coal-heavers and fire-tenders, to burn and sack the city to which he has been an honored though unworthy guest, he experienced Virginia's other style of receiving visitors, and will have an opportunity of comparing the Libby with the Ballard. This SHALER, however, has at least kept himself quiet, and has in silence laid up all these things in his mind, and pondered them in his heart.

This is not the manner in which men talk who are sure either of themselves or of their cause.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

We have attempted to do our share in exposing the relation to our own situation of the French conquest of Mexico. That it is essentially an unfriendly act; that it was begun because our Government was supposed to be ruined, and that our ruin is a cardinal condition of its ultimate success, no man who has considered the subject will deny. What our policy should be is, therefore, a very grave question.

Yet, situated as this country is, there is always one indubitable test of every measure proposed. It is that which NAPOLEON gave to his marshal: "Find out exactly what the enemy wishes you to do, and then will you not say you don't do it." The heart of every rebel in the land would leap for joy if we should declare war against France. Is it worth while then to do it?

If not, there is henceforth but one dignified attitude for us until we are ready to demand explanations, and to make war if they are not satisfactory. It is silence. Congress, Message, its Resolution, and the Secretary of State upon several occasions, have declared the invincible repugnance of this country to the project of erecting an Austrian empire by French bayonets upon the ruins of the Mexican republic. We do not here discuss the manner in which the Secretary has done it. But no words can add force to that simple declaration. The substance of the Monroe doctrine is unquestionably a fixed principle of American political faith. Steadily opposed to such a bald iniquity as the French conquest of Mexico, our action in regard to it must be governed by circumstances. It therefore, Mr. WILSON DAVIS, who is Chairman of the House Committee upon foreign relations, thinks a war with France wise, we hope he will frankly propose it, that the question may be fully discussed. If, however, he is merely making a political demonstration against the general conduct of our foreign policy, we hope he will see that, to stand making faces and doubling up fists and threatening, without striking, is *not* a dignified attitude for the United States.

THE NATIONS.

The confidence of the people in their cause and their Government is shown in nothing more significantly than in the unflagging order with which the Government loans are taken. They give every time they invest a direct personal interest in the maintenance of the Government in which he thus becomes a stockholder. The subscriptions to the 500 loan reported at the Treasury close to the 28th of May amounted to a hundred and sixty millions of dollars. Could there be a more desirable or safer investment? It is to be redeemed in coin, and although the rate of interest is only five per cent. in gold, it is now equal to nine per cent. in currency. It is exempt also from State or local taxation, and may be reckoned to add two or three per cent more to its annual value, making a productive security which might safely even Shylock himself. It is impossible to be taken at the rate of nearly a million a day.

The argument of an overpowering and unmanageable debt arising from the history of other countries does not apply to this. The power of producing wealth upon this continent is almost infinite. It can be measured only by our resources, and they are incalculable. After some seasons, said MACAULAY, when your population is as numerous as ours, you may know something of the difficulties and troubles. But it is well for us that our great and costly struggle occurs in the very vigor and flush of our youth, when the tremendous continent subject to an indomitable energy.

"THE LOUISVILLE NATIONAL UNION PRESS."

This is the title of a daily paper lately established in Louisville, Kentucky, as the organ of the genuine Union sentiment of the State. Its publisher, Mr. L. A. CAVILL, is known to us as a gentleman of high character and admirable capacity, and the numbers of the paper which we have seen are an earnest of the skill and ability with which it is to be edited. The *Union Press* is unconditionally Union. It belongs to no party but the intelligent loyal men who understand that the United States are a nation, not a league or a confederacy, and that consequently the doctrine of supreme State sovereignty is a treasonable chimera. It believes that slavery is the real cause of the rebellion, and that, as the conspirators have used slavery as a means of destroying the nation, the nation is rightfully destroying slavery to save itself. The *Union Press* is full of good matter, neatly printed, and we cordially commend it as an illustration of that border-State fidelity which was thought by many hardly to exist. It will be for that reason a valuable visitor in any household in the country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*May* 25. The House bill making an appropriation of $725,000 as an award for damages from the depredations of the Sioux Indians was passed.——The bill to amend the act to prevent smuggling and secure the revenue of bonds, or other instruments, was passed.——The bill to amend the act of March 3, 1863, Mr. Johnson offered a resolution calling upon the President for information as to the delivery of Soulé Arguelles to the Spanish authorities.——He moved a resolution declaring that the act of the Administration in suppressing the publication of the New York Daily and Weekly Journal of Commerce was a violation of the Constitution.——*May* 27. Mr. Sumner introduced a resolution declaring that the proceeding to revoke from the Union and holding against the National Government a portion of their property is equivalent to a rebel State, subject to military occupation, and without any representation in the Senate or House of Congress; and referred to a vote of both Houses of Congress: and the Senate will decline to receive any Senator or Representative from any rebel State until after such a vote of both Houses." This resolution was intimated by Mr. SUMNER to have reference to the case of Mr. Fitzhugh, of Arkansas, who claims to have been elected United States Senator from that State. Mr. Fitzhugh was formerly an avowed Secessionist.——Mr. Wade's bill to amend the act to define the pardoning power, to rule to form a Constitution and State Government was passed. It changes the time for holding the election authorized under the provisions of the bill.——*May* 28. The joint resolution to amend the Charter of the city of Washington in regard to the registration of voters was passed. The bill still further amends the charter, allowing persons to be registered as voters who have heretofore borne arms, without prosecution or fine.——Mr. Sumner presented a joint resolution vesting the thanks of Congress to Colonel Shaw, of the Massachusetts 54th, for his gallant leading into a gold medal be prepared for presentation to him, under its proper supervision.——Mr. Wade's bill declaring as a recognition of the invaluable engineering ability displayed by him in planning the defenses of the Potomac, entitled Admiral Porter's fleet to pass over the falls of Red River.——The amendment to the Constitution was then considered.——A report was received from the President nominating Colonel Richard Busteed, of Alabama, to be Judge of the Supreme Court from the Internal Revenue bill the clause taxing domestic sewing machines was struck out.——*May* 26. The bill passed without any constructive action.——*May* 31. Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, introduced a resolution declaring that charges against General Butler complicity with the rebellion in his incipient stages should be referred to a committee to investigate the charges.——The Internal Revenue bill was then taken up, and the amendments reported from the committee were acted upon.——A proposed amendment of Mr. Powell, to effect slavery in the States, was voted down.——Amendments to the Eastern fisheries, caused a long and very animated debate, in which Messrs. Fessenden, Sumner, Wade, Hale, England, Lane people and institutions, were assailed by Messrs. Saulsbury, Davis, Powell, Kennedy, Carlile, Nesmith, Wilkinson, Howe, McDougall, and Wilkinson. A vote was taken on Mr. Howe's bill, and amendments, and it was defeated.

HOUSE.—*May* 25. The joint resolution that the unfortunate portion of books and documents purchased by each House and not delivered to the members be distributed to the present members and delegates was passed.——The resolution declaring that the thanks of the President Lincoln to the resolution adopted yesterday, including the commendation of the gallantry of Admiral Porter and Mr. Dryden relative to the resolution adopted by the House thanking him for his services in the navy.——Mr. Sweat says that it is practically an Executive question; that in the case of Louisiana the President has the power, and that while the President receives the unanimous declaration of the people of the loyal portion of the State that it is entitled, he directs Mr. Dryden to inform the French Government that he does not expect from you the heroisms associated policy concerning the French occupation of Mexico.——Mr. Stevens moved to refer the Reciprocity question was disposed of. After rejecting a substitute proposing the abrogation of the treaty, and another authorizing the President to give the necessary notice of the termination of the treaty, the bill passed the House, by a vote of 78 to 71, postponed the consideration of the subject to the first Monday in January next December.——The Senate bill providing for the payment of claims of Pennsylvania for the Conemaugh and Juniata Furs was passed.——*May* 26. The Senate bill modifying the act of March 3, 1863, and other acts, was passed. Any sent to Government officers without the prepayment of postage.——The Senate bill to pay Mr. Fitzhugh Lee $5,000 for the repair and preservation of the works for the Potomac was passed.——The Senate bill to provide for similar purposes on the sea-board, was passed.——A bill was also passed authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury, in 1856, for commencing the construction of the Marquette and Ontonagon Railroad, in Michigan, and for the purchase lands were at that period appropriated.——The House, resuming the consideration of the Senate bill to amend section case of McHenry against Younger, by a vote of 77 to 70, and 3 days, expired.——The Senate bill to amend Mr. Yeaman entitled to retain his seat.——The Committee of Elections reported in favor of the sitting member in the district and under whom direction the rebels are interspersed with the Northern troops in the hospitals of Washington, and as to the comparative treatment of the rebel and loyal soldiers in the Southern prisons. Mr. Lesear offered a long preamble, coinciding with a report that the Secretary of War has in his charge measure for the suppression of hostilities between the North and South, and an authority to that effect, to be given into a Convention may be called off at the States, with a view to the restoration of the Union on the basis of constitutional rights. Objection was made, when Mr. Lesear moved a suspension of the rules, and the motion was consequently adjourned.——*May* 31. A bill to carry into effect consultation with France, Spain, and Great Britain was passed. It provides that consul-generals, consuls, and commercial agents of the United States shall be appointed and cross of the vercia of their respective countries in the United States, and shall be entitled to the same privileges and other subjects.——The bill authorizing the President to construct a military railroad from Memphis to the Ohio Tennessee was passed, after a brief discussion, by a vote of 84 against 57 by way of the Mississippi Central Railroad, city Railroad and Telegraph Company, and giving alternate sections of land toward the construction of the road. It which is to extend from Lake Superior to Puget's Sound, was also passed by a vote of 80 to 57.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

The week has developed some important events in General Grant's campaign. Our readers know that the retreat of Lee beyond the North Anna River, our former position, commenced on Tuesday night. Hancock's corps, having crossed that river, pushed steadily forward, encountering the enemy's pickets on the right of the enemy before them, until Lee took up a strong position seven miles southeast of Hanover. Having himself in part the extreme left of our position, the second corps assailed and drove the enemy from their intrenchments on the road to Middle Hanover. Birney's Division, which, on the 24th, had captured the rebel picket line on the left and right sides of the river, led the crossing, capturing about fifty of the enemy's pickets. Gibbon's Division, under General Mott Ford, Warren advanced in the morning, cutting the Virginia Central Railroad between Hanover Junction and Hanover Court House. Wednesday, tore up and destroyed nearly six miles of the Virginia Central Railroad west of Sexton's Junction, as the Richmond and Fredericksburg road, and on the Pamunkey River. Thursday, the enemy continued to

twenty-five miles from the point at which Grant crossed the North Anna, and is only sixteen miles from Richmond. In the forward movement the cavalry led the advance, the First and Second divisions taking possession of Hanover Ferry and Hanovertown at nine o'clock on Friday morning, and capturing seventy-five men who were stationed at that point. The Sixth Corps came up soon after, and by Saturday noon the entire army had crossed the Pamunkey. Saturday night, in thirty-six hours, marched nearly thirty miles, crossed two rivers, and resisted a position for us on the Virginia Central.

General Grant, having crossed his army, at once advanced, moving his left some miles south of Hanover C. H. Pamunkey, swelling the development of the strength and position of the enemy. Saturday night the cavalry divisions of our cavalry engaged the enemy, driving him about 3 miles. That day we had killed and 300 wounded. Most of the killed of the enemy and many of his wounded fell into our hands.

On Monday dispositions for an attack were made by General Grant, but the enemy early having ordered retreated to destroy the railroad bridge over the Little River and South Anna, which they had crossed, and to retreat to two miles southwest of Hawes's Shop, where the headquarters of the army were established. On Monday evening the enemy attacked our position, but were repulsed. General Grant, in a dispatch dated Tuesday morning, says: "The enemy came over on our left last evening and attacked us, but were handsomely repulsed, and with considerable slaughter. To relieve General Warren, who was on the left, General Sheridan pushed around with one of the rest of our lines. General Hancock was the only one who had any fighting to do to make the attack upon the enemy's flank. He drove the enemy from his intrenched skirmish line, and still holds it. We have lost no artillery, and I suppose them to be light."

The following dispatch, not from General Grant, gives more details. They are as follows, the first being dated Tuesday, May 31, and the last June 1:

"In the course of the afternoon Warren had pushed down and struck the enemy's fifth division, under Lomax, and routed a joint detroit of Shady Grove Church. Crawford's division, of the fifth corps, was in the rear. They attacked and crowded back a little. The enemy then threw a force, which appears to have consisted of Lee's corps, upon Warren's left, attempting to turn it, but were handsomely repulsed by Griffin's brigade, after considerable fighting. Griffin holds his ground at a distance of seven miles from Richmond and Fredericksburg. He has taken a number of thousand prisoners, and that there are many rebel dead on his front. Sheridan's cavalry are now on the right. He has driven the enemy's cavalry, and the enemy's troops he has left, apparently to cover their retreat. Sheridan's cavalry is now on the right as soldiers. Hancock has been raging ever since dark, but has just closed. Our troops have gained ground all the time. Wright, Warren, and Hancock were ordered to pitch in, but do not seem to have got much further than Sheridan."

The other dispatch above referred to is dated at six o'clock Tuesday morning, and says: "The enemy attacked last night, Colonel Brooke drove the enemy out of a strong intrenchment on our left centre, and holds it. The losses are not reported. Burnside's whole corps got over the Pamunkey last night. He has had a very severe fight with Warren. The left of Hancock's corps upon this side of Hawes's Shop. Our line is upon Hancock's right, and threatens the left flank of the enemy. Sheridan, with a portion of his cavalry, is operating on our left flank. Wilcox is on his right and rear, for which reason he has not been reinforced heretofore. It is fairly wooded with pines, with few good openings. The latter are favorable for us, but the enemy can fallen back south of the Chickahominy."

INCIDENTAL MOVEMENTS IN GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

Upon the arrival of General Grant's army, preparations were at once made for the evacuation of Fredericksburg and Aquia Creek, and by the close of last week all but sick and wounded had been sent to the rear. Hospitals and supplies, military stores, and the contraband also, were sent to Belle Plain. The subject from the Rappahannock to Belle Plain is under the charge of Washington, who, in addition of block-houses, warehouses, etc., which they successively passed, has built a bridge across the river. Grant now has his base on York River he is not at all independent of Belle Plain. A few days supplies were sent by way of Port Royal, on the Rappahannock, but the Government has always depended upon the line of the York the natural channels of communication with his army.

On the 24th General Hunter, who is moving down the Shenandoah Valley, had reached Salisbury, where he found the enemy, 6000 strong, in his front. Colonel Thoburn, of Billy mile mountain, Hunter's division, which is probably his objective point. He first offers, however, to guard the Shenandoah Valley.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE PENINSULA.

On Tuesday, May 24, General Fitzhugh Lee, with about 2000 cavalry, and some infantry and artillery, attacked our pickets at Hanover Junction, on the north side of the James River, below Powhatan. The pickets consisted of two companies of cavalry, under Major Wells. The attack Lee sent a flag, stating that he had force enough to take the position from them in the surrender, and as to the rest the pickets should be forwarded over to the authorities at Richmond. Major Wells, in reply, said that he would defend his position to the last extremity, and that the consequences when he took the place. General Wild replied. With 150 men of the 36th colored regiment, Colonel Bell, were repulsed and driven back in disorder, leaving between fifty and sixty of their dead on the field. Our loss was 40 wounded and 7 killed. One rebel Major was killed, and a Lieutenant-Colonel made prisoner, and 21 privates were also captured. On the same day General Butler's army was in a considerably more advantageous position, met the enemy, and after a fight of an hour and a half drove them back. The very slight loss on our side.

On the 25th a slight skirmish took place about three miles from City Point, in which Colonel Ames, of Massachusetts, was severely routed. The advance of General Grant has not been made. According to General Butler's report, since the advance operations have taken place since the 4th of May, the number of the rebels in front of the advance of the Tenth Corps were on the 23d brought to Richmond, and from Butler's army to Richmond the York. Of this movement, Secretary Stanton, in a bulletin of the 26th, says: "It is not true that the enemy's forces at Bermuda Hundred, not required for Butler's purposes in the field, have been withdrawn for the defense of General Smith, to the Army of the Potomac, and is supposed that this is the reason for the apparent change in the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina. General Gordon's division is still reported of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and remains in front of General Butler in the field."

On Monday, the 30th, the rebels attacked Butler's position, but every assault was repulsed. On Tuesday General Butler says: "We made demonstrations against the enemy's works in front of the 10th corps, and in front of our position at Bermuda, but only to find that they were in strong force and well intrenched. It is quite likely that these demonstrations are for the purpose of covering the movement of troops to the front."

In reference to the rebel losses in the Peninsula engagements, a letter in the *Richmond Enquirer*, dated May 27, says: "Late Petersburg papers acknowledge a loss of 1,500 in the fight at Drury's Bluff, and 2,000 in the fight admitted to two or three general hospitals, at Richmond, on the 16th and 17th. They do not acknowledge a loss of over six hundred and fifty. Our loss at the battle of Drury's Bluff and other smaller engagements amount to Palmer's Creek and other smaller, both killed and wounded. about three thousand, including both killed and wounded. The number of the wounded received here sent to Fortress Monroe. The number included in the Confederate States Hospitals in Richmond, Petersburg, and also the rebel surgeons, is 5,000.

"These figures may be relied on as correct in every respect."

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

General Sherman's march is still onward. Our record last week closed with the occupation of Kingston and the line of the Etowah River by our forces on the 18th ult. From that point, on the 24th, having brought up his supplies, General Sherman resumed his march, pushing in a southwesterly direction for Allatoona, situated some twenty miles distant, on the Western and Atlantic Railroad. Flanking this position, which is said to be even stronger than Atlanta, and having gained favorable ground for Dallas, lying some twenty miles almost directly south of Allatoona, he came upon the enemy with the rebel General Hood's 30,000, an engagement took place between them and M'Pherson's corps, in which the rebels were defeated, with a loss of them of 1500 killed and wounded left in our hands, and 2000 prisoners, while our own loss amounted to not over 300 in all.

General Sherman's head-quarters were still at Dallas at last accounts. Dallas is about thirty-two miles from Atlanta.

GENERAL BANKS'S CAMPAIGN.

General Banks, who is part of his army, arrived at New Orleans on the 31st of May. In accordance with the country during his return from Arkansas, General Banks left the Red River at Port De Russy, and General Steele at Natchitoches, his military forces having been mustered to Morganza, on the Mississippi. A. J. Smith's command also marched to Semmesport, and thence embarked in transports. General Smith had a spirited engagement with the rebel General Polignac on the 4th, defeating it, driving it several miles, and capturing 300 prisoners. A large part of the enemy is killed and wounded. It stated at 800. General Smith's command arrived at Vicksburg in transports on the 14th inst. Late dispatches from General Canby state that he is actively engaged in compelling the rebels to evacuate Mobile by General Banks and General Banks, and organizing the forces of the West Mississippi Division. This will include the Army of the Departments of Missouri, Arkansas, and Louisiana. General Canby, Commander of the Military Division, consists of the respective departments, under the order of General Canby, as Division Commander. His military jurisdiction will be the same as that formerly exercised by General Grant, and will be exercised in the Departments of the Mississippi and the Ohio, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee.

THE NAVY AND MILITARY ITEMS.

Brigadier-Generals Gibbon and Ferrero have been nominated Major-Generals of Volunteers. General Oglesby has resigned, and Brigadier-General Buell has been General Ogle-by has tendered his resignation three times, and it is evident that he will not be allowed to leave the service for General Dodge. General Oglesby has been engaged in the United States Service for General Dodge. General Buell was mustered out for refusing to accept a command under General Grant.

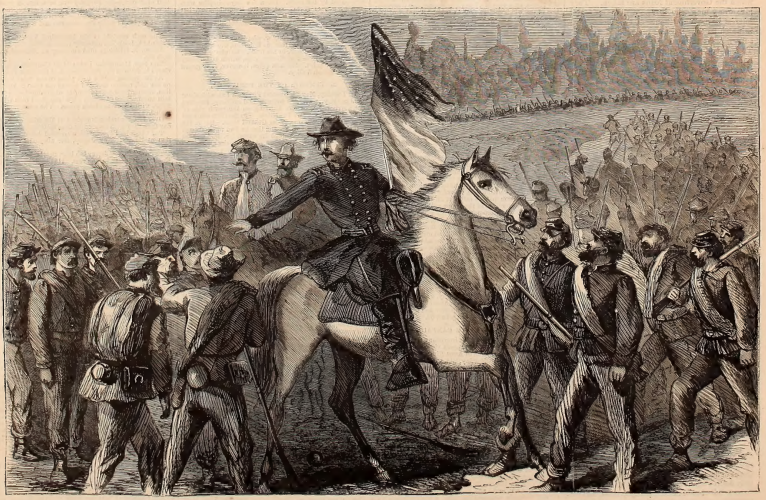
General Hascall and Frost, and Lieutenant Gov. Colonel T. L. Dudley have paid the forfeit of their late rebel states to Tennessee, through agents or attorneys. It is supposed that they will be elected by the Legislature of Tennessee.

It appears from the rolls of the Medical Director that 28,000 men have been sent to hospitals from battle-fields in the present campaign. About 5000 of these have since gone to the front, and 2000 have been returned to the Union lines for General Grant. The Government will be returned

BELLE PLAIN, VIRGINIA—GENERAL GRANT'S LATE BASE OF SUPPLIES.

BELLE PLAIN, VIRGINIA.

BELLE PLAIN, Virginia, the recent base of supplies for General GRANT's army, is simply a rude landing on Potomac Creek, constructed for the present emergency, right at the foot of a range of wooded hills, along which sharp, precipitous roads wind away toward Fredericksburg, nine miles distant. There are no houses of any sort within a mile of the landing, and the appearance of the surrounding country is desolate in the extreme. The offing, which is embraced in our sketch, was constantly crowded with transports and naval vessels, receiving and unloading stores and troops; and the scene from the heights on a clear day was almost as full of life and animation as New York Harbor.



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL WARREN RALLYING THE MARYLANDERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SECRETARIES.—[SEE PAGE 370.]

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

"HOLD there, courier, what news from the front?
Go not so fast on your galloping way!
Have the armies met, has a battle been fought?
Tell us which side has won the day.
And who is living, and who lie low;
We all have friends in the ranks, you know."

"The armies met but a few days since,
And a terrible battle has been fought;
We are victorious, thank the Lord!
But the victory, oh, it was dearly bought.
For the ground is littered with limbs dead,
And the trampled grass with their blood is red."

"Tell me, courier, ere you can
How it has fared with my own brave boy?
He was not of the gallant some,
His mother's only remaining joy."
Then spoke a woman wrinkled and gray,
As the courier paused a while by the way.

"Your boy, good woman? Alas! he is killed;
In the front of battle I saw him fall,
With his face to the enemy he lay,
Shot through the heart by a rifleman's ball;
But tell me, mother, was your boy's life
More dear than our cause in this deadly strife?"

"Courier, I have already said
He was the child of my later years;
I have given five to our noble cause—
And the last one will wipe away those tears:
'Tis hard with one's flesh and blood to part,
But I yield them all with a willing heart."

"Courier," said a young wife then,
"Is my husband living, and is he well?"
"My Captain, lady, was wounded at first,
Close by my side in the fight he fell;
And asked that this token to you I'd give,
For he knew himself that he could not live."

"O God, he is dead! 'tis my picture this;
I bade him wear it on every field
Close to his heart, where I placed it then,
Praying his precious life it might shield;
And I strove to keep the tears from my eyes
When I gave him to God a sacrifice!"

"And, courier, what of Walter Holt?
Pray tell me if of him you know aught"—
This from the lips of a fair young girl.
"I know how bravely and well he fought,
And I know of a will that he has not won;
But otherwise he is safe from harm."

"Oh, courier, tell him when you return
How that of our king he may be sure;
That I am his whenever he will:
And 'though he has lost an arm, and is poor,
Bid him remember that I have you,
And will prove what a Yankee girl can do."

Then the courier spurred his foaming steed,
Thinking what he rode away:
"Oh! when will the sight of battle clear,
And show us the dawn of a brighter day?
When these groans of anguish and grief shall cease
In the golden sunrise of perfect peace?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GAMBLER'S HYMN.—Nonsense! Speak grammatically, and say *Hymn's Ace*.

Why is the top of a bald man's head like the North Pole?—Because it is a great bear (here) place.

PUTTING YOUR FOOT IN IT.—"Putting your foot in it," it seems, is a way of legislating slyly. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two lads run a dog in the disputed spot, to each of which the lawyer on either side put one of their legs, and there remains with one of them a bleed, or emphasis of being stung by insects; in which case his client is defeated. In our country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it."

When is a woman like a watch?—When she is capped and jewelled.

THE GIRL I LOVE.—Oyster Patty.

DR. Mead, calling one day on a gentleman who had been severely afflicted with the gout, found, to his surprise, the disease quite gone. The patient rejoicing in his recovery over a bottle of wine. "Come along, doctor," exclaimed he, "I am glad to see you, and to taste the health of Madeira." "Alas! a pipe that has just been broached." "Ah!" replied the other, "you physicians are like the pipers at the duke's—the cause of all your suffering." "Well, then," rejoined the sage Aesculapius, "Sir, I am glad, for now I have found out the cause, the sooner we get rid of it the better."

TRUMPS.—A farmer, by chance a companion in a coach with Sydney Smith, kept boring him todeath with questions, to the great annoyance of Sydney, who, however, kept up such a poser. "And pray, Sir, how are turnips f'ared?" "Why, Sir," he at last answered out South, "I will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

A drunken fellow, sitting on the steps of St. Paul's church, the other day, having challenged the passers-by to come and subjugated, "If I haven't got longer than the wind to the Cape of Good Hope, I'll eat the whole of the Queen's navy."

THERE is an anecdote of a honest Irishman, where mingled sense of the duty of gratitude and the awkwardness of obligation would wax in the characteristic expression, "Oh, that I could see your honor knocked down in a fight! Sure, and would n't I offer a fardin to help you up!"

A vendor of bogs was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these beautiful sticks," said the vendor. "Well, of course not," dryly remarked the husband, "else should be selling bogs."

A countryman was shown Guinebrough's celebrated picture of "The Pigs." "To be sure," said he, "I could easily tell you pigs; but there is one fault—nobody ever saw pigs fighting together like this when out in the open air."

A few days since a dunce called on a young gentleman, and presented him a bill, which he was somewhat taken aback by on reading him aside and mutually saying: "My dear Sir, call next Thursday, and I'll tell you what to call again."

The late Lord Peterham, a great dandy, possessed a cellar of snuff, arranged in jars, cold to have been worth three thousand pounds. He had the finest collection of boxes in England, and had a box for every day in the year. On a beautiful old light blue Sevres box being particularly admired, he would lisp out effectively, "Yes, it's a nice comfortable box; but it doesn't do for visiting."

Partly fulfilling a promise is like breaking your word and offering some of the bits.

A neglected wife declares that she and her husband are like two cradle-stones, because she may say that he and she are never seen together.

People who have never been in Italy form very mancreasure ideas about it.

Why is a wire like a soldier?—Because it is tested and trained, and has ten-drills and chords.

"It's all stuff," as the lady said to her husband, who was complaining of dyspepsia after a public dinner.

An eminent divine preached one Sunday morning from the text, "Ye are children of the devil;" and in the afternoon, by funny coincidence, from the words, "Children, obey your parents."

A northern English rector used to think it polite not to begin service before the arrival of the squire. A little while ago he forgot his manners, and began, "When the wicked man—" "Stop, Sir!" called out the clerk, "he an't come yet."

A young gentleman from the "rural districts," who advertised for a wife through the newspapers, received seventy-three spurious husbands, informing him that he could have theirs.

THE ANCIENTS OUTDONE.—Talk of Daedalus and Icarus! A man made a daguerreotype, and had a fly in it!

VERDUM SAT.—Time is never in a hurry, but never idles.

WHEN a second deluge to occur the best place to retreat to would, of course, be Jew-ar-k.

GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT.

GENERAL HORATIO GATES WRIGHT, of whom we give a portrait on our first page, now commanding the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac, entered West Point from Connecticut in the year 1837. In July, 1841, he was appointed Second Lieutenant of Engineers, and in January, 1844, became Acting Assistant Professor of Engineering at the Military Academy, holding the position to August of the following year. In July, 1846, he was appointed Assistant Professor, and in the spring of 1848 was made a First Lieutenant, becoming subsequently Captain, in the Engineer Corps. In 1861 he was promoted to Major, and in September of the same year was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and placed in command of the Third Brigade of SHERMAN'S force, which participated in the Port Royal expedition. When the Army of the South was reorganized, under HUNTER, General HORATIO WRIGHT was, on the 23d of May, 1862, placed in command of the Third Brigade of General BERRY'S Division. Subsequently he was ordered North with his brigade, and participated in McCLELLAN'S Peninsular campaign. In July, 1862, he was appointed a Major-General of Volunteers, and ordered to the Military Department of the Ohio, with head-quarters at Cincinnati. He held this command during the advance of BRAGG'S army through East Tennessee and Kentucky to the Ohio River, and by his ability and skill in organizing and for the protection of Cincinnati. He retained this position until March 26, 1863, when, in consequence of the General-in-Chief's order, that officers holding rank of Major-General, he was relieved by General BURNSIDE, and ordered to report to head-quarters for assignment.

For a short time General WRIGHT was kept unemployed, but was then assigned to the command of the First Division of the Sixth Corps. During the passage of the Rappahannock in November, 1863, General WRIGHT was placed in command of the Sixth Corps, which was attached to General SEDGWICK'S right wing of that army. At the opening of the week's fighting of General WRIGHT particularly distinguished itself, and General MEADE, in his general order of November 9, 1863, complimented not only General WRIGHT and corps commander, but particularly mentioned the division so recently under his command.

When the Army of the Potomac was reorganized during March, 1864, under General MEADE, for the present campaign, General WRIGHT was assigned to the command of the First Division of the Sixth Army Corps. Upon General SEDGWICK'S death he succeeded to the command of the corps, and has just been renominated as a Major-General.

THE STATION-MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

I HAD lost sight of my old college chum, Fred Pepper, for several years, till I accepted an invitation from him and stationed myself for a week or so at his house in one of the midland counties. According to arrangement, he met me at Wellington Junction, a station about twenty miles from the house, the remainder of the journey having to be performed on a break belonging to Fred.

"You will have to take a fresh ticket here," said Fred, after I had alighted from the train, and we had greeted each other with a hearty shake of the hand. "You will find the booking-office at the upper end of the platform."

I went to the window indicated by my friend, and obtained the needful ticket; noticing at the same time that I was waited upon by a young woman—rather an unusual thing in England, though not so unfrequent in Scotland; quite a mite as a young woman, so diminutive as scarcely to be she, so slight of figure; with large, shy, brown eyes, and brown hair; with small, pale, clearly-cut features, hardly to be called pretty, but with an expression of candor and good temper that was infinitely pleasing. Whatever touches of adornment the otherwise dingy office had received were due to her busy little fingers; to her evidently belonged the three pots of scarlet geraniums, and the box of nasturtiums in the window; the canary, lively and loud-voiced, in its circular wire cage; the elaborate piece of embroidery on the desk; and a green-backed volume of poems.

"Are all your booking-clerks in this part of the country so charming as the one who has just waited on me?" inquired I of Fred.

"Ah, you have seen little Madge Carlston, I suppose," said he; "but you must not expect to find another like her. Have you never heard of her before? Well, then, I must relate to you a little circumstance which happened three or four years ago, and which made Madge quite a heroine in these parts. Let us secure a compartment to ourselves, and then you shall have it."

My friend was well known on the line, and the guard civilly locked the door set to his bidding, and we were left undisturbed. Having faced ourselves, therefore, comfortably in opposite corners, Fred proceeded to favor me with the following narrative.

"Two years ago," commenced he, "old David Carlston, the station-master, was station-master at Birkwood, a little road-side place about fifteen miles from Wellington Junction. David had been station-master for many days, could show two or three medals, and had probably obtained his post on the line through the interest of some friendly director, rather than from any particular aptitude he himself displayed. He had been a widower for many years, and his small household was managed by his daughter Madge, or Madgy, as she was generally called by her father and every one else.

"There was—and is, for aught I know, either guard, or passenger, at Birkwood; so that the line fed by David and his daughter was a very lonely one; the village of Birkwood, which contained only about a couple of hundred inhabitants, lying a mile and a half away down the main road.

"It has still an exceedingly lonely look, having much less time on her hands, gradually initiated herself into the duties of a clerk at a small station; being always accustomed to help her father, and in fact to expect the reverse of David. His duties were over by eight o'clock in the evening, there being no train of any description to pass through Birkwood after seven in the morning; and having seen that his night-signals were all right, the old soldier would, like the weather-wise farmers, generally trudge down to the village, to smoke his pipe and drink an evening pint at the Birkwood Arms. At this place, by virtue of his military experiences and his two medals, he was looked upon as a hero whose dictum was in most cases indisputable. One nightly visit to the Farriers' Arms were a source of no small disquietude to Madge, for it not unfrequently happened that Dave, elated by the liquid by the excitement of congenial company, and by the rude but genuine applause which always greeted his stories of warlike adventure, would return more of the Farriers' heady home-brewed than he could conveniently carry, and would reach home at a late hour in a state which prevented no recollection next morning of how he got there.

"It was hardly likely that such a girl as Madge Carlston could have reached the age of seventeen, even in a remote place like Birkwood, without having her suitors for her hand. Of the unfortunates rejected ones who had been sent about their business, with no measure of hard words, but with a gentle demeanor, and a kindness that tried her fortune, and had been rejected, like others before him; but whether there was something in Madge's soft refusal which left room for hope, or whether the spur of success, or whether it was owing to the constancy and true nature of the affection, I am not prepared to say before, that would by no means take his rejection as final. 'It's a woman's privilege to change her mind,' he would say; 'and who knows but that Madgy may change hers!'

"Will's most formidable rival was handsome Frederick Lee, the only son of Lee of Lee Hall estate—a fellow scape-grace, who had been turned out of doors by his father some years before; had since gone to Australia, and had come back, after being five years away, quite as poor as he went, and was no more likely to have come to anything, or something should turn up likely to suit his lazy abilities.

"Dick had not been back long before he singled out little Madge Carlston as the object of his attentions. He began by paying court to her father, and would frequently, on the station of a morning, having no work of his own to engage him, and smoke and chat with the old man between trains, listen with respectful attention to his long stories of stories, retail the latest village news, and give him now and then a helping hand with the signals or the train, at a time, in the morning seemed long and dull which was not enlivened by a visit from laughing, good-natured Dick. Madge he made no overt profession of his love, being quick enough to perceive that she was one of those who are not to be won in a day; but he took care in twenty different ways how constantly she dwelt in his thoughts. To what extent he succeeded in winning her affections no one ever knew, for she was inclined to leave to her his suit seems certain; indeed it would have been strange if a girl of her limited experience and single-hearted affection had not been gratified to receive his addresses.

"Matters had progressed thus for some months without seeming to progress at all, when, one autumn forenoon, Madge, occupied up to the station-box companied by a stranger, whom he presented to David as his friend Mr. Kulp, from Australia. Madgy, who was looking on unseen from behind the blind that shaded the open window, thought she had never seen a more sinister and ill-looking visage than that of Mr. Kulp. He was dressed in a new, shiny suit of black, which he looked very awkward and ill at ease, his great horny hands being especially difficult to dispose of, and wandering incessantly into his pockets and out of them again; he would evidently have felt more at home in the shirt and highlows of a digger. His face and neck were the color of a brick, and his straggly red hair and long red beard, rudely trimmed by some country barber, did not add to the attractiveness of his appearance. His features were bold and coarse in appearance. His features were bold and coarse in appearance. His features were bold and coarse in

latter room, and seeing that the cash-box was there as usual on the chest of drawers, she passed forward into her own chamber, the window of which looked out at the back of the station, and down the road that led to the village.

"It was David's custom, as an extra measure of precaution, to place the cash-box in his bedroom overnight. After the departure of the last train he made up his receipts for the day, and put the amount into the box which traveled backward and forward between the bank and the station, ready for conveyance to head-quarters; so that when Madge saw where it always was, she thought one night she felt quite satisfied as to its safety, and never once thought whether the amount it contained might be large or small.

"Perfectly assured by this time that the movement of the door-handle was a pure piece of imagination on her part having quite recovered the steadiness of her nerves, now that she was safe in her own little bower, she sat down in front of the glass, and leisurely proceeded to brush out her long brown hair, pausing now and then to smile at the bouquet left by Dick, and humming a familiar tune to herself, wondering how much later her father would be, and becoming more anxious, as the time very, as it was nearly midnight, as the orchestra in which he would reach home. She had sat thus for some time, when she was startled by the noise of something striking against the window. She got up, put the candle in the furthest corner of the room, drew aside the blind, and looked out. The moon was nearly at the full, but thick masses of cloud overshadowed the sky, leaving only a sort of dull half-light in which nothing could be clearly discerned. There was, however, sufficient light for Madge to make out the familiar figure of Dick Carruthers looking to her with one hand, as though he wished to speak to her. Her fears took alarm at once; something had happened to her father, and Dick had come to break the bad news to her. She drew up the blind and flung open the window with hands that trembled so much that they could scarcely do the bolting, dreading, yet hoping to know the worst.

"'Your father has been taken with a fit at the Farriers' Arms,' said Dick, 'and I am come to fetch you. Make haste, and put on your things, and let us be off.'

"Dick was standing in an open space of ground about a dozen yards from the house, where his figure could be plainly made out; a little to the rear of a few yards further from the house, was an outbuilding belonging to the station; and Madge, while Dick was speaking to her, distinctly saw the head and shoulders of a man protruded for a moment from behind the gable of the building, as though in the act of listening, and then withdrawn. To whom whoever he might be, evidently thinking that, as the night was so much overcast, it would be impossible for any one to see him from the house. With a woman's intuition Madge at once felt that the head and shoulders could belong to no one but Mr. Kulp.

"I will be down in a minute or two,' she called out to Dick in a loud, shrill voice which she hardly recognized as her own.

"She came in, shut down the window, and reshaded the lamp, and stood for a moment with her fingers of both hands pressed against her eyes, thinking intently. Then taking up the candle, she carried it to her father's bedroom, the window of which looked in the direction opposite to her own; but instead of proceeding to put on her bonnet and shawl, she came back into her own room, where she drew the blind about an inch on one side, and looked out. It was as she had thought; there was a pair of them; and at the moment she looked out they were talking earnestly together, as they stood close to the gable of the outbuilding; but more than once Dick seemed to push the stranger back out of sight, and cause forward himself, and took up his first position, close to the house, waiting for Madge to come out.

"Madge stood up in a maze of doubt and fear. Why had not Dick observed the light in the cash-box? Was it because he had been absorbed by the stranger? Who was he? Was it Kulp? Was it true, next there be any concealment at all?

"'Are you ready?' called Dick; and then there came a sharp imperious summons with his knuckles on the window-sill; and then the door itself was tried; but it was locked.

"Madge stood in front of her brief reverie, opened her bedroom window, and looked out for the second time. 'Do make haste!' exclaimed Dick the moment her head appeared; 'your father is dying.' 'How long are you going to be?'

"'Answer me one question,' said Madge. 'Did you come up to the village alone? Is there anyone here besides yourself? You know, Dick, that I am easily frightened—and—the hour is late, and—and—'

"Before Dick could reply the hidden man burst out into the moonlight, revealing Mr. Kulp to Madge's straining eyes.

"'Come, stow all that jabber!' exclaimed Kulp, brutally. 'And be quick about it, you girl! Dick—' we should have had what we came for before now; but you must needs go to work in your own idiotic way, and see the result—all this precious time wasted, and nothing done! Look you here, you woman!' turning to Madge; 'you need not expect your father home just at present; he's disposed of, where he'll trouble nobody for some time to come; so there's not a soul within a mile of you, except us two—two fellows who don't like a trifles, against a wisp of a girl who gives tongue if she sees a mouse suddenly. Now we've nothing against you yourself; we don't wish to do you any harm. What we've come for is the money we know you have in the house—not the old man's own money, but the money belonging to the railway. You can drop it quietly out of the window, if you like—we know within a quid or two how much there is—and we'll take our leave at once; and you'll be none the poorer—but you'll only do it the way that will suffer, and they can afford it. But offer any resistance, or try on any of your tricks, and we'll not only have the money, but your life into the bargain.

"The idea of any one thinking it worth while to risk the station had never entered the head of Madge; but as Kulp spoke, she remembered that there was that night a much larger sum of money in the house than had ever been there before. Dick, from his frequent visits to the station, was doubtless well aware that old David was in the habit of keeping the cash in his bedroom, as a security against thieves. All these thoughts passed through her brain while Kulp was speaking. When he had done, she gave one great despairing sob, wrung from her by the thought of her lover's treachery, and her heart for the moment seemed to wither up within her. But the necessity for immediate action was pressing—she would have time enough in the dark future before her to indulge in the whole heart's bearness. What must she do? If her father was not ill, as those men had first averred, then why had he not come home? He had now, even when most overcome, staid out till this hour. Was it not possible—nay, probable—that they had murdered him first, to get him out of the way, and had then come on to the station to complete their work by robbery, and perhaps murder, there?

"A rude answer rose to her lips at her brief reverie. 'Now, young woman, what are you about? Do you expect us to wait here all night?'

"'Oh, Dick, tell me, tell me, for what has become of my father?' she said, still speaking through the window, and heedless for the moment of Kulp.

"Dick rose from his seat as if he were going to reply, but Kulp waved him back. 'Your father's disposed of where he'll trouble nobody, as I told you before. And now let us have your answer at once. Do you mean to give us that money quietly or not?'

"'No—a thousand times no!' exclaimed Madge, passionately. 'And you villains, you shall not take it, if you dare!' and she shut down the window with a bang, as though disdaining further parley.

"The thought of her father lying wounded, perhaps dead, in some lonely spot, lent her a courage, a reckless audacity, that made her for the time almost indifferent to any thing that could happen to herself. Her sudden defense had been, it was her first question. Scarcely any. The doors and windows, indeed, down stairs were fastened; but she knew well that a few blows would be sufficient for the assaults of two men determined on effecting an entrance. There were no arms of any kind in the house. There was the kitchen knife, which on the stairs opening into the kitchen—she might, perhaps, do a little toward securing that. It—that she was still incapable of thought but it was only she went into the room, the cash-box containing the cause of all these misfortunes stared her in the face. Her father's keys lay by it. She opened the cash-box, and took out the bag containing the day's receipts, its notes, checks, and the memorandum of it in the broom of her dress. She then put the bag containing the silver and copper into the box, locked it, and threw the keys under the bed. Her next proceeding was to secure the frail door at the foot of the staircase as well as she was able, by inserting a small wooden bolt which was at the top and under any one from opening it in the ordinary way; and then by piling against it several chairs and other light articles of furniture, sufficient, even as her limited strength permitted her to life. She was with every thing thus set as was possible, which a few minutes would suffice to demolish; but every minute was a gain in her desperate strait; not only hope but reason returned to her, and as much as possible—help might come, she knew not how or whence, when least expected.

"Outside, every thing remained quiet. Could it be possible that they would, after all, go away without attacking the house? With this blessed hope lending new force to her efforts, she crept back to the window of her own room, and peeped through. Alas! no—both of them were still there. They were stooping over a long dark object, standing close at hand for the purpose of relaying the line; and having selected one, they lifted it on to their shoulders, and brought it to the front door of the house. At the first stroke of this novel but powerful battering-ram, Madge saw the door shake, crack, and shrink, and trembling, to the ground; all her little stock of courage had vanished, and she seemed, for the time, to have lost the power of motion or position. Like the blows of a pavior's rammer came the shocks against the door down stairs, and on each of these Madge felt that she must scream, and she throb. Suddenly, with a great crash, the door gave way, and with a yell of triumph Kulp burst into the house, followed by his more taciturn mate. Madge started up, and double-locked her bedroom door; then rushed to the window, determined to leap out at any cost, and forgetting in the moment that the window, small in itself, was still further impeded by a bar of iron, intended to give it more sufficient to prevent even her little body from squeezing through.

"With a cry of despair she turned away from the window, and then, a moment after, almost laughed to herself—so sudden are the alternations of feeling in such a frame—to think that she had entirely all about the little loft over the bedrooms. Surely there, of all places in the house, since it was evident that they knew the house well, there was no escape, she would be most secure. It was a mere rock-loft, open to the sloping rafters of the roof, and lighted by a skylight composed of a single pane of glass; it was used by David as a storehouse for his odious, seeds, and various kinds of rubbish put away at odd times by the old man, as never likely to be wanted again; but to Madge, in that hour of her extremity, it seemed a very harbor of refuge. The short broken ladder by which David gained access to it was always kept behind his bedroom door. She unlocked the door of her own room, got the ladder, and placed it against the wall under the opening into the loft, which showed black and grim above her head, there being no door to it or fastening of any kind.

"Madge paused for a minute before going up the ladder. After feeling that the money was still safe in the broom of her dress, she went lightly into her father's room, and blew out the candle, which had been burning there since first taken out of her own room; she next locked the doors of both rooms, put the keys in her pocket, and then stood to listen, with one foot on the ladder, ready to ascend. From the moment the front door was burst in to that in which Madge now stood not more than two minutes had elapsed, sufficient, however, for the two men down stairs to ransack every corner, and so make sure, before commencing further, that Madge was hidden nowhere below. The door at the foot of the stairs was opened, and the moment Madge heard this she mounted the ladder noiselessly, and creeping through the opening into the loft with the agility of a cat, reached down with one hand, drew up the ladder after her, and then sat down by the edge of the opening to await, with a heart that beat almost to bursting, whatever might happen next. The door not yielding easily, the battering-ram was applied to it, and half a dozen blows were sufficient to break it in. Then the lamp in the room piled up behind it was quickly dragged down by the indefatigable Kulp, on his way to the bedroom where his chum was, and by the light thus afforded Madge, inclining Dick to drink out of his brandy-flask; after which he struck a number of matches and a candle, for all their work hitherto had been done by the light of the cloudy moon. Having procured a light, they spent a few minutes, during which time he relieved his mind by a large amount of swearing, Mr. Kulp advanced cautiously up stairs. Having reached the landing-place in safety, and having both of them to be locked, Dick and he held a brief consultation. Dick was inclined to break into the old man's room, being well aware that the money was always put there overnight; but Mr. Kulp, whose quicker perception saw at once the right side of the opening into the loft, gave it as his opinion, emphasized with numerous oaths, that both bird and money would be most easily had away in that dark little nest at the top of the house; so it was agreed that he should explore the loft while Dick effected an entrance into David's room. Mr. Kulp's first task was to fetch a couple of chairs up stairs, and having fixed one of them upon the other, he proceeded to mount to the top, but as Dick succeeded in breaking open the bedroom door.

"Madge, in her hiding-place, sat quite motionless, with other portion of her dress on the opening in the floor, through which she momently expected to see Mr. Kulp's ugly head protruded. She could hear every part of every thing at this time, and could tell of the moon's light came through the little skylight to enable her to distinguish the objects around her with tolerable clearness. She heard Mr. Kulp climbing laboriously up to the chairs, and thought in her terror that a single move now would cause him, all, for she never doubted that he would murder her when once he got her into his power. The first word of Mr. Kulp's speech that made its appearance through the trap was an immense bony hand, with which he seized the ledge, as a help in pulling himself up. Once the head of Madge by an old woman mallet; on the instinct of the moment, and without pausing to think, she grasped it, and brought it down with all the force on the hideous claw beside her. Mr. Kulp gave a yell of mingled rage and pain, which Madge heard as it was going down to the floor with a terrific crash. He was on his feet in an instant, swearing horribly try, and Madge knew that he was at once preparing to mount the chairs again, Dick, with a joyful cry, burst out of David's room, exclaiming that he had found the cash-box, and that Mr. Kulp was not inclined to stay at all risks, and have his revenge, for his hand hurt him terribly; but Dick hurried down stairs, and Kulp, under his arm, and Mr. Kulp's captivity rendering him fearful that unless he quickly followed he might perhaps never see either Dick or the cash again, he postponed the consideration of his revenge till a future period, and hurried after his friend, leaving Madge with what she would do to her if she stirred out of the loft, or gave any alarm, for a full hour at the least.

"But Madge never proceeded. Deceived by the weight of the box, they had hurried away without opening it, thinking that it contained the money of which they were in search, whereas it held only a little bag of silver and copper placed there purposely by Madge. But Madge knew that the respite was only a short one, and that they would not go far before breaking open the box, and on discovering the deception they would hurry back, and woe to her if they found her there when they returned!

"She would get out of the house at any risk, and try to make her escape across the fields. She descended the ladder, and after feeling that the man of was still safe in the bosom of her dress, got down as quickly as possible, and prepared her way down stairs, and through the house in the portion. In a few minutes more the night-mail would be due; but alas! if there was a Dick Swood, one never slacken speed, but rushed past in complete indifference to the existence of any such insignificant spot.

"An excellent idea for the walk would turn on the red light at the signal, and stop the train. Under the circumstances she felt herself justified in doing so. Then she could return with its living freight would come up in time to save her from the two miscreants, who would certainly be back in a few minutes more. The hope was a faint one, but she could not afford to throw it away. To reach the train—yes, it was necessary that she should first—see the platform to that end of it nearest the road taken up the two men on leaving the station, although her first intention had been to try to make her escape by hurrying away in the opposite direction. There was, however, no time to hesitate; the risk must be run at once, if at all. So she sped as fast as she could to the end of the platform, and seizing the iron lever which worked the signal, gave it the necessary turn, which changed the glass in front of the lantern at its summit, and displayed the red light in place of the white one. She had just turned to hasten back along the platform, when Kulp and Carradus, leaping over a hedge about twenty yards away, came suddenly upon her, and a loud cry from one of them proclaimed that she was seen.

"In their hurry to get back to the station, after discovering the trick that had been played them, they had cut off the angle of the road by coming across a field, and were consequently unseen by Madge till they were close upon her. Madge was like a wounded animal brought to bay: to flee was useless, she would have been overtaken in less than two twenty yards; resistance was equally out of the question; what resistance, in fact, could a girl like her offer to two men of no desperate calibre? There seemed nothing left for her but to lie down in dumb despair, and pray that her misery might be as short as possible. But the idea flashed into her and practiced ear caught the first faint sound of the approaching train—only five minutes more, and she would have been saved!

"She was still standing close to the semaphore. On the instant she turned, and despite the impediment of her dress, ran quickly up the iron ladder-up, up to the very top, till she sank exhausted on the little grating fixed close under the lamp for the convenience of lighting and cleaning them. Mr. Kulp laughed loud and long.

"'What a precious fool the wench must be,' he said with an oath, 'to go and fix herself in a trap like that! Now I shall have her as safe as a 'possum in a gum-tree—have her coming down for life both, or my name is not Jared Kulp!'

"'Never fear, Jared,' yelled Dick, and hurried off into the house.

"Neither of the men had yet heard the noise of the advancing train, for the wind was in the opposite direction; but Madge heard it coming nearer and nearer, but as slowly, as it seemed to her agonizing ears, that her heart within her grew sick with fear that it would not arrive in time to save her. No sooner had Dick disappeared than Mr. Kulp drew a formidable bowie-knife from some hidden pocket, and having unsheathed it, seized the short half-broken ladder in his teeth, and mounted the ladder: he had evidently determined not to await the return of Dick, but to accomplish his revenge within his own private way. Just as he had got two steps upward when all at once his ear caught the shrill whistle of the approaching train, and he knew that his work must be done quickly, or else left undone forever.

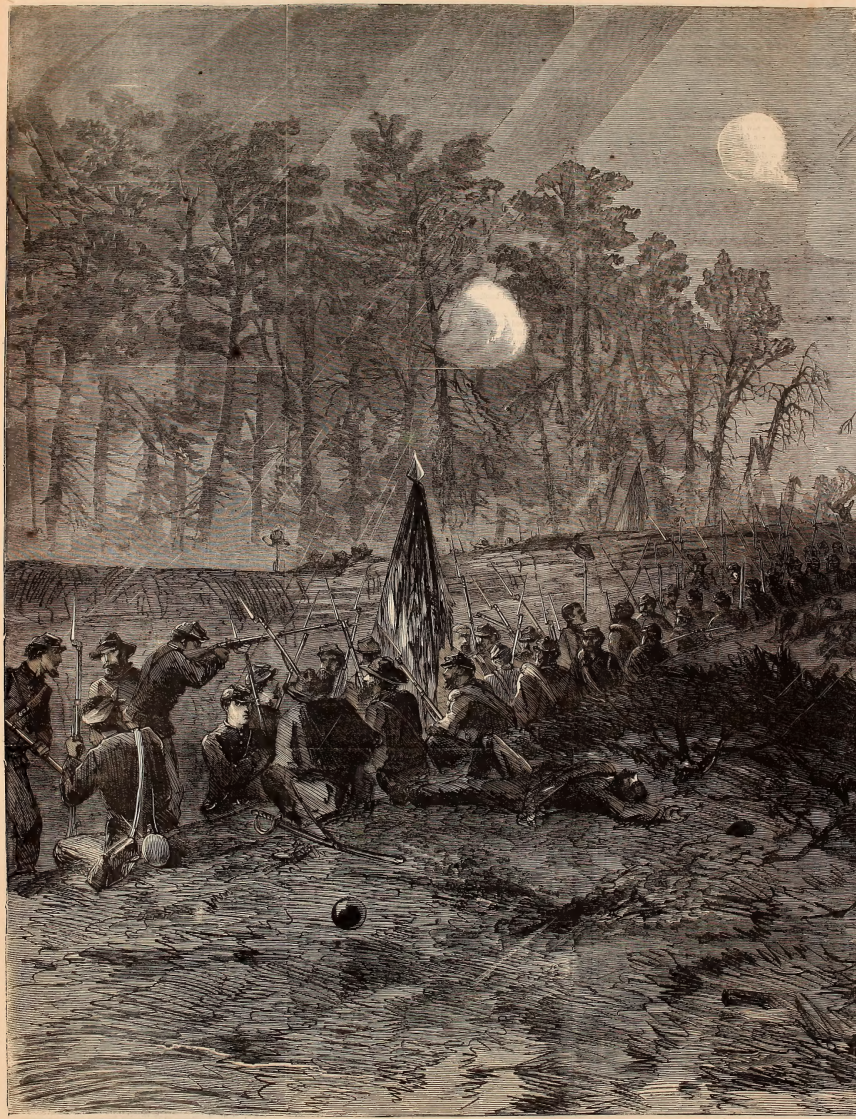
"'Now or never!' he said, and he sprang up the ladder, and, kept from falling by the tall running round it, had not held all that together.

"A day or two previously the semaphore ladder had been removed for repairs, and an old one temporarily substituted in its place. Instead with a stout rope at the top to keep it firm. Madge's nimble fingers were busy with the knots before Kulp began to ascend it, but the rope was thick, and the knots difficult to unfasten, and she shuddered to think that Kulp would reach the top before her purpose could be effected. She had contrived to undo one of the knots, and was busy with fingers and teeth at the second, while Kulp was coming slowly up the ladder toward her. Step by step he drew nearer. She tried to call to him, to warn him of the fate which awaited him, but her throat was dry-per she had lost all power of speech. The light from the lamp above her shone obliquely on his shaggy head, his coarse red whiskers, and features-up up at her, and the bare knife held between his teeth. Half a minute more and he would have reached her. Then, yielding to her last desperate effort, the knot gave way; the rope fell to the ground, and Madge, with a shriek that rang loudly and already trembling under the weight of Kulp, shook for an instant; then its top glided slowly along the semaphore-bar, and finally fell clear over the end, and fell swiftly through the air, with the terrified wretch clinging to it; and coming down with a terrific crash on the opposite side of the ridge of the platform, rolled over with its burden on to the line, just as the wildly-shrieking train forged by very into the station, and came to a dead stop a few feet from the lifeless body lying across its path.

"I, who tell you this, happened to be traveling by the mail train that night, and quickly out of the train, followed by several of the passengers, to ascertain the cause of the stoppage.

"Some time elapsed before Madge, lying insensible as far above our heads, was discovered; and when it was at length considered safe to get her down, but it was managed after a time, and the poor girl was laid on her bed unconscious of all that was being done for her; and when she did awake from her state of insensibility, it was only to lapse into a brain-fever, from which she did not thoroughly recover for several months.

"Old David turned up in the morning haggard and penitent. He had been on a drunken spree for a bridge all night, where Kulp and Carradus had purposely left him. Carradus himself got clear away, and has never been heard of from that day to this. The railway company made Madge a handsome present as soon as she got well again; but they removed her father from a situation for which he was evidently incompetent, and made him ticket-collector at Wallington Junction; and this station Madge was, at her own request, installed as booking-clerk; but I hear that she and Will Ferguson are about to be married, and I dare say you will come this way, perhaps, there will be no Madge Carlston to serve you with a ticket."



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SALIENT, NEAR SPOTTSY

LVANIA, VIRGINIA. MAY 12, 1864.—From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 382.]

PARIS LOVE-SONG

It was an April morning
When my true love went out;
The wind had never a warning,
The sky had never a doubt.
Fair and fugitive lustres
Flitted o'er thought and speech;
Hopes were hanging in clusters,
A little out of reach.

He wandered, he and no other,
Down by the little brook;
The stones sang, one to another,
"A king is coming! Look!"
The brook said, cooing and creeping
"Pray, and you shall see!"
Through the leaves he went peeping,
And there he saw—me.

Saw me, took me, crowned me,
There as I stood in my shame;
I knew that he had found me
Before I knew his name.
I went as I was fated,
Faint with and surprise;
A week and a day I waited
Before I saw his eyes.

I had never a whisper
For all the words he said;
But the hope was a pleasant hope,
It talked to him instead.
Brook, you told my emotion,
Hearing the sighs his vow;
Brook, you have not a notion
What I feel for him now!—

Feel for him now, as the days
Go sailing softly by,
Dreaming of how it stays
That out before us lie—
Dreaming of the coming time
When I his queen shall be,
All at life shall speak in rhyme
To my king and to me!

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ONLY CITY OF THE WORLD WORTH LIVING IN.

PARIS, dear, delightful, inimitable, unrivalled Paris, city of delights, city of art, and taste, and luxury; of fashion, and elegance, and wit. Paris, unapproached among earth's most delicious haunts. Paris, the only world. Paris, the only city of the world worth living in.

Certainly. This is the refrain to a very old song. You and I, every baby else, have been singing it, always heartily, and with a kind of sincerity, never ad nauseam, ever since per railway or per diligence we first set foot in Lutetia The Beloved. There is no need to renew in mature age the vaccination we have had in our youth. The Paris virus, once imbibed, is not to be eradicated.

Of course Paris is enchanting. Every body knows it; every body says it. One may toil, and grow rich, and die in London; one may drag on an existence at Vienna, vegetate at Brussels, prowl through the year at Florence, be bored at Rome, hipped at Venice, terrified at St. Petersburg, stupefied at Berlin, excited at New York, soothed at Boston, deluded at Dublin, intoxicated at Edinburgh, astonished at Seville, amused at Hamburg, dazed at Amsterdam, fatigued at Naples, absorbed at Manchester, satisfied at Liverpool, cared at Brighton, and killed at New Orleans; but to live, to love, to see life, to enjoy life, to make the most of life, there is clearly no place in the world for man or woman but Paris.

This is an assertion scarcely worth arguing upon. Figures are unanimous. Of course, there are no bonnets in the world worth the Paris bonnets. The Boulevards are unequalled among streets. Nobody knows how to cook out of the Palais Royal. No pictures worth looking at are to be seen out of the Louvre, except, indeed, those at the Luxembourg. Who ever had a theme so trite? While I, a single Englishman, am daily sounding the praises of Paris, fifty thousand Americans, Italians, Swedes, Russians, Poles, Czechs, Moldo-Wallachs, Montegrins, Maltese, and Mussulmans are crying out that Parisian life is the life of lives, and that the only city worth living in is Paris.

Lily Black lived in Paris for seven years. Until she was fifteen years of age she never passed that gloomy porte cochère in the outer wall of the Pension Marcassin. It was her penitentiary, her prison-house; and a terrible one it was.

There was a vast play-ground; and in it, when she was not under punishment, she was privileged to walk. But the precincts she never stirred. She never went home for the holidays. The vacations at the Pension Marcassin were three days from the June de l'An, the first of January to the fourth—a week at Easter—a month from the first of August to the second of September. These holidays came and went for seven years, but she remained immured. She had seven years' penal servitude. When she grew many long tasks were set her, and these she learned and wrote, and repeated or submitted to Mademoiselle Marcassin, or, in her absence, to the governess left in charge. It was a dreary probation, and she was Quite Alone.

Lonelier when, at the end of the second year of her captivity, Polly Marygold took her departure. The girl could not refrain from sundry chullitions of joy at her deliverance from a school of which she was weary, and from a schoolmistress whom she hated, but she was nevertheless unfeignedly sorry to leave Lily.

"It's like deserting you in a desert island, my darling," she cried, as she kissed her and kissed her again on the self-same occasion of meeting of her going away; "or rather it's like leaving you in a savage country full of cannibals. For cannibals they are here, and nothing else."

"But you will write to me, Polly? You will, won't you, my dear?" poor Lily replied, twining herself round the neck of the only friend she had ever had in the world. "Oh! say that you will write to me—that you will never desert me, or I shall break my heart. I am so very, very lonely."

"I know you are, my pet. I wish to goodness you were coming with me. Who knows? Perhaps they'll turn you out as a governess some of these days. Although," she continued, with a profoundly sagacious look, "my own opinion is, that you are heiress to immense estates and vast wealth in England, and that some wicked, wicked people are keeping you out of it. Think of the good thing your name too, the cruel wretches!"

"But you will write, Polly, won't you; you know you promised to?"

"Yes, my darling," returned Miss Marygold, with a touch of sadness in her voice; "I'll write, but goodness knows if you will ever get any of my letters. Madame will 'sequestrate' them, or I'm very much mistaken. As for coming to see you, the creature had best not be encountered. Her door sears again, I'm certain. She has spent my premium, and got all she could out of dear pa; and it's very little she ever cared about me, I wonder whether they paid a premium with you, or so much a year?"

And so Polly Marygold took her merry face and her wavy black hair away, and the world became shaded a trifle darker to Lily. There remained a situation as governess in the family of a French nobleman in Brittany. It would be a relief, she said, to have children whom she were to be brought up as ladies and not as governesses.

It has been said that Lily's very name had been changed. Not much stress was laid upon her retaining or bearing her Christian name of Lily; only, as ladies were numerous in the school, she was never so addressed in the class-room. But her appellation of Boris was rigorously condemned, and she was informed that her surname of she was to be Mademoiselle Pauline. It did not much matter. Lily, as though she had not been a name at all. Once, going up into a great store-room where the girls' boxes were kept, she found a box with "Miss Lily" roughly painted out from the well-remembered trunk with which Cutwig & Co. had fitted her out; and she found a box with Miss Boris on it, because of the social extinction with which it was sought to visit her, than at the recollection of the two names passed in the class-roll, as Miss Jeanne Jeanns and Melia were so kind to her, and where Cutwig & Co. fitted out all the world.

Often, too, she thought of the old gentleman who had kissed her on the forehead at Greenwich, and talked to the strange lady in the balloon. "If he misses me," she sometimes mused, with the dinner dwelt steadfastly in her mind. She would see the splendid old gentleman with his chains and rings, and his fringe of white whiskers; the military gentleman with his black face, dyed moustache, resplendent uniform and spurs; she could hear the laughter, and the clinking of the glasses, and the wine gurgling: she was in order of battle came up to her, and tried to titillate her sense of smell. She could see the gray Thames water, the lagging barges, the ships slowly sailing across the Isle of Dogs. Essex shore in the distance, the ruddy sunset behind all. But the tall gentleman who had held her between his knees, and had kissed her forehead, and fondled her, was salient and prominent above all the picture. His hair, his eyes, his big, bushy drawl, his pitying eyes, his hands, so strongly-looking yet so tender, were all present to her. And the more she thought of him, the more she wept; but why she wept she could not tell.

Then would pass before her a terrible image. That night in the play-ground was always in the scene was. How happy and peaceful the deer seemed. With what quiet cheerfulness the dinner-bell rang, in the bright air, from the tower of the town, in the rigging of the ships, twinkled! But then the terror and angry words of the strange lady came in as a sharp contrast, and marred all this tranquil loveliness. Lily remembered how she had looked up at the moon, and looked upon her with darkling, lowering eyes. And she wept no more; but shuddered.

Now all the pleasant and quiet gulfs yawned between the few and troubled episodes of her young life. The last was the gloomiest, dreariest, strangest of all. She knew them very clearly, which the strange lady had declared to be the only city in the world worth living in.

This was Lily's Paris:

To rise before it was light in winter-time. To be moved out of bed breathless by the first cold, raw, nine-tenths of whose area were icy chill, and the tenth red-hot from the dead baking shivering presence of the stove. To hear over lessons, lessons, lessons, from half an hour after eight until twelve, then to crowd into the refectory for the second breakfast. Then (if haply she were not under punishment) to wander into the play-ground till two. Then to fag at lessons, lessons again till five. Then once more to flock into the refectory to dinner. Then after another hour's scurrying in the play-ground, if it were fine, or cowering in the school-room if it were wet, to go through an hour's hideous torture until bedtime—a torture which was called "the study hour"—a time when the girls were supposed to be meditating over the tasks of the day which had just passed, and speculating over those of the morrow which was to come—a time when neither books, nor papers, nor slates were allowed; but when absolute and immovable silence was enjoined, and the movement of a hand, the shuffling of a foot, the turning of a head, was punished by hard tasks—when a cough was pain, and a sneeze intolerable—when if a girl, rendered desperate by this excruciating command that nothing could summon break silence could be cue coûte—ask some irrelevant question, make some incoherent remark—she would be sentenced to "half an hour longer" for a quarter of an hour—to hold it literally, taking the offending member between her teeth, and forefinger, and stirring to retain her hold upon it with the most ludicrously lamentable results of slipperiness—when, if another girl, as would then happen, dropped off to sleep, she would be doomed to stand on one leg for five minutes, and so, in drowsiness that was not to be subdued, would doze off again, and stagger, and come at last to the ground—to be, to do, and to suffer all these things were among Miss Lily's experiences of the only city in the world worth living in.

She was miserable, and she had cause to be miserable. The governesses did not so much dislike as they contemned her. It was not about publicly by Mademoiselle Représmeil, as their head governess, or chief, Marcassin, had Pauline, or "la petite Anglaise," was poor, and all but friendless, and "n'avait pas de famille" almost through charity; and that the sphere in which she now moved was much superior to that to which she had been accustomed. Lily knew that could not disprove these malignant innuendoes. She could not but admit the probability of the schoolmistress knowing a great deal more about her than she knew about herself. So she let them have their way, and suffered in silence. Her fellow-sufferers were slow to take up the cue dropped by their instructresses. None of the big girls petted her. There were no rich girls in the school. The elder pupils were mostly in training to be governesses, and toiled too hard to find time for petting any one. If wealth can render laziness, it is not unkindly to the cultivation of tender-heartedness.

A rich old maid, the over-grown, petted child of some great and generous soul alive. 'Tis poverty, griping, galling, grinding poverty that makes spinsters harsh and sour.

Children are often apt to be pitiless. They have not felt enough pain themselves to compassionate in early infancy others, and they are frequently eager to inflict agony, of the scope and purport thereof they are ignorant. Lily had scant mercy from

bellious and ungrateful girl to me?" interrupted the schoolmistress, with a furious look. "Aliona! It is of a piece with your other impertinence."

Lily could only sob and wring her hands in reply.

"The very clothes you have on your back have been paid for or renewed by me these two years past. You are a burden, a past, an incumbrance to the school. It is by fraud that you have learned the piano, the dance. You have robbed me of lessons in drawing and geography. Not one cent have you to pay for the police for the escroquerie of your parents—if you have any parents—little miserable, who could not have been put into the Ecole de Enfants Trouvés? Why do I not send you to the Dépôt of Mendicity? Tell me, little impudent brat!"

In a body as well as a mental rage at last, which was strange with this frigid woman, she rose and seized Lily by the shoulders and shook her. The terrified girl fled into a corner of the room, too much shattered to shriek, but trembling and holding her hands before her face.

Mademoiselle Marcassin resumed her self-possession. She was a coldly logical lady, and recognized the inexpediency of a personal conflict with a pensionnaire whose only fault was that her friends had neglected to pay their half-yearly bills. Besides, she knew that the charges she brought against the girl of being "idle, impertinent, wayfaree, and insubordinate," were groundless. There were few girls in the school more studious than Lily, and there was not one better conducted.

She sat down at her bureau again, replaced the packets in the drawer, and locked it. "A truce to these absurdities," she said. "No harm has been done yet. Let us have no more whimpering, or we will see what effect the atmosphere of the wood-shed"—it was an hour-and-a-half day bread-and-water will have upon you. Come forward, and stand in front of this bureau, and listen to me."

Lily came forward as she was commanded. She heard with her eyes, and stood before the Marcassin, pale, but composed.

"People who eat bread must earn it," remarked the schoolmistress. "Don't think I am going to keep you—pour vous beaux yeux—for your own sweet sake. If you continue to live here, you must work. Are you ready to work?"

"Yes, madame, as hard as ever you wish me."

"We shall see. If I sent you away from here, your destination would be the Prefecture de Police. You have no domicile, no papers, no name even that offers reasonable proof of identity, and I question whether the council of your nation would be at the trouble of reclaiming you. The woman who brought you here—I wish I could catch sight of her, la vauvienne!—spoke English, but she was French. She told me you had been born in France. Thus, all the police could do for you would be to send you to the house of detention—a penitentiary, understand me well—where you would be confined till you were twenty-one years old, and where you would be kept all day, either kneeling on the cold stones singing psalms, or working your fingers to the bone with needle-work, like the unhappy girls of the good sisters who have little machines and leathern thongs to keep their correctionnaires in order."

Lily's heart sank her. She had heard appalling stories of the severities practiced in the Maisons de Correction—stories which, in justice to the good sisters, conduct those establishments must be branded as apocryphal. Could they be worse stories than Lily might tell of the Pension Marcassin?

"You may remain here," continued the Marcassin. "But on a different footing. You are no longer a pensionnaire, but a fille de classe. You will do what you are told, and learn what you are permitted; and will make yourself as useful as common gratitude for being fed, lodged, and clothed should render you. We will say nothing of the question of your board and education. If I can not discover the swindlers who have covered me out of my money, you and I will have some future conversation on the matter. Now you may go."

SCENES AT FREDERICKSBURG.

In company with other delegates of the Christian Commission I reached Fredericksburg, Virginia, on the 12th of May, seven days after the first advancement of the Army of the Potomac with the Confederate forces under General Lee. The speedy which presented itself to our view as we passed down the pleasant streets to the head-quarters of the Commission was pitiable to the last degree. The town was one vast hospital; every church, every store, every dwelling, every door-yard was crowded with wounded; even the side-walks were occupied in many places by exhausted soldiers on their way from the field in search of shelter and assistance. On the day—the 12th of May—there were six thousand maimed and mangled veterans thus accommodated in this charming town, this intelligently traitorous town, lying by the river's brink, with green and smiling slopes stretching away behind it, and rows of thrifty trees spreading their broad boughs along its ample streets. Walking abroad on a tour of the day, groups of soldiers, with arms and faces bandaged, with fleshings mangled, by many leaning on crutches, some supported on the brawny arms of kindly comrades, met us at every corner. Entering the roomy churches, a wounded hero was found lying in every pew, with his dirty blanket for a pillow; others crowded the vestibule, aisles, and pulpit; while among them all nurses moved softly to and fro, some with cups of coffee and baskets of fruit, some with basins and sponges, some with bandages, lint, and clothing—all with something needed by the suffering. Stepping into a private mansion, the parlors overflowing with life, and flowers creeping up to the windows, soiled, weary, wounded men were found in every nook and corner, occupying chairs, sofas, beds, or lying on the floors, or sitting in ghastly rows against the walls, patiently awaiting necessary relief. Every where weariness was finding rest, and brave, patient souls were finding anchorage in still, homelike harbors, away from the battle's storm.

Hourly, as the days and nights slipped on, trains of ambulances from the distant field wound along the streets, passing here and there to leave additional wounded, or to bear away those who fell out the dead and dying, and carry them away on stretchers to the dead-house, or the rooms where the more serious cases were lying, to die in the course. Scarcely an hour passed, in the five days immediately following our arrival, that trains of this kind did not arrive from the front, the ambulance trains proving inadequate to the emergency. Every hour they were brought in, and, as soon as ours, the men lying flat on their backs and suffering necessarily from the incessant jolting and the absence of the comforts relied for recent and slight lances. In some instances the poor fellows thus brought in were without any thing to eat or drink for over two days.

THE HOSPITAL ORGANIZATION.

As far as possible the wounded, as they were brought in, were classified and assigned to the divisions and corps to which they belonged. In the Second and Sixth Corps the loss had been so great that several of the hospitals visible where we found them required to accommodate merely the serious cases. One principal surgeon, with as many assistants as were needed, was assigned to each hospital, the delegates of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions acting as nurses. These men labored with a zeal and fidelity which can not be too highly commended. Many worked night and day, snatching bits of sleep at odd moments, in carrying stores, dressing wounds, washing the faces of the sick and wounded, preparing food and drink, writing letters to the friends of patients, and the like. This last is a prominent feature in the work of the Christian Commission. Its delegates, in all cases where deaths occur visit the wounded, taking down particulars of the event to the friends and relatives of the deceased, always sending a lock of hair as a testimonial of the last one's remembrance of the half of the wounded whenever they desire it, with the homes they have left to battle for the nation's sake. Thousands of these letters have been written, and news from the field which might never, but for this Commission, have been informed as to the fate of absent dear ones.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE WORK OF RELIEF.

For the first week after our occupation of Fredericksburg the hospitals were in great chaos, and there was much suffering in consequence. The few citizens who had failed to join in the exodus of the population refused to render any facilities for the care of the wounded; the stores had been stripped by the Confederate soldiery, and absolute destitution prevailed in consequence. The most prominent utensils, such as cups and basins, being almost unprocurable, and the hospitals, especially, that many of the wounded were neither cleansed nor removed from the wagons in which they were transported from the field for a day or more after their arrival, and some who were carried to Belle Plain were a whole week without surgical assistance. Within a few days, however, after the first engagement, the medical and sanitary work was thoroughly systematized; adequate supplies were obtained, and the condition of the men was made comparatively comfortable. On Saturday the 14th, when we arrived, we commenced the hospitals, and probably 2000 others wandering about the streets, there were none for whom it was impossible to provide shelter. All who were conscious, and who had suffered amputations, or sustained injuries in vital parts, a great amount of suffering which it was impossible for any thing to relieve.

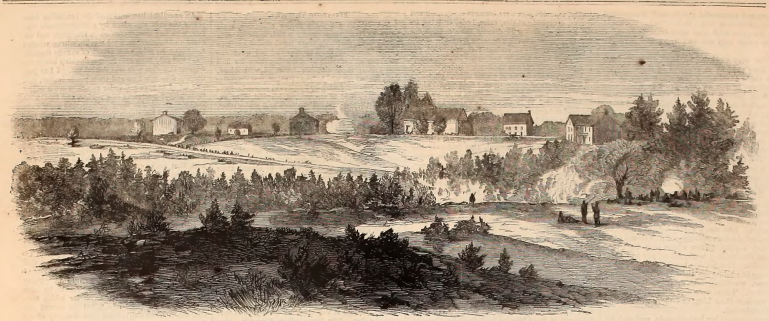
CHARACTER OF THE WOUNDS.

A large proportion of those who had gone into hospital had sustained wounds of the arm and right hand. This was the case, at least, in the last fight in the engagements in "the Wilderness," where the scrub timber and thick shrubs were a many a head, the right arm, lifted necessarily in loading the rifle, had presented a mark for the sharp-shooters of the enemy. So, firing deliberately from the cover of the brush, had thus disabled an unnatural proportion of our soldiers in the arm so peculiarly exposed. The wounds were generally slight, for the most part slight, and would not permanently disable those sustaining them. Many, however, wounded from the same cause in the right hand (generally; in some cases balls were extracted, in others broken pieces of the shell removed, and in a few eyes were shot away, the latter being a most painful wounds of this nature required the closest care and attention, and to be dressed often, and sometimes aggravated, once or twice a day. One poor fellow who fell under our care—J. H. Pervis, of the Thirty-seventh Alabama Regiment—was wounded in four places, namely: in the neck, breast, shoulder, and right arm—all the wounds having been made by a single ball. Fredericksburg had a most aggravated and offensive character, emitting a horrible odor; but the sufferer was attended to with the same care as our own men. He finally got fairly fully cleaned and dressed twice a day.

In most instances, however, the lost scratches as compared with the injuries of many who fell in the desperate engagement of Thursday, May 12. Some of the men who came in from the battle-field were literal hulks. Arms, legs, hands, feet, and in some cases even the bowels, were shot away; and for two days after their arrival in the hospitals a large force of surgeons was constantly employed in amputating fractured limbs. Walking the streets, you could see streams of stretchers bending under limp and mangled bodies, dead and living, flowing in and out at the doors; while all about groups of soldiers stood chatting with calm unconcern, simply saying, as the litters drifted past them, "There goes Colonel Hall," or "That is Private So-and-so—dead, poor fellow, at last!"

SPIRIT OF THE MEN.

Yet amidst all these scenes of horror, these pain and sufferings, under which common men would have perished, these royal-souled veterans of the Army of the Potomac did not utter one whimper or complaint. Suffering often for food and drink; their clothing saturated with blood, their limbs limp and helpless; sometimes dragging themselves on crutches by painful marches, from the distant field to the nearest hospital, they endured all with a robust patience and resignation, knowing that to join the stuff of which martyrs are made, seeming to rejoice that it was their privilege to "do and be strong" for the nation's sake. A cup of coffee, or ration of "hard tack," seemed to compensate, in their view, for all pains and misery; and the instant access of shelter and a basin of water, and the kind hands of the surgeons and nurses, on

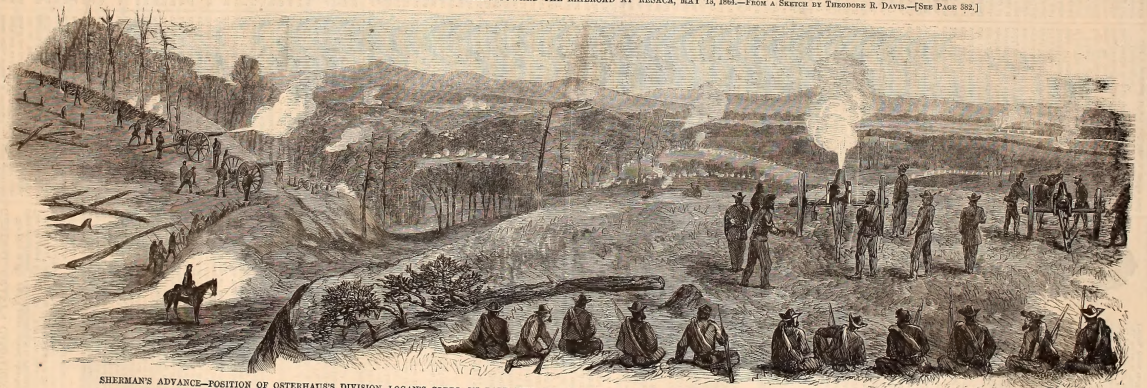


SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

BATTERIES ON GENERAL WARREN'S LEFT, NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CROSSING THE RIVER NY, VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 382.]

SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—GENERAL LOGAN'S SKIRMISHERS ADVANCING TOWARD THE RAILROAD AT RESACA, MAY 13, 1864.—From a Sketch by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 382.]



SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—POSITION OF OSTERHAUS'S DIVISION, LOGAN'S CORPS, ON BALD HILL, MAY 14, 1864—SHELLING THE RAILROAD AT RESACA.—From a Sketch by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 382.]

A BLOCKADER'S STORY.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Weekly*, on board the United States steamer *Virginia*, off Galveston, sends us the following curious and interesting story. The writer, we believe, is entirely trustworthy:

For the benefit of those of your readers who may be interested in psychological investigations, I send you an account of the following remarkable incident which occurred on board of this vessel a few weeks ago. Having captured a schooner, which was taken while attempting to violate the blockade, she was dispatched, in charge of a prize officer and crew, to the port of New Orleans, with orders to proceed without delay. At the time of the capture we had a sick man on board who was delirious, and had been given up by the doctor as past all hopes of recovery. When in health he had been remarkably quiet, but in his present excited state to talked incessantly. Soon after the schooner had left for New Orleans the sick man called out in a loud, authoritative voice, "Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that? Schooner ahoy! what schooner is that, I say?" He appeared to have some difficulty in understanding the noun, but at length said, "Oh, that is your name, is it?" "The prize schooner's name was Spanish, the *Juanita* pronounced *Wanita*.] "What water have you got?" "Five fathom—four fathom—three fathoms—two fathoms." "Look out there! you will be ashore!" "Heave the lead!" "One fathom." "Look out, you are right ashore!"

After this time his mind turned upon other subjects, and nothing was thought of his wanderings until the next morning, when he was the *Juanita* hard and fast among breakers on the beach of Galveston Island about two miles distant. How she went there we have not yet learned satisfactorily; but anchoring as near as possible to her we saw that she had been abandoned, and the officer and crew were prisoners in the hands of rebels.

That the connection between the ravings of the sick man and the fate of the schooner was not a mere accidental many will undoubtedly conclude; but so many developments have been lately made, showing that intercourse can be unconsciously established from one mind to another, that I can not dismiss the subject so abruptly, but will give a few more particulars concerning it.

It may be said that the man was probably a seaman who had often known the like, and that at this time the subject was by some slight incident presented to his mind. But this was not so. The man was a landsman, had never been to sea in a vessel, or even seemed to notice whether it was thrown or not. Then, again, he took the soundings correctly, within a little inside of what we were then lying, which was in 5½ fathoms, and carried them gradually in, just as the water actually shoals as we approach to the shore, and stopped at where the schooner was when among the breakers.

If it be said that although he might not have appeared to take notice of the soundings, yet he must have often heard them given, and his mind being in an unusually excited state when they were presented to it, then I would answer that the soundings two fathoms and one fathom he never could have heard; for we never go into less than three, after less three fathoms, t. e., 2*d*. Why, then, did he not stop at that point?

The time at which the schooner struck agrees, as nearly as we can ascertain, with that of the wanderings of the sick man, after which his mind turned to other subjects. He died two days after. We have since learned from deserters that no lives were lost, but we have been unable to find out the particulars as to why the schooner was run ashore.

I do not pretend to explain the relation which existed between the minds of the persons on board the schooner and that of the sick man, or even to say that there was any, but simply state the facts for those who may be interested in such subjects.

THE COAST-GUARDSMAN'S TALE.

"Goon-evening, Sir."

"Good-evening. A fine night, this."

"Yes, fine enough, but a little out of sight. Pity for us we don't have more of them."

The scene was on the south coast of Cornwall, where I had come a few days before on a pedestrian tournament of the long vacation, to seek a short repose from the turmoil and worry of the law; having labored me but on my own-born budget of Lincoln's Inn, where the old sun-dial, with its quaint motto,* seldom looked at, and still seldomer heeded, is perpetually reminding us of the fruit lessons by which we hold our lives; to seek a little rest and quiet, in short, about the quietest part of England. My lodgings at a little village public-house half a mile from the sea: and the short walks gradually extended, the regular hours and the quietness of every thing externally and externally was fast bringing me round again, when the circumstances I am about to relate took place.

It was a fine moonlight evening, and I stood gazing out of my window at the few strangers still passing up and down the village street, when a coast-guard with cane into my head to take a walk along the cliffs by moonlight. I had often thought of doing this, wondering what sort of life the Coast-Guardsmen led of it—those men by whom every inch of England, as we may, is watched most every night, and as they pace up and down, night after night, and year after year; and so I resolved, at last, to put my long-felt intention into execution.

I had been sauntering along for about half a mile, looking at the blue waves, reaching far, far out into the distance, and checkered here and there by the distant sail of some fishing-boat, gleaming silver in the moonlight, and at the long golden track, reaching from far away up to the base of the cliffs—the foot-path of the fairies, as I had been told long ago —and peopling it, in my fancy, with the light spirits of the air, tripping along in many a fantastic maze, on the glittering surface, and calling to their sister sprites in the water below, when I was startled by an approaching footstep, and, looking up, saw a man close to me, while the inviting smell from a short pipe quickly recalled me from my fancies to the sense of ordinary existence.

All that I noticed of his dress was that he had a rough pilot-coat, with a low hat, while a thick walking-stick owned his only apparent weapon of offense and defense. In short, it was with him that the sentence "first above written" were exchanged.

I soon found that my new acquaintance was one of that very body of men whom I had been pondered about; and so, having fallen into conversation, I walked on a bit with him.

"I suppose you don't have much to do now besides walking up and down, do you?"

"Why no, Sir. There's not so much doing as there used to be, now-a-days, and I dare say you see some goings on in my time—Mind where you are treading, Sir!" he exclaimed. "The cliff is not very safe along the edge, and if it 'gave' you it would be smashed on the rocks below, like a poor fellow I knew was some time ago. God rest his soul!"

"What of him?" I said. "Did any one fall over here?"

"Why no, Sir. He didn't exactly fall over, and it wasn't over this cliff, neither, but the one we shall come to after a few more strides more, and I am a bit before my time, I expect my mate won't be up for ten minutes or so; and, if you like to hear the tale, though it is not a long one, I will tell it to you on the spot where it all happened. Indeed, to say the truth, I shall be very glad of your company, for it is a wisht* night as I have ever waited there, I am always glad to turn my back on it again."

We soon reached the bay by the light of the moon. After looking along the cliff, to see if there were any signs of his coming mate, the coast-guard sat down on a stone, and I lighted a cigar, and, taking my place beside him, he began:

"It is not so many years ago, Sir, eight or nine, maybe, when a young gentleman came down here, as it might be you, to spend a month or so—our town being a quiet sort of place, Sir, that's not much a bad-looking sort of fellow, and had small and white hands. Indeed many people would have called him handsome, though there was always a kind of look about his mouth I didn't like to see. He was staying at the Royal Arms, and there was soon got tales about the town of the way in which he and two or three other wild young fellows about town, as there are, every where, I expect, got up a bit sitting up at nights, the drinking and card-playing, and the wild freaks they used to be at. But as he had always plenty of money and paid his bill every week (it was by his own wish), Polmarthen, the landlord, Sir, never cared to say any thing to him. He was a close man, was Polmarthen, and used often to be made plenty of money out of his customer; but it would have been better for him if he had never seen Mr. Hendon under his roof. His daughter, pretty Kate Polmarthen as she was always called, was the prettiest girl in the town, (though I don't guess what's coming), and many was the glass that had been emptied in her honour, and many a young man would have given his right hand to have had her good graces; but, though she was a bit of a flirt, there was none that had ever found favor in her eyes but Ralph Tregarva, a fisherman's son, fellow as ever was seen. Folks often wondered how it was that old Polmarthen ever allowed his daughter to engage herself to Ralph Tregarva, as he was only a boatman; but though the old man loved money much, he loved his daughter more, and though I hear there was some trouble about it, yet, in the end, he gave way to her in this. It was not long, however, after Mr. Hendon came down here that a change seemed to come over poor Kate. She was at silent for hours, and if Ralph came to try and cheer her up, she would answer him quite as harshly to him, and then sometimes burst into a flood of tears, and beg his pardon, and kiss him, and tell him that he was the dearest man out of sight, and that she was not worthy of him. I was a great friend of his, and I gathered most of this from him at the time, poor fellow! I was sitting in the cottage one day toward the evening, thinking it time, and he was there, when Kate came in, and when young Tregarva burst in with a face as white as a sheet, and scarcely able to stand. 'What is the matter, Ralph?' I said. He could not speak at first but staggered to a chair and fell, rather than sat, down on it, holding his face between his hands, while the big sobs shook him. Kate hastened to and shake him from head to foot, though not a tear fell through his fingers. I stood by him for some little time, but he seemed to forget that I was present at the letter, and at last I laid my hand on his shoulder. 'Come, Ralph, be a man; what is all this about?' He turned round like a flash, and I saw that I could curse you. Do you try mock at me?' and with his strong arm he struck me a blow that would have been invisible at any moderate distance; and it was with deep foreboding that I went my rounds that night. What I returned next morning I found the small piece of paper lying on the floor. It explained all. It was a letter from Hendon to Kate, evidently written in a hurry, and was all crumpled up as if it had been clenched in the fingers. No doubt it had flung down in the first moment of rage, but as it I do not know. It left no room for doubt. He urged her to fly from the village, and promised that he would privately marry her. Soon after I heard more. That same evening Kate Polmarthen had disappeared. That morning her bedroom had been found empty, and she was gone. What surprised others, though not me, was, that her father made no search after her—for he made none. He knew only too well why he had gone. Hendon was still in the village, in order, I suppose, to divert all attention from himself, as he was not aware that the note had been found, Ralph and I each keeping our own counsel. What need to publish the certainty of her shame? We heard nothing of Ralph for

* Cousin for "dull—melancholy."

* An ice memento pendent uterinibus.

three days, when he returned and went about his work just as usual, but resenting fiercely any mention of the past. His manner, too, was quite changed. Oh! so haggard and wild he looked, and during a dogged kind of sullenness in place of his former light-hearted gayety. Even to me he never spoke now, and one or two attempts I made to draw him out into conversation were met with such taunts of rage that I was obliged to leave him to himself. And now I must come to the most painful part of my tale. You see that the bay below is closed in at high-tide, and is then very quiet covered. It was high-water about half-past eleven on the September evening when I was on my beat, and a bright night, just like this. I was walking along the top of the cliff, just where we are now, when I thought I heard a groan below, on the rocks there, which was nearly under water. Surprised at this, I looked over and I saw that there was a figure there, and that the sea was about and about it now up. I could recognize the voice of Hendon, and called out—'Hollos, there!' 'Help! help!' he cried. 'I am cut off by the tide. I can't swim. Send a boat. For God's sake, help me!' So it was. Incensed against him, he had, I suppose, waited there and had found himself cut off by the rising tide, which would have been the case an hour and a half before I was there, but he must have waited at least that time with the water gradually rising higher and higher. But what was to be done? Two, I had no doubt, could conceively I had taken it out, but it was only a short one, about a dozen yards long. I always carry a bit about with me. It often comes in useful, but what good was it now? I could not descend the cliff, and if I left my beat and went for assistance he would be drowned long before I could return. Even while I hesitated I heard a step behind me, and Ralph Tregarva stood by my side. I told him what was the matter, he, in the measured, dogged tone he had always used since then, though there seemed to be an exchange of every passion in his tone that day, and that made me shudder. 'I will go. Give me that rope.' 'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'it is certain death!' 'I know that, however, he shall not have the rope out of my hands, let himself over the edge of the cliff, and was going down, hand-under-hand, clutching at every bush and every tuft of grass. My head swam watching him. One slip, and he would be dashed, literally 'smashed' on the rocks below; but he seemed to bear a charmed life, for still I could see him going down, further and further, and then as a lizard, till he was only some eight or nine yards from the bottom. There he stopped. There is a flat ledge of rock there, and he lay down on it, and was still right, and I could hear him as plainly as I could you, Sir. 'Mr. Hendon!' he called out. 'Oh, thank God, you are come at last!' 'Mr. Hendon answered. 'Here I am. How can I reach you?' 'I have a rope with me; if I throw it you, can you get up here?' 'Yes, yes; be quick, be quick. The tide has risen up to my knees, and I can hold dead with cold.' 'I can't, Sir, I can't,' he cried out, with a laugh, such a laugh! It sounded like the laughter of a fiend. 'Oh, for mercy's sake, be quick!' 'Mercy!' echoed Tregarva. 'Mercy! as you have never shall be shown to you. Where is Kate Polmarthen?' 'I do not know. I do not. Indeed. Quick! the water is over my knees.' 'Liar!' reiterated Ralph, in a heedless of his agonizing entreaties. 'I have swimmed my life away once. Did you think it was to save you? No; it was to secure my revenge. Never shall you come up here alive. Listen to me. Do you know what I am? I was among the first to visit her house. Her father found a letter from you, telling her where to go, and that you would meet her. You had forgotten to put in her hurried departure. But never shall you meet her in this world. Liar! seducer! Your last hour is come. I have but to throw you the rope and you are safe. Your life is in my hands; but had I a thousand lives, and were each of them entwined in your one, I would give up all, to punish you.' Again the scream arose —Mercy! mercy!' 'Mercy!' again echoed Tregarva. 'Such mercy as you gave to him unless my, such shall you have. You shall die, wretch—die in your sins; and, as the water mounts higher and higher, think of the love you have sold and you have murdered—think of me whose peace of mind, you, in your wantonness, have utterly wrecked, and then ask for mercy.' Oh, that I could forget the fearful scene that followed. The wretched Hendon, as the water mounted higher and higher, while each wave rolled him from his feet, made a frail hold on the projections of the rock, clung to the cliff, shrieked for help, struggled prayers and blasphemies in his agony, while the relentless waves came dashing in, rearing up, with a hoarse boom, against their victim, and above all, rose the mocking yells of Tregarva, as he exulted in his terrors and sufferings, like a wild beast over his victim. Again and again I tried to make assistance was near—yelling in, and while his death-shriek still rings in my ears, Hendon was torn away from his hold. His victim fore upon him among the spray for one moment, the next he was dashed with fearful force against the rocks, and the next a bloodstained shattered body was borne out to sea. Ralph was contemplating the cliff, when, losing his scanty footing, he fell, and for one moment was suspended from the shrub he was holding, and then, as the roots gave way under his weight, he fell down into the sea to which he had consigned his victim. *His* body was never found. That of Hendon was recovered next day, and an inquest held. I was the principal witness, and a verdict of 'wilful murder was returned against Tregarva.

I have little more to tell. Poor Kate and her babe lie side by side in the church-yard. And now, Sir, can you wonder that I don't much like being here all alone? But I see my mate is coming, just in time, so I will bid you good-night, Sir."

"Good-night."

And I returned to my lodgings, a sadder and more thoughtful, if not a wiser, man.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

We give in this week's paper several sketches illustrating General Grant's Campaign in Virginia. That on pages 376 and 377, "The Struggle for the Salient," pictures the desperate fight of May 12, which resulted in a brilliant victory for General Hancock. A *Times* correspondent thus describes the struggle:

At the point at which Hancock's assault was made, at 4 o'clock in the morning, the rebel breast-works formed an acute angle, the apex of which was somewhat elevated, with a slope facing a ditch, entered the works at the salient, and swept up the banks of the right, regarding from it. Those driving the enemy a mile the latter rallied, and at 8 o'clock A.M. returned and formed a line of battle in the enemy's works. As this was the key of the whole position the fight was gradually renewed, and the main body of the army massed on the left. The Sixth Corps (Wright's) had been on the left of the Fifth Corps (Warren's) during their skirmish line, and united with Hancock's right, and converged on the salient of the rebel works. The history of the day, after 6 o'clock in the morning, is all summed up in five successive and fierce assaults, which failed to retake the lost position. At first Ewell's corps assisted in the repulse, and then Hill's corps and Longstreet's army drawn over from the rebel left, and the whole army of Lee threw itself in five desperate efforts to retake the fresh works. But it was all in vain, as every assault was bloodily repulsed.

So terrible was the death-struggle, however, that at different times of the day the rebel index was placed on the one side of the works and ours on the other, the men standing actual tip-toe upon the ramparts, and firing beyond the muzzles of their guns. Nothing like it has equaled the savage desperation of this struggle, which was continued for fourteen hours.

Our sketch presents a vivid view of this incident of all the fields of this campaign.

On page 380 we give three sketches by A. R. Waud. The first represents the Mine Ky, which is one of four known respectively as the Mat, Ta, Po, and Ny, which, together, form the Matterpoy. The Ny lies northeast of Spottsylvania Court House, and will be historical for its connection with the battle so fatally fought there.

Spottsylvania County House, as it is presented in Mr. Waud's sketch, is seen to be a mere hamlet, being made up of a few straggling woods. It is the capital of Spottsylvania County, and contains a court-house, a jail, an Episcopal church, two or three stores, and probably fifty dwellings. The name is taken from a point within the federal lines. The rebel rifle-pits appear in the distance.

Another sketch exhibits the Batteries on General Warren's left, showing their position and range.

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

We give on the preceding page two illustrations of General Sherman's campaign in Georgia. The sketch entitled General Logan's Skirmishers Advancing through a Wood represents Mr. Beaca, presents a vivid picture of the difficulties of our advance in a country as peculiarly strong for defense as that in which General Sherman has mostly operated. Mr. Davis, in sending this sketch, says: "The country hereabouts is so little cleared, and the woods are so full of brush with undergrowth, that it is by no means a pleasant undertaking to clear the forests, exposing one's self to the fire of hidden marksmen. The skirmishers went in to-day, however, with a willingness and determination that very soon rushed them in the occupation of the enemy from the woods, and the advance of our lines to a strong position, from which an extensive view of the country below can be obtained. It was in this thick underbrush that General Kilpatrick's force was routed."

Another sketch by Mr. Davis represents General Osterhaus's Division of Logan's Corps by Bald Hill, on the morning of July 21 or May 14. From this position the railroad bridge at Resaca was shelled, causing a suspension of the trains, and doing other damage. The enemy responded briskly to this fire, and several of our officers were wounded, among them Captain Sheridan, chief signal officer of General Hancock.

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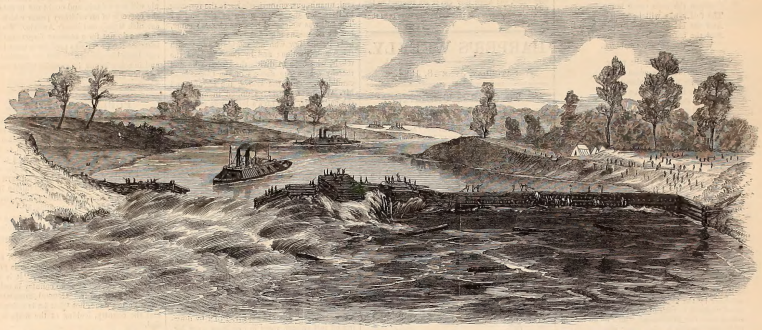
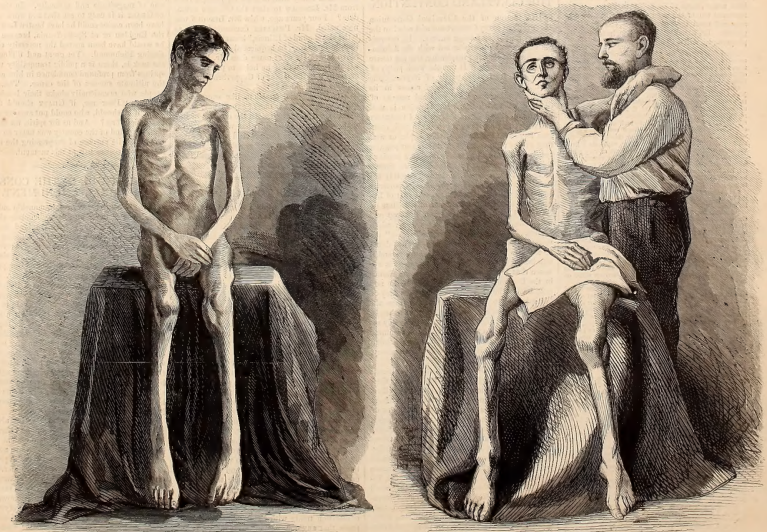


PORTER'S GUN-BOATS PASSING THE DAM IN THE RED RIVER, NEAR ALEXANDRIA.—SKETCHED BY MR. GEORGE SLATER.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



REBEL CRUELTY—OUR STARVED SOLDIERS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT UNITED STATES GENERAL HOSPITAL, ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

THERE'S a happy time coming
When the boys come home,
There's a glorious day coming
When the boys come home.
We will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In a sun-burst of glory
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter
When the boys come home;
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweet-hearts will press them
In their arms, and caress them,
And pray to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest
When the boys come home,
And their cheer will ring the loudest
When the boys come home.
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them
When the day has come home,
To bless them and to greet them
When the boys come home.
And the fame of their endeavor
Time and change shall not disever
From the nation's heart forever
When the boys come home.

JOHN HAY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

FURTHER PROOFS OF REBEL INHUMANITY.

EVIDENCES of the inhuman treatment of our prisoners by the Confederate authorities at Richmond continue to multiply. We give on the preceding page two illustrations which afford indubitable proof on this point. These illustrations are made from photographs taken in the United States General Hospital, Division No. 1, Annapolis, Maryland, under Charge of Dr. Z. C. ARCHIBALT. They represent two of the unfortunate prisoners as they appeared upon their return from the Richmond prisons. Dr. ARCHIBALT WALLACE, in sending the photographs, writes as follows:

These two pictures are what may be called good specimens of the sad cases which are brought to the hospital from the prisons and Belle Isle. They are from the worst of the cases, and those worst cases from a humorous body, both are dead.

Out of one hundred bad cases brought in by boat on May 7 thirty have since died. Dr. VANDERKIEF said they "called from the effects of neglect and cruel treatment at the hands of the enemy." Dr. V. is an honorable, upright, and warm-hearted gentleman. The question is asked, "Is the condition of the originals of these pictures entirely due to starvation, or to their want of clothing which has reduced them?" I answer this by giving the statements of two of the men, which are, with only a little variation of time and place, the statements of very many —of all, in fact, whom I questioned. The variations are when I did question were in different parts of the hospital, had been taken in at different times, and could have had no collusion with each other in answering my questions.

I take from my note-book first the statement of Corporal W. M. SMITH, Co. D, 12 years, Company D, Eighth Regiment Kentucky Infantry:

"I was captured in September, 1863: was on Belle Isle six days and nights without shelter. They took away my blanket and gave me nothing. It rained or we were wet, by at night in the cold dew and frost. While in prison, after leaving Belle Isle, in December, I got sick and had worse the same summer duties in which I was captured: I lay on the floor. I never had any bed since I was in it, nor any cover. After I got well of the small-pox I had to wash my clothes, but I had given them all away. I came to me to this hospital in the same clothes. Diarrhea came on after I got sick."

The poor fellow was so shrivelled up that he looked like that of an ape. It was sewed and wrinkled and in folds. He could have taken a bed-cord and have pounded it to him, and inquired what he wanted it for. He then talked with emotion, and said, indeed, he had suffered, and, as the tears gushed from his eyes, said, "To talk of starving to death!" I rejoiced when I found that the picture was a failure, for a sight of that face in a picture, I really believe, might have killed the mother who bore him.

The next picture was as shrivelled up, but not quite like that of an ape. It was sewed and wrinkled and in folds. It could be taken by a bed-cord and have pounded it to him, and inquired what he wanted it for. He then talked with emotion, and said, indeed, he had suffered, and, as the tears gushed from his eyes, said, "To talk of starving to death!" I rejoiced when I found that the picture was a failure, for a sight of that face in a picture, I really believe, might have killed the mother who bore him.

Another statement, that of Private JACKSON BROWNING, aged 20, Company D, Sixty-fifth Regiment Indiana Mounted Infantry, is as follows:

"I was captured December 16, 1863; was two months on Belle Isle. Had no shelter of a tent, ever was out in full of holes, and the water came through. A good many had no shelter at all; I had. Got no new clothes. Was not from me my bed and cup, and gave me an old jeans rag sack. They took my overcoat, two blankets, and gum blanket. I had been but three times on Belle Isle. I think it was in the month, for I never saw such treatment, and never lasted any of the same queer taste. I never had enough to eat while I was on Belle Isle; my ration was not near enough to satisfy my hunger. I got bacon and bread every day, until the two months my stomach gave out; and then the weakness came on, so as bad I left. I had to eat my rations or starve. I gained and rubbed it off and on as I could. Taxes in the last month of my confinement diarrhœa came on. I was sick the hospital on March 24, 1864. I am getting stronger and better every day. My weight was 130 pounds. My height is 6 feet 1 inch."

This man (BROWNING, who thus weighed originally 185 pounds, I carried down stairs in my arms and weighed. He was 24 months in the rebels' hands, and had never been sick in his life. He weighed on May 19, 1864, 104 pounds, and he had then been eight weeks in the enjoyment of abundant nutriment, with stimulation and every attention that the United States hospitals. What would he have weighed when he first came from prison? I do not know. I have seen the skeletons brought in the hands of the rebels for months, but I have never before been released when a month before I saw them. Upon his arrival here the hospital the nurse and the surgeon both assured me that his fore-arm was so thin that it was transparent between the bones when held up to the sunlight. Certain it is that I have never seen a more emaciated human form, whether alive or dead, and yet he said that he was gaining flesh and strength every day. What must he have been one month before I saw him? For at this time he could not change his position in bed without assistance. His stomach was in such condition two days after, not from disease, that when he was first admitted he was fed on milk, a teaspoonful every fifteen or twenty minutes. It was all that he could bear without vomiting. The kind nurse and surgeon put food by and ate right his behalf failed to do more than support him for a time. He died shortly after I left Annapolis—died of starvation.

The daily ration of those men in the prisons and on Belle Isle was, first, a piece of corn bread, made of unsifted corn meal, dark and heavy. Its size is five inches long, four inches wide, and one inch and a half thick. I have seen these rations brought here as specimens. Second, as a drink-ration, they generally receive two pints of meat three times a week. Sometimes not nearly as often. They have had two ounces of meat once every day. When sick with diarrhœa they have the same rations with the addition of a little corn meal mush and the Indian and repulsive.

The portion of these men's depletion is perfectly plain. Under the combined effects of bad and deficient food their stomachs gave out. Then came congestion, loss of appetite, nausea, weakness; then diarrhœa, and often completion of the hunger of atonic diarrhœa, the result of imperfected blood and deficient powers of circulation. So they suffer, and die, or they are returned to the hospitals, where, under the care of a humane country, for whom to care for those whom, for whose country, for whom they are so humanely and their own, they have been thus sorely afflicted.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1864.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the following official decision from the Post-office Department in Washington:

"In reply to your letter of yesterday, I have to state that the 74th sec. of the Postal Law of 1863 authorizing Book Manuscripts to be sent at printed rates of postage can not be so construed as to include articles for Newspapers and Magazines. You must so advise the Book Manuscript publications. I am, etc.,

"Acting 1st Ass't Postmaster-General."

SEC. JOHN B. L. SKINNER,
Section 26 of the Law prescribes "that if any matter on which by law postage is required to be prepaid at the mailing office shall reach its destination without such prepayment, *double the prepaid rates shall be charged and collected at delivery.*"

The Publishers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY must therefore give notice to Correspondents that all communications sent to them by mail must be prepaid at the rates of letter postage—*i. e., three cents for every half ounce*; and that communications on which the proper postage is charged will not be taken from the Post-office.

Also, that the return of Book Manuscript for which the full amount for postage should be inclosed. Where this is not done, the manuscript will be destroyed. In no case the writers will be charged at the Post-offices double rates—*i. e.*, six cents per half ounce.

They regret this, where possible, to all MSS. weighing more than four ounces should be sent by express rather than by mail.

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION.

THE action of the Cleveland Convention gratified every Copperhead and rebel in the country and every foreign enemy. Its ostensible motive was dissatisfaction with the Administration, but its chief inspiration was the desire of personal revenge. It was the work partly of angry and intriguing, partly of impracticable men. That some of the chief actors in its proceedings have especial personal reasons of dissatisfaction with the Administration is well known; and that Messrs. PARKER PILLSBURY and STEPHEN S. FOSTER represent in their opinions any great multitude of the people, or that they are by nature qualified to lead or to express sympathy fitted to be leaders in such a crisis as this, nobody familiar with their careers, sincere in each of them during the last twenty years, believe. The only name of practical importance connected with the Convention was that of LEONARD BORDWELL, formerly Governor of the State of New York, and one of its most honored and honorable citizens, and his letter was read in silence, his suggestions disregarded, and the work of the Convention assembled in great part. It came to nominate General FRÉMONT, and it nominated him. His friends announced in advance that they would not accept the platform in the Convention, and, making a puerile and base insinuation, declared that if he sent any of his minions to the Convention, whatever the consequences should be upon their own heads. Refusing to verify credentials the assembly received itself into a mere meeting, and assuming to speak for the American people, for foreign nations, baptized itself the Radical Democracy, and adjourned.

It is indisputable that any number of citizens have a perfect right to meet and express their opinions, and nominate candidates for any office. But it is to be remembered that in a time so much of extreme national peril the practical union of all faithful citizens is a high moral necessity, and that calmness, forbearance, and prudence are imperative patriotic duties. When, therefore, a practicable and usual method of ascertaining the general popular wish is opened—when all voters who have given their support to measures of the Government by every efficient means, including the overthrow of Slavery, if that shall be deemed essential, are invited to send representatives of their views to a Convention, then every citizen who wishes to maintain that unity, and who knows that his private preference must, by the highest necessity, yield to the general conviction, will abide by the action of that Convention. If he is of opinion that the policy of the Government is weak or slow he will do what he can to impress the public mind with his views. But, failing to succeed, he will not do all that he can to change that policy for one which, by giving the Presidency to the friends of rebels, substitutes treachery for weakness, and which, instead of slowly defending the right makes haste to yield to the wrong.

The Cleveland Convention was called by men who despaired of controlling the Union Convention at Baltimore. When they saw that the overpowering tendency of popular preference was for MR. LINCOLN, they denounced the Baltimore Convention as packed, and called another to meet a week previously and nominate another candidate, with the intention of saying that the nomination at Baltimore, after a Union candidate was in the field, was a willful schism at the moment of the Union party. Was this a loyal and honorable action, or was it an indication that personal passion was stronger than patriotism? Were the gentlemen who met at Cleveland really the representatives of the great mass of the Union men of the country? Was the response to the call before the meeting general, unanimous, enthusiastic? Is the response to its action the hearty assent of the nation? The call was welcomed by three classes: some, but by no means all, of the extreme abolitionists; by the few who are morbidly angry with the Administration; and by the friends of the rebels, who hope to divide the Union vote and thereby secure the success of the Copperhead candidate. Thus the *World*, the *Herald*, and MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS united in approving the call. MR. PHILLIPS's letter was read with enthusiasm to the Convention, while MR. RONALDSON was denounced. Now there is no question that the united Union vote would triumphantly prevail in November. There may be a question whether it can be divided and yet the Union party succeed. MR. PHILLIPS and his friends take this chance; and if MCCLELLAN should be elected he will owe the heartiest thanks to MR. PHILLIPS and the Cleveland Convention.

If it be asked why should not the friends of MR. LINCOLN give way to those of General FRÉMONT, the reply is one of fact; namely, that every sign shows MR. LINCOLN to be, upon the whole, the candidate most acceptable to the great mass of the Union party. If this were not so, if this were not known to be the truth, why should the Copperhead journals so lustily cheer MR. PHILLIPS and the Cleveland friends? It is because they hope and ardently pray that these gentlemen may do what MR. BURNEY's friends did in 1844, when they helped MR. POLK by cutting off just enough votes in one State from MR. CLAY. Can the better part of the Cleveland gentlemen really wish to draw off enough votes from MR. LINCOLN to elect the Chicago nominee? Four years ago, when MR. LINCOLN was nominated, MR. PHILLIPS denounced him as "the slaveholders' candidate," because he thought that, in some way, he acquiesced in the Fugitive Slave Law. By what name does MR. PHILLIPS expect to be known if he helps to put this Government into the power of Copperheads and rebellious slaveholders?

The Presidential question, like every other question in politics, is one of expediency, not of abstract, absolute right. In the conduct of human affairs we must do what we can, upon a fair estimate of facts. And will any suggestions, unbiased man deliberately say that he thinks it more practicable to elect General FRÉMONT than MR. LINCOLN?

A BAD MEANS TO A GOOD END.

THE Secretary of State has written a letter explaining his action in the ARGUELLES case. He says that our laws make the slave-trade piracy, and in our treaty with Great Britain we pledge ourselves to keep upon all Powers the duty of putting a stop to the traffic. There is no treaty of extradition between Spain and the United States, and the surrender of ARGUELLES was made, he says, in pursuance of the law of nations. There is, indeed, he adds, no obligation to return a fugitive without a treaty, but a nation is never bound to furnish asylum to criminals against the human race; and if the comity of nations by treaty might seem to be properly practiced, he thinks it was in such a case as that of ARGUELLES.

Now that ARGUELLES was a criminal of the worst kind every one has read the facts of the case as stated will deny; and we shall all admit that it was very desirable that, the accusation being true, he should be sent home to Cuba to be tried and punished. If there ever were a case in which a man might be summarily seized and conveyed by force from a State, as precisely stated, was the case. But the Secretary has only to ask himself whether he would have treated in the same way a pirate who was accused of destroying a Spanish ship at sea, and who had escaped to this country, to perceive that the act is not to be allowed. His excuse shows, what was not disputed, the purity of his motive; but it proves conclusively that there ought to be an extradition treaty with Spain; but it does not prove that any officer of the Government is authorized arbitrarily to imprison and deport from the country a person who may or may not be the person who may or who may not have committed a crime with which he is charged against the laws of another country with which we have no understanding upon the subject. The Sultan of Turkey never exercised a more absolute despotism.

The slave-trade being the foul crime that it is, and the Spanish Government being, as this case shows, so very anxious to lay hands upon offenders, and the seat of the offense of sale being so near us, the true answer for the Secretary to give the Spanish Government would have been the proposal for an extradition treaty. That would have covered this case and all others. It would have shown to Spain that we did not wish to harbor her most infamous criminals, and would have been the most practical and the expression of a general alarm that the guarantees of personal liberty had become less sacred in the midst of war.

If for any reason an extradition treaty is impracticable, then a law of Congress prescribing the method in which the surrender of criminals shall be made is the other alternative. But if neither course is adopted the extradition of such persons is impossible, because the American people will not submit, and ought not to submit, to the exercise of an arbitrary power which would astonish Russia and justify Austria. We repeat that we do not for a moment forget that in this instance the power was used for a most humane and laudable purpose. But at another time, and in other hands, its exercise might be inconceivably disastrous.

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE.

THE good sense of the Secretary of War in issuing daily bulletins of the campaign can not be too highly commended. It is another proof that the fact that we have settled down to war in earnest, and that the country wishes to know only the truth. The good results of the system is seen in the deaf ear which we all turn to the mere rumors of the street and bulletin boards, and in the question universally asked upon every fresh intelligence, "Is that official?"

This happy result is greatly enhanced by the public confidence in the perfect truthfulness of the reports of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN. There is no rhetorical display in them. Lieutenant GRANT drives the enemy to cover, and he does not instantly telegraph that he is pushing them in disorder, he says that he is "in defensive advantage," and the country is calm because the General is. General SHERMAN tells what he has done, not what he is going to do, and the country, looking at the map, is satisfied.

Every body understands that the task before GRANT and SHERMAN is, as the President says, one of magnitude and difficulty. In the case of GRANT it is easy to see that the work would be immensely simplified if the rebels had left the Rapidan or at Spottsylvania, because then he would have been spared the necessity of besieging Richmond. For a great deal of difficulty the task is, there is a public tranquillity which springs from profound confidence in him and in the ultimate success of the cause. There are people who are habitually shaky their heads and whisper, "Dear me, if GRANT should fail!" Well, if he should, who could put another army in the field? And as the last hope of the revolution, the mind of the country was never so firmly fixed in its purpose of suppressing the rebellion at any cost as it is at this moment.

THE VOTE UPON THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

THE difference between statesmanship and partisanship was never more conspicuously shown than in two late events. In England the disfranchisement of the laboring classes has been a source of anxiety, and seemed to threaten the peace of the future. In America the slavery of the negro race has complicated our public affairs, and has engaged civil war. Yet MR. GLADSTONE, a member of the British Cabinet, and by birth and sympathy of the governing class, in a speech at Manchester, has proposed that provision shall be made for a great enlargement of the franchise; and he does it because he thinks it just and expedient. The men to whom he proposes to give a vote are, he contends, just as fitted for it as those who already have it, and that the immediate relative agitation of the question ought to be anticipated and prevented by wise concessions. This is MR. GLADSTONE's policy; and the result is universally, more honored and powerful in England to-day than ever before.

Now in our own country we have the always perplexing and exasperating question always at issue. Whatever its moral excellence as a system may be, there is no doubt that while men are men it will always be the most angry political question, as it has hitherto; disturbances and differences which have ended in war. The fundamental idea of the Constitution was the practical abolition of emancipation, and of consequent removal of this source of vital irritation. In the very presence of the terrible mischief it has occasioned it might be thought that every legislator, from the highest motives of expediency, would favor its lawful, constitutional disappearance. And yet fifty-five American representatives, professedly calling themselves Democrats, or friends of equal rights and fair play, voted against the simple proposition to ask the people of the coun-

try whether they wished slavery to be abolished. There was but one solitary and most honorable exception upon what is called the Democratic side of the House. Every so-called "Democrat" voted in favor of human slavery, except JOHN A. GRISWOLD of TROY, New York, whose name shall be gratefully remembered.

It is a sorrowful and shameful record. Henceforth no service that these gentlemen can render to the country, no protesting enthusiasm for the Union and the Government, no noisy gasconade about liberty and man, can conceal the disgraceful fact that while the war which they have produced holds us all steeped in blood to the lips, and imperils civilization itself, they deliberately voted against the chance of lawful and peaceful emancipation. Mr. GLADSTONE, with the sagacity of a statesman who knows that whoever enlarges liberty, in any direction, is dear to the heart of man, has taken a step which will always rejoice those who follow him and bear his name. But with what bitter regret and indignation will the descendants of these fifty-five gentlemen remember that their ancestors dealt this deliberate blow at justice and liberty!

REBEL CRUELTY.

THE pictures which we publish to-day of the effect of rebel cruelty to our prisoners are hard to look upon; but they are not fancy sketches from descriptions; they are photographs from life, or rather from death in life, and a thousand-fold more impressively than any description they tell the terrible truth. It is not the effect of disease that we see in these pictures; it is the consequence of starvation. It is the work of desperate and infuriated men whose human instincts have become imbruted by the constant habit of outraging humanity. There is no civilized nation in the world with which we could tie at war which would suffer the prisoners in its hands to receive such treatment as we now get from the rebels; and the reason is, that none of them are slaveholding nations, for nowhere are human life and human nature so cheap as among those who have learned to hold their fellows as property.

The Committee on the conduct of the war have made the most searching investigation of the condition of returned prisoners, and their report of the cruelties to which they have been subjected is accompanied by the evidence. But no evidence is like these pictures. The Committee say:

"The evidence proves, beyond all manner of doubt, a determination on the part of the rebel authorities, deliberately and systematically practised for a long time, on the subject three of our soldiers who have been so unfortunate as to fall into their hands to a system of treatment which has resulted in reducing many of those who have survived and been permitted to return to us to a condition both physically and mentally, which no language we can use can adequately describe.

* * * * * * *

"The general practice of their captors was to rob them, as soon as they were taken prisoners, of all their money, valuables, blankets and good clothing, and that, upon their arrival at Richmond, they have been compelled to sell blankets or other covering, in buildings without fire, or upon Belle Isle with, in many cases, no shelter, and in others with nothing but old disused tobacco sheds, interposed by rents and holes as to present but little barrier to the wind and storms.

* * * * * * *

"In respect to the food furnished to our men by the rebel authorities, the testimony proves that the ration of each man was totally insufficient in quantity to preserve the health of a child, even had it been of proper quality, which it was not. It consisted usually, at the most, of two small pieces of corn bread, made in many cases as much as the witnesses state, of corn and cobs ground together, and half cooked and soaked; of, at times, a small piece two ounces of meat, usually of poor quality, and unfit to be eaten, and occasionally a few black, unripe sweet potatoes, or something of that kind. Many of our men were compelled to sell to their guards and others, for what price they could get, their clothing and blankets in order to be permitted to receive of that forwarded for their use by our Government, and to obtain additional food and vegetables to sustain life; they, by endeavoring to avoid one privation, suffered another from the same cause—the want, on the part of the rebel authorities, of the common humanity in respect to clothing and covering that they were in before they received any from our Government. When they became sick and emaciated in consequence of starvation and privation, and were admitted into the hospitals, their treatment was little, if any, improved on that of prisoners; they doubtless suffered less from exposure to cold than before. Their food still remained insufficient in quantity and altogether unfit in quality.

* * * * * * *

"Your Committee, therefore, are constrained to say that they can hardly avoid the conclusion, expressed by so many of the returned soldiers, that the treatment they have been referred to are the result of a determination on the part of the rebel authorities to reduce our soldiers, by starvation, by privation of food and clothing, and by exposure, to such a condition that those who may survive shall be unable ever so as to be able to render any effective service in the field. And your Committee accordingly ask that this report, with the accompanying testimony be referred to the proper and testimony in relation to the massacre of Fort Pillow, at Memphis, in their opinion, no less than the other, the result of a predetermined policy. As regards the authorities of the rebel newspapers, that our prisoners have received at their hands the same treatment that their own soldiers in the field have received, they are evidently but the most glaring and unblushing falsehoods. On no one instance cannot be designated by such statements have been most insidiously men, in the prime and vigor of life, yet have died by hundreds under the treatment they have received, although required to perform no duties of the camp or the march; while the rebel soldiers are able to endure long and rapid marches, and to offer a stubborn resistance in the field."

We hope not to be told that such pictures will make children shudder, for we should certainly be amazed if they did not. Such pictures are for parents to ponder. This is the spirit which inspires the rebellion. How is it to be cast out? Can any thing which makes American citizens capable of torturing other American citizens in this fiendish manner be safely tolerated? Shall we lop off the branches, or shall we uproot the tree?

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND" AND "DENIS DUVAL."

THE second number of the new story by DICKENS, published in the July number of *Harper's Magazine*, is finished. The Sloppy and Mr. Nick Bodfin are two of his most characteristic figures, and the reading of the Decline-and-Fall-of-the-Roundabout-Empire is one of his most rollicking pieces of melodramatic humor. Indeed the tale opens like a very earthquake of melodramatic incidents. The two numbers have introduced persons and mysteries and threads of interest enough to keep attention and wonder unflagging for a year. In Lizzie Hexam we have one of the pathetically and powerfully-drawn women which, like Little Dorrit and other of his creations, are among the most beautiful tributes to English literature to womanly character. Thus far, with the exception of the second chapter, which undertakes what DICKENS can never accomplish—a good description of "society"—the story is laid in that lower order of London life which the enemy cannot fail to find unscrupulous. Its queer, quaint, shifting play of light and shadow are nowhere so wonderfully varied as in this. The characters are all sharply drawn by any one who impresses you as a master. The shop and the business and the personality of Mr. Venus—the street stall and vocation of Mrs. Boffin's Wegg—the Harmony Jail, or Boffin's Bower, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin, with their strict regard for social distinctions—the "Mrs. Boffin" Wegg," said Boffin, "is a high-flier at Fashion, and her make is such, that she does it credit. And Mrs. Boffin, Wegg, I hope to find that you come to be. Henceforth, old lady, this is the gentleman that's going to dedicate and sell your Decorations"—the—the inn of the Six Jolly Fellowship-Porters and Miss Abbey Potterson, who presides over its destinies—all these things of real life are in the true fancy which makes the reader almost gasp to reflect that they are written by the author of Pickwick and Martin Chuzzlewit. Mr. Venus's parlor and the Boffins' their places with Joseph Andrews and Roderick Random.

But THACKERAY'S "Denis Duval," of which the third part is in the July *Harper*, might have been written by a younger hand. Delightful as it is, in power, and in style. The exquisite finish of this tale is unsurpassed, and the picturesque interest with which it invests the little Kentish town and the characters of the English sea-coast a hundred years ago, are very remarkable. There is a delightful ease of conscious power in it, and as we draw to an end of the number, and, musing over the tender little scene with which it concludes, remember that there is but one more—for it is finished—we feel that the rich and generous mind that were never so kind and generous as in this story, we close the book with a sigh and a blessing.

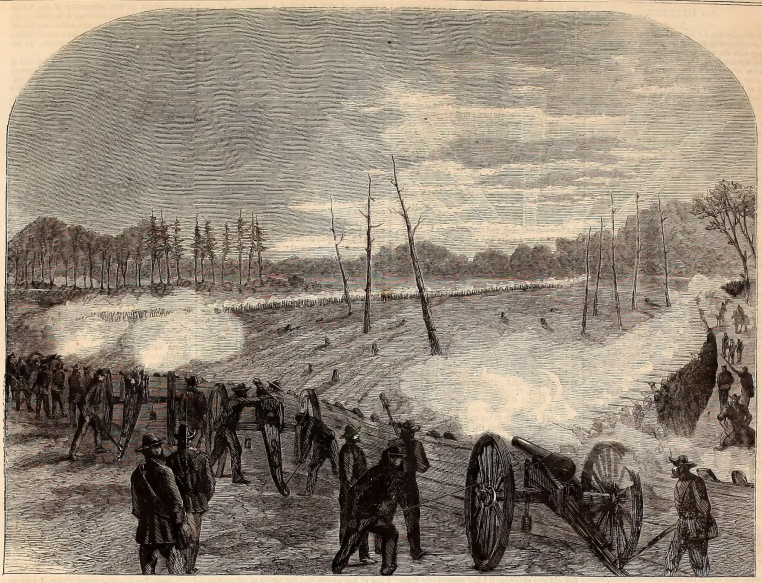
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

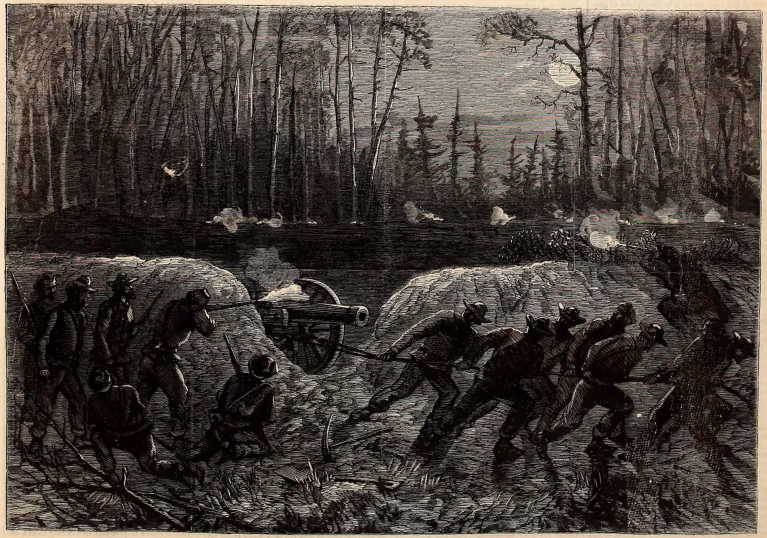
SENATE.—*June* 1. The Senate bill to amend the act relative to public printing was passed.—A resolution was adopted requesting the Secretary of the Interior to transmit to the Senate all information received by him from our agents, what they have done in relation to selling the Sioux public interests.—*June* 2. The House bill to expedite the settlement of claims in the Treasury Department and elsewhere, the bill relieving the professors of the West Point Academy of liability to military service, and the joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Lieutenant-General Joseph Hooker, and the officers of the Nineteenth Army Corps, for his skill and ability in extricating our gallant army from Chattanooga, were passed.—*June* 3. The consideration of the Internal Revenue bill occupied most of the session.—A resolution was adopted calling in reference to the tax on tobacco.—*June* 4. The House bill to provide for the better organization of the Invalid Corps, Invalid Brigade, Odds Volunteer Militia, was passed.—The bill to amend the act of February 25, 1863, to prevent fraud on the United States of lands granted by Congress to aid in the construction of railroads, House bill, was finally passed.—The bill to pay Wisconsin her five per cent. on the proceeds of public lands, House bill, was passed.—*June* 6. The bill giving 100,000 acres of land to the State of Wisconsin to aid in the construction of a Military Road from Green Bay to Lake Michigan, was passed.—The Internal Revenue bill, with the same amendments, was reported and were adopted.—*June* 7. Several bills were reported but no final action was taken.

HOUSE.—*June* 1. Mr. DAVIS introduced a bill for the construction of an Indian Bureau Railroad, for the use of military and postal purposes, which was referred to the Committee on Military Affairs.—A resolution calling for a report of the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments of the Senate to the Army bill, and for a report in the Missouri contested election case of Birch contesting Mr. Knox, was adopted.—The amendments of the House discharged the Committee on Elections from any further consideration of the subject.—*June* 2. The bill prohibiting member, relative to the Indian Bureau Railroad, was referred.—*June* 3. The session was mainly occupied in discussing the Conference report on the Missouri contested election case of Birch contesting Mr. Knox, which was finally adopted.—*June* 4. The bill to amend the act relative to the settlement of claims in the Treasury Department, and elsewhere, was passed.—The House bill relieving the professors of the West Point Academy of liability to military service, and the joint resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Lieutenant-General Joseph Hooker, and the officers of the Nineteenth Army Corps, for his skill and ability in extricating our gallant army from Chattanooga, were passed.—*June* 7. The consideration of the Internal Revenue bill occupied most of the session.—A resolution was adopted calling in reference to the tax on tobacco.—*June* 8. The House bill to provide for the better organization of the Invalid Corps, Invalid Brigade, Odds Volunteer Militia, was passed.—The bill to amend the act of February 25, 1863, to prevent fraud on the United States of lands granted by Congress to aid in the construction of railroad lands

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—CHARGE OF LOGAN'S TROOPS AT THE BATTLE OF RESACA, MAY 14, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 388.]



THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—ROBINSON'S BRIGADE, OF HOOKER'S CORPS, SAVING THE FIFTH INDIANA BATTERY, MAY 14, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—GEARY'S DIVISION DIGGING THE GUNS OUT OF A REBEL BATTERY BEFORE RESACA, ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 15, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 393.]

AN HEIRESS.

I.

HOW grew tired of her work—it was some tedious lace-copying—and flinging the pen down with a little weary sigh she went to the window for amusement, or for sight-seeing. Plenty of the last there, for the window overlooked a busy street; and soon Hope's brighter face did not belie her name. Take a long look at her now at this point of her life, for Hope Carroll is to play a very important part in this history; is even now, as she stands there in the small plain room, a very important person, though she is yet unaware.

Well, what do you say to her? She is not in beauty; no, but the attractive in the very teeth of that demurrer. Attractive from the crown of her head, with its wavy hair, to the sole of her shoe, which shows royal hollow as she stands a tip-toe—for she is not tall—and leans out to catch another glimpse of a passing figure that pleased her eye. Oh, not a beauty, but delicate and fair and womanly in mould, and motion, and tone. There is about her too a look of soft youth, yet Hope is deep in her twenties. Miss Miles who lives across the way would tell you, with that peculiar triumphant smile that some women assume when they are enlightening you on such subjects, that Hope was twenty-six every day, if she did "stren so young."

Hope was young, but merely by seeming but in all interior life. She had about her, or within her an ever-springing freshness which made for her an immortal youth that would last until her dying day. So, as she stands there now with the weight of, it may be, even twenty-six years, there is this odd quality of young grace in her movements and expression which her life of planning care can not utterly overwhelm. Her day's work is almost done, looking down the gay street she forgets her weary toil in the dreams and fancies the constantly changing faces suggest to her and those some one of these many faces will look up, and a smile and bow pass for greeting to her. In this observation of hers two light steals and she turns away with a little sigh from her peasant pastime, yet half holds still to her dreams as she goes to the tinkling of the tea-bell. Only she and Aunt Mary at the small round table; only she and Aunt Mary in the small tenement. They two make the home there; a very pleasant home, though it has its cares, its anxieties, which proceed from that rough jarrier—Poverty. There is a trifle that goes out with Aunt Mary: that is not half enough to support them, and Hope in her capacity of copyist makes up the principal. Hope, if you were but a friend, would tell you that she was certainly one of the most favored of women in having such constant occupation, such good and constant employers. Her clear and legible chirography would be enough to answer all that, and you should wonder perhaps that with such constant employment, so well paid, that Hope wasn't richer woman. But consider this girl, with her delicate though by no means physique, and do not wonder that she can not confine herself for eight or ten hours of each day to the close, moveless occupation of a copyist. Well, you would see a trifle that fresh bloom upon her cheek which deepens as she seats herself at the table under a brilliant globe of gaslight.

Hope, will you take marmalade to-night?

Hope sits gazing into the little amber and gold gilt-cup that Aunt Mary always places for her, and answers irrelevantly:

"And shape them with cinnamon."

"What!" half questions, half exclaims, Aunt Mary.

Hope lifts her head and laughs. The dream clears, and she comes back from her fancy-wanderings to answer more sanely: "No, I will not have any marmalade, thank Mary."

"Hope, what were you thinking about?"

"Thinking? I wasn't thinking, Aunt Mary. I was sitting at a banquet—

"On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand."

And I don't know, I believe I was the queen of it, and was listening to some sort of a tingly fellow as he talked splendid nonsense to me.

"King of it, was she, and to them, srited to thee?" sung Hope in conclusion; her quotation fitting only to some dinner fancy of hers.

Aunt Mary laughed, and asked Hope how she could condescend to come down to such simple fare and to only her society after that fine feast and company. Hope laughed back, and told her that she brought her company with her; and as for the feast, nothing so easy as to turn this amber cup into gold and the veal and ham table-furniture changed just as swiftly into "wreathed silver" and cut-glass. The marmalade melted into

"—dainties than the creamy curd."

The little white biscuits became French puffs, and all imaginable sweets and wonderful wines glistened and glowed in the fairy table.

"Just like Duke Humphrey's dinner. Ah, Aunt Mary, did you ever read that story, 'Duke Humphrey's Dinner?' You shall read it, Aunt Mary, soon, then, and I too. It was the most charming and delightful thing. I read it long, long ago in one of *Harper's Magazines*. Ah me!"

And Hope, though she smiled, looked a little wistfully at the amber cup. By-and-by:

"Aunt Mary, I should like to be rich, and be queen of fete and feast. If I were rich, Aunt Mary, I should be handsome."

There was the least tinge of bitterness in the sarcasm of this remark. Aunt Mary made some demurrer against the sarcasm, not the assertion, which Hope took up.

"Oh, I don't mean that the gold would gild my face *entirely*; I have more vanity than that; but I mean that, with its prestige and the pretty fresh things it would buy me, I should be discovered by the new undiscovered world to be a beauty. Not that I should be that, but pretty, fresh things, and artistic taste in the arrangement of them, would make any woman more attractive."

Aunt Mary rallied Hope a little on her ambition and her vanity, but Aunt Mary did not moralize. She had the genius to sympathize with what she had long passed, and her gay raillery at Hope contained no restriction or reproof. Thus these two, so wide asunder in years, were closer than many comrades of the same age. But after the raillery the good lady opened another subject, some project or plan of housekeeping, and the fairy feast was all out of sight, when rat-tat came the postman's knock upon the door.

Hope did not even look up when Aunt Mary took the letter the carrier handed to her; for Hope had no curiosity and little interest in the postman's visit. She had no young-lady love for letter-writing, which was quite natural when you consider that her daily occupation gave her enough of that kind of employment. Aunt Mary, on the contrary, had correspondents in plenty; nieces, nephews, and cousins scattered through several states, and so found. The rat-tat of the postman, then, had deep interest for her. But this letter puzzles her. She puts on her spectacles and carries it nearer to the light.

"Why, Hope, it's for you."

"For me?"

Hope reached over, and taking it into her hands, recalled as Aunt Mary had done, even the direction before she opened it. Toronto! She knew no one in Toronto. What could it mean? She broke the seal, and reading the contents, her surprise did not seem to abate.

"Aunt Mary, who is James Reston?"

Her face was pale now, but full of the surprise that was in her face.

"James Reston? Why, Hope, it's your Uncle James—your mother's brother."

"How stupid of me! I had forgotten. We children always called him and his wife Reston, and I had quite forgotten his name. I always think of him as Uncle Jim Colman."

"I know I was so young when your grandmother married again. But what has the letter to do with him, Hope? Has he remembered you after all this time?"

Hope handed the letter to Aunt Mary that she might read it for answer to her question. And Aunt Mary did read it, but found little in the letter contained? It contained Hope's fortune. Yes, nothing less; for it was as good as that, though couched in very cold commercial terms by the will of James Reston she, Hope Carroll, was sole heiress of all the lands, estates, and funded property of James and Jane Reston. And Hope was forthwith summoned to appear before the courts of Toronto to prove and establish the said Hope's identity. Aunt Mary was watching Aunt Mary's face, and knew when she had got to the end of the letter.

Hope's eyes were staring out of a sensation novel equal to this, Aunt Mary? That this uncle, whom I haven't seen and have half forgotten in all these years, whom I never knew, who was rich, or bad, or indifferent in the time, should suddenly appear to us after death in the form of a will like a prince's? Aunt Mary, do you suppose it's true? I feel odd and elvish, as if I had stepped into a fairy ring and some fairy's nerve-wand were about me."

"Nonsense, Hope; it's all fast and sure enough; but very strange, it is true."

Hope knew it was nonsense, but she was steadying her emotions a little by this gayety. They sat and talked, Hope hearing her part very soberly for a while, as they planned their journey, and all the little details concerning it; but after a while the fairy spirit broke out again, and Hope was to steady her emotions but as an outlet of exuberance.

"Ah, Aunt Mary, I'll have the purple silk gown I've always wanted, and laces, and jewels, and bracelets in abundance!" Hope had a barbaric taste for ornaments. "We'll ride in a coach every day; I do hope it will be green, a pumpkin as we drive up to the door, auntie. And I'll have a feast like the one of my fancy, with the basket of silver and the gold cup, and I'll be queen of it.

"All in a purple gown she stood
Her hair within a diamond snood.'

I shall be a beauty then, you may be sure, auntie;

"For through the diamonds her hair
Shine soft as silk, and still more fair.'

Ah, that last, that rose upon her cheek."

"Hope, go to bed," said Aunt Mary. "Your head is getting light."

"But the best of all is, auntie, you shall sit with folded hands from morning until night."

"Hope, I should be tired to death of it."

"You shall go to routs and balls then, every evening, and not come home till morning."

Hope's gay voice here failed her. The two looked at each other for a moment and the tears came into the young and old eyes. Deep within both their hearts swelled the tide of thankfulness for this easy and plenty, of freedom from anxiety and care, that had come to them.

II.

In the brilliant rooms of Mrs. Hofman Grey there was a little buzz of expectation, which sometimes amounted to a slight waiting-bush. What was it? All the reigning belles had arrived. Even Mrs. Marsh and her beautiful twins, who always made a sensation. A young man standing by Ellen Marsh broke into his pretty party talk to say:

"My cousin, George Dane, says the old house on Ludlow Square is turned into quite a palace of art. George, you know, is a judge of art."

"Oh!" the little beauty looked thoughtful a moment and forgot her flirtation. "How I wish I knew her well enough to call," she ended, animatedly.

"George is quite intimate there," the young man resumed.

"He admires her, doesn't he? Thinks her very handsome?" the fair Ellen asked, archly.

"Yes, he admires her, but I can't believe George thinks her very handsome. She has wonderful style and air, I'll admit, but her face is cold and irregular; yet I've known fellows as fastidious as George, and with as critical a knowledge of the lines of beauty, fall vivaciously, after they had known her a while, of her beauty. You know—"

Young Ranger did not finish his sentence: he stopped to watch the entrance, as did his companion, of a lady who was making her way toward her hostess at that moment—a lady young and with the aspect of beauty. Or who watch her unexcitedly will not call her beautiful; but we will admire the marvelous grace and art of her dress, which in every detail is suited to the wearer, which so calls out every fine feature, which conceals every bad or indifferent one. It is not a brilliant, showy toilet. And Mrs. Hofman Grey, who likes people to adorn her rooms with their most splendid attire, seems to feel it pointed and aggrieved that the special guest to whom she looked for magnificence should present herself without a single diamond, or even a pearl, to do honor to the occasion. George Dane, that wise, far-seeing critic, stands aloof and observes this scene. He sees the sympathetic Mrs. Grey's face. He knows what it means; and there is an expression on his own face, a half smile of appreciation, which, if you saw it, would tell its own story. George appreciates the taste that consults only becomingness, and enjoys truly an artist's eye the lovely grouping of flowers. Lilies to real that you would need to catch their odor, and, looking into their dewy hearts, would expect to see the yellow pollen powder the pearl silk and floating lace. As Mrs. Grey's eye detects this lace her brow clears. Mrs. Grey understands all the various grades of the delicate fabric, and this tender, fairy-meshed stuff counts for diamonds in adornment. So with her floating hair. She knows the rare consciousness of perfection in her costume, which gives her something that smiling ease which a woman must always feel with that consciousness. Hope Carroll goes down the room to meet and speak, to receive greetings, and exchange them with men and women who two months since did not know of her existence. She perceives the value of it all—and there is some value—and she knows the vanity thing it is worth—an opportunity to be present at fine pageants, to have the power to know the many, to find the few, to hear and to see, and never be worth hearing or seeing. So Hope enjoys herself. Her enjoyment is of a vastly amusing kind; sometimes a little bitter-sweet, as when she, though she realizes the world she does not think so very badly of it generally.

"It is natural for people to go where there are fine rooms full of fine things: is it unnatural that these should be? Are bouquets or the scenery of them finer people than in different surroundings? I don't find fault with this, Aunt Mary; but I wonder whether, if I had all this wealth, there are half a dozen persons who have become fond enough of me through these surroundings to make them so in the little home with them. And Hope would give a faint sigh as she concluded.

Hope had been prophetic of herself in declaring that she looked beautiful in the gay shining of her wealth, and the power of adornment it gave her. Just as Mrs. Grey, especially, did not see what subtle taste brought such effects of color and outline. They looked, and saw, through soft surrounding and in soft and sumptuous lights, a fair face that looked fairer and fresher for the surroundings; a form that somehow expressed itself by contrast and harmony in such graceful ways that they exclaimed at once, "What a beautiful woman!" There was one at least—George Dane—who understood, but, understanding, only admired the more. He was one of the many whom fortune and fashion brought to her door; for Hope was herself in fashion. As a attractive young woman with an almost unlimited income, how could this help being the case? Mrs. Grey was not the only one of Hope's many admirers. He was one of the few interesting people whom she welcomed for their genuine joy or appreciation. She was not exactly of the former class: he was scarcely genial, with his half satiric unbelief, his philosophic cynicism; but he was certainly one of the few. Hope with her keen sense of wit and humor, and her insight and experience of life.

Yet yet and then as he sat in her parlor, which was one of those rooms in what he had named the "palace of art," as he sat there talking interestedly and interestingly, he would would fit to the small plain room in the little plain house on Martyn Street, and he would wonder if George Dane was one of the few who would follow her there. It was a question she was not anxious to put to the test. This evening, as she went through the rooms with that smiling ease he certainly did not follow her or pay her any court. Hope liked this. It was a change. But by-and-by he came up with his cousin Will Ranger.

"I want this boy to know you, Miss Carroll," he said, lightly, with a certain air that said as well, "You will honor him."

The "boy" lent his graceful young person before the famed beauty, and he felt blind lame and impotent for his boyish blush and slight embarrassment, and George Dane turning at the appeal of his hostess, the new acquaintance was left alone together for a few moments. Danger, fresh from his first parties, and the pretty belle and the accomplished young girls like Ellen Marsh, was taken captive by the soft, subdued graciousness of this maturer woman, whose tone was pitched on its youthful aspect. There are some women and some men who have a way of smiling slowly upon you as you speak and they listen, as if your utterance that seems to imply that what you say is of the utmost importance to them. This was Hope Carroll's way. Will Ranger, when he gave up his place by her side and received that brilliant, sweet smile, did not wonder any longer "that fellows as fastidious as George Dane, and with as critical a knowledge of the lines of beauty," thought Miss Carroll handsome. Hope knew her power; she had known it long ago when her range was smaller; and she laughed sometimes to see how now it was not only wider range that had been given her, but a newer charm which deepened all her natural ones. Her laugh turned scornful sometimes at this personality of the heiress pushed itself through every thing to her view. Yet with all her insight into human action, her knowledge of the world, it was not in the nature of things for Hope to be unhappy. On the contrary, she enjoyed herself vastly.

"Hope, how you play with life!" one day said an old friend; an old, old friend of the little house on Martyn Street.

"Well, I worked with it for a long time; give me my playday now, Aunt Mary," answered Hope, merrily, yet meaning earnestly. It was a day after this night of Mrs. Grey's, and George Dane was present with Will Ranger and Selwyn Carroll. People whispered that Miss Carroll had a secret liking for this Grant—that some time she might take his name. Who knew? Let us be brave enough to trust the bronze shaft that holds that charming Faun. He is handsome, but that is not the best of him. There is a certain ropes about him which is strength and sweetness. To look long into the gray-blue of his clear eyes would be to believe in every-good-thing that he gave of himself. How different from the satiric play of George Dane's dark, inscrutable face!

Into Selwyn's only clear eyes comes a fresh light as Hope answers the carping friend with her frank confession of those working-days.

"Mrs. Lee—that's the "friend"—does Miss Carroll play with life when she goes down into those crooked alleys by the mills?"

Mrs. Lee looked surprised, questioning. Selwyn answered it, nodding his head with the words, so in earnest was he:

"She does. The back windows of my office overlook Mill Street."

Mrs. Lee now looked as if she would like to have asked Hope's pardon; but Hope, with flushing cheeks, was busy over the music-stand, and asking young Ranger to help her—Ranger, who flashed adoring glances at her upon this revelation. Hope's eye turned away as she caught them; she half smiled to herself, blushed deeper still as Selwyn met her in the turning. Only George Dane seemed unstirred by the revelation. In fact George appeared a little bored. He whistled softly an opera air, tapping lightly a tattoo accompaniment upon the arm of the chair. Then he rose very much like an adieux. He stood on the threshold a moment, hat in hand, which he waved with a playful sort of extravagance to the group around sewing, "Farewell, sweet saint!" There was a flitting smile upon his thin, darkly ringed lips, and Hope thought a tone of mockery in his voice. This was quite intolerable. George Dane's satiric sense was very amusing when he touched upon impersonal topics; but against herself—?

III.

THE winter had gone, summer had come, and Hope at the sea-shore dispensed hospitalities in the loveliest of cottages. Of the many she had chosen but few—but few and intimate. There was a girlfriend, a widowed cousin whom she liked, Selwyn Grant, and young Ranger. She had asked George Dane, but George had said he knew

"Hope, I'm a cross-grained fellow, I suppose, but I hate to visit; it seems to me to take away some of my right to be cross-grained, so I prefer my hotel. When I get away from my office I shall run down to your neighborhood for a week or so; you'll see much of me then."

All summer Hope staid there, nor ever wished to be elsewhere, nor ever wished to receive from there, nor ever wished to receive from there, darker, thinner, more saturnine than ever in his cool white linen garments—offering a marked contrast to Selwyn Grant's frank, fair countenance, and Will Ranger's happy boyish health. But they all vellyed with him cordially.

"You ought to have been here before, Dane," Selwyn said to him. "You've lost all these golden weeks hovering in the city."

"Yes, I dare say; but I don't suddenly take out a lease of independence when summer comes," answered George, with a grim smile. "I've been rather entertained, however—been ferreting out a knotty case that has hung over my anxious already," and George's grimness relaxed into the most triumphant look of the conqueror. Selwyn, who observed, and thought he understood, Dane's fellow, offered another contrast to him at this point. Selwyn Grant was a man of leisure; not an idle man. With abundant means, he refused indolence; his warm sympathies, his health of mind and body, all saved him from idleness. But George Dane, as he had said of himself, had taken out no lease of independence. By temper or fortune George was not a man of leisure. He worked at his profession as one to be loved it sometimes—alert, quick, highstrung. He gave him a handsome yield, whether in his favor or not Grant's words, "he was not burrowing in the city."

While gossip accorded Selwyn Grant—who pecuniary had no need to draw a matrimonial prize—to Miss Carrol, why did it pass by George Dane without a word of suspicion, when he sat at her table and called her intimately "Hope?" Probably because George Dane, now seven-and-thirty, had passed by in their several seasons, before after fortune: had been at their tables, had been intimate in just that passionless, friendly way of his with one and another, without any of that gallant assiduity, that waiting attendance which distinguishes a suitor; because he could stand by and see them second and won; could even applaud the winning, too—it had come to be understood that George Dane was no fortune-hunter in that way. That he was, in fact, too cold and ambitious, of too stern a pride to seek any object but professional distinction. This it comes to pass that he has long talks with Hope, discussions of books or thought when they are in a manner intimate and confidential, yet that

he can sit there just outside the window those summer nights, alternately smoking, while Selwyn Grant within—the handsome, manly fellow—goes on with his wooing. At the end of the chapter, perhaps, you may expect to see George Dane applauded.

It was on a morning after one of these nights that George was met by this announcement—not what he had expected.—"George, I have decided to spend the coming winter in Rome."

"Then you go there with you?"

"Aunt Mary, of course, and we go in company with the Fanshaws."

"You are to be?"

George looked more surprise than he usually allowed himself to express. Hope colored a little at the quiet words and the look. She must have understood his surprise. He said no more however about it, at the moment, but pondered on the winter plans. She seemed in high spirits, full of anticipation, and George rode away after their conference, saying to himself,

"I dare say Grant is going too."

Hope was glad, but Selwyn Grant did not join the party that sailed with her; neither did he go to meet it.

The winter passed, spring came, summer again. It was full a year before Hope returned. A year older, yet Hope bore the burden bravely. Her face was fresh and fair in healthful coloring, her eyes full of sparkle, her figure round yet lithe.

"Hope, have you found the fountain of youth or the philosopher's stone?" asked George Dane as on the day he called after her return.

Hope lifted her eyebrows with a merry sort of affectation, as the fond of assuming sometimes.

"Why?"

He made a grimace.

"As if you didn't know that you bloom fairer than ever after a year's wandering."

She laughed.

"I am like the aloe, you know, I bloom late."

"I know that you have had cares, for you have told me so; but there isn't a print of them on your face. How does it happen?"

She grew serious. "Partly temperament, I suppose, which is in a measure inherited from—the print at least; and then you have only known me since life was easier to me, through this fortune that my uncle left me. I was not unhappy then, when I lived in the little house on Martyn Street and was Aunt Mary's. It was a pleasant home, and I enjoyed my reading, my friends, or any amusement, with great zest after my work was over for the day. Hope and Mary were always building for me very fair and stately edifices of happiness, and my days seemed going on almost pleasantly, sometimes. But my wisdom was only hidden even then. It was one abiding care for the future. I knew that I had no nearer relative than Aunt Mary; for her I loved as a daughter, for she had been to me, and I used to think with vague trouble of what would happen to her if some ill should come to me, if I could not work as I did. Ah, does any man know what this shadow of possible want is, that hangs over the head of so many women, partly nurtured as we were: women poor and proud, who can look to no one for home comforts and cares? Over my head always hung this shadow. It used to blot out all the sunshine in my castles sometimes . . . I think if you had known me then you might possibly have seen the shadow once in a while breaking through upon my face," she concluded, in a low tone.

"I am glad I don't see it there now, Hope."

"Yes: do you know I never wake now without that consciousness of relief first thought, that the shadow of that care is gone. Ah, I think Heaven for it. it is such blessed relief."

Her countenance was beaming slightly forward, his arm resting upon his knee; a usual attitude when deeply interested? As she paused he asked a question, which probably was suggested by the simple, friendly tone:

"Hope, are you never to be married?"

It was abrupt, but it seemed neither too free nor in any way intrusive to Hope, who knew that he was thinking of her in particularly kindest, and, with no meaning in than Aunt Mary. She colored a little however, very faintly, just evincing the blush of her womanliness. Her voice was as steady and quiet when she spoke in reply.

"I suppose I haven't had my heart touched deeply enough, of course. I have not touched my body's heart deeply enough. Then I think I am wanting in faith. I have seen too much into human nature, perhaps, and—well—I am not, it seems to me, one of those who have an ideal; but I have not met the man whom it appears to me is enough in unison with me to make it safe for him to marry me. I have one bit of romantic sentiment, perhaps;" and she colored many a fervently, "I wish to be loved for myself. You will not think this arrogant, you understand—"

He broke in:

"Yes, I understand. You have little faith; it is no wonder: but there was a fine fellow, last year, Hope, whom you liked I doubt. There was one man, when you knew, whose consideration for various reasons went beyond yourself, though you attracted to your fortune. We will allow this to be natural to those fifty; but you found one who offered a broad contrast. He stood out nobly, you will admit the fifty." There was no earthly reason of any kind why she should doubt him."

The calm, friendly interest that was displayed in this still closer questioning, and the confidence and sympathy that existed between these two, hindered the questioning from the least approach to impertinentness. His tone and manner both implied too strongly for any such suspicion, solicitude for her welfare, and a fear that she was making some mistake with her life. He waited, still regarding her earnestly, after he had spoken those last words:

"There was no earthly reason of any kind why you should doubt him."

Her eyes met his and down as he said them. For a moment she kept silence, then, still looking down, her color deepening very much, she answered, lowly:

"I doubted myself."

He knew pretty nearly what she meant, and by-and-by he said,

"Hope, perhaps I should not have questioned you then, but I have seen all along what your fear has been—that you might be wooed for your fortune." He rose up to go, held out his hand, and for the last words: "Don't let it fetter you, this fear, Hope; you ought to be happy. Good-by."

She stood for some minutes just where he had left her, looking out upon the rich glories of the autumn landscape with an expression of mortification gathering upon her face. These last words had struck her deeply. What, was this vague fear rendering her suspicious; and did he think after all that she had not been true to her self-trust in regard to Selwyn Grant? She sat down there by the deep window, and gazing out upon the wide, bright street, she began communing with herself. She liked the woof of which her life was wrought at the present time; it was full and splendid, but in the future had she no dream of closer companionship? Only she and Aunt Mary in the world. Some day Aunt Mary would leave her, and some day her youth would be gone. She started, for here went riding past a brave and loyal gentleman, one whom she had known and trusted for many years—Selwyn Grant. He lifted his hat, bowing low, and there was a sudden flush upon his cheek at sight of her. For a moment or two after he had passed her color came flushing like his. You would have said at once there were the signs of love in him, like the lady of Shalott, she had seen Sir Launcelot,

"As he rode down to Camelot."

But no, Hope knew better than any one that this was not her Sir Launcelot. And why not? Hope herself asks herself this question. "He pleases my taste, he stirs my imagination; I admire him; I know him to be loyal, noble, and of high principle, and I know *that he liked me for myself;* why is it then, that he does not fill my heart?"

IV.

Hope sat at a great feast. She was queen of it, and wore the identical purple of her fancy-feast—that soft, cool lilac purple that evening light does so much to bring out. And what was the drawing of her youth! She thought of it, and smiled as she sat for a moment in the midst of the splendid scene, and of the gay and the white flying feet of the dancers; hearing through all the murmurous hum of many guests, whose figures shone in the richly decorated rooms under the blaze of the chandeliers made a brilliant pageant. Hope smiled, and rising, stood again at the window, looking down, her gracious presence carrying a charm wherever she moved. At last she comes upon a group eagerly discussing some bit of news or gossip. She hears as she approaches the voice of Will Ranger:

"She will know if any body, she is his most intimate friend. I'll ask her. Miss Carroll, do come to meet her, and the group closed in leaving them alone.

"What is it I am to know if any body, and to tell you if I know, Mr. Raynor?" and Hope smiled in such a fascinating way that the young man but his well-nigh forgot his purpose. He stooped to pick up a glove she had dropped, pressing it to his lips in the action—the glove of a friend—and then remembered to say, while Hope was still smiling, in a sort of indigent amusement:

"About George Dane. He is my cousin, but I never know any thing of him. It's about the name of his engagement. He is engaged to Miss Wharton of Washington, do you know? Ellen March says she knows it to be so. Ellen was in Washington all last winter."

George Dane just then entering, and looking round him for his hostess that he might pay the customary call of respect, Hope hastened to catch her glance across the intervening sea of faces. Will Ranger, who stood beside her and listened to her commonplace words of thanks for remembering the matter of the runner, heard nothing, saw nothing in her face or expression as she answered him that next time as unlike her deliberate consciousness; but what was it, what mute appeal or question did George Dane make to her with those eyes of his? Once before he remembered to have seen that look in her face. It was on a day when some one hastily brought him a telegram, and though then he trusted that Aunt Mary had been thrown from a carriage? He had never forgotten that look—it flashed over her face, and was gone. Will Ranger's eyes perceived Will Ranger taking in his usual style to her, and he knew him to be unconscious. As Hope met his look, it flooded her face with red. Ranger had vanished at his approach, and as he took her hand he looked inquiringly at her.

"Is it bad, Hope—anything happened?"

Gradually, as he watched her in his onward progress through the throng, the color and brightness die out of her face; and as he questioned her now, notwithstanding the flush that came to her cheek, she could see that it grew big arm in his, and said, "Come out into the garden."

The long windows were wide open, and the last September night had the fragrance breath in it of summer.

Hope, her arm in his, followed his guidance with a vague unresistance; and as she went, every moment, through a certain sense of exterior confusion, she was conscious of the throb of pain of her heart. She began to see that her life, enriched by such steady friendship, had never missed anything; that it was the natural way of unfolding. Her whole life seemed threatened. If George Dane had been other than what he was, other than the constant, quiet-minded, unimpassioned friend, she would have never discovered her heart. He led her out into the garden into a sheltered pleasance, and then again asked her:

"What is it—what has happened, Hope? I saw by your face the instant I caught your glance?"

His cool, only kind friendliness aroused her pride, struck, too, a cold chill upon her. She recalled inwardly; outwardly her manner was calm enough, though she answered hurriedly to his question:

"Nothing has happened. Will Ranger was asking—telling me something, and—I had just heard some news that startled me."

She had bungled at her answer, that she felt at once; in trying to remedy it she had made it worse. George Dane kept silence for a little space; then, as if he had waited for her to speak further if she had been disposed, and was relieved to find it a matter of small importance, he began telling her something that was then interesting him. In the midst of it Will Ranger came in sight with Ellen March. As they passed in the pleasance suddenly George Dane stopped to say:

"Will, what marvelous story were you amusing Miss Carroll with when I came in?"

It was a mere impulse, unreasoning, half mischievous, that prompted this, for George Dane was too much of a gentleman to wish to intrude into any thing seriously kept secret. To him the matter had ceased to be of any interest himself.

"I asked Miss Carroll to tell me something about a bit of news I had heard. We thought she'd know," he answered.

Ellen March took up this answer with her gay bantering voice, which revealed the whole. George gave a satirical, indefinite reply, and turned abruptly away with his companion. Hope's heart died within her; a glance in his face—his face which never turned to her now—and she knew that he had her secret. Without a word he kept on, not toward the house, but in the path away from it. Where was he going? For her life she could not have spoken; she still holding her arm firmly against himself, he kept on.

On the grounds was a little pavilion where she sometimes went when she desired to be undisturbed. It was simply furnished, the door easily opened by one who understood its hidden bolt. George Dane had made away a table to this little hermitage; its hidden bolt was well known to him. Into this retreat, then, he now surprised Hope by turning. He opened a door for her by the moonlight-flooded window, and himself remained standing, leaning, facing her, against the casement.

"Sit," he said, gently, "and let me speak to you." Still unresisting, she obeyed him. "Hope, there is a confession you have to make to me."

Hope felt as if the soft south wind was full of taunting, jarring voices.

"In the course of my acquaintance with you, Hope, I came to the knowledge of one thing—that you were the one woman that I could love. At the same time I made the other discovery I need not other—that you would never marry a man whom you were not assured would take you just as readily penniless."

He stopped a moment, his face paled and flushed; then, with a resolute lift of his head, he went on:

"Hope, I loved you. I do not love easily nor lightly. I had lived nearly forty years without finding a woman who could be to me what you were; but for all that, Hope, I would never have taken you unless you were penniless apart from the result of my professional work, if I had been assured that you returned my love. Had I been the possessor of a large fortune apart from this you would have found me a determined wooer. Hope, do you understand?"

She understood, but she could not speak. He went on: "Life is uncertain. I would not, first of all, put a wife or family into the possible position of great poverty in case my death would be sure to do. Secondly, I am fastidious about the conditions and circumstances of life. If these conditions and circumstances prove to be inharmonious to my tastes, I prefer to bear them alone. If there are to be struggles and privations, I prefer to struggle by myself, and to endure without to complain. Perhaps this is very worldly; perhaps I should have been willing to take the whole possession of the loved one; but it is not my nature to lose myself in romance. I can love ardently, certainly, but I cannot lose sight of the fact that we live in an age when all refined social conditions are somewhat imperative for the enjoyment of this love. I am not speaking for any cause, the cause of a suitor, Hope, when I say all this to you. I say it because I consider it your duty, in viewing what is for of your peculiarities—and I do not blame you for it—I am much too proud to offend you by offering myself as a suitor."

At he ceased he passed his handkerchief across his forehead, as men do when under some emotion. Hope looked up at him, met the eyes and knelt the brow. Then he turned toward the door with the words:

"Shall we return to the house?"

Already he was holding the door open, was waiting for her to pass; and she sat there motionless, thrilling under his words. Thinking—"This man, who plainly tells me that he would never marry me for love, is nevertheless the man that I love. He is a different man from him of last year—from Selwyn Grant. He is worldly and ambitious and prudent. He other has none of the heroic elements. He would have dared any thing, borne any thing for my love; but he did not fill my heart. I knew all this, and yet—and yet—I know that he is the very ideal of a lover, but I do not love this man who stands smashing here before me. *He* fills my heart."

Something like this it was which flashed through her mind; and as he stood waiting she spoke his name.

"George."

He started at the accents of her voice, they held so much in their low sweetness. Then she put out her hand.

"George, come back. We two are only suited to each other; we can not lose each other. Will you take me now with this very fortune I have made such a bugbear of?"

He took her, holding her closely in his arms; and when he spoke his voice was full of tender vehemence:

"Hope, I take you, loving you so well that the possible misconstructions of the world at my choice do not embitter or deter me. You know that I love you, Hope."

She knew it by the very rest and content that filled all her heart as he spoke. Verily, "we love whom we must."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SARDAKE.—The editor of a journal was set all aback the other day, when he asked a farmer's wife how she made sausages, and received the answer: "Take your inards, scrape 'em, scald, and stuff 'em."

Sir Watkin Williams Wynne talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom of yesterday. "How so, pray?" said the baronet. "Why," continued the other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me: it filled three large skins of parchment, and near the middle of it was a note in the margin: *Also unto this the world was created.*"

A poor woman, who had attended several confirmations, was at length recognized by the bishop. "Pray, have I not seen you here before?" said his lordship. "Yes," replied the woman, "I am the confirm'd as often as I can; they tell me it is good *for the rheumatiz.*"

It is said to be satisfactorily demonstrated that every time a wife scolds her husband she adds a wrinkle to her face. It is thought the announcement of this fact will have a most salutary effect, especially as it is understood that every time a wife embraces her husband it will remove one of the old wrinkles!

Lord Chancellor Hardwick's bailiff, having been ordered by his lord to procure a new set of parliamentary electors, came one day into the dining-room when full of company, proclaiming with a burst of joy he could not conceal, "I have been at Royston fair, my lady, and I have got a new swarm of your honour's voters."

Lady ——, spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent cask of small beer, and asked him how it might be best preserved. "I know no method so effectual, my lady," replied the butler, "as placing a bunch of keys in it."

A humorous comment on artificial memory was made by a waiter at a hotel where Fitzsimile dined, after giving his lecture on artificial memory. As he went out the professor left the table the waiter entered, with "——'s hat, sir, and umbrella." "Well, I protest, the memorium has forgotten his umbrella!"

"The great admirer of Avon's bard," who inquired where the Shakspeare Gallery was to be, thinks that I. C. D. means "I informed that it may be found in Macbeth, Act V., Scene IV., Line 2."

In a small party, the subject turning on matrimony, a lady said to her sister, "I wonder, my dear, you have never made a proposal; I think you would receive." She replied, "No, not the *brimstone*, only the *spark*."

A coachman, extolling the sagacity of one of his horses, observed, that if any body was to go for to use him ill, he would bear *nothin' like a Christian.*"

Mrs. Horsley, in her entertaining work on Constantinople, gives a curious account of the diet of Circassians. She says, "They eat cucumbers and chestnuts, and are nursed at the same time!"

A tectotaler asked Pat, the other day, if ever he saw a drunken man sober. "Yes, sir," replied Paddy, with earnestness, "I've seen many a man drunk, but I couldn't tell whether he was a tectotaler or not."

In a bookseller's catalogue lately appeared the following article: "Memoirs of Charles the First—with a *hand copy.* Only sixpence!"

"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is the cure for gout?" asked an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day, Sir, and earn it!" was the pithy reply.

A great writer has observed that nothing is more difficult than to make presents with judgment. The difficulty is one which never troubles most people in the least. They avoid all questions of propriety by not making presents at all.

On a railway the following notice appears: "Hereafter, when trains moving in an opposite direction are approaching each other as expeditiously as possible, and signals will be required to bring their respective trains to a dead halt before the point of meeting, will be very careful not to proceed till each train has passed the other."

A dyer, in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up the cloth he had in his hand, "Please your honor, please," said she judge to him. "Put on your *spectacles*, my lord," answered the dyer.

There was much sound palpable argument in the speech of a country lad to an older, who boasted his ancient family: "I'm proud of my family, too," said the peasant; "we've plowmen wy, *'the older the seed the worse the crop.'*"

A farm was lately advertised in a newspaper, in which all the houses were described as existing. But the good authority of the air were detailed in the richest flow of rural description, which was further rewarded with this: N.B. There is not an *attorney* within fifteen miles of the premises."

A girl forced by her parents into a disagreeable match with an old man, whom she detested, when the clergyman came to the altar to ask the service were he to be asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity, "Oh, sir, that is what you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."

"My dear, come in and go to bed," said the wife of a jolly son of Erin, who had just returned from the fair in a decidedly how-come-you-so state. "You must be dreadfully tired, eve, with your long walk of six miles." "Arrah, honey," was the reply, "sometimes I will. Put 'im wasn't the length of the way at all that fatigued me, 'twas the breadth of it."

If you are installed in a gentleman's house let the first thing you open be not your own mouth but the door.

"A play upon words," as the school-boy said when he kicked his dictionary up and down the study.

Why is John Bigger's boy larger than his father?—Because he is a little *Bigger.*

Many persons are now anxiously examining the maps to see if Richmond is in Virginia, and if so, what is the manner without a map. He discovered it by sitting down upon a map in a way-fields.

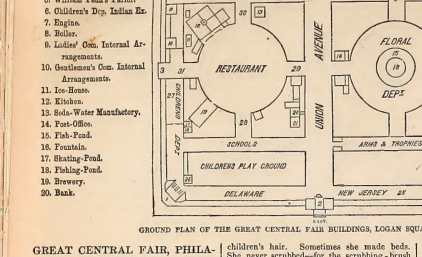
Persons should always dress to suit their figures. A hump-backed lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

"When are you sure the smugglers have landed a cargo?" demanded a cockney of a custom-house officer. "When I arrive is," replied the Government punster.

"Mr. Smithers, how can you sleep so? The sun has been up three two hours." "Well, what if he has," said Smithers. "He goes to bed at dark, while I'm up till after midnight."

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGI

NIA—"ON TO RICHMOND!"



GROUND PLAN OF THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR BUILDINGS, LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

GREAT CENTRAL FAIR, PHILADELPHIA.

We give on this page the GROUND PLAN of the Great Central Fair Buildings in Logan Square, Philadelphia—of which we gave a picture last week—with a key explaining the location of the various departments. The arrangement of the buildings is as admirable as it is complete, and contemplates, it will be observed, even a greater variety in the features of the Exhibition than attached to the Metropolitan Fair in this city. The Floral Department will no doubt be especially attractive, since all Nature can now be drawn upon to contribute to the display. One of the finest features of the floral show is a fountain which occupies the centre, which is numbered 16 in the diagram. A huge circular sheet of water is made to fall umbrella-fashion from a considerable height; beneath this is a circle of pea-jets, which are intended to shine through the descending water, and thus form a globe of liquid fire. The effect is described as exceedingly beautiful. The WILLIAM PENN Parlor will be furnished as nearly as possible like the Quaker parlors of the early days of the colony.

We are indebted for our views of this Fair to the kindness of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, the well-known publisher. Mr. CHILDS is Chairman of the Publishing Committee, and has given himself with patriotic energy and enthusiasm to the work of promoting, in every way possible, the success of this grand charity of the Quaker City.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN ABBÉ.

LILY went into the cabinet of Mademoiselle Marcassin a young lady pupil at a boarding-school. The social status was not a very dignified one; but, at all events, it was something. The profound gentlemen who compile the census-tickets could have thought Lily worthy to be registered as a single item in the educational schedules. She entered the cabinet a school-girl. She came out of it a hybrid creature, something between a servant-of-all-work and a galley-slave.

Mademoiselle Marcassin kept her word to her after a fashion. Lily was fed, lodged, and clothed after a fashion; that is to say, she was privileged, after the pupils had fed, to consume the scraps of their repast—her refectory not being the common dining-room, but a silo-place, half pantry, half store-room, where not only the copy-books, slates, drawing materials, and such like, required by young ladies, were kept in stock, but likewise sacks of lentils and haricot-beans, and large jars full of the peculiarly nasty stewed pears which were unchangeably served at the conclusion of the principal meal under the generic title of dessert.

She was lodged, but not in any of the dormitories. She had a room to herself (a hole rather) in the garret, where she had a mattress on the floor, and a sewer and basin on a rush-bottomed chair. The Marcassin was too rigorously just to suffer her to sleep in the sleeping accommodation provided for pupils who paid; the Marcassin was too after a fashion, to degrade her by forcing her to associate with the domestic servants. She was clothed too, was Lily, after a fashion. Cast-off garments, mostly of the rag-and-tatter description, were flung to her from time to time, to be mended and cobbled together, when her own rags gave signs of dropping off piecemeal.

She was permitted to pursue her studies after a fashion. When there was no particular slavery in hand she was suffered to sit in the class and listen to the lessons. Neither bad marks nor good marks were given her. She was beyond those. If she alone of a class could answer a question, she was not privileged to take her competitors up. She remained, for good or evil, at the bottom.

She helped about the house. She cleaned knives sometimes. She combed the younger children's hair. Sometimes she made beds. She never scrubbed—for the scrubbing-brush was an instrument which to the Fennion Marcassin. In French housekeeping there is a tradition that dry polishing is a holy thing, but that water-work does harm. Lily's special task-work, however, was in the lingerie, or wardrobe of the school. She passed many hours there every evening. There was always an immunity of mending to do, and most of it fell to her lot. As she was not allowed to touch the piano, for fear of wearing out the keys, or to draw, because crayons cost money, or to write, because paper and slate-pencil are expensive, her fingers might have grown stiff and awkward but for the compulsory lissomness they acquired in that everlasting needle-work. She grew to possess astonishing dexterity as a seamstress.

Once a year all the mattresses in the establishment were ripped up, the wool taken out, and, compressed into cakes as it generally was by continuous pressure, carded, by means of iron teeth set in wooden slabs, into fleecy puff. Two prodigious old women, hoarse voiced and hairy chinned, who looked as though they had been horse-guardiers in the Imperial Guard who had taken to petticoats in their old age, used to come to Mademoiselle Marcassin's, and for card vermicelli as well as she could. One of the old women used to bring a stone flask full of corn brandy with her, from which she frequently coaxed into her old mouth what she called "la goutte du bon Dieu." The other would persist in smoking a short pipe in the intervals of labor, much to the disgust of the Marcassin; but the old woman worked cheaply and expeditiously, and so was not denied her narcotic. Lily was dreadfully afraid of both of them. They spat and swore, and were like men.

"I remember," would one of these would Chevaliers d'Eon say—"I remember, La Mère Housiflalle, when the little King of Rome used to be wheeled about the Tuileries Gardens in a little carriage drawn by two Astracan sheep.

"And the Duke of Bordeaux, Ma'me Pitchet," would the other say. "Diantre! was he not baptized in water from the Jordan? Are you remember the Terror, Ma'me Plumet?"

"If I remember it? Imbecile! Was I not dancing at the Opera when Messieurs of the Committee sent for me to be one of the nymphs that marched by the side of the car of the Goddess of Reason? Ah! yes, I have not had bad chances in my time!" and this she said with a horrible leer at Lily. "I have had cashmere shawl diamonds in my time. But I have had misfortunes. It has all been through my devotion to the Emperor. That accursed minister of police would not give me a passport to take because of my sympathies. When I asked for a box-opener's place at the Funambule they told me that I was a Bonapartist. Why not call me a sorceress at once? And now I am eaten up and tormented as forty sous a day and my soup. Bah!" And the old woman would expectorate and take another pull at the "goutte du bon Dieu."

They called Lily "c'te jeunesse," and laughed at the clumsy way in which she carded. One day, however, La Mère Housiflalle, in the one day—it was in her second year of carding—of her beauty, and asked her why she buried herself in that place when she might have canzonets and diamonds? Lily shuddered as she thought of Mademoiselle Marcassin's lop ear. Her ears burned, but her lips were cold. Of all the bad people in this bad world there is nothing, I apprehend, worse than a bad old Frenchwoman.

Lily Floris—"c'te jeunesse," "la petite Anglaine," or the "fille de classe Pauline," as she was indifferently called—was fifteen, and shapely and fair. She thanked God every night in the simple English prayers which had been taught her by Barbara Bunnycastle that she did not hate any one. She prayed for strength to continue obedient, industrious, and uncomplaining. But hers was a hard time, very hard indeed.

To the rest of the school-girls, in the days when Mademoiselle Marcassin's cares were her, she had been a heretic. They told her that she was doomed to eternal perdition because she did not go to mass and cross herself. They were incredulous as to her believing in any thing save Satan—and not much in him. As a heretic, she was not allowed to accompany the other girls on Sundays and fête days to the neighboring church of St. Philippe du Roule. As a heretic, she was necessarily excluded from the particular catechisings, admonitions, and exhortations which took place prior to the yearly festival of the First Communion.

There were generally twenty or thirty girls every spring to take this first communion, They looked ingenuous, devout, innocent, beautiful, in their white frocks and veils, their snowy wreaths and spotless gloves, their little white silk stockings and white shoes and bouquet of white flowers. Lily used to look after them with longing eyes as they filed through the play-ground on their way to the entrance-gate. She was sorry that she was a heretic; but was she one, and, if so, was it her fault?

She thought not, and that she would ask the Abbé Chatain. He was "directeur" of the establishment. He catechised the young ladies and confessed them, and generally prepared them for the first communion. He was a tall, lean ecclesiastic, with a hollow visage, very high cheek-bones, a square jaw, broken teeth, somewhat jaundiced eyes, and iron-gray hair. In his long black cassock, black rabat with white cambric edging, heavy shoes with buckles, flapped hat, and portentous umbrella, he had seemed for years to Lily an awful and forbidding personage. He took a great deal of snuff too, and when he blew his long, bassoon-shaped nose with a blue cotton handkerchief the sound was awful. He had a manner of breathing hard, too, when he spoke, and of screwing up his eyes, and clattering his jagged teeth, the reverse of encouraging. Yet the girls said that the Abbé Chatain was amiable, and forbore to visit the little peccadilloes they acknowledged in confession with any unusually disagreeable penances.

It was a long time before Lily could make up her mind to speak to the abbé. As a heretic, the ecclesiastic kept aloof from her; and she, too, dreaded that her confessing him might be an act open to misconstruction.

One day, however—it was during the August holidays, and the abbé had called to pay a visit of politeness to the Marcassin, who, being indisposed, could not receive him—Lily clothed herself in the full armor of a desperate resolve, and sought him out. The worthy ecclesiastic was walking up and down the play-ground, smiling and waving the blue cotton pocket-handkerchief in a contemplative manner, as usual. One flap of the wide sleeve of his cassock was drawn up, displaying a not unsymmetrical calf, and in this traditional clerical coquetry it may be that the much-argued question of cassocks and strings, known as "ladies' pages," originated.

Lily stole up to the clergyman, and was about to address him. To her dismay he suddenly produced a book from his pocket. "Alas! alas!" thought she, "he is going to say his breviary, and he will be walking up and down the play-ground for at least twenty minutes without any daring to speak to him, and then, perhaps, Madame, who is lying down, will awake, and the abbé will be called in, and my chance will be gone forever."

To her relief, however, the book was not a breviary. It was doubtless a devout work, but not of so strictly canonical a nature. Indeed, the doctrine it contained seemed not only of a heterodox, but of a positively revolutionary kind. The abbé, wagging his head approvingly, and following the text with an appreciating forefinger, would every moment utter a gleeful chuckle. It was a merry book, and the abbé was no soul ascetic.

"He is a droll of a farceur," murmured the abbé, "this Monsieur de Béranger, although he has written some bitter things against the reverend fathers the Jesuits! What do you want, young girl?" he added, suddenly, and throwing, accidentally of course, the hand which held the book behind him, but still keeping the page open with appreciative forefinger.

"If you please, Monsieur l'Abbé—" poor Lily began.

"But I do not please," the ecclesiastic rejoined, sharply. "I have nothing to do with you. You are not a catechumen. You do not belong to my class. Go to your minister. I can have nothing to say to you. Enfin, que me voulez-vous?"

"Oh! Monsieur l'Abbé, do pray hear me," the girl pleaded, joining her hands, and her eyes beginning to stream, "I am so truly, so miserably unhappy."

"By your own fault, I take it, young girl," remarked the abbé; "the worthy Mademoiselle Marcassin—a true shepherdess to her flock—reports you as being obstinate, rebellious, opinionated, recalcitrant. Kindness and severity have been tried, and both in vain, to you. Go to your minister—are you an Anglican or a Puritan?—and demand of him what prayers and penitence you should resort to, in order to enter into a better frame of mind."

"But I have no minister," cried Lily, despairingly; "I have no friends, I have no home. I am quite alone in the world. I am a poor little English girl, left, abandoned, deserted here by cruel strangers. I am destitute, and an object of charity. I have never been outside these walls for seven years. I strive my best to be good, and to learn, and to work, but I am always punished and made miserable. Oh! I am most wretched and helpless."

"Tiens," muttered the abbé, taking out the blue cotton handkerchief and wringing the basson nose, but without the bassonic sonorousness, "this has the appearance of being pitiable."

"Oh, Sir; dear, kind Monsieur l'Abbé, if you would only intercede for me; if you would only soften Madame's heart toward me! If I could only be sent back to England, perhaps the good ladies with whom I was at school when a very, very little girl, near London, might know something of my friends."

"It is hardly possible," said the abbé, not unkindly, and shaking his head. "Madame has told me under what circumstances you are here. Perhaps the kind people who imposed upon her likewise robbed some mistress of a school libas, down there in England, when you were an infant. Have you no other friends that you can remember, however faintly?"

Lily hesitated for a moment. How could she name Cutwig & Co.? Old Mr. Cutwig had given her a new shilling, and Mr. Rauns (on account of Cutwig & Co.) a South Sea Bubble. Mella a kiss; but this acquaintance of two hours' duration could scarcely with propriety be called friendship. Then she thought of the tall, fair-haired and whiskered man on board the boat, who had given her "jogodate." Could he be called a friend? Mr. Alec Floris. Finally, her thought reverted to the tall gentleman who had been so kind to her at the Greenwich dinner. She had never forgotten him. A thousand times she had thought of him with gratitude and affection. Many and many a time, during the early morning in her wretched bedchamber, she had asked herself: "Shall I write to him? He told me his name. It was William—yes, William Long. Shall I write a letter to Monsieur Sir William Long, England, and pray him to come and help the poor child? He said he was so kind to ever so many years ago? But who would post a letter for me? If it were discovered, I should be sent to the cachot for a week. And then, he has forgotten me. I only amused him for a moment. He is married and happy. And poor Lily, as she thought this, found herself burning with blushes and choking with tears.

No, she could not give the name of Cutwig & Co., nor of the man with the braid and the beard, and a strange shame and nervousness prevented her named near him whom she yet vaguely believed to be her friend. She told the abbé, with dolorous meekness, that she had no friends, so far as she knew, any where in the world.

"Pauvre petite!" said the Abbé Chatain, taking out the blue cotton handkerchief again. "Well, something must be done for you. Be resumed, after a brief silence.

Lily could tell him that, and eagerly, too. She had been brooding over and elaborating a feeble little scheme for months. "Oh!" she cried, "if Madame would only be kind and merciful to me, she could make me happy, I am sure, at once. It would not be at all difficult. Thanks to the instruction I have received at the Pension—and oh, pray believe that I am very grateful for it—I know enough, I hope, to understake the duties of a nursery governess, or at least I could be an under teacher in a village school. Or I would work at any needle, or wait at table, or do housework, or any thing, if she would only allow me to leave this dreadful place, and be kind enough to tell every body that I am wicked and rebellious."

"You are full of romantic ideas," replied the abbé, pinching and preparing for another flood over Lily's audacious proposition; "but we will hope for the best. Go in peace, my child, and do not cry. I could not well speak to Mademoiselle Marcassin on this topic, and we will see what can be done."

He patted Lily gently on the head, and strode away. And the girl returned to her needlework, and, the first time she met Miss Margold left the Pension Marcassin, a golden ray brought daylight and hope streaming into her soul.

The abbé was as good as his word. An evening or two afterward, while he was playing his modest game of backgammon with Mademoiselle Marcassin, he took occasion to say, as though inadvertently:

"And the little English girl you have secured and cherished, how goes it with her?"

An evil look came over the countenance of the schoolmistress. "How goes it? As with a viper. Speak to me of the gratitude of those blanderers. I calculated that I have lost by that little crocodile at least five thousand francs, of

which I shall never see a red lard. And yet I have been a second mother to her."

It was certainly something in poor Lily's favor that she had been blessed with a second mother, seeing what a remarkably unsatisfactory investment the first one had proved to be. The adult, however, in Madame's statement was a pinch of salt, as well as with one of snuff. He knew the Marcassin of old, and was acquainted with her aptitude for magnifying her own merits and depreciating those of others: when she would allow them, which was but seldom, to have any merit at all.

"It is a pity," carelessly remarked the abbé, putting the easier to his chin, as was his wont, before he left the room, "that you should be burdened with this little eat-all and do-nothing."

"It is more than a pity, it is a shame, a scandal, an enormity, an abomination," Madame indignantly acquiesced. "Figure to yourself, my dear abbé, that this most reprehensible young person of fifteen years of age—well grown, too—devours my substance. She undervalues the little patrimony which I hope to be able to leave, some day, to my kindred in Touraine. Such a great girl is not to be kept on vulgar principles."

"That is easy to see," the diplomatic abbé agreed.

"They may keep her who will," the school mistress continued, with well-simulated indifference. "I am sick of the charge, and should be enchanted to be relieved from it to-morrow."

"Would you, then, consent to her departure?"

"Who would pay me my memoirs, if you please?" the Marcassin returned quickly.

"But if you have lost, as you say you have lost by this time, all hopes of payment?"

"That is true," returned Madame, shrugging her shoulders, "but it is well fish in the sea of whales as expect that I shall ever re-enter into my funds."

"And if you placed this embarrassing young creature in some locality of which you were well assured, and of persons in whose hands you could at any time claim her?"

"That is true; but how to find such a locality and such persons?"

"They must be numerous. Could you not obtain a situation for her in a school, half as pitiful as yours, to be its petite prof?"

"She is that already, here: more of one than the other." Madame Marcassin did not specify which was the "one" and which the "other."

"And the convent?"

"Impossible. She is a heretic. The government is infidel and Voltairean. We should have complications with the police."

"But you say that she has no papers, no recognized identity."

"I tell you, abbé," exclaimed the Marcassin, "that she has nothing, save the spirit of the Fiend which animates her. She is as friendless as a mountebank's tumbling child, bought for forty sous at a fair, and passed from one juggler to another."

"Peccavi!" murmured the abbé again; but his voice was pitched low.

"Besides," resumed the schoolmistress, "if she went to another school she might chatter—and—"

She stopped, somewhat confused, and, the game being over, hastily cleared the backgammon-board.

"I understand," the abbé returned, with a nod. "There is much rivalry in the scholastic profession. One always tries to do one's neighbor—when one's neighbor keeps a school—as much harm as is possible. 'Tis pity, for charity's sake, that it should be so. But suppose, my dear and worthy lady, that I was about to find, out of doors, an asylum for this forlorn child—a safe asylum, a respectable asylum, a discreet asylum—whence, from time to time, I should be enabled to bring you news of her, and whence, if the dishonest persons who have defrauded you of your deceased sovereign were ever brought back to better sentiments, and showed a wish to make restitution, you could bring her back. Should such a solution be within the my power of putting quickly into execution?"

"Then, my dear abbé, I should say at once, Take her."

"Is that your determination?"

"You have my word for it."

"Then we will adopt measures in accordance. I shall have the honor shortly of communicating with you on the subject. Not another word, I assure you. I have fears for my head. Well, qualified with this excellent and sensitive thum of the colonies. Have you tasted the Chocolat de Santé, my dear lady? And the Bechamel sauce? No? Nay you positively shall. Regnault. A thousand wishes for your happiness! We will consider the affair of la petite as arranged. Figure to yourself the Monsieur Véron, who makes one fortune by managing the Opera House—what a scandal—and another by selling rough leaving. And yet, I am told, a most excellent person, and devoted to the Church. Yes, I will certainly remember to bring the sixty volumes of the *Causerie de France* when next I have the honor. One night get the little wardrobe of la petite together. She has none, you say. Well, one must be found for her. Charity is not dead, as you, Mademoiselle, have so triumphantly proved. Once more, dear lady, good-night!"

These remarks were not delivered without a solution of continuity. The abbé's valedictory observations were scattered about the room. He had to swallow another cup of the curious fluid which Mademoiselle Marcassin imagined, with many other French ladies of that period, to be tea. He yielded to friendly compulsion, and partook of another modicum of the colonial liqueur. Then he had to find his umbrella and his shovel-hat, and to press Madame's hand, and to bow over it, and to accept some jujubes for his poor cough, and to suffer Madame with her own fair hands—literally fair, but not cruel, to him—to tie a woolen scarf round his neck, as a defense against the night air.

It was all as innocent, I speak without mental reservation, as sheep-shearing in Arcadia. Nothing could come of it. Both were stricken in years. On both the doom of perpetual celibacy weighed: he, enforced to it by vows: she, sentenced to it by circumstances and by temperament. Yet I have heard that the sun shines sometimes at the Palais Royal; and I have thus a little flirtation at a little flirtation all the world over. Believe me, the Fiend who tempted the good St. Anthony come to him, not in the guise of a ballet-girl, but as a cozy, comfortable spinster of uncertain age, spinster who would have knitted muffatees, and made wine possets, and warmed his slippers, and cut the leaves of his books. Even Madame Bovary would earlier have turned his eyes upward from his tome.

One sigh—one among a thousand frowns—is not much. Mademoiselle Marcassin gave one sigh, and put away the backgammon-board and the thum of the colonies.

"Encore une homme," sighed the Marcassin; and then she froze up again in one block and proceeded to make her mark with ink on the histories, scattering bad marks about her on all the pupils who could be proved to be awake. Five wakefulness was considered a presumptive evidence of the offender having been indulging in prohibited converse.

"A sunday lady, the Dame Marcassin," the Abbé Chatain mused as he sped homeward. "She ores a little, perhaps, on the side of strictness, but those persons are difficult, very difficult to manage. I remember at the seminary what trouble I used to give the provisors' by the régiment with which I marched to the discipline these slumbers have suffered. Hi! Ho. It must be confessed that Mademoiselle Marcassin is a woman who has a character. Oh! her force of character is immense. And she is conscientious. Nevertheless, I must see whether we can persuade Madame de Kergolay to shelter this poor little shorn lamb."

And the abbé went home to bed. He was a worthy soul—although he did sometimes read Béranger's poems on the sly.

"If he had only been born on our side, Monsieur de Béranger," the abbé was wont to say, "what an ally he would have been! What a champion of the clergy he always been than. From the days of M. de Pascal we have never been able to keep the drollery and the wit always on our side. And yet we have educated them all in our seminaries. They have bitten the hand that fed them. If M. de Molière had only written Tartuffe against the Huguenots! His story of fatality. It is true that we have M. de Chateaubriand—but, bah! he is not a lively. That rhum of the colonies was very toothsome. To-morrow is a fat day, and Madame Blaise' (his housekeeper's) turkey will eat a turkey stuffed with chestnuts. C'est énivrant, that turkey stuffed. A little glass of that rhum of the colonies would make a most delicious digestif cafe. Ah! here we are at home. Let us enter.'

It has been said that the Marcassin had enforced celibacy leads to a partiality for roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts. Cut a man off from the flesh and he clings to the flesh-pots.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MORE OF THE ABBÉ.

A VERY few days after the interview recorded in the last chapter the Abbé Chatain had another conversation with Mademoiselle Marcassin. His little flirtation was at its height. It was indeed, trembligly, but purposely, thrown herself in his way), and, putting her on the head again, and he to be at the head, that a change in her condition was imminent. Lily went that day to her needle-work, and her schoolfellows, with the bad-mindedness rife radiant; and at night, nesting in her shabby palliasse, peopled the dormitory with the kind kinds of benevolent ecclesiastics and philanthropic protectors.

Her deliverance came upon her with delightful suddenness. According to the abbé it might be a week or a fortnight before the arrangements that were being made for her behalf could be decided out; but as her good fortune would have it, the very morning after she had received this hopeful announcement, and as she was crouching in her usual Cinderella position at the bottom of the class, the Marcassin herself entered the school-room in full state and presently called Mademoiselle Kerprémiel that Mademoiselle Floris, no longer "la Belle Zealley," but "la petite Anglaise," had been "called to other functions."

"Circumstances," the Marcassin took occasion to say, "of which I am the sole judge, and liberate culpability on the part of Mademoiselle Floris, had rendered her position one of somewhat a painful nature. Her departure leaves a had, and of the painfulest! "Indeed, she might say that her education and sustenance, for very considerable time, had been provided by a person whom it was unnecessary to name." Here the schoolmistress's countenance, or as the Marcassin; the pupils all stared at Lily; and the poor child herself blushed a deep crimson.

"However, in the sad state of affairs had now come to an end. Thanks to the efforts of a worthy clergyman (digne ecclésiastique), an asylum had been found elsewhere for Mademoiselle Floris. In the new sphere to which she was about to be removed she would doubtless preserve a lively recollection of the favors and bounty which had attended her sojourn in the Pension Marcassin."

There were murmurs (rumeurs) of approbation among the scholars; and the head governess remarked, in a low tone,

"If she does not preserve that lively-recollection she is a monster of ingratitude."

"The conduct of Mademoiselle Floris," continued her benefactress, "had not been entirely free from matter for animadversion. The veil of the past, however, might now be thrown over the anguishes—she might say the sorrows—she had caused her instructresses. Mademoiselle Floris left that establishment full of the best sentiments; and she, Mademoiselle Marcassin, was glad to recognize that this young person was calculated in every way to do honor to the Pensionnat in which she had been sheltered."

The young ladies, most of whom had been for years experiences of the daily tasks and punishments inflicted on the Slave-pear of the school, and had grown perfectly accustomed to hear her called wretch, incorrigible, and incorrigible, by the schoolmistress and her assistants, were not in the least surprised to hear this virtual eulogium pronounced on Lily. It was the Marcassin's way. Nil nisi bonum was her invariable maxim, as applied, not to defunct, but to departing scholars. It was a remarkable fact that no young lady, however refractory or stupid she might have been, ever quitted the academy without a glowing testimonial on her conduct and proficiency. The supreme punishment in the Marcassin's code of rules and penalties was expulsion; but she had only been known to expel one single pupil. The dismission of this culprit took place on the first day of the summer vacation; and it was quite notorious that her parents designed to remove her to another school.

The Abbé Chatain did not come himself as the messenger of Lily's deliverance. The welcome emissary was his housekeeper, Madame Prudence. She was a jolly, apple-cheeked old dame, the best cook, and, moreover, the possessor of the best temper, in the quarter. She loved her master, and he returned her very assiduous, and scolded him sometimes; but that, like the running drawer-string provided for him, was all for his good. Madame Prudence was not an admirer of the Pension Marcassin, nor of its exemplar proprietress. "Ces dames!" Madame as "des Mégère." She alluded pointedly to the governesses as "nymphons of the tyrant." Her opinion regarding the Marcassin was that they were a pressed slaves. She had been known to snap her fingers at the entire establishment, in the open playground, on the light of day. There was an old feud between her and the Marcassin; and she did not hesitate to declare aprovos of ecclesiastics, bound to bachelorhood, being regaled by scholastic spinsters with tea, with backgammon, and with hours of the thum of rhum.

The priest's flouskeeper, like the schoolmistress, was unmarried; but both were called "Madame," "pardon," for the reason that to a people who had always retained an infinite veneration and deference toward age there seemed something unfitting in the use of the title to the spinsterhood. "Madame" was the were a less civilized, but a better behaved people, we too used to address our mothers as "Mistress."

On the way from the Pension to her new home on the Quai Voltaire, in daylight, they traversed on foot the streets of the only city in the world worth living in, with which she had made but ten minutes' acquaintance in the course of seven years—Madame Prudence was pleasantly loquacious, and made no secret of her impression that she had been the providential means of rescuing Lily from the jaws of a roaring dragon.

"They would have devoured you there, my child," she said, pitying Lily's form all affectionately as she trotted along by her side. "If I know her aspect of stiff and starched piece of affected tyranny. Ah! is it I who have given her a bit of my mind. It is not I who am afraid of her. A fine woman, Mademoiselle Marcassin, quoi!" The last part of these observations Madame Prudence evidently applied to herself; and she as evidently considered it the "position" in priest's housekeeper to be, so far as respectability went, a much better "ascertained" one than that of a schoolmistress.

"And you were very unhappy, eh, my child," she continued, "down in that hole?"

"Oh, dreadfully unhappy!" replied Lily. "Many and many a time I could have wished to die, only I knew that it was to wicked."

"And no wonder. But we will cure you of you."

"Madame was certainly very strict—almost harsh; but I dare say I was stupid and disgreeable, and gave her much trouble."

"Yes! I dare say you were a fix an instant. M. l'Abbé says that you are a little lamb for meekness and resignation. To me you shall be a little angel. Now the good Madame de Kergolay, whither you are going, has already made up her mind to love you like a bonbon. She is a—but there you will dine well, and when you come to dine with the abbé and me you shall have a taste of my cookery. Madame Blaise is a vrai cordon bourgeoise, my cherished. Are you fond of good dinners?"

"It is so long ago," answered Lily, with a smile, and in involuntary disparagement of the culinary dispensation enjoyed by the inmates of the Pension Marcassin.

"I should think so. I know what those creatures feed upon—the wretched innocents upon. Haricots, haricots, haricots, all the year round, as if you were mules, and only deserved to be fed upon beans. And no dessert. And the chicory! I would not mind if they knew how to cook them; but they don't, the Cossques!" A Cossack was Madame Prudence's synonym for every thing that was mean, base, and cruel. "And the wine, or rather the water blushing at being so villainously adulterated! Ah! the good Madame de Kergolay will make you taste of the good little vintages. You will be so happy as the day is long. You will help Madame at her embroidery, and sing to her, and read stories to her, and play her to sleep; and then the abbé will play backgammon with you. I shall not be jealous, ma mignonne: and on Sundays and feast-days I will come to you, and we will go to the mass together."

"I am a Protestant," interposed Lily, gently.

"A Protestant! que q' c'est qu'ça?" quoth Madame Prudence. "Ah! I know—a Huguenot, a dissident. Well, you must read Monseigneur the Bishop of Meaux upon the Reformation. Ah! the great man Bossuet. And then, my faith, you must go to your temple, and hear your minister. Madame de Kergolay seeks to make no proselytes. Many of her friends are dissidents. I have known a good many honest folks—très gentils même—who were of the Lutheran persuasion. M. l'Abbé is liberal and tolerant. That wicked old giraffe, the Marcassin, is ultra-montane, and breathes nothing but sulphur against heretics. She would make a furious grand inquisitor. Voyons! I can't see why Protestants should burn. Le bon Dieu meant n thing to be burned, except candles and wood for the kitchen fire."

Three months after the abbé's housekeeper led Lily through the streets of the only city in the world worth living in. The modest package of clothing which the Marcassin had provided herself to part with as the wardrobe of Mademoiselle Floris had been sent on before by a commissionaire.

PORTER'S GUN-BOATS PASSING THE DAM AT ALEXANDRIA.

WE give on the first page an illustration of ADMIRAL PORTER'S GUN-BOATS PASSING THE DAM IN THE RED RIVER BELOW ALEXANDRIA. The gun-boats, falling down the river from Grand Ecore to Alexandria, were arrested in their progress by the shallowness of the water at the "Grand Rapids," just above Alexandria. There being but three or four feet of water a long delay was necessary, the army being obliged to remain at Alexandria to protect the gun-boats. The situation seemed a desperate one, but Colonel BAILEY was equal to the task of escape. He at once set the men at work in constructing two dams, for the purpose of throwing the water into the channel of the current, thereby creating a sufficient depth of water to carry over the boats. It was a work of great labor, owing to the rapidity of the current and the scarcity of materials; but after twelve or fourteen days it was accomplished, and the fleet saved. Colonel BAILEY'S skill and energy, in doing and directing the work, have already been recognized by Congress, which has adopted a joint resolution, therefore, tendering him the thanks of the nation for his invaluable services. He has also received promotion at the hands of the President.

Our sketch was made on the spot by Mr. GEORGE SLATER.

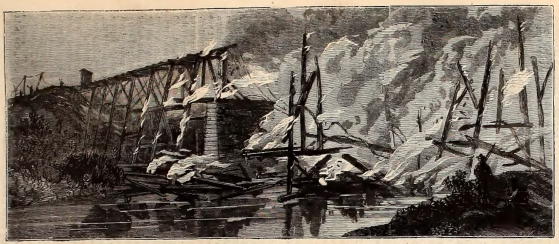
THE GEORGIA CAMPAIGN.

WE continue this week our illustrations of General SHERMAN'S magnificent campaign in Georgia. On page 388 we give a sketch of the BATTLE OF RESACA, fought on the 14th ult. The particulars of this engagement were published in the *Weekly* of the 4th instant. The attack upon the rebel works was made by Colonel GILES ALEXANDER'S brigade of General MORGAN'S division of LOGAN'S corps on the right, and WOOD'S brigade of STERNBERG'S division on the left. General SMITH led his troops on foot, and General LOGAN was every where present. Experienced army officers who witnessed the engagement represent that the charge of our troops was one of the finest of the war.

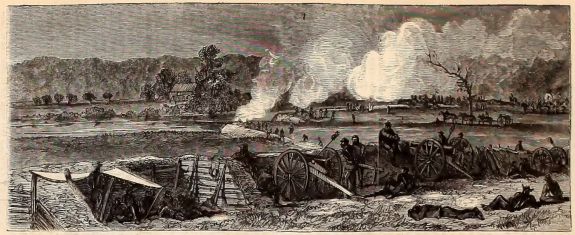
On page 389 we present a sketch representing Colonel ROBINSON'S brigade of General HOOKER'S command saving the Fifth Indiana Battery in the battle at Resaca. Of this occurrence Mr. DAVIS says:

"On the evening of the 14th a portion of General HOOKER'S troops who had remained on the extreme right, were, at a critical moment, turned upon by the enemy, and driven back to the Fifth Indiana Battery. Captain SIMONSON, which held a position of great importance. General HOOKER, without a moment's delay, ordered Colonel ROBINSON'S brigade of General WILLIAMS'S division to charge the rebel line, which was almost upon the battery of the Fifth Indiana. This was gallantly, immediately advancing, the rebels were forced back and the battery saved. No battery was ever more splendidly served. The last of the artillery horses; and the conduct of ROBINSON'S brigade was in the highest degree praiseworthy."

On the same page we give another sketch in which HOOKER'S troops are conspicuous. In his assault on the enemy's works at Resaca HOOKER made steady headway, carrying, on the afternoon of the 14th, until BUTTERFIELD'S division encountered a hostile formidable line. Several attempts were made to carry it and capture its guns, which were pouring a destructive fire into our lines, but the attempt was in vain. The troops fought with great determination, but as often as they advanced upon the hunette the terrible volleys of musketry from the enemy in the fortifications hurled them back in confusion. At last BUTTERFIELD charged forward and took a position under the protecting works of the fort, and near the guns which they could be touched by the men's hands. Here they remained under shelter for the rest of the day, our men picking off every rebel who showed himself above the works. Upon the fall of night HOOKER matured plans for capturing the works by assault, under cover of darkness. The pioneers were brought up; the ends dug out of the works, and the guns drawn out by the aid of ropes, under a destructive fire from the occupants of the works, who were driven out or captured as our troops swarmed in through the opening in overwhelming numbers. The guns were four twelve-pound brass pieces; a number of battle-flags, including those of the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-fifth Alabama, were captured, with over two hundred prisoners. GRANT'S division is entitled to the credit of this novel achievement.



BURNING OF THE FREDERICKSBURG AND RICHMOND RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE NORTH ANNA.—[SEE PAGE 397.



SECOND CORPS BATTERIES IN POSITION ON THE NORTH ANNA RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 397.]

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—CANVASS PONTOONS ON THE NORTH ANNA RIVER.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 397.]

GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN.

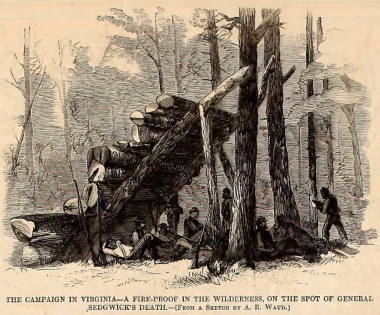
On page 396 we give a series of sketches illustrating recent events in General GRANT'S campaign. The principal sketch shows the Canvas Pontoons laid on the North Anna River for the passage of our troops. Another sketch represents the burning of the Fredericksburg and Richmond Railroad Bridge over the North Anna. A third sketch shows the Second Corps Batteries as they appeared in position on the banks of the North Anna, prior to GRANT'S flank movement and passage of the Pamunkey. The Battery which appears in our sketch is the Second Maine.

On this page we give three additional illustrations of this campaign. The first is a sketch of a picturesque shelter erected by our soldiers, near the spot where General SEDGWICK was killed, as a protection against shot and shell from the rebel lines. The picture is full of interest as exhibiting what novel methods our soldiers resort to for purposes of defense from the casualties of battle.

The next is a graphic sketch of the disembarkation of General W. F. SMITH'S Eighteenth Army Corps at White House, on the Pamunkey River, on the 30th ult. A correspondent thus describes the landing:

White House was reached at noon; but every facility for landing was found to have been completely destroyed. General BROOKS'S flag-boat was run up to the ruins of what had been the wharf, and made fast. A detail was landed with difficulty, and was soon engaged in replanking the bridge with railroad ties. The railroad bridge, which had been erected by SHERMAN on his late raid, was found to have been completely destroyed by the rebels, and the Corps of Engineers were immediately at work upon it, assisted by the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth New York. Three hours after our landing a great change was effected in the appearance of the place. It again became the White House of two years ago, with the scene of busy life and its innumerable bathers.

The third is a spirited sketch of the FIGHT AT COLD HARBOR on the 1st instant, showing the position of General SMITH'S corps, which bore the brunt of the fight. General SMITH'S troops, though exhausted by a hard march and two or three days of hard labor, fought with the greatest gallantry. The rebels had a strong position on the edge of a dense woods, with rifle-pits and earth-works thrown up; but at the order Generals BROOKS and DEVINS pushed through the woods on their front, and the exhausted men, suddenly imbued with enthusiasm, poured like a tornado to the charge, driving the rebels pell-mell from their works and through the woods. The rebels on our immediate front were of LONGSTREET'S corps, and were, after being driven through the woods, rallied behind their reserves, and led up to recapture their position. With their well-known rebel battle-cry they rushed forward, but were received with so close and murderous a fire of artillery and musketry that they broke and fled in confusion. Again and again they were rallied by their officers, and returned to the charge; but again and again they only returned to be again driven back with greater slaughter. Mr. WIKOFF, correspondent of the New York *Times*, in going from the front of BROOKS'S division, had his horse shot under him during this engagement. General SMITH and his staff also had several narrow escapes, while some of his general officers, less fortunate, were seriously wounded by missiles from the enemy.



THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.—A FIRE-PROOF IN THE WILDERNESS, ON THE SPOT OF GENERAL SEDGWICK'S DEATH.—[FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.]

DISEMBARKATION OF GENERAL SMITH'S TROOPS AT WHITE HOUSE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

1, 1. Rebel Guns.—2. Rebel Line of Battle.—3, 3. Rebel Earth-Works and Rifle-Pits.—4. Devins's Division charging Rifle-Pits, and capturing 500 Prisoners.—5. Brooks's Division.—6. Martindale's Division.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.—FIGHT AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 1, 1864.—GENERAL SMITH'S CORPS IN ACTION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

Hanoverton
Clarks Gorge
Upper Chanceford
Yellow Breeches Cr.
Yellow Breeches Cr.
Big Mount Holly
Virginia Central R.R.
Yellow Breeches Cr.
Tolpotomoy Cr.
Willis's Church
Old Church
Newcastle
Flying Tree P.O.
Pumpkin Cr.
Jacks Cr.
Appomattox Cr.
Matoaca Road
Appomattox River
Hagerstown
Mechanicsville
Pole Green Ch.
Mount Olive Ch.
Old Church
Cold Harbor
Gaines Mills
New Cold Harbor
Trevilian Br.
Tunstalls Station
Hanover Court House
Hanover Junction
Chamberlayne's
Ashland
Fork Hall
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3000 " "	2 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo, Opal, and Jet Brooches..	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
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3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops 4 00 to 8 00 each.	
3500 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
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3000 Sets of Steam Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
3000 Plain Rings.....	2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Stone Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
4000 Lockets.....	2 50 to 10 00 each.
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BURNING OF THE STEAMER "BERKSHIRE," ON THE HUDSON RIVER, ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 8, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

GOVERNOR ANDREW JOHNSON, OF TENNESSEE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE LATE JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. ALVEY, ASHTABULA, OHIO.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ANDREW JOHNSON.

ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, nominated by the Baltimore Convention as the Union candidate for Vice-President—whose portrait we give on the preceding page—was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, on the 29th of December, 1808. When ten years of age he was apprenticed to a tailor, and worked at that trade in South Carolina until his seventeenth year. He never attended school, but acquired a good common education by reading, after his marriage, under the direction of his wife. Having removed to Greeneville, Tennessee, he was elected Mayor of that place in 1830, was elected to the State Legislature in 1835, and to the State Senate in 1841; and in 1843 became a Representative in Congress, serving until 1853. During the latter year he was elected Governor of Tennessee, and re-elected in 1855. In 1857 he was elected United States Senator for the term ending in 1863, and at once became conspicuous for his solid sense and sterling integrity. Upon the disclosure of the plans of the rebel conspirators he at once took high ground in support of the Government, denouncing and opposing with great bitterness and force the whole traitorous scheme. Upon the restoration of Tennessee he was made Provisional Governor of the State, and in that capacity has rendered service of immense value in establishing tranquility and order and defeating the measures of the Secessionists of the State. Governor JOHNSON early saw that slavery was the cause and originator of the rebellion, and, though always in former years a pro-slavery man, promptly took ground in favor of the complete extermination of the system.

"ANDY" JOHNSON, like Mr. LINCOLN, is emphatically a self-made man. He reflects directly, in his wonderful career, the genius of our institutions, under which the humblest citizen may attain the highest honors of the republic.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

JOSHUA REED GIDDINGS, whose portrait we give on the preceding page, was born at Athens, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, October 6, 1795. In his childhood his parents removed with him to Canandaigua, in this State; and at the age of ten he went with them to Ashtabula County, Ohio. Here he and his family were among the earliest settlers. His father was a farmer, and JOSHUA helped him, studying only in the long winter evenings. In 1812, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted as a volunteer, went to the war as a substitute for an older brother. He was engaged in two actions with the British on Lake Erie. When discharged he began teaching school. In 1817 he began the study of law in the office of ELISHA WHITTLESEY, who was Comptroller of the Treasury for many years. In 1826 he was sent to the Legislature for one term, declining a re-election in order to follow his profession. In 1838 he was elected public life, being sent to Congress in place of Mr. WHITTLESEY. His first motion in Congress was to ask that the enacting clause of a bill for constructing some public improvement in the District of Columbia, on the ground that the people of the District had to ask no favors while they insisted on the maintenance of a slave-market. He became almost immediately conspicuous for his courage with which he attacked slavery, and in all the discussions on this subject in which he took part he took the broad ground that slavery was a mere local institution, which the General Government could not and ought not to acknowledge, and whose force ceased the moment the slave left the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. In 1842 Congress, on the motion of Mr. JOHN MILTON HOPPIN, passed a severe censure upon Mr. GIDDINGS for presenting certain resolutions in relation to the case of the *Creole*. Mr. GIDDINGS at once resigned his right to defend himself, and the resolution being passed, he immediately resigned his seat, and called upon his constituents to pass upon his conduct. They re-elected him with so little delay that he was absent from his seat but five weeks. He returned with special authority from his constituents to Congress again his resolutions.

Mr. GIDDINGS served in Congress in all twenty-one years. During this time he was known for his constant devotion to the principle of liberty; and it must be said to his honor that he dared to maintain the freedom of discussion which he claimed for himself. He acted generally with the Whig party until 1848, when he worked with the Free Soil party. In 1844 he united with JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in submitting a report in which it was distinctly declared that the liberties of the people and their primary foundation in the truths of Christianity. In 1850 he opposed the second Compromise Measures. By his unceasing opposition to slavery he aroused the bitter personal hostility of the proslavery party. In July, 1850, he was charged with obstructing important papers from the General Post-office. He instantly demanded an investigation, and was entirely exonerated by a committee consisting chiefly of political opponents. In 1859 some telegraph in Richmond published in the journals of that city an advertisement offering a reward of ten thousand dollars to any one who would bring the person of Mr. GIDDINGS to Richmond alive, and a reward of five thousand dollars for his head. In 1860 Mr. GIDDINGS wrote a series of political essays over the signature "PACIFICUS." In 1853 was published a volume of his speeches. In 1858 he printed "The Exiles of Florida"—an important work, full of information on some of the darkest portions of our history. Lately has been published a volume on slavery he had been engaged for some years, which gives a complete account of the slavery agitation in Congress.

As a public man he was pure, honorable, conscientious, and devoted to the principle and practice of liberty. As a writer, his style lacks elegance, and is somewhat crude and rude, showing the marks of early disadvantages in respect of education. As a speaker, he was not eloquent, but forcible, pertinacious, and courageous. In all his acts he showed personal courage and a determination to maintain the right at all hazards.

THE COPPERHEAD.

THERE'S a venomous snake which lurks in the grass,
A slimy, treacherous, horrible thing;
The copperhead bue are his ugly folds,
And he gives no warning before his sting.

But strikes with a secret and sudden dart,
Leaving a poisoned and deadly smart.

In the cool sweet meadows and over the fields,
Mid the tall green shoots and the clover blooms,
He crawls along on his horrid scales,
And through the depths of the forest glooms
This hideous reptile his slow path takes,
The vilest of all the race of snakes.

He basks in the light of the sun by day,
And hides in his narrow den at night
Along with his mate and pestilent brood.
Oh, a loathsome, hateful, unclean sight
Is this slimy serpent, this crawling thing,
With the copperish hide and the deadly sting!

Of late he has taken the shape of man,
As of old took Satan the serpent's form,
Plotting at night in his traitorous den,
And lurking by day in the sunshine warm,
Ready to strike with a secret dart
His poisoned fangs to the Nation's heart.

More dangerous far than an open foe
Is this cunning snake with fangs so keen,
Lying concealed in the darkness grim,
And striving to hide his venomed spleen.
Oh, what shall we do with the hateful thing
To render harmless his poisoned sting?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

THE UNION NOMINATIONS.

THE Baltimore Convention met and organized on the 7th of June, and on the 8th, in one session, laid down its platform, nominated ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON with enthusiastic unanimity, and adjourned.

There was never a Convention which more truly represented the people, and, upon the first opportunity offered, it showed its purpose in the most unmistakable manner. It ignored the watchet its deliberations, or who has read its proceedings, but must feel that it expressed the strongest popular determination for the unflinching prosecution of the most energy efficient measures. Its settlement of the Missouri question, by admitting the radical delegation from that State, and excluding the Blair wing, by a vote of 440 to 4, was the indication that the vast mass of the Union men in the country have parted company with the hesitating and half-hearted, who have been associated with the name of BLAIR. The resolutions, clear, incisive, and full, are to the same result, and leave no doubt in any mind that the "Border State policy," having served its purpose, and a purpose with which we are not disposed to quarrel, is no longer the policy which the people of the country approve. This decision is emphasized by the nomination of ANDREW JOHNSON, a life-long Democrat, who has been educated by the rebel sword straight up to the necessities of the crisis.

OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN we have nothing to change in the sketch we presented in these columns. That he unites perfect patriotism and great sagacity to profound conviction and patient tenacity, and that his conduct of our affairs has been, upon the whole, wise, prudent, and wise, we are more than ever convinced; and that no public man in our history since WASHINGTON has inspired a warmer personal regard we have no doubt whatever that the result of the election will establish. Of ANDREW JOHNSON it is enough to say that he is the man for the country, unless it be Mr. LINCOLN himself, whom the rebels more cordially hate. He fought them in the Senate, when they counted upon his aid, and he has fought them every hour since and with untiring energy. It is pleasant to record, of our personal knowledge, that one of the wisest and best men in the Union Party, who has sacrificed not less than JOHNSON himself, says of the contingency of JOHNSON's succession to the chief magistracy that he is content, and the cause of American Liberty could then not be in safer hands.

THE resolutions of the nominations is what might have been expected of a people which had virtually ordered them to be made. The Copperhead journals, the late supporters of JOHN B. FLOYD & Co., denounce the Convention as a corrupt body; and seeing in the nominations the most tremendous proclamation of the loyal citizens of the United States to all enemies at home and abroad that the cause of the American Union is to be fought out upon this line, they renew their old cry that our liberties have been lost in the effort to maintain them. The red Copperhead regret it, not that liberty has been lost, but that slavery has not been saved. The Union journals which have considered Mr. LINCOLN badly advised, timid, and hesitating, still cordially applaud the platform, which they properly regard as a body of instructions from the people for increased and continual vigor. They are entirely satisfied with the resolutions and ANDREW JOHNSON, but with the Presidential nomination had been left dependent upon the result of the campaign. That is a view of the situation which seems to us peculiarly erroneous, and fraught with the utmost danger. The reliance of every patriot is and must be upon the sturdy good sense and purpose of the people—a faith not to be shaken by disaster, and a purpose which demands that the Chief Magistrate, at such a period as this, shall be tried, and not an untried man.

It is remarkable that journals which we have always supposed were truly and not technically "democratic," because believing in the general wisdom and instinct of the people, while they regret to see Mr. LINCOLN has been renominated, confess that he is beyond any question the man and the choice of the people. We believe it also true for that reason, if for no other, heartily hail the result. If the Baltimore Convention had adjourned to some future day, because the military campaign is not yet decided, its action—which was an utter want of popular confidence in the present Administration, under which that campaign is conducted—would have done more to defeat military operations, and destroy the faith of the country, than any step which could be named.

Fortunately for the good cause, the people differ with these journals. Their cause is not yet, in their own estimation, so desperate as to require them to look for salvation to military prestige, however deserved, or to military ability, however gladly and proudly conceded. This is the loyal people's cause and war. In ABRAHAM LINCOLN they have found their sincere representative. Therefore they have almost universally demanded his renomination, and therefore they will elect him by a conclusive majority.

FREMONT.

GENERAL FREMONT has resigned his commission in the army, and has accepted the Cleveland nomination. In accepting it he has written a letter in which he declares that Mr. LINCOLN has already "seized the people of their liberties against which also JEFFERSON DAVIS took up arms. That we may do General FREMONT no injustice, we quote his words. Among the objects of the Cleveland Convention, he says, "was to bring the people 'to realize that while we are saturated with war, we will with the best blood of the country, in the name of Liberty, we have really parted with it at home.'"

In the estimation of General FREMONT, therefore, the policy of the President and of DAVIS is equal; and if what he says be true, the war is as unholy as ever Mr. VALLANDIGHAM or Mr. BENJAMIN HOUSE declared it to be. No fouler slavery-loving citizen of the United States can be more fairly asked to sustain, by a single dollar or word or act, the Administration which has deliberately overthrown the Constitution and liberty, than to encourage a conspiracy which aims at the same result. The strongest friend of the rebellion, the bitterest foe and opposite of "loyalty," has never offered a plainer and more conclusive reason for immediately stopping the war, and ordering the recognition of the dismemberment of the Union and Government than General FREMONT offers in his letter. If Mr. LINCOLN has overthrown the Constitution in common with JEFFERSON DAVIS, certainly any man may elect with whom he will range himself. If General FREMONT be correct, it is General GRANT's patriotic duty to turn his guns against the WASHINGTON traitor who has really destroyed our liberties rather than against the Richmond rebel who has merely attacked them.

No man has the right, without a knowledge which few can have, to question another man's sincerity. But it is hard to conceive that General FREMONT can sincerely mean us to view, on the one hand, the exercise of an arbitrary authority by the military power of the Government, expressly granted by the Constitution in time of rebellion, as treachery to that Government; or, on the other, to accept an occasional insurrection in its exercise as a form of liberty. We trust that the right of personal freedom is as sacred in our estimation as it is in that of General FREMONT or of Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS; and we can not believe that Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS, whose letter is urged upon General FREMONT as virtually the platform of the Cleveland meeting, is prepared to avow that the exercise of arbitrary power may be necessary, and must be allowed at a time like this. His opinion of Mr. LINCOLN after the rebellion broke out the Administration suspended *habeas corpus*, on the plea of military necessity, justly."

YET that a sense of personal wrong, long brooded, and fostered by unfortunate influences of many kinds, may confuse even a noble and generous mind, history too plainly shows. It remains for us, then, only to deplore that General FREMONT adopts a view of the situation which concedes the destruction of the government as accomplished, and releases every citizen from his obligations. The more direct, the more heroic, course for him, if the cause has fallen beneath betrayal by Mr. LINCOLN and our liberties are lost, as he asserts, would be, not to allow that hoary despot nearly a year to forge our chains more closely, but to unroll the banner of armed opposition at once, and summon all true men to rescue their liberties from the tyrant's grasp.

With what profound sorrow those who have known the name of FREMONT only as the watchword of Liberty and Union now hear him repeating the cry of VALLANDIGHAM and the Copperheads, adopting their extremest position as his own, and those who have known what it is to see the moral fall of a leader almost romantically admired can imagine. If FREMONT had died before the war began his name would always have shone in our history with a lovely lustre, as a symbol of the regenerative principle of American politics. He was not President, the historian would have said, but his name expressed the aspiration of awakening conscience in the people.

What, then, it is asked hereafter, How did he change? the reply will be simple: that, at a time when slavery by force of arms was struggling to overthrow the Government which was the security of liberty, he denounced certain acts of that Government in self-defense as themselves a virtual overthrow of the Constitution, and separating himself in the crisis from the mass of his truest friends, threw himself into the arms of the bitterest enemies of Liberty. Does General FREMONT believe that the gentlemen who are going to the Chicago Convention, and who will support its nominations, are any truer friends of Union and Liberty than those who went to Baltimore and their supporters? Does he not know, or in the heat of passion has he forgotten, that the gentlemen who met at Chicago were the steadiest supporters of that policy against which his name was formerly a protest, and that their political creed and sympathy with slavery are to-day the chief hope of the rebellion? And yet he knows, as we all know, that many of the numerous Chicago men will be glad to see him the candidate of the Convention. Is it because they have come to him, or because he has gone to them? When the New York *World* loudly applauds him, it is because he is helping or hindering the cause of human liberty? because he is uniting, or because he is distracting, the friends of the Union and of national honor?

BROWNING wrote a poem called "The Lost Leader," whose burden was the universal sorrow over in the hearts of all who have read it with experience. But never, perhaps, will its lines appear to thousands and thousands of young and earnest American hearts so painfully as they do since FREMONT wrote his letter. Was that enthusiasm of the generous youth of a whole nation so despised? Is the saddest of all fates, is the cheer of FERNANDO WOOD, so much sweeter than the trust of unknown multitudes? Was FREMONT made to cease to be the FREMONT of June, 1856, to be the FREMONT of June, 1864?

POLITICAL EPITHETS.

IN his speech at the GRANT meeting Judge DALY is reported to have said that he deprecated the use of epithets and party names in politics, with personal references to "the man beforehand," as applied to certain persons in the loyal States. For ourselves we have used that term for the purposes of exact description. We are engaged in a formidable war for the maintenance of the Government and Union. In its prosecution every power of the Constitution is invoked, and all its forces employed. To suppose that the Constitution is inadequate to the exigency is to suppose that the framers not only in every government, in the nature of things, empowered to save itself, but because the Constitution itself explicitly grants all the necessary power.

That instrument was framed by men fresh from a long and declining war, who understood, therefore, the perilous condition and necessities of war. But they were also men who, from the end of the Revolution to the adoption of the Constitution, had lived under the curse of a vague and weak Government, wanting that supreme sovereign force which in every political society must somewhere be lodged. The Federal Constitution created that national sovereignty. The people who adopted the Constitution surrendered that final authority, taking it, for all national purposes, out of every existing authority, from the political societies known collectively as the United Colonies, and then as Confederated States, and conferring it upon the Union which those people created by the Constitution. To suppose an essentially vital conflict, in time of peril, to the Union, between the National State and the greater Union is impossible. To question the absolute right of that Union to maintain itself by every power and means which in any circumstances might maintain itself, is idle. If there be any purpose in the Union whatever, it is its own perpetuity until it shall be modified by the constitutional methods provided. To resist any other kind of modification whatever is the most solemn duty of every citizen who subject to that Constitution.

Now when an armed attempt at the overthrow of that Union is made, and made under circumstances of the most flagrant and shameless wealth, whoever aids the effort by arms is a rebel and a traitor. Such are JEFFERSON DAVIS and his associates. They plead as their sole justification, not any oppression upon the part of that Union government, but merely the sovereignty of the State as superior, in the discretion of the State itself, to the national sovereignty. The Constitution they declare to be a compact of States, not of the people, from which any State may at will withdraw. Whoever, therefore, en-

courages that view plainly helps, in the most effective manner, to weaken the fidelity of the citizens of the Union to their government, and affords the utmost moral aid to the insurrection. This aid may be rendered in many ways, but its strongest weapon is the assertion of supreme State sovereignty. This, again, may be done by implication, by insinuation, by sophistry and deceit. Yet in all cases the intention is the same. It is to impair the fidelity of the citizen to the general, and consequently to paralyze the national arm in asserting its supremacy. Under the circumstances, the intention must be judged by its possible result. If a regiment refuses to go into the battle, it must be supposed that it is willing to connive at the defeat of the army.

There is a certain class of citizens of the United States who are in armed rebellion against its authority. They are rebels and traitors. There is another class who deny the right of the Government to coerce or subdue them. These are practically the same, although they may not actually in arms. These are the "peace" men. But there is a third class who, without deliberately denying the right of the Government to enforce its authority, steadily pursue a course which, by sparering the purity of its intention, by sowing the seeds of discord among its supporters, by creating every military mishap directly upon the Administration, and never crediting it with any of the military successes; by insisting upon the universal corruption, by magnifying the rebel resources and successes, by perpetual ridicule of the President and Congress, by personal lamentation for the rebel military achievements, by the incessant assertion of State dignity and State rights, as well as by every poor and mean trick of political partisanship—by each method of this discouragement of loyal men and the triumph of the rebellion.

Of course this is all done under the show of the tenderest regard for the Union and the Constitution, or it would not be so effective. There is an air of profound and candid perplexity in deciding whether, after all, the President is not virtually overthrown the Constitution in his efforts to maintain the Union, which can hardly be intended to strengthen the hearts either of Union voters or of Union soldiers. It is a stealthy, insidious, fatal policy. Every manly heart in the land understands it at once. It is the snake, the asp, and the poison which represent it, are the "Copperheads" or our present political parlance. They could not be more exactly described. Where they are, we will call them by a new name.

PATRIOTISM BEFORE PARTY.

That part of the Union men in the country who have been accustomed to feel that, directly or indirectly, Mr. BUCHANAN'S views exercised some kind of influence with the Administration, and an influence which they sincerely regretted, will read with surprise in Mr. WEED'S last letter these words: "Though always treated courteously by Mr. LINCOLN, my views and suggestions have not concurred with his sense of duty; and from my first interview with the President, at Springfield, to my last in January, I have been of no account."

The confession which Mr. WEED thus frankly makes could be made, doubtless, by every other representative of an extreme policy in the country. The gentlemen, the Senators, who met at Cleveland openly charge the President with a betrayal of his principles, which is a plain admission that they have been, as Mr. WEED, "of no account." Whether these facts imply a misfortune for the country or an incompetency in the Chief which the people must remember. Whether the war would have been more clearly comprehended and more wisely prosecuted if Mr. WEED or Mr. FARRER PULESBURY had been President, is a fact to be left by Mr. LINCOLN, are questions that the election will determine. If we might express an opinion, we should say that Lincoln has justly more faith in the people than Mr. WEED, and more practical sagacity than Mr. PULESBURY. We certainly do not impugn the patriotism or the good faith of either of these gentlemen when we say that Mr. LINCOLN seems to us to have appreciated more correctly than either of them both the significance of the contest and the conditions of ultimate success.

The caustic differences between Mr. WEED and some of his late political friends show, indeed, what every thoughtful man will gladly see, that ancient party bonds are broken. When those who four years ago were denouncing Republicans cordially fraternize with such undoubted old Democrats as DANIEL S. DICKINSON and NATHANIEL P. BUTLER and CASSIUS G. ALVORD, and ardently support for the Vice-Presidency a late slaveholding Southern Democrat like Andrew Johnson, it is clear that those party names have lost their significance, and that the sole bond of Union is a common devotion to the country, and a common recollection that it shall be saved by all honorable and lawful means. It is idle to call a Convention which nominated ANDREW JOHNSON a Republican Convention in any purely party sense; or to suppose that General BUTLER, for instance, will vote for Mr. LINCOLN as a technical, partisan Democrat. It is as idle as to call a Convention in which DICKINSON could have no part a Democratic Convention.

That the war would inevitably produce this result we have always believed, because we have never doubted that patriotism was more powerful among us than party-spirit. The whole history of the last three years has shown that, while the selfish few have clung to party names, the patriotic multitudes have repudiated all party ties. The country. This is seen in the election of Governor CORET of Maine, of Governor BROUGH of Ohio, of DANIEL S. DICKINSON as Attorney-General of New York, and not less so in that of Governor BUCKINGHAM of Connecticut and Governor LOVE of California. Now comes the crowning proof of the strength of the unconditional Union sentiment in one organization—the nomination of LINCOLN and JOHNSON.

COLONEL P. A. PORTER.

In the fierce assault of GRANT'S army on Friday morning, June 3, Colonel PORTER fell at the head of his regiment, the Eighth New York Artillery. The regiment had been long encamped at Baltimore, and went to the front only about three weeks before the action. It was advancing across an open space when a masked battery opened upon it a withering fire, by which the Colonel was instantly killed, the Major dangerously wounded, and many others fell. The news flashed to Colonel PORTER was the son of the late F. B. PORTER, of Niagara Falls—a conspicuous figure in the Free-Soil contests of the last war with Great Britain. The son graduated at Harvard College about sixteen years ago, traveled and studied in Europe, and then settled down, and turned to the enjoyment of an immense property, and the delights of a society of which he was a most brilliant and genial part. Without devotion to any especial pursuit, he amused himself and others by the mere play of his fine powers, until the war aroused and enlisted all his sympathy. He appeared in the Union State Convention of 1861, and was one of the most effective speakers for the war. In the second great call in the summer of 1862 he raised a regiment in his neighborhood and departed for the field. He remained as Secretary of State by the Union Convention of 1863, he declined in a manly letter, saying that he had promised his men and their kindred that he would not desert them. He kept his word in this as in all things. Steady and cheerful in his garrison life, he was not less so in the field, and fell in his first battle.

Like so many others whose names have become precious since the war began, he had all things to live for, and the sacrifice was complete. Brave, gifted, young, well, bound to life by the tenderest ties, his devotion to the cause was the more admirable because of the drawings of blood and association toward the South. But his clear brain and true heart answered the call of patriotism, and his life is added to the costly price with which we buy the unity of our country, and the national peace which shall endure.

THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT.

"Is I were a poet, like you, my friend,"
Said a tanned old sergeant, listening to me,
"I would make a rhyme of this mastiff here;
For a right good Union dog is he,
Although he was born on the wrong side,
And his master fought in the rebel ranks.
If you'll do it I'll tell you his history,
And give you in pay, why—a soldier's thanks.

"Well, the way we came across him was this:
We were on the march, and were getting hot
When we passed a farm-house, deserted by all
Save this mastiff here, who stood at the gate.
This and gaunt as a wolf was he,
And a picture white he was to twixt the bars;
But, bless you! if he didn't jump for joy
When he saw our flag with the Stripes and Stars.

"Next day when we started again on the march,
With us went Jack without word or call;
Stopping for rest at the end of a mile,
And taking his rations along with us all;
Never straggling, but keeping his place in line,
Far to the right, and close beside me,
And I don't believe that there is found,
There never was better drilled dog than he.

"He always went with us into the fight,
And the thicker the bullets fell around,
And the louder the rattling musketry rolled,
Louder and fiercer his growling sound;
And once when wounded, and left for dead,
After a bloody and desperate fight,
Poor Jack, as faithful as friend can be,
Lay by my side on the field all night.

"And so when our regiment home returned,
We brought him along with us, as you see;
And Jack and I being much attached,
The boys seemed to think he belonged to me.
And here he has lived with me ever since;
Right pleased with his quarters, too, he seems;
There are no more hearty or brave at Jack
And he mates ourches except in dreams.

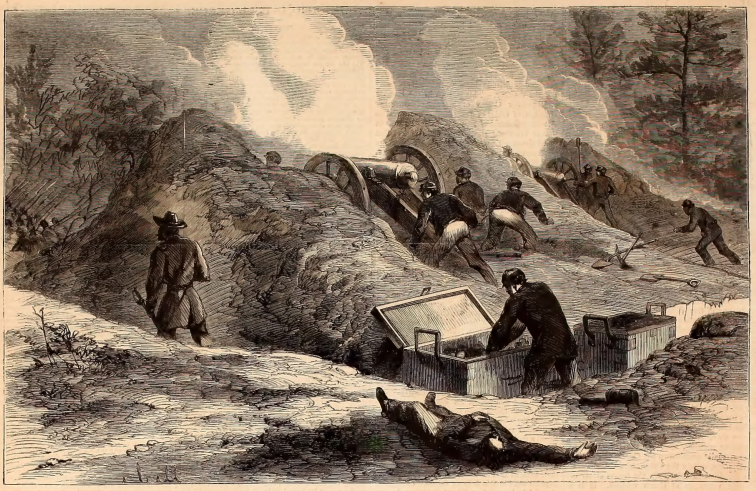
"But the best of all times for the old dog is
When the thunder mutters along the sky,
Then he wakes the echoes around with his bark,
Thinking the enemy surely is nigh.
Now I've told you his history, write him a rhyme—
Some day poor Jack in his grave must rest—
And of all the rhymes of this cruel war
Which your brain has made let his be the best."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

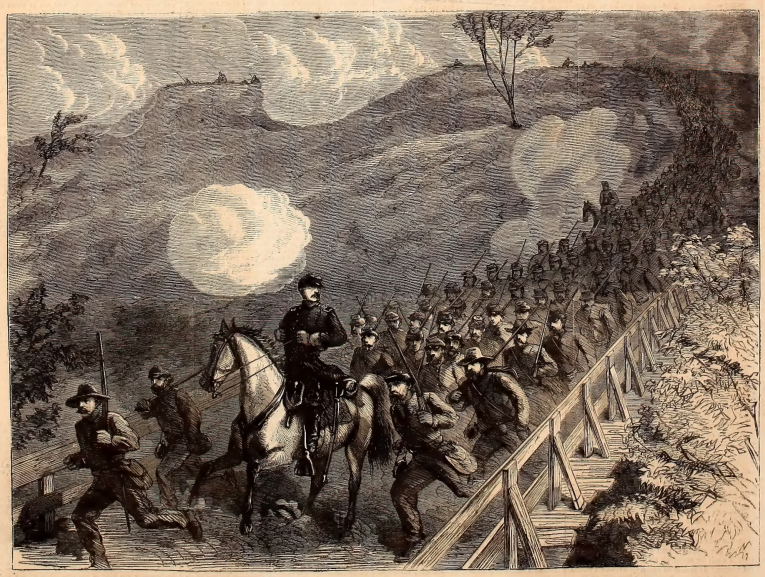
SENATE.—June 8. The bill to amend the act concerning certain private land claims in Arkansas was passed.—The bill respecting Circuit Judges in the cases of their absence, disability, etc., was also passed.—The bill for the repeal of the commutation clause of the enrollment act was taken up, and a letter was read from the Provost-Marshal-General, recommending the abrogation of all exemptions by pecuniary duty upon payment of money, every man drafted to serve or furnish a substitute. The letter of the Provost-Marshal-General shows that of 14,141 drafted men in certain States, 5000 paid the money, the remaining three-quarters of the number, or upon physical grounds, the Government got only 2676—of whom 1641 were substitutes, leaving only 1259 of the 14,141 originally drawn. No final action was taken.—June 9. The bill to amend the act of 1862 was read, and the bill amended, so that drafts hereafter shall be for one year only, and no man shall be subject to draft a second time until the present enrollment shall be exhausted. Deaths of persons drafted from the army cannot be identified in future drafts. In this shape the amendments were adopted.—June 10 to 14 inst.—June 10. Mr. Lane introduced a joint resolution recognizing the newly organized loyal government in Arkansas, and exempting that State from the operation of all proclamations declaring the people to be in rebellion against the U. States. Referred.—Also a new section to his resolutions relating to the recognition of the new State government of Arkansas, to the effect that the resolution shall be in force from and after the acceptance by the people of the State and the President's proclamation of the same. The California Land Claims bill was discussed and passed.—The bill to amend the Appropriation bill was passed as amended, and goes back to the House.—June 13. The following discussion was had on Mr. Lane's resolutions relative to the recognition of the State of Arkansas, and the admission of its Senators to the Judiciary Committee.—The Consular bill was passed.—June 14. The House bill to amend the act to provide a temporary government for the Territory of Idaho was taken up.—The House bill to grant certain lands on the Lakes was also passed.—The bill to ascertain and settle the loyal claims for property destroyed by the Seminole and Shinnuls grant, was indefinitely postponed. The Senate bill to amend the act to provide a temporary government therein. The bill finally passed. The joint resolution to amend the act to provide for the collection of direct taxes, etc., was adopted to its amendments to the bill concerning the port of Dunkirk, Essex county, and several other bills of a private character were passed.

HOUSE.—June 8. The Senate bill conferring vote power on the Governor of the Montana Territory was passed.—The regulate bill.—The House then resumed the consideration of the Senate bill to amend the act relative to claims to land on private land claims in Missouri, and to allow no person can avail himself of its benefits whose liabilities are less than $1000.—June 9. Mr. Broadhead reported a bill providing for the construction of a line of railway communication between the Pacific States and Washington, and to constitute the same a public highway, and military road, for all purposes. A debate upon it, which was interrupted by Mr. Jenckes calling up the Revenue bill.—June 10. The Senate bill to amend the act, etc.—Mr. Winthrop reported a bill, which was passed, to insure the speedy enforcement of the law prohibiting the carrying of passengers in ships and steam-vessels, usually known as the New York passenger bill.—The bill providing that goods, trunks, carpet-bags, baggage, etc., be sealed, etc., in the States, as in Europe, and to the increase of revenue inspectors to duty in summer, making it a felony to counterfeit seals, etc., was passed.—The House passed the Senate bill regulating the foreign and coasting trade on the Rio Grande.—June 13. Reconstruction and Southern matters.—June 10. The Missouri contested seat (Knox vs. Hall) was decided in favor of the latter, the sitting member, and Mr. Knox, Radical Republican, was admitted by a vote of 77 to 74.—The Dakota contested seat was then taken up, on a resolution declaring that William Jayne, sitting delegate from Dakota, "should continue, in, entitled to the place.—No vote was taken.—June 11. A resolution was passed that the House, in Senate concurring, shall adjourn on the 23d of June.—The Judiciary Committee reported a resolution that the bill providing for the collection of abandoned property and the prevention of fraud in the insurrectionary districts be proved March 12, 1863, is not in force.—On a motion for the reconsideration of the vote by which the Senate bill was decided to postpone the further consideration of the subject till December next.—During the remainder of the sitting the House was occupied with the reception and discussion of resolutions in relation to the admission of the Dakota election occupying several hours, and resulting in a decision that Jayne is not entitled to a seat as a delegate from Dakota.—June 13. Mr. Davies made a report, concluding that Mr. Clarke, of Kansas, is entitled to having resigned his commission as Major-General of Volunteers on the 15th of January, 1865, to take effect on the 8th of December, was not by reason of having filled the office disqualified from holding a seat in the thirty-eighth Congress as a Representative from Kansas.—A message was received from the President of December, but that Frank P. Blair be assigned to hold office as Major-General.—The Senate bill providing for the duties thereof from Canada, and discharging the duties thereof from Canada, and discharging the duties thereof from Canada, and discharging



GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—STEVENS'S BATTERY AT COLD HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.

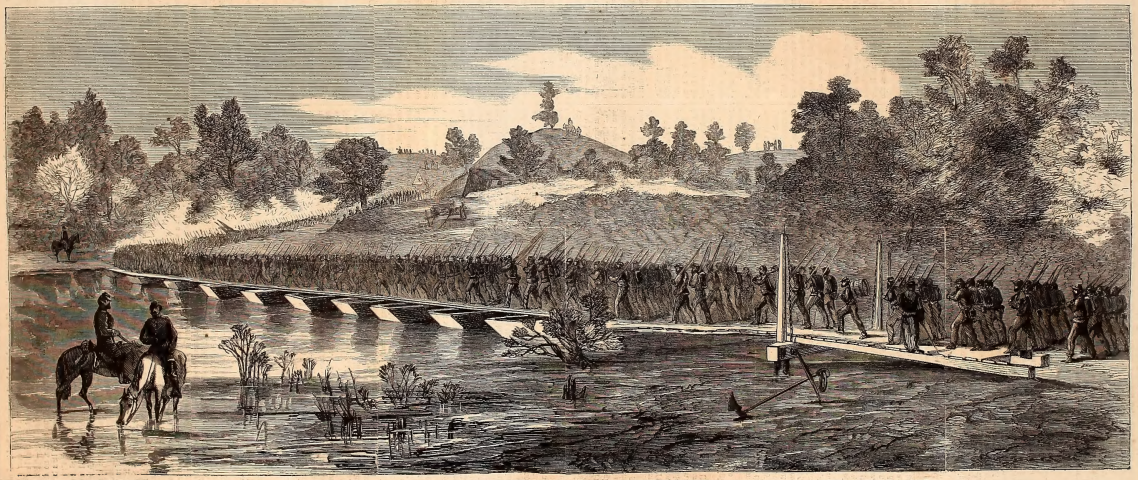
[SEE PAGE 410.]



GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—THE NEW YORK FOURTEENTH HEAVY ARTILLERY CROSSING CHESTERFIELD BRIDGE, ON THE NORTH ANNA, UNDER A HEAVY FIRE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—GENERAL BARLOW IN FRONT OF THE REBEL WORKS, TWELVE MILES FROM RICHMOND.—From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 410.]



GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—OUR ARMY CROSSING THE PAMUNKEY RIVER AT HANOVER FERRY, VIRGINIA.—From a Sketch by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 410.]

THINGS REQUISITE.

HAVE a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy, applause—an excuse for the bad.
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged; and pleasantry greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee—
Have a welcome and room, if he asked should be.

Have a hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And, all above all things on this side the sea,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.

WHY IT COULD NOT BE.

"BLESS! But is there no hope? He is so young and handsome."

"Ugh! men would insist their eyesight as much, I fancy."

"Oh, surely. But I am so sorry for him."

"Well, what can look to life again. He will live, with care; and, Rose—"

"Yes, Ma!"

"Remember the drops for this new-comer, and don't forget the poor fellow who suffered amputation yesterday, in your admiration for this patient."

"I shall forget no one, Doctor."

"You never do, Rose. I wish I could say the same of all the nurses. Your hands are full to-day."

"Not too full: I can manage."

Then there was no more conversation, and a brisk man's step sounded on the floor, and was away in the distance.

If Roger Hall, lay very still and listened. The fire were the first words I had heard or understood for —how long? I could not tell. The last I remembered was the shot of a battle-field, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, a shell falling at my very feet with an awful crash and glare, then agony, then darkness and oblivion. Where was I? I tried to rise, but could not. I endeavored to stretch out my hands; the left lay powerless at my side; the right I could lift. It fell even a hard pillow and rough blankets. I guessed the truth *now*: I lay upon a hospital bed, sorely wounded.

And it was night—surely night. All was merciful: it could not be that I was blind. Yet this was darker deeper than any I had ever known before; and the words I had overheard?—no, they were talking of some one else, not of me.

I called aloud. How faint my voice sounded! Its piping tones were like those of some old man.

"Is any one there?"

"Yes."

It was the voice of her whom the other had called Rose—the sweetest, softest, purest voice I ever heard; and it touched my forehead and cheek with such a caress as my mother had been used to give her boy long years before.

Is it night? Why do you have no light? Tell me, is it night?"

I heard something like a sob, and the voice answered,

"It will be night very soon."

"But now—now?"

"Try to sleep," said the voice again. "You will feel better by-and-by."

"Sleep!" I would, like some querulous infant. "No, you must answer me. What is this darkness? Is it real, or am I blind?"

The gentle girl that was by her voice—knelt down beside me. She took my hand in hers. "Pray to God," she whispered. "Heaven comfort you! And think it was for your country, for—"

But I burst into one despairing wail—" Blind! blind! blind!" and her voice died away in sobs. Even in that intensest moment of my agony I felt thankful for her sympathy.

But I turned away from her, and lay silent and motionless for many hours, sleeping, they said; but I heard all that passed, though I did not care that they should know it. I heard that woman's soft step passing to and fro—her softer voice soothing the querulous sufferers upon those pallets which I knew were all about me. At times I heard her quiet answers to the surgeons and doctors, and marked how she kept such accurate remembrance of the thousand directions given her; and soon I fell to wondering who she was, and longing to have her speak to me again. Rose!—it was such a sweet name. But I wondered why they all called her by it, it was so plain to me that she was a lady. It must have seemed more natural that they should say Miss Rose, or Miss—whatever her name was. But she could not be married; people like she was very young. What heroism there was in the devotion of her early spring-time to such cases! What an angel she was, to minister thus to poor suffering men who were strangers to her! And then came a new fancy. Perhaps she had a lover among those wounded men, or a brother. Why I clung to the fancy that it must be a brother, and repudiated the idea of a lover, Heaven only knows; but, thinking of her, I forgot my own misery.

By-and-by a surgeon came to look at my arm, wounded surely above the elbow; and, as I hoped, Rose—it was such a sweet name that I loved to call her by it in my own mind—Rose was to bathe and bind it up again. She did it gently and deftly. Soon she asked,

"Do I pain you?"

"Your touches are so soft that they would almost cure a wound, I think."

"I am glad," she said. "You do not know how pleased I am to hear such words. If I could not be a little for those who suffer I would grieve myself to death, I think;—and at first I used to trouble so at the sight of blood or wounds."

"You tremble sometimes now," I said.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"I felt you. I have been told that the blind hear and feel better than others. I know you trembled when you told me why—why it was so dark to me. You must think me very weak and cowardly to have given myself up to despair in such a dreadful way. I shall not do so again."

"Who could blame you?" she said. "Your loss is very great. I wonder at you for being so quiet now."

And the task was done, my arm rebandaged, and she was moving away.

"You will come back soon," I said. "It is such a relief to hear some one speaking to me out of the dark. Do not leave me long."

"I must do my duty to all," she said; "but I will come to you when I can, be sure of that."

She stopped one moment to put the hair back from my forehead and press a draught of water; and then I lay alone for hours. Until then I had hardly felt; now I began to realize the fact that I had been grievously shaken and shattered. To turn myself required an effort almost impossible for me to make. A great organ seemed humming and droning in the distance. Soon I discovered that it was all fancy—that the sounds were within my own head. The terrible consciousness of the beating of my own heart and the working of my own lungs was, I think, the worst of the whole to bear—even when some intolerable pang called to notice my wounded arm between red-hot teeth and bite it.

I had a bitter disappointment that evening; a coarse-handed, harsh-voiced woman brought me my supper instead of Rose. I could have cried for her, as a child does for its mother, but for shame. Yesterday (as it seemed) a strong man and a soldier, whom no one ever called a coward; to-day a baby, trembling and helpless and fearful! Should I ever be myself again?

Far on the night—for I had heard a surgeon and his harsh-voiced mate that it was two o'clock—I had a joyful surprise. I felt a hand on my forehead, and some one whispered,

"Are you asleep?"

"Nor like to be," I answered. "Thank you for coming again, Miss Rose."

"Shall I stay to you? It is my time for rest, but I am not sleepy."

"Thank you—and God bless you! You are very kind to me."

I had heard the Bible often before; but I never listened as I listened then. Blind and lonely as I lay upon that hospital bed, the good words gave me comfort. If the sweet voice had aught to do with it, God grant that all my years may be as night in loving it. At last I floated on that music into the caves of slumber, and dreamed that I was a little child again, and that angel took me by the hand and led me upward to the gates of heaven.

I might write a great deal more than you would unwilling to read it concerning those days of long-lengthening into weeks—during which strength slowly returned to me, and my wounds so slowly healed. I heard of battles and victories and defeats. Now and then the weak voices of the wounded would mingle in a little hymn, and the dying would be brought to them. At times tidings of the death of some well-known and much-loved officer filled the place with gloom. Some of us had friends there, and were taken from among us; others recovered quickly. Often perfect strangers, able to limp about the hospital ward, came to talk to me, pityingly or in their honest hearts, and endeavoring to cheer me by the fact that others were worse off than I. The greatest consolation was the sad description of a poor fellow who had lost both legs and arms. I think he was invented for my comfort. I am sure I hope so. When I admitted I was better off than this man my comrades went away, rejoicing that I was "cheered up a bit."

Perhaps because my sufferings had been peculiar, all sympathized with me. All were very good and kind to me; but I valued Rose's kindness above all the rest. One word of hers, one touch of hers, made me happy. In my sad darkness I used to lie and picture her step, and voice, and face—the mass of golden radiance swept across my heart, and all was light there. A month from that first day—when I lay upon the hospital bed, helpless and blind, I loved my sweet young nurse with all my soul.

I was getting well. With my arm in a sling, I could grope my way in the warm sunshine outside the hospital-tent, or sit in the cool shadow of the trees.

Convalescent soldiers came to my side to talk with me, and surgeons and officers who came to see their sons. Every day I looked for my own return to their posts again! How I wondered what could be done with the long dark life lying before me! One thing alone could be tolerable—that I must have, or die.

A little longer, and I was better still, and a letter came to me—Rose read it—from my good old grandmother. She was coming to take me home with her. She "could not be married; people like she was very young. What heroism there was in the devotion of her early spring-time to such cases! What an angel she was, to minister thus to poor suffering men who were strangers to her! And then came a new fancy. Perhaps she had a lover among those wounded men, or a brother. Why I clung to the fancy that it must be a brother, and repudiated the idea of a lover, Heaven only knows; but, thinking of her, I forgot my own misery.

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"I felt you. I have been told that the blind hear and feel better than others. I know you trembled when you told me why—why it was so dark to me. You must think me very weak and cowardly to have given myself up to despair in such a dreadful way. I shall not do so again."

"They are very clear," she said—" dark brown, as they must always have been; the eyelashes long and dark. Your eyes were not injured externally. I think the doctor spoke of a shock given to the nerves. A stranger would not think you blind."

"Then I do not revolt you? I have sometimes feared I did."

She made no answer. A rustle of her dress, a sense of loneliness I put out my hand, and she was gone. Soon I heard her voice within the hospital.

Two days I waited, hearing her near me often, and never keeping her long. On the third I felt miserably lonely; on the fourth quite wretched: something seemed to have come between us, and, helpless as I was, I could not go to her and make her listen to me as I would once. On the fifth day I found by certain signs that there was a way mount to sit; and a soldier limping by on crutches, I called to him:

"Ask Miss Rose to come here. I am very faint and ill."

The man hobbled away. In a moment the patter of light, hasty feet, and she was there.

"You are ill?"

"Very."

"Is it your wound? Shall I call Doctor B——?"

"Yes, it is a wound; but you only can help me. Why have you deserted me?"

"You are getting well; others have more need of their nurse."

"No, no one has such necessity. I am blind, you know. Rose, you must spare me a few moments; I want to talk to you." I felt for her hand and found it. She laid it in mine. From that I gathered hope. "I must tell you something about myself," I said. "I am a wealthy man. Were I poor, helpless as I am, I could never tell you this. I never felt thankful for wealth before. I am now. Rose, you are very young. Will you be my wife?"

And there came a sob, a gasp, and the words, "It can not be—it can not be," in a sort of smothered wail.

Then I knew how I had deceived myself, how I had hoped for a different answer. Even now it seemed as though she loved me. There was no aversion in her tone, no cold denial, only a sort of despair. I drew closer to her.

"I love you so dearly, Rose," I said; "do not let me go without one word of comfort. If you knew how I feel for you, how in my darkened life you are the light, you would not—you could not—say this to me, Rose? Am I so unsightly a thing that you shrink from me with loathing? Tell me so and I will say no more. Some of us have to bear. Is it because I am blind that it can not be?"

I heard the girl beside me sob. Faintly her voice fell on my ear:

"No, no; it is that which makes it so hard. You force the truth from me; to tend you, to lead you through the valley of night, my heart ask. As you love me, I love you. But God has placed a barrier between us: I can never be your wife."

Suddenly, before she could know of my intention, I had caught her to my heart. I pressed kisses on her lips.

"If you love me there can be no barrier between us," I almost sobbed. "If, blind as I am, you still love me your nothing shall part us."

It was but an instant; the next she was standing by herself, sobbing wildly. Something in the girl's repulse of me had been made me fear to touch her again.

"Oh! if you could see me," she moaned. "If you could see me you would never utter those words again. Your wife! Oh! Roger Hall, it can never be——. God save me!"

What could she mean? What strange import was in those words? I drew closer. Very softly I took her hand. The touch of agony bedewed it; it trembled like an aspen-leaf.

"Rose," I said, "my own dear Rose! I know not what is before me; but I will not return to conformity upon you, it terest to a blind man. You are beautiful to me; and were my eyes opened, and looking upon you I should see some wonderful type of woman's beauty, I should only love you more—as my own dear Rose, my life, is that it?"

"My face is as God made it at first," she said. "It is not as you think. Were it so I would trust you. Oh, Roger, I can't ask me why, but, you Do you think I could speak thus were there any hope, any—" She stopped suddenly, and burst into a wild laugh. "Hope! Is it the hand of God Almighty," she said. "How should I know you did not guess at first, and I could not tell you afterward for shame."

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Rose Peyton, the obstacle is imaginary. You love me; I adore you; no man calls you his own. You shall be mine, I will have it so. This is only fancy, and it shall vanish. Rose, *nothing* could make me love you less. I say *nothing*; I swear it before God."

"You know not what you say, and He will forgive you," she answered, solemnly. Then, with a sudden change in her voice, she came close to me of her own accord. She put one hand on my shoulder, her soft hair brushed my cheek.

"Roger Hall," she said, "I am suffering mortal agony. Should you force the truth from me just now I should die. You may learn it. I wonder you have not already from other lips. I can not speak it. A barrier built by the Almighty separates us forever on earth—a barrier of shame and degradation. I want you to think of me always as you do now. Knowing the truth, you would not. I love you; I shall love you forever; and so I say farewell, farewell, farewell! It is part of God's chastisement. Farewell, Roger; may He be your friend; may He lead you and help you!"

Her arms closed about my neck. She kissed my brow, my darkened eyes, my wet cheeks over and over again; and then our lips met, and then I stood alone, grasping the empty air and sobbing—" Rose, Rose, best beloved of my soul, no shame, no disgrace, no blot upon thy life or name could be a barrier between thy heart and mine."

I did not meet her again. The days passed, and I was taken home. No one wondered that I was sad and restless; my misfortune was all-sufficient to account for that, and I brooded at leisure over Rose's secret and my own.

She belong, and she had pronounced my doom.

A helpless thing enough, I lay upon my sofa or sat in my chair thinking of her and pining for her. My wounded arm retained no strength. Darkness was still around me. I had no hope of light. And then months glided on, and Christmas time came, and my cousins and aunts and uncles were coming to my old grandmother's, and there came loving messages for Roger, and in my blindness a wealth of tenderness was poured upon me, and valued far less than it deserved to be. A word from Rose, a message, something she had worn that I could lay against my heart, would have outweighed all the rest.

On Christmas-eve I prayed for death. God gave a stranger answer to my prayer. When I awoke in the morning dazzled and bewildered, I could see dimly, hazily, as through the thickest mist, yet it was sight.

How I thanked Him then! I was a man once more. I could seek Rose. I could look upon her. I could fathom her secret, put my foot upon it, and lay it low by her sorrowful side. I swore to do so. No blemish of face or form or fame should keep her from my arms. To me she was beautiful and pure forever.

There was a jubilee at our homestead that day. Eager was I to be off no longer. Pale and withered arm, over which tears would have been shed once, was forgotten. I forgot it myself. I could see! The world danced; every heart-beat was the light of life more brightly back. Doctors could not explain the miracle, though they spoke expiringly of the "shock to the nerves." My old grandmother said it is "God's doing," and was the wisest of them all. I was at home three days; then I bade them good-by for a while, and went to Fort Rose.

It was a cold day when I reached the camp about the great hospital there, miles from where I had been when I lay there. Those who had known me hailed me with congratulations. An old surgeon started as though he had seen a ghost. It was the one who had spoken to Rose of my blindness.

To him I talked. Of him I learned who were within the hospital, and who were dead or left. Then I asked, tremblingly, for Miss Peyton.

"Miss Peyton!" The doctor paused a moment, and then burst into a laugh. "Miss Peyton Rose," he said; "hard at work as ever. 'Miss Peyton!' Ha! ha! ha!"

Why did he laugh? I did not know—I could not guess.

I went into the hospital tent, and walking among the beds spoke to those I knew, but all the while looked for Rose, and saw no one like her. The surgeon's mirth was there, and a quadroon girl bending over a dying drummer boy; another stout old lady with a pair of crowding eyes. I turned away sadly. Where was Rose? I would wait for her—surely she would come soon.

I sat down near the drummer boy's pallet, and watched him sadly. He was dying fast. The quadroon girl wiped the death-damps from his brow. What! thought I—how could she be here? how could she soothe his pain, her presence comfort him!" Then I looked at the dark face bent over the pillow. It was very kind and pitiful, but beautiful, too, in the beauty of that wronged and degraded race.

Rose Peyton was not pretty! Her face might be scarred, her eyes dim! No matter; to me it would be beautiful! Why did she not come?

The quadroon girl had not yet looked at me. Her liquid black eyes, full of tears, rested on the agonized face of the dying drummer. Suddenly a convulsion came on the boy. The arms were too weak for their task. I could use but one, but I was strong again. I went to the side of the rude cot: "Let me help you," I said. "I will do what I can for you." And the dark eyes turned upon me sudden-ly—eyes changing, frightened gleam. They closed in an instant, and I forgot them; for in that moment we stood in the presence of death.

"He is going," I said. The quadroon girl made no answer. I fancied the scene had turned her faint, for she leaned against a rude table within the tent, trembling in every limb, and weeping at me.

Some water stood near. I filled a cup and handed it to her; she touched it with her lips, but did not speak. I put down the cup, sat down and bent her head upon her hands, and covered it with her kerchief.

I began" to watch again for Rose. Soon I grew impatient. I turned to the quadroon girl. "Can you tell me where to find Miss Rose Peyton?" I asked.

When I spoke to her the girl arose. She pointed to a newly-made mound beyond the tent, and beckoned me to follow her. I began to fancy she was dumb.

She went before; I first close behind her, and it seemed strange to me that she should lead me past the hospital, to the open space in a branch-grove beneath an old sycamore-tree. There she paused. Where was Rose? We two, the quadroon girl and I, were the only living things in sight.

Slowly a great horror was stealing over me. I dared not speak. The girl broke the silence:

"Rose Peyton is dead," she said. "Rose Peyton!

Oh, merciful Heavens! All of mortal agony man could bear and live fell on me in that moment. It was my lovely own voice that uttered those words, the voice that had haunted me so long. The quadroon girl was Rose Peyton.

"I spoke the truth," she said. "God has placed an awful barrier between us. The petted slave-child of a white father and a negro mother! Look mother's shame and sorrow to the grave. Oh, Roger

Hall, why did you come here to look upon me? Do you wonder now I could not tell you the truth, having a woman's heart within me, feeling as white women feel; for they did me the great wrong of separating me from my kind, and teaching me, until of their kindness grew an awful curse—the soul of a white woman beneath this black-stained skin. There is no need to bid you forget me now; no need, thank Heaven! no need!"

How hastily she was! Yet her beauty—the and beauty of her race—lay between us like a curse. I heard her voice, loved so deeply and so long. I knew that within that breast a gentle woman's heart beat for me alone. But she was right.

Had I heard Rose Peyton's voice, and, turning, looked upon a woman deformed and scarred, but white, I should have opened my arms and cried, "Hide here; your soul is beautiful, and I love you." But I gazed on that exquisite quadroon, and her liquid eyes and glorious clean hair. Her features, moulded after those of her proud mother, Africa, were veiled by the dusk skin of her mother's race. The Rose I loved was not there for me; she loved no more. I grew faint as in the death agony. There was no scorn of her. I think I loved her still, for I love her now; but God had said it could not be.

Down upon the frosty earth, under the leafless sycamore, I sunk before her. I took her hand in mine, and kissed it.

"God bless you, Rose," I said. "I shall never marry any woman while I live."

She said nothing.

Then I arose and turned away. At the brow of the hill I looked back, and saw the watery sky, the dead sycamore, and the quadroon girl standing under it like a statue.

So I see her in my dreams. So I shall always see her until I die.

And I went from my sight again, and live blind forever; I would give my other arm; I would give wealth, and strength, and all that men value, only not to know the secret Rose strove to hide from me—only not to know that the only woman I ever loved was a quadroon.

OUT OF DIXIE.

IANA PARSON, and my work-shop is a green study. Sitting there yesterday, who should come in but my friend Wells, formerly of Savannah, but for many years of Independence, Alabama! As my last letter from him, full of Confederate hopes, was more than two years since, and as he was then at Nashville buying supplies, about returning home-ward with the purpose never to fight for the rebellion, I had months ago given him up as dead. As he presented himself to my eyes again, thinner, more anxious and care-worn in every feature than ever before, and withal came so suddenly, I was half tempted to entertain the notion that his ghost was the apparition before me.

I was reading in Sir Thomas Browne the following:

"Hermolaus Barbarus was scarce in his wits, when, upon conference with a spirit, he would demand no other question than the explication of Aristotle's Metaphysics. Appion, the Grammarian, that would raise the Ghost of Homer to decide the controversies of the Odyssey, is but frivolous and pedantick use of Necromancy. Philostratus did ill tithe, that called up the Ghost of Achilles for a pedimatic of the Story of the Trojan Wars."

Trojan war be hanged! I'd give more to know about the war in Dixie; and if this is a ghost, it shall tell me what they are doing, and how in Dixie it burns.

It was no ghost, but Wells in the body, though dreamatically gray; and, our salutations over, I assailed him with questions. "When did you get here? Did you ride or walk? Was you running as a spy and shot? How much of an army have you rebels? Are there many of you Union men? Any cotton? What do you eat? Any coffee? Any meat at home? How did you get away? Where—"

"Now," said Wells, "stop your cross-fire of questions, and remain quiet; I'll tell you all, otherwise—"

I subsided.

"I've had a hard time of it. When the storm broke, I determined never to lift a hand against the old Union."

"But how did you act when every one was enlisting or aiding substitutes?"

"I told my neighbors that I owed a duty first to my God, next to my family, and third to my country, if a divided and separate portion of it at war with the rest could be so styled. That was all of the very good patriotism; but being widely known, and having numerous personal friends, I was not much disturbed.

"It is true, on one occasion I heard the rumor that certain individuals at Kingston, our county town, were 'going to hang Wells.' Thinking it wise to bring the matter to an issue at once, I rode over, and riding up to the store at the court-house, in a pretty loud tone of voice, 'Mr. Gilchrist, I hear they talk of hanging me here in Kingston. I have come to see them do it.'

"'Oh,' replied Mr. G., 'I guess they won't hang you.'

"I took pains to be seen generally through the town, and to drop into the principal shops, and heard no more of the hanging.

"As the war went on, I watched the progress of events with deep solicitude, and, resolving to leave the South when I could no longer avoid entering the army, formed my plans.

"'How came you to volunteer?' said I, one day, to a small Unionman formerly overseer to a neighbor. 'Sure, Sir, they compelled me,' was his characteristic reply. I was not to be thus compelled, and so continued on in my usual duties until the present spring, when men over forty-five became liable to be enrolled as conscripts. In fact, had I remained five days longer, I should have been wearing a butternut uniform and a buckle with the eminous inscription, C. S. A.

"It was time to go. My wife preferred to take her chance with friends in Mobile, and to have me outside the lines. A family consultation as to other matters resulted in my finding myself the following morning in Montgomery *en route* for Richmond. I had an excuse for journeying thus far, and relied upon the good offices of an acquaintance in the Navy Department for my subsequent progress.

"For the Montgomery of to-day imagine all the stores not closed entirely employed as cotton warehouses, streets filled with a motley crowd of paupers and wounded soldiers, and houses and hotels neglected and dilapidated.

"I was dressed in home-made jeans, woven by my negroes, and sewed by my wife, who, fearing I might be reduced to 'short commons' as a soldier I met at Atlanta called them, furnished me with a basket full of cooked provisions. It was hard to get a seat in the cars of the Montgomery and West Point Railroad, which, connecting with the Lagrange Railroad, brought me to Atlanta. I was provided with money as follows:

$1500 in Confederate notes	$1500 Confederate value.
100 "Greenbacks	100 "
20 " Gold	1400 "
	$3000 "

"I left Augusta at daylight in the morning. At the South Carolina Depôt I was hailed by the omnibus driver that I was fortunate to get off on that train, as no more trains would leave for some days except those engaged exclusively in transporting troops and army provisions. This lost word makes me leave a week over the date of return. I lost faithfully stuck to my basket till I reached Augusta; but leaving it a moment there, I found a third of its contents missing, and in the place of the same, and having no room before, behind, or on either side to deposit it, I shared its remaining freight with the hungry soldiers around me. At Kingsville, South Carolina, I had to take the train by way of Columbia and Raleigh, as none but freight trains run on the Wilmington line. The delay here was such a rush for the cars as made it difficult to obtain a place. I was, however, rewarded for this, when the intervening spaces, then the platforms, and finally about a hundred climbed upon the tops of the cars.

"And such cars! Covered with filth I will not describe and would fain forget, broken, shaky, a true protection against wind and rain. Still, how-ever, one rather better on each train, reserved strictly for ladies, and as crowded as the others.

"The rolling stock of Confederate railroads is just now pretty rotten stock, and from Montgomery to Richmond I did not average more than seven miles an hour, usually not over five. At Charlotte, North Carolina, we missed a connection, and found that we could in the course of the day and night make it only thirteen dollars a meal. At Raleigh we missed our connection again, the train leaving for the North too soon for passengers to get across for the town to the " We were thus obliged to remain over " four hours. Having money enough to afford for forty dollars a meal, I dined, and some pro-vender as poor, to keep soul and body together, and went to the Raleigh Hotel an hour and a half before the time to secure a seat.

"It was well that I was thus early, for here the rush was even greater than at the Kingsville depôt. I was a raw, stormy morning, yet a large group of passengers were waiting in the cold. Some of them, A.C.S. officers, had been there all night. Finally, a large body of Lee's soldiers, returning from furlough, having, like the rest, missed the connection, and taken up their quarters in the depôt, appeared, and had eaten what they had brought from home in barbarous style. Disgusted with this, I began to ask me if I knew where he could get something to eat, as he had not had a mouthful of food in two days. I gave him some of the dinner I had bought for two dollars per meal and ten for lodging. One said in my hearing: 'Why, this is right honest, I vow; here's a Confederate soldier who has had dollars a month, and I'll be staggered if I haven't done gone three months' pay and a confounded dollar for lodging, hungry, dirty, and a cripple, too.' He was right, for his bill had been forty-five dollars.

"At last, when the train was ready, the conductor's orders were to let no one go on it who was not in some way connected with the army. We found, however, that by a considerable bribe all could be induced to pack each a proverb South as Kentucky ham-pork has been, and we were consequently crowded as if every thing snatched from those walking or standing near the stations at which we stopped was a much service to the Confederacy. Baskets of provision, bacon, vegetables, waiting to be sent as freight, kegs, half-barrels, and other incongruous articles could be 'smuggled' aboard anyhow. But the most successful and amusing grab-game was played on me. A lad in a good worsted coat, going in Dixie, poor folk bats bringing $100 to $140. Not more than one soldier in five on the cars had one who was started; but many more than these individuals out up to the trick, who, all unconscious of their danger, would walk along the platform. Many knew eyes would be on the alert, and many hands all ready to be extended, when, as quick as thought, a head is bare, and in vain does the injured man demand redress. Indeed, in one instance where a captured hat was returned. Near Petersburg a tall negro marched up and down the platform of a little station, displaying one quite new and very conspicuous. Instantly eyes and hands were ready, and Sambo's wool was his only head-covering. I called to mind Sir Walter's old woman, who, describing a great battle in which some one lost his *head*, remarked, 'Weel, in sic a great engagement a head was, to be sure, a small matter, but 'twas a *sair loss to him, poor man!*' If it had been a *head* instead of a *hat* Sambo could not have pleaded more earnestly. Oh, gentlemen, it's my hat! my hat! New, Mass', *pleez* gib my hat. I'se can sing, can dance—I'se play de fiddle—I'se do any thing for dat hat. *Pleeze*, Mass', gib a poo' nigger his hat."

"His eloquence was genuine if tried by the standard of success, and a Conventicle resulted in Sambo's singing and then dancing, after which he was crowned, and never did Olympian victor more proudly wear his wreath of olive than did happy Sambo that hat.

"I must hasten through Petersburg and on to Richmond. Here I was anxious to remain concealed, and was harbored by a Polish Jew, who entertains spies, smugglers, blockade-run-ners, Union refugees, etc. The most painful part of my subsequent wanderings was the necessity of holding with those who, like this host of mine, said any thing and swore to any thing. Had I paid him enough he would have sworn that I was a Geo. Wash. Hotchkiss Stonewall Jackson. Once out of Richmond, I became a fugitive and a vagabond. Finding railroad transportation for a few miles, I then, with my bundle and staff, without fire-arms, and remaining money carefully secreted, proceeded on my lonely way. I passed thoughtfully over the heights south of Fredericksburg, where was fought its bloody battle; and going down into the city, lodged with a man, now keeping a little tavern, whose stately mansion once was the ornament of Middlesex County, Virginia.

"Soon after crossing the Rappahannock I was in a sheer wilderness. Up to Aquia Creek the country is, so to speak, *all roads*. No fences, no woods, all having been destroyed by the opposing armies that have swept the whole land clean. I wandered on, following in well-worn cart-tracks, and made a business of robbing deserters from the Army of the Potomac, whom they then turn adrift to cross over to Maryland upon rude rafts of their own construct.

"One of these robbers I thus encountered. He had entered a narrow gorge when I heard footsteps behind me, and, turning, was greeted to the cheerful cry, 'Who are you, and what right have you to be loitering here?' I saw I must be as saucy as he. 'What right have you, and what business have you to stop a man with a Government pass?' The robber, evidently accustomed to be a Confederate spy or official, sneaked away.

"To show the peculiar relation of this region to both armies I must relate another incident. The old mail crosses a small creek before it strikes Aquia Creek. I was walking on the track at this point when I heard a voice in the bushes, and, looking up the stream, at a short distance I discovered a man and woman feeding it on horseback. Hastening on, I hailed the lightest element I went to the ford and hailed the man, offering him a good sum to come over and help me to the ford. To my repeated calls he made no reply, and, though he was met by quite a group on the other side, no one seemed to see me. Finally, looking around again I saw the mated into the stream, which reached to my waist, and soon gained the other shore. On asking the man why he had so suddenly responded, he replied, 'How did I know what yer was? Yer mought be a Union spy, and then if a Confederate scout seed me he'd hang me for a traitor to save the Potomac.' A fisherman for two dollars carried me over the creek, and I was found and searched by the scouts. But on appealing to the owner he utterly denied all knowledge of any such means of exit from Dixie. Thus, through the 'Potomac,' he referred to his brother, who, on being found, declared with a volley of oaths that he had no boat, never crossed the stream, and that he would shoot all evil-disposed people to hem and haw and hesitate if he ever heard of any one else crossing in any way, etc.

"The truthfulness of these solemn declarations came out when, after my giving him money, he took me to a boat before a deserting United States major paid him seventy-five dollars for ferrying him over; while, after waiting four days for a Confederate officer, on a spoil of foul weather, or a foggy night—my vexatious friend produced a skiff and for a five-dollar greenback pushed me across.

"There, up near Fredericksburg, I obeyed a withered order from my pilot, and stepped over the bow to find myself on a sand bar on the Maryland side. I felt my way to the shore, a bluff, at least twenty feet high, met me, and after vain efforts to obtain a more favorable spot wheeze to reach the main land, I was hauled and 'scrambled up the rocky cliff. Making for a distant light, and approaching a house, my progress was stayed by a great bow-legged negro in a fishing-smack to Alexandria.

"How I marched up to the Provost-Marshal's office and told my adventures, how I wept at the sight of the glorious old Stars and Stripes, how I obtained a pass, hurried over to Washington, came near being kicked out of a hotel, hastened to the nearest clothing store, dressed, and was a man again, you must imagine, for I have no more to tell. Ah, as I slept under the first *blankets* I had seen for two years, I pitied the poor negroes with their wrinkled coverlets!"

To my friend's story I will only add that I begged from him, and now possess, these home-spun jeans, so worn, soiled, and travel-stained; and mean to put them to a good use.

Shall I collect them for the benefit of the Christian Commission?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Welshman, "There is such noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known where a whole cow has been employed at one breakfast." "Ay," answered the Englishman, "that was because there was nobody but one there."

The late Lord Kelly had a very red face. "Pray, my lord," said Foote to him, "come and look over my gardener—my cucumbers are very backward."

The advice given by an Irishman to his English friend, on introducing him to a Dublin Tipperary row, was, "Remember, a head hit is—"

NEW WAY TO PAY AN DEBT.—A prisoner in The Fleet, sent to his creditor to let him know that he had a proposal to make. The creditor would be for their mutual benefit. Accordingly, the creditor came; and calling to him to hear it, "I have been thinking," said he, "that it is a very little thing for me to lie here, and get you to be my opposite neighbor, and pay you a crown a week. My brother has given me great uneasiness, and I know I never can rest on his account. Therefore, what I propose is this: You shall let me out of prison, and, instead of me, you shall lie here, and pay *your enlargement a week*, and the other *tenpence* shall go towards the discharge of the debt."

A very small officer struck an old grenadier of his company for some supposed fault in performing his evolutions. The grenadier patiently took all his cuts, and, bidding it over the officer by the nip, said, "Sir, if you were not my officer, I would *extinguish* you."

John was thought to be very stupid. He was sent to a mill one day, and the miller said, "John, some people say you are a fool. Now, tell me what you say, and what will you don't know." "Well," replied John, "I know millers keep wet shoes." "Yes, that will do," said they, "what don't you know?" "I don't know whose corn fats 'em"!

E——, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when she laughed she showed her mouth full, was trying to make it smaller by contracting her lips. "Do not trouble yourself," said the lady, with a malicious smile, "I will, for pleasure, I will draw your face *without any mouth at all*."

It was said of one that remembered every thing that he took, but nothing that he borrowed, "that he had *lost half* of his memory."

A medical student under examination, being asked the difference between hot and cold, answered, "Hot is expansion and cold contracts." "Quite right; can you give me an example?" "Yes, Sir, in summer the days are long, and the days are longer; but in winter, which is cold, the days are shorter."

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be plicked in strangers' gardens.

SCOTCH SIMPLICITY.—At Hawick, the people used to have their pigs killed, which made a sickening noise in the pavements. A flying old woman had some friends by her bedside, who said to her, "Well, Jenny, you are going to Heaven, an' gin you should see our folk ye can tell 'em how happy we are here." To which Jenny replied, "Ay, gin I ever see them I'se tell them, but you manna expect that I am to gang cheek clashing through Heaven looking for your folk."

"My notion of a wife at forty," said Jerrold, "is, that she should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties."

A brow-beating counsel asked a witness how far he had been from a certain place. "About four years ago," was the sad six inches," was the reply. "How come you to be so exact, my friend?" "Because I expected some foot or other would ask me, and so I measured it."

"What is light?" asked a schoolmaster of the body of class. A sovereign that isn't full weight is light," was the prompt reply.

A JOINT CONCERN.—A stupid fellow employed in blowing a cathedral organ, said, after the performance of a fine piece of music, "Master, we played very well to-day." "We performed!" answered the organist: "I think it was I performed." "Why," said the fellow, "I am sure the music celebrated three of music was by me." Much the infidel said to the man who, having blown the organ-bellows for a psalm, "Why, you sing!" The fellow popped his head from behind the organ and said, "Sir, I do not sing, no then."

An editor at a dinner-table being asked if he would take some pudding replied, in a fit of abstraction, "Owing to a press of business we are unable to find room for it."

When Chinese sailors are short of food they salt their junk and eat it.

Why is servility like a man who is tired of works of imagination? Because it is extremely sick of fiction.

A lady once asked a gentleman what wit was like. To which he replied, "Like your lobbyright's bottle of ant-acid—poison-out of the reach of children." Being too much puzzled about, loss all its flavor and becomes insipid.

"You don't understand your business, Boniface. Dy'e you never have a gentleman stop with you before?" "Yes, Sir, I've had a dun."

Editors ought to be able to live very cheap—they s. *bored* for nothing.

As an old sot, when asked how he felt during a recent severe gale which he encountered at sea, and during which he had been obliged to remain below, replied, "Pretty much as simplicity." Why, I thought, what will the poor fellows think of next?

"Humble as I am," said a bullying sporter, "I still remember that I'm a member of the magnificent republic." "You are indeed," said a by-stander, "and a vulgar one at that."

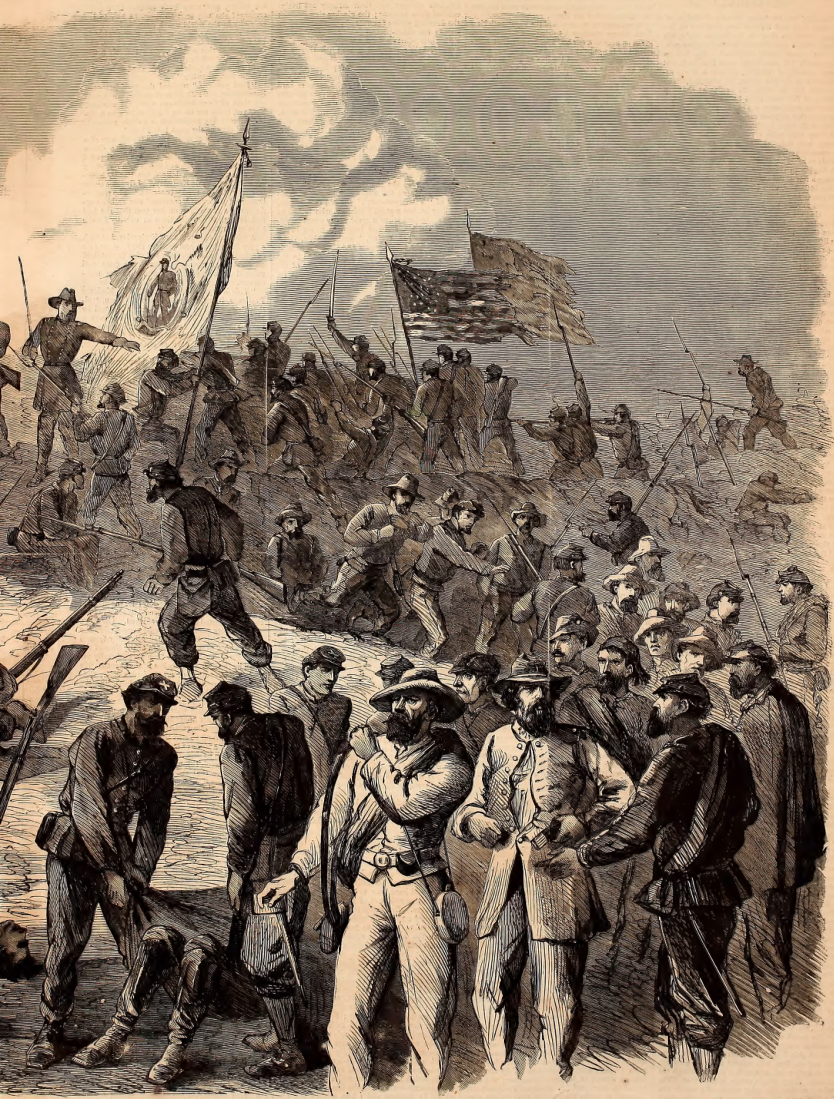
In a large company at dinner, Bruce, the African explorer, related some extraordinary statements were at the first thought to be of the Munchausen class, was relating the most wonderful things. Among others when coffee was asked him what musical instruments were used by Abyssinia? Bruce hesitated for a moment, and then said, "I think I saw one tyre there." George Selwyn whispered to his neighbor, saying, "Yes, and there is one less since he left the country."

When a lady returns the presents she has received from her lover, is she supposed to include a return of his affection?

"I once saw a regiment of negroes on parade," said a traveler, "and when they came to the right front, with the whites of their eyes all turned, it looked just like a chalk mark."

"THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD."—We should like to hear the sentiments of the schoolmaster's wife on the subject of her husband being so often abroad.

GENERAL GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—GENERAL BARLOW CHARGING THE E



NEMY AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 1, 1864.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 410.]

BURNING OF THE STEAMER "BERKSHIRE."

THE new and handsome steamer *Berkshire*, of the New York and Hudson line, took fire on her passage down the river on Wednesday night, 8th instant, when a short distance above Poughkeepsie, and was almost totally destroyed. She had on board nearly 150 passengers, some live-stock, and a large quantity of freight. As soon as it was ascertained that she was on fire, the pilot immediately headed her for shore, the engine at the time working at full speed; but before she struck the mud all the woodwork was one vast sheet of flame. The scene that followed baggars description. Men frantic with fear; children crying (and it is said that there were over a number of little ones on board); men shouting, the flames crackling, and the passengers jumping overboard, formed a scene terrible to behold. Furniture of every description was floating in the water, some of the pieces upholding a few of the unfortunates beings.

One little boy, with his grandmother, was in a state-room, and when he heard the alarm he endeavored to open the door of his room, but could not. He then managed to get out of the window, and tried to save his relative; but so close were the flames that he had to drop overboard to look to his own life. The lady was probably suffocated.

One of the most heartrending scenes in this terrible disaster was the case of Mrs. HANFORD. On ascertaining, her danger she seized her babe and her daughter, and jumped overboard, having her husband standing on the stern of the vessel. After she got in the water she was compelled to relinquish her hold on little ones, and left them behind her. A man with his child in his arms, who was in the water close by her, seeing that the mother was in the act of sinking, seized hold of her and helped her up; but, alas! in doing so he lost his own child.

In all some forty persons perished. The pilot and engineer remained at their posts until the boat struck the shore. Nineteen bodies have been recovered from the wreck. There is not a vestige of the wood-work of the *Berkshire* above water-mark that has not been destroyed, with the exception of a portion of the starboard wheel-house. Both smoke-stacks have fallen. The walking-beam and other portions of the machinery are still standing. The after-part of the boat, from the paddles to the stern, is entirely submerged. Twenty bodies are supposed to be there.

The fire originated in the lamp-room, and was caused by the explosion of a lamp. The rapidness of the fire was caused by the large quantity of hay on board becoming ignited as soon as the fire burst from the lamp-room, which might have been put as well been so much alkoled as regards combustion.

The *Berkshire* was a first-class steamer, and was built at Albany last Spring. She made one or two trips to New York last fall to test her machinery; but she was not permanently placed on the river until this spring. Her engines were taken out of the hull of the *South America*, but it was enlarged and made more powerful.

Our sketch on the first page gives a vivid view of the steamer at the time of the calamity.

GENERAL GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN.

WE continue this week our sketches illustrative of scenes and events in General GRANT'S great campaign in Virginia.

On page 412 we give a view of the position near Cold Harbor, June 2. Our artist, A. R. WAUD, furnishes the following explanation of this sketch:

"At this point the Second and Sixth Corps join. One of Gibbon's brigades (McKEAN'S, Second Division, Second Corps) appears on the left of the picture, massed under a crest. In the foreground are the Nineteenth and Seventeenth Massachusetts, etc. To the right of the house is the old Jersey brigade of the Sixth Corps, which has been of service since June 3, and they leave the army with an unsurpassed reputation. The lines these troops hold have been taken from the enemy, and are now more than a hundred yards from the rebel front. The smoke on the extreme left marks the position of a section of SEYMOUR'S battery, while MERCY'S battery occupies the fore-ground. These and other batteries at this point soon silenced the enemy's artillery, while small-bands in reckless predicament made the rifle-pits, among which the dead and wounded lay thickly."

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES is illustrated on page 412. The Reserves were attacked by Early's corps, which came out of the woods, covered by artillery, and in line of battle swept down upon CRAWFORD'S command. At first some of the regiments gave way, but soon rallied, and the brigade seen in the fore-ground stood its conspicuous gallantry under their commander, COLONAL FISHER. The rebels were repulsed, and retreated in disorder. General CRAWFORD and staff were close to the house there on right. A rebel shell set it on fire, and it was consumed during the engagement.

On page 405 are sketches showing the troops of General BARLOW in front of the rebel works, and the passage of the Pamunkey at Hanover by the army in its advance from the North Anna. General BARLOW'S position on the front, where this sketch was taken, was twelve miles from Richmond. Mr. WAUD says:

"The sketch was taken from the Sheldon House, a mansion nearly two hundred years old, built of imported glazed brick, and occupied by a lot of women and children, who refused to leave, although fifty or sixty rebel cannon-shot passed through the building. They sought refuge in the cellar. The works seen from this point consist of a double row of rifle-pits ev the crest above the stream called Toleptatomy, with epaulements for guns, not more than fifty yards away. The guns, flags, and men are distinctly visible from this mansion."

The crossing of the Pamunkey has been fully described in accounts of the forward movement. The river is deep, muddy, and thickly fringed with wood. The ferry-master at Hanover sank his boat on the approach of our forces.

In reference to the sketch of the Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery Crossing the North Anna, given on page 404, our artist writes: "After HANCOCK had crossed the North Anna, BURNSIDE was ordered over to connect the line of battle. To do this he had to cross the river by the Chesterfield bridge on the Telegraph road, Ox Ford. The rebels had a fine range on this bridge, and a 6-gun battery played it all day, whenever troops appeared upon it. As the columns double-quicked it over shell would burst right about them, covering the men with dirt and splinters, and the ground, and wounding a few of the soldiers. The crest from which our batteries are represented replying to the fire was captured by the rebels from our own BIRNEY'S old brigade, to which the Ninety-third New York Volunteers have been assigned. The assault and capture of this position is considered by the most dashing incidents of the campaign. The rebels were so severely handled that they did not time to burn the bridge. Many were captured and some drowned at the place."

In the battle of Cold Harbor, June 1, STEVENS'S battery, belonging to the Sixth Corps, was so near the rebel lines that the soldiers nicknamed it "Battery Insult." The artillery fire caused a most aggravating manner, and was an excessively dangerous spot to be seen in. After a discharge of the canon hundreds of bullets would be heard from the embrasures and around the earth-work: occasionally round shot would batter down portions of the sand-bag, and wounds, more or less, and often fatal, were the consequence. It will be noticed, in our sketch on page 404, that the rebel embrasures have been taken off the carriages, and placed in trenches dug for their security.

The pictures on pages 408 and 409 illustrates one of the grandest charges of the war—that of BARLOW'S Division in the Battle of Cold Harbor, June 1. General BARLOW was in a field-work on the left of Army. A correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the charge:

"Barlow and directed that his attacking brigades should, previously to the assault, be moved out, and formed just in front of the picket line. We were thus obliged to wait for half a mile, through woods and over open intervals, before we reached the point of attack. Indeed, the last portion of his front where the right of MILES'S brigade joined with the left of HOLMAN'S was not completed until he brilliantly carried the famous salient in the lines of intrenchments, planted in a field-work and turned the artillery got over and into the enemy's parapet, capturing his guns (four light 3-inch rifles), his colors, and five or six hundred prisoners, about three hundred of whom were secured by myself and my personal staff. The left attacking column, in fact, was just turning the enemy's guns on the retreating rebels, when the order to withdraw came from the second rebel line appeared advancing. BARLOW'S brigade—almost annihilated, not used to fighting—could not have held their own under conditions the least short of demoralization. But the officers and men of the brigade themselves avenged its limits. It was not merely the overwhelming force that drove them back, but the numbers of the that they had so fear—but the position they had gained placed them at the mercy of the rebel batteries, and gave the rebel artillery the opportunity for a deadly enfilading fire. Against this, they fought with the determination of two of their chief commanders. BROOKS and BURNES, "made of marrow of iron." Both were severely wounded, and all the organizations had suffered fearfully from an unequaled loss of officers. The brigade held what they felt back, bringing with them the prisoners they had taken and a captured flag—but not the enemy's colors, but back, but not to their original position; to a position far in advance of where they had held, and effectively could not more than fifty yards from the enemy."

The following is the account our artist writes: "This sketch represents a portion of the line at the time when they had captured the first line of rifle-pits, and were about to advance upon the second. The regiment is the New York Seventh Heavy Artillery. Some of the men are seen over the embankment endeavoring to fire. The rebel captured guns upon them, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel MORRIS, Colonel PORTER having been killed in the charge. The rebel prisoners in the picture are seen rapidly divesting themselves of their accoutrements, and hastening to the rear to the disarming of the captured. Near them some soldiers are moving the Colonel in a blanket; and above a captured flag with the Virginia State arms emblazoned upon it, is carried in by one of our soldiers."

QUITE A LORD.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LILY IS ACTUATED AT HOME.

ONCE more Lily traversed the up-hill pavement, and marveled at the great rolling turbulent gutters in the roadways: gutters which in those days often bore on their bosoms the carcasses of defunct cats and dogs, that rolled past, swift and supine, toward the Infinite reserved for the beasts.

Once more she saw the clumsy oil-lamps slung on ropes cross-wise in the streets, and smelled the odor of the melons and peaches, and the quicker aroma of the grapes from the fruiterers' shops. The new way by back streets, where there were few brilliant shops, full of gold, and silver, and jewels, and rich dresses, and beautiful pictures. But to the timid little heart just escaped from her throldlom, the narrow, dirty streets of old Paris were more attractive. Here, in the narrow, full of wet partly-cooked spinach, like green mortar, in the green-grocers' shops; the giant pumpkins at the doors, which, when cut in half, and closing a voluptuous mine of golden squash and seedfulness within, that looked like the heads of grim Pyrrin warriors stricken off by the two-handed swords of doughty Crusaders; the eggs boiled in cochineal (as Madame Prudence explained) to make their shells red; "c'est pour distraire l'œil, mon enfant;" the long strings of cramp little sausages; the fat hams, which, ingeniously truffled, as though they had corns defiant of the skillfulest chiropodist; the other wonderful preparations of pork at the charcutiers'; the butchers' shops, with their marble dressers and gilt iron railings, and their scraggy but lively-colored show of meat; the glaring sign-boards; the dazzling show of pewter pitchers in the wineshops; the ticket-porters dozing on their trucks, with their shirt-collars open, disclosing their hairy, vein-encrusted necks; the throng of little boy-soldiers with vacant faces and red legs; of priests in shovel-hats; of policemen with cocked hats and canes; of mustached old sergeants, very like the two Fates who came to card wool at the Pension, trolling monstrous barrows full of fruit or vegetables; the water-carriers with their pails; the alert little work-women, with their work in bags, whisking away with their skirts thrown over one arm; the wonderful poodle-dogs with tufted tails and curling manes, like noble lions; the smaller growth; the liquorice-water seller with his pagoda at his back hung with bells and banners, and his clean pewter mugs ranged in straight tin rings; the man who sold the jumbles, and the man who sold metal tops; the wandering glazier with his cry of "Victor——!" the old clothesman, no Jew he, but a stout Christian, who looked as though he had spent a good many years roasting in Galilee, and had begun to waver in his faith somewhat, crying, "Vieux habits, vieux galons!" the cane-bottomer and black-guard little boys in torn blue blouses, who splashed in the gutters, or made faces behind the backs of the stout housekeepers; all had charms for Lily. She could not help remembering that each of the surrounding objects—animate as well as inanimate—was intensely dirty, and that the atmosphere was heavily laden with tobacco smoke; but the entire spectacle was charming to her unaccustomed eyes.

By-and-by, in the wane of the afternoon (for they had walked leisurely, and Madame Prudence had met several acquaintances, the majority bearing large baskets from which the heads of cabbages protruded, or the heads of fowls dangled, and who were manifestly of the culinary calling), they crossed the great roaring boulevard——and the housekeeper told Lily it was an ocean of wickedness, and to be avoided, save on feast-days, when the good people came out in a body to it, and entered a maze of streets much wider and cleaner, but much quieter. There were few shops, but many white walls, resting to streets waved for trees, and relieved only by jalousied windows and heavy porte-cochères. "Ah, mon enfant, mon bijou bien Aff looked older; but then all was as still and as gloomy as the stark and sepulchral suburb of Saint Philippe-du-Roule.

"Does the good lady——does Madame de Kergolay——keep a Pension?" she asked, nervously.

Madame Prudence nodded her head. Lily was quivering within her own, and patted it again, reassuringly.

"Courage, my child!" he said, with a merry laugh. "Why, we have not the boldness of a guinea-pig. We have come to Madame de Kergolay—a baroness, mind you, of the old stock, and not one of the day before yesterday—for a lady of quality had told me of her, and had ascertained position in society. She has had misfortunes, cruel and bitter misfortunes; but misfortunes are sacred, and suck the blood of young children, she would stand and sell matches at the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. Courage, my child: suck their blood! That is what the Marcasin does. She is a real Count Upolski!"

A considerable period had apparently elapsed since Madame Prudence had perused the works of Dante. However, knew quite as little about Count Ugolino as the housekeeper did; and the assurance that Madame de Kergolay did not keep a school was sufficient for her.

The baroness lived in the Marais, in one of the tallest and oldest houses of that tall old quarter. It was a very large house, too—almost as great a rarity in Paris as a stone house is in London. The entire mansion, indeed, with the exception of the portion which Madame de Kergolay took care to inform Lily belonged to the baroness; but she let it out in flats to respectable tenants, and reserved only one floor, the third, for her own use.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN THE MARAIS.

IF Madame de Kergolay had lived on a third floor in London, the altitude of her dwellingplace would have been accepted as prima facie evidence of the impoverished circumstances. But indigence, in Paris, does not necessarily correspond with the number of stairs you have to mount to your abode; and, although the baroness's apartment was an inside one, it was spacious, comfortable, and even elegant.

Madame Prudence was short-winded, and, as she toiled up the staircase, uttered sundry invectives against a certain "Satané" asthma which troubled her. The Abbé Chatain would not have failed to reprove her for using so naughty an adjective; and of this eventuality Madame Prudence seemed dimly aware. But the fat woman's handing she objurgated the asthma with hated breath, and spotprophied it only as a "Cosaque." But she was very glad to rest for a while on the penultimate flight, while Lily gazed with admiration through an oil-de-bœuf casement on the vast panorama of slated roofs and chimney-stacks which stretched around and beneath her. The sweetly-savored smoke from the wood fires curled in delicate violet hue against the clear blue sky; and the distant melody of a piano—played not as a practice, but for pleasure, for the instrumentalist caroled a lively ditty as he sang—came and smote her very sweetly on the ear. It was a simple matter to be pleased with, yet Lily felt as though she could have clapped her hands, and sung back again. Poor little creature! she had seen so little, as yet, of the only city in the world worth living in!

"I should like," she said, in airy prattle to her new-found friend, "always to live here, and look through that window. See, there is a woman hanging out linen on a roof. Oh, if there were only some birds! There used to be birds at Dijon, formerly."

"Bird yourself," rejoined the good-humored housekeeper. "Silly little chatterer, you'd soon get tired of your bird's-eye view. Till warmer. Yes, yes, there are better things to be seen within. Come! my respiration is a little restored. We will ring at the good lady's door."

A lively piece of sculpture, in the likeness of a horse's head, hung at the side of the door, covered by the side of a door whose central panel exhibited a brass plate, and thereon, in very spiky and attenuated black letters, the words, "Madame la Baronne de Kergolay." Lily felt a slight tremor when she read "baronne." The remembrance of a former "countess" rather conducive to a conviction on her part that she had had enough to do with titles of nobility for the term of her natural life.

A withered old man, very diminutive, but with a very large head, and perhaps the thinnest pair of spindle-shanks ever seen out of a museum of anatomical preparations, opened the door, and ushered in a hospitable manner at the newcomers.

"This is my brother Thomas," said Madame Prudence, introducing the little old man, "although you will oftener hear him addressed by his little name of Tom Sablons. He is twenty years older than I, but in his youth was a fickle gruillard. Even now if fait des farces. He is as spiteful as a dart, as strong as Hercules, and sain comme mon œil."

Thomas, otherwise Vieux Sablons, grinned in extraordinary fashion at these praises of himself bestowed on him that, in the mind of the timid, some fear might have arisen respecting the personal appearance of his superior and younger. This time, however, no divorce between the upper and lower portions of his head took place. Vieux Sablons grinned into a smile, he and the outer door behind the visitors, and ushered them into the hall of the pavement.

Lily remarked that Thomas's large head though quite bald on the summit, and very scanty on the temples, had on his thick locks and ears, was plentifully powdered. He wore, moreover, earrings: at which, I take it, an English Jeamer would have been astounded. But it was addicted. He was habited in a green livery coat, short in the waist, and shorter in the tails, shortest of all in the unconsidered point of view of the cuffs, and ornamented with a shoulder-knot of tarnished silver lace. It was a coat, indeed, in an Louis the Fifteenth trance, was well-nigh declared. Thomas's waistcoat had fallen likewise into disuse, and his yellow leather breeches in the first that is seen without being yellow; for the original hue of the nankeen which formed its texture had undergone various modifications, washings. His green velvet nether garments likewise suggested to the observant spirit that they had originally formed the covering of the stalwart calf or thigh of the First Empire, which had been very liberally set upon the bones and limbs of Paligo-ware, relieving with distended fin its way through life, like one of poor Bernard's perch through a dish.

"Is that your coat before the assembly of notables met," whispered Madame Prudence, with a humming footman at Versailles Schoss. He has worn l'épée au côté—the sword by his side. Ah, the glad days!"

Anon they had passed through a cheerful dining-room with the usual floor of inlaid wood, light chintz hangings and furniture, and plenty of mirrors. At each of the three windows there was a glittering cage, and in each cage a canary was singing.

"I like it, it is better than the staircase," quoth Madame Prudence, shyly.

"Indeed, indeed, when they came to the next room, the saloon, where the mirrors had richer frames—all tarnished, though—and where there were more cages, no more of birds in a cage, and a beautiful globe full of gold and silver fish, and some stately pictures of ladies in hoops, and gentlemen in velvet and swords, and one older portraits of cavaliers in slouched hats and curled mustaches, and dames in ringlets and point lace, where the furniture was of dark carved wood, with elaborate cushions and backs in rather faded silk.

"All Madame's doing," whispered the housekeeper. "She is an angel at her needle, but they were all put together by the spinner of the quarter. The old furniture was broken to pieces; the mirrors and the pictures my brother saved; there's not a portrait without a bullet-hole or the gash of a knife in it, carefully mended; not a looking-glass frame but the glass itself has been smashed. What you see is nearly all that is left of the chateau of Vieux Sablons."

Again they went on, until Thomas, lifting up a heavy drapery of old tapestry veiling a door, tapped discreetly at it. His large head disappeared within the hangings, but speedily withdrew it, and turned it toward the visitors with a reassuring grin.

"Madame will receive," he said. "She is not saying her brevisry. Go in, my children."

Lily observed, as he retired, that, although he was upright as a dart," the gait of Vieux Sablons was very feeble, and he hobbled.

Madame Prudence seemed to divine the girl's thoughts.

"Yes," she said, with pleasant pride. "Thomas is of a certain age. He is no longer in his first youth. He is eighty, and for seventy-five years, man and boy, has been in the service of the family. But he is agile. Oh! he is alert. Ma parole d'honneur, I think he could dance the gavotte as well as Monsieur Vestris."

But here Madame Prudence was inwardly reminded that priests' housekeepers have no right to be critical on the execution of so mundane a performance as the gavotte, and she was for a moment covered with confusion. She muttered, however, something about the old thoughts that had come into her head through the presence of young people, and, pushing aside the drapery, led Lily in.

They found themselves in a neat smiling little room that was half boudoir and half bedchamber, the walls hung with antique tapestry in which shepherds and shepherdesses, brave with ribbons —for their very crooks and the necks of their sheep were hung with the particolored products of the loom—were grinning as affably upon all comers as Thomas, cycles Vieux Sablons. Their smiles had somewhat faded from the effects which years agone had been fixed in perpetual exclamation by honest fingers now feebless in the tomb, but they continued to grin valorously. And though there had really never been a quiche au Arcadie, though the real names of Daphnis and Phillis had not been Colin and Margot, who had pined in rags and penury, and fed on black bread and chicken that was scarcely fit (wild grass), while the beaux in wigs had been wiving cuirasses to the belles in hoops at the ball-roofed château yonder. As though the Arcadian had never been burnt down by Corydons and Phillises infuriated by famine and oppression. As though there had never been a guillotine erected in permanency at the Mairie, a decreased population, a broken crook and the Reign of Terror. And the shepherds and shepherdesses went on smiling, in a third floor in the Marais, as they had once smiled in the great hall of Vieux Sablons.

There were more birds in this room; and their diversified twittering was, to tell truth, somewhat embarrassing to the newly-arrived stranger. One soon grew accustomed, however, to a riot which at first blush is the most incoherent. There was a dwarfish coffee-colored pug-dog, too, of the breed called "griffon"—a beast with a human beast with a red leather collar hung with bells, and a face like that of a negro pugilist (who had lost the fight) with a thought the small end of an opera-glass. This pet and treasure yapped and jigged about the room, and at first seemed inclined to attack a hostile assailant in the shape of Lily's ankles—dear me! how very late in the day I am in telling ya that our solitary one had begun to bark, and that they were now one and shrieked—but was soon recalled to order by a small voice; a voice which addressed him now as "little tyrant," and now as "little cherished one."

On a cushion of tambour-work, which was moved about as the sun's rays affected different strips of the flooring, couched, grave and magisterial, with a frill of fur like an Elizabethan ruff round his neck, a monstrous Angora cat. It was said, long ago, that no human being could ever have been so vain as Monsieur Vestris; but the impenetrable sagacity of the Angora's countenance would have reduced the melancholy, wig, seals, and all, to idiotcy by contrast. The Angora cat's name was Mirifion.

In this interior there was a handsome circular table of marqueterie, laden with books, with flowers, with medicine-work. There were cunning little grass cushions to admire and the feel and the heat of the fire, which, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, was crackling on the polished andiron of the roomy chimney. Then a fan-of above there was a bed: looking more, however, like a state ottoman: with a delicately adjusted counterpane of quilted crimson silk.

By the work-table, a screen before her eyes, in a low, cozy chair, reclined a feeble old lady, whose hair was like undressed, but highly bleached, flax; whose lineaments seemed to have been cut in ivory; whose complexion was soft and clear as virgin wax. Her hands, Lily noticed, were as white as the Marcasin's; but they were shrunk, gentle hands, innocent hands, hands that closed on when they were clasped in prayer, but opened only to give something away. She was clad in gray silk, and a kind of laced kerchief was tied under her head. She wore spectacles, and she had not a tress of her head; but she looked, for all that, very like a saint.

"Kiss her, my child," whispered Madame Prudence.

Lily trembled all over; and, she scarcely knew why, her eyes filled with tears. She, by an involuntary movement, she crept down to her knees, and took the lady's hand, which was soft and glossy, and, holding it between her own, gently kissed it.

The lady disengaged her hand and patted the brown curls nestling by her.

"And so you are to be my little pet bird," she said, in a low yet silvery shrill voice. "We are very good friends already, I can see. Monsieur l'Abbé has told me all about you. You have nothing to fear here, Lily Floris."

To Lily's inexpressible delight the lady spoke English—her own pure, sonorous, native tongue; at which Madame Prudence, not understanding a word, looked on in highly critical admiration.

Madame de Kergolay smiled at the girl's ill-concealed astonishment.

"Don't be afraid," she continued; "this is not a Parisian Anglaise. You are surprised to hear me speak your language. Well, it is partly mine. I am English by descent, though not by birth. My grand-nephew, whom you will see some of these days (the wretch), is English head to foot. Yes; I come of an English family—have you never heard of the Greyfaunts of Lancaster? No, you are too young—but I was born in France. My father was exiled in the '45 for his attachment to the true king, and I was brought up by the English Benedictines—ah! the good sisters—in Paris; and when I left the convent I married Monsieur de Kergolay." She sighed and looked up, and, as a portrait supported on a little easel near her. It represented a handsome gentleman with powdered locks, but with a long mustache, who wore a white uniform coat with blue facings, and the cross of St. Louis at his button-hole.

"Yes," the baroness murmured. "He was the bravest captain in his regiment, and the bravest gentleman in all Brittany. Nay, I libel them: the Bretons are all brave, and there is none bravest."

She was given to ramble sometimes in her discourse, and an unusual flow of volubility was succeeded by a silence somewhat blank. Madame Prudence beckoned Lily nearer.

"We will leave her a little while," whispered the good housekeeper. "Monsieur l'Abbé is always at a great age. Figure to yourself, my dear: eighty-six. She is weak, but ah! she has the courage of a Monquetaire Gris in her."

"She is a very beautiful old lady, and I am sure she is good," said Lily, timidly.

"You are right, little seer," returned the housekeeper, tapping the girl familiarly under the chin. "Beauty has its own charm. Now it is a lantern, very clear and pellucid, through which her beautiful soul shines. The child says well: we must be asked for questions on the great voyage. Her papers are all in order. Do you know what M. l'Abbé Bernardin confessed the martyr king, gave her absolution himself when, with six of her old governesses, the Benedictines, she was conducted to the Tuesday tumbril that was to convey her to the scaffold? And it was only by a miracle she escaped.

"Poor lady!" murmured Lily. "How beautiful she must have been!"

"Beautiful!" repeated Madame Prudence. "Ah! her head was gone through rude trials. Fire and famine and slaughter, insult and torture, captivity, exile, poverty—all these have gone with the exception of her graceless grandson, she is left quite alone."

"Why, I am quite alone too," quoth Lily, simply.

"Poor little lamb! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. There is a fold for you, remember. Madame la Baronne will love you very dearly, and Vieux Sablons will take as much care of you as though you were a child of his own. As Mirifion the cat, and I will come and see you whenever I can spare half an hour; and, bless my heart, here is Babette, the femme de chambre, who will show you the little room that is to be yours. Now, you will be happy, and you must bid you good-by, or my dear abbé will think I am lost."

And Madame Prudence, confiding Lily to the care of Babette, who was a homely woman of middle age, with a port-wine stain on her face, was as good as her word, and left them.

Babette took Lily into a charming little bedroom, all ruffling in white dimity draperies. Ah! no different from the beautiful bed in Marcasin's. She showed Lily a coquettish little closet, where her own and the baroness's clothes were arranged; and then, to the girl's great astonishment, the homely Babette sat down on the bed and began to cry.

"Don't mind me," she said in French, wiping her eyes. "I'm not going to hate you or to be jealous of you. It is the heat, perhaps, and the heat of the fire, which, notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, was crackling on the polished andiron of the roomy chimney. "It is fair-off above there was a bed: looking more, however, like a state ottoman: with a delicately adjusted counterpane of quilted crimson silk.

"Charitable?" she resumed. "She's a saint. I don't think I am a bad woman, but I am the lowest of the low, a creature at shame, la dernière des dernières;" and she began to weep afresh.

Lily did her best to console her, but the most efficacious balsam to be applied to a wounded spirit seemed, in the case of Babette, appeared to be the doubling of her fist again. She brought it down with more force than ever upon the bed.

"Look you well here, little one," she exclaimed. "This house has more mercy in it than the Hôtel-Dieu—than Bicêtre—than any house on earth. My man, my husband, it is very certain was a villain—Claude Gallifet, called Claquedents. An abominable man. Do you see that scar on my forehead? That was where he knocked me down with his adze, as a butcher knocks down the beef-gras. Observe it well. The blow went through my skull as though it had been of paper. Do you see this gap in my mouth? That is where Claquedents knocked three of my teeth down my throat. My breath is almost as short as Madame Prudence's. But I have no asthma. I pant because Claude jumped on me, and broke two of my ribs. But I loved that man there. Do you understand?"

Lily was bewildered, and knew not what to say. She hazarded a guess.

"If he was bad," the woman continued, "I was bad. If he was a robber, I was a receiver of stolen goods. I tell you I loved him. Well! If he did commit the burglary by night, I helped him. I made the skeleton keys for him, and hid the slippers, so that he should not be heard. Ce n'est pas moi qui l'ai conseille de tuer la bourgeoise," she muttered, in a lower tone, and she sighed, and looked at Lily, and breathed hard.

The girl was shuddering.

"The bourgeois and me did," Babette went on, gloomily. "Otherwise, Claquedents would have been guillotined. Well, they sent him to London for life—for life, mon enfant—to a high-cap, and chained to another villain. N'en parlons plus."

"I was tried with him," she resumed. "They were merciful to me because I was a woman, and I had had two years' seclusion. I came out of prison to do what? To starve. 'Get up,' said the police one day. 'Lie down,' they cried the next. 'To live, go there; where are your papers?' I had none, and no bread. I tell you I had no bread. They would not take me in at the hospital. I was strong, they said. I should had a child. That died while I was in the prison. I begged. I really found a child and put it on to the Pont des Arts to drown myself. The Abbé Chatain met me. He gave me money for a loaf. He told me to come to him. I was received in an institution where saints such as she gather together wretches such as I. I worked night and day. What could I do better? Good God! I never stole any thing but when I wanted bread, or when my man told me. At last I came here as femme de chambre. I am the care of the plate. I could strangle Madame, she is so helpless in a chair, when I put her in bed. Vieux Sablons does not know my story. The Dame Prudence, even, only knows from the Abbé that I have a child. Nothing more. I will tell you—because you are young and have been miserable—think of me, and bless God that you never came there, like me.

"And your husband?" Lily said, lifting her great eyes in wonderment to the woman's face.

"Speak not of him to me," she returned. "If he were to escape, or to be released, I declare that I would kill myself. I live here safe and sound, and I know that we should be at the Dépôt of the Préfecture again for robbery. You will never hear from me again, and never from me. Go! I see you are good. I am not about to be jealous of you." And Babette got off the bed, smoothed her flaxen head-dress, and, out of fat, and very composedly proceeded to fill the ewer from a large brass pitcher.

When Lily was alone she ventured to open the wardrobe, and found that the mean and patched apparel she had brought from the Pension Marcasin had been supplemented by a store of linen, morning wrappers, and other feminine gear, which, to her unaccustomed eyes, appeared unprecedentedly magnificent. There was little finery among the stock; there were neither silks nor satins; but the kindly Cinderella the few drawers seemed to contain the treasures of the Indies. She had never seen such nice clothes since the well-regretted afternoon when Cutwig & Co. fitted her out.

Presently came Vieux Sablons with a tap at the door, which, as his semblance was given as usual, that Madame would again receive her. She followed him, timidly, but with a happy reliance gradually growing upon her. Every thing told her that in this house she had nothing to fear.

Madame de Kergolay bade Lily come very close, and kissed her on the forehead.

"I am a cross, fanciful old woman, my darling," she said, "and constant pain makes me cross and irritable sometimes. When I scold you (which will be rarely, I hope), you must smile and kiss me. When I scold Vieux Sablons he rubs the buttons of his coat with his sleeve; which reduces him, formerly he used to whistle, but I prohibited that, as an impertinence. And now you are to know, my little child, that I love feet, and tell me every thing about yourself. I need not ask you for the truth. It is written in your face."

It was indeed. The girl drew the stool close to the old lady's chair, and, her brown curls nestling among the draperies of her protectress's cold, in artless simplicity, the short and sorrowful story of her life. There were no startling incidents, no romantic episodes. It was a mean, commonplace little tale: but Madame de Kergolay shed tears as she listened to it.

"You have been very unhappy, my child," she began, when Lily had ended. "Let us pray that there may be no more, and that the future time is coming. In His inscrutable wisdom and mercy, the Almighty is often pleased to afflict most sorely those of his creatures who seem least deserving of his anger. You have had, indeed, to suffer two most terrible deprivations. The father to protect, the mother to cherish and fondle you! Ah! poor little lamb! my heart bleeds for you. But we must see what a feeble, bedridden invalid can do to console you; yes, we must try to make you as happy as the day is long."

"There is only one thing that I am afraid of, Madame," faltered Lily.

"And what is that, my child?"

"If the lady—the strange lady—the one who was called countess—should find me out? If she went to Mademoiselle Marcasin's, and discovered where I was! Oh! it would be dreadful!"

"Foolish little thing! After devoting you so long, it is not probable that she will care to inquire about you. If she be indeed your mother, she must be a short and hard-hearted—a scandal to her sex. But I can not believe that any mother could be so inhuman. No, no; she must be some wicked and intriguing woman, who, to further bad designs of her own, has been endeavoring to alienate you from your real parents. Let us think no more about her. Justice, divine or human, must, sooner or later, overtake a creature so abandoned. Let us indulge in hopes, rather, that some day the two gentlemen who placed you at the school at Clapham, and both of whom must have been your father, may be met with. But, until they do come forward, and under any circumstances, you are not the less to be my dear adopted child."

They had much converse that afternoon; and an impertinent little alabaster clock on the mantle-piece had proclaimed, in a voice very much resembling the barking of a dog with the hiccups, that it was six o'clock, when Vieux Sablons (who had bestowed a fresh sprinkling of powder on his bald pate in honor of the occasion) announced that Madame was served, and that dinner was ready.

Madame, alas! could not walk to her evening meal; but as she obstinately refused to be treated as much like an infant as to be served in her bedchamber, she was slowly wheeled in her chair to the salle-à-manger. The six o'clock dinner was one of the few that had been left to the everyday world; and, whether she dined alone or in company, the ceremonious announcement of the banquet was made by Vieux Sablons, and her modest repast was served up in the apartment specially provided for the purpose.

The dinner was a very simple, but a very nice one. They had a soup with bread in it, a little of the gravy from the broth with a sharp sauce, a dish of dishes of vegetables, a roast chicken, and some cream cheese. The only evidences of luxury were in the wine, which was a rare and odoriferous Bordeaux, and in the dessert, at which a magnificent melon made its appearance. Every thing pertaining to the service of the meal was scrupulously clean, and of originally costly material, but every thing had already been worn out. The table-cloth and napkins were damask, but worn to the cord, and as elaborately darned as a Paris Sabbath-day's stocking. The wine was rich, but rubbed to the last degree of thinness. The dessert porcelain was old Sèvres, but cracked and riveted in many places. The melon, indeed, in fact, from the napkin-holders to the salad-bowl, seemed to have undergone some terrible mystery, but to have been mercifully spared the wreckers' hands, and carefully put together again.

Vieux Sablons waited on footman and butler and valet-de-mal. He solemnly drew the bottle of Bordeaux, and presented the encrimsoned cork on a battered silver salver of ancient pattern, which who examined and dismissed it approvingly, saying that the good Haut Brion showed, as yet, no trace of deterioration. He carved the chicken with a silver knife and fork in a very imposing manner, and brought on the two silver sconces containing lighted wax-candles, which, with an air worthy of a sacristan, or of a gentleman of the chamber to the Great King.

Lily had been pretty well in a third floor of the Marais, both, little ma'amselle?" he remarked, with his accustomed complacency, as he lighted Lily to her chamber.

The girl said that every thing was beautifully comfortable.

"With regard to comfort," replied Vieux Sablons, slightly piqued, "I don't care about it. I know it is, in these days, a fetish. I consume me not. It belongs to the revolutionaries. I inflicted to the style. Do you approve of it?"

Lily hastened to assure him that she regarded the style as perfect.

"That's all, then," returned the latter, "and the ancient servitor, nodding his head in grave satisfaction. "We are as troisième, it is true, but still we perform our functions as though we were they were performed before the evil times. The bulk of our fortune, alas! we have lost, but we contrive to make ends to keep up—as to the crumbs. You see that our forks and spoons are still of silver."

Lily had noticed that.

"The days have been," Vieux Sablons continued, "when I have had to be here as a servant Madame and her guests entirely off silver, ay, and off silver-gilt. But what would you have? On accounts of revolution has ruined all. The Gauls triumph. Poor France!"

"Poor Madame de Kergolay!" murmured Lily, softly.

"You are right, my child," said the old man. "We keep up our style, and there is that scamp of a grand-nephew, and Madame is as angel as the poor, and all upon ten thousand francs a year. And twenty-four of Vieux Sablons alone are once worth a million."

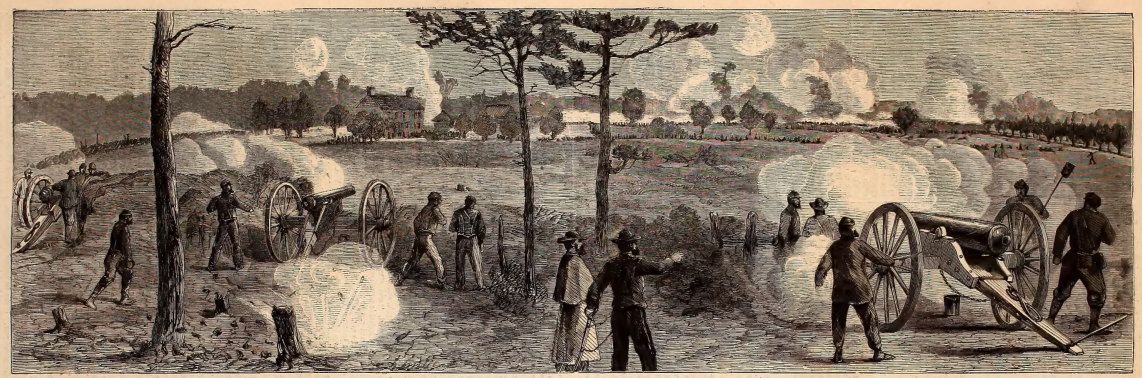
"A million!" echoed Lily, who had scarcely ever heard of so large a sum of money.

"A million! Tra l'ho say it to you. Now we are reduced to ten thousand miserable francs. The appointments of an employé, youl! But I tell you what," the old man, in his thin pipe, continued, clenching a trembling hand; "the day that I see those lands begin to fall us, and Madame says, 'Vieux Sablons, we must sell the silver, and also with one of those pieces of cheese,' I shall have no bread to give to my poor,' that day I will beg, that day I will thieve for the benefit of France!"

"But Madame would be angry," Lily gently pleaded.

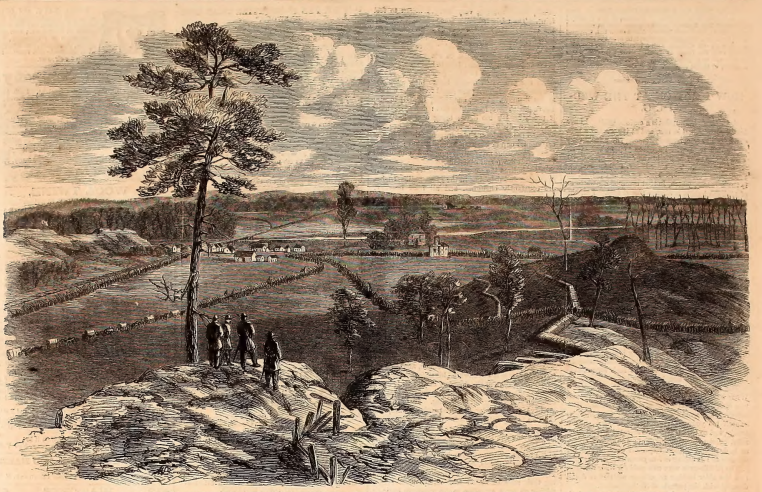
"Very well, very well. I have another resource. I will go to a bureau de remplacants and sell myself as a substitute for one drawn in the conscription. That is a thousand francs. France always wants men; and I am strong—oh! I am strong yet. Good-night, little ma'amselle."

Poor Vieux Sablons! He was nearly eighty, and could not have made, I fear, a very stalwart grenadier.



GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—THE POSITION AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 2.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

GRANT'S GREAT CAMPAIGN—LAST FIGHT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 410.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—OUR ARMY ENTERING RESACA, GEORGIA, ON MAY 16, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on this page a picture of GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY ENTERING RESACA, GEORGIA, on the 16th of May, from a sketch made by T. R. DAVIS from the rebel fortifications. The columns on the left of the picture are the troops of General HOOKER; those of the centre, General PALMER'S command; and those winding down on the far right, the corps of General LOGAN.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

WITH the return of June all the light descriptions of dress material have been restored to their wonted favor in the Parisian world of fashion. Muslins, foulards, poplins, and light silks come in for an equal share of popularity. Violet still retains its sway; and violet, light green, black, white, and havannah will be the "couleurs de predilection" throughout the summer. Deep flounces are to be given up for the time being; if any flounce, only a very narrow one can be permitted at the bottom of the skirt. The corsages vary much in shape. Small bonnets have succeeded to the highly-elevated and richly-ornamented chapeaux. Some of the latest novelties in the way of bonnets are without the ordinary bavolet, a floral ornament replacing that portion of the capricious article of toilet. It is now quite the mode to wear a small lace veil—the loup, as it is called, descending as far as the nose.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Dark blue poplin robe, trimmed with black passementerie ornaments. The corsage is cut in the style known as the Corsage Impératrice, without seam. Lilac crape bonnet, covered with black tulle, and ornamented with lilac marguerites beneath the front edge.

Fig. 2. *Carriage Dress.*—Slate-colored moire antique robe, trimmed with violet ribbon, fastened at intervals by bows of the dress material; the sleeves are similarly ornamented. Rice chip bonnet, edged in front with a trimming of black lace, and provided, on one side, latticed with a violet bow and green leaf; a small bouquet of green leaves is also placed upon the violet silk bavolet.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1864.

Fig. 3. *Dress for a Watering-Place.*—Robe of gray moire, which is needless to describe, as the principal feature of this figure is the Mistletoe mantle, composed of ribbons, lined with taffeta. The body is cut trimmed with bows, and, forming a pelerine, falls over the shoulders, and sweeps out of doors with a bonnet. With the hood raised over the head, as shown in our illustration, this mantle will be very convenient for evening rambles in the country, or at the sea-side.

HOW I GOT ON AT THE WEDDING.

A CHINESE MARRIAGE is a curious affair. I have lately participated in one, and as it serves as a type of the ordinary ceremonies among the middle class of Cantonese, I will introduce you to the scene. Two of the chief actors in the affair are particular friends of mine. The elder is Mr. Pun-fat, and the younger is Pun-wing. Their father is dead. Pun is the surname, which, in that common contrariness of Chinese habits, is always placed first. Fat, the elder brother, is married, and rejoices in a son and heir, who nonetheless condescends to allow me to carry him in my arms without crying, and calls me Mr. Chin-chin. Fat has also a baby-daughter; but children of that sex are not counted by the Chinese.

It chanced that Fat one day, while ruminating on the fortunes of the family, and lamenting, probably, the ill-luck (or doom of fate) which robbed the sex of his second child, bethought him that his younger brother, Wing, ought to marry. Accordingly, probably (but not of necessity) that aqueous-living Wing with 'this happy idea which had struck him so suddenly, he set to work to find a suitable lady to present as a bride to his young brother. In negotiating these matters it is customary to employ middle-men (or women), who set forth the attractions of the several eligible maidens to the fallen who come within their mediatory influence—or, in other words, whose income and style of living recommend them, the middle-men, to seek for suitable husbands for their daughters.

The selection being made—by Fat, of course—Wing was then informed of the state of affairs, and was directed to make necessary preparations. He, however, had no objections to marry—he thought himself too young, had no means of supporting a family, and so on, all of which objections were overruled by the elder brother, Fat; and finally Wing, as in duty bound, gave respectful obedience to the dictates of Fat acting *in loco parentis*.

The middle-men were now paid for their services, and the elder brother negotiated matters of detail directly with the parents of the bride-elect.

The day appointed for the wedding approached. Presents were constantly interchanged. Furniture and decorations were bought or hired for the occasion. All was bustle and excitement. Invitations were sent round; complimentary cards and letters of course were received.

The day arrived. Fat's house was decorated with gilt and tinsel. Huge scrolls, on which were inscribed quotations from the classics or other works, and which had been presented by the invited guests, adorned the walls. Small orange-trees were placed about into the grand hall, and paper dragons and mock-ship animals of the same material vied with each other in hideous ugliness. At last the time came a procession went along the streets. Half a dozen ragged boys, with failed red clocks making scarce any appearance, were the rags and tatters of the affair; the bare legs, led the way with tinsels and fifes. Gilded chairs, borne on men's shoulders by means of poles, and containing ornaments, fruits, cakes, sweetmeats, etc.; more ragged boys with music and flags; still more boys, gorgeously dressed, but far more effectually concealed; red and gilt, noise and clatter, rags and faded finery (hired for the occasion), pass along the streets. This is the ingredient-portion. A huge sedan-chair, one mass of gilded carving, brings up the rear. In this the bride is carried. She is conveyed from her father's house, and carried blindfolded to the of her future husband, attended by some of her relations and save the youngest male adult member of the family.

The procession halts, commingles with the crowd of sightseers, and amidst no small confusion, bustle, and noise, the bride alights from her sedan, enters the house, and, for the first time in her life, beholds her future husband. Her younger brother, who brought her, leaves immediately, and, except an old servant, she is left with her, for she is left alone in the midst of strangers, and is at once conducted to her bedroom, arrayed in bridal costume. In the room while the guests have arrived. They, of course, are all of the sterner sex; nevertheless, etiquette requires them to visit the bride in her own room before they make any return; they choose as to her personal appearance. "What beautiful feet she has! what superb teeth! what exquisite eyes!" And while these remarks are making she stands bowing to her guests, raising her folded hands to her head, her arms supported by a female servant on either side. All day long guests come and go.

For my part, I had made up my mind to go through this part of the proceedings in person, though I did not like the idea. I learned beforehand that a cup of tea would be handed to me, and had carefully practiced the right pronunciation of a few complimentary words, which it would, I knew, be the rule of me to omit before drinking the tea. It was evening. I screwed up my courage, repeated my complimentary words to myself, and boldly entered the small bedroom in company with several Chinese, who, some to have another look at the bride, and some to have my awkwardness, crowded in behind me and filled the doorway.

The bride stood and commenced bowing to me. Being a very nervous man, this was rather a formidable attack. What could I do? I made a bow, and then looked to Fat for help. "Oh, Fat!" said I, "do tell her to sit down—tell her not to bow to me. Say something very pretty and polite to her, and say it is from me."

Fat smiled roguishly, raised his voice, and addressed the fair bride. I could not have spoken a word of Chinese at the moment, I was so confused. It was a close, warm evening. The room was very small, very crowded, very hot. I began to feel faint. Then I heard Fat's voice above the din of the crowd. He had "a polite speech to make in my name." Then I heard him say in Chinese, every word of which I understood, "Here is the honorable foreign Sa——" come to see you. He is a great and important man; how to him; knock your head on the ground to him" (imagine my horror when she prostrated herself before me). "Show the foreign gentleman your pretty feet" (she did so, to my dismay). Then, addressing himself to me, Fat said, "Sir, look at her face: don't you think it pretty? It's too dark: bring a candle;" and holding a dirty candle to her countenance, he dragged me to take a closer inspection. After the ceremonial cup of tea was handed to me; but instead of uttering my prettily-prepared compliment I gulped it down and made off to—bed.

All this time the guests, some thirty in number, are eating and drinking in the great hall. Dishes are constantly changing, and all have breath. The utmost good feeling seems to prevail; all are conducting polite to each other; there is a sufficiency of ceremony to preserve decorum, and yet all is sufficiently informal to make all feel at home.

But where is the bridegroom, Mr. Wing, all this time? He left him at the door receiving his bride. After that he participates in none of the festivities, but walks about in the garden, seeing that his guests are well served, bowing to the doorway every one who goes, and from the doorway every one who enters. He, poor fellow! eats his plain everyday meal alone. He does not touch the viands on the guests' tables at all, but is polite, kind, and very tired he looks. Fat, too, has had a hard day's work. He has to bow and scrape to every guest, and with his younger brother has to run the neighboring cook-shop keeps the tables well supplied. Only he has this advantage over poor Wing, that he may sit down when he likes, and that the wine gives him an artificial strength, and a spurious sparkling of the eye, which his unfeasted brother lacks. Wing has to keep perpetually on his feet; nobody as each guest comes and goes, the constant din of welcoming thing but refreshing. Fat has a clock all have separated for their respective homes, and the Pun family retire to rest.

The next day the festivities are renewed; but instead of the gentlemen paying their visits to the bride's bedroom, she comes out when all are seated at the tables, and is handed on the guests' laps for her husband's friends. They, unmannerly fellows, pay little attention to this ceremony, but go on eating their nuts, or ratier their drier noises-seeds, paying as much attention to the prostrate bride as to any piece of furniture in the room. Then a son of my father, however, I could not stand this—or rather, I could not sit. So I rose on my feet, and begged them to rise. The example was at once followed my example, and intimated their lordly satisfaction at the homage paid, by saying to the bride, "You are pretty enough, but have no etiquette; you must get up."

A third day's festivities, with some slight difference in the ceremonies, completed the wedding arrangements of Mr. Pun-wing. That the bride and bride's parents are satisfied with the match, there is nothing whatever of each other until the weddingday, is the proper etiquette. But I believe they have commonly know each other by previous arrangements than they profess to do. And what do you think they have instead of bride-cake? A roasted pig! It is sent by the bridegroom to the bride's parents and other friends, just as we distribute our much more delicate, though not more digestible cake. But there is more meaning in the pig: the non-receipt of it by the bride's parents causes them society that some great misfortune should befall their daughter.

The scene at the bride's parents', for two or three days before the wedding, more resembles the preliminaries of a funeral. Every body, especially the bride, is weeping; and if they can not weep a sufficient quantity, hired weepers are engaged, who fill the house with their lamentations, and perform their part so well that any one not knowing that they were only shamming would think their hearts were bursting with grief. Tears flow from their eyes, and their sighs and groans are incessant. This state is supposed to represent the grief of the daughter at parting from her parents.

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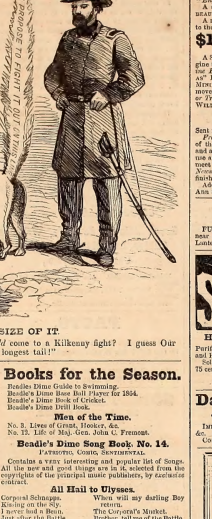

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"	three "	24.00	
"	four "	15.60	$160.00
"	five "	9.60	160.00
"	six "	3.00	160.00
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Full information on all points, together with maps, showing the exact location of the lands, will be furnished on application in person or by letter to

Or the same term, on short credit:

	Interest.	Principal
Cash payment	$19.20	$20.00
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" two years	6.40	80.00
" three "		80.00

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LAND COMMISSIONER,

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 392.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS / $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GEN. ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, Commander-in-Chief of the Rebel Armies, whose portrait we give on this page, is unquestionably a consummate master of the art of war. That superiority, indeed, was acquired at the expense and under the patronage of the Government he is now endeavoring to destroy; but this does not alter the fact. His career, prior to his desertion of the flag of the country, may be briefly stated. Born in 1808, he was regularly educated at West Point. In the Mexican campaign he served with the Engineer Corps, and was twice promoted for gallantry. At Chapultepec he was severely wounded. In 1852, while holding the rank of Major, he was appointed Superintendent of the Military Academy; but three years afterward he was sent to Europe with M'CLELLAN, then a Captain, to study the proceedings of the French and English armies in the siege of Sebastopol. About that time he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Regiment of Cavalry, and this was his position when he traitorously forsook his country and entered the rebel service.

General Lee, now in his fifty-sixth year, is six feet in height, erect, well-formed, and of imposing appearance; has clear black eyes, dark-gray hair, and a heavy gray beard. He is plain in dress, wearing a black felt hat with a narrow strip of gold around it, and a plain Brigadier's coat with three stars on the collar. He is said to be popular with his army, but the conviction is growing that in General GRANT he has met his match; and the confidence now entertained in him is not, probably, as great as formerly. In the present campaign he has displayed great tenacity and skill in the management of his army; but in all the elements of strategy GRANT has proved more than his equal.

The photograph from which our engraving is made is one taken by Messrs. MINGUS & COWELL, of Richmond, which bears the stamp of its legal registration in 1863, "in the District Court of the Confederate States for the Eastern District of Virginia."

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

We continue our illustrations of General SHERMAN'S campaign in Georgia, which is only second in importance to that of General GRANT in Virginia.—On pages 424 and 425 we present a stirring picture of the REBEL ASSAULT ON GENERAL LOGAN'S POSITION in the battle at Dallas, May 28. The first attack of the enemy was made upon General HARROW'S Division, and a portion of the incomplete earth-works on the extreme front were carried by the assailants and a part of a battery captured. This success, however, was but momentary: WALCUTT'S Brigade immediately charged, driving back the enemy and recapturing the battery. The assault then became general. General LOGAN, seeing the importance of the crisis, dashed along the lines with words of cheer and encouragement, and in a few minutes his troops were swarming over the works and rushing resistless down upon the now retiring foe. The rebel assault was made by CHEATHAM'S, BATE'S, and WALKER'S divisions of HARDEE'S Corps. The men said they were told the assault was to be made upon a negro brigade and a few hundred-days' men. Their loss in the assault was 3000 men. Our picture shows General MORGAN L. SMITH'S Division on the extreme left, General OSTERHAUS'S Division next on the right, and General HARROW'S on the extreme right.

On page 421 we give a sketch, showing GENERAL HOOKER'S ESCORT CHARGING THROUGH THE WOODS, and opening the battle near Dallas, May 25. In approaching Dallas this corps marched in three columns, General HOOKER being with the centre column, under the command of General GEARY. Just as the head of the column reached Pumpkin Vine Creek a few shots were fired by a small force of rebels. The escort under Captain DUNCAN dashed across the bridge, which had been fired but not consumed, and a sharp skirmish ensued, the rebel force (of cavalry) being driven back until the ammunition of the body-guard was exhausted. Then a charge was made, led by Captain DUNCAN of the escort and Colonel FESSENDEN of General HOOKER'S staff. Just at this time the head of General GEARY'S column came up and was soon heavily engaged. Thus opened the battle of Dallas. Before night of the same day the commands of Generals WILLIAMS, BUTTERFIELD, HOWARD, and PALMER were all in position.

Another sketch, illustrative of the same battle, is given on page 428. It shows General WILLIAMS'S Division of HOOKER'S Corps driving the rebels through the woods. Colonel ROBINSON'S Brigade is on the left, General REGER'S in the centre, and General KNIPE'S on the right. On page 420 we give five sketches, showing the scene of several important events in SHERMAN'S campaign. One sketch shows the Eighth Missouri Regiment of LOGAN'S Corps reaching the railroad bridge at Resaca on the 16th of May. The enemy having evacuated Resaca on the night of the 15th, our advance was made at dawn by General LOGAN'S Corps, and Resaca very shortly entered by the Eighth Missouri, the men dashing through the town toward the bridges. The railroad bridge was destroyed, together with the old wooden bridge just fired by the enemy. The rebels had departed so quickly that they had left a caisson on the bridge, and four guns in a small earth-work near by.—Some of the soldiers went on to the bridge and threw into the water the planks already on fire. Of the towns of which our artist gives sketches he writes as follows:

"Adairsville is a small hamlet on the Dalton and Atlanta Railroad. Woodlands, as the magicians it, is the residence of Mr. DAIMSLEY, an Englishman who has made some money in this country, and has since the commencement of the war been a purchasing agent for the "Confederate Government."—A fight skirmish took place on the afternoon of 18th directly in front of the house, in which the Colonel of the Second Pennsylvania was killed by the Brigade of Colonel WILDER. This Colonel was a very gallant man, and was only killed because he would not surrender. Kingston, like the railroad towns of the South, has few houses. Since the battle of Chicamauga it has been used as a hospital. The inhabitants having been removed further south, it is now the last station on the railroad, and is likely to be the scene of much activity."

On page 426 we give a topographical Map illustrative of General SHERMAN'S campaign since the capture of Resaca. After that event the army crossed the Oostanaula River in two columns—one column, under HOOKER and SCHOFIELD, crossing just below Resaca; and the other, under M'PHERSON, THOMAS, and BUTTERFIELD, at New Echota, a little to the left of RESACA. This latter column separated itself into two after crossing the river, THOMAS and BUTTERFIELD moving on the left, and M'PHERSON on the right flank; while in the meantime HOOKER and SCHOFIELD kept the centre, moving toward Kingston, along the line of the Chattanooga Railroad. The rebel line of defense, stretching along the line of the railroad connecting Rome and Atlanta, north of the Etowah River, not being able to resist this combination, was broken up.—Kingston and Cassville thus came into our possession, though not without some sharp fighting. As a matter of course, Rome was no longer tenable by a rebel force. After resting for a few days and obtaining fresh supplies the Etowah was crossed, and Dallas—in the rear of which JOHNSTON was intrenched—was made the objective of the new lines of approach. Altoona Pass, through which the Western and Atlantic Railroad runs to Atlanta, was taken by our cavalry; and this success, together with the victory of May 28, forced the rebels to adopt a new line of defense covering Marietta, along Lost and Kenesaw mountains. On the night of June 18 this line was partly withdrawn, but still covered the advance to Marietta.

THE REBEL GENERAL ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

THE LUMBER-MEN OF MAINE.

THERE were shouts in the crowded street,
And a martial music-strain,
And banners waved, and loud drums beat,
As the men of the city came out to greet
The lumber-men of Maine.

A thousand strong and more
From the woods and streams came they;
From where the Kennebec's fountains roar,
And the swift Penobscot twists the oar,
And Passamaquoddy Bay.

Strong knights of the axe and pole,
Kings of the raft and saw,
In brawny limb and dauntless soul
By the breath of the forest air made whole
And the use of nature's law.

They marched with a steady tread
Toward the front of death and pain,
Where the splintered stumps of the trees were red,
And the rivers waited to raft the dead
Of the lumber-men of Maine.

And a thousand more forsook
The axe and the setting-pole,
And the forest camp by the swollen brook,
And in squads the vacant places took
To keep the town ranks whole.

Dusty and hot and worn
The regiment came to-day,
With a tear-dipt all soiled and torn
And a dozen footless heroes borne
Behind on a rumbling dray.

Through the city's double tide
Slowly they marched again,
With a blank, indifferent, manly pride
That made them tell as they marched beside
The throng of common men.

But a hundred strong and three
They come from the battle-plain;
The others will never fall the tree,
Or sing and dance, when the raft floats free,
With the lumber-men of Maine.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN made a speech on the late dedication of the Battle Monument at West Point, in which he laid down the platform upon which he is to be nominated, if at all, by the Chicago Convention. It is significant as an indication of the present feeling of the shrewder but smaller part of the politicians who are hoping to return to power under the name of Democracy. We say under the name of Democracy for two reasons. In the first place, the unbreaking opponents of the natural rights of man have no philosophical claim to the name Democrat; and, in the second place, as a party name, it belongs quite as much to ANDREW JOHNSON, DANIEL S. DICKINSON, BEN. JAMES F. BUTLER, and thousands more, as to HORATIO SEYMOUR, AUGUST BELMONT, JAMES BROOKS, and their friends.

The speech of General M'CLELLAN shows that the shrewder part of the gentlemen who depend for success upon the name Democracy, understand that the people intend the war to continue until the rebellion is subdued. Unless, therefore, they are utterly outnumbered they will construct a war platform at Chicago, and place General M'CLELLAN, their only available man, upon it. But they must look for his support to all the disaffected and peace men in the loyal States. The followers of VALLANDIGHAM and FERNANDO WOOD must be induced to vote for the candidate. Now, if there be any truth in our political axiom clearer than another, it is that the majority of those who since the war began have voted for what is called a Democratic candidate are against a Union candidate, as, for instance, for MR. SEYMOUR in Connecticut and MR. VALLANDIGHAM in Ohio, would stop the war upon any terms, however humiliating, if they could. If, then, the combination of all the elements of opposition could succeed in electing the Chicago nominee upon a war platform, his policy as President must be the distinctive policy of all who vote for him. Is it unfair to say that the common ground of that opposition—on the first choice either of the left wing or the right, but the common ground—is negotiation in some form; some arrangement, some adjustment which, as they assert and assert, will be "honorable" both to the United States and the rebels?

The necessary results of the election of General M'CLELLAN, therefore, even upon his own platform, are easy to foresee. For who are the men who would come into power with him? They are the SEYMOURS, the WOODS, VALLANDIGHAM, LONG, COX, and company. They are the men upon whose success at the ballot-box the rebels declare that they count next to their own victories in the field. They are the men in whose ranks are the apologists of the rebellion, and the steady opponents of all the measures proposed for its overthrow; who declare the rebels invincible; who prophesy only woe and ruin to the country from a continued prosecution of the war; who are constantly deploring the lost prosperity of the nation, and deprecating what they call an unnatural and fratricidal strife. They are the men, in a word, among whom are those who supply the material for the malignant correspondence of the English papers, and cheer the rebel heart with the hope of a divided North.

The peace men are not the shrewdest part of the Opposition, but they are the most logical and the most numerous. They do not prefer General M'CLELLAN as a candidate, they would rather take VALLANDIGHAM, or HORATIO SEYMOUR. But they will yield to the nomination, knowing that a candidate like M'CLELLAN will increase the chances of success at the polls; and that if by that means he could be elected they and their policy would succeed to power. Would not the election of Judge WOODWARD, as Governor of Pennsylvania have done so? Would there be a terrible disaster to the Union cause? Would his policy as President be less disastrous? Yet were not those men, and FERNANDO WOOD, and VALLANDIGHAM, with all the Copperhead papers, equally, with the leading rebel papers which frankly expressed their hopes of a "DEMOCRATIC" success, ardent supporters of Judge WOODWARD?

No sincere Union man can forget these things. No observer of our history for the last three years can suppose that the national integrity or honor are safe in such hands. The Chicago Convention could not be adjourned. For the adjournment would be only a plain confession that the managers see no man in the country who seems to them to have even a remote chance of defeating the Union nominations before the people. It would be a confession of doubt and dismay which they would not dare to make. The Convention will meet, and it must choose between an open "posse" candidate and a war candidate. If it adopts the former, he will never be heard of again. If it takes the latter, no man can avoid General M'CLELLAN, for whom many of the delegates are instructed. If it nominates him, he will be supported by the Union men of every shade. The practical question, then, for every sincere Union man, will be whether he wishes to sit as a feast of which these gentlemen are the hosts?

It is vain to say that General M'CLELLAN is not a peace man. In a war so vital and tremendous as this, every man must be strongly for it or strongly against it. He must strike the enemy every where and every how. He must comprehend the dangers and consequences of the struggle, or he can not adopt a policy which will at once win the victory and secure it. His heart must be loyal as well as his hand. He can not, on the enemy which brings to the contest every force of every kind at his command will inevitably defeat him. This ground he must take, or else insist upon open the best possible terms. These are the only two logical and tenable positions in this war. But to stand between, to qualify and hesitate and palter, and then, with a reluctant sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other, a foe who is smiting with both hands, to ignore which of the two will fail to comprehend the scope of the war, is to invite at once defeat and derision. There is no conceivable case in which a general of the United States could be engaged, in which he would confront a foe so desperate and so disdainful of conciliation as this; and, consequently, there could be no war in which it would be more absurd by his imperative duty to weaken that enemy wherever he could touch him, and pursue a policy which would secure permanent peace and success.

It will be for the people of the country to decide, when General M'CLELLAN shall be nominated, whether his sentiments, opinions, and the attitude and antecedents of his supporters justify the expectation of overwhelming vigor in the field or heroic sagacity in the Cabinet.

A POLITICAL EVENT.

THE pressure of our own public affairs naturally distracts our minds from more than a cursory observation of the important political events in Europe. Among these the late speech of MR. GLADSTONE must be classed; for it is a plain declaration by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a member of the Government, that the suffrage should be so widely extended as to include a great number of the non-voters in England. But upon the principles which MR. GLADSTONE lays down, the movement can have no stop short of universal suffrage. "What I would state," he says, "is this: every man who is not presumably incapacitated by some consideration of personal unfitness, or political danger, is morally entitled to come within the pale of the Constitution."

He would avoid sudden changes, but the goal is clear. If that is to be the rallying cry of the Reform party in England it will reform the British Constitution altogether. MR. GLADSTONE thinks otherwise. He says that it will only infuse new vigor into what he calls "the young and flourishing British Constitution."

But by that Constitution British political society consists of three recognized classes, and one not recognized. The King, Lords, and Commons are the three recognized classes, and the great body of the population, the poor working class, is the one unrecognized. This last is numerically overwhelmingly the largest, and when you begin to admit one of them to the suffrage, it will be very difficult, under any plea of "political danger," to exclude another who is equally fitted. Then you have practically a government of the people, and the inevitable and proper result will be the peaceful elimination from the system of special privilege. If MR. GLADSTONE the profoundest, or merely the most good-natured, of British statesmen? Does he really foresee the tendency which MACAULAY long ago described, of a struggle between Parliament and the people, and does he skillfully suggest this as the beginning of a policy which shall avoid it; or is he only dangerously struck with the fact that one man is allowed to vote and his equally competent neighbor is forbidden?

The remarkable British London journals are evidently surprized, and even startled, by MR. GLADSTONE'S speech. What security does he offer, they ask, that the class which is numerically strongest will not obtain complete control of the Government? Clearly none, for there is none to offer. But the answer sees, what so many observers see, that the legislation of England is really conducted now with regard to the supposed wishes of the great multitude of non-voters. A year ago, in April, Lord PALMERSTON sneered, in Parliament, at the idea of asking a change in the British neutrality laws to favor the United States. Six months afterward Lord RUSSELL, at a public meeting in the Provinces, said that such a change would be asked for if the people were found ungrateful to keep England from a war with the United States. And the reason he gave was, that he believed more than half of the English people were favorable to our Government and its cause. That was reason enough for his Lordship. So at this moment the Queen, out of regard for the memory of her deceased husband, and of the fact that the future King of Prussia is her daughter's husband, refuses to take the Danish side in the present war. But the heart of the English people is with Denmark; and it remains to be seen whether, under some pretense, the Queen may not vacate the throne.

In truth, as a wise European remarks, monarchy is undermined in Europe. With the general enlightenment of the people, which increases every day, the cumbrous and foolish forms of despotism, however modified, must inevitably disappear. The divinity which doth hedge a king is gone, when men may buy his coat photograph for a penny, and see that he is merely a dull gentleman in common clothes. When the constant effort has enjoyed the moments of the supreme prerogative, it began to strip off the royal robes; and when it is conceded that his Majesty will not be a sovereign, what becomes of him when all the drapery is removed?

So great was the excitement and even alarm produced by his speech, that MR. GLADSTONE has published it as a pamphlet with a preface. Opinions are divided as to the significance of the preface. But as the author says that he published his speech as he had delivered, and published it to "the discerning consideration of the reader," its meaning remains to us unchanged.

MR. GLADSTONE'S position may therefore be properly called a political event. He has hardly the personal qualities that make a popular idol. He is fastidious, reserved, and a scholar. Those are certainly not disadvantageous qualities for any leader. But there must be added to them a personal magnetism, a profound conviction of the heart, and a fervor which the tone of his preface shows that he does not possess. The leader of the future of England must be made of sterner stuff than MR. GLADSTONE.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE.

"IF General Lee is defeated," recently said a relative of his, "he will seek death upon the field." That is only natural. Few men in history have made a truer and unhappy a mess. Educated by his country, and sworn to defend her flag, he lingered and lingered until he could make his treachery effective, and then drew his sword against his country's life and his own honor.

It is no excuse to say that he considered Virginia his sovereign State, and that his State bid, in his opinion, the right, under the Constitution, to secede. The plain question for him was: "Can I honorably desert the flag I have sworn to defend, merely because it may lawfully become the flag of freedom and justice?" For even if it were not clear that there may be an honest difference of opinion as to the constitutional right of secession, can there be any doubt whatever of the honor of asserting that right by civil war when no oppression is alleged?

It is the fashion among English writers to call LEE a great General. He is credited with all the results wrought in the Virginia campaigns by the skill and rapidity of STONEWALL JACKSON. But since the death of that General no success, except the repulse at Fredericksburg, has attended LEE'S army. During the present campaign he has been steadily outgeneraled by GRANT, whom LEE has not ventured to meet in the open field since the Friday in the Wilderness. We do not complain of this. He knows where he is safest, and he does right to stay there. But when the question is raised of the comparative military genius of GRANT and LEE it is only necessary to compare the invasion of Pennsylvania last year with the present campaign in Virginia.

LEE is naturally praised in England, for he is the enemy of his own country, which England hates. His success in repelling GRANT would be hailed by monarchical and aristocratic Europe as a victory over republican principles and the power of the United States. He is useful to England, as BENEDICT ARNOLD was. The newspapers praise him, but every noble man in that country must regard him as they would regard an officer of their own army who should head a revolt because the Government was growing more humane. The success of LEE will be known in history solely as the military chief of a conspiracy to destroy the freest and best of governments for the purpose of protecting and perpetuating human slavery.

THE "INAUGURAL PLEDGE."

THE assertion that MR. LINCOLN made an "inaugural pledge" not to be a candidate for re-election is simply untrue; and we hope that no man whom the people of the United States think fit to intrust with the Presidency will ever make so foolish a pledge. The only allusions made to the subject in MR. LINCOLN'S inaugural are these:

"Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task, for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty."

If this a pledge that, if the people called him, he would not enter upon another constitutional term of four years? Again he said:

"While the people retain their virtue and vigilance no Administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years."

Is this a pledge of any kind? We can not see that these are all the passages in the inaugural address which refer to the subject.

NEWS.

THERE are certain worthy gentlemen who inform us that General GRANT has more enemies than he had supposed. General LEE counts for something in the list; but the true foe with whom the Lieutenant-General is contending is—the President of the United States! It is not LEE or DAVIS who plot delays and impede the progress of the army in Virginia, but it is MR. LINCOLN, who is reached that the Richmond shall not be taken. General GRANT may march and countermarch, may assault and bombard; but it is all to no purpose while the enemy's veto-fiat takes care to prevent his success. Does the gentle reader ask why the President hinders the Lieutenant-General? Because he fears, they tell us, the people, for they will not be re-elected if GRANT takes Richmond or defeats LEE.

So also in Georgia, of course. It is not JOE JOHNSTON who is "drawing SHERMAN on"—not at all, it is MR. LINCOLN. He has but one purpose, and that is to prolong the war. He wishes to entangle SHERMAN about Atlanta; so that the struggle may be protracted, and a grateful country, not yet satisfied with the results of the war, may re-elect him to the Presidency. If GRANT should happen to defeat LEE —if Richmond should fall—if SHERMAN should capture the whole army, never to be reunited—then the American people, justly indignant with an Administration which had made GRANT a Lieutenant-General, and had supported SHERMAN in his too triumphant march, would at once rebuke that Administration by refusing to re-elect it. If the war continues, the delighted people will surely approve the Administration. If it ends, they will repudiate the President in disgust! So nauseous these worthy sages; and we hope that nobody is so credulous as to suppose that, in merely echoing the rebel journals in this as in their other views of the war, they really believe what they say.

UNKNOWN HEROINES.

WHILE the soldiers fight and fall, and their names are hailed and remembered with lasting sorrow and gratitude, let us not forget that there are other heroes whose deeds will not be so widely known, who, forsaking home, and friends, and all the bright promise of life, devote themselves silently to the work of healing and charity, and who, in the midst of scenes the war has committed to our charity, and who fall unknown and unmourned, except by the few hearts which have followed them with sympathy and admiration.

Miss MARY E. SHEFFIELD, of Norwich, Connecticut, died lately, at Memphis, of disease contracted in her self-sacrificing labors as a teacher of the National Freedman's Relief Association. Her work was performed with unfaltering fidelity among the poorest and most destitute of her fellow-creatures. Her measure of human duty was not the applause of spectators, but the suffering of her brethren, and the true sorrow at her loss is in the hearts of those who have love to give and nothing more.

The war has developed a national character that was not suspected. By fire and steel and terrible contest the young men of the country have been cast into soldiers and heroes. But few know how constant and unreserved are the offers for a service that has no outward glory or even mention from the sisters of those young men all over the land. Wherever the army has opened a path they have walked in it. Angels of mercy, and peace, and sur-

lightenment, they follow the advancing lines of bayonets. Their work is little heeded: their names are unrecorded; but there is a Book of Life in which those names are deathless; for those women early heard and obeyed the divine whisper, "Whose doth in unto the least of these my little ones, doeth it unto me."

PRICES AND INVESTMENTS.

FINANCIERS of the Copperhead persuasion are as unreliable as politicians of the same school. Both aim at the same goal by different roads. The one wishes to weaken the Government by crippling our armies, the other by depreciating our funds. The favorite text of the disloyal financiers just now is Prices and the Currency. "Prices," they say, "are not really high; it is the Currency which is low. For a dollar you can buy now as much as you ever could." They regard gold as the one fixed thing around which every thing else revolves. The truth is, that gold, like every thing else, fluctuates in value in accordance with the law of demand and supply.

Prices are high. Every man who has any thing to buy or sell, no matter whether it be food or clothing, gold or labor, knows this and acts accordingly. That these high prices are caused in part by the increase in the amount of the currency is true. But this is only one cause out of many. No matter what the medium of making exchanges, prices in times of war must always be high. And that for the simple reason that the demand for every product of the soil is increased, while the supply is diminished. War draws the farmer from the plow and the mechanic from his bench. It also changes the direction of labor. The shipwright, who formerly built clippers for commerce, now builds Monitors and Ironsides for war. War is also, of necessity, wasteful. An army of a million men must of necessity consume more than twice as much as a million would at home. War prices are therefore high prices, by a law just as inevitable as that of the attraction of gravitation.

War prices always have been and always must be high prices. If every dollar of paper currency were destroyed to-morrow, and only specie used in payments, prices would be high. A redundant currency increases this evil, but does not create it. The production of the currency of the country has now reached its highest point.

To the general advance in prices there is but one marked exception, and that is the bonds of the Government. They are cheap now, for the simple reason that the exigencies of the war have made them abundant. Thus the war credit of the nation must be dear, because the supply will be cut off. The man who invests his capital in them does not make a good investment, because they pay a fair Interest and are more secure than any thing else can be. But he also has a hundred-fold chance in Government bonds has really a mortgage to that amount upon every acre of land, every mile of railway, every ship, house, wagon, every article of industry, real or personal, in the land. He has, moreover, the right to collect the interest. Government does that for him.

It is a great error to suppose that great capitalists alone have an interest in saving Government stock. Every man who has any surplus, however small, should own it. If he owns none he is a debtor to those who do, and his property in every shape is mortgaged for that debt. If he owns this stock he is so far a creditor, and holds a mortgage upon every other man's property. In the long run these mortgages will cancel each other; and our national debt, so far as it is held by ourselves, will be paid off from the accumulations of past and future years. But the man to whom the nation owes nothing will have to pay his share of the interest and receive nothing; while the man who is a creditor of the nation receives interest as well as pays it.

Government bonds at present prices, or at prices which are at all likely to prevail during the war, are in every way the best investment obtainable. Every man who wishes to avoid the evils inseparable from high prices should invest a portion of his surplus earnings or capital in Government bonds.

HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

MR. C. F. HALL has just set out upon a second exploring expedition to the Arctic regions. Only two or three days before his departure he finished the revisal of the proof-sheets of the narrative of his first expedition. The work will be published shortly by HARPER & BROTHERS, in one large volume, profusely illustrated. The immediate object of this expedition was to gain information of the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his companions. Mr. HALL sailed from New London, Connecticut, on board a whaling vessel, in May, 1860. He went absolutely alone, provided with the barest outfit with which any man ever undertook such an enterprise. He was almost about twenty-eight months, during two entire winters, in the Arctic regions. During a great part of this time he lived with the Esquimaux, adopting their habits and modes of life; he acquired a ready mastery over their language, and established the most friendly relations with them. On his return he was accompanied by ESTERHIO and his wife TOOKOOLITO, two remarkably intelligent natives, who go with him in this second mission. Although the special object of the first expedition was not attained, Mr. HALL practically demonstrated by his own experience that white men, by adopting native modes of life, can exist in the Arctic regions with no more danger to life and health than at home. He has also also that the Esquimaux have accurate traditions of the events which have occurred among them for many generations. Many of FRANKLIN'S men were in the prime of life, and he assumes that there is a fair probability that some of them may be still alive, even after the lapse of fifteen years; or, at all events, that by search properly directed, authentic information may be gained of their fate; and as they would be likely to have left written accounts of their proceedings, that these may be recovered. He undertakes the present expedition under the auspices of merchants and men of science, by whom he has been provided with every thing necessary for its prosecution. He will proceed at once to the region where FRANKLIN disappeared. He expects to be absent three years. Whether or not he succeeds in accomplishing the immediate object of his expedition, he can not fail of making important additions to our knowledge of the Arctic regions. Even in a purely practical point of view the enterprise is an important one; for there can be no doubt that the whales, seals, and walruses which abound in the region will furnish products of no inconsiderable value. In every aspect, philanthropic, scientific, and commercial, Mr. HALL'S enterprise is deserving of the sympathy and liberal encouragement which it has received.

A NURSE'S STORY.

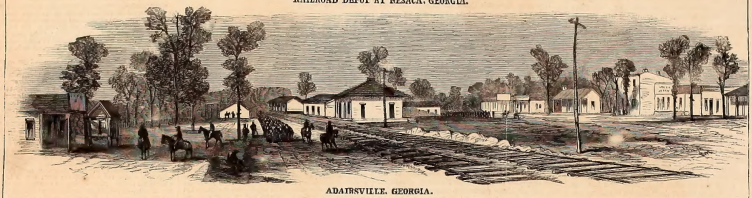
IT was at Memphis that I saw one of the most affecting scenes in my whole experience as nurse. Some men came up one day to the hospital and told me that a boat had just come from Vicksburg, loaded with wounded, in a very suffering condition. I had no one of my own at work with me at the time, save a young girl, a daughter of one of the wealthiest and once most prominent men of the vicinity—as accustomed by her position to luxury.

This girl—Olive Lancaster—of course I can not give her real name—had, from the beginning of the war, befriended Union soldiers, greatly to the disgust of her family, who at once disowned her, not only, however, continuing to love her, but even to admire her.

She had been educated in a Northern school, and she told me sometimes of a young Northern cousin, upon whom she had lavished the wonderful love with its I fancied—for her cheek took a richer carmine when she talked of him, and her eyelids drooped, as if to veil the light of her eyes—that I could see from him more than any other Northern association she had to remember. Several times I received letters from her father's house, and made her a tender and efficient nurse of our loyal defenders. I also knew her forcibly-fed mother, for I met her face among the wounded who came to us.

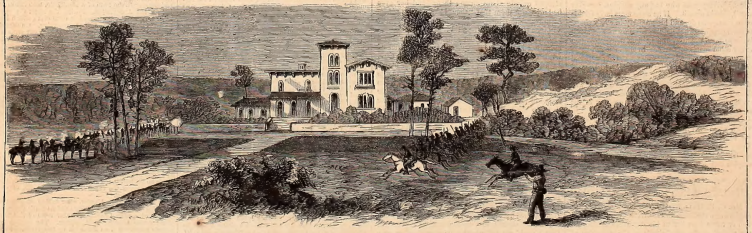
She was very beautiful this Olive Lancaster. The circumstance under which I knew her was enough in themselves to make her lovely in my eyes, but she was naturally beautiful indeed. It was

RAILROAD DEPOT AT RESACA, GEORGIA.



ADAIRSVILLE, GEORGIA.

KINGSTON, GEORGIA.

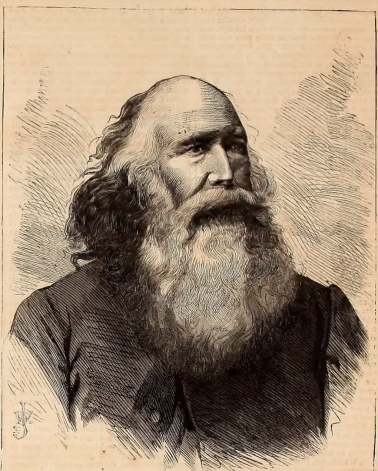


WOODLANDS, GEORGIA.

BURNING THE RAILROAD BRIDGE AT RESACA.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

"FIGHTING JOHNNY LOGAN."—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. S. MORSE, HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA.]



THE LATE REV. GORDON WINSLOW.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, D. C.]

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

GENERAL LOGAN, whose portrait we give on this page, was originally known to the public as a member of Congress from Illinois, and in that capacity was intimately associated with the DOUGLAS school of politicians. When secession was first threatened, LOGAN said that "the men of the Northwest in that case would with their swords cleave their way down the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico." It happened to be Mr. LOGAN's privilege not only to witness but to participate in the execution of this threat. He resigned his seat in Congress at the outbreak of the war, and having raised the Thirty-first Illinois Regiment, became its Colonel. He behaved with great gallantry at Donelson, where he was quite severely wounded in the thigh, but yet retained his post on the field; on the surgeon's urging him to leave the field, he simply

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—GENERAL HOOKER'S ESCORT CHARGING THROUGH THE WOODS.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

ordered that his wound be attended to secretly, and then addressed himself again to duty, arguing that he had fired twenty-two rounds since his hurt, and that he could fire at least as many more now that the wound had been dressed. The next month he was made a Brigadier-General; and in the autumn, when the Army of the Tennessee was reorganized, he was appointed to the command of a division with a Major-General's commission. Afterward, in all of GRANT's campaigns in the West, he was one of the ablest of the General's division commanders. General LOGAN, in the late advance of M'PHERSON's command on the Dallas, and particularly in the repulse of the enemy on the afternoon of the 28th of May, has given fresh proofs of the heroism which has distinguished him in all previous campaigns.

REV. GORDON WINSLOW.

REV. GORDON WINSLOW, D.D., whose portrait we give on page 421, and who fell overboard from a Sanitary Commission steamer on the Potomac, on the 7th of June, and was drowned, was born in Vermont in 1808, prepared for Yale College at Andover, Massachusetts, and graduated at that institution. Soon after his attention was drawn to the Episcopal Church, and he became rector of a church in Troy, New York, and subsequently in Annapolis. Afterward he was for many years rector of St. Paul's, Staten Island, and Chaplain of the Quarantine. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was appointed Chaplain of the Fifth New York (WARREN'S) Zouaves, and accompanied that regiment in all its trying scenes until Bull-Run battles. He was then promoted for his bravery, and his services gained for him high credit and honor among the troops. He was then sent on the Sanitary Commission, and when his regiment returned last year he was appointed Inspector of the Army of the Potomac. His efficiency and valuable services will not soon be forgotten.

Dr. WINSLOW possessed a fine social nature, full of good heart and noble soul. His traits of character were remarkably well blended. All his motives and plans were of a high and noble order. At the time of his death he was accompanying his son, Colonel WINSLOW, of the Fifth New York Zouaves, who had been severely wounded.

The photograph from which our portrait is made was taken by GARDNER, corner of Seventh and F streets, Washington, District of Columbia, to whom we were recently indebted for the fine picture of MR. LINCOLN and his Secretaries.

THE ESCAPED SLAVE AND THE UNION SOLDIER.

SURELY not the least interesting of the varied war-pictures which we present to our readers this week will be the sketches on page 420, which depicture of a negro slave, who fled from Montgomery, Alabama, to Chattanooga, for the express purpose of serving in the army of the Union; the other, a picture of this same negro, endowed for the first time with his birth-right of freedom, and allowed his proper honor in his then and now duty—that of fighting for the nation which is hereafter pledged to protect him and his. Are these not affecting pictures which are here presented to us? On the one side, the poor fugitive oppressed with the weariness of two hundred long miles of overtravel, a journey interrupted by a thousand necessary precautions, and harassed by timid suggestions of a far more horrible than death if he were recaptured; with his meagre covering of rags about him; and on the other side, the soldier crowned with freedom and honor. Can we not at length have faith in that heroism which has been so gloriously illustrated at Wagner and Olustee and Petersburg; and which, in the face of the Fort Pillow massacres, yet offers itself afresh in the person of a poor fugitive, who, from the heart of the enemy's country, gives himself, at the risk of death or of a torture worse than death, to a cause simply because it is inevitably associated with the problem of his freedom?

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXI.

PEACE.

LILY'S life in the Marais was, for six months, peaceable, and uneventful, and happy. One day was like another, but all the days were quiet and cheerful, and their passed swiftly by. Lily rose at eight, and took Madame de Kergolay her coffee and milk in her bedchamber. Lily read to her, over her own breakfast, the news from Paris; with your individual which was permitted to penetrate into the establishment: the Legitimist *Gazette de France*, which Madame de Kergolay in her very violent politician, but her convictions were firm. The rent had long since been forged into steel. She spoke of Napoleon as "the too celebrated M. de Bonaparte." Whenever she alluded to Robespierre she was with a shudder, but without invective. She called him "that miserable man." Louis the Sixteenth was to her always "the martyred King." Marie Antoinette Madame was not very enthusiastic about—her career, she observed, was "perpetually troublous;" but she regarded the Duc de Berri as the victim of perfidy, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême as a saint. The house of Orleans, then regnant in France, she named with sorrow, but without asperity, as "the ingrates of the cadet branch." She seemed (with one exception) to bear no malice toward any of the deplorably famous characters of the revolutionary epoch. As Talleyrand did, she always spoke of the philosopher of Ferney as "Monsieur de Voltaire." She gave Mirabeau his title of comte, and admitted the greatness of Camille Desmoulins and the patriotism of Madame Roland. But if ever the name of Jean Jacques Rousseau were mentioned in her presence, her cheek flushed, and her voice trembled with indignation. "The vulture in dove's feathers!" she was wont to cry. "The sentimentalist who wreathed his murderous poniard in fine phrases. The philanthropist who would not have children whipped, and yet sent his helpless babes to the Foundling Hospital!" And for poor cruel Jean Jacques there was no charity to be expected from the Baronne de Kergolay.

About ten o'clock the lecture of the *Gazette de France* was concluded, and Lily was allowed to enjoy what was to her a most delightful privilege. She went out to market with Babette, the homely Breton cook. At first she had prevailed with this woman were of a slightly embarrassing nature. Babette seemed to be under a continual nervous apprehension lest Lily should think that she was jealous of her, but the girl's gentle and unassuming manner probably created confidence in the housekeeper's mind, and before a fortnight was over she told Lily that she loved her next to Madame de Kergolay. The convict's wife was zealously but unaffectedly pious; and she never went to market without going to church for a few minutes.

When Lily returned from market it was nearly noon, and the déjeûner à la fourchette, or midday breakfast, was served. Once or twice in the afternoon she worked at some of the marvellous tasks of embroidery which were always on the frame, and she read to Madame de Kergolay. Novels were not entirely banished from the good lady's reading-table, but the Revolutionary novel was, it need not be said, proscribed; the wild productions of the romantic school were likewise unadmissible; and the baroness had probably never heard of George Sand or of Paul de Kock. But the genteel fictions of M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt, and the decorous novels of M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand, in French, with Walter Scott and Miss Porter in English, were considered worthy of entry, and were listened to with complacency by Madame, and absolutely devoured by Lily.

After this, if the day were fine, came a walk. In her youth, perhaps, Madame de Kergolay had the unholy fascination exercised by the streets of Paris, by means of which, during the reign of the "well-beloved" and peculiarly abominable Louis the Fifteenth, the police preserved quiet over the Pare aux Cerfs were recruited. At any rate, Madame would never permit her protégée to go out alone. For years, confined by a painful and hopeless malady to her bed and her invalid chair, she had seen little of the world but in the Marais; but she recognized the necessity for regular exercise in Lily's case. Sometimes Babette would accompany her young lady on the hours' walk on the quays or in the Champs Elysées. Sometimes Vieux Sablons was commanded to escort her. Lily preferred the walks to the advantages accruing from the protection of this faithful domestic. Vieux Sablons was a slave to the exigencies of his office. Although with great difficulty he had been dissuaded from wearing, upon occasions of full dress, his three-cornered, the silver-fringed cocked-hat which had been specially made for him when the emigrants returned in triumph to their native country in 1814, he insisted on carrying a portentous cane, with a gilt copper knob and two pendent acorns, and in this state he would walk behind Lily for a time to time as he walked, somewhat after the manner of the beadle at St. Germain des Près during an ecclesiastical procession. The consequence was, that the gamins, or little blackguard boys of Paris, who delighted to make it a matter for impudence and cruel acumen by the youths of any other capital in Europe, were accustomed to laugh at Vieux Sablons, to call him "Marquis de Carabas," "Micromegas," "Polichinelle de Louis Quatorze," and the like, and to follow him, hooting and jeering, and occasionally casting mud and stones at him after the unhappy toy frequent fashion of democratic and illtrained typicality. And these circumstances, peculiarly lending to "explications" between Vieux Sablons and the blackguard boys, it was not easy this human stick took somewhat too vivacious a part, a tumult was more than once the result, when Vieux Sablons had implored assistance from with the sergents de ville, not devoid of reference to a visit to the nearest post or guard-house. Vieux Sablons experienced similar rude pleasantry in escorting the "little m'amelle," as he called Lily—she was always to be little—but his style stood in his way, and the urchins would persistently suffer him to confront the perils of the little blackguardism.

Lily and Vieux Sablons, then, used to walk to the Champs Elysées, and there the latter would passively sit, while Lily contrived to get a good bracing walk almost every fine day. At least twice a week Madame de Kergolay would look to pay her respects to the baroness, and then it was she who would officiate as Lily's chaperon. Often, too, the Abbé de Kergolay would, but ecclesiastical etiquette forbade that worthy man to be seen in the street with a young lady. Once, when Babette and Lily were walking in the garden of the Luxembourg, they came upon the Abbé in his way, and the latter would pause to breviary. He rose in haste as they approached, and, blushing scarlet, walked away. He probably warned Babette, who came to the same to the Marais, against "compromising" him. Poor Abbé Chatain! He, too, was a slave to duty.

Once, also, when Lily and Madame Prudence had ventured beyond the Triumphal Arch at the top of the Champs Elysées, and were wandering through the then ill-tended thickets of the Bois de Boulogne, they came upon the entire Persian Marcassin undergoing the dolorous relaxation of the "promenade." The girls were all rigidly watched by governesses and sub-governesses, and bad marks were plenteously distributed for such offenses as not keeping step, or turning the head over the shoulder to gaze at a quack's platform, or a Punch's show; while, for a wonder, at the end of the procession marched the terrible Mademoiselle—the Marcassin herself.

She eyed her former pupil and victim narrowly, and with an evil countenance, as, trembling in every limb, and feeling herself turn white and red by turns, Lily passed. The Marcassin had got well rid of the unprofitable scholar; she had a bold upon her, in case her friends should ever be reinstated; and yet she experienced a kind of cold rage at the thought that the girl had slipped through her fingers. It was so easy to remain by oneself who had no friends. It was so facile to torment the child who dared not complain. The Marcassin was vexed that, in a moment of weakness, she had permitted the abbé to take away the little English girl. Indeed, she was angry with the abbé altogether. He did not cause so frequently as he used to come. He spent most of his leisure time in the Marais. He cared no more for the cure. He consulted the pictures of the Baronne de Kergolay too often and too warmly. As for Lily, he spoke of her goodness, her meekness, her docility, in a manner which, according to Mademoiselle Marcassin, was perfectly sickening. "Ce bonhomme d'abbé radote sur les maunders," quoth the stern-minded school-mistress. "I must seek out another director for the Pension Marcassin."

However, it was true that she had lost her prey, and was content to glower at the girl as she saw her, happy and prosperous, and with the glow of health upon her cheek, in the governesses, talking of the cue from the Marcassin, surveyed Lily and her companions with supercilious sneers, but private comments failed to harmonize with the public recognition they had bestowed on the exprisoner.

"She has been adopted by a duchess," one whispered.

"A duchess; bah! by a poverty-stricken old emigrant baroness out of the Vendée, rather. A baroness of the Empire, I'll avil bet, probably. My father was out in the Bocage. He was a Bleu. He knew all ces gens-là, and had four Kergolays shot in one day."

"It is no matter. La petite looks very well. She is not amiss, la petite."

She was not amiss. Affectionate and obedient little thing, and it went to one's heart to have to punish her when she had committed no misdeeds, merely because she was in the power of superior authority."

"Well, she is out of the lion's den.—*Will* you walk straight, Tavernier l'Aînée, and refrain from using your fingers as castanets, or shall I report you. Ah! that little girl during the sitting promenade, to Mademoiselle Espréménil, for ultimate reprimand and correction by Madame ?"

The mistress of Mademoiselle Tavernier, the elder, who was a ... muscular young Christian indeed, and always scandalizing the proprietors of the genteel establishments in Mademoiselle Marcassin, drove Lily out of the minds of the governesses, and half a minute after the schoolmistress had passed by, she was forgotten by all save the Marcassin. But the Marcassin remembered her very well.

Madame Prudence had not beheld this little scene unmoved. She had, it will be remembered, acted as fiend with the schoolmistress; and, deliberately spitting on the ground, with certain solemn expressions of disparagement and defiance, she had turned her back upon Lily, and walked on at a quick pace.

Lily did not fail to tell Madame de Kergolay, when they returned home, of her little adventure. The baroness deemed it her duty gently to chide the young housekeeper for her intemperance of language toward Mademoiselle Marcassin, but added the expression of a hope that she had not been hurt.

"With a thousand reverences toward yourself, Madame la Baronne, and begging pardon for having spoken in the language of the people to which I belong, and against the canons of Christian charity which have been taught me by M. l'Abbé Chatain, I must sincerely wish that Mademoiselle Marcassin did hear what I said. Too long have I repented of my cause this dear innocent child; and the stories which the abbé has told me of her cruelty and tyranny have made me long, at other time, burn even with the desire of tearing her wicked old eyes out."

"That would be very wrong indeed, Madame Prudence!" said the baroness when she spoke. "We should forgive all our enemies, even as we hope to be forgiven."

"I humbly ask pardon," replied Madame Prudence with a low courtesy; "and I will pray for Mademoiselle Blutbrands this very night; but I should like to pass a little quarter of an hour with her nevertheless."

"And I assure you, repressed Lily, "that I forgive her. It was nothing, perhaps, but temper."

"It was nothing, perhaps, but choux-fleurs à la sauce. Pardon my confidence and afterward, a good-humored banter (but not in the baroness's presence), to Lily. "Your little angel has told me (I tell you that woman was made of marble. Marble! Lava of a volcano rather. Some years ago it was all but been boiling and red-hot, and now it is turned into stone."

The dinner-hour on the third floor in the Marais was generally at five o'clock. The table fare was always simple; but the style, on which Vieux Sablons so prided himself, was never lacking. Twice a week there was a banquet. She did not expect Lily to do the same, and even endeavored to dissuade her from following her example; but the girl thought in her simple heart that it would be selfish not to abstain from meat, as her friends did upon meagre days; and besides she thought the sorrel soup, the fish, the vegetables, and omelets which Babette served up on non-flesh days, very nice and succulent. On Sundays and feasts they had generally some little extra delicacy—a poulet aux pommes, or a turkey stuffed with chestnuts.

After dinner came, on visiting evenings—that is to say, when Madame "received" on Tuesdays and Thursdays—a few very old gentlemen, and a few very old ladies. They all seemed to have been shipwrecked, to have been knocked to pieces like the porcelain dessert services, and put together again. The Vidame de Borne was somewhat old. He carried his living not as a teacher of English, a language he had acquired during the emigration. The Comte de Panurein had been a bonnetgazette grit. He was glad enough now to do back-work for a bookseller in the Rue St. Jacques. Monsieur de Fontanges had been a Knight of Malta. How he managed to earn a crust of bread now was not precisely known. It was a delicate subject, and was never talked about. Madame Prudence, indeed, once hinted to Lily that the "poor dear man," as she called him, had been compelled to accept a post in the orchestra of a theatre, and played second fiddle at the Odéon for a hundred francs a month.

The ladies were as antique and as dilapidated as the gentlemen. They were all baronesses, countesses, or plain mesdames, but all of noble birth; one, Mademoiselle de Castesanne, was a commander-in-chief maid, who had been a bawd. They were all miserably poor, hiding their heads in cheap boarding-houses, or cheaper garrets, or pining on the miserable pensions of the civil list, allocated by the government for the support of the decayed Bourbon aristocracy, and the spare bedroom of which were supplemented every year by a grand ball at the Hôtel de Ville. The entertainments which they had on one occasion. She had an income amounting to the magnificent sum of twenty-five pounds a year. If she could only manage to raise it to forty (a thousand francs) they would receive her as a nun in one of the gloomiest and rigidest convents of the Faubourg St. Germain. It was not a bright prospect, but poor Sister Anne gazed at it wistfully from the tower of her spinsterhood. To be allowed to have your head cut off, and to wear black serge and a veil; to be permitted to sleep on the boards, and scarify oneself with a horse-hair vest, get up in the middle of the night to repeat the lamentations of Jeremiah, and subsist chiefly on stale bread and black radishes, and scourge yourself twice a week! Well, there are ambitions of various kinds, and Mademoiselle de Castesanne's ambition extended no further than this. But she was deficient in her qualifications. Fifteen pence per annum, and her long-covered bins was unattainable. It is a practical age, indeed, when mascération costs twenty, and the penitent of the period actually expects a novice to come prepared with a compact sum in the Three per Cents.

These poor old people could not paid a feeble, fluttering court to Madame de Kergolay. She had lent—that is to say given—most of them money; she had sent them new clothes and bonnets, and they accorded her a sincere and awful homage. Of all the victims of the drama of revolution none had suffered more deeply than the Baronne de Kergolay. She was almost a martyr. She had set upon the step of the scaffold. She had been in the tumbril. Her hair had fallen beneath Sanson's shears. Her husband, her father, her dearest friends and kinsmen, had been drowned in Robespierre's red sea. She said once, in sad playfulness, that she had almost as much blood in her body as Marat, and her head had been sewn on again.

The entertainments at the Marais were not costly. Vieux Sablons, in connection with the yellow wax-candles in the silver sconces, provided all that was requisite in the way of style. For the rest, there was a little weak tea. The guests brought their own snuff, and what more could they want? They paid their little compliments, vented their meek complaints against the ungrateful government of the cadet branch, recalled dates of their small sconces, and sometimes indulged in railery, or drifted into discussion. When, at ten o'clock, the last bit of tea was made up; and at ten o'clock all took their leave, and the establishment on the third floor went to bed.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A SCAPE-GRACE.

SAID Vieux Sablons to Lily Floris, one morning—it was in the sixth month of her residence in the Marais:

"Little m'amselle, to-day there is 'bonnance.'"

"I don't quite understand you, Vieux Sablons. Bonnance! What is that?"

"True, I am an animal. Madame would pull my ears for talking to you in so rude a manner. Madame always speaks English, and I expect her domestics to observe good style in their language. I mean, that to-day there is a festival, a holiday, a fête."

"And why, Vieux Sablons? It is not a fête-day of your birth."

"Little puritan m'amselle! What do you know about our feasts or our fasts either? Though, for the matter of that, you insist upon making meagre whenever Madame does. But this is a secular holiday. The Scape-grace is coming."

"The Scape-grace! Who may he be?"

"Ah! you will find out soon enough. The scamp—the brigand—the ne'er-do-well—the good-for-nothing."

Lily turned hot and faint. Who was coming? She recalled the horrible story of Babette's husband. Was the convict expected?

"There!" exclaimed Vieux Sablons, goodhumoredly, as he observed the girl's agitation; "I am a brute, a buffalo, a rhinoceros to terrify you so, little m'amselle. One would think I was announcing the advent of Le petit homme Rouge—the little Red Man who was wont to appear to Bonaparte. It is only M. Edgar Grey-

fanut, Madame's graceless grand-nephew, who is coming."

"A-a-h!" murmured Lily; and it was a long drawl — a-a-h."

"Don't be frightened. He will treat you as a child. Monsieur can only spare time for the grand dames of the Faubourg St. Germain. Monsieur even disdains to break the hearts of the grisettes in the Latin Quarter. Oh, Monsieur is very precious of his nobility."

"He is noble, then?"

"Is he not Madame's grand-nephew? Does she not come of an ancient and illustrious stock? But he has none of the Kergolay blood in him. He has nothing to do with the old manor of Kergolay — and, between you and me, little m'amselle, I don't think much of his nobility, for—"

"What, Vieux Sablons?"

The old man had come suddenly to a stop. He resumed, now, in some confusion: "What an imbecile I am! My tongue is always running away with me. I was going to say that I mistrusted his nobility because he is an Englishman. I can not endure them, those sons of Albion! Why has he not a De before his name? Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt! That sounds neither more nor less than the name of a bourgeois. But I forget, bless me! I am, that Madame herself was of Britannic origin, and that every thing belonging to her, even in the remotest degree, must be noble."

"And I, too, am English, Vieux Sablons," remarked Lily, sadly.

"But you are not noble," returned the old man, simply.

"I don't know. I am Quite Alone."

"It is not your fault, little m'amselle. An enfant trouvé may be the descendant of Henry Quatre. You have speaking of Edgar. The prodigal grand-nephew has condescended to announce his intention of paying us a visit. It is six months since Monsieur deigned to set his foot beneath our humble roof."

"Why does he stay away so long?"

"Why? He professes to be very fond of his aunt. He can come often enough when he wants a bill of five hundred francs paid. Monsieur has been away sketching, forsooth, and visiting the grand seigneurs and the grand dames at their châteaux. He despises the poor tradesdown aristocracy of the Restoration. Nothing will suit him but the mushroom barons of Philippe, the newly-fledged peers of France, the marshals who, the day before yesterday, were drummer-boys. He visits the corps diplomatique. He is hand-in-glove with the Duke — He is a favorite with bankers' wives. Oh, Monsieur is a man of fashion, he pet of the clubs and the Café Anglais. Et tout ça n'est qu'un peintre. He is only a painter with a half-furnished studio in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, and if it were not for the goodness of Madame, his grand-aunt, he would starve."

"Vieux Sablons," interposed Lily, gravely, "you are talking scandal. If Madame heard you, she would be very angry."

"Well, you are right, little m'amselle. I have no right to make observations; I, who am merely a valet de pied placed in waiting in the chamber since our establishment has been reduced. Old Rococo, Monsieur the prodigal relation, Yes, I am old, and feeble, and cocoa. I know nothing, save to preserve the traditions of the grand style we used to keep at Vieux Sablons, and to love, and serve Madame; and if I survive her, my only wish is to be buried in the vaults of Kergolay, and the manor-grave, at night angles, at her feet. The old nobility used to grant such privileges to their faithful servitors."

Lily was sorry that she had made incurred for two big tears were coursing down his parchment cheek. M. Edgar Greyfaunt was, evidently, no favorite of his. But his devotion to the lightest behests of his mistress got the better of his own personal feelings, and he resigned himself to the task of killing the fatted calf in anticipation of the arrival of the prodigal grandnephew.

It was a very busy day. The invalid was agitated, as she always was when Edgar was expected. She was tetchy, almost cross, and Lily had to follow out the recipe of smiling upon her, and kissing her a great many times before answering. The marketing during the morning was prodigious. Babette missed her outdoor onions. The famous turkey stuffed with chestnuts was procured as a piece de resistance. The dessert was on a sumptuous scale. Madame Kergolay by special permission from the Abbé Chatain, came to help — and with the assistance of sundry little copper stew-pans, and a red brick stove, with charcoal, concocted delicacies of so overpowering and titillating an odor, that the subtlety of the aroma penetrated even to the bower of Madame de Kergolay, who, smilingly, speculated as to whether it was the concoction of pigeons, or the salmi of partridges — ed' both of which Edgar was very fond—and Madame Prudence was cooking.

As for Vieux Sablons he rubbed and polished the plate until it seemed in danger of disappearing utterly under the influence of excessive attrition. Lily was told that she was not to do any thing, and was even scolded by Madame de Kergolay for offering to arrange the dessert; but she took refuge in the corner of the dining-room to deck the dining-room table with flowers, and display the napkins in symmetrical shapes, and fit little frills of cut paper to the candles.

Vieux Sablons whispered to her about five o'clock that there would be Champagne at dinner, and also Chambertin.

"It is the grand vin, the famous vintage of 1827," he added. "Madame has only five bottles of it left. Only imagine! What extravagance! But she would discuss thousands in his Chambertin, if it were possible, and she had them."

M. Edgar Greyfaunt came to dinner, but he came late. It was twenty minutes past six before he condescended to ascend the staircase and pull the horse-hoof attached to the silken cord. But had he come at twenty minutes past midnight he would have been welcome. It was not the slightest misfortune of Madame la Baronne de Kergolay that she literally idolized her graceless grand-nephew.

He was arrayed in all ceremonious form, and with two lighted candles, by Vieux Sablons, triply powdered for the occasion.

"How are you, my ancient?" Lily heard him cry out in a loud ringing voice in the vestibule.

The same inimitable madness. Vieux habits vieux galons! What a prodigious old manservquin it is. At the Italiens, mon cher, thou wouldst be invishable as lackey to Prince Piccamara."

He was speaking in French, confidently and fluently, but with a broad Saxon accent. He then'd and thou'd Vieux Sablons, not affably, but superciliously, and whenever he called him "my," or "thy," the old domestic, who was only accustomed to endure that familiarity from the lips of his mistress, bowed humbly, but visibly shuddered.

Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt was ushered into the presence of his relatives, and he took on one knee with a becoming grace enough and pressed her hand to his lips. It was the homage of aristocrat to aristocrat. But when he rose he tossed his head aloft and threw an insolent look around as if to compensate for the act of humility he had just performed.

The compensation was almost gratuitous. There was no one in the room except Lily, and his head'or look insolent but a poor little English girl.

When his grand-aunt had folded him to her breast at least twenty times; when she had kissed his forehead, his cheeks, his eyes, his lips, over and over again; when she had smoothed his hair, and pressed his hands between her own white palms; when she had bidden him to stand away from her a little that she might better regard him; when she had recalled him to remembrance of the last time she had called him her darling Edgar, her hope, her pride, her sole comfort and stay in old age—she unbought herself that they were not alone. Alone, and that there stood one present who was. She held out her hand to Lily, and calling the trembling, frightened little girl, she proceeded to present her to M. Edgar.

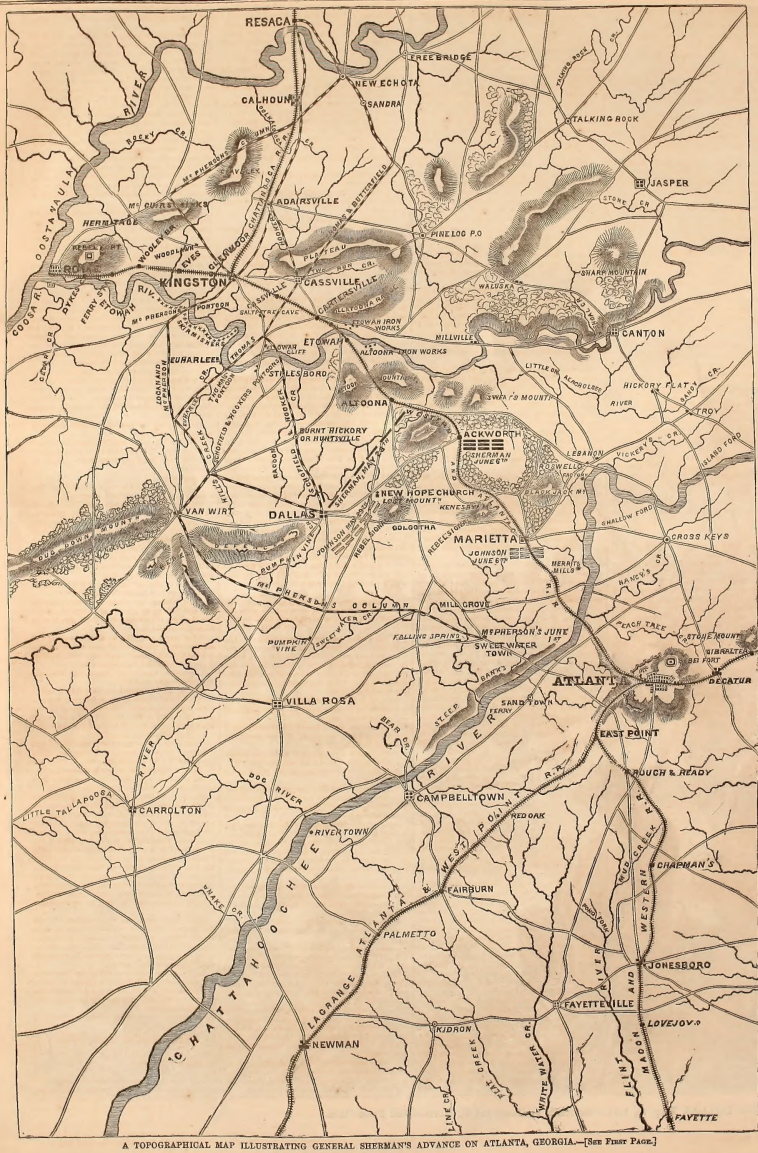
"This is Miss Lily Brown," she said, in English, "a little English friend of mine. She is very good, and quiet, and useful, and I love her, very dearly. You must be kind to her, Edgar, and not at all sarcastic, for she is very young and timid."

Edgar cast Lily a bow which was accompanied by a nod, and supplemented by a sneer. It seemed to say, "You are infinitely beneath me, my young friend, but I condescend to agree in I will condescend to be civil to you." The nod shrunk, but the sneer remained, from his bold gaze. In the remotest corner of her heart the trembling little fingers of her soul were already beginning to hate him. Why had Madame had she possessed to bow down to worship? And how many of us are there who prostrate themselves every day to worship we actually think them gods?

Edgar Greyfaunt was eminently handsome. They were alike in there: the trappings, and gewgaws, and flounces, and furbelows of man's costume that drive artists to despair and to drink. He was tall and shapely, and his nose was aquiline, and his teeth were white. His hands and feet were small, and he had a head carried in rich luxuriance over his broad white forehead. Nature had provided him with every luxury. All the accessories and adjuncts of beauty he possessed. None of the trifling adjuncts, the absence of which the cunning eye of a woman discerns that a dire defect exists in the whole

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE REBEL ASSAULT ON LOGAN'S POSITION IN

THE BATTLE AT DALLAS, MAY 28, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



A TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP ILLUSTRATING GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE ON ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE NAMES OF THE DEAD.

EVERY day the names we read
Of the heroes who have sealed
On the bloody battle-field
Freemen's faith in freedom's creed.

Dearest names of common phrase
Known around the board and fire
Ere the lips began to tire
Of life's tangled, wordy ways.

Names that in the past have hung
Like far-lighting, steadfast suns;
Known and unknown and uncouth ones,
Strunge unto our Saxon tongue.

Names whose sounds were madly hurled
By the waves on Norway's reign;
Names that have been battle-flags
To the armies of the world.

Names that Onian's numbers rolled
Round the stormy Hebrides;
Names that lunged the southern seas
In the misty days of old.

Crabbed names like unhewn stones
From some shattered Gothic dome;
Names with which imperial Rome
Silenced conquered nations' groans.

Each has held some music breath
In its smooth or rugged sound;
Some sweet tone with each is bound
In the slieuteus of death.

Oh! they are the sacred names
Which the harangue of the free
Gives to immortality
On a fairer scroll than Fame's.

BEHIND THE ORGAN.

How long have I pumped at church organs you want to know? Well it's over fourteen years at the very least. How be fifteen. Ay! more now. Long enough, patience knows: for it's pretty hard work blowing an organ in hot weather.

Have I known many organists? That I have—a precious set of scallywags most of 'em are, too. Why here, in this very church, I've blowed for nine or ten.

Which do I like best? Why the light ones of course. Can't bear at all those heavy, noisy, blustering players. Give me the lighty, pretty, refined sort. They don't need so much wind and make twice as good music.

Will I give you some of my experiences? Tell you what I've seen in choirs, do you mean? Well as to that there ain't much worth talking about, such as there is you're welcome to it. Shall I begin when I was a boy? Well, I will.

My father was sexton of a little country church at Stillwater, on the Hudson, and got fifty dollars a year for sweeping out the place. Of course he didn't take him much of the time off his work, and then he used to get so at doing the sweeping after school hours. So it was precious little trouble to him. The church stood alone, on the top of a little elevation familiarly called Zion Hill. We were Episcopal. The Baptists had a big square meeting-house nearly opposite, and the Presbyterians a bigger one on the other side with a steeple. We had no steeple, to be sure, but to make up for it we had a square tower with little gingerbread woodwork on the top, and painted pinnacles on the corners, with a lightning-rod on each. Besides this we had a big clock that faced four ways. It had not gone for five years excepting once when to wruck and ruin; and so when you looked at it from the north it was half past four o'clock, while on the south it was a quarter to one, and east and west, however, agreeing between themselves that it wasn't very far from eight, though they couldn't say just to a minute, you know. Besides, the east face had lost one of the hands, which, naturally enough, interfered with its accuracy.

To cap all, we had a bell, a genuine old bell, which had been brought from New York and given to the congregation by a rich old maid, who was buried in the grave-yard ever so long ago, with a grave-stone big as a gallows, and ten acre long time she bore. We rang the bell a great deal, and were very proud of it: especially as it served for all the other congregations who had no bells of their own; so when we rang, the Methodys and Baptists and Presbyterians would begin to fix up and say, "Come! There's the Pikserpil bell. We must be again!"

Have I ever blown in other churches? Of course I have. I was two years in a Methodist church, and a year with the Dutch Reformed—and they're no better than Presbyterians, you know. They pay well, I must say that for them, and don't want near so much wind. It's our long Pikserpil chants that's so wearin' on the organ-blower. And as to the *Te Deums!* it almost does me over. I always think it's laziness on the part of the minister when it's rung instead of read; and if there's any thing I do despise it is laziness.

Our congregation at Stillwater was very large. I think there was always a scarcity of worshipers because there were so few men of any kind in the church. They used to say in Stillwater that it was dangerous to go into the Pikserpil church, for any one man seen there two times in a year was sure to be elected a vestryman; if he attended four Sundays following, he was a warden the very next Easter.

We had a few quite stylish families, who came in carriages and brought gilded prayer-books with them; and we had a poor Englishman and his wife who never paid any pew-rent; and there were, too, a few pretty girls from the Miss Wilkinses boarding-school, who used to come in a string, and had a big square pew near the pulpit. In the afternoon the young men from the Baptist and other churches used to hang about our door till the Wilkins girls passed in.

In those days I used to blow the organ for glory, and never dreamed of being paid for it in cash. Our organ—the only one in the village—was deemed quite an extensive affair, though, bless your soul, I've blown others since then half a dozen times bigger. It had five stops and a few pedals. Jim Schoolmaster, Mr. Birch, played it till he died. Then Miss Haughton, one of the Wilkins girls, took to playing; and the name Sunday I took to blowing. Right glad I was of it too, for all the Sunday-school scholars envied the blower, and would very humbly beg for a chance to help him pump." I wish to goodness some one would only offer to help me pump nowadays!

It was a small organ, and needed precious little wind and muscle to fill it; and there was a piece of lead sliding along a groove which told me when to stop blowing. Yes the name on the first Sunday, without thinking, I let the wind escape several times, with no awful thunder and quavering sound, that was natural enough to a new beginner. Miss Haughton, however, made no allowance for me, and snapped at me below stairs in a very irritable and unpleasant manner. Then she sent one of the singers to reprove me; for she was too fine a miss to speak to me herself. It was in her first Sunday at organ-playing, and, to tell the truth, she didn't know any thing more about her part than I did about mine.

In those days I was a Sunday-school scholar, and pretty well up in my ten commandments and my catechism and my collects. Besides all these, I knew the fourteenth chapter of St. John by heart, and could say off at least a dozen hymns. So I had, you see, a good bringing up, and always expected to be a regular church-going man. But I never dreamed of playing the organ *for nothing but the organ.*

From my little nook there, any way, I could see what was going on in the choir, and I used to often wonder why the singers whispered and talked so much, and why they never looked at the sermon; not that I listened to it myself, but then I had a vague notion that the duty of grown-up folks was to pay the strictest attention to the minister's discourse, and enjoy it too. Yet the choir folks only chatted and laughed, and made books and munched candy. I have since found out that this is what choir folks do in all churches of both countries and city.

Miss Haughton was as beautiful as a picture, and by-and-by it seemed to me a great pleasure to blow the bellows for pretty white fingers to play upon. Those fingers! How soft, white, and delicate, with nails ringed as delicately as if they were each a little finger-nail to be seen with the sermon entertaining a pearl, and the other an emerald. Once I had the wind up quite out of the bellows for the admiration of those rings I should buy her were I only rich.

She had a pretty little face, shaded, or rather lighted, with golden curls; and her mouth closed over wonderfully beautiful teeth. After playing the voluntary she took her end of the hymn-book, a full range of my view; and I would sit all the time gazing at the girl-organist, never thinking of the congregation. In the psalm-singing she was generally away at a great rate, though I got the repeats out of being a very attentive listener.

Those summer Sundays I don't think I shall ever forget. The church windows used to be open, and the breeze flirted in and out with the scent of the fields. A bird would now and then light on the window-sill, butterflies would float in and make a race of the organ and blow-boy, and on one occasional busy bee would create a sensation by buzzing around for a while in the hurry-scurry of a great rate, as if he really could not waste any more time in such a place. A few fans stirred half idly in the body of the church, handkerchiefs on the minister's soft voice fell gently on the ear as he half read, half intoned the old familiar prayers.

In a few weeks I used to hear the bellows *I* of our organ to perfection; and I took the more pains because I knew it pleased her mind that I was not right to worry Miss Haughton by any failure on my part.

Miss Haughton, to like flowers, and usually carried a little nosegay to the church. I noticed this habit and it occurred to me to get some of the flowers that I knew she would like and make a bouquet for her. But though it was very easy to get the flowers, it was very hard to get rid of them. I was too bashful to think of presenting them to her myself, and so unusually shy that I could not even get a boy to do it for me one single day, too shy to even lay them at her feet. So they withered.

The next Sunday I devised an ingenious plan, and going to the church long before the time for service, laid my flowers, bunch of roses and violets on the key-board of the organ. Miss Haughton was a little late that day, and hurried past me too much to notice any thing. Nevertheless, I was too bashful to peer around the edge of the organ and see the manner in which she observed my little offering; but determined that when I got my wages I'd see her hold the flowers in her dear hand. She was unusually kind to me that day, partly spoke to me one of the singers with a word and look as if she suspected him of what I had done.

I repeated my performance the next Sunday, and again the flowers—my flowers—were in *her* hand. This was satisfaction enough to me for that day; but the next Sunday I thought I would venture, and I dreamed of daring to tell the beautiful girl what I had done, but I only wanted to feel myself or my name, at most way nearer to her; so on the back of the largest rose I the next Sunday scraped a few pole letters—they were R. A. B., which, you know, stands for my own name, Robert Andrew Burns. The letters were so small that no one would notice them, and so badly carved that few who did notice them could make them out.

She entered as usual, and was hidden from me by the angle of the organ; and the lessons, the prayers, and the responses were longer that day than ever; as to the music, that was always too short, for then she was playing, and so I could be of use to her, and could even think that I was helping *her.* After the psalm she took her old place in the choir, and with my bouquet in her hand. The largest rose—pure white, while the others were red—I could easily distinguish from where I was; and I had twirled the stem on the outside, so that the carved initials must rest against her finger as she held the rose. And I sat in delightful quiet, knowing that the white, delicate fore-finger was touching the letters R. A. B.

And as the minister got to his "fourthly," when suddenly my happiness was all destroyed. One of the singers, Mr. Jabbs—how I hated the man, before a chorus of "Oh, be joyful" commenced, I rose and blowed—"I am not to be humbugged! young fellow in the township, and kept store on his own account at Medgville Corners on the Schaghticoke road—he had observed my present to her, and whispered—

"Has not Miss Haughton one little leaf to spare for her friends?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jabbs," replied she, with a readiness that made my heart sink, "take any one you want."

"Only the one you select for me," said he, with a look and a nod to make you jealous, I'll let you have the best."

Then she took the white rose—the rose with R. A. B. on the stem—pulled it out from the others, and smilingly handed it to Jabbs. The wretch took it with a broad grin, and actually had a minute later was squeezing the stem carved only for her gentle fingers.

I would rather have had it crushed under foot—have it trampled upon with scorn by *her*, than have seen it for an instant bloom out triumphantly from the left lapel of Jabbs's coat. On Sunday out, I doubled the poor flower itself, for it seemed as if I caught at once to have withered at the hateful change.

The next Sabbath I cut the letters R. A. B. on one of the smaller stems, and again Jabbs was on hand begging for flowers.

"Now," said Miss Haughton, "last Sunday I gave you the best I had, so to-day you must put up with the second best." She muttered, like a grinning ape, that any thing was valuable coming from her, and accepted with an elaborate smile the little red rose on which I had bestowed such care. Again the hand hand of Jabbs pressed the letters R. A. B.

On the Tuesday following my father called me, and I felt as if I was shot when he said he had a letter for me from Miss Haughton. After the first shock I became very busy in me. Perhaps she wanted me to punish that Jabbs for impertinence, and at the idea I grew bold as a lion; perhaps I had been found out in my worship of the flowers, and she had sent me an angry order to stop such work. The latter view of the case seemed the most natural to me, and I trembled as I was to be reproved and dismissed from the organ-loft. I was to be publicly put to shame for having wronged for the expensive crime of carving my initials on flower-stems. Well, how could I expect any thing else?

"Here, Bobby," said my father, "just read it for your self and see what it is." And so I took the note with a trembling hand, and read it, thus:

"MR. BURNS.—The rector thinks it best for me to practice on Tuesday afternoon as organ, and if your boy Bob can blow the organ for me he will be paid for his trouble.

"SARA P. HAUGHTON."

It was a relief, and yet a disappointment. She evidently had no idea who had brought the flowers.

As no hour was mentioned in the note, I was at the church at two o'clock, and punctual to a minute o'clock. She came about three, and with her Julia Jabbs. I always did despise those Jabbses—the whole family of them.

"Oh, Bob, I'm glad you're here!" she said, with a sweet smile, as she passed in. "Can you come every Tuesday afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am, and if I can't I'll be sure to have some other boy to my place. I'll see there's always somebody here."

"Well, any one you please. As long as there's somebody here I don't care who it is."

This last reply almost made me cry, it was so indifferent—so cold.

The next Sunday Miss Haughton came alone. Was Miss Jabbs coming? I asked. No, Miss Jabbs had company and couldn't come to-day. I blessed the company.

After playing an hour, Miss Haughton stopped and said, "Bobby," said she, "in a bantering way, very charming and lovely, "some one of the singers has been having flowers on the organ for a week past, I think. Now, Bob, don't say to any one I asked you, but tell me if you know which one it is."

I was horribly frightened, but stammered out that perhaps the gentleman wouldn't like me to tell.

She blushed a little, and then said in a would-be careless way,

"I don't suppose it was Mr. Jabbs."

"Yes, it was," I quite impetuously. "It couldn't have been Jabbs."

"How do you know it couldn't have been *Mr.* Jabbs?" she asked, pretending that I was a baby in my rage I had omitted. "If you didn't see any one do it you have no right to say it wasn't Mr. Jabbs. There, Bob, that will do. I see you don't know any thing more about it than I do. Now, go and blow the organ, please."

The next Sunday I placed a larger bouquet than ever on the organ, and in it were two tiger-lilies that I had begged from Mr. Kinney Creek. I had taken the five miles walk before breakfast to get them. They stood like a bit of red flame among the pale white roses.

She was more smiling to Jabbs that day than on any day before; but she refused to give him a single flower. "The good angel," she said, archly, "who brings them to me would be jealous."

She so little suspected that her good angel was Bob Burns the bellows-blower.

That Sunday afternoon during sermon I had my chin in my two hands, and gazed in idle satisfaction at the back of her head. What a beautiful bonnet! thought I, seeing it was bare; but the minute after I reproved myself for imagining that it could be half good enough for our own beautiful lady organist.

So I sat there dreaming and thinking. What if there should come to me at that moment a radiant fairy who should say, beckoning to me, "Robert Burns, come hither!" and I would go, and she would touch me with a wand, and I should be suddenly arrayed in resplendent garments—say circus tights and spangles—and the fairy should beckon also to a beauteous maiden and say, "Sara P. Haughton, organist of the Stillwater Pikserpal Church, come hither!" and should place the hand of the beauteous maiden in mine, and bid us both to enter a chariot (not as large, to be sure, but quite as handsomely gilded as that which carries the band and leads the caravan in the great American circus), and we should start off, and horses with human manes and wings should guide us upward quite to the clouds, meanwhile the good people of Stillwater all looking on with mingled awe and admiration, and these Jabbses in a state of horrible despair, tearing their hair and gnashing?

And then, after much riding in the clouds, we should descend in a beautiful island where were numerous trees bearing miscellaneous by large ripe oranges, baked sweet potatoes, and Pecan nuts; with the which I, in my capacity of Good Angel, should fill a large pack basket to offer to—

A sharp tap of the bellows signal reminded me that Miss Haughton was at the organ, that the benediction had been said, and that I was to provide wind for the closing voluntary.

Week after week passed on. Autumn came, and it was hard for me to find flowers; then I had to content myself with a few fern leaves; and soon after, finding even those good enough, I had to cease my offerings. On Tuesdays, quite regularly, Miss Haughton came to practice, and I was on hand to blow. Now and then she offered to pay me; yet refused to take any thing but her thanks.

So the winter passed, and with the first of spring the beautiful lady found on the organ key-board two violets and three little white crocuses—my first flower-offering of the season. The next Sunday I prepared a richer gift, the result of a visit to Kidney Creek.

That morning my mother, at breakfast, said to me in an old-hand way,

"Well, Bobby, will lose Miss Haughton soon."

"Lose her! Why, mother, what do you mean?"

"Why, boy, don't you know she's going to be married?"

"Married!"

"Yes, to be sure! Married to Mr. Jabbs, Law sakes, I saw it myself in all the county news."

With my richest, my last offering, I went slowly to the church. I felt like one who has met a great misfortune, but who does not comprehend how. I went to the organ-loft, opened the organ, and when I got the bellows to work I placed my fairy gay colors were sparkled with dew-drop—or tears.

There was a rustling of silk beside me. I looked around, and there was Miss Haughton, looking sad and kind, but not surprised.

"It is you, Robby," she said, "it is you, then, who are the angel of the bouquets of flowers."

I said nothing, but turned my eyes away; for she was looking at me sweetly, earnestly, and I felt that she knew better than I did myself what those flowers meant.

"For ever a poor, Robby, all last summer and all this spring, you have laid these here;" and she pointed to the flowers; "you brought them so kindly, so faithfully, and I never knew it."

I turned to her. "You hoped that some one else had brought them?"

She hesitated a moment, and then said, frankly,

"Yes, Robby, I was happy in believing it was—perhaps you will know why—but last Sunday he confessed to me it was not; and to-day I come to find out who it is, and I see it is, Robby, a dear friend whom I never half appreciated."

To hear her call me her dear friend—to feel that she meant it—took away all bashfulness or fear on my part. We sat down in the choir. No one was in the church, and the morning breeze—the fragrant spring zephyrs—came in through the open windows with the birds chirped over the hills.

She took the bunch of flowers, and I asked her to give me them. Pulling out the roses that were about to pass it to me, when the letters R. A. B., carved on the stem, caught her eye. The awkwardness of the carving was apparent, and I felt her simply and truly my old fancy—how often I had hoped that her dear hand would touch my initial letters. That wish was passed from my mind when the first early attendant was heard entering the church I felt that dear friend—for such a new could truly call her—with one long pressure of the hand, and resumed my old place at the organ bellows. She did not occupy her old seat in the choir that day.

A few weeks after they were married. It was quite a grand affair. A professional organist came up from Troy, and nearly exhausted me by his noise—"Wedding March." As the bride went out of the church she gave one glance at the organ-loft that I knew was meant for me.

Next cards and cake were left at our house next day, addressed to "Mr. Robert A. Burns," and making me for the time an object of almost awful importance in the eyes of my younger brothers. The card read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Jabbs.

SARA P. HAUGHTON.

With it came also a little package containing a white silk handkerchief. On one corner was embroidered a large red rose, and on the stem were the letters R. A. B.

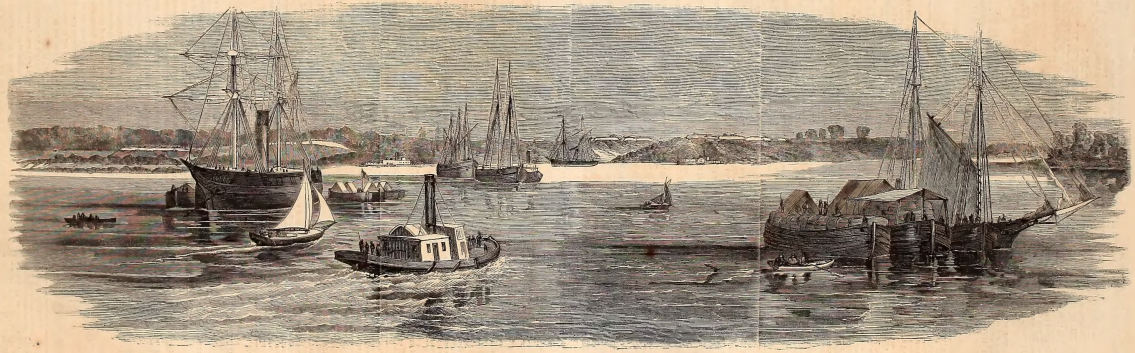
I know whose hands worked the symbol and the initials; and I know who yet keeps the handkerchief among the dearest treasures of his life.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.—GENERAL WILLIAMS'S DIVISION OF HOOKER'S CORPS LEAVING THE KENESAW STREET THROUGH THE WOODS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE ESCAPED SLAVE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. B. BUSHOP.—(SEE PAGE 422.)

THE ESCAPED SLAVE IN THE UNION ARMY.—(SEE PAGE 422.)

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE PONTOON BRIDGE OVER THE JAMES RIVER, ABOVE FORT POWHATAN.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 419.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—FORT POWHATAN, ON THE JAMES RIVER.—SKETCHED BY A. T. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 419.]

ON GATHERING WILD ROSES.

THE flowers that in our pathway spring,
These are rejected—
The blessings every hour may bring
These are neglected:

But blossoms blooming up on high,
Beyond our reach, against the sky,
For these we pine, for these we sigh.

To seize some tempting distant spray,
Waving above us, far away,—
We crush what in our footpath lay.

Those common things, we heed them not,
To be despised is sure their lot,
Trifles but made to be forgot!

But oh! those lovely far-off things,
To these, to those, my spirit clings!—
Oh, had I but an angel's wings.

So far away beyond the earth,
Beyond its woe, beyond its mirth,
And triumph in a heavenly birth!

'Tis thus we yearn and strive in vain,
Crushing our pleasures into pain,
Till they can never bloom again.

VIGOROUS DOING.

"YOU remember what Carlyle says: 'Needful work is to be vigorously well done.'"

"Yes, and that other axiom also, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' But the mischief is to get one's courage to the sticking-place."

"Pshaw, man, you're not a coward. Didn't you lead the forlorn hope at Dumbton?"

"That was child's play to storming the citadel of a woman's heart. For that, one needs an entirely different sort of courage."

Charlie Stanton smiled. He knew Al Travers was as brave a man as ever drew a sword, and with his coarser nature he couldn't at all understand this fine sensibility that cowered before a woman. He would have gone about love-making just as he went to work in a battle with that battery of his which nothing had ever yet been able to withstand. The way to accomplish a thing, he was in the habit of saying, was to go at it hammer and tongs, just as if that was the only thing in all the world to be done, and the greatest bore the only mortal of which in which to do it. He might not have succeeded to that way, in winning his suit in the court of Cupid as he would in that in the camp of Mars, but that was his theory, and he would have stuck by it come what might.

Al Travers was a man of a wholly different constitution. He was brave, brave as a lion; he could face any danger without blanching; but he could not stand before sober Minnie Nelson, could not tell her the thought of his heart any more than he could pluck down the moon under which he had so often walked with her along the green homestead lanes. His heart was dumb, his tongue motionless, whenever he endeavored to approach the one subject which, more than all others, engrossed his thought. And to make the matter worse, other suitors were crowding forward for Minnie's hand, and he could not tell at what moment, ignorant of his real thought, she might make her choice among them and slip forever from his grasp.

This fear of his was greatly deepened when, one day, a week or so after his talk with Stanton, Bob Archer, meeting him on the street, said,

"What's this about Minnie Nelson and Ed Bowlby? I thought you were the accepted in that quarter."

Al's face whitened. "I don't know what you mean," he finally said.

"What, haven't you heard how Bowlby has purchased him a house, and has given out that he is to be married, and how he is a daily visitor at old Nelson's, spending whole hours there every morning, while he runs down town to air your reception room?"

Al *had* heard some whispers of Bowlby's intimacy with Minnie, but he did not dream it had gone as far as this. But if he had purchased a house, and was really going to be married, why it could not be with any one, of course, but Minnie Nelson.

Archer left him after some further talk, and with a troubled face he walked on. So, Ed Bowlby, he had lost her at last. He might have won her, no doubt, but for this weak cowardice; now he was defeated; and he ground his teeth at the thought.

But, after a while, it occurred to him that possibly it was not too late; that perhaps there was a mistake somewhere. His face brightened and his step grew lighter as the fancy took hold upon him. He would go and see her, at any rate; maybe he could learn the truth.

Minnie was at the piano as he came in. A blush came into her face as he entered, but she held out her hand in cordial welcome. Then, cheerily,

"Where have you been all these years? You haven't visited us in an age."

He answered, haltingly,

"It was only three days ago you gave me right here this flower." And he pulled a withered rose from his button-hole.

The flush on her face deepened as he held out the little flower toward her. Why, poor blind fool, did he not see it?

Presently he added, the rose still lying in his hand—she did not seem to care to take it back—

"But I suppose you don't much miss one out of your many friends, you are so thronged with worshipers? Besides, you have of course just now something more pleasant to think about than idling, worthless fellows like me."

There was a faint tinge of bitterness in the words that did not escape the listening Minnie.

"What do you mean?" she asked, gravely, the smile fading from her face.

"Ah, Al! how are you? Minnie, good-morning." It was Ed Bowlby who spoke, stealing in silently from the hall.

Al may, may be sure, was startled, but Minnie answered with a smiling look. Al saw it, and was puzzled the more. But it *was* provoking that just when he was on the point of discovering the truth he should be thus interrupted. So, very soon excusing himself, he went hastily away, leaving Bowlby in full possession of the field. "It is true, after all," said Al, as he dashed along the streets; "her face grew brighter for my coming, and not the room. It's all up with Captain Al Travers."

But was it? That night, sitting alone in her little room, Minnie Nelson talked to herself in this wise: "I wonder what he could have meant? What is it he imagines I am so engrossed in? Oh, if he only knew how I long to know from his own lips that he cares for me! Sometimes I think there can be no doubt, his manner is so tender and kind, but then, just when he seems on the verge of a confession, he grows strangely reserved, and I am left more in the dark than ever. If he only knew!" Then, after a while, "But he shall never know from any hint or action of mine. I'll be as cold and reserved as himself." And with that resolution Minnie shook off her reverie, and very soon was asleep—dreaming all night long, spite of her resolution, of Captain Al Travers, who wouldn't tell his love.

A week passed, and the Captain was summoned to return to the field. In all that time he had not seen the object of his thoughts and dreams. He, however, called every day, must see her, come what might—it might be for the last time; even though he trembled at another, it was only proper to say good-by.

He called. The lamps were not yet lighted, and a gentle twilight filled the room. Minnie Nelson sat looking from the window out upon the lawn. Somehow, as he saw her sitting so pensive and thoughtful, Al's courage failed him again, and he came to her knee it his lips had said:

"I have come to say good-by, Miss Minnie."

Did Minnie forget her brave resolution not to hint or sign to indicate the desire of her heart? "Yes," she said, a deeper shadow fall upon her face at that simple greeting?

He saw it, and a wild flutter, like a stormy wave, broke over his heart. He saw it, and was elated.

Minnie's answer came at length, in tones by no means fully controlled—

"Are you sudden in your departure?"

"Duty calls. I have been loitering here at ease while my fellows in the field are all suffering hardships I have no right to shun." Then he added, with a sort of savage delight, "There is death there in the front, but death is not the saddest thing in the world."

She looked into his face with a pained expression.

"You are in a somber mood, Captain. Must one, be sadder to a man or woman, with life just dawning into bloom, than death?"

"Sometimes, perhaps—the hopeless pursuit of objects it is agony to lose—these are among the world's saddest things."

"But is any object unattainable?" she answered, a blush driving away the shadow from her face. "Are there impediments in the way of a brave soul, and ends no energy can reach? Did you not storm and capture Donelson in the face of the seeming impossible?"

She stopped short. Had she not betrayed herself? Where was her boasted reserve?

He caught the meaning of her words—they had hope for him, though she had designed it not. But was she not the betrothed of another? What did it all mean?

He was silent a moment. Then his cowardice melted in the white heat of a sudden, fierce, jealous passion.

"What is facing death in battle," he cried, "to facing rejoice at the hands of the woman you love?"

It was out now—he could not retreat. He saw in the deepening flush on cheek and forehead that she understood all his meaning. He dashed on, passionate to the last:

"What is death to me, Minnie Nelson, if you say to me here, 'Begone!' when I say 'I love you more than my own life and soul?'"

She looked up, with a strange light in her eye.

"But if I do not say begone, what then?"

You can imagine the replies. Your own heart will tell you better than words of mine. At last he had gained Captain Al Travers, and the task that was needful to him had been vigorously well done, and victory had crowned the effort.

He was happy, and yet he had not—not until he had seen Ed Bowlby married to Minnie's pet cousin, Maud Vinton, and had heard the whole explanation of Ed's intimacy with Minnie for her cousin's sake—the sweet, shy little cousin, who, in her timidity, had left with the more accurate Minnie the management of the whole affair, that it might be kept as sly as possible. He went a-field, but sunshine was in his heart and on his life. And in all coming battle days thoughts of the dear one who awaited his coming at the war's close have strengthened and sustained him; and now that he has the stars of a brigadier on his shoulder he rejoices in the honor only for her sake, dreaming the while, as the days go on, that, if God will, he will yet enjoy some day, in peace and rest, the full fruits of his Vigorous Doing.

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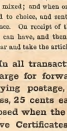

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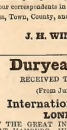

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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CAPTAIN J. HENRY SLEEPER.

CAPTAIN J. HENRY SLEEPER, who commands the Tenth Massachusetts Battery (and whose Portrait we here give, together with a sketch of the Battery), is a Bostonian by birth, the son of Hon. JACOB SLEEPER, a well-known citizen, and one of the members of the Governor's Council with General BANKS and Mr. ASHMUN. Captain SLEEPER is twenty-three years of age, and has been in the army from the beginning of the war. He entered the service as First Lieutenant in the Fifth Massachusetts infantry, one of the first regiments to respond to the call for troops, and won praise from his superiors for coolness and bravery in the first battle of Bull Run. When his time was out he returned home, but almost immediately joined Captain PORTER'S First Massachusetts Light Battery as Lieutenant. With this battery he made the entire Peninsular Campaign, and was noticed every where for dashing bravery, skill as an artillerist, and coolness under fire.

When new batteries were to be raised, he was called by Governor ANDREW, on the recommendation of the division and corps generals under whom he had served, to assume command of the TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY. This battery was largely recruited from among the hardy seamen of Marblehead, Lynn, and other small ports of the State; and sailors are famous as artillerists. He drilled his battery carefully and consistently, and when it came into active service it gained at once a reputation for activity and brilliancy of execution.

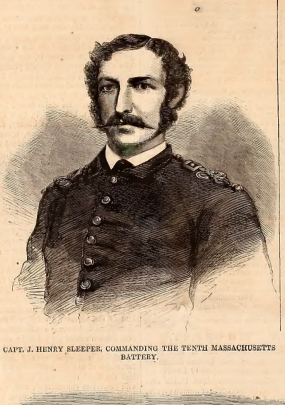
In the present campaign SLEEPER'S battery has served with the fighting division of the fighting corps of the Army of the POTOMAC, BIRNEY'S Division of HANCOCK'S Corps. It was one of the very few batteries which would not be denied even in the Wilderness battles, but managed by sheer hard work and determination to take part in those terrible actions, when most of the artillery could not be brought to bear on account of the dense woods. By its conduct then and ever since, the battery has gained the sobriquet from the corps of "the saucy battery." The *Times* correspondent writes of it the following incident of the great fight at Cold Harbor:

"About nightfall a desperate charge was made by the rebels upon our extreme left, where a number of batteries of the Second Corps were in position. In front of these guns, and below their level, was an open field. Rather more than half-way across this space ran our line of breastworks—at this point not more than one hundred yards from those held by the enemy. Every thing was perfectly quiet, mutual respect for each other's fire preventing unnecessary exposure. Suddenly a perfectly deafening volley of musketry was delivered from their works, accompanied by the dismal howling which, in Dixie, has superseded honest cheering, and out they came piling over the breastworks, sad for a short time having things just as they wanted them. Their success was very short-lived, for in a moment SLEEPER'S Tenth Massachusetts Battery, ADAMS'S Rhode Island Battery, Sixth Maine Battery, and others, were pouring canister into them in so effective a manner that they were forced to protect themselves in front of our breast-works, from which, later in the evening, they were expelled. They must have lost more than a thousand in this 'forlorn hope' of a charge."

The New York *Evening Post*, copying this account, added:

"The Tenth Massachusetts Battery, commanded by Captain J. HENRY SLEEPER, is one of the best in the service. It has been engaged seventeen times since our army crossed the Rapidan, and was one of a very few batteries which managed to get into the fight of Thursday and Friday at the Wilderness. It has come to be called the 'saucy battery' in HANCOCK'S Corps, of which it is part. A private note from an officer of the battery, dated last Thursday, says: 'Our battery has two hundred and fifty yards in advance of any other battery on this line, and the position it has held—with the enemy about one hundred and seventy yards in front—for five days, against two night and three day assaults.'"

Captain SLEEPER is but an example of what qualities the events of the war have developed in many of our young men of wealth. The only son of wealthy parents, before the war broke out he bade fair to lead a life of mere enjoyment. But when the sons of Massachusetts were called to arms, he at once devoted himself to the service of his country. He soon showed that he possessed the qualities needed in a commanding officer. His battery has been repeatedly mentioned in general orders, not only for its conduct under fire but also for its constant good order and efficiency.



CAPT. J. HENRY SLEEPER, COMMANDING THE TENTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY.

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS.

GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS, who was killed in one of the first battles of the present campaign in Virginia, was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, about the year 1823, and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point during the year 1840. He graduated on the 30th of June, 1844, standing No. 20 in his class. He was a class-mate with his corps commander, General HANCOCK, and also with General PERSIFFER F. SMITH. On the 1st of July, 1844, he was appointed a brevet Second Lieutenant of the Fourth United States Infantry; and on the 16th of June, 1846, was fully commissioned a Second Lieutenant of the Eighth Infantry. He fought during the Mexican war, and was brevetted from May 9, 1846, First Lieutenant for gallantry, etc., at the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto. On

SLEEPER'S BATTERY.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1864.

THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

WE print below the letter of the Committee of the National Union Convention informing Mr. LINCOLN of his nomination, and the President's reply. His unanimous renomination by a great popular assembly after three years' administration of the Government is the most honorable and substantial approval of the general policy of that administration. The reply, therefore, is clear, simple, and dignified. The President neither explains nor defends his policy. It has been open to the country, and the country is content. Having been duly faithful and wise in the past, and understanding the infinitely difficult circumstances of his position, loyal men do not fear to trust him for the future.

The single explanation which the President makes in his reply is in regard to the resolution of the Convention upon the French monarchy in Mexico. That resolution expressed in the strongest terms the popular jealousy of all foreign complication, intervention upon this continent as menacing our peace and independence. The President replies that, while fully concurring in the resolution, he ought to prevent misunderstanding by saying that his executive action upon the subject will be unchanged "so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable." In other words, he does not propose to go to war with France under present circumstances, nor idly threaten to go to war. His position is the true one, and is unified one for the Government of the United States.

The President pays a just and touching tribute to the soldiers and sailors whom neither he nor the country can too heartily honor. And like all that he says or writes, this letter will command the instant and only more hearty approval of the people whom he serves so faithfully and well.

NEW YORK, 14th June, 1864.

Hon. Abraham Lincoln:

SIR,—The National Union Convention, which assembled in Baltimore on the 7th of June, 1864, has instructed us to inform you that you were nominated with unprecedented unanimity for the Presidency of the United States, for four years from the 4th of March next.

The resolutions of the Convention, which we have already had the honor of placing in your hands, are a full and clear statement of the principles which inspired the action, and which, we believe, the great body of Union men in the country heartily approve. Whatever differ ences existed in the national gratitude to our soldiers and sailors; or the national scorn of compromises with guilt, and consequent dishonor; or the patriotic duty of union and success; whether they approve the Proclamation of Emancipation, the Constitutional amendment, the employment of former slaves as Union soldiers, or the solemn obligation of the Government promptly to redress the wrongs of every soldier of the Union of whatever color or race; whether they demand the inviolability of the public faith of the nation, or offer the national hospitality to the oppressed of every race; upon the main issue presented by the Alitaitic and Pacific oceans; whether they recommend public economy and honest taxation, or assert the fixed popular opposition to the establishment by usurpation of a foreign monarchies in the immediate neighborhood of the United States, we believe that these and every other political trust who approve unreservedly the views and policy so indicated in the Resolutions,—and who will support them with the heartiest of profound conviction.

Believing with us, that this is the people's war for the maintenance of a Government which you have justly described as of the people, by the people, for the people, we are very sure that you will be glad to know, not only from the resolutions themselves, but from the singular harmony and unanimity with which they were adopted, how warm is the popular welcome of every measure in the prosecution of the war, which is at once vigorous, humane, and unfaltering at the national purpose itself. No right, for instance, is so precious and sacred to us as the human heart as that of personal liberty. Its violation is regarded with just horror, and universal jealousy. Yet in this hour of peril every faithful citizen submits this, the very stake of national existence and the common welfare, to the chances of war; as the Constitution prescribes in case of rebellion, he sometimes summarily constrained, seizing only such persons as assist the rebellion, and extend to the least detail, that absolutely necessary power shall not be lacking for its speedy exercise.

We believe, Sir, that the honest will of the Union men of the country was never more truly represented than in this Convention. Their purpose was better to make the terror of armed rebellion a fact in the field, and the security of permanent peace and union by liberty and justice under the Constitution. That these results are to be achieved amidst cruel perplexities they are fully aware. That they are to be reached only by cordial unanimity: ensured is undeniable. That good men may sometimes differ as to the means and the time they know. That in the conduct of all human affairs the highest duty is to determine, in the angry conflict of passion, how much good may be practically accomplished, is their sincere persuasion. They have watched your official course, therefore, with unflagging attention; and amidst the bitter taunts of eager friends and the fierce denunciation of enemies, have never-ing to fear for some, now too slowly for others, they have seen you throughout this tremendous contest patient, cagacious, faithful, just; leaning upon the heart of the great mass of the people, and exhibited to be moved by its mighty pulsations.

It is for this reason that, long before the Convention met, the popular instinct had plainly indicated you as its candidate: and the Convention, therefore, merely recorded the popular will. Your clearness and rarest power your unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles of American Liberty and for the American Constitution. In the name of that Union and that Constitution, we earnestly request your acceptance of this nomination; fervently commending your continued life and you, as Chief Magistrate, with all its trans ons who, on sea and land, are faithfully defending the flag and the principles of equal rights, to the blessing of Almighty God.

We are, Sir, respectfully,

Your friends and fellow-citizens,

WILLIAM DENNISON, Ohio, *Chairman.*
JOSIAH DRUMMOND, Pennsylvania.
THOMAS E. SAWYER, New Hampshire.
HERALEY BARLOW, Vermont.
A. H. BULLOCK, Massachusetts.
A. M. GARDNER, Rhode Island.
S. E. BURNELL, Connecticut.
G. W. CURTIS, New York.
W. A. NEWELL, New Jersey.
HENRY JOHNSON, Pennsylvania.
A. B. SAUNDERS, Delaware.
W. L. W. SEAMONS, Maryland.
JOHN F. HUME, Missouri.
G. W. HEY, Kentucky.
J. P. TYTUS, Ohio.
CYRUS M. ALLEN, Indiana.
W. BRODSELL, Illinois.
J. F. ALEXANDER, Michigan.
A. W. RANDALL, Wisconsin.
A. OGDEN, Iowa.
THOMAS SIMPSON, Minnesota.
JOHN BIDWELL, California.
THOMAS H. PEARNE, Oregon.
LEROY KELLOGG, Nevada Territory.
A. C. WILDER, Kansas.
M. M. ALLEN, Nebraska.
P. C. GREVES, Nevada.
A. A. ATOCHA, Colorado.
A. S. PADDOCK, Nebraska.
VALENTINE LAWRENCE, Dakota.
JOHN A. NYE, Colorado.
A. B. ARMSTRONG, Arkansas.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, June 27, 1864.

Hon. William Dennison and others, a Committee of the National Union Convention:

GENTLEMEN,—Your letter of the 14th instant, formally notifying me that I was unanimously nominated by the Convention you represent for the Presidency of the United States for four years from the fourth of March next, has been received. The nomination is gratefully accepted, as the resolutions of the Convention—called the platform—are heartily approved.

While the resolution in regard to the supplanting of republican governments by monarchies, I continue, is fully concurred in, there might be misunderstanding were I not to say that my action upon the resolutions in relation to the action of France in Mexico as assumed through the State Department and intimated in the Convention, among the measures and acts of the Executive, will be faithfully maintained so long as the state of facts shall leave that position pertinent and applicable.

I am especially gratified that the soldier and the seaman were not forgotten by the Convention, in the honorable mention and will be remembered by the grateful country for whose salvation they periled their lives.

Thanking you for the kind and complimentary terms in which you have commended the nomination and other proceedings of the Convention, I remain myself,

Your obedient servant,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE great Anniversary returns, and finds the sons of the revolutionary leaders gathering the august and eternal principles of Liberty for which their fathers fought. The Union and Constitution which the courage of those patriots become identified with freedom for all men; and to maintain the Union is to secure the liberty of the people, and to defeat the wicked treachery and factious aristocracy which made the salvation of their special privilege the pretext for destroying the common government.

It is not necessary to refresh our remembrance of the exact principle of the Revolution, because it is still pleaded as an excuse for the rebels. They declare that they are fighting to defend LORD CLARENDARE, after declaring that his lordship's confession of mind upon the subject of it to belligerent Americans, unanswered, fell instantly into a still more melancholy muddle. Earl RUSSELL says:

"Only a few years ago the Americans were in the habit, as we have been, of celebrating the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and some eminent friends of mine were invited to make eloquent and stirring orations on those occasions. I wish, while they kept up a useful memory, they had also kept up a correct memory of those fellow-countrymen who went to put the principles of 1776 into operation as regards themselves."

Now what were the principles of 1776? They were mainly these, that governments rightfully exist by the consent of the governed: and that when the consent of the population is alienable, and legal redress is hopeless, a people may take up arms to obtain relief by force. British taxation without representation was an unendurable blow at the root of all civil liberty in the colonies. They remonstrated, struggled, tried and petitioned for redress; and finally, for want of redress; and then armed, and fought, and liberated. The argument was complete. The British Constitution provided no other remedy, and revolution was justifiable.

Now, if his Lordship will give ear, the plea of the rebels is not oppression—for until they rebelled they were themselves the Government. They have never pretended that they were injured by a single act of the Government of the United States against which they have risen. They have consequently never sought redress. But, stripped of all subterfuge, they saw that the great mass of the people were opposed to the further extension and strengthening of the system of human slavery upon this continent, and so—unwilling that the consent of the people should be the basis of the Government—declaring that each State was and always had been sovereign, and might secede when it pleased, they caused armed States to declare their secession; thus asserting as a grave principle of political polity a pretense which could not be even pleaded for a moment in any individual agreement.

It was a rebellion, his Lordship will remember, against a Government which exists by the consent of the governed, and in which the voice of the majority signifies that consent. The rebels do not pretend that they are a majority of the people represented in that government, but only of a certain part of the people; as if a majority in Yorkshire should rise against the British empire, and then plead the necessity of the consent of the people to the government. Who are the people under the Government against which the rebellion is directed? They are plainly a majority of all the citizens, not the majority of a sectional minority. There is indeed no more justification for the rebellion upon the right of the people to be governed by their own consent than there is for an insurrection in any street of London against the lawful municipal authority. The rebellion is the repudiation of the principle of popular consent as the rightful source of government.

The rebels have with Mr. CALHOUN their father, have indeed long asked, "what shall protect the minority from the tyranny of a majority?" The answer is plain, the general welfare. The whole American system proceeds upon the ground that an intelligent people knows what is best for its general interests much better than any single man, or body of men, or section of country can know. Its claim is not that it is absolutely perfect, but that, in view of human nature and of all that is history, the rule of an intelligent majority secures, upon the whole, greater justice to every individual and a higher average of general well-being than any other form of government that has been tried.

His Lordship, and the other skeptics of the popular capacity for self-rule and abroad, may assert that ours is not a purely Democratic Government or rule of the simple majority. They will remind us that ours is a mixed system, to which other elements as individuals are parties. But his Lordship will not forget that the people of this country, who are the primary source of political power, have been confirming a portion of that power upon the States themselves by the supreme sovereignty to the United States. The United States is not a league or a confederacy or a partnership, but a Union. The precedents of Greece and of the Middle Ages in Italy, of the Batavian republic, of the Hanseatic League, and of the German confederations, indeed, all precedents whatever of confederated States hitherto known are of no value in considering the American Union. Our fathers had seen the crumbling and shadowy and ineffective confederacies of ancient and modern times. They had the fatal defects of their own enemy and powerless confederacy, and, warned by the inevitable perils of any League of States in which the majority could, had any constituting veto, it rejected them all. The American Union blended separate States into a nation, with every national prerogative and power. By Union we mean Nation. To be a Union man is to be a national man. To save the Union is to save the nation.

The plea of absolute and final State sovereignty, which is made the excuse of this rebellion, is a plea expressly invented for the purpose of justifying rebellion. It was a sophism intended to confuse the minds of an ignorant and prejudiced part of the population. States and nation, or union, are twin forms under which the people choose to exercise their power. Behind both are the people, and the same people. Evidently they do not mean that any number of them shall assert a radical opposition upon the ground of their action as a State. They assert, as they feel, their solidarity. South Carolina is a room in the house which shall not and can not be erected into a separate dwelling.

With his Lordship's permission the inexcusable confusion of Lord CLARENDARE's mind has extended to his own, and he could as legitimately excuse a London pickpocket for resisting the English law by the principles of '76 as justify a larger rebellion against the laws of another country upon the same ground. A fleet of pirates are as much murderous outlaws as one cut-throat. The means and method of subjugating them into obedience to the law must be proportioned to their numbers, their determination, and their resources. Consequently in the case of the rebellion has been proportioned to the form and operations of war. But the armies of GRANT and SHERMAN are still doing only the work of a national police. They are enforcing the laws. They are maintaining the will of the people. Among the hot hills of Georgia and in the blazing front of Petersburg they are asserting the original American doctrine, the principles of 1776, that governments exist by the consent of the governed, and that the natural rights of all the people shall not be destroyed by the furious passion of a few.

OUR LOSSES IN THE CAMPAIGN.

A FAVORITE trick of the enemies of the Government is to whisper with mysterious shrugs and starts that our losses in GRANT's campaign have been "awful," "murderous," "unprecedented." Indeed, if we should rely upon the truth of some of the absurd stories told by country Copperheads, whose desire of our defeat is stronger than their fair arithmetic, GRANT would now have about 15,000 men left. Unfortunately, a correspondent of the *Tribune*, writing from the Army of the Potomac on the 14th of May, in the wild excitement of the tremendous battles, said that our losses so far were 40,000 men, and this number was enormously printed among the headings of the army news in the *Tribune* of May 12. This report was instantly seized upon as inspired by rebel sympathy, and the apostles of "peace" immediately threw up their eyes and hands at such fratricidal slaughter. The story was sent by them to their friends abroad; and in his late speech at the British House of Lords, LORD CLANRICARDE stated that in the opening of the contest 40,000 had been sacrificed. Such rumors are pernicious, and the more so that it is perfectly easy to circulate them with an air of defying contradiction.

Will those, therefore, who are so ready to hope or to fear that our loss has been disproportioned to such a campaign calmly reflect that on the 11th of May General GRANT informed the War Department that his list in killed and missing had been overstated, and that on the 23d of May SECRETARY STANTON announced that the army was in high spirits and more completely equipped than when the campaign opened; while on the 27th of June, after the reverse at the Weldon Railroad, one of the episodes that occur in every victorious campaign—Assistant Secretary DANA announces that the rebel force is not more than two-thirds of GRANT's, that our losses during the previous week were unimportant in a military view, and that there are 10,000 rebel prisoners in our hands. There is official information that our loss in killed from the Rapidan to the James was not more than 4000, the casualties of every kind at about 25,000, and the deaths of the wounded about 2000, or from four to five per cent. Of the wounded a large proportion are only temporarily disabled.

These facts should be borne in mind, as also the ease with which stories of disaster are magnified and distorted. That the army of Grant is maintained by a and loss of life and wide bereavement and desolation is but too true. But it is no less true that the particles who are striking at the common parent are themselves terribly shattered, and that the hand which holds them now is one they can not hope to shake off. And grant a speedy end to this necessary war in the triumph of the nation and Liberty over rebellious slavery! But by every drop of human blood shed for us we are consecrated to the accomplishment of the purpose which makes the war holy.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

WHILE RICHMOND is not taken there are those who declare General GRANT's campaign a failure. That his object was and is to capture that city and to destroy LEE's army is undoubtedly true; and equally so that he has not yet succeeded. But that is failure, his campaign has failed exactly as the rebellion has failed. That counted upon cotton, European support, and the demoralization, party-spirit, and division of the North, as inducing it to accomplish a revolution without a serious struggle. It has been utterly disappointed and baffled. For three years it has been wrestling with its strength, its will, its spirit, its prospects, and its territory have alike diminished. Are any of the gentlemen who proclaim GRANT's failure ready to acknowledge that of the rebellion? No; they are not. They inform us that the rebellion is virtually successful. The ground of the assertion is that it is still fighting. But if such reasoning proves that LEE has succeeded, how can it prove that GRANT has failed? He has not taken Richmond, and the Confederate flag is not flaunted from that point is still disputed. Neither contestant has wholly succeeded; neither has entirely failed.

But viewed merely as a military movement how do the facts appear? GRANT crossed the Rapidan, hoping to route LEE's army and advance upon Richmond. LEE fell upon GRANT's flank, hoping to destroy him, and advance upon Washington. After two days' fierce fighting GRANT forces LEE back, or LEE, seeing he had himself upon the Rapidan, retires to Spottsylvania, his second line. GRANT tries LEE's position there and then flanks him. LEE falls back on his third line at the North Anna, flanks him and LEE retires to his fourth line upon the Chickahominy. GRANT tries that position, and then flanks him again, forcing LEE to meet him at Petersburg. Now did not LEE prefer to defeat GRANT isolated upon the south bank of the Rapidan, fifty miles from Richmond rather than to meet him at Petersburg fifteen miles from Richmond close to his best base and with a fleet and BUTLER's intrenchments to support him? If LEE has had GRANT just where he wanted him, was it in the Wilderness, or at Spottsylvania, or the North Anna, or the Chick-

shominy, that he wanted him? for the remark has been made of each successive position. That he has him at Petersburg just where he wanted him has not yet been asserted, but in the last movement of GRANT, LEE was as utterly outgeneraled as POPE was by STONEWALL JACKSON in the summer campaign of 1862.

The generalship of LEE in this campaign consists in a timely but baffled attack upon GRANT'S advancing column at the Wilderness; from that day, Friday, the 6th of May, a continuous falling back to intrenchments in consequence of the swiftness and surprise of GRANT'S combinations. These was indeed nothing else for him to do, but to do it shows no remarkable generalship. If LEE had advanced instead of GRANT and had fought away from Culpepper to Warrenton, and from Warrenton to Manassas, and from Manassas, swinging round across the Potomac, were now threatening Washington from Bladensburg, we should hardly have considered that falling steadily back under such flankings was an illustrious proof of great generalship upon the part of GRANT. But if, when LEE swung along GRANT'S flank and crossed the Potomac, GRANT knew nothing of it, but prepared to meet him at Alexandria, the best possible thing for us to do when LEE turned up at Bladensburg would be to say that now GRANT had him just where we wanted him.

This was precisely the case with LEE. When GRANT disappeared from before his Chickahominy lines he did not know it. When the day broke and showed him that GRANT was gone, he sent out his skirmishers for several miles. When he found that he was out of the presence of GRANT'S entire army, he hastened to meet him upon the north bank of the James, and while he was forming his line there, GILLMORE GRANT, by one of the most daring and triumphant military movements in history, had crossed the James River, and lifting his army out of the deadly swamps of the Chickahominy, had planted it upon the pleasant, open country around Petersburg, resting directly upon the most accessible base, and flanking the Union front. Manifestly the best thing for the rebels and their Northern friends to say, under the circumstances, is, that at last LEE has GRANT just where he wanted him.

Further developments of this most exciting campaign will doubtless rapidly appear. As yet it is simply undecided. To call it a failure at this point is as much as to call the rebellion a success. The campaign is a failure exactly as that against Vicksburg was until Vicksburg fell; exactly as every enterprise fails until it succeeds.

A SOUTH CAROLINA ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

A few weeks since we published part of the following ode, attributed by a correspondent in New Jersey to the late HON. THOMAS S. GRIMKE of South Carolina. It was not written by him, however, but by the late REV. SAMUEL GILMAN of Charleston. Originally written for the Fourth of July during the war of nullification, we gladly reproduce it, after thirty-three years, for the Fourth of July during the civil war of secession. The friend who sent it to us remarked that this ode has kept out South Carolinian, at least, true to the Union.

UNION ODE.

COMPOSED FOR THE UNION FETE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Written July 4, 1831.

Air—"*Stars who have set*" *Wallace Hill*."

Hail, our Country's natal morn,
Hail, our expanding kindred-born,
Hail, thou banner, not yet torn,
Waving o'er the free!

While this day in fetal throng
Millions swell the Patriot song,
Shall not we thy votive throng
Hallowed Jubilee?

Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the fratricidal line?
Though by birth on one spot he mine,
Dear is all the rest.

Dear to me the South's fair land;
Dear the mountain-bounded land;
Dear New England's rocky strand;
Dear the Lakelet West.

By our altars, pure and free;
By our soil's unbought fertility;
By the Fast's dread memory;
By our Washington;

By our common kindred tongue,
By our hopes—bright, buoyant, young;
By the ties of country strong,
We will still be one!

Fathers—long ye built in vain!
Ages!—mark ye droop again!
Mock'd—defeated—for ruinly chain
Blessings sent by slice!

No! Receive our solemn vow,
While bends the Heaven we bow,
Ever to nourish, as now,
Union, Liberty!"

NEW BOOKS.

AMONG the most important of the new books is the "Savage Africa" of MR. W. WINWOOD READE, republished by HARPERS. It is a most interesting addition to their library of books of discovery and adventure in Africa. BARTH, LIVINGSTONE, SPEKE, ANDERSSON, BURTON, DU CHAILLU, WYLDE, WITH CUMMING, BALDWIN, and READE, tell us all that is now known of Africa, and they are all included in the HARPER'S African series. MR. READE makes his bow in this manner: "If I have any merit, it is that of having been the first young man about town to make a bona fide tour in Western Africa: to travel in that agreeable and salubrious country with no special object and at his own expense; to *sleep* in the virgin forest; to flirt with pretty savages, and to smoke his cigar among cannibals." This preface he dates from "the Conservative Club;" and his African journey was evidently made in much the same spirit as the Norwegian and Far West journeys of other more young Englishmen, whose *gaunt sleeve* is not satisfied with the round of London life, but feels in its blood an impulse of the old Vikings and explorers. MR. READE writes himself a fellow of the Geographical Society of England, and a correspondent of the Paris, which may be considered his credentials as a traveler. His course was partly that of DU CHAILLU, and was confined to the western coast. His book is extremely interesting, and his speculations, fortified by facts of observation, upon the origin, character, and capacity of the negro, whom he has a very unnecessary and amusing contempt, are extremely suggestive. He has a surprising, quick, clear-sighted, he sees every thing that is to be seen if he does not think all that is to be thought. He holds, for instance, that a fat, making the slave-trade a crime is "brutal and absurd." But a clever dandy of the Conservative Club lounging through savage Africa must have loved his little paradoxes. It is not as a thinker, or statesman, or poet that MR. READE is to be considered, but as a keen and lively observer. He has not yet forgot the Club and his manly qualities come to this play, he is our most entertaining companion of travel. His style is flowing and lucid. He is never a bore either with philosophy or pedantry, and his publishers have made a handsome book of it.

"Cousin Phillis" (HARPER & BROTHERS) is a delicate little love story, attributed by the London papers, without denial, to MISS ANNA THACKERAY, writes with the facility of one who writes for her own pleasure, and the grace of one who writes not unworthy of her father's daughter. It is legitimate fiction, an entertaining book for the cars or for a morning by the sea.

"President Lincoln's Administration," by HENRY J. RAYMOND (DERBY & MILLER), is an admirable summary of the official career of MR. LINCOLN. It contains his important State papers and messages, and is a most convenient political hand-book of the times. It is also a monument to the honorable ability of the President, whom the friends of JEFFERSON DAVIS characterizes as "a joker," with the same propriety that a weaver would have contemptuously called CROMWELL a man with a wart on his nose.

Under the title of "Pulpit Ministrations," the HARPERS publish two stately volumes of sermons by DR. GARDINER SPRING, who has been many years a modern New York clergyman. They are discourses upon Christian duties and doctrines, and we commend them also to the hearty sympathy of the large religious communion of which the Doctor is an illustrious ornament.

MR. PARTON'S "Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin" (MASON BROTHERS), is an elaborate work; but the copious treatment is justified by the unparalleled charm of the subject, for the lives of few men are more interesting and instructive than that of FRANKLIN'S. MR. PARTON'S delightful sympathy with his theme, his patient research, and his lively and picturesque style, and his conscientious habit of situating his mind with all accessible information, have enabled him to write what will become the standard biography of the most American of men.

The Guide-Book of the Central Railroad of New Jersey (HARPER & BROTHERS), is an illustrated hand-book of that line, from Jersey City, through the Valley of Wyoming, and the picturesque coal region of New Jersey, one of the most delightful and interesting summer trips from the city. It may be accomplished in three-days, or in a week, or in a longer time, and we do not know that any other book shows him exactly where and how to go, and what to see. It is a trip which, if better known, would be much oftener taken.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM THE NAVY AGENT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am loath to ask that the public will form an opinion unfavorable, in regard to myself and my conduct of the Navy Agency at this port until, in the first place, the charges now offered I am accused of by the Government; and until, in the second place, I shall have had an opportunity to confront me, as well as the charge made already by MR. SAVAGE, himself a prisoner in Fort Lafayette and charged with those identical treasonable crimes, can be submitted to judicial investigation.

In the mean time I deny most positively that I have in any way or manner wronged the Government or any private person; I assert in the most positive manner that I have discharged my duties as Navy Agent with the strictest honor, and, with the utmost care and fidelity. And I entreat all men in this community to believe this until the contrary is proved. I have, I think, a right to ask this, as one who has spent years in this community in the service of his country, and who has always maintained a character without stain or reproach.

I. HENDERSON.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE—*June* 22. The House bill authorizing negotiations with the Indian tribes of Oregon for relinquishment of certain privileges was passed.—The bill to prevent military interference in elections was passed, with an amendment allowing the presence of military in the vicinity of the polls to repel armed enemies of the United States or to preserve the peace.—The Senate bill to amend the law passed authorizing continued transfers of men from the Army to the Navy; giving twenty-five thousand dollars as compensation to the officers and crew of the gun-boat *Essex* for destroying the rebel ram *Arkansas*; appropriating two hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a navy yard and depot at Cairo; providing for the punishment of those who aid or encourage desertion, and for the relief of officers and crews of vessels wrecked or sold in the service.—The House joint resolution relative to the appointment of one part of his counsel for holding the Jacksville Fortress and *Dictator* was, after some debate, adopted without amendment.—Resolutions were also adopted calling on the President for the report of the Commissioner of Emigration and for any correspondence in the expulsion of negroes.

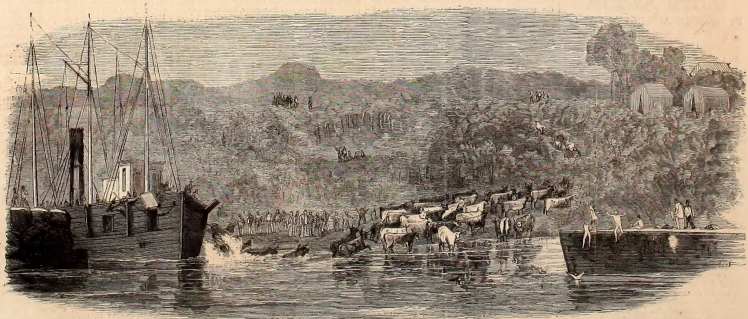
June 23. The House Post Route bill and the bills remitting duties on the importation for Sanitary Fairs and providing compensation to officers and soldiers for property sacrificed while in the service of their country were passed.—The House joint resolution making provision to aid the delivering of the correspondence for payment of soldiers in the Western departments was adopted.—The bill to repeal the Revenue Act was passed by 71 to 61 and reconstituted in 1860 was passed by a vote of 77 to 12. The bill levying taxes and equalizing the House was taken up.—DAVIS addressed the Senate at length in opposition to the amendment, which he characterized as a surprising, quick, clear-sighted, he sees every thing that is to be seen if he does not think all that is to be thought. He holds, for instance, that a fat

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.—TRANSPORTATION OF HANCOCK'S CORPS ACROSS THE JAMES AT WILCOX'S LANDING.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WARD.—[SEE PAGE 462.]

THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAYS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. C. BARLOW.—[SEE PAGE 445.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—A VIEW ON THE PAMUNKEY.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 442.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—LANDING OF CATTLE FOR THE USE OF THE ARMY.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

MAP ILLUSTRATING GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BLANK HEART OF THE SCAPE-GRACE.

EDGAR was left to enjoy the remainder of his Chambertin alone. He did ample justice to it, and was further privileged to smoke his cigar—a favor not extended to any other male visitor. It was perhaps as well, for the sake of peace and quiet, that the baroness did not "receive" when Edgar favored the establishment with his presence. To tell the truth, he rather alarmed the feeble old ladies and gentlemen who composed his grand-aunt's social circle. He was a little too boisterous, and a little too insolent; and the old ladies and gentlemen, who were high-spirited, albeit feeble, declined, sometimes with considerable warmth, to bow to his dictation. But to his aunt he must always be Lord Paramount. She invariably deferred to him. He could never be in the wrong. Was he not her grand-nephew, the only being upon earth left to remind her of her English kindred?

The outbreak of the great French revolution had found Madame de Kergolay young, beautiful, and the wife of a nobleman of ancient descent and great wealth, distinguished in arms, and high in his sovereign's favor. In the haughty province of Brittany there was no statue better tended, and no chateau more stately, than belonged to the Kergolays of Vieux Sablons. The baroness bore her husband two daughters. They were destined to mate with nobles of as illustrious a line as their own. The revolution came sweeping down like a crimson deluge on society, and all was engulfed beneath its waves. M. de Kergolay emigrated, leaving his wife and infant children concealed in a convent in Paris. The manor-house of Vieux Sablons was sacked by the revolutionary troops, taken by a band of Chouan peasants, besieged, captured, its defenders slaughtered, itself at last gutted, fired, and demolished from basement to coping-stone. The convent in which Madame de Kergolay and her daughters had taken refuge was suppressed by the Convention, and the nuns were driven forth with blows and insults, some to perish of starvation, many to die on the Place de la Révolution. The Baron de Kergolay left the emigrant camp of Condé in disgust, and sought his wife in Paris. He was discovered, flung into the Conciergerie, and guillotined. Her husband's brothers, and scores of her relatives and friends, had already undergone the same fate. Her widowhood was yet green upon her when she, too, was arrested and cast into the Abbaye. There, after a short time, both her children died of malignant fever. The smell of so much blood, the poor woman said, choked them. When Fouquier Tinville denounced the femme Kergolay before the revolutionary tribunal, she was half frantic, and a feeble fitter subject for a cell as Bicêtre than for the judgment of a criminal court. But she was condemned to death nevertheless. The revolutionary tribunal did not stick at trifles. All was fish that came to the net of terrorism. The Baronne de Kergolay was arraigned in the fatal camisole, and was mounting the cart which was to convey her to the scaffold, when the fall of Robespierre obtained for her a temporary reprieve, ultimately enlarged into a pardon. But she was not the less a proscribed and ruined ci-devant. She herself used to describe how she had begged for alms on the Quai des Orfèvres. After a period of unutterable privation and destitution, a friend found her out and stealthily helped her. That friend was her former footman from Vieux Sablons, Thomas Prudence. He had prospered, and grown wealthy even. The shipwreck had cast him, too, on the waves, but he had been strong and buoyant, and battled with them, and, clinging to spars and hen-coops, had been saved. A portion of the sequestrated manor of Vieux Sablons was bestowed upon him by the Convention. He was looked upon with horror by the loyalist peasants as an acquirer of the national domains. Half a dozen attempts were made to assassinate him. He took army contracts, and waxed rich, and was hated by the Chouanerie. His house was decorated with fragments of the rich furniture and fittings of the chateau of Vieux Sablons. He was a staunch republican. He contrived, however, to furnish his old mistress with funds enabling her to reach England, and during her lengthened residence there, from 1796 to the fall of Napoleon, nearly twenty years, he conveyed to her no less a sum than ten thousand pounds sterling. It was like a mere trifle, he said—a wreck, a windfall—but it was all hers. Nay, he took advantage of the peace of Amiens to freight a sloop at Nantes with the articles he had saved from the dismantled château, and send them to her whose he still called his châtelaine and benefactress.

Madame de Kergolay went down into Lubcaben and abode for a long time at Preston, much beloved and respected by the old Catholic families in those parts. But the race to which she herself belonged, the Greyfaunes, she believed, decayed and almost extinct. One nephew, a country gentleman with estates mortgaged to their last rood, she discovered. The son of that nephew was Edgar Greyfaunt, who was born just before Waterloo.

When all was over with Napoleon, the Baronne de Kergolay, who had been living on the interest of the money sent her by Thomas Prudence, and who had even managed to put by some twenty hundred pounds of savings from her income, returned to France. It was not long before she heard of Thomas. The collapse of the Empire, which had restored her to society, had ruined him. On the profits of his army contracts he had started a cotton manufactory. He might have become a second Richard Lenoir; but peace came, and Manchester, all prohibitive and protective enactments notwithstanding, poked its nose of smoking brick into France, and Thomas Prudence was ruined. Madame de Kergolay hastened to the succor of the man who had saved her from starvation. But Thomas was old, and wanted little. "I am sick of commerce," he said. "My failure is a punishment for having taken contracts under the usurper, Dianire! how the rouleaux used to roll in, though! But that is all over now. I am growing old and foolish. Let me come back to you, Madame la Baronne, and be your footman. Promote me to be your butler, if you like. I have my old livery still by me, and I will serve you as faithfully as I did in the days when you were the Châtelaine of Vieux Sablons."

"You shall be my friend and adviser in the evening of my days," cried Madame de Kergolay, clasping the old man's hand.

And so, indeed, Thomas Prudence, otherwise Vieux Sablons, was; but he would never consent to divest himself of his livery, or to consider himself as any thing but an attached and favored menial of the proud house of Vieux Sablons.

In this light—the menial light—without the attachment or the favor, the octogenarian was regarded by the gentleman young gentleman now sipping his Chambertin and smoking his cigar. This high and mighty prince, precisely as he thought it the most natural thing in the world that his grand-aunt should spoil and idolize himself, deemed it a matter of course that Vieux Sablons should be his very obedient, humble, obsequious, and contemned servant. A hundred times he had heard from his grand-aunt the story of the old man's devotion and self-sacrifice. He thought that a very natural thing too. He knew perfectly well that every sou the baroness

possessed had been given to her by the wornout lackey; but he treated him with calm and disdainful insolence. "Well," he would sometimes acknowledge, when remonstrated with by his grand-aunt for some unusual act of contemptuousness toward the ancient servitor, "perhaps he had at one time rendered some sort of service to the family. But it was ever so long ago. Besides, it was his duty; and the romantic kind of gratitude was only possible in virtuous dramas at the Gymnase." I wonder what would become of the world if acts of duty such as Thomas Prudence had performed were only possible in virtuous dramas at a six-hour?

One most salient characteristic of Edgar Greyfaunt would be overlooked if it were omitted to mention that he entertained a profound contempt for the people among whom he was domiciled. He went into French society, and of the best, because his relationship to Madame de Kergolay opened to him doors of doors in France, while his English reputation would have been quite powerless in like regard in the country of his birth. He spoke French fluently, because he had been brought up at the College Louis le Grand; but no protectionist farmer had ever a livelier dislike and heartier contempt for the French than Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt. He held the Greyfaunts of Launcaster to be infinitely superior in point of extraction, manners, and style, not only to the Kergolays, but to all the Rohans, Noailles, Condés, or Montmorencys in the Libro d'Oro of France. As, however, it was only by allowance his grand-aunt made him that kept him from starving, he resigned himself to his lot, and contented himself with abusing and despising at the people in whose midst he lived. "I have a turn for drawing and painting," he would remark to any English exquisite who for the time to time met in Paris; "and so, as a gentleman must do something in a profession, and there are no field-sports worth having, and the Church is impossible, and Literature as smelly and vulgar, and the Bar low, I mean to set up a lady to place me with Delaroche, who lets me do what I like, and makes much of me. In France, you know, it is the custom for men to go into society. David, the scoundrel, was a buvon; and so was Gros; and they give the plentiful loan of crosses and red ribbons. A fellow doesn't mind going in for art if he's looked up to, and is decorated, and goes to court with all that kind of thing. But it wouldn't do in England, you know. I should be obliged to go into the army or something of that sort, and keep the paint-pot dark." After which profound exposition of the proprieties Prince Greyfaunt's exquisite friend would quite shake his head very sensibly, and that so long as he remained in that confounded hole, meaning Paris, it was just as well to spoil canvas as to do nothing at all. But he must never forget, they told him, what he owed to society, and that Edgar was (meaning his grand-aunt) died, and cut up well, he would return to his native country, live as a gentleman should, and keep the paint-pots very dark indeed.

Prince Edgar had come to the end of the second reign, and Madame Chamberlin too, if he had taken his coffee, his petit verre, and his chasse. It was nearly ten o'clock. On his condescending visits the valet of the Marais were prolonged until eleven, and it now occurred to him that he might join the ladies. "There will be no more than the abbé prosing away as usual," he remarked, with a yawn, "but I suppose I must endure him." Presently a new smile came over his face as he thought that he had spoken of Lily as one of the "ladies." Who was the little thing? He would ask Victor Salbons.

"A protégée of Madame la Baronne," replied the servitor, with a low bow.

"Charity, I suppose?" continued the young man.

"The usual charity and benevolence of Madame la Baronne," replied Thomas, laying respectful emphasis on the words.

"And I should say that does not consider that her charity has a tendency to eat her natural heirs out of house and home. Upon my word, her house is a receptacle for the lame, the halt, and the blind. I do believe that half the people who come here are no better than a pack of old paupers. My friends call this Grand Hôpital de Mendicité. Who is that Babette, for instance?"

"Charity," repeated Victor Sablons, "but a very excellent and faithful servant."

"As you have been yourself, no doubt, my most exemplary Victor Sablons," said Edgar, as he lazily rose. "I wonder where my aunt picked up that little English girl. You don't know?"

"No, sir," responded the ex-contractor, tellingly, with the purest intentions, a deliberate falsehood.

"Out of the gutter, I presume. My aunt is not particular. She prefers rags to ermine. The little thing is passable. What do you think, hey?"

"Monsieur is good enough to say so."

"She is more than passable, most respectable fox. Have you any kissing about you in the pantry?"

"I respect my mistress and benefactress, I respect youth and innocence, and I respect myself," said the old man, in a low voice.

"The first two know all about it as an old story. The second is youth and innocence's affair. The third concerns yourself, and is no very important matter. Well, I will go and see the little thing, and draw her out. Upon my honor she is a great deal more than passable."

And flinging his napkin on the table he condescended to strroll into the drawing-room.

"Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt," muttered the old servant, as he clattered to and fro with the paraphernalia of the table, putting every thing in its place in cupboard and pantry, "you are a gentilhomme; and the grand-nephew of my beloved mistress; and clever, and handsome, and very fashionable; but, upon my word, I think you have no more heart than this empty bottle."

He was holding the flask of Chamberlin in his hand. There was just a drain of the rare old wine left, and he poured it into a glass and drank it off, and smacked his thin old lips. "Although but dregs the drain was generous, and gave him courage for a bolder thought.

"And, upon my word, Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt," he concluded, "my private opinion is, that you are a very finished scoundrel, and will come to a bad end."

A little after eleven o'clock the Prince lighted a cigar and went down to see the Angelus.

"How much money has he asked you for?" said the abbé, as the door closed behind Edgar.

"Five thousand francs," replied the baroness, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "Poor dear fellow, he says he will be ruined if I consent to raise that sum by Tuesday next. Dear abbé, you must go to-morrow to my notary."

"And you have but ten thousand francs a year. Madame la Baronne, this misguided youth will be the ruin of you."

The Abbé Chatain was quoting the room with long soft strides, but a most melancholy visage.

"Let *him* be ruined," he resumed, hulting. "Better that he should ruin than you, than your widows and orphans, than your beggars and penitents. Let him suffer. It may do him good."

"Lily did not hear this lugubrious conversation. She was in bed. By the time the abbé had departed she was asleep, dreaming of Edgar Greyfaunt.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

POOR LITTLE LILY.

Woe for the wife of a man who is a woman now. She woke up the next morning, and was loved the following night.

Had any one come to her, and said, "Lily, you are in love," she would have denied the impeachment, have repudiated the charge. She would have pleaded that she knew nothing about love; that all she had read had been fables, and based but few persons talk about love; that she had been quite Alone all her life, and, in default until very recently of the Bunnyrabbit, had had no love her, was ignorant of the precise manner in which affection, although directed toward another object, should be manifested.

Woe for the little woman! She loved the Scrape-grace nevertheless.

Love came to her as he smirking Cupid with purple wings to fetter her with shackles made of wreaths of roses. Love came to her as young shepherd, as in the tapestries in the baroness's chamber, with flowers in his wig, and ribbons to his crook. Love came to her with a kiss, and against her little bed, and said, "I am here; and, henceforth, you must be my slave and bondservant."

She was too weak to battle with him. She was too candid to deny him. She was too good to tell a lie to herself, and call love liking. She acknowledged him, bowed down before him, and gave herself up to him, a submissive, truthful captive.

It seemed to be a love to which there had been no beginning. It was there when she woke up in bed. Marriage—she thought never entered her head. Passion—she knew not what passion was. To be beloved appeared to her almost a hope that he whom she loved would ever return her love, or even know of it. Love was more the silken chain side of the love of a child for her doll; and from the sublime to the ridiculous there was, as a rule, but one step. Love was a mysterious affection on an object which was, to her, inanimate and unconscious; to pour terms of affection into and out of her mirror because it reflected her face over breathless lips, to cherish an image which, without, is only paint, and varnish, and scraps of ribbon; and, without, is a mere glass plate, this is what the child does with her doll; and this is what Lily Floris did with Edgar. To call Edgar Greyfaunt, who she had built up in the corner of her soul. A spruce Fetish, forsooth. A golden calf, or one of those idols of the old Marwest Dutch metal. A curled and oiled Mumbo-Jumbo; but she worshiped it in secret, and with a devouring adoration. Edgar was to her a dreary childhood, been given more dolls to play with, she might not, perhaps, have been so ready to fall in love with the first male creature whom that was called Edgar Greyfaunt.

Do you reproach her for falling in love at first sight? Silly girl! Do you age, and loving as she did, usually do so. The prudent virgins are vaccinated, and take their chances of love in the mildest form; albeit, on them, often, in middle life, the disease falls again with appalling virulence, and kills them. The Edgar Greyfaunts catch the infection at once, and have it hot and strong; and happy are those who get over it, and rise again, cured, but unscarred by love.

Besides, is there any love at first sight? One doubts it. Is not the love at first sight coeval with the object that is to be beloved merely the realization of an ideal that has been nourished in the heart for years? Is not Edgar, even as it though she had always been thinking of Edgar Greyfaunt ever since she was a child, and now he had come. She had always loved, and would always continue to love him.

Had there been two parties to this amorous action a third might have interposed in the suit. An interpleader might have arisen in the shape of jealousy. Lily would have dreamt of a rival, feared her, hated her perhaps; for as it is in the power of Love to mollify and sweeten all evil thoughts, so it is unhappily within his attributes to turn all that is good into poison and venom. But Lily was plaintiff, defendant, counsel, attorney, judge, jury, usher, and audiency all in one. She stated her own case, and replied to herself. She summed up herself, and herself gave the verdict, and herself delivered the verdict. It was always to the same effect: that she loved Edgar Greyfaunt.

But he, handsome, gifted, courted—did he love, was he beloved by, another? Well, Lily thought upon this sometimes, and trembled, and her heart swooned within her. But she was not much distressed by the thought. Love is so far merciful as not promptly to insist on the unknown eventuality. If the young who love in secret suffered the torture of four without intermission they would go out and drown themselves. If a man of threescore years and ten, who loves Life, were to be imminent, were always dwelling upon death, he would never be able to eat his dinner. Oblivion for the mind is as necessary as rest for the body, and is as beneficently meted out to us. Labor and thought without surcease, would be intolerable.

The spiteful magician Love has the art of making all things appear as they are not; and has been reviving for that trick ever since he made the Fairy Queen enamored of the weaver clown that had the jackass's head instead of his own. Old age, for thousands of years before that, maybe, he worked the same rascally spell. Love can transfer, transfuse, transmute, conjure. He leaves just enough of ruins up the slave to cock's feathers, give the wolf sheep's clothing; and transforms the ass into a duke, the pumpkin into a goose-girl, the pumpkin into a coach and six, and the Beast into Prince Azor; quite as often, before now, the Beast is a Beauty at the end of the chapter, only Beauty is stricken by Love with color-blindness, and mistakes rusty black for gold-embroidery. To Lily Edgar Greyfaunt was at once (but it was all conjuring) invested with the most lovable attributes of the most lovable person in creation. He had sat by her side at the dinner, and kissed her when she left the room. Of course, he loved her, in an arbitrary little parliament, an act for transferring stock; and under this act all the love standing in the Million Love, in the name of Will, Sum Long was handed over to Edgar Greyfaunt. Then she pled Pelion upon Ossa: she buttered the fat pig; she gilded the refined gold; she smothered her idol with roses. She gave him all the love she felt for the school-mates who had been kind to her, and for the Bunnyrabbit, and for the hood-hearted folks at Cutwig & Co.'s; for the very courier on board the steamer who had treated her with "piggolate." And lastly, she bestowed upon the vacuous inane Fetish (oh! but he was so handsome!) all the immeasurable love she should have felt for the parents who had neglected and abandoned her. Was there none love for Madame Kergolay, for kindly Madame Prudence, for the homely Babette, for the cheery Victor Sablons, for the good priest? Well perhaps there was some love for them; but would you have? When the Houses of Parliament are all ablaze, who thinks of the ethereal fluid that caught fire in the second floor back in the Horsefery Road?

So pale one morning, overpowering love did she give the handsome Fetish, that he might have staggered and sunk under the weight. He appeared, however, to support the burden with ease, and he known all about it, the handsome brute would not have understood it.

But the fact was that he were well banked up. The furious little furnace consumed its own smoke. It found no vent in sighs and moans, in melodious love-songs, in slender glances, in passionate letters, in sickly poetry (the which Lily would have written many estimable lines and lasses from the commission of suicide; the chief advantages being that, once in love, any idiot can write poetry, and that when one has written a hundred and thirty stanzas, and duly corrected them, they can always be torn up and crammed down the fire, if there be no one to speak to, and no one to write to, about her love. A dim paralyzing consciousness came sometimes over her, warning her that she was not duly about the place—the housekeeper, the old lackey, the priest, the Bunnyrabbit—and that, in such cases, the fitting edge would be equivalent to her condemnation to death. And so, nothing short of the rack and the thumb-screw, or the ordeal by fire and fever, would have made her confess that terrible word of fatefulness.

What could the poor child do, then? Let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on her damask cheek? Let it eat. Her love was dumb and concerted concealment. It had been engendered of a sudden, like a mushroom, and never best in a cellar. It was a modern, and a timid and silent love. It would have died for very shame had it been dragged into the open air. Its organization preyed by no means on Lily's cheek. It made her happy. It was company to her. Good and generous as the simple child were among the few she had been mercifully thrown, Lily could but feel that they were strangers to her. But now she had this love, and she was no longer Quite Alone.

The love must have some vent, however, or the heart-carvings would have cracked. There was an old harpsichord in the salon, playing on which she had often lulled Madame de Kergolay to sleep. Before the brilliant performer, for her music-lessons had been few and far between, and her practice had been furtively snatched from the most unfavorable seasons, and the hours of confinement and punishment, at the Pension Marcasin. But Lily had a quick ear, an adroit finger, and a pretty taste. There was a pile of old pigtail music on a cabinet by the harpsichord —mandrigals and cantatas, ballads and complaintes—from "Vive Henri Quatre" to "La belle Gabrielle," from "Charmante bergère, n'aimerais-tu?" to "J'ai vu Dorinde; elle me sourit." Lily had learned to play these fusty charming productions—to know even something of Gluck, and Rameau, and Grétry. And sometimes even she ventured to sing in a low tender voice some ballad, Italian or French, that Madame de Kergolay loved. She found herself now drifting from the decorous stream of grave music into a turbid ocean of voluntaries and capriccios. It was her love. Love was streaming from her heart, and down her fingers and arms, and from her fingers on to the ebony and ivory of the keys. The baroness told her that she was fast becoming a brilliant player. The old woman sighed that she could not afford to buy her a piano-forte. She declared that she would have one. The Abbé Chatain suggested a seraphine. None of them knew that it was Love who was the music-master.

And then, in the privacy of her little chamber, she would strive to draw and delineate the features of the beautiful Fetish. Her fingers were unused to the pencil, and she gave up the attempt disconsolately. But in a bunch of flow—s she could see his likeness; his face came forth among the crackling sparks on the hearth; his profile undulated in the pattern of the wallpaper; it curled in the smoke from the housetops. It was wreathed in the fleecines of the summer clouds.

Once or twice, in the Luxembourg Gardens, she detected herself tracing the letter E with her parasol in the powdery gravel. But Prudence being with her she hastened to efface the letter and make diagrams of monstrous creatures with impossible heads and portentious crooked hats. Yet it seemed as if the letter E could never be rubbed out. Do all she could it was there visible as that of the Pyramids.

At home she was less cautious Poetry, indeed, she eschewed, and, as has been said, she had been taught to write by rule. Lily had found herself scribbling his name one day all over a blotting-pad. It was "Edgar Greyfaunt," or "Monsieur Edgar Greyfaunt," or "Captain Greyfaunt," or "Le Chevalier Edgar de Greyfaunt," or "Le Comte Edgar Raven de Greyfaunt-Launcaster." Then she stopped; but why not have gone on to prince, or king, or kaiser? Had Edgar seen the blotting-pad in its enormous vanity would have had stomach for them all.

This is the way in which girls go on. Poor Lily indeed!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SEA-FIRE.—When it is a fishing-boat in danger of sinking?—When it has got a *fissure* in it.

FICKED UP AT FUSOM (AFTER THE EVENT).—Why should Napoleon the Third be called the first three barrel?—Because none of them were scratched.

"THEY'RE always giving things different navigations from what they ought to write to have," said Mrs. Partington to Ike. "In my opinion what they call the new rolgia is calculated to do a great deal of promotion."

LOST!—A small lady's watch with a white face; also two ivory young ladies' work-boxes. A mahogany gentleman with a cane-seat and a small player, belonging to a young lady with a silver mane and tail.

A QUESTION FOR "CONS."—Is a "flying joint" usually compassed by a "busy pushing"?

LITERARY.—The "Woman in White" did not first appear in "*Black-wood*."

WHO REQUIRE SLEEP MOST.—Women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in any other occupation. Editors, negatives, and telegraphers operators need not sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they choose, and keep out of mischief.

SCHOOLMASTER. "How many kinds of axes are there?" Lively Boy. "Two, Sir. Broad axe, battle axe, tom-axe, tithe axe, axe of the Apostles, and axe my father?"

SCHOOLMASTER.—"Good, go to the top of the class."

WHY ought women to be employed in the post-office?—Because they understand how to manage *mails* better than men.

CHIT-CHAT.—Naturally women talk more than men. The learned Buxtorf informs us in his "Hebrew Lexicon," that the Hebrew word for a woman is derived from a verb signifying talk; and it was, perhaps, from a dim idea of this derivation that the Athenian seed their temples with votive baskets of chit-chat.—it could not be gossip, for there were no females in the temples—and the Romans erected a goddess, for Adam and Eve to assume themselves were not the first created pair, and to establish Ugly Rumor as their sister.

NOTES FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Vermonters live to a great age, as is well known. There are two men up there so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there are no neighbors living for them to remember.

PICK your cases in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry more comfortably in each hand.—Sydney Smith.

A SENSITIVE club lately discussed the important question, "Which is the best knowledge of daybreak in the result of observation or instinct?"

Sometimes the sadness which generally prevails among the company at a wedding breakfast is of a ludicrous incident. An Irishman who had been invited to the wedding party of his master, was asked to give the toast usually given by the eldest of the company, and accordingly rose and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure you could wenture," and "Yes," said the delegate. "I'm sure you could wenture, and there's all of us, of which one and all, we would wenture there, he wanted sorra a bit. Then doctors are not allowed to walk into your shop, but you must wait to be sent for in a way right. Your brother he after reading whether I'm living or dead."

The following dialogue is said to have taken place recently between a married couple on board a steamer: "Are you comfortable in that corner?" "Quite, thank you, my dear." "Then you have plenty of room for your feet?" "Quite sure, love." "And no cold air from the window by your ear?" "Quite certain, darling." "Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

"Pops," said a little boy to his papa the other day, "are no sailors sorry, very small sorry?" "No, my dear," returned the father: "what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" "Because," replied the young lady, "I read in a newspaper of a sailor going to sing in his watch."

What is equal to raising pinchbeck?—Hailing omnibuses.

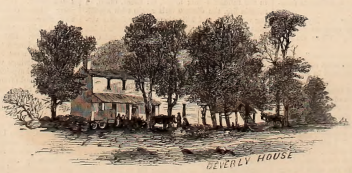
QUARLES MILL, N. ANNA R.

REBEL REDOUBT ON THE NORTH ANNA

CONSTRU

SOLDIERS IN RIFLE PITS NEAR CHESTERFIELD BRIDGE N.A.RIVER

CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS LAID OUT FOR BURIAL.



BEVERLY HOUSE

ONE OF ENVEL

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.—From Photogr

TING A MILITARY ROAD.

BURYING THE DEAD.

JERICHO'S MILL AND PONTOON BRIDGE (L. ANNA R.

A COUNCIL OF WAR. AT MASSAPONAX CHURCH.

BRADDOCK'S COACH. GUINNESS STATION, VA.

DEAD REBEL SOLDIER. PINE FURREST (D. MAY.

'S SOLDIERS.

BETHEL CHURCH.

APHS BY GARDNER, WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—[SEE PAGE 442.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

LAST week we presented before our readers a sketch of the pontoon bridge over which a portion of General GRANT'S army effected a crossing just above Fort Powhatan. We add this week on page 436 another sketch illustrating the PASSAGE OF THE SECOND CORPS AT TUNSTALL'S LANDING, three miles below. The crossing at this point was effected by transports. The main interest of this sketch, however, centres in the group of general officers who are witnessing the operation from the shore. Among these General GRANT'S presence is easily detected by the "inevitable cigar:" the General is complacently resting in his saddle, surrounded by his aids and members of his staff. Near him General HANCOCK is seated, enfeebled by his old wound, and unable to take the field; and further the river stands Inspector-General BARNARD, an old man with gray hairs, who has served in all the great Virginia campaigns.

Another sketch on page 437 represents THE LANDING OF CATTLE FOR THE USE OF THE ARMY. The transports lie moored near the shore, the gangway opened, and the cattle then pushed out, falling one over another in all sorts of ludicrous positions, disappearing two or three at a time, but always rising and making their way to the shore. The bank is usually lined with soldiers weeping and shouting at the discomfort of the animals.

From these we turn to the series of pictures on pages 440 and 441, gained from photographs, and representing scenes of vivid interest connected with the progress of GRANT'S army from Spotsylvania Court-House to the North Anna, and a description of these we follow the order of time.

The pioneers of the CONFEDERACY were up in back to May 19th, when EWELL made his desperate attack on our right, but was repulsed with the loss of nearly two thousand men. These dead bodies were found after the battle near Mrs. Alsop's, at Pine Forest, and were carefully buried by the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

BURNELL HOUSE was the head-quarters of General WARREN on May 20, and BETHEL CHURCH of General BURNSIDE, May 21.

If we turn now to the central picture of the series we find ourself before us the officers of the army holding a COUNCIL OF WAR AT MASSAPONAX CHURCH, on the 21st of May, the army being now fairly on its way southeastwardly from its former position. General GRANT is sitting on a bench at the right, with his back to the tree, smoking.

BRADFORD'S MILL represents a relic of the past century found at Guinea's Station.

The captured rifle-pits are those taken by BURNSIDE in the night from near Chesterfield by Taylor's Bridge, on the North Anna. This bridge and the bridge in the far cover which our troops crossed the North Anna. Federal soldiers are sitting in the trenches. The REBEL REDOUBT is a work captured by our forces in the same neighborhood.

In addition to the above there are other pictures—no representing our engineers constructing a military road to Jericho Mills, on the North Anna, another giving a view of these mills as seen from the south side, with a canvas pontoon bridge thrown across the river, a third giving a view of WHITE QUARLES MILL.

These pictures are all printed from photogr taken on the field by GARDNER, of Washington, to whom our readers are already indebted other similar favors. Of course it is impossible to photography to lie, and we may therefore and these portraitures as faithful to the minut features of the original scene. By the picture are given of the Confederate dead we are brought face to face with scenes which are the daily incident of a soldier's life. It is doubtless true of both armies that the continual recurrence of such scenes tends to harden the soldiers' sensibilities; but this indifference is in a great measure prevented by the mechanization which is daily so tenderly given by these same soldiers to the dead and wounded of the enemy.

We give on page 437 A VIEW ON THE PAMUNKEY. This river was lately the base of supplies for GRANT'S army, and was covered with a vast flotilla of transports.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

"CRYING again, Maggie? Why what on earth ails the child?

Miss Semantha West had just come in from the garden with a basket of freshly-gathered peas, and a mammoth sun-bonnet swinging from her arm, instead of being efficiently under said arm, and she is the nature of sun-bonnets to be. She was one of those women from whom one instinctively receives the impression that they ought to have been born mea—a tall, raw-boned female, with a step like a grenadier, a bass voice, and a very perceptible mustache bristling upon her upper lip. However, Miss Semantha was an old maid—probably because no gentleman had ever yet mustered courage to address her matrimonially.

Altogether different was the slender girl who was drooping listlessly over a bit of needle-work in the shadow of the morning-glories, whose blue cups tossed to and fro at the window. Maggie West was twenty years younger than her tall sister, and as dissimilar as is a blush rose from a stalwart sunflower: gentle and shrinking, with hair that looked as if it had been dipped in sunshine; and hazy, wistful eyes, whose brown light trembled like the waters of a babbling spring. She did not look up at the spinster's resolutely-propounded question, but only bent closer over her work.

"I know how it is!" exclaimed Miss Semantha, setting down her basket of peas with an emphasis that sent the silver-green pods flying over the table in all directions. "You're just a-pinin' your life away arter that good-for-nothin', shilly-shallyin' fellur, Harry Winder. *That's* what's you're a-doin'!"

"Semantha!" pleaded Maggie, shrinking back among the morning-glories.

"Don't tell *me*!" ejaculated Miss Semantha, clasping her hands behind her back, man-fashion, and striding up and down the room, while her gray eyes flashed grim determination. "I know how matters is goin'. He's playin' with you, off and on, jest as suits his conveniences. And I'd like to know what good sage tea, and tansy drinks, and new milk afore breakfast's goin' to do you, as long as this business goes on?"

"But, sister, I know—that is, I think—he loves me."

"Why don't he say so, then, like a man, instead o' playin' fast and loose? T'ain't so in my day. If a man liked a gal he said so, and they got married."

"Wait, sister—only wait," urged Maggie, faintly. "It's only a little while since he began to come here.

"Only a little while, eh? It's time enough for you to grow as white as a sheet and as thin as a shad! Where's all your color, I'd like to know? Why don't you have some spirit, and refuse to steal a gal's heart away with his fine talk, and his poetry, and his gay uniform, and then toss it from you like a broken plaything?"

Maggie West shuddered as if her sister's hand had touched a raw nerve.

"Perhaps he has not made up his mind yet," she faltered.

"Then it's high time he had," said Miss Semantha, nodding her head. "I wish I was a man! I'd call him out afore you could say Jack Robinson, if he was a Lieutenant forty times over! I'd strut about with twice as many shoulder-straps stickin' to him! And I don't know but what I will, as it is. I'll call and tell him to his face, handing forward a rusty rifle that hung above the clock, sole relic of the departed Squire West's Revolutionary days. "I'll be off!"

"Semantha!"

"For of all things," went on Semantha, "I hate a man—especially a commissioned officer. I'll tell you what, Maggie—I think it would be a good thing to ask him what his intentions is!"

"Oh, sister! not for the world! Promise me—*please* promise—that you won't!"

And Maggie clung to her masculine sister with a face of pitiful entreaty.

"Well, then, I won't. But I'll be even with him some way—that I'm not!"

Miss Semantha sat down to shell her peas with an iron resolve in her face that made poor Maggie tremble.

Ten minutes passed away, measured by the slow ticking of the clock, the ripple of yellow sunshine along the kitchen floor, and the monotonous rattle of peas into the tin pan on Miss Semantha's lap; when all of a sudden that lady brought her clenched hand down on the table with startling decision.

"I've got an idea!"

"An idea!" repeated Maggie, somewhat bewildered. "Tell me what it is!"

Miss Semantha shook her head inexorably.

"I won't tell anybody, sister. I'll tell you what

"Oh, that's it, is it?" And then he laughed.

"Garry, how many times this summer have you served me just this shabby trick for a girl's pink and white? Ah, Garry, Garry, which is it—the head or the heart—that is so soft?"

Garry King, who usually laughed with the laugh against him at his sudden fervors of admiration, at this moment gnawed his lip a little uneasily. He could hardly have told why himself. Hendrick went on lightly chaffing him in his accustomed manner, to which the young fellow at last replied, in some haste:

"But, Hendrick, this is really an uncommon face. If I should find myself in the presence of a statue or a picture of such divine loveliness I should feel hushed into silence; at least I couldn't go on talking pellmell in the face of it. How much, then, may I be allowed to feel in the presence of the human reality?"

Hendrick, passing, looked again at this landed loveliness. For the life of him he could only see a very pretty girl with fair hair, who stood beating her foot impatiently as she waited. Even at this moment the carriage for which she waited swept up the drive. She, too, down the steps of the house, gave a critical glance at the turn-out before she entered—it was a dainty little pony-phaeton—and gathered up the reins with a practised hand. But the high-stepping, nettlesome pony pulled at the bridle uneasily. She turned his head with a quick motion of her wrist, and he began forthwith to fret, bound, then began backing and writhing his neck—a slim, arched neck, with a beautiful black mane, flowing. The groom came running forward, but with an alarmed face, at this juncture.

"Go away!" she said, sharply, never moving her eyes from the pony. Thus ordered, the man moved off, but still with an alarmed expression.

"If I had kick'd over the dasher, sure, if she tries to manage him that way!" he exclaimed to the two gentlemen who had stopped their walk at this symptom of insubordination and danger.

The delicate face of the lady was pale, not with fear but determination. Once, twice, she struck the animal's head a firm tight pressure upon the reins, and a low, sweet-toned call upon his name, to conquer. She might have succeeded, but a glimpse of the scarlet waist waved over his ears added a new element of fear and unmanageableness, and the next second he was raising his hind feet with an ominous movement—the next moment he would have kicked "right over the dasher, sure," if Garry King had not leaped down the steps and seized the bridle, holding him with an iron grasp close at the mouth. And the pony's eyes by this time showed fear and danger, and sprang out, not forgetting even then a proper "Thank you," though she did not oast a glance at the young man himself. "If you will have kindness to hand me my parasol, I'll be obliged to you," she said, regretfully. The groom here approached.

"It's him thinks, Miss, he wants the blinders you see, for he ain't used to bein' widout 'em. I thought when you told me to leave 'em that I would make him steady, he's such a frisky little creature."

She nodded her head in acquiescence, and went on talking, sometimes in a soft coaxing way to the animal, and sometimes asking questions of Garry, never thinking of casting a look at him, so absorbed was she in the pony. In a little while, having put under her magnetism of touch and voice, the "frisky little crayther" became quiet, and turned his head to her caress. It was then for the first time that she glanced up into the young man's face. She did not remove her eyes at once, but thanking him in a tone with more fervor in her tones, she seemed suddenly pleased and interested and surprised. As they stood then the pony was now in danger of being forgotten, but the voice of the groom recalled her.

"Are you goin' to thry him again, Miss?"

She answered by patting her foot upon the low phaeton floor. King bent eagerly forward.

"But do you think it quite safe?" he asked, anxiously.

"Quite, oh, yes, thank you;" and again she met his earnest eyes, and the color began to come back into her cheeks. He lifted his hat as she drove off, and, as far as he could see, watched the little turnout and its occupant with much unclouded look. Indeed why was out of Selim's sight, and he trolled along in good order, under the fearless guidance of Miss Aveylles.

It was quite early in the morning that all this occurred, in fact only a few people about to witness the scene, to King's relief, who had suddenly grown so sensitive; but Hendrick was there with his laugh and his chaffing. He came up smiling gayly as the phaeton disappeared down the avenue.

"I say, King," he began, in a mock confidential tone, "did you ever see a stone at that pony's eye, or do some other mischievous thing as he came up; it's turned out remarkably, I must say."

King answered good-humoredly, but there was effort in it; and Hendrick at last thought—he had the grace not to say—"I declare I believe the fellow's actually struck!"

II.

"THERE she is now."

"Who?"

"Grace Aveylles." And the first speaker flung down his morning paper and ran out to meet her.

A chorus of feminine voices welcomed her.

"We were talking about you, Grace; angels unawares, you know."

"Is this a P. P. C., Grace?" said another.

"A P. P. C.?" wonderingly.

"Why, didn't you say last night that you thought Newport very dull this summer, and that you were going to the mountains with the Wills?"

She remembered, and answered, frankly.

"I really had forgotten. Last night it did seem dull; but to-day the sun shines so brightly, and there seems to be a great many more people here."

She really thought so, though she had scarcely met a soul on her drive.

"Any new arrivals at the hotel?" questioned one upon this.

"Yes, I think the house is filling up."

And she had breakfasted in solitary state!

And when she went back, there upon the piazza still walked Garry King, quite alone now; and I suppose she thought the lonesome colonnade most satisfactorily occupied. He ran down at her approach, for there wasn't a servant within view, and at "light of him a pretty blush flushed into her cheeks. It was entirely out of the way, I know, for a stranger who had never been formally presented to those about his servant; but here was that impatient Selim prancing and pawing, and what was to be done? To be sure, he might have summoned one of those idle bell-boys, who were playing pitch-and-toss within hearing, but he didn't; and the impulse that prompted him to go himself was certainly not taken amiss by Miss Aveylles, for she spoke laughingly of her adventure, thanked him again, and then they discovered that they had some mutual friends, and at once they seemed like old acquaintances, and she knew that his name was Garry King.

"That's what I call quick work," said Hendrick to himself, observant from his post.

You laugh, Mr. Hendrick, but there are some rounds that are deep and lasting, though swift as thought. You do not believe that you can see them and smile over this adventure of Garry King's, but you will believe it. Garry himself could not have explained to you what it was that he felt annoyed at Hendrick's chaffing, or why he had never felt annoyed before. He found out sooner than Hendrick, however. Perhaps a week later Garry, at him as a few mornings after, he stood in the door of the hotel and saw Miss Aveylles come driving up with the same Selim and Van Veet. Yes, it was the old, old story—the story that poets and romancers have written over and over again. But looking at young Van Veet, there came more than the throb of jealousy which discovered his heart. There was the suggestion of what a fussy coxcomb they were. It was for such men as Van Veet to win this delicate and costly rose; not for him, poor and unlikely to succeed. Then, as he saw the groom hold her horse, as he saw her eyes light, her color bloom. What if—if all, what then? Garry King, remember, you are not too proud to become a pensioner upon a rich woman's bounty? And going in, away from the sight of such doings, he said to himself:

"What am I, that I should love her,
Save for fleeting of the pain?"

Garry King was not the only young man of the world, gay, easy tempered, and easy living; and if you had told John Hendrick that he entertained this unworthy, unmanly feeling—envy, pride, John would have scouted the intimation as the veriest nonsense, and have roared with laughter at the idea.

"What, Garry King, the gay bugger, letting a fortune slip out of his hands for sentiment? Not he would have said. "Garry has too much sense."

This was John Hendrick's estimate; and then we John Hendricks are mistaken.

But it was the flavor of true nobility in Garry King that made this possible: a deep, sweet vein of unusual sentiment, that ran under all things through—in some finer action than was common—a character that was ordinarily accepted as not lofty or unusual.

It was this *noblesse oblige*, in a finer and truer sense than it often seen, that kept him silent in the days that followed.

He walked with her on those delightful cliffs, in sight and sound of the beautiful sea, the music of those waves seem full of fond and yearning voices. He strolled with her through those lovely bueselves, "Garry King," and he had called them, or he took long morning drives beside her, when they listened to the birds and talked of all things under the sun that young people talk of. All things save one. Garry King never spoke of his love, though many a man with less delicacy would have gathered hope and courage from that beaming face that lighted at his coming.

But he was very happy, and with Grace Aveylles as well.

Lifting her eyes from the writing upon the plates, from the uncut Selim to the unknown face, she did not know that she had met her fate. She only knew then that there was a new light that glowed her in the face. But "she looked at him as one who awakes." The past was a sleep, and her life was now. And something the friends about them saw of all this.

"It will be a match," said Hendrick, between bluffs of his pipe.

And young Van Veet scowled and sneered in answer, "that it was a fine thing for King, certainly."

And still the days went on, and the denouement for which they waited did not come. And still the days went on, to the last—the very last. It was September; and they met upon "the yellow sands" that morning for the last time before parting. The next day Garry and Miss Aveylles were coming running down from her bathing-house, her goldmist hair spreading out like a pennon, and her white face smiling, she met Garry King on the *terre*. He held out his hand. They had not met since the day before yesterday, which was a matter of wonder in these last days.

"Shall I go in with you?" he said; and there was something sad and inscrutable in his eyes as he said it.

They went in together, and between the breaking of the waves there were scraps of conversation.

"Shall you come to Newport next year?" he asked.

"Next year?—who knows what will happen by next year?" and she gave a little start, which ended in a laugh.

"But in the mean time you will be leading a gay life, Miss Aveylles: you will not wish for Newport."

"In the mean time? Well, I dare say. And you, Mr. King, what do you propose to do with your time in a whole year?"

"I am going to put it to some better use than I ever have before."

"Eh? what?"

"I am going to throw up my appointment and have done with clerkships. I am going to join my uncle in New York, and buy cotton and sell it, Miss Aveylles," he replied, rather vehemently.

She looked at him in amaze. What did she know about clerkships, about buying and selling cotton? What ailed him to talk in this way to her?

He caught the puzzled look. "I am going to try my hand at making a fortune," he said, smiling, still with that inscrutable pain in his eyes. "I am a spectator, you know, not a brilliant caveallier—a young don, like Howard Van Veet."

What did she know of poverty and the bitterness that it brought to him? Nothing. She had never felt it; she had never known the worth of money. Pondering delicately upon what he meant, she said, as one follows without knowledge the lead of conversation,

"You will you do? Send out agents? Don't they call them cotton factors? When I am down at Aveylles I hear now and then a word about it: but I have so little interest in such things; my uncle, who is my guardian, looks out for every thing. We have miles and miles of cotton lands."

She spoke innocently, but he felt miles and miles away from her as she spoke, separated by those waving cotton lands.

"Suppose I am my own agent, my own factor, and come tangraating to your doors at Aveylles; will you receive me?" he asked, with a bitterness that could not be overlooked.

She fixed a glance of indignation upon him.

"Mr. King, I suppose you mean to mock me by doors. Mr. King, you will be welcomed. It is not like you to insult never has been, as Aveylles, to refuse hospitality."

She understood enough to make her indignant, not enough to make her lenient. As she answered thus a great wave came breaking over them. When it rolled away she shivered and turned shamefaced. It was the suggestion of a fussy coxcomb of reproach. As he saw her a few moments after, looking cold, stately, and pale, in the carriage, he felt half ashamed of his passion, and going up, with a forced smiling, as if all along he had only been in jest:

"You will not forget your promise, Miss Aveylles?"

But Miss Aveylles was not so easily turned from an impression. She replied gravely, not angrily, and answered as gravely, and with meaning:

"I never forget promises, Mr. King, nor those who do not keep them—nor friends."

And this was the last, the very last. He saw her glittering hair, glistening with the sea-bath, streaming like a banner as she rode away.

And that night, when he called for a final good-by, it was to find her in the midst of a gay group, to whom she dispensed impartial smiles. The very last, and the end of all that charmed summer.

It was the summer of 1860. We all know how every thing wore a different aspect in the summer of 1861; how many summer plans were frustrated, and summer homes left untold. Miss Aveylles did not find her way to Newport that season, and Garry King did not succeed in getting a chance to ride in pony phaetons, or bathe with some sea-nymph in the surf, or even to buy and sell cotton in the New York market. Garry King by this time had enrolled himself in the service of his country.

III.

"AND MISS AVEYLLES?"

"Miss Aveylles is stanch as steel."

"Who is she, and what is Miss Aveylles?" and a figure in a mist of lace and gold hair swung round a column wreathed with oleander.

"Miss Aveylles, Miss Aveylles? What were you saying about her?"

"That you were as stanch as steel."

"Does Major Gerrit doubt it?" Major Gerrit made gallant protestations to the contrary.

"But why Miss Aveylles? Sir. Compte need i say that Miss Aveylles is stanch as steel? Wh: have you been talking about? I insist upon knowing," said Miss Aveylles, gayly.

They moved farther down the veranda, away from the few other guests, and there told her of Miss Aveylles' loyalty.

It was a worthy rebel pet certainly. A plot so deeply laid that even a party of Federals up the river on false pretenses. Fair pretenses they seemed.

A traitor holds out the inducement that a loyal planter in the vicinity of Aveylles is desirous of disposing of his cotton at certain prices. This arch negotiator is supposed to be acted upon in the matter, because he has been trusted and relied upon in other matters connected with the Federal cause, and has proved himself worthy of those matters.

How could they know that love of gain would in these days overcome with the toil of their enemies? That he could lend himself to so dark a plan as this betrayal, who had done them good service with honest deeds before?

It was very simple. A boat sent up the river with a sufficient party to protect them from annoyance—the cotton, the extraordinary there had been only possible annoyance, no danger; for all along by this vicinity every thing was quiet and undisturbed at the time by any rebel occupation. The house of Miss Aveylles was the nearest and most convenient point to receive. Without her knowledge, but with no doubt of her co-operation, they had appointed it as a rendezvous. If the officers found that any business arrived before them and inquired for the agent, who was to make and receive all arrangements, she was now asked at this late day—but with the imperious effrontery which distinguishes the chivalry on occasions—to receive them in Miss Aveylles' absence, and detain them with some excuse of the temporary absence of the agent until a given hour, when her rebel friends would arrive in force and relieve her from this imposed society.

Grace Aveylles was born and bred a Southerner. She was at this point a rebel, as a thousand other Southern women are, by association instead of deliberate choice. She listened to this story and gathered the bare facts stated above, though it was by no means presented to her so harshly, but gloved over with a high-colored exaggeration of the truth.

She listened, and seemed fully to enter into the scheme: but after, when alone, her whole bearing changed, and the indignation and horror that she had felt manifested itself in every expression of her mobile face.

"Never," she ejaculated, "will I lend myself to such hideous betrayal! I should feel forever dishonored."

But what to do? Her only hope lay in the Federals earlier arrival than their enemy. It was now near midnight. They might arrive with the early morning, but not before—not before—not until later. All through that night she waked, lest she should sleep at their coming. What hour would it be?

The early sunlight shows what a change two years have made in Grace Aveylles. The beautiful girl has become a self-reliant woman, and you see on her face some process of the change; it is the shadow of loss. Perhaps she is thinking of this herself, of what she missed on a summer two years ago; for her eyes have ceased to follow the dark line of water so anxiously, and something lulls her into a dream. A dream from which she awakes with every nerve quivering, every sense alert. They have come, these betrayed men, for whom she waits. Thank Heaven it is not too late, they may be saved. They come up the broad avenue confidently in the early morning sunshine. Gay young officers in their dark uniforms, and in the prime of their youth. And just at the foot of the garden there streams the sand and spray from their little vessel—the whole a fine prize looked for their enemies.

Miss Aveylles comes down the veranda to meet them, stately and composed; but as the foremost officer lifts his cap all the blood in her veins seems to flow in a storm-current to her face.

"Mr. King!"

"Miss Aveylles!" and the same King hangs out the same old guard of distress.

His companions, who observed this a few paces back, thought smiling. "So King has an old flame here. Rum is the union why he was so anxious to be sent."

A moment of pause, and Miss Aveylles holds out her hand. "Mr. King, I keep my promise and welcome you to Aveylles."

She smiled as she spoke, but there was deadly faintness at her heart. What if after all they were, too late? What if—but there was no time for more thought, there must be action.

"Gentlemen," she said, still letting her hand lie in King's, "I am glad to see them all, "gentlemen, you have been betrayed!"

Her few rapid words that followed placed them in possession of the plot.

"You will have time to escape," she went on, breathlessly, "if you do not delay. Go at once, I beseech you. Those who waked all night to fight not overslept the moment of your coming." Major King had regained his self-possession.

"Except that," he exclaimed "we shall not run from these traitors. Forwarned like this, we can take them in their own toils."

A little cheer arose from his companions. Miss Aveylles grew pale with consternation.

"You will be overpowered! I will send, in flimsy.

But King had knowledge of the country. He knew that the force sent down from the upper part of the State would at that time be a very limited number, such as he was quite ready to risk meeting if on guard and under arms. Of this he assured her. He, moreover, believed each officer there who had scarcely time to define her position. A Confederate, where were her sympathies now? Hitherto she would have endured much, passively she would have lent herself to their cause, thinking that her rebel belief was within them perhaps. But a mine had exploded at her feet. In the yawning gulf she got a glimpse of the truth. But these blanch'n scattered involved themselves into order until afterward. It was enough for the moment to know that those who were to have been fooly betrayed were now ready to meet their betrayers.

Stealthily they came through the woods—a small force, as King had predicted, but ready sufficient to have done their vile work if they had arrived upon an unprepared party. Miss Aveylles heart beat short of her hope and defiance as she heard the avenue and discovered that they were surrounded. She heard shots fired, and wild tones mangling, and was great fear was in her heart. "Are they killed? Not one was killed. So wisely had King disposed his forces, so well were they sympathized, so well had themselves in the presence of so large a party, that it was almost a bloodless victory. They would return to Key West, however with a mere cargo than cotton. But Miss Aveylles—she who had placed victory in their hands? King forgot the two years as he greeted the woman where she stood.

"We owe you this," he said; "but do you know all that it has brought upon you? You can not stay here in safety. She has escaped who will tell the story—and you are suspected?"

She looked bewildered. "What? I have no safer place of refuge than Aveylles. I have no other home now. All my estates at New Orleans have been confiscated. Where shall I go?"

"Grace, dear Grace! will you not come with me? I was too proud to speak when you were so prosperous: but I loved you, Grace! I have loved you since that first hour I met you. Will you go with me, Grace?"

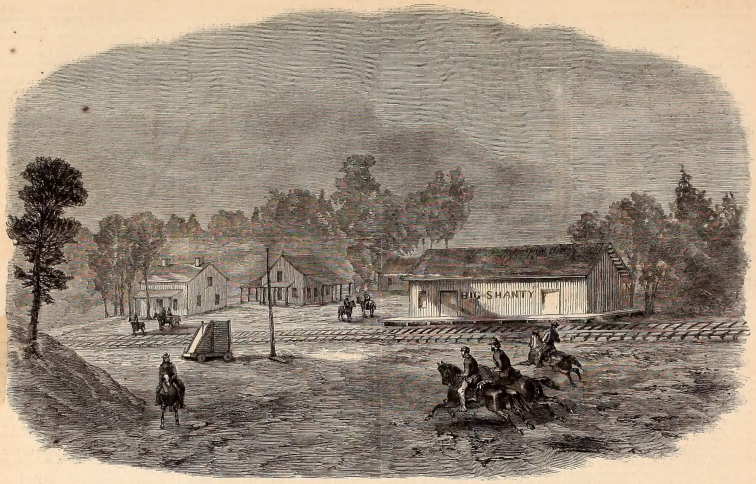
So he had loved her.

They had both kept this silent faith for two years.

She put out her hand, and half a smile dawned.

"I have kept my promise of welcome, and I will keep my faith," she said.

She took her faithful servants with her, but the mansion of Aveylles was left to desolation, perhaps destruction. Afterward, when its mistress espoused Major King, she was quite ready to espouse the cause for which he fought. Little by little the evidences of the corruption of secession had come to her. The last unholy plot rent the veil thoroughly from her eyes. Not for her lover's sake alone she was strong enough to become a martyr for a principle—but for conviction, did Grace Aveylles espouse his cause.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—"BIG SHANTY STATION"—GENERAL LOGAN'S ADVANCE, JUNE 10, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

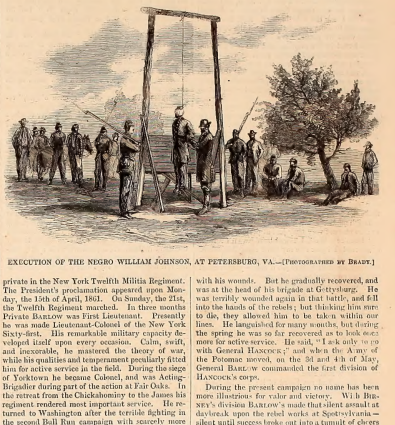
GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH of the ARMY of the Cumberland, which we illustrate below, and which is under the command of Captain VAN DUZER, has proved an invaluable acquisition to General SHERMAN and to the North. We have by this means been in daily receipt of news from our armies in the West. Captain VAN DUZER surprised General SHERMAN shortly after he had occupied Ackworth by the information that the wires were working, and Washington was but one hour distant. The town of Ackworth is small, few of its inhabitants being at this time in it, since every man has been taken off by the army, and the female portion of the inhabitants were timid about remaining. Ackworth is on the Western and Atlantic Railroad, a few miles northwest of Marietta. Sherman reached this point on the 6th of June.

"BIG SHANTY," also illustrated on this page, although dull enough in ordinary times, is likely for some days to come, as the resting-place of SHERMAN'S army, to present scenes of the intensest activity. In front of the place, along the range of Lost and Kenesaw mountains, the enemy lies in force, until the combination of the Federal commander and the prowess of the Union army shall compel him to take another step southward.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—MILITARY TELEGRAPH TO ACKWORTH, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE BRIG "VISION," CAPTAIN DONOVAN, LEAVING NEW YORK FOR LIVERPOOL, JUNE 30, 1864.



EXECUTION OF THE NEGRO WILLIAM JOHNSON, AT PETERSBURG, VA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GONE TO SEA.

We give above an illustration representing the brig UNION, which sailed on Sunday, June 26, from the Battery direct for Liverpool. Probably no vessel ever ventured to breast the Atlantic under circumstances so novel and impressive. This little brig is only fifteen feet long and four and a half feet wide, and has only a depth of two feet and ten inches. Her crew consisted of Captain JOHN C. DONOVAN, who owns the vessel, a Rhode Island sailor, and the Captain's dog Toby. The *Vision* was to have started on Saturday, but was delayed; she is expected to make her trip in two months. Notwithstanding the heat on Sunday, a large number of people crowded the Battery to witness her departure on this most romantic voyage. The brig sailed out in gallant style, carrying the stars and stripes.

GENERAL LONGSTREET.

To our last *Weekly* was engraved a portrait of General LEE, and in this we give that of General LONGSTREET, who is perhaps, since the death of STONEWALL JACKSON, second only to LEE in the military reputation he has achieved by the campaigns between Washington and Richmond during the last three years. General JAMES LONGSTREET, who is a native of Alabama, was regularly educated for the profession of arms. He entered the United States army in 1838. He was attached first to the Fourth and then to the Eighth infantry regiments. He served in all the battles of the Mexican war, and, like General LEE, was wounded at Chapultepec. He was twice brevetted for distinguished services in that war. In 1858 he obtained a post in the Paymaster's department, to which he belonged, with the rank of Major. When the civil war broke out, in 1861, he at once joined the army of the Confederate States. The brigade which he commanded at the fight of Bull Run, in July of that year, was one of the first bodies of southern troops that came into actual collision with the Federals; and in the sanguinary battle of MANASSAS, which soon afterward ensued, General LONGSTREET led the main attack, though General BEAUREGARD was in chief command. As a General of Division, LONGSTREET acted under General LEE throughout the Virginia campaigns of 1862 and 1863. LONGSTREET is forty-three years of age—a thick-set, determined-looking man. His corps, who are devotedly attached to him, often complain that he is always with General LEE. He is in the habit of exposing himself in a careless manner, and it was perhaps in this way that he got his wound in one of the battles in the Wilderness. At Gettysburg he is said to have led a Georgian regiment in a charge against a battery, hat in hand, and in front of every body. A few hours later a Colonel found him seated on the top of a snake fence at the edge of the wood, and looking perfectly calm and unperturbed, while some of his troops passed by. The gallant Colonel, who scarcely knew what had been the result of the battle, observed to General LONGSTREET, "I wouldn't have missed this for any thing." LONGSTREET replied, laughing: "The devil you wouldn't! I should liked to have missed it very much; we've attacked, and been repulsed; look there!"

NEGRO EXECUTION.

On this page a sketch is given representing the execution on June 20, of WILLIAM JOHNSON, a colored soldier. He deserted from the Twenty-third United States colored troops, and on the 8th attempted to commit an outrage on a white woman at Cold Harbor. Considerable importance was given to the affair, in order that the example might be made more effective. JOHNSON confessed his guilt, and was executed within the outer breastworks about Petersburg, on an elevation, and in plain view of the enemy, a white flag covering the ceremony.

GENERAL F. C. BARLOW.

General FRANCIS CHANNING BARLOW, more familiarly known as General FRANK BARLOW, whose portrait appears on page 437, is already one of the most conspicuous soldiers of the war—one of its most heroic and romantic figures. Born in Brooklyn, in 1834, he passed most of his childhood and youth in New England, graduating at the head of the distinguished class at Harvard in 1855. The college traditions of that time are full of anecdotes of his humor, and that fascinating superiority which excels without an effort. Upon leaving college he studied law, and after a brief employment in the *Tribune* office began to practice in New York. His cool, clear head and true heart taught him the significance of public affairs, and at the first call to arms he rose from his desk and enrolled himself as a private in the New York Twelfth Militia Regiment. The President's proclamation appeared upon Monday, the 15th of April, 1861. On Sunday, the 21st, the Twelfth Regiment marched. In three months Private BARLOW was First Lieutenant. Presently he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the New York Sixty-first. His remarkable military capacity developed itself upon every occasion. Calm, swift, and inexorable, he mastered the theory of war, while his qualities and temperament peculiarly fitted him for active service in the field. During the siege of Yorktown he became Colonel, and was Acting-Brigadier during part of the action at Fair Oaks. In the retreat from the Chickahominy to the James his regiment rendered most important service. He returned to Washington after the terrible fighting in the second Bull Run campaign with scarcely more than a hundred men, and the New York Sixty-fourth was added to Colonel BARLOW's command. At the battle of Antietam, on the 17th September, 1862, he captured two stands of colors and three hundred men, and was highly praised by General CALDWELL, and recommended for promotion. Colonel BARLOW received two severe wounds, and was carried off the field for dead. Two days afterward the President appointed him Brigadier-General for distinguished conduct at the battle of Fair Oaks.

General BARLOW lay for a long time prostrate with his wounds. But he gradually recovered, and was at the head of his brigade at Gettysburg. He was terribly wounded again in that battle, and fell into the hands of the rebels; but thinking him sure to die, they allowed him to be taken within our lines. He languished for many months, but during the spring he was so far recovered as to look once more for active service. He said, "I ask only to go with General HANCOCK;" and when the Army of the Potomac moved, on the 3d and 4th of May, General BARLOW commanded the first division of HANCOCK's corps.

During the present campaign no name has been more illustrious for valor and victory. With BARNEY's division BARLOW's made that silent assault at daybreak upon the rebel works at Spottsylvania—silent until success broke out into a tumult of cheers—which resulted in the capture of the rebel Generals JOHNSON and STEWART, three thousand men, eighteen cannon, and twenty-two standards.

Throughout the campaign BARLOW is conspicuous among the noble band of united heroes, officers and men, in the very active front of battle. He is just thirty years old, but he has already made a name that the history of American Liberty will forever honor.

The men of General BARLOW's division would never forgive his biographer who should omit to record the unwearied service in the hospitals and among the wounded and dying Union soldiers, from the beginning of the war to this day, of his faithful and devoted wife. Never far from her heroic husband in the field, she is always an angel of mercy in his camp and among his men, and for no woman in the land do more earnest prayers ascend from suffering lips and grateful hearts than for Mrs. General BARLOW.

THE REBEL GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET.

HOW I GOT MY LITTLE DOG.

"RALPH, I wish I had a nice little dog."

"Should think you might be satisfied with a first-class husband, baby, and puss."

"Fiddle-sticks!"

Ralph turned over a leaf of his lawbook with a significant air, and the clock and sewing-machine ticked on in silence for five minutes.

"Ralph, I tell you I *do* want a cunning little dog."

"Yes, dear."

Clock and sewing-machine monopolize another five minutes.

"Oh, Ralph, you *don't know* how I want a pretty little dog."

"Yes.

Four minutes, fifty-six seconds.

"Ralphie, I tell you you've no *idea* how I want that little doggie."

"Bless it!"

The sewing-machine paused for a moment while I rose to inflict a disciplinary cuff upon the curls over Ralph's left ear.

And that is a specimen of that gentleman's ordinary success in studying law-books in the parlor.

I don't blame the poor fellow. About six months ago I walked over one day to his office up town—that is, just beyond the Excelsior Hotel, which forms the centre of Schenckville. I staid some five hours, sweeping, dusting, sorting, arranging, picking up and carrying away—staid, in fact, until the establishment showed signs of civilization. Two days afterward I called, in passing, to enjoy a few minutes' quiet contemplation of the results of my labors.

I have not been there since.

Ralph returned to the attractions of that fascinating volume, and I to the side-room of baby's bib. There was a window just across the sewing-table at my left, with a dicky-ton

blooming beautifully before it, and occasional vellleys of lard, shot-like snow pelting it without. I was remarking to myself with some complacency that it was just the day to be at work in one's own pretty parlor, with the top of Ralph's curly head just visible over the back of his arm-chair, and baby asleep in her crib across the room, and pussy amusing herself under the sofa with a denuded spool (if I only had a little dog). And then I had digressed to some speculations upon the two questions, what we should have for tea, and what we should read in the evening, and was just deciding upon cream-toast and Carlyle when my reverie was snapped short by a knock at the door.

It was not a very welcome sound just then, and the case was not materially improved when Peggy opened the hall-door and exhibited—old Adam Baum.

I never witnessed a more absurd attempt at sibyllism than that was of Ralph's when he sprang up out of his arm-chair, with an "Ah, Mr. Baum; good-afternoon. Sir."

"Middl'n, middl'n, middl'n," replied the visitor, taking it for granted he had been asked "how he you do?" "An' how're you all *here* the day?" And then he added, "Mornin'," at me, with a grunt.

For Mr. Baum is a practical man, after the facetonies women who wear purple ribbons about their heads.

"Rather throng, I reckon, squire, about these times."

Ralph made this intelligible by replying, "Why, no; he was not very busy just at present, Sir."

"Hain't? Well, I 'lowed bein' 'twuh't far out o' my road, I'd jes make my last stretch this yere the day, and see what sort of a dicker I could make with you about that there job o' mine—you've heerd on't 'fore now likely—but there—"

By this time our guest was established in a chair before the fire, with a striped nubbin now-and-then and a pipe in one hand, which looked like the head of a Dutch landlord impaled on an elder-stick; and now he left the subject waiting for the next pause while he occupied himself a little while in dipping up small coals with his pipe and trying to make them burn.

"That there suit o' mine, you know," he resumed at last, when the pipe was fairly burning, "gin the Widdy."

No, Ralph had not heard of it; and he asked, "What's the matter between you and Mrs. Ford?"

"Bout a farm," said Adam, puffing industriously. "I've a-dy-vus must a seen the Widdy's place yonder, up the creek, side o' me—pooty little o' a house, if you min', half log and half frame, just right across the run fersent me—trees aroun', if you min'. Well, Sir, you're the man."

A few more puffs and then he took up his story explosively.

Charley Ford came on yonder from up in York State fourteen year ago come next April. An' he got law in a office, he got smart'd anyone on ye'd ever lit up an' built him a house an' lifted there. An' he's to pay for't, y'un-stan', so much a year. Well, he gits sick o' Charley's bilin'-up—gin me that 'ere square—an' after that, min' ye, Charley Ford never gin me a cent—not the first blessed red cent.

"Well, bein' Charley was allers a pore, dreamy, sickly kin' o' a fella—rather a hard way o' gittin along —an' I just 'lowed I wouldn't push him—thought a pity of him a mite, an' so it is just slipped along an' *slipped* along. An' when the seven year was up—'twas to be all paid up in seven year, y'un min'—why then Charley was just a goin' off, as you might say, with consumption. Well Charley he sends for me, and he wants I should agree to wait for the widda's two childer just stay right straight along another seven year—*consider*, y'un-stran', wot he'd gin me for't, and the body up to it, and I'm not as' so forth an' so on."

"Well, being things was just as they was, you know—him a dyin' an' all—why I just gin t' up, 'greed to't, the way Charley wanted, an' him an' me we drawed up writ's with effect an' intent there; unto conformable. Well now, Sir, if you'll believe it, it's just them very writ's *whereby* the widda's got every thing there ever year, this very blessed minute, that she'd make out now was a deed o' that there farm"—with a tremendous flourish of the Dutch landlord.

"You have these writings?" inquired Ralph, after a little pause.

"Course, got 'em myself."

"You can prove their identity?"

"Sure!"

"You can prove them to be the same writings which were executed just before Ford's death?"

"Well, Sir, I'm not tell you wot I do, y'un" and Adam set one boot on the fender, evidently about to bring forward his great gun—"old man Judd, over yonder, was to give a deed o' his farm's ole-do. An' he goes to the widda an' wants to git the loan o' her deed to be copy,' bowt 'twould save hirin' a lawyer, y'un-stran'. Old man now he's dead right some way, an' he just takes it over to lawyer Bissel. Bissel he look, I'lumph, no deed for sure."

"So then you see why I just got to hear on't right straight along. Why the widda owns up now 't she's got a deed that writin' never could locked into't. Fur's I know the woman ac'ly thinks 'twas a deed. She never knowed a hect about things—bean stuck up kin' o' women mostly don't t,' remarked Mr. Baum, without looking at me.

"The other party, of course, claim that the deed has been destroyed since it left Mrs. Ford's hands, and that the paper you produce is a forgery," remarked Ralph.

"Well, that's about wot *they'd* like to make out," said Adam, stooping for another coal.

"How about the witnesses to the—this 'writing' you speak of?"

"Why, there's just the mischief o' the thing, you see, the witnesses is both dead. One on 'em was old Wells, an' t'other's was a han' o' mine 't went off to California an' died."

"Who was this last?"

"Name was Conn Hall—fella's used to call him Nose an' All—had such an all-fired great hook of a nose. Jam up kin' o' a chap Conn was too."

Mr. Baum was becoming communicative and ingratiating: I thought.

"The farm must be worth something by this time," remarked Ralph.

"Well the heft on't, wot lays up on the hill, that a'nt worth y'er poker; but that little corner 't lays on the flat, well, Sir, there's a New York oil company t'x boun' to have that there bit o' lan' twenty thousand dollars soon's ever that suit's done."

"Y-e-s," mused Ralph. "Bo lucky for you now if this Oon Hall should happen to turn up after all before it comes off. These California deaths are not always very reliable."

I saw Ralph start out of his dissecting glasses forever at his neighbor and then look down again grimly satisfied.

"Guess there ain't much chance o' *that*," remarked Adam.

"Now, Mr. Baum," began Ralph, after employing himself a little while in lightly unscrewing the point of his pencil, "I'll tell you *my* opinion of this matter. You are a very wealthy man. Those two flowing wells must be taking it without any objection, and so contemplating the fire under his wide-awake, leaving the profits of a very prominent, singularly-shaped human nose to be contemplated at leisure by Mr. Adam Baum.

Presently I saw the figure of the oil-nabob straightening itself, and his face growing yellow with mute fear of petroleum and coal-dust.

"Thunder!" he ejaculated at last, "that ain't you?"

"That's me, Sir," echoed the visitor.

"Heerd you was dead," gasped Adam, at length.

"Ah-h!" said Hall, significantly.

Then there was silence a little while. Mr. Baum was looking at Ralph's watery pretty well in a way, but not very avidly.

"Well, Sir," he said, brightening up, "what'll you take. Grocery just t'other side o' the derrick out here. Ain't got the first hair in the shanty."

"Can't drink, Sir," interrupted Hall, gruffly.

"No! take no time."

"Yes," said Ralph.

"There is a little business to be done to-day, Mr. Baum," said I, gravely, rising and standing by the table. Mr. Baum answered me a word.

Then we all remained "in statu quo" for a little while. Hall took up a pine stick, and with an elaborate nonchalance, began fashioning the ashes on the hearth into the semblance of a mountain.

"Well, Sir," he said at last.

"I don't do no business when there's women an' jakin aroun'," grumbled Adam.

"Let me see your writ," said I, quietly, "how I happen to be here to-day with Mr. Hall. I had some business with him some time ago, putting wood one day at my mother's, and Hall then mention that trip to California which you spoke of to my husband the next day. I wrote to Hall afterward, and thought perhaps I could find him. So I did find him, after a while, and we both came on to once, of course."

Mr. Baum looked at me. Mr. Hall never looked at anybody. Only, Oon, that is Conn Hall, Co—long, treat and time. Guess Old Adam's able to put up."

"Can't stop, I tell you," and Hall thrust the stick into the fire and took up his fur gloves.

Then, at last it came.

"Well, if you've a min' to reasonable, an' consid'r's an accommodation to an old man. We're all as is like to git out o' the way s'mirces—p-r-o-n-o-u-n-c-e-d swift as the sparks flies upards."

"Why, Oon, that's your name," said I, "we shall all remember that. There's nothing hard to be done. I have brought another deed ready for signing, and I placed the document, with pen and ink on the table; "when that is done, the whole matter will be settled, and I shall not name here, if you please, and Mr. Hall and I will sign as witnesses."

It was an hour to me before the creat-tallen old man got through the slow operation of shambling up to the table and scrawling his name. Then I wrote mine with nervous fingers. Hall put his great black hand down below, and in five minutes we were in the wagon again, the deed safe in my pocket.

Hall turned his horse's head, and then stood up with the reins in his hand, and shouted back at the house, "Adam, stray child!" at the door.

"Mr. Baum, I believe I didn't mention it to you before, and perhaps you'd like to hear. You remember Mrs. Ford's brother, one 't had a nose just like mine, you know, and signed that other deed."

"Thunder an' blazes!"

We didn't hear any more. Peter Hall touched his horse and away we went—Peter, almost helpless with laughter, over the best of all the practical jokes he had ever had a hand in.

This evening, as I am finishing my story, there's a discussion in progress, on the subject of a chicken-wing, between Ralph and Baffle. Darlie is an incipient Newfoundlander; a mere lapful of black-brown curly pet at present, with any amount of silky brown ears, but destined some of these years to monopolize two-thirds of the hearth-rug at least. He is on the best of terms with baby, and a very special favorite with my friend Master Charley Ford, not to speak of Pussy and Ralph, and on the whole I can very well understand the present aspect of affairs, except that Ralph *will* persist in spelling my pet's pretty name by calling him my Fee.

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS.

My love! my only love!
Where lies thy head to-night?
'Tis weary waiting for both of day,
And for tidings of the fight!

Somewhere in a crowded camp,
Or mayhap on a ghastly field,
In a curious kind of indistinctness. What had been corbury was submerged under a level surface of the tallowy varnish, and his short coat looked as if it had been cut from plates of grenay India-rubber. Incredible as it seemed, in that atmosphere, he was evidently on the point of eating his dinner. A smoking coffee-pot, with its corresponding tin cup, at the basis of hot oysters, and a yellow earthen pipkin pitilly occupied by twenty crackers, a piece of baker's loaf, and a right-angled segment of pound-cake, occupied the farther end of the bare pine table, with knife, fork, and iron spoon in the greasiest corner of all. Let no innocent foreigner presume to infer that this was a miserable habitation, or that its master proved himself an old miser by living in Shanty Nothing of the kind. Mr. Baum was only "shantying," and shantying is one of the recognized modes of existence.

Well, I went in, and my companion followed with a curt "How are ye, Sir?" to our host. I said my hand carelessly on the chair as I passed, and set it for him before the stove, taking a seat myself on the end of a bench near the table. The flowing wells must be taking it without any objection, and sat contemplating the fire under his wide-awake, leaving the profits of a very prominent, singularly-shaped human nose to be contemplated at leisure by Mr. Adam Baum.

Presently I saw the figure of the oil-nabob straightening itself, and his face growing yellow with mute fear of petroleum and coal-dust.

"Thunder!" he ejaculated at last, "that ain't you?"

"That's me, Sir," echoed the visitor.

"Heerd you was dead," gasped Adam, at length.

"Ah-h!" said Hall, significantly.

Then there was silence a little while. Mr. Baum was looking at Ralph's watery pretty well in a way, but not very avidly.

"Well, Sir," he said, brightening up, "what'll you take. Grocery just t'other side o' the derrick out here. Ain't got the first hair in the shanty."

"Can't drink, Sir," interrupted Hall, gruffly.

"No! take no time."

"Yes," said Ralph.

"There is a little business to be done to-day, Mr. Baum," said I, gravely, rising and standing by the table. Mr. Baum answered a word.

Then we all remained "in statu quo" for a little while. Hall took up a pine stick, and with an elaborate nonchalance, began fashioning the ashes on the hearth into the semblance of a mountain.

"Well, Sir," he said at last.

"I don't do no business when there's women an' jakin aroun'," grumbled Adam.

"Let me see your writ," said I, quietly, "how I happen to be here to-day with Mr. Hall. I had some business with him some time ago, putting wood one day at my mother's, and Hall then mention that trip to California which you spoke of to my husband the next day. I wrote to Hall afterward, and thought perhaps I could find him. So I did find him, after a while, and we both came on to once, of course."

Mr. Baum looked at me. Mr. Hall never looked at anybody. Only, Oon, that is Conn Hall, Co—long, treat and time. Guess Old Adam's able to put up."

"Can't stop, I tell you," and Hall thrust the stick into the fire and took up his fur gloves.

Then, at last it came.

"Well, if you've a min' to reasonable, an' consid'r's an accommodation to an old man. We're all as is like to git out o' the way s'mirces—p-r-o-n-o-u-n-c-e-d swift as the sparks flies upards."

"Why, Oon, that's your name," said I, "we shall all remember that. There's nothing hard to be done. I have brought another deed ready for signing, and I placed the document, with pen and ink on the table; when that is done, the whole matter will be settled, and I shall not name here, if you please, and Mr. Hall and I will sign as witnesses."

It was an hour to me before the creat-tallen old man got through the slow operation of shambling up to the table and scrawling his name. Then I wrote mine with nervous fingers. Hall put his great black hand down below, and in five minutes we were in the wagon again, the deed safe in my pocket.

Hall turned his horse's head, and then stood up with the reins in his hand, and shouted back at the house, "Adam, stray child!" at the door.

"Mr. Baum, I believe I didn't mention it to you before, and perhaps you'd like to hear. You remember Mrs. Ford's brother, one 't had a nose just like mine, you know, and signed that other deed."

"Thunder an' blazes!"

We didn't hear any more. Peter Hall touched his horse and away we went—Peter, almost helpless with laughter, over the best of all the practical jokes he had ever had a hand in.

This evening, as I am finishing my story, there's a discussion in progress, on the subject of a chicken-wing, between Ralph and Baffle. Darlie is an incipient Newfoundlander; a mere lapful of black-brown curly pet at present, with any amount of silky brown ears, but destined some of these years to monopolize two-thirds of the hearth-rug at least. He is on the best of terms with baby, and a very special favorite with my friend Master Charley Ford, not to speak of Pussy and Ralph, and on the whole I can very well understand the present aspect of affairs, except that Ralph *will* persist in spelling my pet's pretty name by calling him my Fee.

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS.

My love! my only love!
Where lies thy head to-night?
'Tis weary waiting for both of day,
And for tidings of the fight!

Somewhere in a crowded camp,
Or mayhap on a ghastly field,

Is lying one whom my jealous heart
To Death will never yield.

My love! my only love!
But the rivers roll between;
And the land it stretcheth for weary miles
In summer beauty green.

My love! my only love!
But the night is long and lone;
And my heart goes out through the dewy dark
With a sore, unsoothed moan.

My love! my only love!
But my arms are vacant yet;
And the cheeks that are fading because unkissed,
With passionate tears are wet.

My love! my only love!
My life is a wasting pain;
For its fullness of unshed tenderness
Maketh it ache again.

My love! my only love!
I will wait and watch for thee,
To find thee in all that is left for me,
If thy glory lieth low!

* * *

Alas! and she could not know
That the grass was springing green,
And the rank weeds hiding a SOMETHING where
A knightly soul had been.

Alas! for the faithful heart;
Alas! for its yearning pain:
He hath laid him down in the Wilderness,
Never to rise again.

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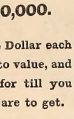

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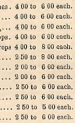

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VOL. VIII.—No. 394.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT AT HIS HEAD-QUARTERS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

OUR FLAG!

[As one of the brigades of the Reserve Corps which came up to the rescue of General Thomas at Chickamauga was marching through Athens, Alabama, a bright-eyed girl of four summers was looking at the sturdy fellows trumping by. When she saw the sun glancing through the stripes of red and on the golden stars of the flag she exclaimed, clapping her hands, "Oh, pa! pa! God made that flag! See the stars!" A shout that could be heard was up from that column, and many a bronzed veteran lifted his hat as he passed the unexpected child, manifesting, if his good right arm availed any thing, God's flag should conquer.]

Down the long street the soldiers passed
In solid columns through the town;
Their clothes were soiled with Southern dust,
Their faces with the sun were brown.

They marched the field of blood to reach,
Where the fierce cannon thundered loud,
And where their hostile armies met
The black and blinding battle-cloud.

They bore aloft with conscious pride
The flag our fathers loved of old—
That banner with the crimson stripes,
And with the shining stars of gold.

Close by the road-side stood a child
With her dark hair and radiant eyes,
Neath whose white lids imprisoned seemed
The color of the azure skies.

And when she saw the sacred flag
For which our brave boys bear their scars,
"Papa!" she cried, and clapped her hands and smiled,
And eyes unused to tender looks
Turned fondly on the fair-haired child.

God's banner! Yes. With patriot blood
To-day its hallowed folds are wet;
But by such precious drops now rilled
Its stars shall be forever set.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

THE FLAG AND THE ARMY.

THE good news from General SHERMAN, whose campaign is one of the most daring and, thus far, triumphant upon record, and the masterly skill and tenacity of General GRANT, keep the mind of the country firmly fixed upon the army and the progress of the war. The action of Congress and the resolution of the War Department in driving means for recruiting the ranks and presenting an undiminished as well as undaunted front to the enemy, merely respond to the exigent purpose of the hour. The Government takes the nation at its word. Every great Convention, every orator who speaks for the people, every man who knows where the available prize at stake, calls for the prosecution of the war, and demands that this campaign, if possible, shall shake the rebellion to the heart.

The desperate determination, the valor of the rebels in the field, nobody disputes. Their leaders have placed their names, their hopes, their pride, their fortunes, and their lives upon the hazard. For three years they have struggled, and they will struggle on until further struggle is not hopeless only, for it is that now, but impossible. They have scraped their section and brought every available man into the field. They have finally acknowledged that their defeat now is final. For two months the great battle has been joined. GRANT has steadily driven Lee to lay in Richmond. SHERMAN has relentlessly pushed them backward to Atlanta. Their furious shocks and onsets have been repelled. Their heaviest blows have helped them little. On land and sea their last hope and cursed cause totters, and the Government of the loyal people of the United States, which aims, as it has stated from the beginning of the war, only at the restoration of the absolute authority of the people, and peace by justice and equal rights, now calls upon those people to supply the men that shall shoot down the rebels and to the world that the power of a great, free, self-governing nation is exhaustless and irresistible.

Now then is the time, before the formal order is issued, for every citizen to use every effort to send a substitute if he can not go himself, and to replenish the army by the spontaneous act of the people. While the rebellion wavers, naturally, strong blow will bring it down. There are yet nearly five good months of fighting weather, and the heroes in the field ask only that they may be supported. The terms of the new bill for recruiting, in which the commutation bill is abolished, are clear, earnest, and—it seems to us—well considered. The bill means fight, as the country does. The Copperhead opposes it, suppose it, of course, as they formerly opposed the commutation, because they do not mean fight. They mean compromise, surrender, and disgrace. Our armies were never so well led, were never so united and enthusiastic, never fought so persistently and bravely as they do now. Let every loyal man in the land make himself a recruiting committee, that he may have the unwavering consciousness forever, and say to his children, that he too did his active part, by personal retrenchment and sacrifice and exertion, if not by actual service in the field, to secure the permanent victory of that flag whose inspirations and benedictions are so glowingly portrayed in the picture which adorns our present number.

THE "ALABAMA."

THE British pirate ship *Alabama* has been sunk by the American ship of war *Kearsarge*. The action took place off Cherbourg harbor on the morning of June 19, 1864, beginning about eleven o'clock and lasting more than an hour. The armament of the *Alabama* is reported by various authorities to have been three heavy rifled guns, with eight broadside 32-pounders that of the *Kearsarge* two eleven-inch shell-guns, four 32-pounders, and two smaller guns. The crew of the *Kearsarge* is said by the same authorities to have been one hundred and fifty: that of the *Alabama* about the same number. The *Alabama* opened the fight by a single long-range shot at two thousand yards, the *Kearsarge* reserving her fire. For two hours sailed around each other in circles seven times, and the fighting was mainly done at the distance of a quarter of a mile. After the action had lasted an hour a hundred and fifty rounds from the *Alabama* and a hundred from the *Kearsarge*, the pirate ship blacked fire, and seemed to be making sail for the shore, which was about nine miles distant. At half-past twelve she was in a sinking and disabled state. The English yacht *Deerhound*, which had been hovering near during the action, immediately made toward the *Alabama*, saving about forty men, including SEMMES and thirteen officers. Of the rest of the crew, some were killed, seventeen wounded, and sixty-eight captured. The *Kearsarge* sustained very little damage, and not a shot of her crew were wounded. She did not lose a man.

Thus, as was fitting, it appears that the Captain of the *Alabama* was saved by a party of his British abettors, who refused to come out for that purpose. Others invited him to a public dinner at Southampton, which he declined, and went to Paris to make the acquaintance of the rebel emissaries there. The English story that the yacht *Deerhound* saved him at the request of the Captain of the *Kearsarge* is a malignant libel upon the character of that officer. No man who has the honor of the navy at heart will easily suppose that an *American* captain would connive at the escape from just punishment of a buccaneer whose sole business has been to prey upon defenseless ships and burn them, and who has destroyed more than any other man to drive American vessels from the ocean and destroy American commerce.

But the great fact remains that the British pirate ship, built by British hands in a British yard, manned by British sailors, paid for by British money, encouraged by British sympathy, and cheered by British lungs, was also united from a British port, has been destroyed in the British Channel, and under the noses of British symbols of piracy, by the brave Jack Yankee fights under and for the American flag. "Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark" she has gone down as her own flag, the Red Cross Republican, of which she was a fitting instrument, soon follow her!

ENGLISH FRIENDS UPON THE PRESIDENCY.

Two of the most notable and influential of our English friends have thus expressed themselves upon the question of the Presidency. Their views are interesting from the character of the men and from their hearty sympathy in our cause. The first is MR. FRANCIS W. NEWMAN, who, in a public letter to MR. GARRISON, declares that gentleman for supporting the President for another term. His letter is long, but its substance is a complaint that MR. LINCOLN has taken, as President, the strongest antislavery position, but has conducted places and on moral grounds but only as a military necessity. "Horrible indeed," says MR. NEWMAN, "is the misery for your future. No other chief magistrate dares not indulge the moralities of his heart through conscientious tremors at the guilt of violating the wicked laws of conquered rebels?"

The total and unnecessary mental confusion evinced by such a passage as that is appalling. MR. NEWMAN seems quite to forget the first perception of the fact that the President is a magistrate bound by oath to administer a government according to a constitution, and that, while that constitution confers, under certain circumstances, the highest powers, those powers can be properly and safely exercised only with due regard to the will of the people of whom the magistrate is the agent. If now it were possible for MR. NEWMAN to comprehend all the circumstances under which the President exercises that power, he would see that to accomplish in any degree the end for which MR. NEWMAN and all good men pray, it is necessary, vitally and inevitably necessary, to proceed as the President does. This war is only indirectly a moral reform. If the President, on the 14th of April, 1861, had summoned the country to arms to save the Union by abolishing slavery, the country would not have responded. It may be our shame that we hastened to obey a call for union merely, which we should only partially and unsuccessfully have answered for emancipation; but it is no less true. The slave influence had so debauched the national mind, was so intrenched in party spirit, that the rebellion must have asked nothing better than an edict of universal emancipation. The moral sentiment of the country, as well as its political intelligence and fidelity, had to be educated by the war. And whatever the moral convictions of the President might have been, it would have been the extremest folly for him to have assumed them to exist in the heart and wish of the people. They were not there. He knew it. Every thoughtful man in the land knew it. The very problem was, whether the war could be waged upon the other ground, or whether, as the rebels and their Northern friends loudly hoped, revolution was virtually accomplished before it began.

MR. NEWMAN, in his letter, shows so profound an ignorance of the controlling facts of the case in which he gives so summary and decisive a verdict, that we have a right to ask him whether he does not differ from DR. J. G. HOLLAND, whose whole life is an act of moral devotion, ought not to suggest to him that he may possibly be in error upon some essential point. It is idle to say that a statement, in the position of MR. LINCOLN, is to do all that he may think to be abstractly right upon any occasion, without regard to the means or persons. The duty of a statesman is to do all the good he can. If MR. NEWMAN could acquaint himself, as he can not, as the President can, with the exact condition of public affairs and the public sentiment when MR. LINCOLN assumed office, down to the opening of this campaign, and contemplate the measures of justice that have characterized his administration, we are very sure that instead of denouncing him with MR. FREMONT and MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS, as betraying human liberty, he would rather cheer with the black soldiers in GRANT'S army, when the President rode by, for "colored troops." It is a cruel injustice at home, it is a needless injustice in England, to revile the President for steadily walking over stones and through thorns toward the desired bourn, instead of trying to fly thither above all obstacles, and dropping at once, impotent, baffled, and despised.

MR. NEWMAN condemns himself in the very last sentence of his letter. If we Americans have a "ruinous national insanity—prejudice against color"—we do not deny, but explore, that the phrase is almost exact; it is but another way of saying that that prejudice is quite universal. How, then, can a President, in the rebellion in common sense, effect that it does not exist? How can he, without criminal folly, disregard that fact in his administration, however heavily he may bewail it and aim to overcome it? The first duty of every citizen is doubtless to destroy so unmanly, so mean a prejudice. But its destruction is not accomplished by passing a law which assumes that it does not exist. The law may wait, it must and should wait, until it expresses the conviction of the people. Meanwhile we repeat every where may be very sure that the President and every other good citizen will do what he can to remove the shame. Every man in the country owes to other the hand for waiting sixty minutes before it marks the hour?

Another English friend, of greater public renown than MR. NEWMAN, writes in a private letter: "I shall be glad to see you safe through the crisis of the Presidential election. The feeling of your friends here is that, I think, universally in favor of LINCOLN, both because he seems to them, on the whole, to have done his part well, and because he stands as a proof of constancy on the part of the 'fickle democracy' of America. His recent letter explaining the principles of his conduct on the question of slavery appeared to all of us an admirable document. No state paper equal to it in sterling qualities has been produced on this side of the water for many a year."

Our English friends have a very difficult duty to perform. They must maintain our cause often in profound ignorance of circumstances and of the details of the truth. Thus we have lately heard of ROBERT BROWNING citing the case of the colored sergeant WALKER, who was shot rather than serve without equal pay, as an instance of unmatched heroism. We have not spared our word for justice to the colored troops in the matter of pay. But justice should lead MR. BROWNING to correct his judgment when he learns that WALKER was shot for attempting a mutiny. "If every soldier is to take the righting of wrongs into his own hands, and try to persuade others to join him, the result is clear enough. We are glad to know that the mass of the friends of this country abroad agree with the great multitude of Union men at home that the President has done his part too well to be set aside for any untried man.

WENDELL PHILLIPS UPON THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

IF the articles in the FREMONT organ, the publication meeting at the Cooper Institute, and the letter of MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS to the *Independent*, are illustrations of the manner in which the campaign of the Radical Democracy is to be prosecuted, all feeling of indignation disappears in incredulity and pity. The speeches and the Copperhead applause may be contemplated with a smile, but it is impossible to read MR. PHILLIPS'S letter without sadness, not because he favors MR. FREMONT, but because he supports those who support MR. LINCOLN. Any expression of opinion may be easily enough disposed of if you may stigmatize it, unchallenged, as dishonest. If we may say that the men who made the Cleveland platform were hypocrites, MR. PHILLIPS'S position becomes painfully absurd. But he does deliberately say this of the Baltimore Convention, and, of course, as hypocrites are rascals, he has the argument, after the start, all his own way. He calls one of the Baltimore resolutions "meaningless and hypocritical," and speaks of another as a compliment insincerely offered. Now, that a man should find a resolution meaningless is his undoubted right. Nothing, for instance, can be more meaningless to us than the Cleveland assertion that the rebellion has destroyed slavery. But how if we should say, in view of some of the prominent managers at Cleveland and of the loud applauders of the Cleveland nominations, that it is idle to accuse equality for all men before the law is hypocritical? Yet we should have, we imagine, quite as much reason as MR. PHILLIPS in his aspersion upon Baltimore.

When a great convention of patriotic men, who do not become specialists in political matters because MR. PHILLIPS calls them so, declare that harmony should prevail in the national counsels, and that we only are worthy of public confidence who cordially support certain principles, they may be mistaken; but why are they any more hypocritical than their accuser when he says that he has contributed to the anti-slavery purpose of JOHN C. FREMONT? His argument is, that MR. FREMONT should be publicly trusted because he holds certain principles. The Baltimore resolution declares that only those who hold certain principles should be publicly trusted. Hypocrites! cries MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS. Shall we retort "hypocrite?" No; for we confide in his honesty, and if he does not confide in the honesty of the men who met at Baltimore, it is simply because he knows nothing about them, and is much too swift to assume the dishonesty of all who do not agree with him.

MR. PHILLIPS'S letter has been well answered, and at length, in the *Independent*. Our object is only to protest against that kind of argument which consists of calling your opponents knaves. If he really believes that the Baltimore Convention said what it did not mean, he must be content to know from those who are better informed that he is utterly mistaken. There are men who oppose MR. LINCOLN, there are others who support him reluctantly; but the Convention was composed of those who are sincere in him and his general administration with heart-felt sincerity. MR. PHILLIPS has no right whatever to call them hypocrites. The monstrous men forgive to his honest zeal the unsparing, wholesale, and savage invective against an administration which has done more to accomplish the object to which his life has been solely devoted than all other administrations together from the beginning. To his chosen and well-tried pair of metal against their opponents his caustic and contemptuous criticism of all expedients by which great moral principles are to be reduced to practice. But vast vituperation and bitter assaults upon the characters and motives of men who love liberty and their country not less than he, however they may differ from us as to the means of serving them, these are things which make many an admiring friend sad and sorry for him, and will they not one day make him profoundly sorry for himself?

"WE CAN'T SUBDUE THE REBELS."

To the despending or exulting exclamation of "Oh, we can't subdue the rebels!" there is but one reply. If it be indeed true, then the Government is not the will of the people; and every State is again an individual political community, for the bond which holds New York to Pennsylvania is exactly the same that unites New York and Georgia, and if it is broken any where it is broken every where. If it be true, our national flag has disappeared, our national honor is gone; and most of the States of the American Union are separate powers of smaller population than the cities of London or Paris. There is no navy, no army, no common force, no collective glory. The work of a hundred years is undone, and what State, section, party, or individual is the gainer of the least real advantage?

If we "can't subdue the rebels," the rebels have subdued us. In that case JEFFERSON DAVIS will be content, because his pride will be satisfied. FERNANDO WOOD and his followers,

the Copperheads, will be content, because they will hope to prostitute the character of the North to a new Union upon terms dictated by slavery. The foreign enemies of the Union will be content, for they have lasted to see a republic which might one day completely vindicate the great truth of equal human rights as the only secure foundation of government. But there can be no real advantage gained by any of these. DAVIS will have founded a kingdom which civilization will abhor. WOOD will share the fate, a thousand-fold more terrible, of BENEDICT ARNOLD. And the whole BRAH; while the foreign powers will soon be in worse straits from their quarrels over our remains than they would ever be from our most united policy of peace. The Government of the United States will be overthrown; there will be universal anarchy upon its late domain; there will be a universal hopelessness of any new Union upon any honorable terms; each State, a prey to passionate popular, will fall into civil war, and those who so triumphantly assert that "We can't subdue the rebels," will learn what it is to be a citizen of a nation utterly shattered, degraded, and despised.

The alternative, as we have already said, is very clear. Either the people must conquer, or the rebellion will. Either the authority of the Government must be maintained unconditionally, or it must be overthrown; for a Government which shows itself unable to defend the system which they will obey the laws has ceased to be a Government. The talk about negotiation and settlement is idle, and unworthy sensible men. The moment it is seen that the thought of negotiation we begin to yield the Government. Mr. WOOD and his followers insist that the war must end in negotiation because they have not that compromise is the victory of the rebellion, and they wish the rebellion to succeed. For when they insist that the war is wicked and ought to stop, and propose to send commissioners to Richmond to arrange terms "honorable to the South," they propose the destruction of the Government, which is the success of the rebellion.

When such men say, "We can't subdue the rebels," their language is as clear as their patriotism. But when the same phrase is used merely in despondency by those who sincerely wish the national cause to be maintained, they should be asked to remember what the prospects of the war were one year ago, and what they are now. Gold is higher, but the rebels are in worse straits. The army that drove LEE from Gettysburg now threatens both his supplies and his escape from his own capital. Gold may go still higher, but so will the men and money necessary to put it down. There is no reason to apprehend disaster until there is a cry from the coward and breaking heart of the American people, "We can't subdue the rebels!" When that cry is heard the rebels may subdue us, and welcome, for there will be nothing left worth fighting for.

HOME FOR THE SOLDIERS.

MR. BENJAMIN FOSDICK, of Darien in Fairfield County, Connecticut, has done what many a patriotic man in many a town and village throughout the country would gladly have done, but for a fear. He has given five thousand dollars, with a tract of land and a building for the founding of a *St. Clair's Home*. The avowed object of the charity is the support of Connecticut soldiers, and primarily those of the district in which the home is situated. There is ample, humane, and generous charity which serves no political or personal end, and is worthy the widest and most grateful imitation. The soldiers of this war are henceforth heroes. They will be held in the most kindly and generous remembrance. But gratitude alone will not feed them; and while the Government will take care that the republic shall not even seem to be ungrateful, the open private bounty and assistance will be necessarily large and emphatic. No man can link his name with a nobler benefit to his fellow-citizens, and the soldiers' home is the treat of the kindest men who have given all for the common cause, who will become the most independent and most interesting institutions of our counties and cities.

NEW BOOKS.

The fourth volume of CARLYLE'S "History of Frederick the Great" is just issued by the HARPERS, and is a worthy companion volume of the preceding number. CARLYLE has set himself an impossible task, and has with an incredible power of will, and picturesque narrative, carried it to completion. Out of a century which he denounces as barren of all good things, and almost destitute of great men, he selects Frederick of Prussia as the great man and a true king. The truth is against him upon both points; but the fierce battle with the light of a Titan storming heaven, and his work is as brilliant as Vulcan's hammering iron at his forge. But let him beware of excess in strenuosity, and in the corrusation of his blows beat his iron to a jelly, yet he can never transform it into velvet. Even THOMAS CARLYLE can not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. He is clearly conscious of this as he goes on. He has too shrewd an insight not to know that the case has already gone against him. His hero is too much of a charlatan, with all his genius as a soldier—he is too poor a specimen of a king by divine right, and there is no other, crowned or uncrowned, for CARLYLE not to know that, while his work is more prodigious than any he has

over written, it fails of its intention. Not a heartbeat of love or sympathy, not a throb of admiration as for a benefactor of men, not an emotion of gratitude as to one who used every opportunity and talent for the best, does this elaborate, magnificent, and truly wonderful portrait, inspire. Yet as literary performance it is masterly. Characters and events are touched with living light. Even poor old General BRADDOCK reappears upon those pages with pathetic and enfolding distinctness. VOLTAIRE is covered with rubies and pearls as for making the great Frederick seem little to posterity. The book is Carlyle in his Great and Good Frederick against the world. It is a work of extraordinary and irritating attraction, and this volume is of especial interest at this time from its masterly battle-pieces.

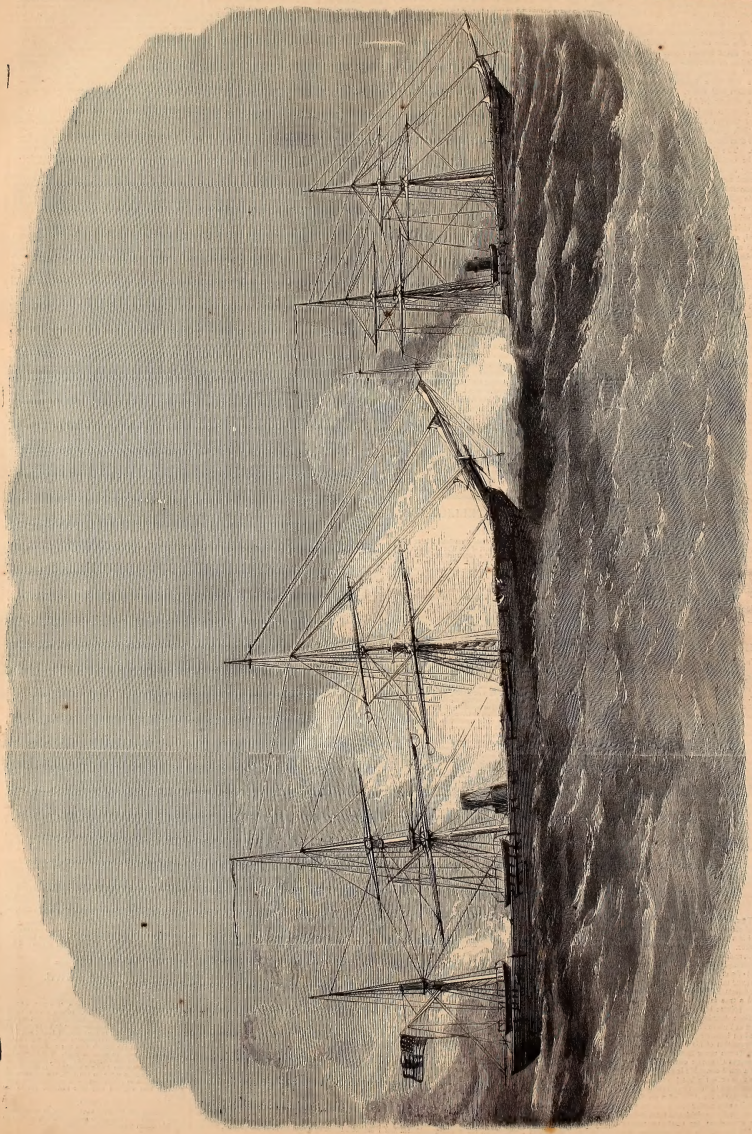
The "History of the Rebellion, its Authors and Causes," by JAMES D. MCCABE, Philadelphia: National Book Co.), is a most important contribution to our history. It is properly the political annals of Slavery, from the formation of the constitution to the proclamation of emancipation, by a man whose life was devoted to the great debate. It is a relation of facts without much amplification, and is compiled from all the authentic sources and from the memory and experience of the author. It is not a complete history of the subject in all its aspects; but all the substantial facts are recorded. The profound conviction and earnestness of Mr. CRISWELL, joined with the moral heroism which marked his career, invest his story with living interest. It is often very delicious in humor, as when he tells us Mr. BUCHANAN "was able, earnest man, industrious in his habits, and thoroughly up to the times." The book, however, distinguished for a degree of self-complacency seldom connected with great moral worth, and in his prejudice he sees only Slavery right. Mr. GIDDINGS says of the conduct of the long debate by the supporters of Slavery will unquestionably be the final verdict of impartial men upon this point. "This resort to declamation, to the use of epithets, and denunciation against the advocates of liberty, constituted the only supposed justification of Slavery. This practice among statesmen exerted great influence upon the public mind." Mr. CRISWELL has a great hostility toward all who dared reiterate the underlying truths that slaves, in common with the human race, have a right to liberty as the natural right to life and liberty." The tone of this work is as temperate as it is decided. The cardinal point of Mr. CRISWELL'S argument is that the only republic of the Christian era, the corner-stone of the Union; and he died in the faith that it arose so long rejected was about to become, and forever, the head of the corner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*June 29.* Mr. Hale's resolution instructing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to report who was responsible for the disgraceful surrender of Harper's Ferry, also conducted for 1862 was adopted. There was considerable debate on the subject, and the documents which had been transmitted from a State Department relative to the Trent affair were ordered to be printed.—*June 30.* Not in Session.

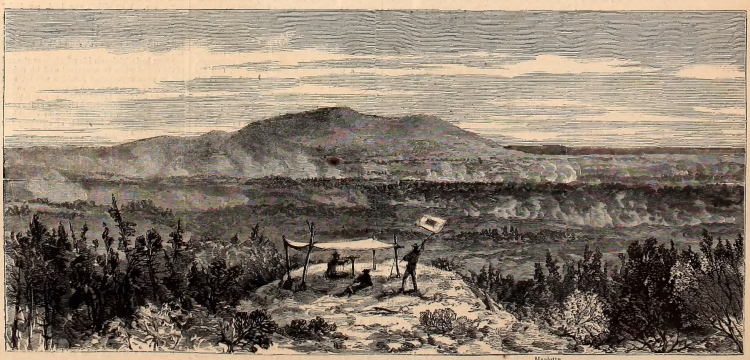
July 1. A vote of 27 to 6 was received that the House amendment to the Pension Act extending to the widows and children of soldiers and sailors dying of wounds or disease before that date the act that the parties had the right to claim, was agreed to. The House bill to repeal the duty on hemp was passed. A resolution authorizing the President to appoint a day for humiliation and prayer was adopted. The bill to provide for the publication of evidence in the District of Columbia was passed. The Committee had leave to sit. The Committee of Conference committee reading the substitute from Senate was agreed to. The report was agreed to. The bill to reduce the quota without draft was reduced from 60 to 40 days for the service men and from 40 to 30 days for men of forty to five per cent. on all moneys exceeding $200 for the purchase of substitutes, was passed. The Enrollment Act.—*June 30.* The bill to facilitate telegraphic communication between the Atlantic and Pacific States was received from the House and concurred in. A committee was appointed on the bill to encourage immigration. Consideration of Senate amendments to the Enrollment Act. Mr. Sherman, Anthony, and Lane. The Senate disagreed to the amendments, and the bill was passed by the House on the 29th. The bill for the more speedy construction of the Pacific Railroad, etc., was passed by the House with amendments



THE NAVAL CONTEST OFF CHERBOURG, BETWEEN THE "ALABAMA" AND THE "KEARSARGE," JUNE 19, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 456.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE CREST OF PINE MOUNTAIN, WHERE GENERAL POLK FELL, JUNE 14, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 454.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—LOST MOUNTAIN AT SUNRISE, JUNE 15, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 454.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—VIEW OF KENESAW FROM PINE MOUNTAIN.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 454.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

We give on page 453 three interesting sketches relating to General SHERMAN'S advance in Georgia. These give a view of localities which, in connection with this campaign, have become historic. We have here, in the first place, a sketch of PINE MOUNTAIN: lately occupied by General HOWARD'S corps, and the occasion by the enemy—the result of one of SHERMAN'S flank movements. It is a high knob, from which a splendid view of the country and a good idea of the position of the different armies may be obtained.

It was on the crest of this mountain that Lieutenant-General POLK was killed, June 14, by a shell from the Fifth Indiana Battery—the battery of the gallant Captain SHIMONOSEK, who was himself killed the next day. The different corps of SHERMAN'S army have their signal stations on the top of Pine Mountain.

Another sketch gives a view of KENESAW, as seen from Pine Mountain. In the distance is a view of Marietta. Between the two mountains the smoke ascends from three Federal encampments, belonging to the center of the Cumberland, the Ohio, and the Tennessee. The enemy holds a strong position on the Kenesaw, which was unsuccessfully attempted on the 27th of June, by M'PHERSON, THOMAS attacking on the flank.

A third sketch gives a view of LOST MOUNTAIN AT SUNRISE.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE DE RICHELIEU.

It is a tall and stately house of many stories. Perhaps by and by there may be pulled it down, and built up another palace more sumptuous on its site; but a quarter of a century since it was lofty, and capacious, and imposing.

It had been a café, a restaurant, and a concert-room. What it was when there once, I fancy. It had been a toy-shop, and a shawlshop, and an advertising tailor's. Once a court jeweler had it, and once a fashionable milliner. But it always bore its peculiar stamp of stateliness, and, at the worst of times, held on to its dignity bravely. It was always Paris-like.

In the time when this history ran its course, this place was in the last throes of its splendid shameful career as a gambling-house. The Maisons de Jeu, the scandal of France and in Europe, were moribund. The concession of a privilege for holding of the public gaming-tables was in the hands of the municipality of the city, who derived a large annual revenue from the infamous concerns: a revenue which was, however, but a beggar's dole compared with the enormous profits of the Fermiers Généraux, or lessees of the tables. To the credit of the Édiles of Paris, all the dirty money they gathered off the green baize of FRASCATI and similar haunts of madness and avarice, was applied to charitable purposes; but the Government had grown tired and ashamed of the infamous method of contributing to the poor-rate, and had warned the municipality that the concession they granted soon after eighteen hundred and fifty must be the last. The banker (or gaming-table keeper), BENAZET, had timely notice to remove his croupiers and maccrs, his rakes, and pricked cards, and was destained, with other birds of prey, to take flight to Baden and other outer regions of Fatherland, and settle there to the perpetuation of plunder. But France was freed, at last, from these vultures.

The life thus remaining to FRASCATI'S (for the Palais Royal tryptots were shut up) was a short one, but its splendor and fomentation of misery that it should be merry. To the accustomed frequenters of the establishment, suppers on the board-of scale of luxury were given every night in the cabinets adjoining the great gambling-rooms. Within a month of the dissolution, in the gigantic swindle, the cornices were regilt, fresh chandeliers hung, and the windows veiled with fresh gorgeous draperies. The influx of strangers was tremendous. There never was known such a crowd of players, from eleven o'clock in the morning till eleven o'clock in the evening; for these dens were open by day as well as by night. The saloons were crowded by dandies, lawyers, politicians, journalists, artists, and foreigners of distinction, mingled with the consumers of unmistakable bird of Paradise, and faced, fishy-eyed professional gamesters. People had to stake over each other's shoulders. Thousands of pounds scattered through the air in the hoarse voices directed their destination toward red or black, odd or even, under or over, number or color, manque or non-manque numbers. The croupiers looked contemptuously upon the marvelling strangers who played timidly. It was as much as ever room could be made for the desperate throwers who played rouleaux of golden louis. From nine o'clock, night until three o'clock, were the chinking of the money, the sharp pattering of the cards as they fell from the banker's hands, the stirring of the heaped counters, the click of the ball, the rasping of the croupes as the forfeited stakes were gathered in, and the dull, hoarse voices of the masters of the game crying out that red had won, or that thirty-five had turned up, black, even, and over—soon conjoining the gentlemen present to make their game, then telling them the game was made, and that no further stake could be received. A hundred times within an hour the lugubrious, monotonous chant was audible. One seemed to be listening to an outdoor litany of the Trappists: "Frère, il faut mourir."

Otherwise, there prevailed a deathly silence. Never was there so well-behaved a place as this aspertersaan pandemonium. It was accounted a flagrant breach of etiquette to make a noise under any circumstances—to rejoice loudly if you won, to lament audibly if you lost, to quarrel about a questionable throw, or even to converse in aught exceeding a discreet under-tone. When you entered, a grave door-keeper took from you your hat and stick, partly, it may be assumed, to insure the preservation of good manners in so very aristocratic a saloon, partly to obviate the possibility of any votary of the blind goddess who once much better acquainted with Fortune than we give her credit for), rendered desperate by a continuous run of ill-luck, flinging his hat violently at the dealer (or a more deadly if such Hosue of Commons is said to have once flung his wig at the head of an orator who wouldn't leave off), or attempting suicide with a revolver or cane. If acquaintances wished to chat, or to argue, they went into an ante-chamber, or into the foyer-arcade. The solemn gravity of the players, who stole about with cards and pins for calculating punters (who, knowing every possibility of the game save one, still, failing the knowledge of that, were beggared), appeared to glide in list slippers. The whole place wore a calm and peaceful aspect, most beautiful to the philosopher. There was no wailing, no gnashing of teeth, no tearing of hair, no rending of raiment. When human wickedness in concentrated on one particular object, and all its faculties are remorselessly perverted and degraded, the absolute strength of volition, toward the attainment of one particular end, human wickedness is apt to be very quiet indeed. If you should not whistle at his work, you may be sure. The administration of strychnine is not a comic song.

I occurred one morning during this intimate gala time, this "Vauxhall closing forever" season of FRASCATI'S, to two gentlemen known by name and character to the readers of this chronicle (although of one his slight and equivocal name have been but casually alluded), to look in at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu and try their luck upon the red and the black.

One was a very old friend of mine, a person to be a very old man. It is nearly fourteen years since we last met him. His hair was still black, but it was but a wig—a very good wig of a young head. His whiskers were ragged and sparse, and dyed accordingly. His face was pallid and thin. He recently grown, were ill-dyed, and the white showed athwart the purple, like cotton in a roundabout fustian. His teeth, which of course went to gleam so beautifully, were now only a few irregular broken and discolored fangs. His nose was bigger, and purpled and knobbed about the jaws, and in many places blotched with purple. It was easy to detect, without turning the man his profile, that the nasal organ was a kind of stimulant, and rushes down-hill by half a dozen pimply streams. His clothes were shabby and his linen cloudy; his trowsers were patched, and the lustre on his hat was due, half to grease and half to the scene-appliances of a wet sponge. You could see the hole in his left boot, where he had inked his stocking to conceal the whiteness of the orifice. In one hand he carried a thick yellow glove, which had no fellow; from his dexter wrist dangled by a string a loaded walking-stick, which was worn to the wood. Even if it would be unpardonable to omit the fact that he were spotless linen and cuffs, and that his frayed and evasous stock was fastened with a cham carbuncle pin, price one franc twenty-five centimes in Jacob Garnet's Vivienne, and unavailable at the Mont de Piété.

This was all that was left of the fashionable Mr. Francis Blunt. The prince of the Bohemian cultural fête, Gamridge's Hotel, the cabriolet and the tiger, the body-servant and the chambers in town, the wedding-ring, the gold-case and cambric, and the cut velvet waistcoats, had all come down to this. It would be wearisome to dwell on all the details of a career toward the dogs, which had continued with brief intermissions of prosperity for nearly twenty years. It would be sullying this page with the shabbiest and sorriest of chronicles. His instincts had always been carnine, and the dogs had their will of him. It was a natural culmination. It was only what might have been expected. Hundreds of spirits are dashing, as habitually as Mr. Blunt himself, to subsided into decrepitude, and drifted into extinction. The brilliant butterfly had become this sorry caterpillar again. It was but one of a motley, brilliant, worthless million.

But if you, the right honorable and dyed—the most comprehensive birds-eye view—here it is. A thousand table d'hôte dinners (many of them on credit), and a thousand suppers, concerts-and-cook-shops, with nothing to eat. Thousands of bottles of wine, some paid for, some to which he had been treated, many drunk in the common junkeepers out of. Much brandy, many cigars; hecatombs of card-packs, legions of billiard-balls, a sack full of bowled dice, a shower of stamped paper, bearing his name, now as drawer, now as accommodation acceptor, and the occasional appearance in the English Insolvent Debtors' Court; one or two prosecutions of outlawry; a team of begging letters; a host of unpaid tailors; several bevies of bayadères, and worse; half a dozen convictions for escroquerie entailing lengthened residences in French, in Belgian, and in German jails; a few duels, more numerous canings and horsewhippings. Behold it all. He had ridden in carriages-and-four, and he had been kicked down stairs; he had danced at balls that you envy; he had been lionized; he had been drunken and gay, and sick and in hospitals; but the route had been always downward, and it had come to this at last. And, in the forty-seventh year of his age, he had been prematurely old.

Otherwise, there prevailed a deathly silence. Never was there so well-behaved a place as this aspertersaan pandemonium. It was accounted a flagrant breach of etiquette to make a noise under any circumstances—to rejoice loudly if you won, to lament audibly if you lost, to quarrel about a questionable throw, or even to converse in aught exceeding a discreet under-tone. When you entered, a grave door-keeper took from you your hat and stick, partly, it may be assumed, to insure the preservation of good manners in so very aristocratic a saloon, partly to obviate the possibility of any votary of the blind goddess (who once much better acquainted with Fortune than we give her credit for), rendered desperate by a continuous run of ill-luck, flinging his hat violently at the dealer (or a more deadly if such House of Commons is said to have once flung his wig at the head of an orator who wouldn't leave off), or attempting suicide with a revolver or cane. If acquaintances wished to chat, or to argue, they went into an ante-chamber, or into the foyer-arcade. The solemn gravity of the players, who stole about with cards and pins for calculating punters (who, knowing every possibility of the game save one, still, failing the knowledge of that, were beggared), appeared to glide in list slippers. The whole place wore a calm and peaceful aspect, most beautiful to the philosopher. There was no wailing, no gnashing of teeth, no tearing of hair, no rending of raiment. When human wickedness in concentrated on one particular object, and all its faculties are remorselessly perverted and degraded, the absolute strength of volition, toward the attainment of one particular end, human wickedness is apt to be very quiet indeed. If you should not whistle at his work, you may be sure. The administration of strychnine is not a comic song.

I occurred one morning during this intimate gala time, this "Vauxhall closing forever" season of FRASCATI'S, to two gentlemen known by name and character to the readers of this chronicle (although of one his slight and equivocal name have been but casually alluded), to look in at the corner of the Rue de Richelieu and try their luck upon the red and the black.

One was a very old friend of mine, a person to be a very old man. It is nearly fourteen years since we last met him. His hair was still black, but it was but a wig—a very good wig of a young head. His whiskers were ragged and sparse, and dyed accordingly. His face was pallid and thin. His teeth, which of course went to gleam so beautifully, were now only a few irregular broken and discolored fangs. His nose was bigger, and purpled and knobbed about the jaws, and in many places blotched with purple. It was easy to detect, without turning the man his profile, that the nasal organ was a kind of stimulant, and rushes down-hill by half a dozen pimply streams. His clothes were shabby and his linen cloudy; his trowsers were patched, and the lustre on his hat was due, half to grease and half to the scene-appliances of a wet sponge. You could see the hole in his left boot, where he had inked his stocking to conceal the whiteness of the orifice. In one hand he carried a thick yellow glove, which had no fellow; from his dexter wrist dangled by a string a loaded walking-stick, which was worn to the wood. Even if it would be unpardonable to omit the fact that he were spotless linen and cuffs, and that his frayed and evasous stock was fastened with a cham carbuncle pin, price one franc twenty-five centimes in Jacob Garnet's Vivienne, and unavailable at the Mont de Piété.

This was all that was left of the fashionable Mr. Francis Blunt. The prince of the Bohemian cultural fête, Gamridge's Hotel, the cabriolet and the tiger, the body-servant and the chambers in town, the wedding-ring, the gold-case and cambric, and the cut velvet waistcoats, had all come down to this. It would be wearisome to dwell on all the details of a career toward the dogs, which had continued with brief intermissions of prosperity for nearly twenty years. It would be sullying this page with the shabbiest and sorriest of chronicles. His instincts had always been carnine, and the dogs had their will of him. It was a natural culmination. It was only what might have been expected. Hundreds of spirits are dashing, as habitually as Mr. Blunt himself, to subsided into decrepitude, and drifted into extinction. The brilliant butterfly had become this sorry caterpillar again. It was but one of a motley, brilliant, worthless million.

But if you, the right honorable and dyed—the most comprehensive birds-eye view—here it is. A thousand table d'hôte dinners (many of them on credit), and a thousand suppers, concerts-and-cook-shops, with nothing to eat. Thousands of bottles of wine, some paid for, some to which he had been treated, many drunk in the common junkeepers out of. Much brandy, many cigars; hecatombs of card-packs, legions of billiard-balls, a sack full of bowled dice, a shower of stamped paper, bearing his name, now as drawer, now as accommodation acceptor, and the occasional appearance in the English Insolvent Debtors' Court; one or two prosecutions of outlawry; a team of begging letters; a host of unpaid tailors; several bevies of bayadères, and worse; half a dozen convictions for escroquerie entailing lengthened residences in French, in Belgian, and in German jails; a few duels, more numerous canings and horsewhippings. Behold it all. He had ridden in carriages-and-four, and he had been kicked down stairs; he had danced at balls that you envy; he had been lionized; he had been drunken and gay, and sick and in hospitals; but the route had been always downward, and it had come to this at last. And, in the forty-seventh year of his age, he had been prematurely old.

While they were diminished in number, even so did Mr. Francis Blunt require every day more brandy, and derive a smaller amount of comfort from that down-hill cordial.

His circle of existence was narrowing. Mephistopheles's poodle was tracing more involved concentrics round him. The morul halter was tightening. He dared not show himself in London, in Devonshire, at the German watering-places. Out of a dozen former friends whom he would meet by chance, not ten, not eleven, but just the whole dozen, would cut him. When his name was mentioned, it was not as "poor devil"—as he was formerly contemptuous charity—but as "a horrible old scamp." The miserable man had no one to talk to now but a few tavern waiters, the billiard-marker, the fawning landladies, billiard-markers, police agents, and commissaries of police. His acquaintance with the two last-named classes was involuntary. The police were well aware of him. "Le nommé Blunt" was down in the blackest books of Rue de Jerusalem. He was in and out drunken to be made useful as a spy. The algnasils quietly watched until they could catch him in flagrant delit, and cart him off to the galleys as a robber. He had ceased to have a regular lodging, and slept for nights in the worst "garnis" of the worst quarters, at fifteen sous. When he had no money he prowled about the Champs Elysées. When he was flush of it, he gave a drinking-bout at the wine-shops in the Halles, which are kept open all night, and would be an insolent Amphytryon to regardless gendarmes and sergents de ville, who scoffed at him while they drank at his cost. But these fuming evenings were rare. He had reached, by slow degrees, that stage in the gambler career when a man never *wins* heavily, and when fortune ceases to smile only to pick up sufficient from the green cloth to save him from sheer starvation, and enable him to support life to two abject meals a day. There were very few even tenth-rate cafés and estaminets now where he was welcome, or allowed to break and drivel over his brandy or his absinthe. There is a phase in rascaldom when the rascal is even ostracised by his mates. Blunt had by some a relative left him a "Mauvais gamarade," cried the French raffs; "A thorough rip," sneered the English raffs who knew him. So Blunt was left alone.

"And yet," he would moan pitcously to himself sometimes, "I was a brother in Israel—he must be worth millions. Where is he? How came he to leave the service? Is he dead? I have written letters, and letters to him in vain. Where is George Blunt?"

There was one place, indeed, of which he was free—one haunt where for twelve hours out of the twenty-four—one caravanserai where he could enter. So long as he had a hat and coat to wear, admittance was his in the gaming-tables. The line was drawn at caps and blouses. So long as he could command a napoleon he was reckoned as belonging to the "mise decente," and their wearers were entitled to be called, in morning-house parlance, "Messieurs de la Cerlerie."

This precious Gentleman of the Gallery, then on the evening of which we speak, went up the well-worn stairs of Frascati's, and surrendered his hat and stick to the janitor at the door, who knew Blunt well enough, and, indeed, an ancient punter, on whom, when utterly broken down, the administration had taken compassion, and accorded with a kind of refuge for his declining days. He had seen men and cities, and knew a few tricks by which, against the bank, to stave off the madness of backing the red. And accordingly, once a month, when his scanty wages were paid him, he had a holiday, he duly carefully backed the red and lost every sou at the gaming-table, and next day went back contentedly to those who let him bide and stick.

A clean old gentleman in a shirt-frill, blue spectacles, nankeen pantaloons, and speckled grey stockings—the very type of a well-to-do retired gentleman—whispered behind his signet-ring and sad, as Blunt came to a vacant seat at the table, to a stately, military made-up personage, with a tremendous spiked mustache, and the shoes and half a dozen foreign orders at his button-hole:

"He was in luck yesterday. He backed the numbers, manque, and made a five-franc piece à cheval—on horseback. He must have won at least five louis. Had he been able to play gold instead of silver he would have netted a hundred."

He will back the same number, you will see, to-day and lose," quoth the military personage, sententiously. "I am sick of seeing that old scoundrel. I long to behold him sitting between two gens d'armes on the benches of the court of assize."

A soldier or clean old gentleman nor the military personage ever risked so much as a five-franc piece at the tables. It was strictly against their rules. Their business was to watch those who gambled; and there were others there whose business it was to watch them. But were spies of the police. But when the soils of the day were over, and they were off duty, the police and the military selects entertainers among the croupiers, and the fivelegal lackeys (whose services were perfunctory, and who were no more real footmen than the "greencoats" of the play-house) would adjourn to a quiet wine-shop and gamble away their leisure hours in comfort and joy.

Blunt played from noon till four o'clock. Superstitions, as all gamblers are, he had dreamed on three successive nights, that thirty-three was to be his lucky number as roulette. Understand, that he was by no means in possession of money or a banker on this number, and, when the ball had ceased revolving in the wheel, the number thirty-three, which he had called, been proclaimed, he would have received thirty-five times his stake. But there were, of course, no less than six-and-thirty chances against him; and, his dream notwithstanding, his capital was too small (he had three louis left after a night at the Halle) to risk even the smallest amount "en plein," or in full, on the number. He put his stakes on horseback: that is to say, on the yellow boundary line between the square numbered thirty-three and the square numbered thirty-four; so that, according to the rules, if either of those numbers turned up he was entitled to receive half thereof, or seventeen times his own stake. Sometimes he shifted his piece, and put it, still on horseback, between thirty-three and thirty-two, that increased his chances of winning. Oh! he was cunning.

With a rake with a five-franc piece | won't little, lost a little; abstained from playing during a few rounds; then kept his hand in by staking on red, on black, on odd, or on even, then were back to the charmed square of thirty-three, and put ten francs on horseback. The wheel went round and the ball jarred from compartment to compartment. "Trente-trois, noir, pair et manque," cried the banker.

With a rake the croupiers propelled toward the gamester seventeen times his stake a hundred and seventy francs.

He drew the money together, separated two louis from it, crammed the rest into his breast-pocket, and placed it in the same position. Then the game was made, and the brass pillar was twirled, and the ball went whizzing round.

"Trente-quatre, rouge impair et manque," cried the banker.

It being thirty-four, and the stake being on thirty-three, half of the gain was another number, they pushed seventeen times forty francs toward Blunt. He was now the possessor of one hundred and fifty francs.

He had not had so much money for months. He remembered that he could spend a hundred francs in a riotous night, keep fifty francs for eating and drinking, for emergencies, and still have a margin of capital of three hundred francs, which, properly divided, would enable him to play for a whole week. To many gamesters of Mr. Blunt's standing, who were waiting at the gate, the same calculation presented itself. But to the surprise of his neighbors, he never touched the five hundred and fifty francs. It was in gold, and he let the pile remain between thirty-three and thirty-four. He shut his eyes and screwed the lids close together. He folded his arms and dug his nails into the palms of his hands. And in the red of his eyelids he was burning hot and that his feet were icy cold. He gnawed his lips and awaited the issue.

He was startled by the ball rushed round in mad gyration. Blunt heard it hopping up and down, to and fro, from the outer to the inner circle. Then its career was at an end; there it stopped. Then there was silence; and a voice cried the sound of a trumpet came and smote him on the ear.

"Trente-trois," it said, "noir, pair et passe."

It was true. He had won seven thousand six hundred and fifty francs.

"By Jove!" cried a voice, in English, behind him, "I should have been backing that confounded thirty-two in full instead of on horseback, and have lost every sou."

Blunt turned round and saw a young gentleman, very handsome, very bold-looking, and very fashionably dressed.

"Was the countrymen, it seems," the gamester remarked, trying to muster up what he could of his ancient affable amenity of Francis Blunt, Esquire.

The young gentleman gave a haughty stare, and no direct reply.

"You're in luck, old gentleman," he condescended to observe.

"I am, and didn't you back my luck? Are you so rare a punter as not to be up to that chance?"

"I wasn't thinking about it. I was intent on my own cursed number. And now I have lost it."

Blunt had withdrawn his winnings at the end of the round while he conversed with his neighbor, as more experienced gamblers will do, as a measure of precaution, and sometimes even before they use their handkerchief, or take a pinch of snuff. He now unexpected found his nose, or even a sudden fit of sneezing or coughing, should render them incapable of watching the issues of the game.

Francis Blunt, Esquire, had never in his most prosperous period been addicted to practical joking. He was even to paying it when it was due, "Frank does not like parting with the shiners," was a remark frequently made by those on his disposition to be tenacious of current cash. He would sow his acceptances at three months broadcast, but found difficult to get a sovereign out of him. It is, however, one of the many superstitions of gamblers that they may be conciliated by a piece of gold to any player who has just lost his last stake. The recipient of this bounty should be young and preferably a woman, but ladies were excluded from Frascati's. Discipline must be preserved, even among the devils.

"And so you have lost all," Blunt said. He had not played for four rounds.

"Lost it all."

The old punter bat seven thousand six hundred and fifty francs. He could afford to be liberal. He took five louis from his breast-pocket and placed them in the young man's hand.

"Accept this loan," he said, omitting, not through delicacy, but through avarice, to call it a gift. "When you have won a hundred louis you can return it to me. But I advise you to back my luck."

The young man stared, hesitated, reddened slightly, passed his white fingers through his

hair in a confused manner, then held out his hand and *said: He money.*

"I can give it you back presently, you know, old gentleman," he stammered.

Yes: Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt took the money. He reddened, stammered, hesitated; but he took the money. Have you never been told that inveterate gambling has an inevitable tendency to harden the human heart, and to destroy in the gamester every sense of shame? Out of a gaming-house Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt would have disdained to touch this shameful old creature's money. He looked like a beggar-man. But inside Frascati's Mr. Greyfaunt was very glad indeed to accept it. He was young yet, you see, but after another year's apprenticeship even the blush, the stammer, and the hesitation, would have disappeared.

Blunt went on playing. He soon forgot all about the person to whom he had been so unwontedly a benefactor. Nor did Mr. Greyfaunt preserve a long or a lively remembrance of his benefactor. "I'm not going to back the old rascal's luck," he said, candidly, to himself. "He'll lose his head presently and be cleaned out." So, as soon as he conveniently could, the grateful Mr. Greyfaunt slipped away with the five louis and wandered away to the trente-et-quarante table.

At three o'clock that afternoon the broker bankrupt, Francis Blunt, had won fifty thousand francs.

"I'll be a gentleman again," he chuckled to himself. "I wonder where that rascal Constant is. He'd be glad to shave and dress me again if I paid him the money I owed him. I'll find out my daughter and make a lady of her. I've got fifty thousand francs. That's two thousand pounds. By G—— I'll break the bank before I've done with them!"

He had been playing without any intermission, save his brief converse with Greyfaunt, since eleven o'clock. After four hours and more he felt faint. Stuffing his winnings, which, as his stakes had grown larger, had been gradually converted into notes, into his pocket, he went out to the restaurant attached to the establishment. He swallowed some soup and ate a cutlet, ordered a bottle of Champagne and drank the whole of it; then ordered a decanter of brandy, and drank the better part of that too. The meat and drink warmed the cockles of his poor heart, and made him feel braver in his rapacious intent. "I shall win a hundred thousand francs eleven o'clock," he muttered. "A hundred! Bah! Two hundred thousand. My hand's in. My luck's in. I wish it was the same lucky, though, instead of that child's play of roulette."

Toadies suddenly started up around him. Dilapidated men, almost as greasy and as ragged as himself, but who that very morning had avoided his company as though it had been contagious, came and claimed acquaintance with him, clapped him on the back, and congratulated him. He grinned, he shook them by the hand, congratulate the luck, since to that alone he was indebted for their society. But he was in a bounteous mood, and treated them gleefully all round. He would have borrowed money of him, but he had done enough in the way of pecuniary generosity. "As much brandy as you like," he said, "but not a cetitine."

He rose at about five, remarking that he would have another turn at the tables. He was, that afternoon, the lion of Frascati's, and a crowd followed in his eager eyes. He felt himself swimming and his legs trembling under him. He called for some soda-water, but there was none: there was only some liquid called Seltzer, of which he took a draught, with some brandy. Then, evading his admirers for a moment, he slipped aside into a side-room, where the lansquenet games of chess and draughts—for Frascati's liked to keep up appearances—were supposed to be played, and which was comparatively always empty. He threw a card-table to the door, knowing that no one would have the impudence to attempts were made to open it, and, sitting down, proceeded to pull off one of his boots. It was the fellow to the boot which had the hole in it, disclosing the inked stocking. He flattened a thousand franc note down into the toe, and put on the boot again, and rose up with a leer.

"If the worst come to the worst," he thought, "we have this to fall back upon."

By seven o'clock he had won in all a hundred and fifty thousand francs, but he had made at least half a dozen dives into the restaurant and drunk more brandy. More than once the croupier had to remind him that he had left a banknote, unclaimed, on the table. He left money drop and refused to pick it up. He flung about his money recklessly: now on one stake, now on the other, that he kept on straining and straining, winning. He was drunk.

The largest stake allowed at Frascati's was twenty-five thousand francs—a thousand pounds. He put down this sum in twenty-five notes of a thousand on the red. Black turned up, and his twenty-five thousand francs were swept away.

He gave a tipsy yell, and said that he didn't care, and put down twenty-five thousand more on the same color. Again black turned up, and he had lost fifty thousand francs.

"He has lost his head," whispered the clean-looking old gentleman.

"It is the beginning of the end," the military personage said.

Half an hour afterward, of all his winnings, Blunt had just one thousand francs left. The crowd were as absorbed in interest to see him lose as they had been during the afternoon to see him win. The press around him was enormous. Some mounted on the benches at the back of the saloon to have a better view. He was still the lion of Frascati's, but a lion in the toils, a lion encompassed by the hunters, a lion at bay.

To his drunken memory it suddenly occurred that all his winnings had been made by betting on the numbers. But a long period had elapsed since he had abandoned his faithful thirty-three. He cast his last thousand-franc note on a croupier, and told him to put it on "thirty-three."

"En plein ou a cheval—in full or on horseback?" asked the croupier.

"In full: may as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb," stuttered Blunt, now very far gone.

The gallery were amazed at the desperation of the stake, for he admitted it to be his last. One friendly voice was raised to warn him against his peril.

"Put on five hundred! Cry out five hundred à la masse!" urged the voice, which belonged to a poor broken-down captain of the Grande Armée.

"Rouge!" mumbled Blunt. "Let it come up as it likes."

"At least put a louis, in case of accident, on zero. Zero hasn't been up for ninety rounds."

"Haven't got a louis left."

"Well, here is one," said the poor broken-down captain. "You're a true sport, and so desperate that something tells me that thirty-three or zero will turn up."

Blunt took the proffered louis, and tried, as steadily as he could, to roll it on end toward the compartment marked zero, which is close to the outer circumference of the wheel, in the middle of the table. But his aim, accurate enough when he was sober, was not. The coin stopped at the compartment marked "four," oscillated, and fell flat.

"Four zero!" a croupier said, inquiringly. He was close to the louis, and would have gently propelled it with his rake toward the designated spot; but Blunt, with a hiccough, forbade him.

"Let it be there," he said. "The devil will take care of his own."

"A thousand francs on thirty-three, and a single louis on zero," whispered the clean old gentleman of the follow must be mad. Any way he must lose."

The pillar revolved, the ball whizzed round and stopped. The croupier called out:

"ZERO."

The rakes gathered in Blunt's thousand franc note and the poor broken-down captain's louis. He did not care to ask his debtor when he would repay the louis. Justice had, perhaps, about as good a chance of being repaid as the thousand pounds which Sir John Falstaff owed him. The poor broken-down captain was a philosopher. All he said was this:

"The imbecile! Why did he not insure on zero as I told him? Zero would have lost. He would have been saved out of the wreck, and some capital would have been left for future operations."

Blunt was too old a hand to fall beneath the table in a fit, to tear his hair, or to beat his breast. He staggered away to the buffet, and asked the waiter to let him have a glass of brandy on credit. The request was instantly granted, and they gave him the liquor. He had lost so very largely as to be entitled to that trifling courtesium. Frascati had some bowels of compassion.

"Besides," he said, as he drained the glass, "it's only for a few days. I'll pay them presently. There's a fellow in the room owes me five louis. He'll be very hard seen him? A handsome fellow with curly hair."

He had reached that stage of intoxication not incompatible with business habits, when an additional glass of liquor rather sobers than stupefies. Blunt felt, for a moment, himself again. The waiters kept a book in which they put down (but not (now that he was ruined) if he attempted to create a disturbance; but he went very composedly to and fro, and to and fro, from the roulette to the trente-et-quarante, seeking for the fellow who owed him five louis.

He found the fellow at last, Edgar Greyfaunt's face was flushed and his eyes were sparkling. *La fille de roulette* had gold was before him. He was winning largely.

"Hallo! old gentleman," he cried, as Blunt came up with a look of rage and bloodshot eyes. "Cleaned out, I suppose?"

"Ay!"

"All you backed your luck a little too often. You'd better have been contented with a little. What a lot you were winning, to be sure! Stop! Don't I owe you a louis? Here they are. And oblige me by going to another table, and staying by yourself, for, if you back my luck, it's sure to turn, and I shall lose."

Blunt thrust the money in his pocket, and turned on the hall in disgust. The young man's voice and manner seemed to him inexpressibly insolent. He skulked to the roulette-table, and changed the piece of gold into twenty pieces of five francs each. He wished to protract his agony as long as possible.

He played cautiously, but persistently—eschewing the numbers altogether, waiting sometimes for a dozen rounds before there happened what he deemed a favorable chance, shifting his paltry stakes, now to red, now to black, now to odd, now to even, now to over, now to under. At one time he had scraped together some sixty or seventy francs; but luck again departed from him, and at three o'clock struck he had lost the last of his five louis.

He found out Edgar Greyfaunt again, who, still winning, was absorbed in the game. Blunt jogged his elbow.

"I am cleaned out again," he pleaded, humbly. "When you were too, I lent you five louis, and those I have had back, and spent. Lend me ten louis now, for Heaven's sake. There is only another hour left to play. Let me have one more chance."

"Go to the deuce!" cried Edgar Greyfaunt, pettishly, as he gathered in a handful of louis he had won.

"Only five louis, then," urged the miserable old man. "Make it five louis, for mercy's sake, and you shall have them back in five minutes. I didn't wait to be asked when I lent you the money."

"The more fool you," Mr. Greyfaunt coolly responded. "Don't bother me! You're making me play all at sixes and sevens. Stop! here's a five-franc piece. Fetch me a cup of tea, and some breakfast in the morning."

The ancient spirit of Francis Blunt, Esquire—the remembrance that he had once been a gentleman—rose for a single moment, and chased away the maniac fury, the fumes of brandy and tobacco, which hung about him as a mantle. By a mechanical movement he clutched at the proffered silver bit, lifting his shaking hand, he flung it at the head of Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt, accompanying the action by a volley of fierce invective addressed to that young gentleman.

The beggared gamester was speedily seized round the body by two of the powdered footmen. It was intolerable that the decorous conduct of so important a game as trente-et-quarante should be interrupted by the frenzied violence of this tattered and disreputable person. The entrance of the saloons must be henceforward interdicted to him. Monsieur the Commissary of Police said as much. The commissary came forward, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and showed his tricolored scarf beneath. Up to the powdered footmen he threw the significant words, "A la porte!" So it was to the door with him. Turn him out! Send him packing! There was some little scuffling and scraping along the floor, and there was some little snarling and sputtering, as he was half-dragged, half-pushed through the sumptuous saloons he was to behold never more. Then the players turned, looked, shrugged their shoulders, grinned, took snuff, and went on backing the red or the black. They got Blunt out without much difficulty, though he kicked a good deal, and tried to bite him of the hands. They bundled him down stairs, and flung his hat after him: detaining his stick as a lethal weapon capable of working mischief.

"And thank your stars, my brave," remarked the footman who gave him his final shove into the lane de Marivaux, "that we do not send for the sergents de ville, and have you taken to the nearest post. I think you would be grateful even for a bed of guard-house."

"Curse you!" cried the wretched old man, gathering up all his sobriety and all his strength. "Curse you and your thieving crew! I'll have that!" And he hit out—he had been a bruiser in his youth—and caught the menial cleverly under the jaw.

The Frenchman, to whom kicking and caning were tangible arguments, who did not understand stand fisticuffs, set up a dismal yell; but before he had recovered himself sufficiently to cry "It is a gentle! I shall be revenged!" Blunt staggered away, and was beyond pursuit.

The miserable old fellow was haunted by a vague impression that he had some money about him somewhere; but in what place he tried, accurately, he could not remember. He turned out his pockets, and pulling off his hat, searched the lining. But his efforts were fruitless. He began to cry, and was a sorry sight to see.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following order, *verbatim et literatim*, is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower: "Sur—Jane, my wife, is dead, and I want to bury her decently. At yunuze 10 o'clock. U nose wait to dig the hole—at the end of my too Uther wife—Let it be deep."

A physician having finished the amputation of a leg of one of his patients, the native of the island took the stump, and said anxiously to him, "Doctor, do you think you can put another leg on to that stump? There has never been the least shadow of a doubt about it." Then what was the use of amputating him, after?—Why, my dear friend, could you not have made a sick man that he is dying? *He wanted to be assisted a little.*

An enamored swain was serenading a pretty Quakeress, and sang the song of "Home, sweet home," when the lady suddenly opened the door, and said, "Friend, what do you hath been singing of thy home—thy sweet home; now, if thou wants a home, thou may come here, why don't thou go to it?"

Probably there are no two words which more distinctly point out sense and nonsense than these—gin and tickets.

Two countrymen visiting the menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, and coming to the elephant, one of them exclaimed, "What is that?" Why, that's the elephant, to be sure," said a person standing by. "Oh that's the elephant," said the countryman; then, turning to his companion, he added, in an under-tone, "but how stupid in people to think they first him by the tail!"

A country schoolmaster was sent for a sentence, under which he had his name and vocation. Having described his name, he added, "And I am master of this parish." "Master of this parish!" observed the judge; "how can that be?" "I am master of the children of the parish," said the man; "the children are masters of their parents, the mothers are rulers of the fathers, and consequently I am master of the whole parish."

An Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, exhibited a long scar on his neck, and looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

A horseman crossing a moor asked a countryman if it was safe riding. "Ay," answered the countryman, "it is hardenough at the *bottom*, I'll warrant you;" but in half a dozen steps the horse sunk up to the girths. "You story-telling rascal, you said it was hard at the bottom!" "Ay," replied the other, "but you are not half-way to the bottom yet."

An officer, in battle, happening to bow, a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off that of the soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man cannot bow by politeness."

"I feel rather dull to-day," as the razor said after it had been used to open oysters.

What nation is most likely to succeed in a pedestrian exercise?—Determination.

A groomsman, advertising for a situation, says she "is a perfect mistress of her own temper."

"Have you ground the tools all right, as I told you this morning when I went away?" said a carpenter to a lad whom he had taken as an apprentice. "All but the handsaw, sir," replied the lad, proudly; "I couldn't get all the rust out of that."

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as sickening as the assurance of the Irishman to his wife when she fell down the river. "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

"The father of Francesca Sforza, when at work in the field, was accosted by some soldiers, and asked if he would enlist. "Let me throw my mattock on that oak," he replied, "and if it remains there I will." It remained there, and the peasant, regarding it as a sign, enlisted. He became Duke of Milan, and his grandson built on the pallets at Milan said to Paulus Jovius: 'Behold those boughs and that timber! I owe every thing to the branch of an oak—the branch that held my grandfather's mattock."

"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?" "Yes, Sir." "And how was he?" "Why, he looked pretty well, but very much worried, Sir." "And what do you mean?" "Why, while I was in the room he sent out three times to my inn, and I'm blessed if it was not on my best all the while."

Why is a sheep like a new dress?—Because it does not suffer any harm when you fold it.

What similarity is there between a nose and a violin? —They each have a bridge.

A Vermont paper says that a man in that State, who was lately drinking from a hole in the ice, fell down a big trout with his nose. He probably had a hook-nose.

Very often men cut their love-teeth, as they do their milk-teeth, without much pain.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories: they are strongest for things a long way off.

A gentleman talking with his gardener, expressed his admiration at the rapid growth of the trees. "Why, yes, Sir," said the man; "I guess to consider that they have nothing else to do."

Franklin, when ambassador to France, being at a meeting of a literary society, was very much annoyed at the French when declaimed, determined to applaud when he saw a lady of his acquaintance express satisfaction. When they had ceased a little child, who understood the French, turned to him, "Pa, grandpapa, you always applaud the loudest when they were praising you!" Franklin laughed heartily and explained the matter.

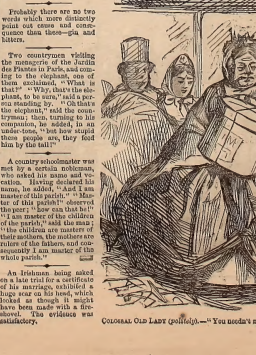
Sir Walter Scott once stated that he kept a bowland laid waiting for him in the library at Abbotsford, and when he came in he found the ball rolled to his feet which Sir Walter perceived to be Johnson's Dictionary. "Well, Wat," said Sir Walter, "how do you like your new book?" "They're very pretty stories, Sir Walter," replied the lady, "but they're rather short."

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

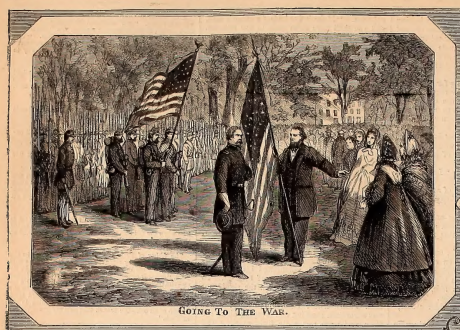
A Quaker being asked his opinion of phrenology, replied, indignantly, "Friend, there can be no good in a science that compels a man to take off his hat."

Dr. Abernethy, the celebrated physician, was never more disgusted than by hearing a patient detail a long account of troubles & various symptoms, & finally say, "I have a headache, having burned her hand, called at his house. Struck by the appearance of the lady, he said, "A poultice would soon cure the burned hand." "Oh," the next day she returned and said, "I tried the poultice for the burn," replied Dr. A., "but it was the mouth for last call, and her speech was lengthened to three words: "Well, your fee." "Nothing," said the physician; "you are the most sensible woman . ever saw."

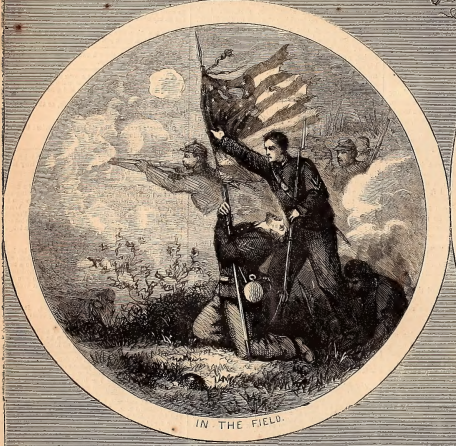
A retired vocalist, who had acquired a large fortune by marriage, was asked to sing in company. "Allow me," said he, "to decline that unprofitable employment, which does not stop after it has made its nest."



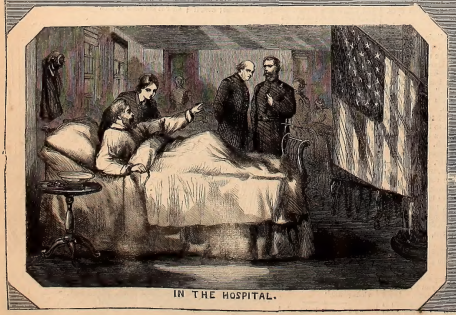
COLONIAL OLD LADY (*sotto voce*).—"You needn't move, Sir; I shall soon shake down."



GOING TO THE WAR.



IN THE FIELD.



IN THE HOSPITAL.

IN CHURCH.

MAKING

PROTECTOR

HE FLAG.
BORN FREE
OF ALL RIGHTS.
RETURNING FROM THE WAR.
ON BOARD.
IN CAMP.
AROUND THE DEAD.

THE LOVER'S RESCUE.

THE morning sunshine was streaming in rivulets of broken gold athwart the craggy wilderness that skirt the easterly shore of Mount Desert.

Along the whole iron-bound coast of Maine there, is no single spot so feared by wary skippers and worshiped by art-tourists as the beetling cliffs and hollow-sounding caverns of Mount Desert. We betide the luckless bark that loses her reckoning in a foggy morning near the treacherous ledges that lurk beneath that restless tide! Woe betide the good ship that trusts herself too near those dreadful cliffs!

There are few dwellings scattered along this bleak and inhospitable shore, yet the September sunshine gave a sort of home-like look to the weather-browned cottage that seemed to have nestled down among the rocks, where a shelving terrace offered a bit of garden-room, and walls of black green firs and spruces leaned against the cliffs behind. It was but noonday of a gloomy, however a single gnarled apple-tree, bending over the porch in an attitude that somehow contrived to convey the idea that it had wrestled with the fierce contagales until it had become completely discouraged, and didn't care whether it lived or died, a few thrifty vegetables on a sunny slope, guarded by a sturdy battalion of currant-bushes; two mammoth hydrangeas, in preoccupied bunches, whose small leaves hung over the door-stone, and a bright border of orange marigolds and blue Germans asters along the sunny path. Brave-hearted little autumn blossoms they were; for when the tides ran high and the wind shrieked their wildest, lashing the driving showers of spray fell like rain over all the garden domain.

Of course one could hardly expect any thing more real than a sea-nymph in this marine wilderness; but there was nothing shadowy or unsubstantial in the pretty, rosy, New England face of Lettice Moore as she stood at the gate, shading her clear eyes with one brown hand, while the salt wind, fresh from the rocking billows of the Atlantic, lifted the curls from her low, pure forehead. She was rather small, lithe and quick, with eyes as blue and dewy as freshly-blossomed morning-glories, and cheeks where the crimson glow of perfect health shone through the olive shadow left by sea-winds and fervent suns. For Lettice Moore was a sea-captain's daughter, and had grown up in the open air, just like the pines and spruces whose moaning branches sung her to sleep in the cloudy autumn nights.

She looked very lovely in her dress of madder-red calico, with its coquettish ruffled pockets fastened with red buttons, and the trim collar loosely and her slender throat with a fantastic bit of coral, almost like a glowing drop of blood, that her father had brought her from many years ago.

Suddenly the carmine deepened on her cheek, the clue eyes sparkled into soft brilliance.

"Hey! Lettice!" she murmured: "I hear his footsteps on the rocky stair." And she fluttered back into the house like a red autumn leaf. It was very evident that she did not intend for us to know how long she had stood there shading her eyes with her hand.

A tall, straight young fellow, with bright hazel-brown eyes, and a tawny mustache overhanging a mouth whose frank smile was better than a dozen letters of introduction, you might have known him for an artist by the sketching-case and camp-stool that were slung carelessly across his shoulder. And as he came round the curve in the path, whistling softly to himself, his face shadowed by the broad-brimmed Panama hat, whose black ribbon was fastened into his button-hole, he never for an instant imagined that Lettice Moore's blue eyes were closely watching him behind the dense leaves of the hardy scarlet-runners that veiled the kitchen window.

Mrs. Moore looked: Ah, reader, if you could only have seen it you would abjure the vanities of bahl and ormolu, rosewood and brocatelle, from this time forth for evermore: the square of new carpet in the centre was so bright and fresh—the boards were scoured to such snowy purity, and the golden light came in so softly through the dancing, glossy leaves of the scarlet-runners! And then the tin dishes shone like silver on the trim dresser, and the red peppers hanging from the beams overhead glowed at like giant rubies, and the blackbird in his wicker cage talked about it himself, and kept up an eye on the chickens that were skirmishing round the open door, like a policeman in a new jet-black suit! While Lettice herself, ridiculously unconscious, was nestled in the window-seat with a bit of fine stitching in her brown fingers, singing the low refrain of some old ditty, that she had caught from her sailors in the bay.

"Hey! Wayne!" she exclaimed, looking up suddenly as a bright sprig of sea-weed fluttered into her lap. "Why, how you startled me! Is it possible that you are back already?"

"Already!" repeated Kenneth Wayne, with an indescribable something of pique in his tone, "it is nearly eleven o'clock."

"So late as *that!*" said Lettice, biting off the end of her thread with teeth that were white and even as grains of rice.

Mr. Wayne stood leaning against the window-ledge, his eyes fixed dreamily on the bright dishes-full curls, and the olive cheek with its wine-like glow, where the moving leaf-shadows came and went at every breath.

"How lovely she is!" was the unsyllabled fancy that shaped itself in his mind. "I wonder," he thought, setting his teeth close together, "if I am but a mad, conceited fool, blindly putting my own interpretation on every look and glance, or if she really loves me!"

As the thought floated through his brain Lettice looked up.

"Are you going out again this afternoon, Mr. Wayne?"

"Yes, I am going down to take a study or two from the great caverns."

"How?"

"The little boat at the landing. You need not laugh, Letty, I am enough of a hand at the oars to get across to the caverns even if I haven't grown, like a barnacle, on these rocks."

"Did I laugh?" said Letty, demurely surveying her bit of stitching.

"You'll go with me, Letty? Think how deliciously cool those green waves will be at noontide."

"I don't think I care to go to-day," said Letty, with an air of supreme indifference.

"Letty?"

"Well, Mr. Wayne!"

"Why will you be so provoking?"

"Am I provoking? Really I wasn't aware of it!"

"Letty," said the young man, with a sudden spot of crimson burning on his cheek, "I can not endure this uncertainty any longer, I must know my fate!"

She lifted the blue, limpid eyes to his face with the innocent wonderment of a child, while her scarlet lips, half parted, were like the deep incarnadine of the West Indian shells that lay on the shelf beyond.

"I love you, Letty!" he said, passionately; "I have loved you since the day I first looked upon your face. The time is coming when I must leave this desolate shore; let me take you with me to be the sunshine of my life. Don't run away from me, Lettice Moore—give me one word, one look, to which I may cling and still hope on."

"You hurt my hand," said Lettice, petulantly. "Don't, Mr. Wayne!"

He relaxed his hold, but his cheek was growing pale.

"You have not answered me, Lettice."

She stole a shy, arch glance at him under her long, brown lashes.

It was neither more nor less than woman's instinct, this mischievous impulse that prompted Lettice, in that moment when the fate of her whole life trembled in the balance, to play with her lover's earnestness, and hide behind a mask of simulated indifference. And so Lettice pouted her pretty lip, and twisted the bronze-brown curl round her finger, and looked out on the blue sweep of the distant sea and answered never a word.

"Tell me, Letty, do you love me? Ay or no —an answer I *will* have."

Would have an answer, indeed! A pretty idea, thought willful Lettie, to pretend to reject such humble devotion, and then use such lordly phrases as this. He should have his answer—for the present at least. It would be a good lesson, and one that Mr. Kenneth Wayne appeared to need. So she drew herself up, and replied in one haughty monosyllable.

"No!"

He stood looking at her a moment, while the blood seemed to recede from his face, leaving an ashy ring around the lips, and then turned quietly away, and took his oars, which were resting on the rocky path, with eyes that saw not the blue glimmer of the distant sea, nor the lines of cloud that slanted the far away horizon.

The instant his footstep crossed the threshold Letty started up, as if to call him back. But she remembered, on the into silence upon her lips, and she sank back on the window-seat, hiding her face in her hands.

"What have I done? Oh, what have I done?"

But the next instant she dashed the moisture from her eyelashes with a quick, haughty movement, and took up her work, as if fully resolved to dismiss it a whole affair from her mind.

How long she sat there, apparently plying the needle, she could never have told; it might have been five minutes, or it might have been five hours. Her mind was in such a state of confusion as to take much note of time; and the old wooden clock in a grove of evergreens ticked on the window-sill as monotonously on, as it had ticked for thirty years, while the blackbird dozed in his cage, and the cricket chirped shrilly from the stunted bushes along the cliff.

"Why, Letty, you ain't sick, be you?"

Mrs. Moore had bustled in the room, with a basket of shining crimson apples on her arm, and through her bright spectacles keenly regarded her daughter's face.

"No, mother, I am not sick; why did you ask?"

"You're as white as a sheet, child; you're sittin' too close at that fine work. However, the color's beginnin' to come back a little now."

Mrs. Moore set down the basket of reading-chair, and untied her bonnet strings; a plump, cheery little body, with cheeks like the sunny side of a Bartlett pear, and bright gray eyes that had a winning sparkle in them yet.

"I've been over to Desire Peabody's to find when Mahala Ann was to be married," she went on, "and I come back by way of the meddler on the south hill, and the ground under that tree was just red with those ten apples. I called to Lettie, but she didn't answer, so I picked up the basket and brought it in myself, and I declare if she hasn't fallen asleep over her work, with the cool of the morning to come and go in!"

"Indeed, mother, I was not asleep," said Lettie, bending over her work to conceal the deep blush that mantled her face. "Why, how you startled me! Is it possible that you are back already?"

"Already!" repeated Kenneth Wayne, with an indescribable something of pique in his tone, "it is nearly eleven o'clock."

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Yet Kenneth Wayne was no coward. When once the dreadful certainty was impressed on his mind, he leaned with folded arms against the jagged wall, resolved to meet his fate as a brave man should.

So the world was passing away from him—the bright sunshine, the blue outer air, the song of robin-birds in the grizzled apple-tree at home. All the bright visions he had formed—the aspirations he had built up in the closely vistas of the future—the loves and hopes that had clustered round her—they, way—all, all passing away. And even through the roar of the rising tide he could hear the silver rocking of his watch, and smiled bitterly to think how soon Time would be but a meaningless name to him.

Dead! He could not fancy the strong, warm, throbbing vitality within his frame transformed to a cold corpse, with dank, streaming hair and livid, upturned face, tossed hither and yon upon the cruel crests of those leaping billows. Would he be carried far out to sea, and picked up days afterward by some passing ship? Or would his body be dashed to pieces against the hidden breakers of that fatal coast, and none ever know how or where he died? Or perhaps some wave might throw him on the beach at Schooner Head, and Lettice might look on his dead face with a pitying pang.

Lettice! Ah, *there* was the bitterness of death! The waves were creeping around his knees now, and throwing tongues of spray about him, as a serpent might dart its glittering tongue over its prey before the deadly sting, and his head began to swim strangely with the hollow boom of the waters against the beetling walls. He closed his eyes with a sort of dumb agony of despair to await the fate that was so certain, so relentless.

"Kenneth Wayne!" cried a voice.

Was it but the sickly phantasy of the death hour, or did Lettice Moore's wild voice sound under those very overhanging rocks?

It was no phantasy—a warm, living hand was pressing him through the black mist.

"Quick—the boat! Oh my God! to think that you were standing so close to your death."

He started blankly at the white, eager face opposite him—even then he did not fully realize that he had escaped from the very jaws of destruction.

"Lettice, speak to me! Kenneth! you have not lost your reason in that dreadful place."

He bent forward with a look of deep gratitude that thrilled through the sudist blood into her cheek, but neither of them spoke.

"Let me take the oars, Letty," he said, after a few minutes. "The waves are very high, and you are weak and worn out."

She shook her head.

"We shall reach the Head *soon*, and a misstroke might cost us our lives. You have not been used to the management of a boat since you were a baby; *I* have!"

Slight and slender as that pale girl was, Kenneth knew, instinctively, that she could be trusted. Wayne looked at her with a feeling almost akin to awe, as the salt had blew the hair away from her white face, and the cloids, drooping in black, fringed masses overhead, cast a strange reflection on her forehead.

Suddenly she leaned over to look at the shores they were approaching.

"Take care, mother, under water," she said, calmly. "We can not land there."

"Can not land there! Then what are we to do?"

"Kenneth, listen to me," she said, in low, distinct tones. "They are waiting for us on yonder beach, and they must not get into our secret nor aid us to land. A rope would part like cotton thread in such a sea as this. Do you see that ragged edge of rock projecting from the Head beyond?"

"Yes."

"I shall wait until yonder great breaker rolls in and let the boat ride in upon its crest. Then I shall throw the coil of rope over that rock."

"But the breaking wreckling line will snap it like a hair."

"You must not wait for the receding wave. Spring to the shore; they will be able to help you before the next breaker sweeps you away."

"And you, Lettice?"

"I shall have saved your life—that will be enough."

She sat silently watching her, until she rose up in the boat, poising herself like a beautiful Diana, as the boat rocked on the crest of a giant wave.

"Now is the time," she said, with a smile. "Don't forget me in the years that are to come!"

As she tossed the rope over the point of rock, there was a gleam of eye and scarlet lip only to those whose lives are spent beside the sea-shore, he clasped the frail figure in his arms and sprang.

For their lives! A misstep on the slippery shore would have precipitated both into the boiling whirlpools of the sea—a moment's hesitation would have been fatal. But Kenneth Wayne had carefully husbanded his strength, and calculated the exact distance with a precision learned through his artistic life.

He felt the clasp of kindly hands, the bonds of affection around him, were dragged up the wet and yielding sands; but one terrible apprehension filled his mind with strange dismay.

"Lettice! is she safe?"

For if death had taken her from him in that moment of peril life would be scarce worth having; death should though it were.

And then he heard her mother's voice whispering to her.

"Thank God! my child is alive and unhurt!"

Not all the pictured gloom of cathedrals, nor the chant of white-robed priests, could give more passionate fervency to the prayer that went up from the desolate rocks of the storm-girdled island—the prayer of thanks too deep for words, that burst from Kenneth Wayne's inmost soul!

And as the tempestuous night closed around the cliffs of Mount Desert,

The next morning rose bright and cloudless, as if no murky vapors had ever obscured the liquid dome

of heaven; and when Kenneth Wayne came down stairs Lettice was standing by the window in a pink morning-dress—a little pale, but very lovely—in a mood unusually subdued and quiet. She looked up with a faint smile and a few murmured words of greeting as he entered, but he had made up his mind not to be put off by any such maidenly subterfuge. He went straight up to her, and looked fully into the blue eyes with a tender, searching glance.

"Lettie," he said, gently, "I have come to plead my cause with you yet again. We are nearer to each other than we were this time yesterday. You are my prisoner, Lettie. You would have given your life for me yesterday: I am here to ask you to give that life into my keeping now. I will not take it, dearest, with an everlasting love! Lettie, will you be my wife?"

She put her hand shyly into his.

"Oh, Kenneth, I never knew how much I loved you until I thought you were to me forever!"

THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

"Sir, excuse me, but I wish to put you on your guard. I believe we have fallen into a den of thieves and murderers!"

I had been slumbering uneasily for nearly an hour, and had just become thoroughly awakened when Mr. Leslie entered my room cautiously, and addressed me in this singular manner.

I had had the misfortune to fall in with an elderly gentleman (Mr. Leslie by name) and his daughter Gertrude, an interesting young lady of twenty-eight or-ten; and our journey lay in the same direction, we very naturally agreed to accompany each other.

We had stopped at a roadside inn. Our accommodation was much more ample than I had supposed possible from the external appearance of the dwelling; and much to our satisfaction we were furnished with separate rooms, though all in the low chamber at the top of the house.

The apartment allotted to myself was a small one, furnished with a handsome bed with heavy green curtains, a looking-glass, and a couple of chairs. Every thing was in perfect keeping and good order, but the bed was placed against the wall near the door, greatly to my astonishment.

"What have you discovered?" I asked, hastily.

He gave me a soiled piece of paper, on which were rudely inscribed these words:

"Jim saw three travelers coming over the old road an hour ago. Probably they will be at your house pretty soon after dark, as the moon manages to keep them in sight. Don't try to settle them until I come, which will be about midnight.

We engaged in a short conversation as to the course we had better pursue, and then, without arriving at any conclusion, I left the landlord and Gertrude alone for a few moments, while I cautiously descended the stairs. Having gained the hall below, I found myself in a long narrow passage I had not before observed, and at last came to the door of an apartment in which I knew the landlord and his host, together with our would-be murderers, were assembled.

"Well, Tom, how do you propose to settle our guests above?"

This was the voice of our host addressing the new-comer.

"How have you disposed of them?"

"Why, I gave the old man and his girl the two rooms on the left, and that young fellow took the one at the right."

"The room you made so *convenient* last week?"

"Yes."

"Well, if that is the case I don't think we shall find much to do at all. The very instant you sent the report of my pistol you and Jim must be at hand to enter the old man's room and take care of him."

"But what will all this come off?"

"At twelve; they will be sleeping most soundly then."

It wanted just thirty minutes of the hour appointed, and I hastened to retrace my steps up stairs.

I visited my own room first, where I found that the "convenient fixture" I had heard spoken of below was merely a small square hole in the floor just opposite the pillow, sufficiently large to insert the barrel of any moderate-sized pistol—a very easy method to settle a man of his life.

Having made this discovery I sought Mr. Leslie and his daughter.

"I can offer no purpose," I said, "that each one of us should keep his own apartment. If we meet three together in the bottom has his head cut off, and one of us will be sure to get killed. On the contrary, should I manufacture a good counterfeit, as I now propose, to occupy my place for the time being in that rather dangerous bed, and in this manner waste Sexton's shot and throw him off his guard, I am very sure I could gain the mastery over the three to-band struggle in a very few minutes, and then come to your assistance. Does my proposition suit you?"

"Perfectly; and, luckily for your scheme, I wear a wig, which will be of considerable benefit to you in making the counterfeit of which you have spoken. Take it; it is entirely at your disposal."

It took but a very few moments to fit on the wig sufficiently with the bed-clothes, and arrange it in a favorable position upon the pillow, in front of the little opening, leaving one hole, I should say, to watch in the moonbeams. It wanted five minutes of twelve!

The silence was growing oppressive, when at last I saw the curtains move astde a little. There was a moment's silence, and then a loud report, and I had resolution enough to bend forward and utter a low, despairing moan, as the report died away. In an instant the door was opened, and the man called Sexton came running in, with his pistol still in his hand. Without the faintest suspicion he approached the bed; but meanwhile I had grasped a long, heavy bar of hard wood, which, I presume, by the merest chance, happened to be standing against the wall near by, and when he had arrived within a convenient distance I sprung out upon him, and with a single well-directed blow I laid him sprawling; and I judged insensible, upon the floor.

All this had occupied but a moment, and it was scarcely completed when I heard the report of another pistol in the direction of the apartment occupied by Mr. Leslie. Without stopping to assure myself further of the effect of the blow either seven knock I had given the fallen man, I hastened forward to the assistance of my companions. He was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with Jim, while our host was lying upon the floor, badly if not dangerously wounded.

Jim was making desperate efforts to draw a knife from his belt, while Mr. Leslie was using his utmost endeavors to prevent him. I was active and resolute, but I could see his strength was failing rapidly. I did not hesitate to put an immediate stop to the contest by again calling my club into requisition.

Having firmly secured our host and the fellow with the knife, and left Mr. Leslie in the charge of his daughter, I returned to the room where I had left Sexton. He was just recovering from the effects of the blow I had given him, which, as I had supposed, had rendered him insensible for a time, and I was just in season to bind him before he had recovered sufficiently to trouble us still further.

Now all that remained for me to do to render our situation quite secure was to find out in what manner the power to harm us in any way, and I at once started below for this purpose.

I afterward learned that Mr. Leslie had made his daughter promise, after my departure, to remain quietly in her own apartment, and not attempt to venture forth, and then stationed himself near the door, with the only pistol he ever carried in his hand. By some means, the man had Jim did not attack him as soon as the pistol was fired at my counterfeit by Sexton, as was at first intended, but waited a moment. By this time the landlord had relieved he had fired at the one in advance, who happened to be our host, and immediately grappled with the other.

We remained at the old inn for the remainder of the night, and gave information to the authorities in the morning.

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS.

"You will like my friend for my sake, lady Winsome," Hal Thuriet had said, one desolate, autumn-like day, before Captain Miles Wayne came to them on his furlough.

The Captain's mess had re-enlisted, and he with them, and they were all coming home that they might for a look at home faces before the spring campaign. Only Captain Wayne had no home, and but one friend—Hal Thuriet. He, with his wife and his own heart of his, loved him better than most brothers. His very first thought was to ask him to "The Maples"—only a hare wide from Thuriet's—to his brothal, his wee, white flower o' the world, staying there just three days, because of the sweet, new nestle, really engrossing him all the hours in the day. Would Rose like it? He asked her.

She looked a little at him, with a little in vexatious, this bringing a stranger in to be entertained, to spoil their quiet home pleasures, to take Hal away from him. Then her tender heart came mote her at the thought of the furloughed soldier with no home to go to—no welcome. She turned tearful, shining eyes to Hal.

"I love him, by all means. If I don't like him I'll love him because you do. It will be like a look at a peaceful home, perhaps. The spring campaign will lay so many of the poor fellows low. Let us be kind to him."

Then it was that Hal said, with a grateful look, that she would like his friend for his sake, he knew —the letter of invitation was sent, and in a week's time Captain Wayne was with them.

He had a strange power over Rose from the first moment she saw his handsome, haughty face. From the first she feared him, and tried to array herself at once against him. Some how, she could not say, her fear meant. It was as if her destiny had whispered a warning to her which she could not understand. She was cold at first, and Hal noticed with the saw that that made them all uncomfortable, especially Hal. Then she gently tried to make atonement—talked to him, and by and by began to understand how much there was in him besides courage.

She learned herself better in those days, too. She had just been a girl before—a capricious sprite, gay sometimes, tearful sometimes, but acting on impulse wholly. In Captain Wayne's presence she seemed ripening into womanhood. His words had their influence on her. His views of life from the gay young people she had known. Particularly might have been that he was an orphan from boyhood, and so had had none of the sweet affinities between him and the world of souls, where those who would have loved him were—partly that for years then very young he was forced to battle for as it were, near neighbor to death—looking on battle-fields, sharing in stormy charges, walking through hospitals, hearing the few quiet hours, the dangers, save one broad, deep roar upon his handsome forehead. When he talked it could hardly be in such gay, careless strain as Rose had been wont to hear. The impress of his earnest life was upon his words, and they moved her with a power she did not herself understand.

At first Hal liked it. He was charmed that they got on so well together—that his betrothed found his friend so companionable, and that his little Rose seemed so attractive in the clear-judging eyes of Captain Wayne. It was not till three weeks had passed that he grew at all uncomfortable, and by that time neither Rose nor the Captain was sufficiently at ease to notice the shadow on his brow. He was just as kind as ever—just as faithfully Miles Wayne's friend—but a change had come in Rose. There night be room in his large heart for fear or sorrow—there was none for petty jealousy or ignoble suspicion.

So the days went on. The spring began to look through the skies of April, and breathe in the softer winds; and in one week more Captain Wayne must go back to his post in the Army of the Potomac. Rose's eyes grew sad. She said little, but the color came and went on her cheek in painful flushes, and she was wasting to a shadow. Hal watched her furtively, with a growing pain. Captain Wayne never seemed to look at her, but he saw every motion. Silent watching of them all like a spell. Together from morning till night, yet neither of them cared to break it. Hal's sister, Jeannette—good, kindly, unsuspicious soul!—saw nothing. She talked to them on all occasions, when she was not busy elsewhere, in the most *wal à propos* style; yet they all found relief in the shelter of her commonplaces.

So the very last day came, and grew from dawning toward sunset—a cloudy, chilling but rain said—not one word which would make Rose or Captain Wayne traitors to love or friendship. If their eyes had played them false it had gone no farther. And yet they both knew that there was a secret between them before which either trembled—a secret losing no whit of its potency because it had not been put into words.

When the day began to darken to its close Hal got up. He meant to leave them alone together. If they loved each other, he thought, in Heaven's name let them say so to each other—he would think up they chose to brew for him. There was no bitterness in Hal's heart, only a great, yearning sorrow. He did not blame them—could not for or him. He knew they had meant fairly by him. If their souls had asserted themselves over their wills' despite—and he condemn them? So he was going out, to leave them to the twilight and each other, but Rose stopped him. There was an anguish of prayer in her eyes as she laid her hand on his arm.

"I want you, Hal. Stay with us," was a plea from which, suffered he such supplicating eyes, he could not turn away. So he staid.

In the twilight they talked, but still, growing strangely cold, though the fire upon the hearth burned bright as Rose sang. She sang as a cover to the silence that would have been more acute; but all the songs were tender, tremulous ballads of love and woe, with quivers of heart-piercing pain thrilling through them. Try as she would, no gayer would come to her. Still any thing was better than the silence, and she sang.

At last came Jeannette's cheery tones calling to supper, and they all got up. As Rose turned away Hal saw a look upon her face he knew. It was Hal, who had been leaning over her in the darkness.

They made the tea as long as affair as they could. There was another silence, but it was not a painful night, Jeannette's talk, and the everyday aspect which life always assumes on occasions of eating and drinking. Then Hal, who knew that there were but few hours more of silence, and a sort of fearful waiting —and then there was good-night.

Captain Wayne was to leave early next morning, and Jeannette—who always managed every thing, in a pleasant unconsciousness of any hidden rocks and quick-sands—arranged that Rose should not be up to see him off. She would preside at the early breakfast herself, and if Rose was a little late it was to the station; all the other good-bys must be said now.

Rose acquiesced gladly, feeling as if she were saved from one more peri—conscious all the while of a mad, despairing impulse to throw herself at Hal's feet, and tell him that her big him to take with him or kill her. That was under her breath; outwardly she was calm and pale. She shook hands with him, and said a mechanical good-by but she did not dare to meet his eyes. She heard him have farewells to the others that God would keep her, and keep her from straying, and her heart from pain; and then, scarcely knowing how, she was used, practically, at first, of a sense of deliverance. The hour of her temptation had passed by, and she had not uttered one word that Hal Thuriet's betrothed had not right to say. The passion of her pain, the fierce, mad sense of wrong and injustice, had not forced her to speak her heart when the sun of her life would seem set, and her world as empty as an egg-shell. This one night must be for ever sacred—the thanksgiving of a heart which believed itself delivered from moral wreck.

The Captain went away next morning before she was down stairs. She saw them walk down the avenue, he and Hal. The quick, soldierly footstep sound through her heart. Once he turned and looked back at the house, a long last look. She saw the sad lines round the mouth, the eyes full of sorrow, but full, too, of despair—the face which might have been her sun of all the world, and was to be none.

Then she sank into her chair, and tried to go back in spirit to the days before Miles Wayne came. Only the last night was in her mind. Surely it was that she loved him now. The other love had been but a feverish dream. Like a dream it would pass away. Over and over she said to herself; as the very sound of the words strengthened her, that she loved Hal, and Hal loved her. She would go down on her knees to God that night, and bless him, and his own little white Rose again. Hal was so good. No pain must ever come to him through her. Alas! the little knew what bitterness of woe she had given him to taste already.

So she went down at the door, and gave him a welcome like her old welcomes. He received it gently. He was kind, but oh, with such compassionate tenderness—not like Hal, the lover of Rose—and touched his lips to her forehead, with a low murmur of pity—

"Poor Rose! poor little Rose!"

Nearly a month went by, and she began to know better—to understand how, without one word of confession, or blame, or explanation, their relations had changed. She saw that he loved her still, but that he "had" her heart was not his, and so, without talking away his tenderness or lessening his care, renounced all claim on her. And then, ignorant still of herself, she wondered if she was glad of this, or sorry—wondered who she did be to, and sometimes made herself believe that what she had felt for Hal was deeper and stronger than that other passion. How many girls pass through just such experiences and incertitudes!

Then came the third of May—the order for the Army of the Potomac to move. A week of torturing suspense, in which no one felt any emotion save the one strained sense of fearful expectation; and then, among the list of dead at the battle of the Wilderness, Rose came—Captain Miles Wayne. Not wounded—not taken prisoner—not missing even, but just dead! Through that long May-day of fierce combat, ever among the hottest and bravest, and at the end of it, dead. In that last fierce charge, when so many brave souls went to the home of heroes, his had been set free, and gone forth out of the Wilderness to God!

Hal went to bear his own eyes. It would have been in vain to try to keep the papers from her. Her heart, indeed, had uttered sure prophecy of its fate, and she was ready for the sad list but as a confirmation of something known before. She could not see any one that day, not even Hal. She went away to her own room, where, alone in the silence with God, she recognized a Father's hand, and was still.

The next morning Hal came, and she opened the door to his knock. He gave her a letter.

"It is a message from him," he said, as if in apology for his intrusion. "He wrote it for you that last night. He wanted me to read it, but I would not. I said it was to give it to you myself, and he felt sure he should do this spring."

With those words he closed the door, and she sate alone with her message from the dead. She opened it and read:

"I am not sure, my wife, Rose—this list night that I shall ever pass under the same roof with you. I am going to the front, and nothing by-by. I am not afraid to die, but not one word of what I am about to my should meet your eyes—should, if I fall, remain sacred to you. Hal knows about to write it. He has given me his permission, and I have his promise that he shall see this letter when I am dead. And I write in full assurance that you will not have long to wait for me, Rose. Your heart will break when you see. It is not a morbid notion of fate—nor yet shall I commit suicide. I know that death is coming for me, and coming, and I think I shall not be backward in doing my duty. I am almost full, will I shall be among the first. I know it by the peace which fills my heart—for only by that shall I know you ever to unless. When I die I shall feel as if I were a traitor, hurried and bound from all I love and honor. But deep blood cleanses from stains, and and when I am gone even Hal will forgive me that I loved you. Rose, I shall not forge me the place you have in my memory, while you blossom into beauty at his fireside, or that I have loved you better than life.

"For I know, Rose, that you will be his wife. It should not be so, but I know before you have said it that you love him still, more than you love me. He is worthier of you than I am, and I know that you will find me so. Nay, I think I have understood what you felt for me; but it has been a romance, a fever, and is to make you all the happier. It has been a romance, a frenzy—something sweet, indeed, but something unnatural. Rose, I am sure your loyal Hal you might have loved me; but having loved him and been loved by him, you never could have forgot him in his or shaken off your allegiance to him. As my wife, if I had lived, you would have been faithful to me, and true to him before I ever saw you—his bride, whom I sinned just most to love, and whom I am loving. Feel not that this should God, not just but! I know that he was never more truly or deeply my friend than he is now. No very hard thing it will be a blessing on you both—a prayer for your happiness, Rose.

"He would have given up to me, if he had thought it would have made me both happy, which it would not mean. Perhaps he has done so, even now, in his heart. How sad it will be for him if I fall! Will you have forgot to ask a friend? I can not tell. It grieves upon me unconsciously that I can not tell. I am sorry for him, for you, for myself. I am a fool, and, God forgive me! I am sorry I can not go you will forgive me, you and he. You will not grieve for me one moment more than any of my life—but it will be for got right and wrong, past and future, looking into your eyes. Good-by, Rose!

"But why do I write on when I have said all I had to say? Rose, my wife, my love, you would be in quite remembrance when you are Hal's happy wife? When you read this I shall be beyond the sound of human speaking, beyond the reach, so they say, of earthly love or woe. Rose, I am sure that I pray for you now for no I shall know it; if you and he talk of me gently, pityingly, with tears in your eyes, I shall not know it; and, in the world beyond, it will give me heart's-ease.

"MILES WAYNE."

It was morning when she read these words. She remained alone with them all day. They were the final speech of one who had loved, and been unknown to her than he in his life had ever dared to come. It was almost to her as if his disembodied soul were with her beside her, keeping watch through the still hours of that long day.

When the twilight came she took the letter, and stole down stairs into the room where he had slept, and waited. She put it in his hand, and made him read it by the light still lingering in the western sky. She saw his face grow dead all, like marble, and with a gesture of appeal:

"You see what he says—is it true? Was it you or he whom I loved?"

"Both of us, perhaps, dear child," and the fond arms closed round her as they had never been for all of old. Soothed by his care, she wept her first tears. They fell on her seared heart like a grateful rain, bringing healing with them. The love of Hal then she would shudder convulsively, and cry with white, pitiful face.

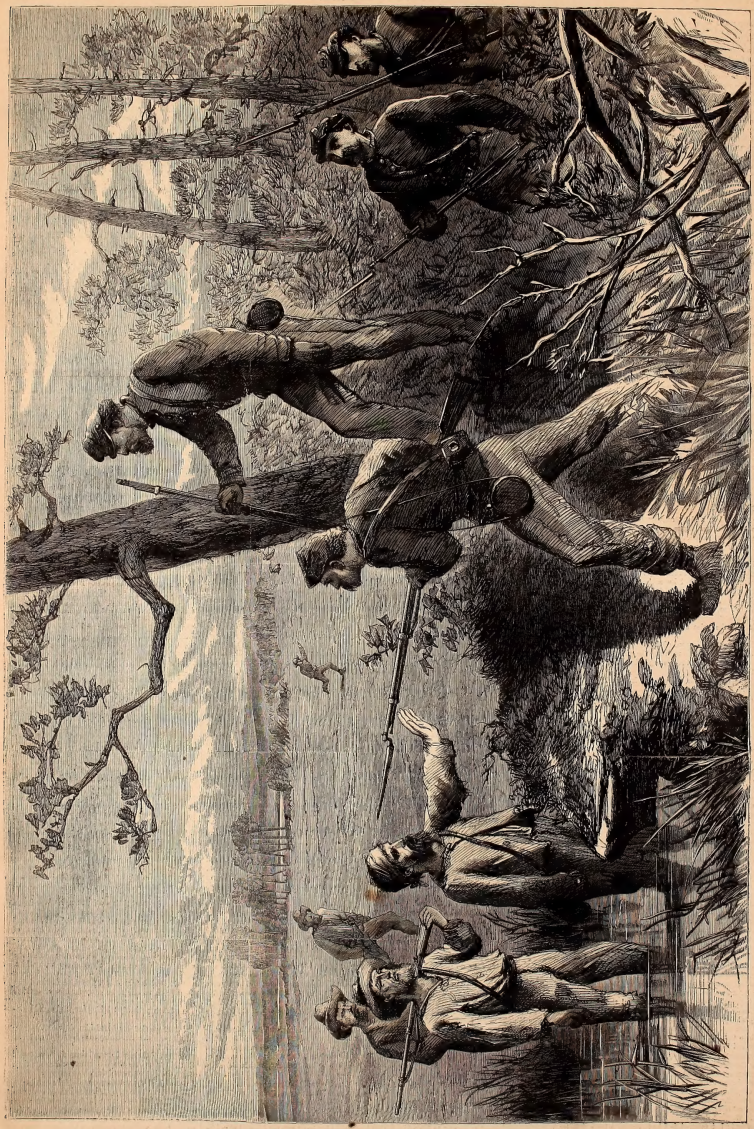
"No, Hal, it is so dreadful to think of him dying there, with no one to be sorry for him or comfort him!"

And then, patiently soothing her, Hal would whisper—

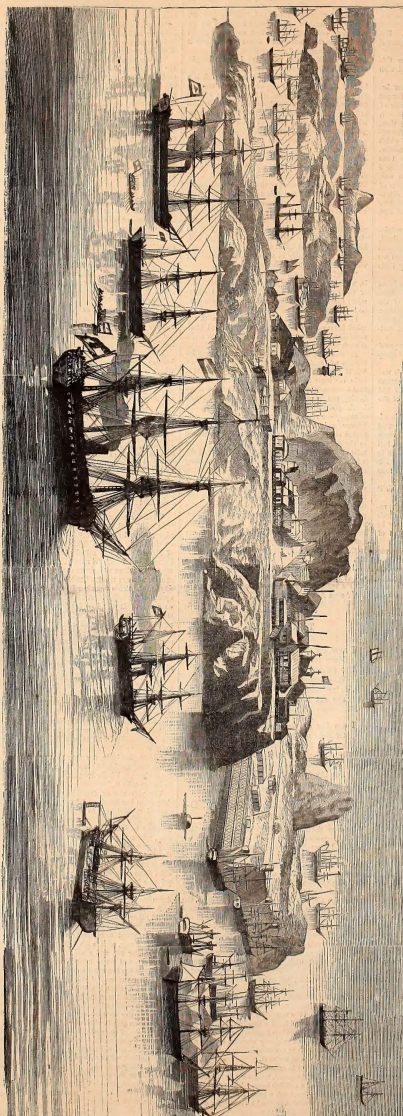
"Perhaps God comforted him, dear child—God, who loved him better than you or I, though we loved him well."

Rose fell the night around them there, a it fell that May-day over the Wilderness where so many brave dead hearts were lying.

When will the morning come—Hal's and hers? They can not look with their tear-blinded eyes into the future; but does it not hold a time when Captain Wayne's words will in proven prophecies—which Hal's wife, happy in his love, cradling his children on her knee, will only recall as a blessed and tender consolation in the days of so brief a sorrow, who waited out in the red tide of blood and battle all the wrong he had done to God and man, and wept home to the final Judge of all, out of the Wilderness?



REBEL DESERTERS COMING WITHIN THE UNION LINES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE SPANISH SQUADRON, COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL PINZON, TAKING POSSESSION OF THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

REBEL DESERTERS.

THE sketch which we give on page 460 represents a scene of daily occurrence both in the Eastern and Western campaigns. Deserters from the rebel army are, however, more frequent in the West, for the reason that the region from which they were originally drawn is in a far less degree actuated by a feeling of hatred against the North. The masses of the rebellion are not in Georgia, Louisiana, Texas, and Mississippi, but in Virginia and South Carolina. A great proportion of those who come within our lines in Virginia are men who have been conscripted in North Carolina. These deserters are of great use to our Generals in giving important information in regard to the disposition and numbers of the enemy. Not unfrequently they become invaluable as scouts. If the secret history of our campaigns could be written, it would be found that not a few of our victories, particularly in the West, have been due to the faithful and oftentimes romantic adventures of these scouts.

A few days ago there came into General SHERMAN'S lines a portion of THIGG'S Fifty-fourth Virginia Regiment—the same which was in HUMPHREY MARSHALL'S army at Middle Creek when that fat Colonel was defeated by GARFIELD. Donelson, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and other national victories, have told upon these soldiers' first love for secession.

THE CHINCHA ISLANDS.

PUBLIC attention has been of late especially directed to the Guano Islands, the occupation of which by a Spanish squadron we illustrate on this page. The CHINCHA ISLANDS are situated in the Pacific, on the west coast of Peru, to which country they belong. They are three in number, inconsiderable as to size, and about ten miles distant from the port of Pisco. These desolate solitudes are solely important by reason of the guano which through a series of years has accumulated from the excrements of various marine birds, forming beds, sometimes of a brown and sometimes of a raw color, which in certain places rise to the height of 120 feet. The huts of the inhabitants are built on the guano itself. The means of subsistence on these islands, even to water, have to be drawn from the main land. This makes the cost of living very great. A hotel has been established there, offering to travelers comfortable accommodation. The majority of the inhabitants are workmen who are continually employed in transporting the hard guano to depôts for exportation.

The Spanish authorities having disclaimed all connection with Admiral Pinzon's seizure of the Chincha Islands, and having withdrawn their fleet, there is no apprehension of further difficulty.

MY SERVICE OF PLATE.

NOT long ago I was presented by a circle of admiring friends with a service of plate.

I use the term admiring in a figurative sense, mind; not that I am incapable of exciting admiration in the *opposite sex*, but because this particular circle of friends was composed entirely of men, with the weaknesses of men, including envy, jealousy, etc., and because I have been made painfully aware since that some of them entertained feelings toward me bordering on dislike, which necessarily precludes sentiments of admiration.

I am what angry tax-payers call a public servant; an upper servant, however, being at the head of one of the bureaus in a certain department of the Federal Government.

It is customary every year in this department for one of the chief clerks to receive, and the underlings to present, a testimonial, in the shape generally of a silver service, procured by voluntary subscriptions from all the employés. As these presentations are confined to the chief clerks, a few, in fact many, of the underlings, with the pettiness inherent in our fallen natures, are mean enough to regard these voluntary subscriptions in the light of forced contributions, and to class them with the monthly levy on our salaries for party purposes, which really is odious and tyrannical, but to which we are compelled to submit by the uncertain tenure of political positions.

Last year it was Van Ricketts the First Auditor's turn to receive; the year before Sweetser the Cashier accepted; and this year Palsfox Primrose, your most obedient, was honored with, as I premised, a service of plate.

Yes, *honored*; to my great regret and misfortune, as I will shortly make apparent.

The gift is invariably made on Christmas-eve; and it is etiquette for the designated recipient, although aware of the intended honor months before, to affect profound ignorance of what is going to take place; to be blind to the subscription-list passing under his nose; and, moreover, to be unusually bland and amiable to all in the office: this last circumstance exposing him to the designs of any unscrupulous employé who may take advantage of the complacent mood of his superior to "borrow" the amount of his subscription by borrowing. This happened to me, who, although not a lending man, was obliged—yes *obliged*—to give (for it were a mockery to call it lending) sundry sums, amounting in the aggregate to eighty-two dollars, the week preceding my reception of the plate. Of course it is impossible to refuse; the meanest miser alive couldn't be guilty of that at a moment when his fellow-citizens are bestirring themselves to offer him a proof of their love and esteem in an elegant, costly, and substantial shape. Of course a man feels flattered—highly so—and can't help telling his wife about it beforehand, as I did, rather incautiously, as it chanced; for she naturally confided the important information to other ladies, who in turn confided it to their husbands; so that, in the natural confusion of tenses incidental to the verbal transmission of news, it was spread abroad and believed that I actually was in possession of the testimonial a week before the presentation, much to my

sunnyness, as I was obliged to receive congratulations with counterfeit looks of blank surprise, and practice the most unblushing deception and insincerity. However, it was impossible to find fault with Emma (that is Mrs. Primrose), for her indiscreet and premature revelations; for the dear woman was as highly fluttered at the forthcoming honor as I was—certainly more demonstratively delighted, for the sole about immediately making preparations for the event. She mentioned at once the necessity of receiving the committee appointed to wait on me in a proper manner, and suggested that the drawing-rooms needed new curtains and a new carpet, hinting also at the propriety of our two daughters having new apparel, to say nothing, which she did say, about her own attire.

I ventured a mild objection. "My dear Emma," said I, "why put ourselves to the trouble and expense of a new and happy fireside without ostentation? Why should we depart from that republican simplicity which has ever been our ornament and pride, and which we have inherited, with other virtues, from our Revolutionary forefathers?"

"My dear Pelafox," replied my wife, banishing my objections with a kiss, "this is no ordinary occasion. I have always had a profound contempt for testimonials in general, and vote this one of those silly, unmeaning ceremonies, arising from vanity and mutual admiration. I would not stir a hand or foot to receive them; but this is altogether different. I know it to be but the genuine and spontaneous expression of esteem from those who know you best, and have had the amplest opportunity to judge you, and recognize your worth and ability."

"Well, well, Emma," said I, with a smile, "perhaps it is so. Do as you like, my love." And I decked from the room, content that Mrs. Primrose took the right view of the matter; for she is a woman of uncommon keenness of perception, and an excellent judge of human nature.

My house is a small and modest one; but on the suspicious occasion I may say it presented quite a brilliant appearance. The new carpet was resplendent; Mrs. Primrose and our daughters Emma and Susan were elegant; and I was attired with my usual good taste in a new suit of clothes and a scintillating scarf.

The committee came towards evening, preceded by a porter, who deposited, or rather dropped, a heavy package, directed in brown paper on the accurate-table of our front drawing-room. My family and I affected total unconcern at this proceeding, as in duty bound, and awaited the action of the committee, whom we rose to meet with cordial yet serious and becoming greetings.

The speaker was my intimate friend Sweetser, the most effective stump-speaker in the Thirtieth Ward, over whose head such a superb enormous pause, and which my modesty forbids me to repeat at length. Suffice it to say that he alluded in very complimentary terms to my long career of usefulness as an officer of the United States Government, to my unswerving fidelity, unshaken loyalty, and unimpeachable integrity while in the service of said Government; touching also on the enviable reputation I enjoyed as a fellow-citizen, a husband, a father, and as a neighbor. Then, with a graceful wave of his hand the orator directed my attention to the box-wrap, now free from its envelope and standing in splendor, in the following words: "The nation, Sir, owes you a debt of gratitude which it is unable to pay; but we, Sir, as an integral portion of that nation, and as representatives of your fellow-citizens in the employ of the —— Department of the United States of America, beg to tender, to you, Sir, this service of plate as a trifling token of our esteem and regard for your manifold virtues, talents, and worth."

This glowing eulogium overwhelmed me. My heart swelled, my eyes filled, and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. I could only shake the hands of Sweetser and the rest of the committee with silent emotion and felt supremely happy, *and that I deserved it all.*

My wife and the girls were equally overcome, but soon recovered sufficient composure to wipe their eyes and order Bridget to throw aside the sliding doors of the back-parlor where a sumptuous banquet awaited the reception and appetite of our friends. I could only wave them toward the table, and with unspeakable alacrity they followed themselves, without useless ceremony, to the choice Champagne, Bourbon, and brandy I had with generous forethought provided for their delectation.

I can say with truth that that was the proudest moment of my life. I felt now that my ambition had at last found its due appreciation, and, in fact, and in my mind's eye, I saw my way clear to at least a seat in Congress.

The committee did justice to our hospitality, and it was very late, or rather early, when they left. Three of them, owing to the distance living in their knee-joints, were unable to walk home, and had to be conveyed in the bottom of a baker's cart the only vehicle available at that hour. All, in fact, were enthusiasts who threw their whole souls into every undertaking.

We slept but little, if any, the remainder of that night. It took at least two hours after our guests had departed to thoroughly examine our gift and review the ceremony and entertainment. "I must say, my dear, that the whole affair is highly creditable indeed to all concerned," remarked I to Mrs. P. "Very, very creditable."

"Yes, love," replied my wife, with her eyes still on the silver; "it is so gratifying also to find that one has so many warm and devoted friends."

"It is indeed. It would be gratifying to any one's feelings. It is to mine," I acknowledged with proud consciousness and with a glow of satisfaction still on my countenance as I stood warming my back at the fire.

"And what an heir-loom this will be, Pelafox! Just think!—your great-grandchildren will cherish each piece, and point with pride to the inscription: 'Presented to Pelafox Primrose, Esq., Christmas, 1863, by *them*.'"

"Is Mr. Spinneymuck, that little fellow with the heavy mustache, married?" interrupted my daughter Susan.

This introduced a new train of ideas; and, with a yawn, I suggested the propriety of retiring for the remainder of the night.

"Let us put the silver away before we go. But where shall we put it? It won't be safe to leave it here," said Mrs. P.

"True, Emma; true. I think that, for this night, we had better each take a piece to bed with us. That will be the safest plan."

And so Mrs. Primrose and I hid the salver between the mattresses of our bed, and the tea-pot under the bolster; while the girls took charge of the creamer, sugar-bowl, etc. The tea-*set*—or, rather, the possession of it—made a wakeful pillow, for my thoughts would revert to certain ideas engendered by the day's festivities, and I realized the excited apprehensions of a rather unpleasant nature. The morning brought but little reassurance. I am not a rash man; but, on the contrary, rather a cautious one—in fact, a nervously cautious one. My dwelling is a detached one, on the outskirts of the city, and near an unquiet and disorderly neighborhood; hence I think I was justified in feeling for the safety of my family while in possession of such a tempting bait for burglars.

I went to business, and received the congratulations of my fellow-clerks in a manner much enjoyed, especially as I noted that some of them appeared rather dissatisfied, and as if they looked upon me as a little of an exterminer. If so, they little thought how they were being avenged.

I took home with me in the evening an abundance of bolts, long and strong, and a six-shooter. Mrs. Primrose turned a little pale at the sight of the weapon and condemned my caution, but nothing. She awoke me, however, several times during the night to listen, so that I passed a somewhat restless one.

"My dear, why not buy a safe—a burglar-proof one?" suggested Mrs. P.; "then we might sleep in perfect security."

I merely answered that a burglar-proof safe was the extreme expression of human folly, inasmuch as the service was worth; and hinted that I had already laid out as much money in honor of the testimonial as I could afford.

The following evening Bridget, our faithful handmaiden, brought the unwelcome intelligence that the fact of our possessing a testimonial was known in the disorderly neighborhood; that children had been hanging on our palings all the afternoon to get a peep at it, and that one boy had heard it talked about in the grocery between several men of indigent appearance.

"D—n the service!" I exclaimed; "I wish it were further!"

"Hush-sh!" said my gentle helpmeet, reproving the hasty *o*-h'urgation. "Pelafox, that's rather ungenerous to our kind friends. It may be somewhat annoying, but it certainly is flattering to the pride of your great-grandchildren."

I was on the point of anathematizing those unborn incumbents, when Mrs. Primrose stopped my mouth with her little hand and prevented me.

"I'll tell you what we can do, dear. We can get a Patent Magnetic Alarm Telegraph, that I see advertised, and have the wire affixed to the door and window, and in case any one attempted to enter bells would be set a-ringing that would arouse the whole household."

"A very good idea indeed, Emma; I'll order one to-morrow. Meanwhile I'll step down to the kitchen-door and have a talk with the police on the subject."

As a prudent man I deemed it my duty to notify the authorities of the suspicious excitement prevalent in the disorderly neighborhood on the subject of my testimonial.

"I am glad you mentioned it," said the sergeant on duty, "for there's a 'lush drum' in the avenue near you, consisting of two 'cross-cut' knacks,' and 'knackers,' and you had better keep a sharp look to your locks. I'll direct the men to keep an eye on your premises, however, as I've got 'em 'dead to rights' if any thing is attempted."

As my respectable informant's advice explained that "lush drum" meant a low dram-shop patronized by thieves; that "crossmen" were housebreakers; "knackers" burglars; and "nonacks" passers of counterfeit money.

This was explicit, if not reassuring; and when I went home I found the police already there, and kept a very sharp look to my locks. It was too bitterly cold that night to delude one's self into the belief that the vigilant police had established a watch on the premises, and I had a horrid dream that a detachment of crossmen and knackers from the lush drum, armed with shotguns and daggers, had feloniously invaded our bedchamber.

The next day I applied for the protection of the Patent Magnetic Alarm Telegraph; but Bridget, who had set up rather late with a cousin "from the west," thought she heard a noise in the back-yard, and, forgetting the alarm telegraph, threw up the dining-room window without detaching the wire. Instantly a frightful shriek of agony resounded throughout the house, and Mrs. Primrose and the girls were thrown into a convulsion of terror. Alarmed at the condition of my poor spouse, I dared not leave her to ascertain what had happened; and after a few minutes, that seemed hours, we suffered indescribable fears, when Bridget arrived to explain the mishap and relieve our apprehensions.

"Emma," said I at breakfast the next morning, "that service is undoubtedly a flattering testimonial, and I will be also a nuisance. I would like," I added, faintly, "to—to—sell it."

"Pelafox, surely you are not in earnest," said Mrs. P., gravely: "for my part, I would rather undergo untold torments than part with it in that way."

"Well, Mrs. Primrose," said I, in a determined tone, "I suppose we must keep it here until after New-Year's Day, for the sake of our great-grandprinces to visit us on that day, and the silver must be on exhibition; but after that I will not consent to keep it any longer, and subject you and the girls to such constant fright."

A new expedient suggested itself to Mrs. P. "Why not keep it in some bank? Have a neat mahogany case lined with velvet, made to contain it, and keep it in some bank where we can have it at a moment's notice."

"An excellent idea, my dear; I never thought of it. I'll order the case at once."

Meanwhile New-Year's Day came, and with it a host of clerks from the department, who brought their friends, and ad admired the service, and all preferred quenching their thirst in Champagne than in tea or coffee. And some did so, I regret to say, with an avidity that betrayed their intention of getting the worth of their subscription in wine.

The mahogany case was duly finished, and I called on the cashier of the bank where I keep my little account and stated my wishes.

"My dear Sir, we would oblige you with pleasure, but I wouldn't advise you to leave it here. The bank could not assume the least responsibility of such a deposit; and this being something that you prize far beyond its intrinsic value, why, if it were lost or stolen—"

"Oh," said I, rather eagerly, "I would not expect you to assume the slightest responsibility. I would be perfectly satisfied even if it were lost, knowing that I had left it at my risk."

There was no alternative, my dear, but the cashier was evidently bent on refusing me.

"Um!" he replied. "Well; but the difficulty is, we have no room for it. It is altogether too cumbersome. I would oblige you otherwise; but in this case the case is the objection—ha, ha! Do you see, Sir?"

I left him in despair, but calm despair, with my mind fully made up to filing the confounded testimonial into the fire if I would pass another night of such tribulation as I had undergone.

Fortunately, on my return to consummate my intention of consigning the silver to the locker of David Jones, a symbol met my gloomy gaze that made me pause. It was a small sheet—an insignia that betokened the habitation of one devoted to relieving the necessities of the distressed; of a philanthropist that had a heart of human kindness and of money—a responsible man who invited my confidence, and to whom, in a short interview, I imparted my dilemma. He proposed instant relief, and in the most generous manner offered not only to take charge of the testimonial, but also to lend me a handsome sum of money for the privilege of being custodian.

I went home with a light heart. The next day my friend was in possession of the silver. He has it now. He gave me his bond to return it at any time I might require it, although I would have preferred being under no further obligations to him, yet he insisted so strongly on it, that, rather than hurt his feelings, I accepted a little loan, which my great-grandchildren, if they wish to point with pride to the inscription, may repay with, of course, interest.

And now, in conclusion, I will state, for the benefit of any one who may be in precisely similar case with a testimonial, that my benefactor's name is Mr. Aaron Abednego, the pawnbroker.

TWO VISIONS.

I.

I saw her in the stately dance
Move proudly, like a queen;
Her perfect head was raised, her glance
Was steady, calm, serene.
I said, "I would that the world of such were full,
For she is very beautiful!"

II.

I saw her by the low bedside
Of sickness gently move;
Upon her face no look of pride,
But sympathy and love.
I said, "Would that the world of such were full,
For she is more than beautiful!"

MARIE; OR, THE BLUE HAND.

TOWARD the close of October, on a fine day which I well remember, though so many years have since elapsed, I was returning on foot from Orleans to the ancient Chateau de Beaugency, one of those relics of a former age which have always an interest from old associations. The road wound circuitously among the hills; the sun was shining brightly on the green fields and the little cottages half hidden in their vines, the air was mild and warm, but taken with the rich odor of fruit, and Nature all around me seemed to rest in the luxury of life. Some distance in advance, and on the same road, a regiment of the Garde de Etrangère was marching leisurely along, the gay uniforms forming a brilliant contrast with the tranquil scene, and presenting in itself over the country. I pushed quickly on, for I wanted to listen to the music of their band, of which I could only catch a few distant notes, and as I drew nearer, the music ceased, and the drum only beat from time to time, to mark the measured step of the soldiers. After half an hour I came up with them, and I was surprised and pleased to recognize in one of the officers a friend whom I had met in Paris. We saluted each other, and walked on together in conversation, when the regiment suddenly wheeled off the road, and halted on a little common beside it, surrounded almost entirely with fir-trees.

"You are about to manœuvre, I suppose?"

"No," said the captain, with a shrug of his shoulders, "we have a bad job here. They are about to try, and probably shoot, a soldier of my company, for having robbed the peasant he was billeted on."

"What! judge him and condemn him, and execute him, all in the same regiment?"

"Tis according to the articles," answered he.

The word, in his sense, was unanswerable; as if in these articles every thing had been provided for—crime and chastisement, justice and humanity itself.

"Come," said the captain, "follow me, if you have any curiosity; it will soon be over."

Instinctively I followed him, for I was desirous of seeing the end of this strange drama.

The regiment was formed in a square; behind the second line, and at the edge of the wood, a few of the soldiers were digging a grave. A cold chill ran through me as I saw it. But still it was quite possible that the culprit might be declared innocent, and I consoled myself with the reflection.

In the middle of the square, where officers were sitting upon drums, and a ninth, to the right of them and a little in advance, were from time to time a few soldiers who had pieces of paper, which were read on his knees; but he seemed to me to do it negligently, and as a mere matter of form.

The prisoner was summoned. He was a young man, of fine appearance, and with a frank, open look, which was in itself a recommendation; and with him a woman advanced, who was the only witness in the matter.

The colonel turned toward her, and was about to interrogate her, when the soldier stepped forward.

"It is useless," said he. "I confess every thing; it is I who have broken the wretched head of that woman."

"You, Titer," said the colonel, "you have always passed for an honest fellow."

"'Tis true, colonel. I have always tried to please my officers. 'Tis not for myself I stole it; 'tis for Marie."

"For what Marie?"

"For Marie who lives yonder, in the country; 'tis by Arenberg, by the great tree that— Shall I never see her again?"

"Impossible, Titer. I can not comprehend you."

"My colonel, read, I pray, this letter." And he handed him the following letter, every word of which is living in my memory:

"TYPER, DEAR FRIEND,—I avail myself of Arnold, the man, who is going to the city yonder, to send to thee this letter and a silk purse which I have made after thy plan. I wish, dear friend, that I could make it for thee as I could me always for loving thee as much, and tells me that thou dost love me. But then perhaps not, Titer? Even if thou dost not, I shall still love thee. Did I not promise thee, on the day of our betrothal, to be my blue kerchief at the dance at Arenberg? When shall I again see thee? Tell me, for my pleasure to hear that art detained by thy officers, loved by thy comrades. But then perhaps not. Pere Jean quickly, and then we will marry at the last. Adieu, Titer, dear friend.

"MARIE."

"P.S.—Try to send me something from France; not for me, for I have every thing, but that I may be with me. But then must kin what thou conduct, for I am sure that kind will make the point of thy knife."

When the letter had been read Titer again spoke. "Arnold," said he, "brought me that letter last night, when I was billeted by Père Jean. I begged to pay for three months to set free my brother and cousin, who are returned to their country now a few days. I went this morning I got up to them, and I opened my window. A blue kerchief was hanging on a cord. It was like Marie's; it had the same color, the same form as hers. I had the wickedness to take it. I placed it in my haversack, and I descended to the street; but I repented, and I was returning to the house when the woman ran after me. The handkerchief was found on me. I have told the truth. The articles say I am to be shot. Shoot me, then, but do not despise me."

The judges could not hide their emotion. Who could? But what was to be put to the vote he was condemned to death unanimously. He listened to the sentence with calmness, and then, approaching the captain, he prayed of him that he would restore him four francs. The captain handed them to him.

And then I saw him turn to the woman, to whom the handkerchief had been restored, and I heard these words:

"Forgive, Madame, one four francs: I know not if the handkerchief be worth more; but if it be, I am giving my life for it as well. I pray you, then, to let me have it."

The poor woman, trembling and horrified, let it drop from her hand, and Titer, taking it from the ground, walked back to the officer.

"My officer," said he, in a tone that it was sufficient to hear to understand that brought back all eyes, "in two years you will return to our mountains; you will again see them. Ask for Marie, then, at Arenberg, and with this blue kerchief she is so good. My officer, give her this handkerchief from poor Titer; but ah! do not say at what price he bought it. You promise?"

"I promise," replied the other, the tears rolling down his sweetly cheeks.

And then Titer knelt down and began to recommend his soul to God. As for me, I could no longer bear the fearful spectacle before me. Visions of an innocent whom Nature herself shielded. I crawled away, sick with horror, my limbs trembling under me, and a weight bearing down on my heart, and threw myself into the wood, that I might not see the cruel tragedy about to happen.

"Assassins! assassins!" I cried, as I leaned almost in weakness against the trunk of a tree; "of what importance is a man guilty! Not even an officer can be be good and kind. Tigers are more merciful. We are to each other wolves or divinities. God pardon the executioners!"

The echo of the muskets rang through the wood; the very leaves seemed to tremble as it rolled from tree to tree. I fell upon my knees; I wept aloud.

By-and-by, when all was quiet, I stole out of the wood. They had all gone. All? Alas! I hurried again to the road, and I shuddered to see, at a little distance, the short grass crimsoned with ghastly stains; close by was a mound of new-dug earth. I broke down a branch from one of the trees, and fashioned it into a rude cross; and I planted it on the unknown grave where poor Titer reposed! By all the world save by me and perhaps by Marie.

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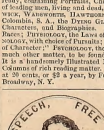

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THE SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA," OFF CHERBOURG, JUNE 19, 1864.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE SINKING OF THE REBEL CORSAIR.

It was the morn of a Sabbath day,
The air was calm and the sky was clear;
Blue were the waters in Cherbourg bay,
Where, in the shade of the frowning fort
Which guards the port,
Lay the rebel privateer.

Outside, clearing her decks for the fight,
Flouted the Yankee ship on the seas,
When the pirate vessel hovered in sight,
Saucily flaunting her bastard rag,
The rebel flag,
Defiantly in the breeze.

Then the drums on the *Kearsarge* beat,
Calling to quarters her gallant crew;
Every man of them sprung to his gun,
Eager and anxious for the fray
On that Sabbath day,
As the corsair nearer drew.

Soon a column of dense white smoke
Was seen to curl from the pirate's side,
And the booming sound of her cannon broke
On the Sabbath calmas upon the deep,
And out of sleep
Woke the echoes near and wide.

Closer together the two ships came;
An ominous silence the Yankee kept,
When on a sudden a sheet of flame,
Lurid and hot as the fires of hell,
With hissing rush
From each open port-hole swept.

So for a little more than an hour
Over the calm, still waters flew,
Mowling and screeching, the iron shower;
While ever resonant, loud and clear
Sounded each cheer
Of the valiant Yankee crew.

Then the rebel captain, beaten at last,
Headed his vessel for Cherbourg town,
But the gallant *Kearsarge*, following fast,
Lodged her shell in the pirate's hull
Without a lull
Till he hauled his colors down.

Up went a white flag to the breeze,
But scarce had it floated a moment there
When down went the ship into the seas,
Leaving her crew to find watery graves,
Or fight the waves—
So sank the bold corsair!

SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA."

FULLER details than were at hand at our last issue enable us this week to give a more extended account of the destruction of the *Alabama*, which is illustrated on our first page. The *Alabama* arrived off Cherbourg June 14, taking shelter under the guns of Fort Hue de Caux, and the next day Captain SEMMES, understanding that he would not be allowed to remain at anchor in the French port, and that he must soon measure the strength of his vessel with that of the *Kearsarge*, which was vigilantly watching, improved his escape with great, impudently politeCaptain WINSLOW not to depart from his post, as he intended to come out and offer battle. The decks of the conflict, considering both the relative strength and speed of the two vessels, were nearly equally balanced. The tonnage of both was the same; they were equal in match; and as to armament, if there was any advantage it was with the *Alabama*, for the latter carried a 100-pound rifled gun, a heavy 68-pounder, and six broadside 32-pounders, while the *Kearsarge* carried one gun less, viz.: four broadside 32-pounders, two 11-inch Dahlgren, and one 28-pound rifle. The crew of the *Alabama*, as stated by her officers, consisted of about 150; that of the *Kearsarge* of about the same number. The *Deerhound*, an English yacht, having on board the owner Mr. LANCASTER—a member of the Royal Yacht Club—together with his wife and family, had come out to witness the action. A French pilot-boat was near at hand for the same purpose. In order to protect the more vital parts of his vessel, Captain WINSLOW had suspended a double row of chains from the sides of the ship's bulge, covering them over with wooden planks. This proved a very valuable defense in the action; it was one, however, equally in the power of every vessel to have adopted if he had chosen.

At twenty minutes past 10 A.M. of the 19th the *Alabama* was discovered by the *Kearsarge* making her way out of the Western Pass of the harbor. Captain WINSLOW steamed off to the northward to a distance of seven miles from Cherbourg until it was certain that all the manœuvres or battle could be executed outside of French jurisdiction. At 11 the minutes to eleven he wheeled about and steered for the *Alabama*, whose first broadside was gallantly delivered by SEMMES, the *Kearsarge* slowly returning his fire at first, sending one shot to the *Alabama's* three. Both vessels used their starboard batteries; and during the whole action the ships, in order to keep their broadsides bearing, manœuvred in circles, grazing continually westward at a distance from each other of from five hundred to one thousand yards. The *Alabama* delivered her fire not only more rapidly than the *Kearsarge*, but frequently at random. Every shot from the *Kearsarge* told upon the rebel corsair. In less than fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action the spanker gaff of the *Alabama* was shot away, and with it dropped the rebel ensign, which was soon after hoisted at the mizzen mast-head. Soon her hull began to feel the well-directed blows of the *Kearsarge*, which meanwhile dealt fearful havoc among the rebel crew, knocking them down, killing and disabling them in all parts of the vessel. SEMMES seeing all this, yet observed in his amazement that his most powerful shells fell harmless from the sides of the *Kearsarge*. After an hour and ten minutes, the two ships were while keeping up their fire, and in their movement westward gradually nearing the shore, though still clear of French waters, the *Alabama*, perceiving in its sides and between decks by the fiery rain of shells from the *Kearsarge*, began to show signs of sinking. Seven shots had been completed by her combatants, and it was now noon: there was a lull in the conflict, and the *Alabama* with all her steam on headed for the French coast. Aware of her intention, Captain WINSLOW—his vessel not seriously disabled, although many shots had passed and had taken effect on her hull, and with only three men severely wounded, none killed—by a rapid movement steered to the inside of the *Alabama* and delivered a broadside in her weak side, making a fresh opening for the water into the sinking vessel.

The battle was now decided. One hundred and seventy-three shots had been fired by the *Kearsarge* and perhaps double that number by the *Alabama*. Captain SEMMES, the first of the rebel naval officers out by the rapid influx of water, hauled down his colors, was received on board the *Kearsarge*, and once again in token of surrender. His three waist boats had been torn to shreds in the fight, and he had left only two quarter-boats, which were filled with the wounded and with boys unable to swim. A boat was sent alongside of the *Kearsarge* to give notice of the surrender of the *Alabama*, and to ask assistance for the sinking crew. This assistance was promptly granted, and how effectually rendered may be inferred from the number picked up by the boats of the *Kearsarge*. At precisely twenty-four minutes past twelve, twenty minutes after her furnaces went out, the *Alabama* being on the point of making her final plunge, every man leaped overboard. The rebel flag had been left to sink with that of the twenty wounded, some were in the quarterboats with the boys and others were aboard the *Kearsarge*; the rest of the crew were all afloat, and some of them drowning. Every available boat of both vessels was now employed in lowering away, and besides these the *Deerhound* and the French pilot-boat were requested to share in this humane service. In this way one hundred and seventy-two men—seventy of them by the boats of the *Kearsarge*, forty by the *Deerhound*, and nine by the French boat. Among those rescued by the *Kearsarge* was Captain SEMMES and thirteen other officers. In the most dishonorable manner both the *Deerhound* and the French boat, instead of surrendering the prisoners to the *Kearsarge*, conveyed them away to port.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

THE CONFLICT OF SOVEREIGNTIES.

THE late efforts, strenuously advised by the Richmond rebel papers and excitingly hailed by their allies the Copperheads, both to bring the National and State authorities into collision, should be pondered by every loyal citizen. The friends of the rebellion at the North do not hope to produce civil war in the State directly, but indirectly. They do not expect to raise the people in the loyal States to help with arms the secession of the rebel States, but they do not despair of giving relief and success to the rebels by inciting even an armed stand for State Sovereignty against the National Government.

Let every man remember, then, that no "sovereignty" in a State is essential to the welfare or existence of the State, which any of the essential attributes of sovereignty were surrendered in the Constitution for the security of the whole people, and whatever further surrender is necessary the same people may be trusted to make. Both State and Union exist by and for the people; and whatever the existence of the Union may require can never properly be refused by a State. MADISON asks, in the 45th Number of the *Federalist*, "Was the precious blood of thousands spilt, and the hard earned substance of millions lavished, not that the people of America should enjoy peace, liberty, and safety, but that the governments of the individual States, that particular municipal establishments might enjoy a certain extent of power, and be arrayed with certain dignities and attributes of sovereignty? . . . As far as the former objects can be best obtained, not be reconciled to the happiness of the people, the voice of every good citizen must be, Let the former be sacrificed to the latter." And why not, since State and Union exist solely for the happiness of the people?

Now the Constitution amply provides for waging foreign war and for suppressing rebellion. But the powers are generally granted, because particular cases could not be foreseen. Therefore every necessary step whatever might be considered lawful, the Constitution expressly provides for the suspension of the *habeas corpus*—thus permitting the temporary and arbitrary overthrow of the most sacred and fundamental right of all, that of personal liberty. In a state of war, therefore, the National authority is of necessity every where supreme for the purposes of the war. If any local authority could interpose the national existence would become impossible, because, in that case, there might be as many conflicting authorities as there are States—a situation incompatible with national existence or a condition of war. To say that martial law must be declared before the National authority can intervene is a fallacy, for martial law of itself suspends all other. But the Constitution declares that the *habeas corpus* may be disregarded, in case of rebellion, when—and, of course, by whom—the safety may require. That is to say, the extremest measures may be taken whenever and wherever they are necessary. It may not be necessary to declare martial law in Maine, but it may be essential to seize summarily a man in Portland. The Constitution provides for the emergency, and no loyal citizen would be moved to cry by the act than by any other necessitated by war.

The Attorney for this district, in his late argument against the National sovereignty, repeats the fallacy of Governor SEYMOUR in regard to coercing States. The National Government has no right to coerce States, was the shallow cry of the abettors of rebellion three years ago. But has not the National Government, existing by the will of the people, quite as good a right to enforce its laws against rebellious citizens as the State of New York or the city of Rochester. The District Attorney says that the State of New York is not a party. Of course not, and it never could be, for the Constitution of the United States forbids it. But the people of the United States, and in the State of New York, are at war. They are engaged indeed in a very serious war; and they, in common with all other people of the United States, have entered into a solemn compact to suppress by force the very attempt to give their authorities supreme powers for the purposes of the war, subject, of course, to impeachment and to the consequences of popular discontent.

Under the plea of State sovereignty to overthrow the National sovereignty is the secret hope and wish proceeding in the air of General DIX. JEFFERSON DAVIS has no other object, no other excuse. But what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Suppose we save the State and lose the nation? Which is our first and rightful interest and care, the Union or the State? What is the State without the Union? What do either and both exist for but for the security of our liberties? And for what purpose is the question of conflict raised at this time but to imperil those liberties? It is the device of the rebels, and is fostered by those who would gladly see the rebels triumph. Mad in character and intent in those of the men and the papers which support it. If you find a paper which in every way thwarts the Government, disheartens the loyal, encourages the rebellion, and justifies the draft riots, you find a paper which is alarmed lest State sovereignty should be overthrown, lest the State should in any sane man believe that the SEYMOURS, the WOODS, and their followers, are more solicitous for the honor and dignity of New York than General DIX and his friends? The whole doctrine of State sovereignty might be swept away to-morrow; the very remembrance that the States ever were sovereign might be wiped out, and our liberties would still be safe: for it is on our love of them, and not on our theories of the origin and nature of our Government, nor yet on the precise form of the Government itself, that our possession of them depends." And we do not believe any admirable paper in the July number of the North American *Review*, which we heartily commend to our readers.

THE POSITION OF THE "RADICAL DEMOCRACY."

IN the Presidential election of 1860, in which it took part, the influence known as the Slave power legally lost the control of the government of the United States, and immediately began arms to destroy it. Since the beginning of the war and the accession of the new Administration the efforts at disorganization and strength of the rebellion, have naturally been incessant and vigorous. Slavery has been prohibited in the national Territories, it has been abolished in the District of Columbia. A more strenuous treaty with England for the suppression of the Slave-trade has been negotiated. The Fugitive Slave law has been repealed. Colored men have been allowed to carry the mails, and their right to give testimony in courts of law has been established. Slaves of the Union have been enrolled as soldiers of the United States, receiving equal wages with all others. The President has emancipated by proclamation the slaves in all the rebel section. The Convention of loyal Union men have declared with the utmost enthusiasm for an amendment of the Constitution making Slavery impossible. The President hails the proposition with all his heart, having long ago declared that the Union could not endure half slave and half free, having lately expressed the faith of his life that if any thing is wrong, it is Slavery.

These things have been done under the administration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. This policy succeeds the universal and unhesitating subservience to the Slave power of FILLMORE'S, PIERCE'S, and BUCHANAN'S administrations. It has been cordially supported by the country; the last three State elections showing every where a regularly increasing majority for the policy of the Administration. It is the anchor of hope for peace and union. Yet at this moment, and in view of these facts, Mr. FREMONT gravely says that Mr. LINCOLN *has* betrayed his principles, and Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS speaks of the President's "indecision, heartlessness, and infamous pandering to negrophobia and the Slave power." He could say nothing worse of PIERCE or BUCHANAN, and words cease to have any meaning when they are so grossly and recklessly perverted.

That among the supporters of the Cleveland nomination there are men who honestly believe that the Administration is culpably slow in dealing with the cause of the rebellion can not be doubted. That they will gladly accept Mr. PHILLIPS as their spokesman, few observers can know who knows what sincerity and purity of purpose are. Those observers would doubtless regret to serve the rebels and their cause, and yet, with Mr. PHILLIPS, they declare that they are proud to support the Cleveland action. Will they, then, refuse a moment to see if their censure at this juncture, and under the present circumstances, is one which helps the cause which they chiefly honor? Mr. PHILLIPS says that he does not expect the Cleveland movement as such to succeed, but is willing to unite with any body who will help to succeed that Mr. LINCOLN, Dr. BROWNSON and Mr. JOHN COCHRANE invite the radical Democrats to join the party which wishes to defeat Mr. LINCOLN. To what does all this inevitably tend?

These gentlemen will agree probably that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is almost as base a sycophant of the rebellion as Mr. DICKINSON. They have not forgotten VALLANDIGHAM'S eager crawling from Washington to Charlestown in Virginia to meet JOHN E. MASON, the rebel emissary in London, to see if he could not extort from old JOHN BROWN some word, or hint, or shrug which could compromise the Democratic leaders in the affair at Harper's Ferry. They know what VALLANDIGHAM was and is. They know that he is going to the Chicago Convention, and why he goes there, and whether or not that Convention will spew him out. They know, also—or do n't—doubt?—that the main inspiration of the Democratic Convention is negrophobia. They know, also—or do they doubt?—that "the friends" of the rebellion, who last year were so much reinforcement by army, and hung and burned negroes in New York, will be represented in that Convention. They know, then, that the doubt—that the great body of men who mean war and liberty as the hope of Union and peace will not be represented at Chicago. And do they not know—or do they doubt?—that, of necessity, Cleveland is a tender to Chicago—the mere *Deerhound* to that *Alabama*? If they doubt, we refer them to the words of Mr. FREMONT, and of Mr. JOHN COCHRANE'S "Radical Democracy." That paper says: "There is so little difference between the views of the Radical Democracy and the Democratic party that it would be easy to adopt a common ticket." The same paper cries: "Down with Lincoln! Down with the battle-cry! Let there be but two parties: let all be for or against Lincoln." Bearing this in mind, the Boston *Atlanta Register*, a rebel journal which heartily agrees with the PREMONT organ in malignant hate of the President and General GRANT. Speaking of the Copperheads, it says: "If they will use the battle-cry of down with Lincoln while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other, and both will be successful in accomplishing the greatest work which this country and the continent have witnessed." Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends know whether this is a misrepresentation or not of the chief New York Copperhead papers says that "it is the duty of the country to rally at the next election and put down LINCOLN as well as his confederate, JEFF DAVIS." Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends virtually say, "Certainly, the slave-hunter and the slave-hound." Another of the Copperhead journals declares that they can certainly poll more votes by uniting upon FREMONT "to defeat the Administration." Mr. PHILLIPS and his friends think that these papers have become Abolitionists? that they are going to support Mr. FREMONT, if at all, upon the platform of negro equality?

It is in vain that Mr. PHILLIPS repeats a resolution of the Cleveland Convention calling it the highest tide-mark of American politics. The Copperhead hypocrite says, "Down with LINCOLN!" Chicago had already shouted it in advance. The cry of rebel rage comes hissing up from the South, "Down with LINCOLN!" VALLANDIGHAM and his friends catch and prolong it—"Down with LINCOLN!" Every Copperhead in the land rings with the refrain, "Down with LINCOLN!" PIERCE, the SEYMOURS, REED, the WOODS, all their organs, their orators, and their newspapers join the chorus. JEFFERSON DAVIS hears and cheers, "Down with LINCOLN!" "Down with LINCOLN!" is the battle-cry of every rebel in the field; of every Copperhead and apologist or devotee of slavery in the land, on the stump, and at the ballot-box; and of every enemy of the American idea and system in Europe. It is *not* love of liberty; it is *not* equality before the law; it is *not* national honor, and peace, and Union through justice; it is *not* humanity and the country which in

spire that cry. It is an "infamous pandering to negrophobia;" it is a craven wish for compromise; it is the abjectness of submission to rebellious slaveholders; it is hating national disgrace, and universal civil war and anarchy; it is bloody rioting against drafts and the mad measure of the friendless and most unfortunate of our population which howls and roars and rages in the cry, "DOWN with LINCOLN!" It is folly for MR. PHILLIPS and his friends to say that they don't mean that. *It* is not they who raised the cry nor who pitch it. The cry was raised and meant that long before they joined in it. Their voices merely swell the chorus. They push their skiff out upon a stream which sets fierce and resistless toward the plunge, and they can not say that they mean to go up stream and do not mean to go over.

In this perilous hour we have all a right to demand compromise of each other. The radical Democrats talk of a union between Cleveland and Chicago. Yes—a union of the minnow and the whale—by absorption. The minnow may swell the bulk of the whale. Will the whale increase the minnow? Do these gentlemen seriously suppose that the handful of Abolitionists at Cleveland will dictate the terms of any union at Chicago? What is the party that will meet there? It is that party which, as such, has steadily denied the right of the Government to touch Slavery in any way. It is that party whose Senators and Representatives in Congress, with four exceptions and among the latter, refused to propose an emancipation Constitutional amendment to the country. There is no party whatever in the speeches, votes, resolutions, and journals of the Chicago party but of an unswerving allegiance to Slavery. How can any man believe that the Cleveland nominees would expect a union at Chicago; and yet, if there be none, how can any man of sense view the Cleveland movement but as a powerful screen in favor of the next man?

Under the circumstances in which this country is placed, even if the President were the blind, stupid, and blundering creature that MR. PHILLIPS indignantly calls him, and which we as indignantly deny, there are but two results possible in the canvass—his re-election, or his defeat by a Copperhead. In this situation, therefore, while they denounce MR. LINCOLN for pandering to the Slave power, seeking in that way to deprive him of the vote of radical Union men, MR. PHILLIPS and his friends are doing the work of JAMES M. MASON and of ROBERT TOOMBS.

If, indeed, they believe that MR. LINCOLN is so base a betrayer of liberty that their duty to God and man requires them to convince at the election of Copperhead, we have no reason to say. But they must not deceive themselves by supposing that they are not convincing. If they are willing, with MR. BROWNSON, to see FERNANDO WOOD or VALLANDIGHAM defeat MR. LINCOLN we are equally silent. Or if they think that Chicago intends to nominate FREMONT or any one else, upon a platform of negro voting, we certainly say nothing, but we as surely deplore the total want of sagacity which such a view evinces. They undoubtedly have the right which MR. PHILLIPS claims of agitating to make party progress possible. But he and they are certainly opposite if they agitate so as to make party progress impossible. Do they not know that the actual alternative in the election of MR. LINCOLN and his platform, or that of the candidate and platform at Chicago? If they do—and we can not understand how they could seem being—had they still agitate so as to aid and comfort Copperheads and divide Union men, MR. PHILLIPS and his friends will have hope to excuse themselves by saying that they repudiate expediency, nor be surprised if from the indignant hearts and lips of the great host who seek to maintain the Union and liberty but a few words come thundering back: "Heaven will not hold such guilt. less of the evils unnecessarily brought on this bleeding land."

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT shows that he understands two cardinal points of all military operations, the most rapid movement and the most patient waiting. While he lies before Petersburg he keeps pushing his army, with the population of Richmond, consuming the supplies which our raids upon Lee's communications cause to reach him with difficulty. At the same time, and by the same means, he prevents Lee from destroying JOHNSTON or receiving aid from him, while he reorganizes and recruits his army from the immense work of the early campaign. Except in fact, besieging Richmond, and there is no reason to doubt that he says exactly what he thinks in declaring that aid goes well.

Meanwhile the stupendous campaign of General SHERMAN triumphantly proceeds. He has yet to cross the Chattahoochee River, which is a difficult feat in the face of the enemy. But that achieved, when JOHNSTON has him once more directly where he wants him, Atlanta can hardly long hold out, for it is by no means so susceptible of defense as many of the points which SHERMAN has already occupied; and once in Atlanta, the whole railroad system of the Southwest is in his hands. There is no reason to suppose that the army which has advanced steadily for more than seventy days straight into the heart of the enemy's country, and has successfully forced or carried every advantageous point, will be baffled by any thing but its own defection or the reinforcement of the enemy. One of these alternatives is impossible, the other General GRANT will make impracticable.

The raid of Missouri and in the Carolinas we hold our own, wisely refraining from offensive demonstrations while the main contest is in course of decision. At sea we have just had one of the great victories, and the most satisfactory events of the war, in the sinking of the English pirate, the *Alabama*. The raid into Maryland is primarily doubtless a thieving movement for LEE's larder, one of a kind to which we shall be always subject through the war, and which a proper militia organization would reduce in number and destroy in effectiveness. It is indeed an indication of the purpose and tenacity of the rebellion, and every where the rebels show resolution and endurance. But every where also, and steadily, the limits of the rebellion diminish. "Oh dear!" sighs some despairing soul, "we are fighting at Harper's Ferry three years ago, and we are still fighting there! Washington and Baltimore were threatened two years ago, one year ago, and again this year! Haiti we better give it all up, and confess that we can not do it?"

To this pigeon-hole there is one constant reply, "Where were we last year, and where are we now? Where were we at the battle of Bull Run three years ago, and where now? Where after Lyon's campaign, and where now?" The duration of the war proves quite as much the national purpose as the rebel pluck. If it would have been possible to reinforce Lee as much as he had proved our quality, it would certainly be the height of folly to do so when that quality has been shown. But if the war were to last for quarter before we had taken Paducah, and were not sure of St. Louis, it can hardly be right to say we are sure of Richmond and the other on Richmond. We grant the uncertainty of war. We would always impress it upon our readers. But in three years the uncertain event of war has passed from disaster to success; from the Ohio to the Chattahoochee; from the Potomac to Petersburg: has built a navy; has organized an army of a million of men; and strengthened the heart of the loyal mass of citizens; has stopped the rams in British ports; and has announced to all the world that United States are and intend to remain one of the great sovereign powers of the world.

THE LESSON OF THE RAID.

THE general consternation at the late irruption of the rebels into Maryland was not surprising, for the approach of marauding enemies upon a peaceful neighborhood can not fail to be a distressing and desolating event. A newspaper in New York can very easily laugh at a Maryland farmer driving off his cattle in a Maryland farmer, and many of them, can not very long resist a score of thousands of veteran troops, more or less demoralized, and led by men who in a sudden emergency consider how most surely to save themselves and their property, it is natural that under such an emergency may be avoided in future.

The mere fact of a raid is unimportant. Any company of mounted men may steal over the Potomac in the night, ride a certain number of miles, and return unmolested, just as a dozen armed men could ride through the State of New York. But the effect of the raid was to create a relieving public anxiety as to the consequences of a serious advance, and that is the perfect organization of the militia. Three years has taught us that we may need at any time a certain force on this side of the Potomac prepared for action; but it has not yet persuaded us to have it ready. There is Pennsylvania, the nearest area separated from Virginia and the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley merely by a narrow strip of Maryland, which the enemy appears to hear an agonizing call from Pennsylvania to come and keep the foe back.

Now we are perfectly willing that in this war as in every national affair, there is no Pennsylvania and no New York. It is the lives and property of citizens of the United States which the enemy burns and which we are summoned to defend. But the section of the country peculiarly exposed should be peculiarly prepared. If trouble menaces the State New York the city of New York should be able to deal with it in the first instance, and await patiently the summons of the State authorities to Chautauqua. The just cause of complaint is, that neither in Maryland nor Pennsylvania does there seem to be that military preparation which is especially incumbent upon their situation. Ohio recently put forty thousand men into camp in a very few days. It was nobly done, and every State should at this juncture be able to do the same thing. Every State should be virtually under arms until this rebellion is conquered. The arms-bearing population should be enrolled and drilled every week; and then upon occasion an army of a hundred thousand men could move to any point as promptly as a New York regiment. Such a state of preparation is itself a bulwark, and the enemy which knows it heeds it and stays at home.

If GOVERNORS CURTIN and BRADFORD will make an urgent an appeal to the citizens of Pennsylvania and Maryland to make all future raids impossible as they have lately made to repel this last foray, and will themselves spare no effort until the militia of each of those States is placed upon a reasonable footing, they will be saving the necessity of those calls for help at the last moment, which, by their terrified apprehension, increase the excitement they are designed to allay. Let us remember that because the enemy may retreat now they may not return; and let this year's experience do for us what last year's ought to have done. The authorities at Washington are often accused of not responding to the earnestness of the people. But popular earnestness is rarely most only in furnishing soldiers for the great armies in the field, but in that state of watchful preparation which makes the citizens of every country a home-guard hardly less efficient in its degree than those armies themselves.

When we are prepared to repel raids there will be very few raids to repel.

FROM MARIETTA.

A FRIEND and gallant soldier of the Kenesaw army sends us this pleasant letter:

NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA, *June 27, 1864.*

I inclose with this a few words in regard to a dear friend who was killed this morning in an unsuccessful assault on the enemy's works. It falls far short of doing justice to poor HERBERT's memory, who was almost an ideal soldier, so gallant, refined, and handsome was he.

I am by the numbers of *Harper's Weekly* we get here that you are not unmindful of us as the East, though of course the Army of the Potomac naturally and justly absorbs the greater amount of interest. Thus far our campaign has been fully successful, with a slight repulse to-day for the first time since the Chattanooga, fifty-three days ago. But that will make no difference either in the feeling or courage of the army or their confidence in ultimate success. (Here's memory, who was almost an ideal soldier, &c., duly occupied Marietta.) It is sad to see so many poor fellows so maimed and crippled, but nothing can be more touching than their uncomplaining cheerfulness under every adversity.

I wish those people in the North who have such queer notions of the exalted character of the Southern Chivalry could see the spirit of the South as they really are. I suppose that Georgia is the best of the Southern States, as it was furthest removed from the North, and contains more churches, school-houses, and pretty villages than elsewhere in the same space in the South. But the people whom we have chiefly seen and known are ignorant, superstitious, bigoted, and uncouth; at least those who are left behind. The women degraded and drink. The men are all of the same stamp. By-and-by we shall see a new population here, and then it will be a country to which we can point with pride.

I am glad the Baltimore Convention has done its work so well. We shall have to do ours equally well, and hope you will keep down any fire in the rear to thwart us in our operations. We feel any hostile sentiment in the North almost as quickly and as keenly as we do changes of temperature.

FRIENDLY. I see, has gone over to the enemy—a thing which kills him and does not help them.

"We shall march prospering, not with his presence."

[The President's wife and Major-General's commission to the wife of the brave Brigadier-General HASKELL, who lost his life while gallantly leading his men against the enemy's works at Kenesaw Mountain. Here follows a correspondent's sketch.—ED.]

Brigadier-General WILLIAM G. HASKELL was killed in an assault on the enemy's works near Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia, on the 22d of June, 1864.

A graduate of the Military Academy at West Point in 1853, he was promoted to a Captaincy in the Fifteenth Infantry early in 1861, and in November of that year was appointed Colonel of the Sixty-fifth Ohio Volunteers. On taking the command of the Second Brigade of the Cumberland he was assigned by General Buell to the command of a brigade, which position he held to the day of his death in almost uninterrupted service. Young, active, energetic, and of an almost feminine delicacy of manner, refined in speech and entertaining in its stories and lectures, he stamped his own high character upon the brigade which he may be said to have created, and which loved him almost as idolatry. It was during the while the army was engaged this brigade here, under his gallant leadership, to active and honorable service. At Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge in the last and hottest fight Tennessee Campaign; until then at Rocky Face, Resaca, and in all the daily skirmishes which followed, up to the hour of his heroic death, at the head of his devoted brigade, within a few feet of the enemy's breast-works, he was always the same brave, cheerful, modest, intelligent, faithful officer, and the man and hero true and friend. No danger ever intimidated him, no hardship ever discouraged, no disappointment ever soured him. He kept whistling his Highland airs in the first battle, he did not receive his reward till a few days before his last. To the many friends who congratulated the slow coming of what he had so amply earned, and who would sometimes express disappointment, if not a kind of disgust, at the delay, his answer was always the same—a rebuke to their impatience and a cheerful assurance that he believed for the reward which comes to every faithful performance of duty. Yet his shrewd bright eye when at last his merits were acknowledged by the official action of the President and of Congress, showed that he was not insensible to the honor. Several times wounded, he never sought or asked any indulgence, and the moment of his death was still suffering from injuries received at Resaca a month before. In him the army has lost a chivalrous soldier, the country a worthy son, and all who knew him a true friend. Mourned he will be by many, but by none more sincerely than by the little gallant surviving remnant of the noble brigade which he has so often and so skillfully led, and which will never let his memory die out of their hearts. His ringing voice they will no more hear, as often before, when he has led them to victory through the very jaws of death; but his rare powers of command, his kindliness at heart, and his soldier's death, will be the theme of many a reminiscence around the camp and in the bivouac, and never without new devotion to the great cause to which he gave all that man can give.

"KEARSARGE."

PROUD mountain! rear thy granite peak with its diadem of snow,
In the kindling sunbeams sparkling that round about thee glow,
A brighter lustre gilds thy brow, new honors dost thou bear;
Thy fame is borne across the seas, rings loudly through the air;
The ocean child that bears thy name brings laurels fresh and large
To twine around thy snowy brow, thou noble Mount Kearsarge!

Exulting in thy triumph, let "Great Monadnock" hear,
Let "Adams," "Webster," "Jefferson," call back the news of cheer;
And from the towering summits with joyous smiles are crowned,
Distant "Katahdin" shines afar and hears the glorious sound;
For Victory! ay, Victory! hath crowned thee on the sea,
And Yankee tars have blazoned bright the banner of the free!

In vain the English weapon, and in vain the English gun,
The ship they built, the ship they manned with the deep hate of old:
The timber dug it floated wide, naught but a craven lie
To cover England's coward guilt and England's infamy.

But vain their might and vain their wiles, thanks be all our sailors brave!
The pirate *Alabama* lies beneath the Atlantic's wave.

Boldly the sky thou facest, majestic Mount Kearsarge,
And round thy base are gathered close thy grim trees tall and large;
So standeth firm our country, and looks on God's free heaven,
And swears that ne'er again shall close the fetters they have riven;
While shouting glad, "Amen! Amen!" press round her sturdy sons,
And Echo brings an answering peal from thy namesake's thundering guns.

Look down, O mountain! on our land, though silent be thy voice,
We know that with us in our joy thou proudly dost rejoice.
Look forth upon thy forests green that toss their lofty crests;
Be thou our witness on the land, thy god-child on the waves;
And to our children ye shall tell, in the far distant day,
How England's pet marauder sank beneath the ocean spray.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THERE is no news of importance from Grant's army. In the West, however, an important movement has been made by General THOMAS. Kenesaw Mountain and Marietta fell into our hands just one year after the capture of Vicksburg. A fleet steamboat officer's advance was nine miles south of Marietta. The evacuation of Kenesaw was due to two things first, the advance of our right toward the Chattahoochee, on the Sandtown Pike; and, secondly, the impregnability of the position of our knobs west of the Kenesaw, by which we were enabled to enfilade the rebel lines in the valley on our flank. The main position of which we hold the Kenesaw was made: Hindman on the east side of the mountain, and Cheatham on the west side, while the enemy's centre was attacked by NORTON's and DAVIS's divisions, supported by the Eighth by Geary and Butterfield, Schofield swinging around on the extreme right. Our loss was heavy, but not of any essential importance to our last week's assault on the mountain fallen, our movement on the right of the enemy's line. On July 3 the enemy abandoned the mountain defenses for another line on the Chattahoochee. General POPE was taken prisoner by General Stuart's cavalry, but kept close to the railroads. About a thousand of Stuart's men, Confederate rebel troopers, were captured in the pursuit.

That which has chiefly excited the public during the past week is General Early's invasion of Maryland, in favor which we give a map on page 471. Some of the conflicting reports which have prevailed we are unable to reject as being of no essential importance to our last week's report. The enemy were met in force on the 9th at Monocacy Bridge, by General WALLACE, commanding Pocatello, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge in the last and hottest Tennessee Campaign; until then at Rocky Face, Resaca, and in all the daily skirmishes which followed, up to the hour of his heroic death, at the head of his devoted brigade, within a few feet of the enemy's breast-works, he was always the same brave, cheerful, modest, intelligent, faithful officer, and the man and hero true and friend. No danger ever intimidated him, no hardship ever discouraged, no disappointment ever soured him. He kept whistling his Highland airs in the first battle, he did not receive his reward till a few days before his last. To the many friends who congratulated the slow coming of what he had so amply earned, and who would sometimes express disappointment, if not a kind of disgust, at the delay, his answer was always the same—a rebuke to their impatience and a cheerful assurance that he believed for the reward which comes to every faithful performance of duty. Yet his shrewd bright eye when at last his merits were acknowledged by the official action of the President and of Congress, showed that he was not insensible to the honor. Several times wounded, he never sought or asked any indulgence, and the moment of his death was still suffering from injuries received at Resaca a month before. In him the army has lost a chivalrous soldier, the country a worthy son, and all who knew him a true friend. Mourned he will be by many, but by none more sincerely than by the little gallant surviving remnant of the noble brigade which he has so often and so skillfully led, and which will never let his memory die out of their hearts. His ringing voice they will no more hear, as often before, when he has led them to victory through the very jaws of death; but his rare powers of command, his kindliness at heart, and his soldier's death, will be the theme of many a reminiscence around the camp and in the bivouac, and never without new devotion to the great cause to which he gave all that man can give.

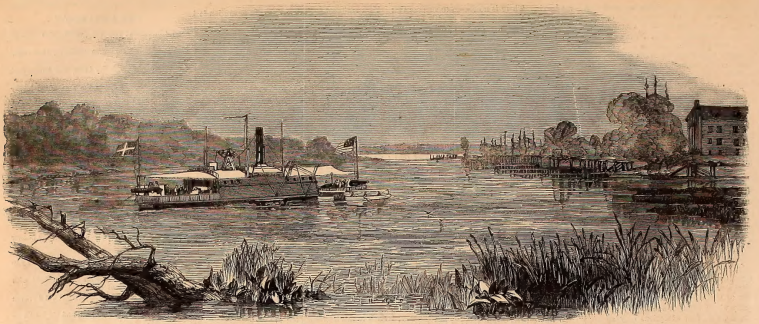
Major-General Wallace, commanding Pocatello, Stone River, Chickamauga, Mission Ridge in the last and hottest Tennessee Campaign; until then at Rocky Face, Resaca, and in all the daily skirmishes which followed, up to the hour of his heroic death, at the head of his devoted brigade, within a few feet of the enemy's breast-works, he was always the same brave, cheerful, modest, intelligent, faithful officer, and the man and hero true and friend. No danger ever intimidated him, no hardship ever discouraged, no disappointment ever soured him. He kept whistling his Highland airs in the first battle, he did not receive his reward till a few days before his last. To the many friends who congratulated the slow coming of what he had so amply earned, and who would sometimes express disappointment, if not a kind of disgust, at the delay, his answer was always the same—a rebuke to their impatience and a cheerful assurance that he believed for the reward which comes to every faithful performance of duty. Yet his shrewd bright eye when at last his merits were acknowledged by the official action of the President and of Congress, showed that he was not insensible to the honor. Several times wounded, he never sought or asked any indulgence, and the moment of his death was still suffering from injuries received at Resaca a month before. In him the army has lost a chivalrous soldier, the country a worthy son, and all who knew him a true friend. Mourned he will be by many, but by none more sincerely than by the little gallant surviving remnant of the noble brigade which he has so often and so skillfully led, and which will never let his memory die out of their hearts. His ringing voice they will no more hear, as often before, when he has led them to victory through the very jaws of death; but his rare powers of command, his kindliness at heart, and his soldier's death, will be the theme of many a reminiscence around the camp and in the bivouac, and never without new devotion to the great cause to which he gave all that man can give.

Major-General J. J. Reynolds, who for some time past has been in command of the defenses of New Orleans, will take the field immediately as commander of the Nineteenth corps of the Department of the Gulf. The chief charge of the defenses before General Reynolds, will resume his old position.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

THE Conference held its last sitting June 28. No result was obtained. The neutral Powers have agreed that the line of the Schlei offers a good frontier, and that this would be a concession to Germany. Denmark consents to this, but will not cede Alsen and Duppel. The war is to be continued, and the Island of Alsen has been taken by the Prussians. A naval engagement was expected to take place soon off Heligoland.



VIEW ON THE APPOMATTOX, BELOW PORT WALTHALL.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

JONES'S NECK, FROM GENERAL FOSTER'S HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR MALVERN HILL, ON THE JAMES.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

DIVINE SERVICE AT GENERAL BALDY SMITH'S HEAD-QUARTERS, IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, JULY 3, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GENERAL MEADE AND HIS STAFF.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

MR. BRADY, of Washington, furnishes two photographs which enable us to present our readers with the illustrations on this page, representing Generals MEADE and BURNSIDE, with their Staffs.

Several illustrations are given on pages 468, 472, and 473, which relate to Petersburg and its surroundings. The large double-page cut is a panoramic view of the country as well as of the military situation around Petersburg. The view is that disclosed from WEITZEL'S Look-out and Signal Tower, at Bermuda Hundred, looking southward—including in that direction about ten miles, thus taking in Petersburg, on the extreme right. From Petersburg the Appomattox runs from right to left, emptying into the James. City Point is not included in the view; but the pontoon-bridge is disclosed by which the army communicates with Bermuda Hundred. Where Point of Rocks juts out into the river is General BUTLER'S head-quarters. The landing is specially designated in the large cut; at the dock is the *Greyhound*, the flag-ship of that officer, and the *Sylvia Stow*. This portion of the sketch is enlarged in the cut above, entitled the PONTOON-BRIDGE AT THE POINT OF ROCKS, ON THE APPOMATTOX. Another portion of the large cut is also enlarged, giving a view of the rebel Fort Clifton, on the Appomattox, showing at the same time a Federal battery in the fore-ground. At the left of Fort Clifton, directly in front of Clifton House, the rebels have a Water-Battery; they have also sunk obstructions in the river to prevent Federal boats from ascending to Petersburg. Both the battery and the obstructions are disclosed in the cut.

A sketch on page 468 gives a view on the Appomattox at Port Walthal, which is the nearest point approached by gun-boats. The gun-boat shown in the sketch is the *Commodore Perry*, Captain A. P. FOSTER. This sketch is also connected with the double-page cut. A few turns of her wheel would bring the gun-boat under the guns of Fort Clifton. There are two other sketches on the same page. One of these gives a view of Jones's Neck, on the James, opposite which General FOSTER has an intrenched position, between Aiken's Landing and Four-Mile Creek. A pontoon bridge crosses at this point. General FOSTER'S flank is protected by double-ended gun-boats. The other sketch represents a service held at General SMITH'S head-quarters, July 3, attended by Generals SMITH, NEIL, BURNHAM, and MARTINDALE.

GENERAL BURNSIDE AND HIS STAFF.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

THE LOVE-CHEAT.

She loved me, she said, and she swore it:
She swore it a thousand times:
She treasured my letters like jewels;
She learned and repeated my rhymes.

And numberless tokens she gave me;
Her kisses were many and sweet;
And I thought her an angel from heaven
While she was but a womanly cheat.

She robbed me of rest and of comfort,
And gave me bright hopes in return;
And now, by the fireside lonely,
Her letters I mallingly burn.

For lord are the marriage-bells pealing;
The priest, too, is blessing the bride;
And she leans on the arm of another,
Who once was my love and my pride.

Ah, well! let her live and be married:
Her letters are burnt, and I vow
'Tis better be rid of such tokens,
And keep the heart healthy and free.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BEHIND THE MADELEINE.

Behind the church of the Madeleine, Rataplan,—drummer of the Imperial Guard, ex-landlord of the Hôtel Rataplan, hard by Leicester Square, London—kept a tavern for the accommodation of English visitors to the only city in the world worth living in.

Rataplan was old, his eye was glassy, his hand tremulous, his voice husky, and his frame feeble, but he was as fat as ever. His adiposity was pendulous and flabby now, not firm and juicy, but it was fat, nevertheless, and, at his age, was something to be thankful for.

Rataplan had been given to vociferate. It fatigued him too much, he said. It was much if the visitors to his hostelry could obtain a bifteck aux pommes, or even a modeste slice from the gigot of the joint. Rataplan's long residence in Albion had not disabused his mind of the impression that all English people liked their meat underdone, raw; and whenever an English groom (say) or a workman employed at some factory in Paris ordered a bifteck aux pommes to be cooked in the English fashion, Rataplan would answer, "I know, ver well, ver fash-ee-yas? Well bleeding, bien sanguant, bein?"

Nor had the good man's protracted sojourn in her perfidious country enabled him to attain anything approaching a copious, or even fluent, acquaintance with its language. A stock of idiomatic expressions he had indeed picked up, which would have seemed to argue some familiarity with our vernacular, but he still, to all intents and purposes, spoke English execrably.

He wore the attire of a petty burgeois now, in lieu of his old and unvarying culinary costume. It did not improve his personal appearance much. He had looked well, if not better, in his white jacket, apron, and cap, decidedly in hue as those habiliments habitually were, than in a shabby snuff-colored surtout with a cotton velvet collar, a dingy nankeen waistcoat, striped trowsers much too short for him, and a cloth cap with a peak in it.

Affairs had not gone prosperously with him at the Hôtel Rataplan. He had failed to make any thing like a competency, much less a fortune, out of that establishment. In the first place, Mademoiselle Adèle, his daughter, had made a misalliance: having, in defiance of her father's commands, not only encouraged the addresses of a dissolute fiddler at the French Plays, but actually on the very day came morning and allied herself in marriage to that objectionable person. It was a terrible blow for Rataplan. Nevertheless, he was wont to say, "if they had gone to the Bavarian chapel in Warwick Street! But Mademoiselle must needs promulgate herself at the church of I know not what sect of the Anglican dissidence in the Soho. She had abjured, forsooth, the errors of the Romish communion! Well, the men with white neckcloths and little paper books had been, in fact, pursuing her for months. She became what you call a convert. She was the victim of their machinations sourdes. Patience de ma sainte mère! Sometimes I think that in France, my daughter would have been compelled to address to me three solemn citations—trois sommations respectueuses—before she would have dared to commit the fatal act. But she has acknowledged her act of disobedience most fully, and now this vagabond of a fiddler beats my Adèle. Ma parole d'honneur, c'est à faire blanchir les cheveux. It is enough to make one's hair turn white."

It would have taken an extreme degree of agony to turn Papa Rataplan's hair white. He had none to turn, he was quite bald.

Then Mr. Peter Thomas died, and Rataplan had to bury her. Then his customers fell off, and he lost the most profitable of his guests, the better-tempered counters, who suddenly disappeared. Then Rataplan got into trouble with the police for winking at the contraband amusement of a select society of cooks in the employ of divers noblemen, gentlemen, and hotel-keepers in the British metropolis, who were accustomed to dine at the Hôtel Rataplan, and afterward to play kings-et- a all night. He was threatened with the loss of his license. The threat did not do him much harm, for the butcher sued him, and then the distiller put an execution into the premises, and finally there came collapse, and Rataplan passed through the Bankruptcy Court.

He bore his downfall with becoming resignation. He carefully returned as bad all the debts owing to him by his countrymen, and by this stroke of policy not only obviated the possibility of their being pressed for payment, but gained a few of them, through personal gratitude, to pay him, after he had undergone the ordeal of white washing, some few pounds in the way of loans. "It will enable me to cultivate my cabbages," he remarked, philosophically.

Returning to his native country, a gleam of good fortune shot unexpectedly across his path. He met with a person whom he had not seen for ten years, Frédéric Chaillot, Esquire, lieutenant, ex-body-servant to Francis Blunt, Esquire, who had always been of an active and sparkling turn of mind, and had gone into business at Chaillot as a manufacturer of paper-hangings, and was doing according to his own account a pretty well. He was anxious to realize a fortune, he said; not for himself, but he had some one to leave it to. But where was that some one? To his misery and despair he could not tell. What had become of the countess and of her child? They had disappeared, no one would say which way. He kept up a correspondence with Becky Sharp for some years, but Becky had never been able to obtain a scintilla of information relating to Lily or her mother. The countess seemed to have vanished from the stage, or rather from the ring. In the chronicles of the saw-dust she was no longer known, even by her horse-riding name.

Jean Baptiste Constant commiserated the deserved state of mind of his friend Rataplan. The bankrupt hotel-keeper said he had had, by this time, quite enough of England, and that he only desired to remain in London long enough, if possible, at the head of an invading army of his countrymen. "How I would sack Leycesterre square, and give up the Cherokee to the principale!" he was wont to murmur between his set teeth, grinding them meanwhile. "Yes; and that street, moreover, the Beaufort-buildings. Ah! not one of the functionaries of that tribunal which we proud, free, and independent people, the lowest hussier, but should passer par les armes —all, all, be put to the sword." The vindictiveness of Rataplan was positively appalling.

So Jean Baptiste Constant, after meditating for a time as to how the old man's knowledge of a country he was not likely to revisit, as he could best be utilized, determined to set him up in business again in a little twentieth-rate cafe' on the Boulevard, not far from the church of the Madeleine. The street was new; the Rouen Railway Station, the Gare Saint Lazare, was minus in the Rue d'Amsterdam has so revolutionized this part of Paris, was not yet dreamed of; the rent was small, and the premises of very reasonable. Rataplan was once more gratified by becoming a landlord. In the evening of life it was again his pleasure to be lord and commandant. Still were the conditions imposed upon him by his friend, patron, and benefactor, Jean Baptiste of Rue Cocky Monmartre, most severe.

"Rataplan, mon bon," said the ex-valet to the ex-landlord, "I know you intend long enough to set up a little Paris in the midst of London. That was to please yourself. You shall, unless I am much mistaken, do so. Now, if you have no objection, you shall please me. I want you to set up a little London in the midst of Paris."

"Never, never!" Rataplan would at first and vehemently protest. "Jamais en France! Je glais ne regrette. No, no, I hundred times no! Between Rataplan and Albion, the three perverted and pitiful years of exile have left a hatred and scorn, which blood, and blood alone, can cumulate."

"Very well," the valet would gravely reply. "You shall sell bitrhs bien saignants. That is blood, it is not? One must accomplish his destiny, my Rataplan, and you were born to be a cook."

To the end Rataplan submitted, cheerfully enough, to the accomplishment of his destiny, and did as he was told most loyally. He entered into the first project, but at last modified the plans of J. B. Constant. They were worthy of that astute and experienced operator. The dingy little Cafe-Restaurant Rataplan, in the Rue Cuit-au-Four, that miserable den where you could procure nothing but tough flaps of beef, fried cutlets, bean soup, and gelatinous coffee, corrosive absinthe, questionable cognac, and Chinese gin, was to be a model establishment, a thought of christening his establishment "Le Clarendon," or "Le Mirvet," or "Le Cavendish," or "Le Malakoff Hotel," but, on reflection, it was admitted that there were difficulties in the way of the proposed nomenclature, by reason of the nearly all those names. But every Frenchman has heard of Miller Chesterfield, and among the natives the Café Restaurant Rataplan would have attained considerable notoriety; while to the especial class of sojourners in Paris whom Constant hoped to secure as patrons, the name Chesterfield had not only an English but a sporting sound, and consequently soon became very popular.

The patrons he had pitched upon were a curious race. In every great city much frequented by foreigners there are two under-currents of a town life: first, the retainers of the high and mighty strangers who are on their travels; and next, the shiftless and out-of-elbows creatures, who, having once come abroad, are prevented by poverty from getting home again. Sometimes they contrive, after years of borrowing and begging, to raise sufficient funds to return to the country which has no longer any need of them; but in many instances they never do get home, and, shuffling through a shabby and disreputable life on the fee'ble ends a craving for bad brandy has left them, die at last, and are buried in the Potter's Field. Such people every continental metropolis numbers by hundreds or by thousands. Generally they belong to the British Nation. We do not consider ourselves to be foreigners any where; so my countrymen will understand what I mean in saying that foreigners are usually very little difficulty in forgathering, intermingling with, and assimilating themselves to other foreigners. The English native rarely if ever does. He is, in the end, insular, carries something about him that is purely, peculiarly, and—to others but his own—incomprehensively, English wherever he goes, and leaves at last his coffin to be covered with a phantom Union Jack. Do you know Jack Mosley—they say the "ley" is an interpolation between where an "e" is, and an "s" should be in his surname—the tall, handsome Israelite, whom his friends call the Wandering Jew, and who has been traveling and trading in diamonds from the Antipodes to the Straits of Malacca any time these twenty years? Well, Jack told me he was coming the other day, from the Wrahe diggings in California overland to Florence in the State of Missouri. It was somewhere in the Rocky Mountains that he was taken at night, and he was huddled up in a stage-coach, asleep, and dreaming of bears, wolves, and wild Indians. Suddenly the coach turned down, but fortunately close to a little tavern. Jack Mosley rubbed his eyes, and thought he was still dreaming, when, shuffling forward, himself in front of the precise model of an English inn-yard, he saw the sign of the Green Man and Still, surmounted in front; there were the red and white blinds to the windows; there was the bar, with its big show-case of cut, its pork pies, its jars of gayly-painted kegs of cordials, and its well-polished beer-engine. There was the little parlor, with its green-curtained door, its hanging pittcons, its rack of churchwarden pipes, and its colored prints of fights for the championship, among which the late Sylvain Sykes's top-boots, pitfably conversing with his trainer, who was likewise his groom, could be distinguished in drab gaiters. There was a grinning hostler; there was a stout pot-boy; there was a spruce waitress; there was apparently a one-eyed bulldog on the premises. On the coffee-room blinds there flourished the approved golden legends of "Hops and malt make the brave always sing, sirs that were to be dressed, neat wines and soda-water; but, wonder of wonders! what do you think of the sign? Not the "George and Washington," not "The Jefferson," not the "Big Negro," not the "Bull and Bear," not even the "Lucky Placer," but "The Osbaldistone Arms." The landlord was an American born, and his grandfather had been a groom in the Osbaldistone family in England. He subscribed to *Bell's Life* and the local Yorkshire papers regularly, and his house looked as though some magician had suddenly caught it up from the English north country and dropped it down in the middle of the Rocky Mountains.

Rataplan, incited by J. B. Constant, did his best to Anglicize the Cafe-Restaurant Chesterfield. A little English sprang up in the Rue Cuit-au-Four, looking as strange there as the English colony established at the mouth of the Elbe. The partners imported the double and biting Gloucester, the luscious Cheshire, the voluminous cake of Stilton, English ale and English porter were always on draught, and a joint, of as near an approach to English beef as could be procured, was set at the butcher's in the neighboring Rue St. Lazare, was always in carbuncles when exposed under gas-lamps, even to the intense amazement of the French customers, who, sometimes trying them, frequently managed to drink a layer of meat on the floor, and, when they burned their mouths with the fiery English mustard, howled dismally. Now and then Rataplan (Papa) nor did the cruel which Rataplan had learned in London, of frying three quarts into one gallon, forsake him now.

M. Jean Baptiste Constant moved about the establishment in his usual quiet manner as manager and the nominal landlord, but in which the wary ex-body servant of Mr. Francis Blunt had taken care to secure a proportionate interest in his usual discreet and demure, not to say stealthy, manner. Every knife, fork, and napkin in the place was his; yet you would not have thought, to look at him, that he would have interfered in the slightest degree with Rataplan's mission. He rarely interfered with Rataplan's arrangements. He allowed him undisputed control in the kitchen. He permitted him to purchase his two waiters, and to overcharge the guests as much as ever he liked. He allowed him a fair share in the profits which he had, in a short space of time, grown to be considerable; but he was nevertheless but unconsciously the master over the Café Restaurant Chesterfield. He liked to sway this secret power, to have this occult veto, to be behind the scenes, and pull the wires, and make the puppets dance. It suited his pensive, bilious, cat-like, contemplative nature. The gambling was the training for him. He liked it, and the pupils of his eyes contracted in the noonday glare. He had been accustomed to it in his youth. He could bask; but he preferred to bask in the shade, and down in a cellar.

He liked to breakfast at the Chesterfield sometimes, just to see how things were going on: paying for his meal, like a man, at the counter. The waiters did not know exactly what to make of them. They were both Swiss, who had been abroad, and picked up much of the English language in the Haymarket cafés and Leicester Square hotels. One of them, Jules, imagined him to be a kind of pensioner or hanger-on of the establishment, boarded from time to time, through charity, by the patron Rataplan. The other, Alphonse, had a somewhat shrewder notion of his standing in the house. "I will wager," Alphonse would say to his intimates, "that this monsieur is le bailleur de fonds—the capitalist—the finder of money to the Café Restaurant Chesterfield." "But how can he be a capitalist?" the dull-witted Jules would expostulate. "He never scolds us. He never calls us 'ingaud,' or 'cochon.' Is that like a bailleur de fonds?" — "Bah, you are stupid!" Alphonse would retort. "Jules, thou hast an excellent heart, but thou hast a skull of wood, filled with sauce a la tartare in place of brains. It is always the species always wear their crowns? Was the Emperor always crossing the Alps on a white horse, attacking the front of the Austrian lines? Why I tell, thee, gnoccata, that still waters run deep, that I can put dirt in the most dangerous, and that the great art of capitalists consists in never appearing to have any money."

My uncle from Hale was a capitalist. In the commerce of grains he acquired millions; yet to look at him thou wouldst not have thought that he had possessed the sous. He sends to rob one against another. What, yet another game at dominoes? Come, then, phenomenon of temerity, and I will play thee for the third chopine."

On a particular morning which it is desirable to fix in the reader's mind, Jean Baptiste Constant was breakfasting at the Café Restaurant Chesterfield, and he had company. Three sat down to breakfast with him. He had first invited the patron Rataplan to be a partaker of the meal, and the third guest was a florid, well-looking gentleman enough, with very fine black whiskers, now slightly inclining to gray, and who was very gorgeously attired in a blue frock-coat, a tumbled cravat, and a cap with a tassel of gold bullion. This gentleman spoke most European languages with equal fluency, and with equal incorrectness. He was a traveling courier by profession, and his name was Prunz Simm.

The three had supplied themselves with copious meal of oysters, omelet, and cold roast beef, washed down by English pale ale and stout (for foreigners in general, and England, be it ever so short a time, surmount the predilection they acquire for brown beer and Allsort) and some of Rataplan's best red wine. They were now at the stage of coffee, brandy, and cigars, and were unmistakably enjoying themselves.

"I did not like de goffees zo much as de Jogolates, Mr. Stimm observed, between whiffs of his very powerful cigar; "dey are goodes as pih graziosa, and besser vor the stomjacks; but de cigares is not good nor de jogoulets nor de wine, and de gombany tastes like vinegar."

"You are always talking of your stomach, friend Courier," said Constant gayly. "I wish you would talk to me about that little girl you met, ver so many years ago, on board the Boulogne steamer, when you were traveling with your general."

"Vat vor it is goot to talk about de liddle girls?" quietly replied Simm, with a sigh. "We shall not none of us never see her again. She gomes like de shadow of a liddle bird, and she go as de wind, like de rin ring of dobbacco-smoke dat go up do de ceiling and vade avay nobody can say vere she is gone."

"And yet all of us would give thousands, millions—at least much that is valuable to us," Constant replied; "to meet with her again. Child she must be grown into a woman by this time."

"And a beautiful ones too," interposed the courier, "for she was the simplest, most sylphide mins ever met dat light itself upon."

"Light itself upon indeed, Simm!" He snapped his fingers as he spoke. "I have no more children, and care little to hear about them. Yet there was something by the old woman. The tigress! the fury! the abandoned creature, lost to all sense of morality, honor, decency, virtue!"

"She owes you money, Papa Rataplan." This was from Constant.

"Money be converged sterling. She never paid her bill the last time she descended at the Hôtel Rataplan. It is a flagrant fraud on me. It is an infamy. She defrauded, swindled me out of my dues. She had the finest vins of Champagne, and the best of Burgundies generally. She owes me even for the cigarettes she smoked, the depraved and epicurean bacchante! Her flight was premeditated. She knew my daughter not of perfidy to which, in a perfidious and shameless world, the honorable Rataplan had to submit. But I will be avenged. I will demand justice. Yet shall the tribunals be seized of the details of this most scandalous and infamous affair. I desire to re-enter into my funds. I demand the provisional arrestation, the prise de corps, against the person of sans Ie nom. Ah! Rataplan struck the table with his clenched fist, and filled himself another goblet.

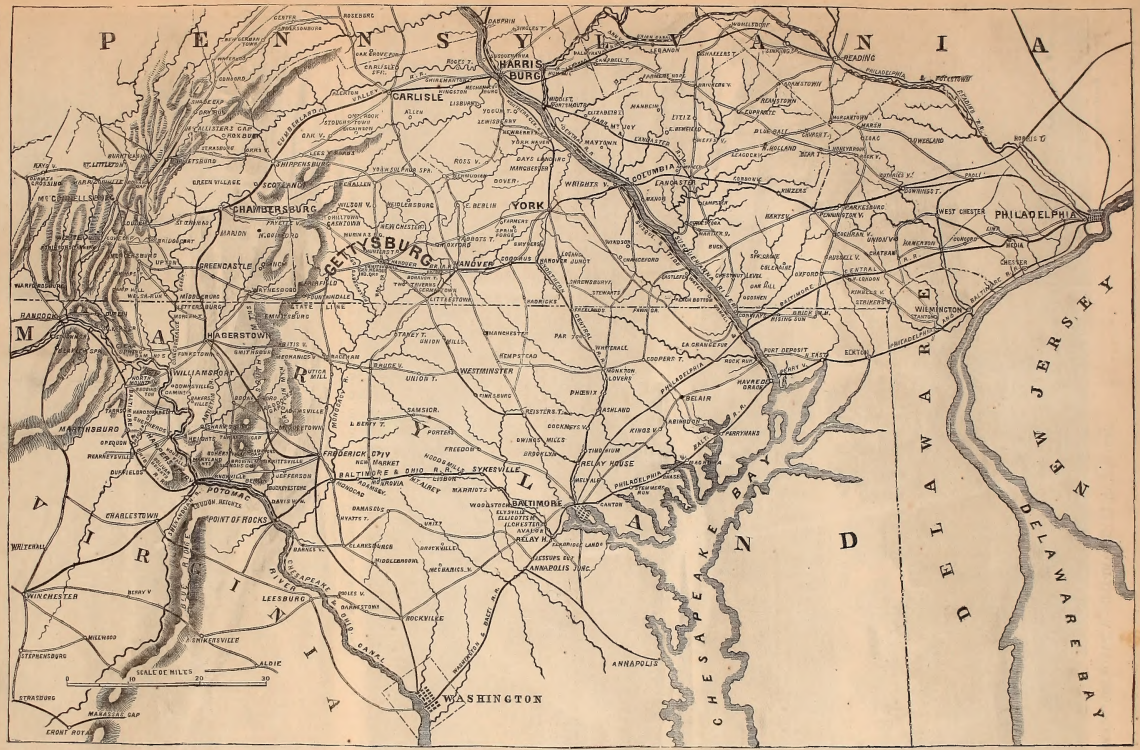
"Better than taking la gouttc too early, Papa Rataplan," Constant said, discreetly withdrawing the decanter of Anglaise from the excited landlord's reach. "Suppose we finish these libations and take a walk."

"I all my hearts," Mr. Stimm acquiesced, rising. "My heads is stronges enough for much more gombany than dat. Vere shall we to open more gombany, and Franz Stimms can then have the pleasure of reciprocifying dis most gharming bonpatron Rataplan. Vere shall we to go?" he said, as he can talk about de liddle gals. Blezz her liddle heart!"

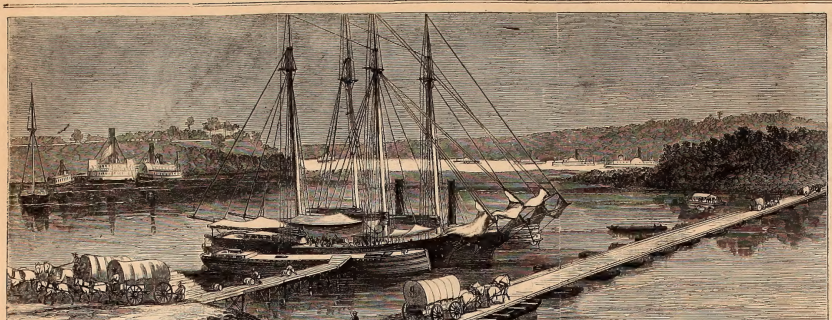
But the establishment," pleaded Rataplan, nervously.

"The establishment," said Constant, easily, "can be left to the waiters and the dame du comptoir for-an hour or two. The Café Restaurant Chesterfield will run away. Allons, messieurs, I am at your service."

"Gom and dalk about de liddle gals," repeated the courier.

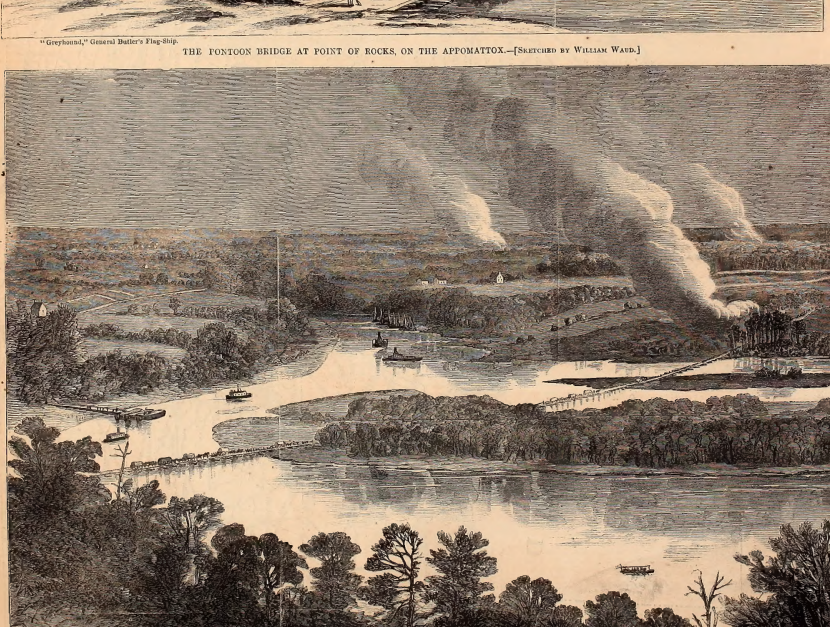


MAP ILLUSTRATING THE REBEL INVASION IN MARYLAND.—[SEE PAGE 467.]



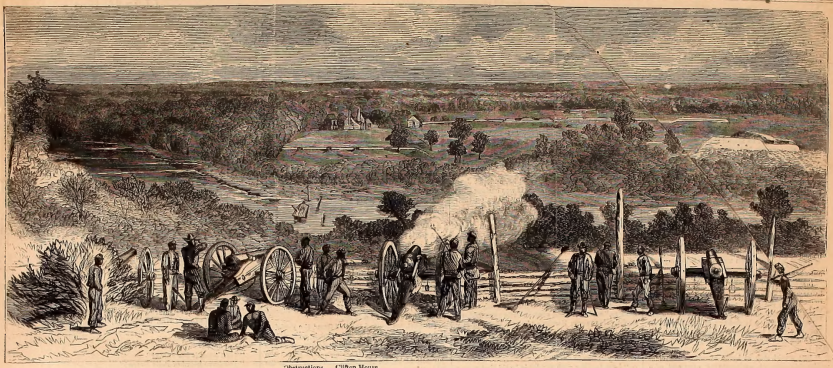
"Greyhound," General Butler's Flag-Ship.

THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT POINT OF ROCKS, ON THE APPOMATTOX.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

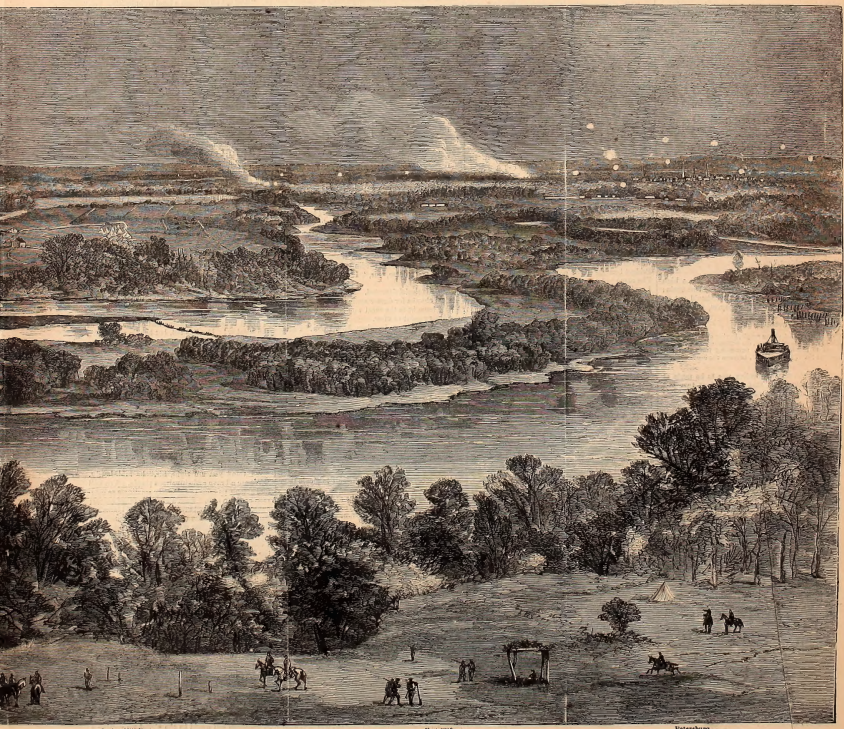


Point of Rocks Landing.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SITU



THE REBEL FORT CLIFTON AND OUR BATTERIES, ON THE APPOMATTOX.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



ATION AROUND PETERSBURG.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 469.]

OUR BOARDER.

"JAMES, I think we ought to do something." Thus my wife to me at the breakfast-table one morning in May, a week after we had moved into our new quarters in a little house with a big rent. You see it was in a pleasant neighborhood, this house, and in cities you always have to pay rent on your neighborhood.

"Certainly, Susan. Do something? By all means. What let's do?"

"Every thing is so high now."

"I realize the fact, my dear—I do indeed."

"We shouldn't be ashamed to practice economy in any way we can in these war times."

"I'm not ashamed, I'm sure. I wish understood the science better, that's all."

"What do you say to taking a boarder?"

"Well, now, my dear, I don't think it right to take in people. Do as you will, however."

"I mean you. You know what I mean. Do be serious. There's that chamber up stairs that is unfurnished. Why can't get some one to occupy it?"

"Sure enough, so I can."

"Some pleasant person, you know, who would be one of us, and a person would you think a pleasant one, my—"

"Well, a good-looking and well-bred young man, with plenty of money and no bad habits—I should want him to be willing to pay a little. I don't and not to be too particular about the terms. We would come in early at night, and the boy would have a latch-key; or, what is better, have he might be out of quiet, somewhat habits—"

"Young men with plenty of money usually are," said I.

"I will would stay at home evenings. A companionable, genteel, good-natured, easy sort of a young man, who might become attached to us."

"Or what do you say to a pretty young woman with black eyes and curls, who would make home cheerful and attractive, as only a lovely and charming woman can?"

"I won't have any young women about me, Mr. Dobb. Women are a nuisance in a house as men are; they are always finding fault about something or other; you never can suit them."

"Just what I've often told you, wife."

"Now that's meant for me. I think that men are harder to suit than women usually. I know I am, no matter what you say."

"Then let's not have a man, dear, if you can't suit him."

"Oh, how provoking you are! I never can talk with you, you always catch a body up so. But I do think we ought to have a boarder to occupy the unfurnished room; it's no use to us."

"If I was looking for board I should not be happy if any room was not furnished."

"Why, of course we would furnish it."

"And that would be an expense. I don't think people begin to live when they want to practice economy, do they?"

"Yes, but—"

"In war time especially."

"Yes, I know, but—"

"And every thing is so high—particularly carpets."

"James, if you treat me in this way I will drop the whole subject."

"Oh, I'm willing to drop it."

My wife ate her breakfast after that in a high state of pout. But at dinner she attacked me again; and it was finally arranged that I should put an advertisement in one of the papers, soliciting a boarder.

This is the advertisement:

BOARDING.—A young couple, having a pleasant home to a gentlemanly boarder, are willing to take a suitable person to board, having an unoccupied front chamber. Apply at No. 1— Street, between the hours of 9 and 10 P.M.

The reason why application was to be made at the hour named was that we dined at two, and hence I was sure to be at home to see the applying party.

I am an artist, and human nature is my theme. I thought that the genteel enterprise would afford me an opportunity of studying my fellow-creatures in a condition where I had never yet seen any of them. We had five applicants during the next four days. It struck me as a curious illustration of the mysterious law which govern human movements that I there should be an applicant each day, and only one.

I suppose you are aware that artists are in the habit of making "studies from nature." I made a few in the course of the four days following, which you can not see by citing at my studio; but you can see them here.

The advertisement appeared in Tuesday morning's paper. We ate punctual in dining at two, and at two P.M. we had a juicy round of roast beef when the door-bell rang.

"There's your boarder, wife," said I.

"My boarder?"

"Oh, well, ourboarder; any thing for peace."

The applicant was a young gentleman of modest demeanor, who marked that he had observed my proposition to entertain a guest [a guest; yes; very well put, Mr. Applicant], and being in pursuit of accommodations such as I had described, he had called to see.

"Would you like to see the room?" said I.

Well, the rm was of comparatively small moment to him he had no doubt that he should be suited with it room; he cared more for the character of the folly. He was in the habit of spending his evenings at home.

Ah, thoug I, here's the moral young man of good habits at wife wants.

"Have a library?"

"I have and a very nice one I think it is."

"I would like to see it."

I showedhim the library. He ran his eye over it, and took a book.

"This a novel, I see."

"Yes; that is Charles Reade's last—Very Hard Cash.' An excellent book."

He put it back, wrong side up, and took down another.

"Another novel. 'The Virginians.'"

Ah, you'll find several of Thackeray's works. They are of red volumes on the top shelf comprises Thackeray's humorous works. Do you like him?"

"Not particularly," said his book. I never perus novels. They are pernicious."

He put that back wrong side up, and took down a little volume in green and gold.

"Perhaps you like poems better," said I. "That is Jean Ingelow's book. This," I continued, touching the books as I named them, "is Bryant's last; this is Longfellow's; Here is 'Pelayo,' a beautiful new epic by a Mr. Close. Beach; and here are several of the standard poets."

"I seldom read poetry," said he, and put Jean Ingelow back wrong side up, "it would be more what a facility he had for standing my books on their heads. It made me nervous to look at him.

"Have you any theology on hand?" he asked.

"Oh yes. Here is Sawyer's Translation of the New Testament."

"A sacrilegious innovator," he murmured.

"And here is Farrar's 'Critical History of Free Thought,' and that work of his on the doctrines theological dissertations, here are several works by my friend Eleazar Lord, on 'Plenary Inspiration' and kindred matters." I thought I began to perceive the young man's drift.

"These all appear to be works for modern pretenders," said he, "and are from little new to, no doubt. Have you Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' or any works of that class?"

"Why, no; my library includes few theological works except by modern writers. I have a Bible. Will you like to see that?"

"I am familiar with the Bible," said that young man in a crushing tone. "What are your religious beliefs?"

"We attend service at an Episcopalian church."

"The next thing to Papacy in my opinion."

That young man and I were not to get between his knees, and surveyed me anxiously.

"Do you have regular family prayer?" said he

"No, Sir."

He dropped his hat on the floor. When he picked it up he put it on his head and proceeded to take hold of the door-knob. Fortified by that grasp, he stood there and read me a tedious lecture on the necessity of family prayer in a household, and conjured me to release myself from the semi-Papistic mummery of Episcopalianism. After which he became a tract, which he declined my wife to read. It was entitled, "Come to Jesus;" and as my wife is a member of the Episcopal society yourstanding, it struck me as a superfluous if not a saucy act in that young man, who must have been ten years her junior. I thought it best not to ask that my wife neglected to read the tract.

I closed the door on that young man at last had a sigh of relief. Good gracious! what had we such a bore in my house on any terms!

"What a fool to lose such an excellent young man!" said my wife.

A consoling remark I thought that. But it did not reconcile me to my cold dinner, which I ate in mute rebellion.

The next day, punctual to the moment when I was busily carving, the door-bell rang again, and Bridget brought in the card of Mr. Thomas Allen. The name had a familiar look, but for the life of me I could not tell where I had seen it before.

Mr. Thomas Allen was a young gentleman in a striped coat and trousers, a full hat of careless gloss. His shirt-front was adorned with a glittering pin, and he wore a massive watch-chain. As he entered the room he swung in his right pocket a huge roll of greenbacks. Now, I thought, wife has the young man with plenty of money; if he's single, moral, too—but, hang it, he musta't be too moral.

He certainly did not look as if morality was his besetting weakness.

"Called to see about board," said Mr. Allen, rising. "My card." And he handed it out.

"Yes, I remember," said Mr. Allen. Would you like to see the room?"

"I have seen these hotels, you kr ow," said the young man, without deigning to answer my question. "Thought I'd try on the private style of thing. Have you any city references, you know, and all that—if you want 'em. Tom Allen's pretty well known, though."

"Tom Allen?" I said. "I even that name?

"Pay in advance if you want. All on the square. Where's the room?"

I took him up stairs and showed him the room.

"Nice little hole," said he, "when you git it furnished. My trunks I'll fill up some. What's the figure?"

"The price for board?"

"Yeph [?] Mine's high, I tole it.

"I don't know exactly. We'll have to ask Mrs. Dobb about that."

"All right; let's go down and ask her. I fancy you'll suit me."

The parties called from her dinner, and told Mr. Allen the price; to which he at once agreed.

"I'll move my trunks up to-night," said he. "I shall want a latch-key, you know."

"Ah, that indeed!" I looked at my wife.

"You see," Mr. Allen went on, "I'm in the minsted business. My partner is out West. And I have to be out evenings. Any objection to my having a latch-key, Mrs. Dobb?"

"The fact is," said I, "my wife is opposed to latch-keys."

"Don't want to sit up for me, do you?"

"I fear we should not be able to accommodate a gentleman in your line of business," said I. "We are quiet people—"

"Oh, I don't mind how quiet you are!"

"And think we shall have to decline taking you, Mr. Allen. We should not suit you at all."

I hoped he understood that. But he didn't. had a fearful time in impressing on that young artist in burned cork the fact that we didn't want him in our house. But at last I succeeded. And then I went out to a cold dinner again.

The conviction forced itself upon me at this stage in the business that I had selected an unfortunate hour for interviews with the prospective boarders. I do not like my dinners cold, and I told my wife so.

She laughed at me!

Such is woman.

On Thursday the inevitable door-bell at five minutes past two o'clock. I really did not see the beauty of this sort of thing.

At this time it was a man of thirty-five or forty years, I judged. He wore a heavy beard and carried a cane. You're not a young man, at any rate, was my mental observation; but if you are blessed with money you may do—provided you find us pious sufficiently, and are not in the minstrel business.

"You advertise for a boarder, I see," he announced.

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, I think perhaps we can make a trade."

A trade! Is the man a horse-jockey?

I am a widower, Sir, and know how to appreciate a pleasant home; yes, Sir, and pay for it."

Excellent, so far.

"I ask nothing but to be let alone."

Quotation from J. Davis.

"And I draw at sight rights; pay in advance; price is immaterial; don't smoke in my room or out of it; and particularly, I don't bother myself about other people's business."

In short, we seemed to have found the model at last. He went into the bchchamber, and said he liked it. He went into the dining-room, where he bowed courteously to Mrs. Dobb, and patted the juvenile Dobb on the head; and glancing at the table remarked, in a real good-natured way, that he saw we lived well. He asked Bridget if she would serve on a boarder, and was occasionally if he paid her for it. He said he was satisfied he should find this a pleasant home, and for his part he should do his share in trying to make it so. He mentioned that the golden rule was his guide on all occasions.

Before he left the room he passed through the parlor—"a very pleasant place," our boarder graciously styled it, and added that there was nothing like a few choice paintings and statuettes to set off a room.

Just then his eye fell upon a bust upon a bracket on the wall. Whose bust it was I will not specify further than to say that it was that of a loyal and honest public functionary whom I much admire. He turned away quickly:

"Which your idea, my dear, in sticking up a bust of Black-and-tan parlor? It can't be for ornament. God never made a homelier man."

"Nor a better," said I.

"Are you a friend of his?"

"Yes, Sir, I am. Are you?"

"No, Sir, I am not. And, what is more, I can not bear the sight of a good man. He is a fool, Sir—a blockhead—a disgrace to the country."

I scuffed a bottle; but I can not say I had a wish to abandon my self to the fate we had quite a lively tilts time for a few minutes. I expressed my views, and he expressed his; and there was wrath.

"I bid you good-day, Sir," said the model; "we could never inhabit the same house together. I shall look for another boarding-place."

"As you please, Sir," I replied, with some warmth.

And the model departed.

Cold chunks for dinner again; and the degree of heat I brought to the meal was no improvement in a culinary point of view.

"Confound your boarders, Mrs. Dobb!" I said. "We had much better do as we please."

The next day, when the door-bell rang at the inevitable moment, I told my wife she might inform the fellow at once that we would conclude to have no boarder. I was actually getting dyspeptic with these cold dinners.

But the fellow at the door proved to be a lady, and Mrs. Dobb had the delightful task of waiting on her. I ate my dinner with unvented gusto, and seemed in a more genial mind to the conversation that took place in the next room.

I thought I would come and see you, as I am desirous of obtaining a boarding-place" came to my ears in a sweet, feminine voice.

"I did not think a lady boarder," said my wife.

"How unfortunate!"

"They are so much more difficult to please than gentlemen, you know."

"I am so sorry! I liked the appearance of the neighborhood so much; and if you will pardon me, I like your house also, too, now that I have met you, I am sure I should love you."

An awkward pause.

"Have you children?" the sweet voice went on.

"We have four," said my wife.

"I do love children so much! I have one—in heaven."

Ah, thought I, that's a telling blow!

"You are a widow lady, then?" said Mrs. Dobb.

"Yes, ma'am; I have been alone for three years. Oh, if you knew what it was to be without a pleasant home you would pity me. I am sick to death of boarding-houses. My feelings are all domestic; but in boarding-houses there is no domestic circle."

"Perhaps—ah—I don't know—" stammered my wife: "would you like to see the room?"

"Oh, may I? You are too kind."

Then they went up stairs.

"A fascinating young widow, eh? Here was an enemy to my wife's resolutions indeed!

They were up stairs a long time, I thought. But at last they came down and I heard the lady go out. I left the table and ran to look out the window, napkin in hand. There were the weeds in closing a distance—the lady and the widow turned her face and looked up at the house.

I recognized the face. *Ohe, jam satis!*

"Have you engaged the lady?" I inquired, as I returned to the table.

"I have, Mr. Dobb," said my wife.

"You like her then?"

"Yes; she is a perfect lady."

"You really think so?"

"Think so! I know so. You men are always boasting about your ability at reading character, and perhaps in general you may be our superiors that way; but let me tell you that when I have once been favorably impressed with a person I am never disappointed in my judgment."

"Thank you."

"I don't refer to you, my dear. You are an exception."

"And so you like her?"

"I told you I did."

"And were you doing up stairs so long?"

"Oh, I showed her all the chambers. She was so glad to find my chamber was next hers, where she could converse when she wanted a quiet chat without my having to leave the room."

"Then you liked her, eh?"

"James, what do you mean? I told you I liked her."

"How do you like your cold dinner, my dear?"

"I don't lose my temper over it, at least. But I want to know what you mean by asking me a dozen times over whether I liked her."

"Oh, nothing; only, I know her."

"You know her?"

"By reputation."

"Now, James, what do you mean? If you know any thing about that lady I wish you would tell me."

"Did you ask her name?"

"Yes; her name is Mrs. Wellington."

"No it isn't."

"It isn't?"

"Not any."

"Then what is her name?"

"You have heard of Belle Burns?"

"Yes; everybody was interested for poisoning her husband?"

"And got off through a legal technicality. Yes."

"Well, what of her?"

"Why, you've taken her to board, that's all. When is she coming?"

"James, are you making sport of me?"

"Not in the least, my dear. That woman who just left the house is Madame Belle Burns. When does she come?"

"I ask a question! You know of course she can't come at all if it's her."

"But you like her so well."

"James!"

"And you are never deceived in your estimate of character."

"James, you might be more generous than to crack disgusting jokes on such a subject."

"Well, then, I won't, my dear. But I'll tell you what it is: I think we had better give up the idea of taking a boarder; we seem to have poor success. I have had three very unsatisfactory specimens of the genus to deal with, and you have had one as bad as my three, and I don't find that we get any thing but cold dinners for our pains. I think we'll give up the enterprise altogether."

My wife has never talked about taking a boarder since then, and I don't suppose she ever will again as long as she lives.

A SOUTHERNER'S COURTSHIP.

"THERE is no mistake about it: I'm a Northerner myself, and as proud of my section as any man of them all; but the fact is unquestionable, beyond controversy, that Southern men are more personally brave, chivalrous, generous than Northern men."

What says Georgia Sterne had an idea looked at the speaker! Her lids fell, but her lip was slightly curled. She waited silently to hear what Augusta Trevanion would reply to such a speech as this.

Augusta Trevanion was a young and handsome native Southerner, educated principally at Boston, a Southerner by birth, professedly Union in sentiment, having escaped to the North but a few weeks before, at some peril of life and limb; and still more recently, from the hour in which they had first met, an ardently devoted votary at the shrine of Georgia Sterne, who had regarded him with seeming favor.

It came very soon—Augusta Trevanion's reply to them amid the chatter and small-talk which his companion's remark had elicited from the ladies, save Georgia:

"I think you are right," he said, loftily.

We are a brave and chivalrous people. You will understand some of the causes of coldness we encounter at the North. I am a Union man, of course; I think I have proved myself that; but I blame the North so much for the part they have pursued in this matter, I consider my own people so aggravated and forced into this war, that for the life of me I can't help feeling glad when I hear of victory for the South and defeat for the North."

Georgia Sterne's drooping lids quivered, and across the colorlessness of her cheek shot an arrowy flush, hot and red, as though it had been branded there. Her self-complacent listener did not see it.

He had forgotten Miss Sterne for the moment.

"I wonder if there would be such a thing as getting South for a week," said young Tracy, the gentleman who had first spoken. "I have really been thinking of making the attempt."

"It would be a very fool-hardy attempt indeed," said Trevanion, sagely.

"How?"

"I wouldn't give that for your life when you get there," with a snap of his fingers.

"Ah, yes, I suppose it is dangerous for a Northern man to go among them."

"Certainly it is, and with good reason. They hate every thing Northern so that the chances are a thousand to one that the first words you uttered on Southern soil would be the signal for putting a rope round your neck and suspending you to the nearest tree. Miss Sterne, I beg your pardon. This is not talk for ladies' ears."

Georgia had risen, her face very pale, save for the small spot of color that glowed redly on either

check. She leaned with both hands clasped upon the back of the seat in which she had been sitting, and made a slightly impatient movement of her whole person when Trevanion spoke. She looked at him with a kind of shuddering impatience, controlled, but none the less evident, while she said:

"And you call that a brave, chivalrous, and generous people?"

Trevanion colored.

"But remember the aggravation, Miss Sterne. For years, now, [been ignorant] Yankees—"

He paused, coloring more deeply than before. He remembered that Miss Sterne claimed Connecticut as her birth-place. Into that awkward silence Georgia dropped these words:

"For years, now, this brave and chivalrous people have been committing the most cold-blooded murders upon men whose only offence was that they were strangers, alien to the chivalrous soil that held such greed for their life. I know that the pretence was that they were meddling with slave property; but in most cases there was no proof even of that. Pray do not interrupt me. I have lived South, or rather visited there, much. I know with the utmost certainty that these things occurred. There are clouds of witnesses to these murderous facts. I can die proof of one from your own lips. I see you have not forgotten that poor young man who was taken from your very side as you were escaping North—taken to a death he as little deserved as you. Pray, Mr. Trevanion, why did you leave this brave and chivalrous people to cast your lot among such as us? If your heart is with your brave Southern friends, if you rejoice in the triumph of their arms and the defeat of your own, Sir, how does it happen that you are not in their ranks, fighting shoulder to shoulder with them in the cause for which you have such strong sympathies? I can only a woman, but even I would scorn to accept the protection of a Government that I felt such enmity toward as you do toward this, to which you have nevertheless fled for refuge."

Augusta Trevanion made a faint effort at first to smile and treat the matter lightly, but it was impossible to do that under the flash of Georgia's eyes. He dropped his forehead upon his hand to hide the expressiveness of his white face. Her speech falling even from the lips of Georgia Sterne, he knew alone knew what she was to him—angered him terribly, and perhaps all the more from its pertinency and truth, while, while he was not cool enough to admit, yet stung him to the quick.

Georgia gave a sweeping glance to the rest—they understood its condemnation of their spiritless conduct, and taking her hat from a branch where it swung, she parted with her hand the green clusters that drooped almost to the ground, and left the room to recover from their amazement and consternation as best they might.

Pretty Mrs. Lennox was the first to recover her senses, asserting, with a flirt of her pluny fan, that "Georgia Sterne's temper was a little furious."

The rest put in their word presently, all but Trevanion. He sat silent for a little, and then, as though compelled, every word was distinctly heard, rose, and, with briefest apology, left them.

With his hat, which he crowded upon his brows he walked away, wandering on aimlessly, companioned by such thoughts as were natural under the circumstances.

Angry thoughts were for some time the most prominent—angry because of what Georgia had said, and because she had said it—angriest because of his vanity.

But as he walked and as he thought a cooler mood came upon him. It was impossible to resist the soothing influences of silence and cool airs about him, and that memory, of how supremely beautiful Georgia had looked, while she said even those stinging words, added its fascination to the rest.

Trevanion was not insensible to the nature of the circumstances which surrounded him. Though he had been ignorant of it at the time, more than he had dashed into his brain from the honest, indignant outspokenness of Georgia Sterne [had] *never* more him from the gaping accurateness of the facts themselves, which *had* faced him at home—that brave and chivalrous house which he had been vaunting a little before.

How his cheek reddened as he remembered, with sudden sympathy, how true a truth the girl had smitten him with! *Was* it true? He *did* remember; the young man of whom she had spoken had been his companion in that attempt to escape, in which one had succeeded and the other had not. They had, though traveling together, spoken but finally not to recognize each other. His friend had been a Northern man; and a careless, too eager word had brought the blood-hounds upon him. They fell upon him savagely, and unjudged, unjuried, sent him to a violent death. Trevanion knew that, and yet only a little before had been taking about *chivalry*. Was there any chivalry in what he did? Was it not cowardice to run but the rankest, and most brutal cowardice in many another similar deed that had come to his consciousness nearly or closely?

He looked at himself suddenly like a man who had been up to that moment clothed in and hugging to him the cerements of the grave.

True, it had been only the fling of white fingers, the flash of a pair of eyes, musical scorn and indignation from the lips of a girl—a Yankee girl too—that had brought this truth home to him; but white fingers, lips, and eyes had not their equal in all Augusta Trevanion's consciousness.

And just then he lifted his eyes and saw, but a little in advance of him, Georgia Sterne herself. Had she seen him? Was she conscious that he was so near her? Would she, if he accosted her now, turn upon him such scornful flashes as she had a while before? Why not? What was he more or less now than then? While he hesitated she turned and saw him.

And then, while she hesitated an instant, from some impulse born of the moment Augusta Trevanion advanced toward her, and, extending his hand, said,

"Surely we are friends still, Miss Sterne?"

She did not refuse her hand, but she dropped it instingly, and with no smiles breaking the grave lines about her mouth.

"Surely you would not break friendship with a man for his opinion?" he repeated, seeing that she did not speak.

At that her hand dropped away from his, and she said, with the faintest of smiles,

"Holding such opinions as you and I do, how could we be friends? Do you know, Sir"—and she grew grave as death again—"that the only brother I had in the world died in the parlor prison of this brave and chivalrous people—was set upon, as your friend was, and slain in the same cowardly manner? I can not be friendly with any man who claims the actions of such deeds as brave and chivalrous."

She was turning away when he stepped before her: "But I love you, Miss Sterne!" and stood palely regarding her.

She spoke too—paler, if possible, when he said that—and she shrank a little. The next instant, however, she said, "I am very sorry, Sir!" and turning again with proud calm, walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

Trevanion stood looking after her till she had gotten from view, and then, replacing the hat he had been holding in his hand till now, he said to himself,

"I am man enough not to blame you, Georgia Sterne; and if you and I ever meet again this side eternity it shall be with very different terms than those upon which we have parted."

From the ranks of the gay traveling party of which Georgia Sterne was a member suddenly disappeared Augusta Trevanion. There was some wondering as to what had become of him, but Georgia never wondered, or grew any thing but more indifferent, as the moments flew by. She withdrew herself presently, upon some excuse, and, returning home, spent in quiet and seclusion the remainder of the day. Mrs. Lennox, in her Socialism, indeed, compared to the gay life she had been leading, but not so quiet a life. She was the centre of an unmanning spirit of woe, and gentle and efficient effort for the encouragement and comfort of the country's brave defenders.

But all the time she grew graver and more quiet in herself, thoughtful and subdued in manner, as one smitten but not crushed by fortitude smiling.

She stood alone in her own sitting-room one evening, several months after that meeting and parting with Augusta Trevanion, when a servant entered and gave her a card bearing his name. For almost the first time in months a fatal color flitted over Georgia's pale face as she read his name. She went down to see him quietly enough—so quietly, indeed, as to disappoint him somewhat. Very few can suspect how much emotion sometimes underlies a woman's outward calm; and he had expected, perhaps, that the sound of his name, as at distance when he had so much that he wished to say to her.

He began his speech as he entered—began like one who had meant to introduce it to her differently, but it was impossible to give it the introduction he had meant. And there was no one by that he could him with her superb distance; so he said, simply,

"You will pardon this intrusion, Miss Sterne, when you have the errand upon which I come. I have been a gentleman who was acquainted with your brother Richmond."—She started a little, but did not speak, and he went on: "He did not die at the time you supposed he did. This gentleman was with him in the Libey Prison once weeks."

"Where is this gentleman? Why did he not come and see me himself?" exclaimed Georgia, her face flushing.

"He did: I am he."

"You?"

"I am he."

"But how came you in the Libey Prison? And poor Frank was taken by cowardly assassins two years ago! I don't understand you, Mr. Trevanion—no."

Frank did not die at the time you supposed. He was living an inmate of the Libey Prison at the same time with myself, about one month ago."

"One month ago!" starting from her seat, and looking at him reproachfully. "Don't trifle with me, Mr. Trevanion!"

"I am not trifling. I saw your brother, Frank Aldrich Sterne, alive and well one month ago."

She was trembling so that she could not look him in the face. Extending her hands to him, she said, simply, "Pity me, and spare me further suspense. You have more to tell. I can bear it—tell me at once."

"Can you bear it?" not noticing the hands she extended to him, and looking at her keenly. "Can you bear to hear that he is alive and well now?—that he is for sure alive and well? That I have come from here—waiting till I have prepared you for the news of his life—?"

"I can wait any longer, Augusta!" And Frank Sterne, having littered outside long enough to ascertain that the shock to Georgia was not likely to be fatal, sprung through the low window, and clasped his sister in his arms.

"I didn't believe any of the time that you'd get the news safely," said Frank, presently, laughing and shaking the tears out of his eyes; "but Augusta here would have to be prepared, and she prepared for the reception of such news—by Augusta!" But Augusta had vanished from the room, and after staring blankly enough through the window at his receding form, Frank said,

"Splendid fellow that, Georgia! I must go and bring him back presently. I should have died if I hadn't been for him. The ruffians had banged me about till I was dying of sheer weariness of life, when Trevanion was brought in prisoner where I was. He nursed me, and scolded and cajoled me, till I was dragged away together with many others. All the way he bore the brunt of every thing, till he brought me here. And, by-the-way, he says that he was rank scoesh till he met you last summer, and you put the truth into him so sharply that he went right away and enlisted as a private in a Northern regiment. A fellow who was in the same company told me that he never saw such fight as there was in Trevanion. If you had any influence, as he says, in bringing him over to the right side, Georgia, you may thank you've gained the country something worth having, for he's a man, every inch of him, and that's what can't be said of all these Southerners by a great deal."

It was dusk when Trevanion came back with Frank. The lights were in the parlor alone.

Miss Sterne stood by the window when Augusta entered. She advanced to meet him, a flush on her cheek, but otherwise composedly calm, and extending her hand. He took it.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Georgia?" he said, holding it in both his.

Her eyes drooped away from his suddenly, but she did not withdraw her hand. Indeed, she could not, he was holding it so closely in his.

"May I have this hand, Georgia? May I try to teach you to love me?"

He had to bend his head to catch her answer, it was so low.

"I have always loved you, Augusta."

PARTING.

O BROOK, be still! O gentle South,
Thy kisses cease among the noisy leaves,
And only kiss my burning mouth!

O Stars, make all your light to pour
On him who love to me so fondly chooses—
On him who comes, to come no more!

For now indeed I can not spare
His first least footsteps; and I fain would see
Far as I may now and fare.

Or shall I wish that unaware
He should come near me with sweetly startle me,
His hand upon my arm?—'Tis there!

O Brook, flow on! O amorous South,
Kiss with a thousand kisses all the leaves!—
His kisses are for my mouth!

But ah, kind Stars, let not your light
Confuse the sweetness of my lover's eyes,
That bid farewell to mine to-night!—
Farewell! farewell to mine to-night!

"OVER THE WAY."
A CHILD'S STORY.

"WON'T it ever be dinner-time, mother?"

"Truly, child, I don't know."

Lucy was very hungry; not hungry like you, little people, who have had warm bread and milk already this morning, but hungry, so that her little body was all one void, and her head ached from it. You see there had been no dinner-time yesterday, and only supper the day before. Now, her mother was stitching as busily for her as if only a sentence—like a knot in her thread here and there—to give Lucy in reply to her questions and remarks—if she finished that pile of stitching early enough; and if the Dorcas woman was neither busy nor cross, nor, as often happened, talking to the clerk, then she would be paid.

And all these "ifs" lay between Lucy and her dinner.

Poor little Lucy! she sat curled up in the window-seat to see the sunshine if she could not feel it; it shone on the other side of the way.

Over the way seemed to have fullness of riches; for, besides the sunshine, it had a baker's shop, where, on Fridays before, Lucy had watched the loaves go in to be baked. They had looked tempting then, but now, oh dear! they were heavenly. Crusty, pale-brown batter puddings; crisp bursting potatoes, brown with gravy; and once, after a leg of pork, there came through the draughty window such a fragrance of onions as made the little watcher clasp her hands with a long "oh!" of pleasure and longing.

You may not agree with her as to the perfume of onions; but then, you see, Lucy's nose was not educated, only hungry, which is quite another thing.

By-and-by, it seemed that all the dinners had been fetched from the oven—the stool on the counter cooling rapidly.

"What could the people be about that belonged to it?"—not that it belonged to—Lucy's thoughts were hungry.

"Perhaps they've forgotten it; perhaps they're dead; then nobody'll have it; oh, what a pity!"

Lucy's last thought was so energetic that it jumped to life, and became half answered. It was such a beautiful dinner; in spite of the shade of the shop, Lucy's far-sighted eyes could see that; a large round pudding, and a dish of a brownish red, and all round about it, and over and under it, just like things of no consequence, were those potatoes, and nobody came to claim it.

"Mother! I don't believe it's wicked to steal!"

"Truly, child, I don't know."

Lucy's mother had been a Quakeress till she married, and was a good woman still, but it seemed to take all there was of her to keep Lucy alive at all, any sort of a child; and now, between work, and hunger, and cold, she was almost in a snow-sleep; so she never thought to get down off her pattens and run into the street.

"I could steal it, I must smell it," said Lucy to herself, and she went and stood at the baker's door.

"I must just touch that warm dish," and Lucy went in. No one was in the shop, and there was one potato just on the edge of the dish.

"I'm sure it will fall over and be broke, and then somebody'll tread on it; such a pity!" This time Lucy's thoughts did not reach her lips, but something else did, and presently one potato, first one bite, then another; then it was all gone.

"Why, you little thief!" Lucy was sure it was a giant's voice, it sounded so high up, and so loud, after her mother's weak one; and, yes, that must be a giant's hand laid on her shoulder; but, of course, it wasn't a giant, you know; it was good Mrs. Bacon, the bakeress, who had more children than you could count when they were all running about, and who, if she had known how hungry Lucy was, would have given her, not somebody else's potato perhaps, but a bit of her own dinner; but you see, she did not know, and that was the mischief.

"Speak, child," and Mrs. Bacon gave another shake; she thought Lucy was sulky, the one unpardonable sin among her own children; but between the food and the fright Lucy felt sick and dizzy, and hot and cold, until she could not understand herself, much less Mrs. Bacon.

"You evil little thing!" Another shake, and Lucy, feeling the world go round for the first time in her life, fell flat on the floor.

"Oh! goodness gracious, Bacon, I've been and killed a child!" It was quite consistent with the scene that "Bacon" should appear through a trapdoor in the floor, as he did, all flour and astonishment, to find his wife with a little ragged girl in her lap.

"What on earth shall I do?"

"Put her in some warm water." Mrs. Bacon, who ruled the household generally, always obeyed her husband in troublous times; so, before long, Lucy woke up in water; it was quite certainly, but on the whole satisfactory; and she was about to drive here eyes in, just feeling the soft warm water lapping her limbs, when Mrs. Bacon said,

"Oh! do as wake up, there's a lamb, my pretty!" You see she had children all about her "little dear" by now, and saw only a child like one of her own; but so thin! I rather think some of the warm water on Lucy's back had salt in it.

"Do as wake up!" really it seemed worth while; the state of things was puzzling, but then it was scarcely needful to puzzle one's self, when the conundrum consisted of eyes, nose, ears, being greeted by a laughing, a smell of warm bread, and things delicious, and a whispered order of "Porridge directly." The porridge came just as Lucy was dressed, but in her own things, which were dean enough, and then in a frock belonging to Polly Bacon, who came to gaze with admiring awe at a little girl hungry enough to eat porridge.

"Where do you live, little girl?" said Polly, thinking, perhaps, that porridge-hungry might come under the manners and customs of some distant region.

"Over the way," said Lucy. Mrs. Bacon rather drew back; she remembered the potato for the first time. It is not exactly pleasant to have people with millions of the best in the right of property living "over the way."

"Well, I'll take you over." Just as they were crossing the road a wild-looking woman with a big bundle ran out of the house opposite, and Lucy, shrinking, said, "Mother, mother!" and caught hold of her, just escaping a butcher's horse with no eyes to spare for little girls.

"That child's dead before she's done with," said Mrs. Bacon.

"Let's speak to the mother," said Mrs. Bacon. So they went up to Lucy's mother, who was trimming and crying.

"Oh! Lucy, naughty girl, where have you been?"

"It's all right, ma'am," said Mrs. Bacon; "we'll do for her if you like, while you take home your work." Certainly, it was time the work went, so Lucy's mother had to go too, and her visitors followed Lucy as fairer to her apartment. Such a room—high up, and low, dark and unshaded, bare and cheerless. It required wonderful how it could contrive to have so many contradictory qualities without one pleasant one. In all the culture of two comfortable homes, the geezer had never seen such a room. Mrs. Bacon felt a strong desire to relieve herself by scolding somebody, but a lump in her throat cut short the speech, and when, after a short, most grotesquely eloquent one she had ever made—just "Oh! Bacon," and she laid her head on her husband's shoulder.

"It's pitiful, isn't it, old woman? I'll run over for some bread," and he was coming back so speedily that the fire was lit before Lucy knew what was going to happen. The chimney had been idle so long that it gave all the smoke it could, but when it was conquered the bright warm flames began to dance, and so did Lucy.

"Oh! what will mother say? there's a fire, there's a fire!" and she bent down her little body in front of it, spreading out her arms as if she could hug it, and laughing wildly.

"Oh! there's a fire, what will mother say? it's like mine!" and that should have been but Pall sat asleep with her hands clasped like a child in a picture with angels watching her.

By-and-by Lucy's mother came back to find, not only the fire, but on it a pot of Irish stew.

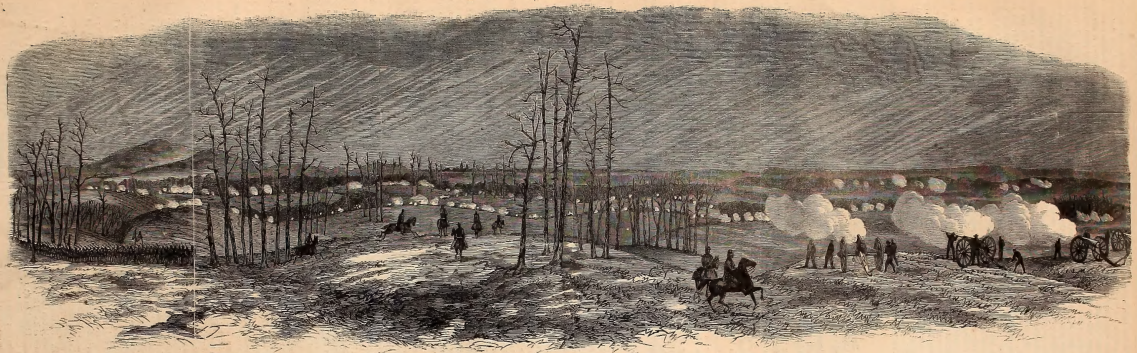
"Lucy, Lucy, wake up, child; what's happened?"

"Oh! I don't know, mother; it's all beautiful; but I don't know any thing; it was all over there; true; her little life had run on so fast that she had got behind it somehow. But they were both too hungry to do any thing but eat, with food at hand, so the question was "laid on the table" as they say in Congress. Just as dinner was done, Mrs. Bacon came in and put such a long talk with Lucy's mother that the little one forgot to listen until she heard,

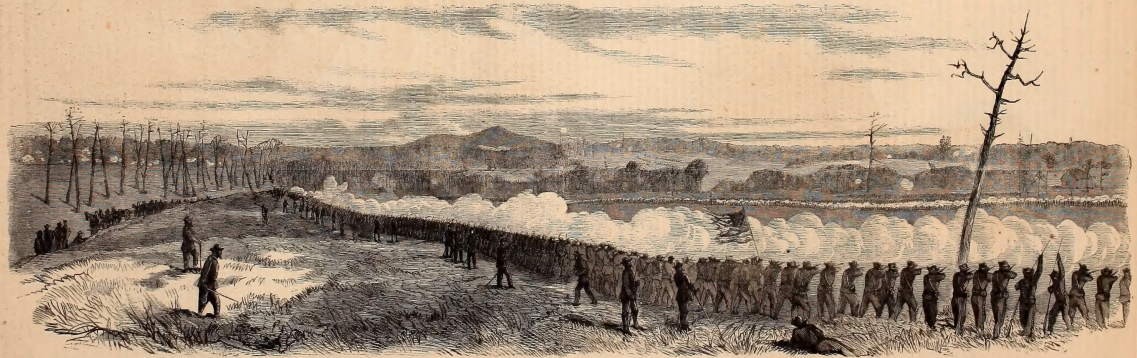
"Well, never go without a dinner again; with three of my children, just babies, I can always find you work."

"Did you ever hear, ma'am, of the 'blessing of those ready to perish?' because you will have it to-night."

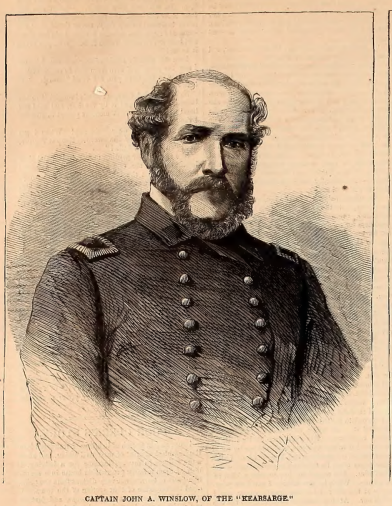
"I've had more blessings all my life than I ever deserved," said good Mrs. Bacon, with such a pleasant light in her motherly eyes, that I think, had you been there to see, you must have kissed her at the risk of receiving the most awesome baths do that loss pleasantly. She kept her word. Lucy never went without dinner any more.



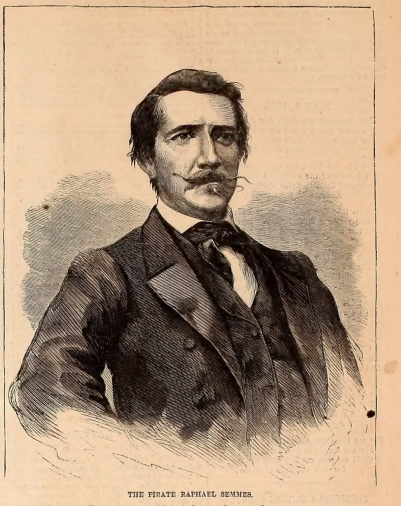
GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND SWINGING AROUND KENESAW MOUNTAIN.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE REBEL CHARGE ON OUR RIGHT, NEAR MARIETTA, JUNE 22, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



CAPTAIN JOHN A. WINSLOW, OF THE "KEARSARGE."
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK, BOSTON.]



THE PIRATE RAPHAEL SEMMES.
[PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1863 BY A. DUPERTE, KINGSTON, JAMAICA.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

On page 476 we give two sketches illustrating Sherman's movements to the right of Kenesaw Mountain. One of these, representing the REBEL CHARGE ON OUR RIGHT NEAR MARIETTA, relates to the battle of Culp's Farm, four miles west of Marietta, June 22. SCHOFIELD held the extreme right; on his left, HOOKER commanded the Marietta Road; HOWARD held the centre; and PALMER and M'PHERSON extended the Federal lines to Brush Mountain, on the railroad. Nearly all day the rebels engaged HOWARD, to divert attention from the right, where they were massing troops on the Marietta Road against HOOKER. A furious attack was made at this point at five P.M. The following troops were engaged: WILLIAMS's division on the right, GEARY's in the centre, and BUTTERFIELD's on the left: General KNIPE's and ROGER's brigades formed a second line on the right. An attempt was made to flank HOOKER's right, but this was prevented by the Fourteenth Kentucky, from SCHOFIELD's corps. Soon SCHOFIELD's main body pressed up, and the rebels were driven in great disorder.

The other cut shows the ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND SWINGING AROUND THE KENESAW MOUNTAIN on the right, in order to flank the position.

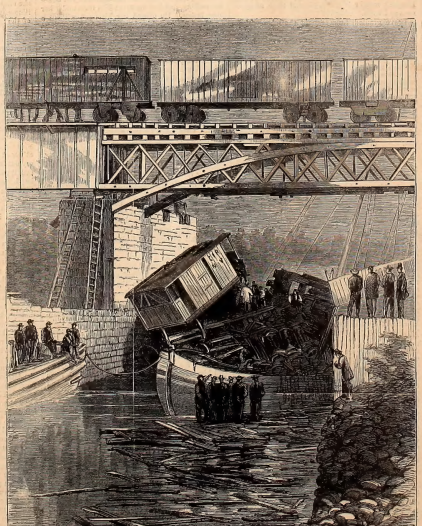
The KENESAW MOUNTAIN has two elevations, one about 900 and the other 800 feet high. The base of the mountain extends about four miles from east to west.

CAPTAIN WINSLOW AND THE PIRATE SEMMES.

On this page we give the portraits of Captain JOHN A. WINSLOW, of the *Kearsarge*, and of Captain RAPHAEL SEMMES, late of the *Alabama*. The portrait of the latter is from a photograph taken by A. DUPERTE, in Jamaica, January, 1863.

Captain WINSLOW was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1811. His father was a Northerner, descended from the old Plymouth stock of WINSLOWS; his mother was a Southerner. He was educated at Dedham, Massachusetts, and entered the navy as midshipman at the age of fourteen. DANIEL WEBSTER secured for him this position. His family reside at ROXBURY, near BOSTON. He was placed in command of the *Kearsarge* as soon as that vessel arrived off the European coast. Before his conflict with the *Alabama* he had some apprehensions, and repeatedly advised the Naval Department to increase the force off Cherbourg, but said he would do the best he could. Upon the receipt of a vote of thanks from Congress he will be made a Commodore.

Captain RAPHAEL SEMMES, formerly an officer of our navy, was, early in the war, appointed by the rebel GOVERNMENT to take command of the *Sumter*, which ran out of New Orleans in July, 1861. This vessel, after burning several prizes, reached Cadiz the following February. Here she was blockaded by the *Tuscarora*, until SEMMES, despairing of escape, sold her. When the *Alabama* had managed to escape from En lund SEMMES became her captain. He held this position nearly two years, capturing and burning American vessels, until at last, blocked in at Cherbourg, as the *Sumter* had been at Cadiz, the *Alabama* came out and fought the *Kearsarge* and was sunk.



THE GREAT RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. HALSEY & CO., MONTREAL.]

THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY DISASTER IN CANADA.

It is not often that we have to record a disaster more affecting than that which happened to the German emigrant train on the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada at the end of June, and which is illustrated on this page, from a photograph sent us by A. BALTHY & Co., of Montreal. The accident happened near Montreal, at Belœil Bridge. The passengers consisted mostly of emigrants from Bohemia, Poland, Saxony, Sweden, and Norway; five hundred and thirty souls in all, who had just arrived from Hamburg in the *Neckar*, which sailed from that port May 18. Some of them intended to settle in Upper Canada, and others in the United States. They presented a very respectable appearance; for the most part they were grouped in families, there being but few single men in the company; and generally they appeared to be well provided with means. Fortunately eighty were compelled to remain behind at Quebec, because they had *no* means. Altogether, there were eight hundred and thirty-five that took the train from Point Levi. It was a night-train, and the night was clear and pleasant. When the train reached the bridge, at 1.15 A.M., the draw was open to allow some barges to pass through to Lake Champlain. The usual red danger-light was burning, and could be seen at a distance of 540 yards. The signal was not regarded, and the train rushed on, falling into the river 40 feet, car after car, on the deck of one of the barges. First came the locomotive, sinking the barge, then the tender, cascading upon the locomotive, followed by the baggage-car, which fell flat into the draw. Above all these, in the most utter confusion, came the passenger-cars. Only one of these was fitted with seats, and was curiously delivered on top of the barge's deck, having pretty effectually shaken up its inmates. The other cars were piled one above another, crushed into an indiscriminate mass of splinters and iron; the car-wheels, the bundles of the passengers, and their bruised bodies, were not huddled together, but mixed up, confused with one another. One hundred were wounded and ninety were killed. The removal of the dead, says the *Montreal Gazette*, "revealed a

horrible sight. A shapeless blue mass of heads and hands and feet protruded among the splinters and frame-work, and gradually resolved itself into a closely-packed mass of human beings, all ragged and bloody, and dusted from crown to feet with blue bruises and wheals and cuts inflicted by the ponderous iron-work, the splinters, and the enormous weight of the train." It was impossible to identify the dead or to discover their names. The engine-driver, WILLIAM BARNEY, is held responsible for the disaster.

MAY 6, 1864.

How beautiful was earth that day!
The far blue sky had not a cloud;
The river rippled on its way,
Singing sweet songs aloud.

And IT My heart was calmly blest.
I knew afar the war-cloud rolled
Lurid and dark, in fierce unrest,
Laden with woes untold.

But on that day my fears were stilled;
The very air I breathed was joy:
The rest and peace my soul had filled
Had nothing of alloy.

I took the flower he loved the best—
The arbutus—fairest child of May—
And with its perfume half suppressed,
Turned many a happy spray

About his picture on the wall;
His eyes were on me all the while,
And when I had arranged them all,
I thought he seemed to smile.

O Christ, be pitiful! That hour
Saw him fall bleeding on the sod;
And there it yoked with wreath and flower
His soul went up to God!

For him one pang—and then a crown;
For him the laurels heroes wear;
For him a name whose long renown
Ages shall onward bear.

For me the cross without the crown,
For me the drear and lonely life;
O God! my sun, not *his*, went down
On that red field of strife.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—There is no place like Home. Felicitous. If your home be in a row of houses it is probable that the home of your neighbors will be very like yours.

"WHERE a woman," says MRS. Partington, "has been married with a considerable beau, and she finds her husband spending to her own, she will never want to enter the matrimonial state."

"You look as if you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fellow who stood by a donkey.

"I am a broken man," said a poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

One evening the late Bishop of London was to have dined with a party where Sydney Smith was a guest. Just before dinner a note arrived, saying that he was unable to keep his engagement, a dog having rushed out from the crowd and bitten him in the leg. When the note was read aloud to the company, Sydney Smith's comment was, "I should like to hear the dog's account of the story."

"My dear doctor," said an Irishman, "it's no use your giving me an emetic: I tried it twice, and it would not stay in my stomach one minute."

"Now do, my dollies 'think as your bat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

A thief, who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, stressed himself so much upon the occasion that he died of a sweat.

In a French translation of Shakspeare, the passage—"Frailty, thy name is woman," is translated, "Maidenhood (*fraîcheur*) thy name of the lady!"

One person asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits? "No!" was the reply; "but I believe in their disappearance. I have missed a bottle of brandy since last night."

What is that which destroys a town and makes a martyr?—Conflagration.

Some time since a man in Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and went to the court-house for a license. "What is it?" asked the judge. "An Egyptian mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old," was the answer. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is he the criminal?"

MRS. Partington says she can't perceive why people now-days are continually getting up so many new superlief notions. "I think we was growing, as a nation, well enough what the particularly alluded. The old lady laid down with newspapers for her reading, and nothing more." "Why, ma'am," said they, "we have got to making 'trust proservers,' and a thousand people didn't have enough things to make proservers without making 'em of fish."

FAITHFUL HOUSE.—Why is faith like honey?—Because it is sanctified in the comb.

"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis conundrum? Suppose I gib you a bottle of whisky corked—what will it cork—keep it corked, or go de whisky out?" "Why, nuffin' cork or breaking de bottle?" "I gibe dat up." "Why, gosh de cork will go in, you t'ink?"

A QUESTION FOR MR. GOUGH.—May a reformed drunkard be designated "a man convinced against his *will*?"

A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its bosom, but is unsullied by them. So it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.

A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that he always takes "into even of a straw"—especially if there be a cherry-colter at the end of it.

The lady whose "poses of mind" was broken intends to have it repaired.

An enterprising but ignorant South American has sent to an Albany locomotive-shop for one hundred "excursionists." He expects to use them in taking wild cattle on the plains of Paraguay, in place of the lasso.

A young lady who is a zealous canvasser in support of the Free Presbyterian Church, called upon a poor man in the kine of Kirkaldy to solicit his name, and, after in vain trying her ingenuity to find some means by which he might save a penny a week, to be given for the support of the minister, who was about to be driven from his kirk by the vile Erastians, she asked—"Do you have yourself?" "Nae, marm." "How much does your shaving cost you?" "Fippence a week." "Well, you must come to a share yourself, and then you would save the two-pence, which you could give to the maintenance of the kirk." "Deed, marm, I'm owerauld to learn, but I'll tell ye what I'll do: if your minister will come and shave me, I'll gie him the fippence."

A convict was lately tracked into the service of a young married couple in Baltimore. He was discharged, after a very pretty lady's maid, and had been going all the duties of his old profession. The horror of the lady was unbounded, and still more of the husband, may he imagine, when the polite said: "That pretty woman is the man we want."

A physician, residing by a stone-mason's shop, bawled out, "Good-morning, Mr. D——! Hard at work, I see. You should have a partner to help you." "I have one, sir, and I thee, will, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, sir, what ails the man?" "Nothing, sir, but he's sick, and you are doctoring him. Then I *keep right on*."

Tom bought a gallon of gin to take home; and, by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to lie the nearest at hand, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along, and observing the jug, quietly remarked: "Tom, you've made a mistake in the label, my friend." "Why?" said Tom. "Because somebody might mistake along with the spirit of that name."

A man said the only reason why his dwelling was not blown away in a late storm was, because there was a *heavy mortgage* on it.

A celebrated quack, while holding forth on a stage at Chelmsford, in order to promote the sale of his nostrums, told the people that he came there for their good, and not for wont. And then addressing his Merry Andrew, he drew," said he, "do we come here for nut?" "No faith, Sir," replied the wag, "we come here for *your* good."

"We don't sell spirits," said a tax-avoiding beer-seller; "we will give you a glass; and then, if you want a biscuit, we'll sell it to you for three halfpence." The "glass of water" was handed down, a stiff glass swallowed, and the landlord handed his customer a biscuit. "Now, sir, I think not," said the customer; "you sell 'em too dear. I can get five or six of 'em for a penny any where else."

LULA'S LETTER.

A CHILD'S STORY.

"MAMMA," said my little daughter, "may I write a letter to a soldier? All the girls have."

"Write a letter to a soldier, my child?"

"Yes, mamma. Maggie and Mary have written theirs and put them in the comfort bags, and we think the soldiers will be so pleased to find a letter. We want all yesterday, but mamma and Maggie's mother is going to send them away as soon as it will be ready."

I leave granted, Lula brought the wherewithal, and sat down gravely to the production of an epistle.

"Dear Soldier—We have all been making slings for the soldiers, and I send this comfort bag to you. I hope it will be very useful. How many soldiers are there in a man sewing: but I suppose it must be done when there are no wounds. I am a little girl seven years old. I live in the country, and I love you very much for it. It must be so hard to be a soldier and never go home. I hope that God will take care of you, and bring you safe home to your friends. I cannot stop now, because mamma says I want to know who gets the bag. My papa is Mr. Georges Clinton, Rosedale, Maryland. Please remember me in your prayers. Your affectionate little friend,

"LULA."

After the bags had gone Lula became impatient to hear from her soldier, so she called him. But many a long week passed by, and Lula began to despair to talk of it, when her father came in to dinner with the long-expected document. I, with the fatherly instincts of middle-age, was surprised that it should come at all; but Lula was in ecstasies. The impatient fingers tore open the envelope, and coming to me we read it together:

"My dear little Friend"—thus the letter began—"I have just finished your very welcome letter, and I hasten to reply you shall have it at length. Accept my thanks for your gift. Bless the little fingers that worked it. Is there the warm heart that fell for the soldier and wished to help a little sufferer. It was the first bag I received, and for sixteen months. My dear little sister Estella used to send me a present every week. She was my only correspondent, and when she died I thought I had lost every friend. But I had my brother. He was with me in Pennsylvania in which I was, and am, a private. We were together a year in Virginia. Then Lilian, my darling, went to Mountain, I saw him fall. I could not go to him. The thought of his lying there alone was terrible to my friend. After the battle ended, and the snow of the grass, the longing of the hour of victory and rejoicing was gone away, the night became as still as it is in the country after a day of rain. I went to look for my brother. I could not cry. Then I could look for my father. I found him at last. Near him lay those who had been his old playmates, born by sheds, but a few primary branches yet left. At his feet lay a soldier with my brother's face. Without sleeping his long sleep, while the sod of Virginia over him, and the dew of heaven fell upon his cheek. I will not tell you of my sorrow. I thought I might have not spoken of what occurred, and I have not spoken of it to any one but you. I write to you because you are a little child, and I think you will be able to comfort me. I am now going to mend my stockings and darn the holes in my socks, and then I will write you how I would make you open your eyes. I hope your father will allow you to write to me again. Please to have me addressed, that you can see when you wish to do another kind action. I have been long in reply.

"Very respectfully yours,

"PRIVATE FLEMING."

Lula wrote a longer letter next time, telling of her papa, and mamma, and brother Johnnie; how she went to the Sunday-school, and what she had for tea; her, who pretended to be cross, and was not; how she, aiding her playmates, bought for him a fine ruler as a present, and placed it, with a note, on his table on April-Fool's Day. Even about her Java sparrow the little pen discoursed, her dear J. S., who wore a white standing-collar like old Mr. Wasters, and who slept in a basket. She spent some time over the spinks, pulled lak over the table-cover, and double-dyed her fingers. Then she sent off a cheery letter, and not a word of mine discovered her. Ere long MRS. FLEMING was added to the correspondence went on all winter. I liked his letters very much; as well as Lula did, which is saying a great deal for them. He remembered he was writing to a child, and while he interested her our feelings were excited by his simple relations. When Christmas approached Lula wished to send him a box.

"I think I ought, mamma; he is my soldier, and has nobody else to think of him."

I gave her permission, but offered no assistance, wishing to see how she would manage. She begged a pair-box of the grocer. Could you not have got her to with paper. Grandma was delighted with the opportunity to sew two of the large stockings she was constantly knitting. They begged me to make a plum-cake, and papa gave a bottle of wine. The children bought nuts and candy; and Lula, after an anxious talk with me, sent, as her own particular gift, pocket-handkerchiefs marked with his initials—"D. P. Fleming." Papa having suggested something to read, Johnnie brought his favorite books, Arabian Nights and Pilgrim's Progress, and could with difficulty be persuaded to substitute Harper's Magazines.

The subsequent of the box was a grateful letter that more than repaid us. Lula was specially delighted, because Mr. Fleming confessed to a weakness for candy, and her father had laughed at her for sending bonbons to a soldier. There was a note to Mr. Nelson, in which Mr. Fleming said he was to have a furlough, with the rest of the regiment, before re-enlisting for the war. He begged permission to see Lula. Mr. Nelson immediately wrote for him to come. But we did not tell Lula, to save her the excitement and fretting of expectation. About two weeks afterward I was reading in my room when Lula flew in.

"Mamma," said she, "there is a soldier down stairs asking for you." And she hid her face in my dress and began to tremble.

The servant brought in his card.

"Don't you want to see Mr. Fleming, Lula?"

"No, no!" she sobbed.

"I am going out, and will send Margaret up for you. You may be disappointed in him, Lula," but remember, he is fighting our battles for us: he is a soldier, and his presence compels respect and ness. Expect nothing, but come down quietly when I send for you."

I owned to a little trepidation myself: a glance dispelled it. He was a tall, robust young man—almost handsome. His voice trembled a little as he responded to my welcome, and not be could never tell all our goodness had done for him. Lula's letter came when he was in Pennsylvania—and saved him. His regard for her seemed a kind of reverence. While he was talking I saw Lula peeping at the white skirt of the drawing-room, and I called her. At that name he rose, dropped the cup he held, and went forward to meet her. She was trembling like a leaf—an old-fashioned red cent-but smiling, and looking up at him from under her long lashes. He offered her his hand without a word. Lula gave hers, when he kissed it as if she had been a princess and he of the blood-royal. Then he raised her and led her in at first. Her confusion were off when Johnnie came home, and went into a complete state of admiration. Mr. Nelson asked him to stay to tea during his leave, and was afterward very glad he did so, for that week gave me thorough knowledge of him, and when he left I was sorry to go, for he had been one of them.

For a long time after Mr. Fleming's departure Johnnie and Lula played army plays exclusively. They drilled with umbrellas set up camp-papers, fought battles, were taken by guerillas—embodiments of the stories of Mayne Reid—and finally, between us, for I now undertook the bulk of the correspondence; then the campaign began, and we had nothing. I was sure, from the silence that followed Gettysburg, in which his regiment took a prominent part, that something had happened to Mr. Fleming. Mrs. Nelson inquired. He was thought to be a prisoner, but it was not positively known. Lula and Johnnie could not realize such a thing. If a prisoner was a thing in their eyes. What a story Mr. Fleming would have to tell them!

Then fell on Mrs. Baltimore to publish an old aunt, and in the course of our stay we went to see the hospitals. As I never lost any chance of hearing of the fate of Mr. Fleming, I told his story to the matron, but young nurse who walked about with us. She had been to the front, in the very first rank of those who went to succor the wounded.

There was a Captain Fleming ill in one of the wards, dying of the wounds received at Gettysburg. We did not know where he came from, or anything about him, except that he had no friends to whom news of his condition could be sent. I asked her to point him out, for a misgiving seized me. Surely it was he, white and changed. I drew back, fearing he might see me, and the nurse led the children and told him some one had come to see him. A little color flushed into his face as I came forward, and with a poor effort to smile he laid his pillow and nodded. I cried too. "Why didn't you let us know where you were?" I asked at last.

"I was ill," he said, "and my letter had been unanswered for so long that I thought perhaps you were tired enough for me, so I wrote no more. Isn't Lula here?"

"You shall see her to-morrow. When you are a little stronger, and can be moved, you must come to us. We will nurse you well again."

"I shall soon be well enough to be moved," said he, with a very significant look. "I am not in your house, dear lady. Do you think Lula will know me? I hope she will not be afraid again. You will bring her to-morrow?"

I promised—and the next day we came. Lula knew he was very ill, but she was not quite prepared for the white face, the great black eyes, with their eager, intense glances. He smiled, and motioned her to come near him.

"Then you didn't forget your soldier after all."

"Oh; I didn't—I didn't!" And both the soft arms were round his neck. "Can't you get well for your Mr. Fleming?"

"Oh yes, dear," said he, holding her to him with his little strength, "they have made me a captain, and given me a sword? Lula, I must give it to you with my own hands. I know you will keep it for my sake. If I never disgraced my office, never hesitated in my duty, never doubted in the cause in fact, it was because I knew Lula loved me and believed in me. There it is. Will you bring it to me?"

Lula was greatly afraid of any weapon, I knew. I saw her pause and turn from him to the sword.

"It will not hurt you, my child," said I. "It is to be kept sacredly."

So the dimpled, inexpert hands brought it to the bedside. He grasped it by the hilt, and held her hand with his left. A moment's pause passed in silence. I thought he prayed.

"Lula, you have dear little one! When I get well I will come for the sword. Keep it for me. Will you kiss me, Lula?"

Lula put her pouting mouth to his, and then looking up to me, one arm hugging the fierce sword, held out the other hand to be led away. The sad eyes were full of awe. She did not cry, but sat very still in the carriage. When her father came in at night, and Lula tried to tell him every thing, she could not for her sobs.

The next day Mr. Nelson went with me to the hospital, but all was over. We had not taken Mr. Fleming was well. God had taken him home to his mother and father.

A few days after my husband went to Washington and succeeded in seeing Fleming's colonel, who spoke of our soldier in unqualified praise.

"He was a splendid fellow," said he, "for he saved my life once that day. His bravery won him his shoulder-straps and his sword. He died from a lingering suffering in Baltimore, and would not let me know. I would have given all I own to have found him."

When we were once more at home her father hung the sword on the wall of Lula's room.

"Until Lula gets most remarried," said he, turning and seeing the tears running down her cheeks, "that Captain Fleming never failed in his duty, died in doing it, the most glorious death that was ever bravely. A child may live the life of a soldier in his thoughts, at times. Lula, may yours never die honor the sword!"

A POOR CLERK'S STORY.

POOR, and in search of lodgings, I wandered into the humblest district of western London, and after some failures in my applications, I found a dingy, blighted upon a fairly presentable house in a shamefaced street, not entirely distant from the principal thoroughfare of that section of the town. I was admitted—after repeated knocks, and just as my patience was becoming exhausted—by an old woman of about sixty-five, though it is possible that she might have been prematurely aged by want and misery. She was dressed in the scantiest of the terms of the lodgings, the poor old creature, who was bowed down by age and body frame, and palsy, stammered out that she would call her daughter to answer my questions, but "would I please step in-to the parlor." I complied, and sat down on the ragged mat in the dingy passage while the old woman hobbled and jerked herself down the stairs to the kitchen. I knew where she went by the door, for a dull sound of voices, which I had noticed upon entering, suddenly expanded into a confused roar, and then fell away, and both male and female laughter. The occupants of the kitchen, who were evidently carousing (it was between the hours of dining and the afternoon), seemed to me to greet the old woman with sheets of derision. Something hard was flung at her or her errand, and then, with a shrill, fiery cry out in her quaky treble, and the missile, whatever it was, rolling upon the wooden floor. A great laugh was raised at the old lady's expense. I recognized the trembling old tones, declaring, I presume, the matter which had so unseasonably interrupted the mirth of the kitchen. Then she came directly; and I shortly afterward heard a younger and stronger voice commanding the attention of my landlady stood before me. She was a bold, stubbly-looking woman of about thirty, with a face which, though not absolutely ill-looking, had a bad stamp, and certainly unattractive. She instantly assumed a smirk and courtesy to the prospective lodger; but I observed a certain expression of interance, and a peculiar lack of lustre in her eyes, which were not those of a habitual drunkard or rogue. She excused herself for not waiting upon me immediately; but "it was all along of that stupid old woman, who never could do nothing right, they; Heavin knew, she did nothing for the use of the house in return for all the eatin' and drinkin' which she consumed." I left it to on. After a wretched old woman, and denying in every word the fact that it was her mother of whom she spoke so coolly, she landlady proceeded on to the "drawing-room floor," and threw open the door with a conscious flourish. The room was scantily furnished, but I believe at any other time I should have incontinently left the spot; but something prompted me, and I agreed to hire the room for a week. I then became interested in spite of myself, and I was determined to know something more about my shabby old friend.

I had agreed to commence my lodgings from the first of December till the New-Year's Day following; and on beginning my reign in my new quarters, I found the wisdom of hiring apartments of this sort weekly, a plan I ever adopted afterward. Nothing could be more unsatisfactory and inconvenient as far as accommodation and attendance were concerned, and yet I said, for I had already found an interest in the place. The shaky old woman was the servant-of-all-work, the factotum, the fag of the lodgings. Often I have myself relieved her of the breakfast-tray, when the cup and saucer and bottom-bed and tea-pot have been trembling responsively, and the egg designed for my humble repast has been divorced from its cup and has been rolling wildly from side to side, like a barrel on deck in a storm. Sometimes I have, on the contrary, seen her, answered the bell, fetched the beer (no rascue), and performed, in fact, every menial office, with the shameless daughter and recruit semi-in-law sit.

drank (and were drunk), and slept at ease, with all household burdens, save that light one of receiving the lodger's money, shifted from their young shoulders to her crazy ones. After a due amount of patience on my part, I ventured to inquire of the old handmaid as to the *ménage* of the slipshod household.

"Why do you do all the work?" I said kindly to her one morning, after I had extricated my breakfast (at the expense of the egg) from entire dissolution at her hands. "It is too much for you."

To my surprise the poor old woman sat down on a chair and burst into tears. I was not a little astonished, but held my tongue till she had somewhat recovered, when I again remarked, "I'm afraid this is too much for you, my dear sir."

The old creature rose suddenly, and tottered to the door. "I humbly pray your pardon, Sir," she stammered. "I forgot myself. I've not been well lately, Sir, and the children have——"

"Stop," I said. "Shut the door, and tell me all about it. I am anxious to know all about *you*, and if I can do any thing——"

"Oh no, dear Sir," cried the poor old wretch, trembling with fear, in addition to her usual palsy. "I don't notice me, Sir, if you please; pray don't. If they were to know that I had been crying, or talking to you, they'd——" Here she paused, and looked earnestly at the door.

"What would they do?" I asked.

"They'd beat me, Sir. Often does, if I forget my place and lie, oh! be a-whi'—screaming, and flinging pewter pots at me. I was ill once for weeks from a blow he gave me."

"Why do you stay, then?" I asked; but a moment after I was ashamed of the folly of my question, as the old woman answered—

"Where can I go, Sir?"

The simplicity and despair in this response convincing me that I should do no good by personally interfering in the domestic misunderstandings, I refrained from further questioning, and waited for some issue to this course of ill-treatment, when I might, though an outsider, be justified in stepping in as a check. It soon came. In the Christmas week the poor old mother took to her bed, thoroughly conquered by the cold weather and the incessant washing. Every day I heard angry voices and curses blistering, and the wainscoting of which separated my bedroom from the wretched old creature's sleeping den. A feeble squeaking was all that rough usage, and the excessive exertion dictated by blood used to blaze within me at the cowardice and the low triumph of that drunken and disreputable pair, who bullied while their mother was gasping for breath, or calling for common assistance. I did once forget my position, and attempted to expostulate with the daughter, my landlady, who came into my room, attended by a rumpled-haired child with a dirty face (which was a pretty likeness of her mother's), on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December.

Bedizened was the landlady and ribboned all over. Evidently she was bound upon a merry-making with friends that Christmas-eve; and I was so struck with the heartlessness of a daughter who bedewed her fortunes, such as they were, to the poor woman starving and neglected in the next room) leaving a merry party perhaps, in the care of only a child of five years old, that I mildly reflected upon the impropriety which the customers might make on the occasion. I was speedily silenced by that indescribable manner which a low-bred woman always can assume to those whom she considers as interfering in her concerns; and on her departure, her husband, his eyes still dazed and lustreless from last night's excess, merely put his head inside my door and gave me a look; but that glance decided me against interfering any further. I was doomed to a closer intimacy ere—days, as it were, of my lodging, with no other occupants than a bedridden old woman and a drunken child. I had taken a rather more expansive dinner than usual that evening, in honor of the day; and when I returned, feeling my way back, I called out to the little child, who was, I supposed, in her granny's room, to come and show me where the coal-cellar was. A frill "I, Sir," answered me, and I waited for my little guide. She was a long time coming; and I was getting worried and cold, when I heard a strange hobbling outside my door, and, to my horror and amazement, the old mother staggered in with a coal-scuttle in her hand, the little child grasping her thin dress tightly and smiling the while.

"Gracious Heavens!" I gasped; "low's this? Why are you here? Whatever induced you to get up to do this?" I would have gone without fire a hundred times rather than you should have done this, child.

The old woman smiled, as I seized the coal-scuttle out of her palsied hands. "It's nothing, Sir—nothing. I'd do it for you, Sir—for *you* but not for them—oh, no, Sir, indeed. God bless you, Sir! Good-night, and a merry Christmas to you. Come, Nancy, darling!"

"For God's sake!" I cried, "go back to bed; you'll kill yourself in this bitter cold. Go back, I beseech you."

"I'm going, Sir," said the shivering creature; "but are you sure you want nothing fetched, or any thing?"

"In Heaven's name, no!" I cried again. "Do go back to bed; you'll kill yourself."

"No," muttered the poor old wretch, as I watched her retreating to her den. "I shall not have killed *myself*." And so murmuring she hobbled out of sight.

My terrors were increasing. I poked the fire, but could get no addition to my spirits by watching the friendly blaze. At last, worn out, and at a late hour, I determined upon going to bed, and trying to overcome the sad forebodings which had seized upon me by sleep. I lay long time awake, but at length I went off into a deep slumber. How long I remained unconscious I do not know, but troublesome dreams affected my sleep, increasing in horror till they culminated in my starting up in my bed with a loud cry ringing in my ears. Believing it to be the effect of a disordered fancy, I was preparing to sleep again, when my blood ran icily through my veins at a repetition of the former cry. It was a child's voice. Yes; and in the next room. I listened, and heard a struggling, and then the patter-ing of naked feet over the floor of the next room. I sprang out of bed, and rushed to the door. Suddenly I heard the child cry out in a pang of fear, "Granny, granny, don't! Send it away! send it away! Go away! I don't know you; you are so ugly. Go away!" And then, louder still, "Help me, help me!" The child's voice was raised almost to a shriek. Go away! go away! Who are you? Let granny alone. Oh, mother, mother, come back; come back to granny." And a moment after the little naked feet were pattering down and up the stairs, while the child moaned piteously, "Oh, mother, mother, come back!" Mustering my fears as well as I could, I leaped out of bed, huddled on my clothes, and cautiously opened my bedroom door. It was pitch dark outside; but I could hear the child, still moaning, descending the stairs. I groped my way to the old woman's room, I reached the door and paused a moment to listen. There was silence over the house, save when the wailing of the little girl could be indistinctly heard below. Carefully undoing the door open, I entered, and nearly choked-ed aloud at the sight which met my eyes. Crumpled up in bed, with face and knees together, sat the old woman. Her eyes were widely staring; her hands grasping the wretched quilt, her jaw dropped, her face the color of stone, and as inflexible. She was dead!

Taking a hasty inspection of the miserable room, to insure that no one was concealed there, and that there had been no robbery, I softly closed the disordered retired, and had just lighted my candle in my room when I heard the little creature at the door again. I called to her by name, and she ran, sobbing to me, speechless from horror. As soon as I could obtain an explanation, I asked her what she had seen? "Was it a man?"

"No, no; it wasn't a man, nee a woman. She didn't know what it was, for it was very dreadful, so ugly. Oh, poor granny, poor granny!"

This was all I could learn from her. I put her into my bed, and, leaving the candle lighted, went out of the house and walked about the streets till daylight. The morning returned, and knew not the worst then. They were sobered after this shock; and were civil to me, and thanked me for the care I had taken of the child, whom, however, they studiously kept away from me. The old woman was decently buried; and on New-Year's Day I left my lodging. I shall never forget that night so long as I live. But *what was it that the child saw?*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 396.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS.—$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, the new Secretary of the Treasury, whose portrait we give on this page, was born at Boscowen, New Hampshire, October 16, 1806, and is therefore now fifty-eight years old. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College, at the early age of seventeen, and at twenty-one was admitted to the bar. Remarkable for energy and intelligence, his progress was rapid. He was a member of the State Legislature when only twenty-five years of age, and was the youngest member of that body. His insight into the details of Political Economy as enunciated with legislation was even then early evinced in a debate on the United States Bank, in which he won distinction. In 1840 the Whig candidate for Congress, and successful even beyond the limits of a party vote; in 1845 renominated, but declining from a choice to pursue his profession; in 1850 again elected, but deprived of his seat by a mistaken return of ballots; in 1854 elected to the Senate, where he was perhaps the ablest opponent to the Nebraska bill; again elected in 1859, for the six years which are just expiring; and now, in consonance with the wishes of the whole country, appointed to fill the most difficult and the most responsible position in the Cabinet—these have been the steps by which Mr. FESSENDEN, for more than a generation, has steadily risen in popular estimation and in his power to serve his country. Not known as a man of genius, or even of uncommon brilliancy, experienced in solid statesmanship rather than superficial policy, he perhaps more than any other man was fitted for the position which he now fills. This is no blind confidence, since Mr. FESSENDEN, as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has given a foretaste of his greatness as a financier.

IN THE TRENCHES.

WE give on page 485 three illustrations of the siege of Petersburg, relating chiefly to the operations of our artillery.

Captain AMSDEN's battery, Third New York Artillery, the subject of one of these sketches, is close to the enemy's line, which it incessantly annoys with troublesome messengers, stirring up the rebel infantry and distracting the aim of sharp-shooters, which, in turn, do their best to kill our gunners.

Another sketch exhibits a method by which the gunners protect themselves against sharp-shooters. This is effected by means of *mantelets*, which are really nothing more nor less than ramparts, heavily constructed, made to cover the embrasures, and having an aperture through which the gun's muzzle is thrust.

The *Coburns*, which are the subject of the remaining sketch, are small brass mortars, which have proved of great service in demoralising the enemy in his rifle-pits, in places where the lines are so close as to afford no available positions for light artillery. The Coburns are fired over our own soldiers at a great elevation, dropping shells with effect upon the unseen defenders of the rebel works.

WILSON'S RAID IN VIRGINIA.

GENERAL WILSON'S raid, which we illustrate on pages 488 and 489, dealt a serious blow against Lee's lines of communications with the South. This illustration affords the reader a vivid, and at the same time a correct, impression of the manner in which an extensive cavalry raid is carried. So far from being an irregular proceeding, a great raid is now as well organized as any other movement of the army: each man has his work to do, and one stage of operations succeeds another as regularly as the evolutions on a parade-ground. WILSON'S raid resulted in a destruction of sixty miles of railroad, a destruction in which the Danville and the South-side road shared about equally. General WILSON reported that it would take the rebels forty days, even if they had the material at hand to repair the loss. The expedition had some difficulty in returning; but it succeeded finally in eluding the enemy, getting back to our lines with a loss of twelve cannon and between 750 and 1000 men.

THE REBEL INVASION OF MARYLAND.

THE rebel raid in Maryland (illustrated on page 484), which a few days ago was the exciting theme of conversation, has vanished, leaving behind as the traces of its devastation desolated homes, empty roosts and stables, and broken communications. The Government has not been directly a great sufferer, although a considerable amount of commissary and ordnance stores were captured at Martinsburg. For the most part the burden of loss has fallen upon private citizens. The illustrations which we give refer to a few out of the many scenes connected with this raid; they need no detailed description. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal runs along the line of the Potomac from Georgetown to Cumberland, where it terminates; it runs side by side with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The cost of the work was over twenty-two millions. The damage which the rebels have done will be easily repaired. It is an occasion for regret that they have been able to carry away so much plunder.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

ON page 492 we give a sketch illustrating SHERMAN'S advance. The action represented in the cut was only a part of a grand movement. The fighting was done chiefly by portions of JEFFERSON C. DAVIS and NEWTON'S divisions, of the Fourteenth and Fourth Army Corps respectively, who had orders to break the Confederate centre, if possible. At the same time an attack was made on the right and left by LOGAN and BLAIR. The attack on the centre, though gallantly executed, was unsuccessful. NEWTON'S division attacked on the right, DAVIS's on the left. General HARKER, one of the best-beloved men in the army, a brave soldier and a true patriot, was killed. Colonel DANIEL M'COOK was badly wounded, and Colonel MITCHELL slightly.

THE FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

THE great fire which took place on Friday, July 15, in Brooklyn, and which we illustrate on page 493, is the most destructive which has occurred in that city for many years. The fire, occasioned by carelessness, broke out in one of the two great warehouses of Messrs. SCRIBNER & RUTHERFORD, at the foot of Joralemon Street at 12½ o'clock, while the workmen were away at dinner. The two structures, partly of brick and partly of wood, were known as the Free and the Bonded warehouses respectively, extending 300 feet on the water-line and 200 feet deep. They were used for storage, and contained a great quantity of saltpetre, together with sugar, molasses, hides, and guano. As soon as the flames reached the saltpetre a terrific explosion took place, which shook the buildings in New York, and in the immediate neighborhood was very destructive to glass panes and frail ceilings. The explosion was repeated several times, and was so violent as to hurl firemen standing on the pier into the water. The immense crowd gathered about to witness the scene also suffered some annoyance from falling brick and timber which had been hurled into the air like rockets. Some

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

shipping in the vicinity caught fire but experienced no serious damage. We give in the illustration a representation of the boats towing out the Russian frigate from the point of danger. The entire loss, merely considering the contents of the warehouses, sums up to nearly a million of dollars. Large business houses and private cottages in the vicinity were seriously damaged. When the Persian Street which is impossible to describe. Mothers were running about with their babies, and the street was filled with furniture, and the greatest excitement prevailed.

DROUGHT.

THE sky is brass, the lordly sun
Looks down with a fiery eye,
The shallow rivers scarcely run,
The streamlet's bed is dry.

The meadow's crust is stiff and hard,
The trees have a sombre hue,
The threadbare cost of the rusty sward
Needs patching with verdure anew.

Still bearing down, still staring down,
The remorseless rays are cast,
And scorching lambiet and seething town
Both swoon in their fiery blast.

The dust lies thick in the village road,
The cattle crowd to the muddy pool,
The swarming flies hold myriad revel
Around, and harass the village fool.

Oh heavily drops the bearded grain,
The summer flowers wilt and die,
And stretch their tiny stems in vain
To the clouds for tears of sympathy

None come; but the sound men ache to hear
Is the hurrying rush of the angry rain
Hurling its cohorts from far and near
On roof-tree and window-pane.

A thousand tongues for its coming pray,
A thousand hearts for its advent long:
Oh come and chase our gloom away—
Descend, and fill the land with song!

July 20, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

MORE MEN.

THE Government calls for more men. The call has been long expected, and will be greeted with satisfaction by every loyal citizen. True vigilants in reinforcements save to ourselves upon every point at the very moment that the rebellion is straining its utmost strength against us: and should any man forget for a moment the greatness of the work in which we are engaged.

We are fighting with a section which has no other thought or interest than the war. Every man who can bear arms or do any work whatever is dragged into the service. As a resident of the South writes to the Hartford *Press*: "The infirm even are not exempt from the practical operation of the conscription. The lame, the halt, and,—the blind, almost, are there. They are food for cannon, and a diseased man fills a ditch as well as another.....The reign of terror keeps down in a great measure open opposition.....There is no instance in history of a more centralized despotism than that of the so-called Confederacy." The whole power of resources, drinks, and thinks war. It has no commerce; it has no trade. It raises its own food, and it agrees to consider bank paper money. Its soldiers are seized and forced to fight as long as the war lasts, at small wages or none. Its disaffected, the men who tacitly oppose the rebellion at home, apprehends favor if, are hunted and tortured and shot and hung. The rebellion has the fierceness, the unity, and the tyranny of a mere despotism.

It is very clear that we shall not put down such a rebellion by swinging our heels and grumbling at the Government. We shall not do it by counting our superior numbers and calculating our greater resources. We shall do it only by bringing those numbers and resources to bear. At this moment, when the rebellion is playing its most strenuous and desperate game, the Government wants men. Why do we not see that they are raised, instead of sneering that we ought to have them? The rebels dash over the border into Maryland. "Why does the Government allow it?" somebody indignantly asks. The chances are that the somebody who says so has neither been to the war, nor sent a substitute, nor paid a tax, and that he pays his income-tax with a groan or an oath.

Our business is not to sneer and grumble at the Government, but to help it. If somebody stops in his growling to say that it is useless to trust men or money to such a Government, then somebody merely reasons in a circle. For why grumble at a Government for not doing what you will not give it the means to do? But besides reasoning in a circle, somebody is wrong. Men are not put to good service. But if servants like GRANT and SHERMAN, with FARRAGUT and WINSLOW is not good service, what is?

Those eminent philanthropists, the "Conservatives," who massacred negroes last summer, declare that the wicked Government is piling up hecatombs of our fellow-citizens to glut its fierce lust of political power. But is an armed rebellion, of the scope of this, to be gently patted down with olive branches or extinguished with smooth drivel?

The Government asks us all to stand by it in this great crisis, with men and money. While the armies penetrate Georgia and Virginia it asks an army for this frontier—an army of reserves. To make assurance sure it must have the great reserve of the country to call upon at any moment. Every arm-bearing man in the Free States who cares enough for the country to fight for it at need should be enrolled and drilled every week. When Captain WINSLOW'S crew shipped in the *Kearsarge* a month-few of them could scarcely stir the eleven-inch Parrotts. After a season of steady drill they whipped them about like mauline-spikes. Let us be drilled, and our raw militia become the skilful crew. The pirate SEMMES says he hoped to board the *Kearsarge*. The brave tars of that glorious ship were trained for exactly that attempt, and longed for the rebs to try it. Let us be trained, and when the rebs try boarding the free States we shall show them how they, that we have them just where we want them.

The tortoise outran the hare because he meant to win. Our enemy is equally in earnest. Let us be in earnest, and not go to sleep again in Pennsylvania and Maryland, and we shall take the victory that belongs to us.

CORRUPTION.

The gentlemen who ardently sustained the Administration of which you were lamented General JOHN B. FLOYD, and Mr. JACOB THOMPSON, and Mr. HOWELL COBB, and Mr. ISAAC TOUCEY were shocked and astonished, and of which Messrs. WIGFALL, SLIDELL, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and TOOMBS were eminent supporters, are loud in their denunciations of frauds and treachery of the present Administration. There was such fidelity to the Union, such impartial love of country, such devotion to the Constitution among the gentlemen who filled the key of a government they were conspiring to destroy, that their friends and supporters can see little hope of the Union or of the Government except in the immediate return to office of their old associates and allies. "Conservative" doctors, especially, are extremely severe upon every the fact that the political sympathisers of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS are not likely to be triumphantly put at the head of the Government by the loyal American people, and loudly bewail official corruption and the degenerate times.

That there are great frauds upon the Government, trials and convictions like that of HOMESTAMM clearly establish. That there are gentlemen in uniform who take pay and play "ol soldier" is undeniable. That there are rogues still abroad, and even sometimes in the employ of the Government, is as true as it was when FLOYD and DAVIS were Secretaries of War. But that there are weak spots in the revenue service is as true as in the days when names which it would be painful to specify gave that service its reputation. And finally, that there are political corruptions are proportionately much less now than they have been for many years is as true as that publicity is sadder than secrecy.

When so immense a war burst upon the country, involving the raising, equipping, and supplying of an enormous army and navy, the opportunity of swindling and plunder was increased ten thousand fold. No Government could possibly prevent it. The only hope of escaping it lay in the universal honesty of the people; and if that failed—if it chanced that the people were not entirely honest—the rogues would betray their gains. The duty of the Government was to expose and punish the gamesters as fast as it could find them; and this duty it has not been omiss. It has been faithful and constantly performed. The public commission that sat in the Western Department, whose sessions were held in secret, closed, and the incessant private watchfulness of special agents, show that there has been no disposition to shut this duty; while the personal character of the gentlemen who have permanently composed the Administration has been such as to persuade every honest man in the land that, so far as concerned them, the Government and its Cabinet itself, as in the régime of rebels and their friends, whose return is so naturally desired by the pure and "Conservative" patriots who had no objection to Mr. FLOYD, but who find Mr. STANTON altogether culpable.

If any loyal man, however, is alarmed by the discovery of dishonesty among contractors, soldiers, agents, or ostensible friends of the Government, let him remember the consequences of the country, and reflect that such things are inevitable under any administration whatever during a war. JOHN HOOK barely bawling beef, beef, beef, through the Continental camp in the Revolution, shows that even the times that trict men's souls could not destroy selfishness, or prevent good citizens, therefore, promptly demand and support the investigation of all charges of corruption, wherever they may be laid and upon whomsoever they may fall. But at the same time let him discriminate. When he hears any ancient ally of FLOYD & Co. piously decrying corruption, let him suggest to the critic that the characters of the men and of the policy which he has always unshrinkingly supported make his criticisms suspicious. When Robert Maxime accuses his neighbor of stealing, Master Robert must not be surprised if people feel of his own pockets before they touch his neighbor's.

PEACE.

THE duration of the war and its cost in life and money incline some quiet souls, who would never consent to disunion, to ask whether we had not better try for a shorter road to peace than fighting. But is there any such road? Is there say so short a way out of the war as through it? Suppose that the Government should order General GRANT to send in a flag of truce and propose an armistice. What should follow? Why, he would ask the rebels upon what terms they would agree to return to the Union? But they do not wish to return. They have done with the Union. The error of the honest peace men is that they do not see the rebellion to be the expression of a determination of the rebel leaders to found a separate government. They know, if we do not, that a system of free labor and of slavery can not coexist in a political society like ours. It has been tried from the beginning of the Government, and was practicable for seventy years only because during that time the interest of slavery constantly overbore that of freedom. The moment it was clear that freedom was to prevail, the friends of slavery tried to withdraw to form a new nation. They do not question the fairness or constitutionality of the election. They did not even wish to see if any illegal acts were to be attempted. They said simply, as Mr. RHETT expressed it, that "it is nothing remarkable that Mr. LINCOLN's election or the Fugitive Slave Law. It is a matter which has been gathering head for thirty years."

The rebels armed, then, in the firm conviction that freedom and slavery were incompatible in the same Union. They were willing to risk war with an established Government, with a much greater population, with infinitely superior resources. For three years they have maintained the contest, although they have been steadily reduced in territory and power. And if now they were asked what terms they would accept, they would surely answer "disunion." They would say, 'Let us part in peace. You want liberty; we want slavery. We said so before we began the war. Let us separate.'

But if we should reply that they might dictate terms, would they be more pliable? If we should say that we would agree to tolerate slavery in any State, and in all the Territories; that its discussion should be a penal offense; that any body who decided the humane and religious and civilizing character should be imprisoned for life, and that the mention of the word should be a capital offense, would they retract? Certainly not. They would say, and with perfect truth, that we were promising more than we could perform. They would say, truly, that they knew the sincere sentiment of the loyal States was averse to slavery, and that consequently the mind and heart and conscience of the North would not support such an agreement. They would say that they originally rebelled not because of any violation of law, but because of a difference of conviction; and they would add, that while any kind of material interest might be adjusted a radical moral difference could never be permanently compromised.

What arguments could we offer them that would break the force of such convictions? What more could we do than promise to let them have their own way? Have they declined before what would remain but either to consent to disunion, or to compel them to submission to the Government?

"CONSERVATISM."

SINCE "Conservatism" culminated in the bloody riots of last summer it has not paraded its name very conspicuously. But of late we have observed that it begins to plume itself a little. "Conservative" men are invited to dine and chat. Resolutions and speeches are described as "Conservative." "Conservative" opinions are warmly commended. Let us see, then, what Conservatism truly is, and test the claims of that which just now in our history endeavors to assume the name.

The inevitable and eternal activity of the human mind tends constantly to draw society into ceaseless progress. This is the spirit we call Reform. It is the wind that forever fills the sails and moves the ship. Conservatism is the rudder which holds the moving ship to its course. The happy progress of society is achieved by the harmonious co-operation of both. Reform stimulates; Conservatism directs. In this true sense young men are reformers, old men are conservatives; or, as we might say, youth for action, age for counsel. But both are for progress; for without movement society, like the individual, dies.

Each of these tendencies, of course, has its extremes. There is an extravagance of reform which blows upon the sails with a fury that splits them, and a foolishness of Conservatism which deserts the rudder for the anchor. Both produce the same result; they stop the ship.

Apply these plain truths to our own situation. We are maintaining a Government founded in impartial liberty against a rebellion for the destruction of the Government and the perpetuity of Slavery. What is true Conservatism in such a contest? It is that course which steadily and strongly promotes the success of the Government and the overthrow of the rebellion. A true Conservatism aims first and always to preserve the vital principle of the Government.

Are then the ignorant, brutal ruffians who lustily denounce "niggers," or the better dressed and educated who accuse the Executive of pure despotism, who destroy public confidence in the management of the finances, of the army, of the navy; who sneer at all measures proposed; who suggest of our military misfortunes; who extol rebel successes; who charge the guilt of beginning the war upon the loyal States, and that of continuing it upon the Constitutional authorities; and who shout the valor of soldiers if they are negroes, in the face of the plainest facts—are these persons, who in every way embarrass the Government, who distress the people, and favor the triumph of the rebellion and slavery "Conservatives?" Yet there is not a single point of slander or accusation which now calls itself "Conservative" that does not do some or all of these things.

To such dull folly does this kind of "Conservatism" naturally fall that recently one of its organs deliberately declared the assault of the colored troops upon Fort Wagner, a year ago, to be a fiction. "Anxious to operate on the meanest prejudice that ever imbruted any portion of a civilized people, and fearing best slavery should become more unpopular in the light of the glorious heroism of men of the enslaved race, a newspaper peculiarly fond of calling itself "Conservative" denies that there was any such assault. It might as well deny that there was any Fort Wagner or any battle; and it may hope to be believed upon its word. And the hearts that ache and break because of that battle; when it can restore the brave youth who left his home to the paper, full of life, charm, and was "buried with his niggers" by the enemies of God, of man, and of the country, whose cause this "Conservatism" obsequiously serves.

Just as true as it is that the spirit of Conservatism is the same spirit which, despising human nature and love of man, was treasonable to the assignment of France, and produced the French Revolution: in CHARLES and JAMES STUART of England, and restored the kingdom for fifty years: in GEORGE III., and occasioned our great Revolution; and, finally, in the doctrines of human slavery at the bottom of revolt in this country, who have plunged us into this bloody war.

The true Conservatism of our Revolution protested with OTIS, ADAMS, and WASHINGTON against the encroachment of parliamentary power. The false cried, with Dr. JOHNSON, "taxation is tyranny." The true Conservatism, tried every legal form of redress, and, when it failed, was deluded by no siren song of peace and quiet and prosperity, but struggled for the independence of America and fought for six years. The false Conservatism decried the true, then as always, as radical, revolutionary, and incendiary. And the same spirit to-day, despising the real significance of the word it misuses, opposes a dull resistance to every form of progress and development which an enlightened people necessarily makes under free institutions. Consequently it is at once impotent, ridiculous, and contemptible. The Lamia, in the Greek story, smiled like a lovely woman; but the eye of the philosopher saw what she was, and brought her to nothing by the ground a loathsome snake. The modern Lamia will find the common sense of the Yankee as terrible as the philosopher's eye.

FIGHTING FOR OUR FOES.

IT is only gradually that the facts appear which illustrate the terrorism under which the people of the seditious States have long suffered. Thus we find in a M.S. letter now in our possession, written and sent from New York by a "friend of the South" in January, 1861, less than two months after the secession of South Carolina, the following passage:

"I had much money from the Gulf States in seeking investment here. I saw a letter from Bob Toombs bitterly denouncing the forced collection of money. One gentleman writes that he was visited the day he left by 20

minute-men, who ordered breakfast, *maltreated his servants*, and forced $300 from him."

Take this fact as a specimen, put it with the innumerable instances of the actions of Vigilance Committees in lonely country districts throughout the South—the mock trials, tortures, and executions of men whom any ruffian for any purpose chose to denounce—and what an appalling picture we have of the necessary condition of a society in which almost half the population were regarded as chattels, and in which a few great proprietors, owning the land and the laborers, kept their white fellow-citizens ignorant and debased in order that they might submit without repining to their own poverty and wretchedness, and to the slavery of the blacks! Of course, as in the case mentioned in the letter, the consequences of such a state of things sometimes recoil upon the authors, and the victims of the tyranny play the tyrant.

Many of these wretched victims are in arms against us. But we are fighting for them. The war for the Union and the rights secured by the Constitution is a war for their social and political salvation, and our victory is their deliverance. As the guns of GRANT and SHERMAN shake down their idols and clear the air, these men, and deluded fellow-citizens of ours, will see that in this country whatever degradation injures every laboring man, and that equal rights before the law is the only possible foundation of permanent peace and union. It is for them, as the people of those States, it is against the leaders and the system which have deprived them of their fair chance as American citizens, that this holy war is waged. God send them and us a good deliverance!

REUTER.

THERE is a person in England by the name of REUTER who has the supervision of the telegrams to the London press. He announced MR. LINCOLN's nomination as follows: "*Mr. Lincoln has accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, which opposes the amendment to the Constitution prohibiting Slavery.*" In view of the fact that the acceptance thus telegraphed was the response to the interview with the Committee, in which the President read a written and unqualified approval of that amendment, this is very well to say. We wonder whether that worthy purveyor of news announced that the *Alabama* had sunk the *Kearsarge*. Judging from the past, however the mistake occurred, the telegram said precisely what REUTER and the English friends of the rebels wished might be true. For he knows instinctively that the sympathies of the working-people of England, which controls the action of the Government, would desert our cause if they could only be made to believe that we had ourselves betrayed it.

NEW BOOKS.

A DASHING, smashing novel is "Captain Brand, of the *Centipede*, a Pirate of Eminence in the West Indies, his Loves and Exploits," by HARRY GRINDAGE (HARPER). It is crowded with the exciting incident which, in these days of the *Alabama* and *Kearsarge*, is most timely; and in this summer weather it is pleasant to hear the roar of the surf and feel the breath of the gale that sounds throughout the story. It is melodramatic, of course. Pirates and the Gulf can not be otherwise. But the hearty welcome of "Captain Brand" in London, where it has been already published, shows that HARRY GRINDAGE's hand has not lost its old cunning; and the readers of "Leo Grinpo" and "Scampavino" will not willingly lay down this last and most important work of the author.

The author of "Guy Livingstone" will always be sure of his audience. So eminent a preacher of muscular Christianity, in the proportion of a ton of muscle to a grain of Christianity, has a fascination for a very large docket. "Maurice Dering" is his new story large discourse. "Maurice Dering" is in not very long, and is a tale of passion and revenge. The book is a curious study of the state of mind which is peculiarly English, although not in the best sense. Like "Guy Livingstone," it reveals a certain brutality of nature, a Berserkir quality, which explains much British history.

The third part of "Our Mutual Friend" is published in *Harper's Monthly* for August. DICKENS is all himself in it. The profuse, rollicking humor of the portraiture of the Boffin family is in the most excellent vein, and the extravagance is in the direction in which he is always best. His story is read, perhaps, better serially than in any other way, because it is more fully read. So pleasant a meeting morsel we are sure to turn and taste all over. Boffin is one of the grotesque masks with which DICKENS delights to cover a simple, faithful, genial human heart, and which reminds us of the variety of our common humanity.

In the third number of the Magazine we may also mention the graphic and touching sketch of THEODOSIA BURR and the interesting account of the Shakespearian Tercentenary at Stratford.

THE LATEST REBEL POETRY.

THE poetic muse still lingers in the Southern land. The rebel rhymsters are not all conscripts, nor the rebel women all utterly forlorn. There is, after all, a great deal of humanity left in the world, although the half of them are fighting, and half of the other half starving, it seems that among the remaining quarter some yet affect to be poets; and complaisant editors of dingy, half-sheet, rebel newspapers encourage their "fine phrensy" by printing their effusions in small type in obscure corners of their journals.

By favor of friends in Nassau—which portion of the British possessions every body knows to be the "neutral" head-quarters of the blockade-running interest—we have come into possession of late files of Southern newspapers, containing numerous specimens of fresh poetical contributions. These rhymes are of all sorts and written in every kind of metre. The elegiac, lyric, sentimental, amatory, and patriotic are all represented; and although their order of merit is not of the highest, their value as literary curiosities is not to be lowered.

A NEW YORK publisher has recently issued a compilation of "Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies," collected from the Southern journals during the first year of the rebellion, which at this writing is an interesting and valuable addition to the war-literature of the time; but since the date of its publication there have been various occurrences calculated, as MR. YANCEY observed, to "fire the Southern heart," and especially to stimulate the Southern muse—such, for instance, as the death of the rebel General J. E. B. STUART (commonly called "Jeb" STUART) in battle, during the present campaign of General GRANT. Stuart was killed by a rifle-shot in one of the early fights in May; and having been buried in Richmond, with such military honors as the meagre means of that harassed capital afforded, elegiac poets came to cast their lays upon his tomb. One of these effusions, published in a Richmond paper, is entitled "The Dead Cavalier," and bears the signature of "Mrs. Marshall Winston." It opens thus:

> The drums come back muffled that, beating aloud,
> Went out in the morning all thrill to the fight;
> For the hero we dread to be buried is shroud,
> And his steed is led ground without rider to-night.
> He sleeps in the valley, the valley he fell for,
> And march on the *cortège* to cadences slow.

Then the poet bids the beholder "stand by the corse," and

> ——Look down on that face;
> Mark where the bullet burst its way through—

and proceeds to tell of

> ——The story he wrote with the point of his sword:
> How it trolled through the cities, how it stirred up the land.

In a better vein than this is another—"In Memoriam"—to the memory of a young college boy written by H. C. Alexander. It has a melodious ring:

> Ten thousand scabbards clog with joy
> To arrange his bonnie plaid,
> Ten thousand shoes flash in sly,
> Ten thousand leaving behind are bare,
> Though Stuart is no more!
>
> No more! and is it then too true?
> Does beyond live so much more
> Nor yet again that flowing cree
> Shall we behold with gentle zeal
> Confront the battle's roar?
>
> No more your bonnie locks flow
> Shall Stuart lead the van—
> Asleep the rare Virginia knight,
> Nor rocks he 'tis the foe that flies,
> While victory follows him.
>
> Thou of the soldier's talon and brow,
> Mourn'st thou dead Jackson's charge?
> Mourn for the knighted Stuart then,
> Who brought you Jackson back again,
> O Rappahannock's magic!

Nor is this elegiac inclined to relinquish hope, even though "the flowing crest" lies low, for he adds:

> The royal blood is not extinct,
> Though Stuart and Hampton fall;
> Though Stuart falls, the Cavaliers
> Their bugles wind from hill to hill,
> And put their trust in God!

One more specimen of this elegiac poetry catches the eye. It is indited by Miss Margretta J. Cowell in memory of MRS. Beauregard, the wife of the rebel General. This piece of verse appears in the Mobile *Daily Register*, May 6, 1864, and is entitled "Lines on seeing Gnossa—the passionate utterance of a Southern woman:"

> Upon our country's altar still we lay
> With bleeding hearts our precious sacrifice;
> Accept, A God! with pride we offer Thee
> Of Southern Liberty the sacred price.
>
> O women of the South! in whose hearts
> How have ye meekly stood, an angel bond:
> Ever by your fire's constancy earned the right
> Of freedom for our suffering, struggling land.

Turning from these sombre pieces to the gayer efforts of the Muse, we find in the Mobile *Sunday Mercury* the following effusion addressed upon the President of the United States—evidently the production of some jovial rebel who determined to try what he could do:

TOAST'S TO ABE LINCOLN.

THE BRAVE CURSE.

> May Heaven's curses, dark and dire,
> Commingled with Almighty fire,
> Fall on your head and press you down
> With dreadful force to the dark dim sea.
>
> May pains forever from you fly,
> Fleasures flee when they come nigh,
> And in their place may gnawing pain
> Seize and rack your body and brain!
>
> May sleep ne'er bless your weary eyes,
> Nor guardian angels from the skies
> Around your bed their vigils keep;
> To guard you well should e'er you sleep!
>
> May friends forsake you, foes increase,
> And no kind hand assist or bless,
> But all the world be you to curse,
> And crush your life with bitterest woes!
>
> May loathsome sights appall your eyes,
> And scalding age with furrows rise;
> So mar your life that thou shalt rave
> For final refuge in the grave.
>
> On you may hell put forth its might,
> And shroud your soul in endless night;
> May this curse be thy resting-place,
> And that of all your cursed race!

And if there be a curse more dire
Than hell with all its liquid fire,
Oh, may it in your soul e'en creep,
And hellish fiends their slightly orgies keep!

TOASTER.

In this case "Toaster" must be a misprint for "Curser." No gentleman surrenders of indignant Fontiff was ever more hearty and precise. So far as we can learn, however, MR. LINCOLN still sleeps o' nights, just as if "Toaster" hadn't cursed him so heavily.

The sentimental mood inspires "Fireside Musings" in the mind of another Mobilian, who writes four plaintive verses, one of which is as follows:

> And my child upon my smiling,
> From my heart will grief beguiling,
> Seems an angel sent to cheer me in this dark and troublous hour,
> Like link'twixt earth and heaven,
> Like a bright and beauteous flower,
> Bearing me above the tempest and the clouds that o'er us lower.

It would be impertinent to hint that this resembles Poe. It is only the utterance of a Poet.

Two more verses complete the stunning this collection. One of them is given below, according to the original; and it is certainly a unique production:

THE WAR SONG.

> 1 Ime called to serve to leve my home
> my wife and Children too
> and thare is not my wifull doom
> as many other do
>
> 2 I march in to the battle field
> and there to risk my life
> there men there bloody weapon yeild
> for both sides and strife
>
> 3 all those to me boo are so dear
> they wep their grief and mourn
> they live in deal of Death and fear
> that I shall never return
>
> 4 but ot it is I must submit
> what are my fats may be
> to late the battle I have to meet
> my God to strengthin me
>
> 5 should this not fill a bonan beat
> and here upon the ground
> I can not help but feel distreet
> for those I left behind
>
> 6 the end effects of war I feel
> for sin my Jins must pay
> yet it is by me Makers will
> my life may still be spared
>
> 7 Lord be with all of mine I pray
> and all of my cosenes
> and make us meet to cross from day to day
> thy christ Lord to bless
>
> 8 it may be that this war will end
> and prisners all set free
> and volitteers returning home
> and soldiers cease to be
>
> 9 if Ime called home whilst I am gone
> shed not a tear for me
> but tell to all my friends a round
> I died for liberty

10 there our Widows are left to mourn
for Husbands once so Dear
how fell upon the battle ground
and never made to fear

11 now I must say farewell to you
and all I do not see
to think that I my lore no more
perhaps shall meet with me

12 but if I never more see you
I hope you'll meet in Glory
while I am roving ore the hills
of Heaven for ever more.

"The Contraband's Return" is a beatific vision of the happy time when the runaway slave will trot home to a "master," and pray for the privilege of being once more the humble bondman. The writer puts these words into the mouth of this impossible African:

> Don't you know me, Massa William?
> Don't you know me, Missus dear?
> Don't you know old Aunt Rebecca,
> Who went away from you last year,
> With Peter, Phil, and Philip Judy,
> To join the wicked Yankee crew?
> But I've come back, my dear old Missus,
> To live and die with you!
>
> I never knew the old plantation
> Was half so fresh and green to me
> As when among that Yankee nation
> The rebbles drove me to be free!
> But when I looked around for freedom,
> (We thought it was the bright and fair)
> Hunger, misery, and starvation
> Was all that met us there.
>
> * * * * *
>
> O, Massa William, see me kneeling!
> O, missus, my one word for me!
> You'll let me stay? Oh! thank you, massa;
> Now I'm happy! now I'm free!
> I've seen enough of Yankee freedom,
> I've had enough of Yankee love!
> As they have treated me, I'll treat them,
> Do't down to them above.

Here is a little prose poem of a peculiar style:

> So long as the Union was faithful to her trust like friends and like brothers we were loving and were just but when the Yankees proclaimed our rights to be theirs but we'st hoist on high the bonnie blue flag that bears the single star.—*Richmond Whig.*

Then cheer boys cheer Raise on high the joyous shout for Arkansas and Kentucky one and both were out and let another Rousing cheer for tennessee Be given for the single Star the bonnie blue flag has grown to be three.—Cheers—hurra hurra.

There are many more of these curious productions—elegiac, lyric, sentimental, didactic, and patriotic—but we conclude with the following very creditable specimen of the rebel amatory style, "written for the Mobile *Tribune*."

"OUR JESSIE."

> Our Jessie is pretty and true,
> Our Jessie is modest and true,
> I'm half dying with love,
> I could act or I could die,
> And drink my champagne from her shoe.
>
> Oh Jessie, I'm sorry I was,
> Oh Jessie, so pretty and wise,
> What pleasure the sun
> Can I ever have done
> To merit the light of those eyes?
>
> For Jessie, Oh Jessie, my life,
> For Jessie, through darkness and rain
> I'd ride a fine horse
> Though a cord for my neck
> Should await me, recruiting again.
>
> Oh Jessie, My Darling, My Dear,
> I would that I were a bee,
> I'd sock only thy lip,
> And there I would sip,
> (What an object of envy I'd be!)
>
> Oh Jessie, you dear little duck,
> Can such monster one be?
> Why an angel would blush,
> Look you mad, and my *bush*,
> If I kindly compared her to thee.

GEORGE WOOD.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT'S army still confronts the rebel lines at Petersburg. There is no new development in the investitures of Richmond; a portion of GRANT'S force, a very small portion, was recalled to Washington at the time of the raid, but they will soon be returned. The engineering of the bullets registered in the papers of the day was completed on the 26th, and by the retreat of the rebels, will soon enable our forces to intercept their communications. The long-continued drought is very perceptible.

It is reported that General SHERMAN has crossed the Chattahoochee: but he has not, it seems, very closely followed the rebels beyond the river. Much of the plain may be affected by interruptions in his rear has become a serious question. His communications must be protected: it is a long line to protect even if he had a hundred thousand men to spare for that specific purpose. He has found it necessary to issue an order prohibiting sweethearts in the disinfecting of camps. The Chattahoochee River rises in the Appalachian range in Habersham County, Georgia. Before it empties, it receives the water of Alabama at Miller's Bend, from which it flows nearly south, forming for 200 miles the boundary between Georgia and Alabama to its junction with Flint River, with which it unites, forming the Apalachicola. It is navigable for steamboats 220 miles above this junction. The latest advices report heavy rains on the head waters of this river. Johnston, not choosing to defend the line of the Chattahoochee, has withdrawn behind the fortifications at Atlanta.

The rebels appear to be inaugurating a series of offensive operations on a small scale, the object of which is to interrupt the main campaign in the line of the road. This line of operations begins with Early's raid into Maryland. We now hear of an invasion of Kentucky by a mere body of rebels moving into that State through Pound Gap.

LATE REBEL RAIDS.

The events of the late rebel raid may be summed up as follows: After the engagement at Lynchburg, June 18, Hunter, despite the superior numbers of the enemy, was of escape so convenient as through the Blue Ridge to Crawley. He left his heavy guns for Early to carry to the valley. He did so, accompanied by a cavalry force under Duncan, and reached the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, July 5, at a point just above Harper's Ferry, threatening Martinsburg. Sigel, in the valley, fell back to Cedar Creek and Sharpsburg. The rebels immediately occupied Martinsburg, and Hunter captured valuable stores there. But the Commissary and Quartermaster department, not forced into the valley, were ordered to Harper's Ferry and thence to Cumberland. The same day a force of rebels occupied the railroad, in which Duncan's Mulligan, covering Sigel's retreat, was driven back to Sharpsburg, where he was joined Sigel, and another engagement occurred. The federal forces being now reinforced, fell back to Maryland Heights. Max Weber, encamping Harper's Ferry, joined Sigel. In the meantime General B. Kelley, protecting the railroad from Baltimore to the Monocacy, prepared for nothing but an order to retire on Sigel. Gen. Wallace joined him on the afternoon of the 3d.

After crossing the Potomac the raiders in detached forces engaged in plunder; but on Saturday, July 9, they dispersed from Hagerstown, Frederick, Westminster, and other points threatened: but this was only for the purpose of concentration. Our forces had evacuated Frederick the previous night, and fallen back to Monocacy Junction. Here a fight took place between Lew Wallace and the combined rebel forces: the result was unfavorable; we were again concentrated and driven back on Washington, on the road to Baltimore. General Tyler was taken prisoner. The rebels then appear to have separated again, turning up here and there at unexpected points, and doing considerable injury to private property. On the 13th they cut the telegraph between Philadelphia and Baltimore. At Magnolia, thirteen miles from the city of Florida was less than that distance from Baltimore, a rebel force of 2,000 men, under Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, destroyed train from Baltimore. The 10 o'clock train was also captured. The force of these Major-Generals Franklin was taken prisoner. Gunpowder River Bridge was burned. Brigadier-Generals Lawrence Brailford, Franklin Stark, and General Ould were destroyed.

The rebels had been concentrated at Bladensburg and Beltsville on the railroad seven and twelve miles north of Washington, before capturing all communication with Baltimore. The rebels appeared before Fort Stevens, on the Seventh Street road, but were repulsed. Gallatin on the seven time, with his column, crossed the mountains at York Village, on the Ohio River and reached Parkersburg, where he established communication with Washington. Another column reached Cumberland. General Grant immediately ordered the reinforcements to Washington, and the movements and designs of the rebels, and their escape from the expedition are matters of history.

The Army of the South Corps was sent on from before Petersburg, and a part of the Nineteenth from Fortress Monroe. On Wednesday, July 13, the rebels began to disappear from the Washington fortifications, and their plunder with them. GENERALS TYLER and FRANKLIN both escaped.

CITY CHARLESTON.

An expedition under the command of General Foster, having for its object the seizure of James Island and other operations in the city, was partially successful, the lower end of the island having been captured. Subsequently an expedition under General Gillmore, composed of United and Twenty-seventh New York, fitted out for the purpose of capturing James Island by a night attack, signally failed; a portion of the force, about 192, were landed, but not being supported at the time, were captured by the rebels.

THE PRESIDENT'S NEW CALL.

President LINCOLN, on Monday, July 18, issued his long, expected proclamation calling out 500,000 men for service, with the provisions of the Enrollment Act as heretofore. The quotas of the States are given below, the following: The President may call for the militia for nine months or one, or three years; the volunteers to receive one, two, or three hundred days' pay for those terms respectively; if the quota is not filled by volunteering within fifty days a draft may be made for the deficiency; no men will be taken or recruited from the rebel States; all men hitherto enlisted and now in service, and who have since re-enlisted, are credited to the quota of the district in which they reside; the draft may be made for volunteering under the present call expire September 5.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

The vote of censure on the British Ministry which DISRAELI and his friends have been trying to get in the House Parliament has been passed in the House of Lords by a majority of one, and defeated in the House of Commons by a majority of eighteen. Among the supporters of the Ministry in the House of Commons are Gladstone, and Kinglake stand prominent.

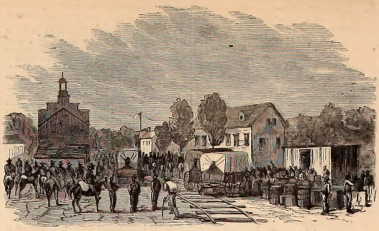
The death of the captain of Alsen are the following: The Germans were prepared, the moment hostilities were declared, to take a position on the island. Half of the Danish force, between one and two o'clock, they threw three bridges across the narrow strait, only 200 yards wide, and soon had on the Alsen side a force of 6,000 men, with cavalry and artillery. The Danes had only about 3000 men on the island. This force was compelled to fall back; it was drawn up in the form of a crab-lamp, to keep in check the overwhelming masses of the enemy; a sharp engagement occurred, with a somewhat heavy loss on both sides. The Danish army endeavored to escape to the Islands, with what success is uncertain.

MEXICO AND PERU.

The Emperor Maximilian has sent invitations to the late President JUAREZ, and other leading liberal chiefs, to come to the city of Mexico, and there consult together on a plan of restoration, guaranteeing them full protection. This invitation was indignantly rejected.

The Peruvian authorities are making great military and naval preparations, as if expecting a war with Spain on the Chincha Islands difficulty.

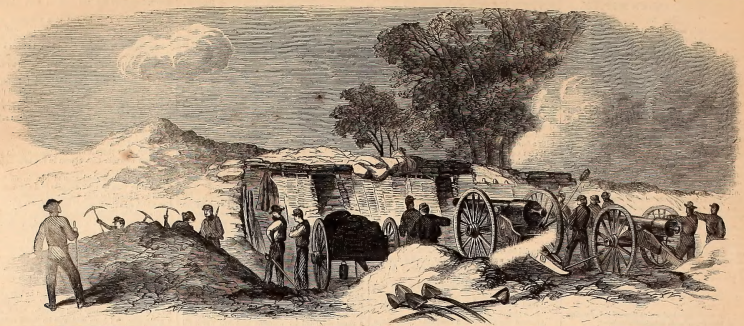
THE REBELS ROBBING THE FLOUR MILLS IN MARYLAND.



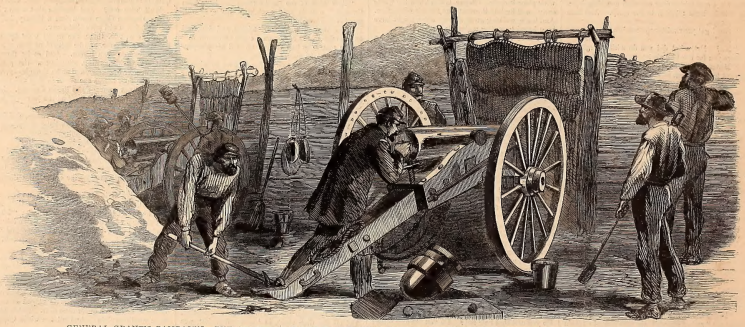
THE REBELS PILLAGING AT THE HAGERSTOWN DEPOT.

THE REBELS RETREATING WITH THEIR PLUNDER ACROSS THE POTOMAC RIVER.

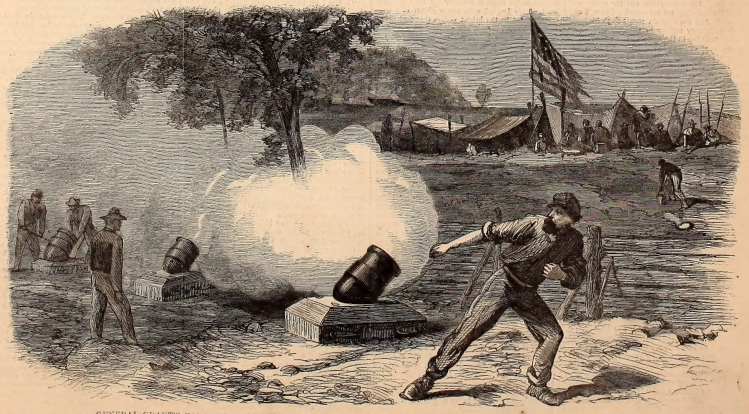
THE REBELS DESTROYING THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—CAPTAIN ASHBY'S NEW YORK BATTERY IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE GUNNERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CORPS PROTECTED BY MANTELETS.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—SHELLING THE ENEMY FROM THE COHORNS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

CAPTAIN GAGE'S MITTEN.

THE Captain reined in his horse at sight of his friend, Major Owen, with a cry.

"I say, Owen, will you do me a little favor? I've got to go down to Silsbee's to see about that case of Smith's, and can't stop to attend to my own affairs. There's a box from the 'Sanitary' just in, and I want a pair of gloves, mittens, or something. Lost my last pair yesterday riding back from that confounded creek."

Owen assented to the "little favor," and the Captain went along to attend to that case of Smith's, confident that his own wants would be faithfully attended to by the indefatigable Owen.

It was night when he returned—a cold, dark November night, with a drizzling rain driving from the east. Wet and chilled, his ungloved hands numbed with the exposure, his temper a little sore from his unsatisfactory mission about that case of Smith's, you may be sure he was in no very hilarious state of mind by the time he reached his tent. Tired, wet, hungry, and disappointed, he sat down before the little fire, which that lazy scamp, Pat Larkin, had assured him would soon "turn up like gowst," and while the same "gowst-like" was making preparations for his supper, he let his mood have full sway, not in outward expression, but in murky downhearted speculations on the past, present, and future of his life. And at this juncture in looks Owen, the indefatigable Owen, with his broad, good-humored face.

"Hullo! look at last, eh?"

"At last—yes."

"You must have had a nice time of it," glancing at the heavy top-boots splashed with mud.

"Well, I haven't been through Paradise, it's true," answered the Captain, shrugging his shoulders. Then followed a talk about that case of Smith's, a case which does not need unfolding here, as it bears little relation to the story. And then Owen says,

"Oh, I got your mittens—seen 'em?"

"No."

"No? Pat, what did you do with the mittens I gave you for the Captain?"

"Mittens? Sure I put thim away in the chist beyant to kape them safe."

"Well, won't you have the goodness to bring them forth from the 'chist beyant,' Sergeant Larkin," suggested Owen, laughing.

But before this could be accomplished Owen was called off.

"They're the best I could get, Tom. No great things, I guess, but there was a skirmish for mittens above every thing," was Owen's words as he went out.

"By George, there goes a good fellow!" ejaculated Gage, with his friend's exit. "He'll do any thing for a fellow, from a pair of mittens to risking his life for him. Lucky boy to! Sweetmind which he has bread falls, it will come up right. No, I don't care for the mittens now, Pat; put them there any where on the table, and give me my coffee."

And after the coffee and accompanying solids, his mood a little lighter, he lighted his pipe, and, lighting his pipe, turned lazily to the mittens, thinking not so much about them as that perplexing case of Smith's.

No great things, as Owen had said, were these mittens. They were of dark cloth with flannel lining, stitched neatly in red, but otherwise old and thin sewed mittens are.

"I dare say the thumbs are too small—they always are," rather grumblingly commented Captain Gage as he contemplated them. Drawing one on, he found he had reckoned too soon. It was a fit—a perfection. However, there was the other, and "Half the time they are not mated. There, I told you so!" And the Captain threw down the mitten to his imaginary auditor in triumphant disgust. And the finish lay in the thumb. Not that it was too small or size; it was filled up with some thing. He drew the "something" forth.

A little gold thimble; it looked like a child's thimble, and was well worn. Perching it upon his smallest finger Tom Gage regarded it with a smile of amazed amusement. Gradually this combined his observation, the expression of the smile changed. Into it stole a wistful softness, a yearning homelook, which told the story of his thoughts. He fancied the far-away scene, the wide, bright room filled with women young and fair and old, and turning away with pretty enthusiasm, though the day was hot or cold, over their "Sanitary" garments. He fancied how he had labored among them, some hunting vainly for her thimble at the last, and wondering where she could have lost it. Women young and old, and all this little lady, who, he had lost her pretty thimble in her work, perhaps, had put in all these days and evenings a great many kind and gentle thoughts for the possible wearer of her work. He pleased himself fancying still further what these thoughts might have been. How she might have imagined the manner of man this wearer would be—how she might have wondered, as she thinked away, what dreary moors they might go, and perhaps dropped a sigh of pity out of her little tender heart. Were such thou the thoughts of girls about soldiers? He fancied he from the many and many simple, eager questions he had found there a happy and manly one, and the tearful dark eyes that had looked up to him at some little recital of battle.

"Ah, women, young and fair and kind, or any women, young or old"—they were all fair, all kind, it seemed to him now—"when shall I live once more in your gentle, refining presence?" he sighed.

And sighing, his eyes light upon the little thimble—the tiny enchanter that has so suddenly summoned up far-away scenes. A glint of the candle sending up a feather flame falls upon the gold, and he spies what had escaped him before—a name engraved just above the delicate chasing. He bends eagerly forward; no school-boy could have been more excited than the "fire-eating Captain," as he was called. But consider the rare change of such excitements to a soldier living ankle-deep in Virginia's "sacred soil," and allow him his eagerness even over a lady's little gold thimble. He bends eagerly forward; perhaps there was half a hope that he might see some familiar name. No; though certainly not an uncommon name, it was not familiar, this brief name of Sue Browne, so deftly engrave etters amidst the twining leaves, and tendrils, and bunches of grapes. And not a romantic name, certainly, but it set Captain Gage off on another "fancying," a journey upon which we will not follow him. But when he returned from it he found his pipe was long since out, and the fire that had justified Sergeant Larkin's assertion, that it would "burn up illigant," was now but dying out. Captain Gage threw up to it, but with a faint laugh.

"Tom Gage," he said, reprovingly, shaking his head, "what an ass you are! Go to bed, Tom; go to bed and sleep off your folly."

But before he followed this sage advice he dropped the little thimble for safe-keeping into his watch-pocket, saying, gravely,

"Sue Browne, Miss Susan Browne. You have tapped on Tom Gage's hard skull with that fairy thimble of yours till I think you have cracked it."

II.

And did he sleep off his folly? That depends on what his folly was. If it was any thing connected with Miss Susan Browne's gold thimble I do not think he did.

The next day that indefatigable Owen met him with the question,

"Well, how about the mittens? Did they fit?"

"To a charm."

And that was all. Not a word did Captain Gage say of what he found inside the mittens. But he and-by, quite accidentally, you know, he asked about "Sanitary" boxes, and how they were got up, and what place it came. Oh yes, Owen knew the whole story; and he told it, greatly to Gage's edification. And Gage, making away with Owen's cigar, might have been heard to mutter under his breath,

"I dare say that girl has got red hair, and a squint to her eyes, and an awful temper."

What girl could he have meant but Miss Susan Browne, in his connection with the "Sanitary" box? And what right-minded person would say that she had red hair, a squint to her eyes, and an awful temper?

Captain Gage, I am afraid you prophesied truly of yourself when you said that a certain small thimble had overturned all the "sense" in you.

But leaving him here, let us slip back to where that "Sanitary" box came from, and see if Miss Susan has got the red hair, the squint in her eye, and the awful temper he endows her with.

There is a large, wide, bright room, as he had fancied, and there are certainly many young and fair; and older women, matrons and mothers, whose hearts are warm with sympathy for the "boys" in all of the fair workers. Clip, clip go the scissors; stitch, stitch click the needles; and there is a deep, sweet, murmuring sound of voices. Every now and then by a laugh that tinkles through the busy hum like a little chain of bells. Here are Mariana, and Matilda, and Miss Caroline. You hear their names called out occasionally; and presently comes the call, "Sue! Sue!" and, you look over that pile of flannel, and there, next to the window, she sits—Miss Susan Browne. And what do you think of Captain Gage's idea of her now? Do you call that hair red? Do you see any squint to those brown eyes? And is there any indication of an awful temper in the quick way that lifts up to view as her name is spoken? A little compact head, darkly tressed, with a gleam of wavy auburn here and there—bright threads that flashes out between a puff. Eyes straightforward and lucid as the skies, and within them the soul that such tokens a temperament where no sudden fires burst into storms. But there is plenty of spirit there, and lively vivacity, as nobody who knows Miss Susan Browne will deny—

"And she sits there and blesses Captain Gage's mittens!"

Not a very dashing flower, not one to make Musket, or Kate's, or Caroline's eyes ache with envy, but a sweet, pleasant flower all the same, with such delicate pinks that make little show in garden clusters, perhaps, but are sweet to the senses when one comes nervades every corner. And as "she sits there and blesses," she sits there and sews, on a mitten of dark cloth, that same little thimble. Click, click, goes the needle as the red silk stitches form, into lines; but I am afraid her lively expressions of face and eyes do not indicate that she is to Captain Gage's somewhat pathetic fancy. "Dear, dear, she must have had needle work enough, I'm sure! these horrid mittens! I believe I shall mar my fingers to the bone with them!" And she puts up the little stained forefinger that pretty well proves her belief.

"I'll change work with you, Sue," says one of the matrons, looking over a girl-voice behind her, with gracious amiability at this plaint of the little carnation-pinks.

"Oh, no, thank you, I'll finish what I have begun. I hope though the wearer won't look at the stitches."

"I wonder who the wearer will be, Sue."

"Some great clumsy fellow, I dare say."

There was a Roland for a Susan Browne, Captain Gage.

And then followed a vivo talk about the relative merits of "seam, and gusset, and band," and what they liked best-to do, and "weren't these thumbs horrid to make?" "and how that cloth smutted the hands!"

"But after all," concluded Miss Susan, brightly and decisively, "I don't suppose much is necessary for soldiers, poor fellows!"

"So would I," and "so would I," chorused all the rest, ruffling Captain Gage's fancy at last.

And then, perhaps, these queen-bees, and roses, and pinks, clustering their lovely heads together, talked over some special soldiers, young officers, and it may be, privates, whom they knew. And I dare say their words went hither and thither with their thoughts; at this party, or that festival, where they met Captain A, or Lieutenant B, or C; and it is quite likely that they criticised Mary's gown, or Anne's hair, or Fanny's manners, as they went on; but I am quite certain they were sweet-natured and well-bred about it, quite certain that they were womanly, instead of womanish, in which two words there lies a vast difference of meaning, you know.

And taking up his pipe was late autumn day darkened toward its close, and they rose up to make preparations for going home.

Then it was that Susy exclaimed: "Why, I can't find my thimble any where!"

They all joined in the search. And, "What did you work on last, Sue?" asked one.

"On those mittens, and I had it on my finger when I was packing them away in Miss Deane's box."

"Oh well, I dare say it fell into the box. I'll run in and ask Miss Deane to look out for it before the box is sent with the rest; the Deanes live in our block, you know."

And that settled the thimble question for them; but, as we all know, Miss Deane did not find the thimble.

III.

THERE was great rejoicing that day in some hearts, and there were not a few, for the—ah—had arrived. The mail-bag, the colors waved, and cheers went ringing up as they "came marching down the street." The drummed many eyes at the old flag, stained and riddled, fluttered by, and a shout ascended for welcome that was worth all the rest.

"Think of the battles that flag hasbeen through!" a man said to another on the sidewalk.

"And think of the battles those men have been through!" a little lady exclaimed, her eyes wet, and her lip quivering.

The little lady was our friend Sue, and she stood on the edge of the curb-stone, eager and excited.

The men were marched and nudged his companion, and said, in an under-tone,

"Guess she's got a sweet-heart along with 'em."

If Sue had heard the words she would have like her to have thought, if she had not said,

"I wish I had—I'm sure I couldn't have braver."

And there she stood in the bright winter sunshine, waving her little white handkerchief, and smiling and smiling her welcome. Though she had no personal acquaintance amidst them, all solitaries were like kin to her, she said. But she knew the names of the officers by this time.

That was Major Owen, that great fellow with the red face and the white hair; Captain Gage, with looked so grave, and was so tall."

Wave, little handkerchief, in the winter wind, and smile, smile, for that is your innocent salute! Though these grave faces may not smile in return, their hearts are warmed by your greeting.

And Captain Gage, passing by, noted with rapid glance one and another; and Sue, with her handkerchief, could not for some escape his notice. But she was almost under his horse's feet—the dear, little dark face, with its tears and its smiles, and the flattering white signal! And Captain Gage, as he caught sight of it, thought just as the man upon the sidewalk had thought, that the girl had a sweet-heart probably among them. And in another moment he was observing somebody else, I suppose, and had quite forgot all about it with the sweet-heart. And all the time there, in his watch-pocket, was that little gold thimble which he had never forgotten.

"When I go home," he had said, "I will find this Miss Susan Browne, and restore her property." And how that Miss Susan Browne was finding out her eyes, and no wonderful prescience told him of it.

To find a Miss Susan Browne in a great city was something like the old proposal of "looking for a needle in a haystack." To be sure he knew that the Sanitary box came from such a department of the city, but there were so many branches. In the first place, Miss Susy, making every body her "dear," if they knew a Miss Susan Browne, and the answer was invariably "Yes," then he investigated further. Perhaps as Susy was not on a committee, nor holding any other office, but was simply a Miss Susan Browne, and a favorite with every one in the world, he failed to get a clew to her here.

And then—but if I should tell you how the fretting Captain Gage, all about this gold thimble, I am afraid you would believe that it had most certainly cracked his hard skull.

One, two, three, four, the weeks sped by! The regiment was rapidly filling up its depleted ranks, and not some of the soldiers were ready for the word to return to duty again. And there was Susan Browne's property yet on his hands; so he kept up the "round of drawing rooms" business, which for a long time threw only dust in his eyes.

Once sauntering down Broadway with Owen, he heard a girl-voice, instead of a girl-voice behind him, and one pronounced the magic name.

"Sue, Sue!"

He whirled Owen round as if he had been a top.

"What, what!" exclaimed the bewildered Owen. But he found out in the direction of Gage's eyes, and did not ask for any further explanation just then.

"I'll meet you at the Sanitary rooms, Sue," was the two girls' parting words in this neighborhood. And there she was, this Susan Browne, *and she had red hair, and, ah! yes, almost a squint to her eyes!*

"A fright of a girl, and looking as cross as two sticks," was Gage's verdict; and, "I might have known it," for a reflection.

But following on behind her, in a minute or two there steps up to this Susan a dapper little fellow, with a cane in his hand, and mustaches, who, lifting his hat, says with a drawl,

"Ah, good-morning, Miss Gilmore."

So that was the end of that—not Susan Browne, but Susan Gilmore. "What an ass I am!" pronounced perhaps for the fortieth time Captain Gage.

And another time he was at a reception, and somebody was calling, "Sue, Susan!" And he turned and saw a grenadier of a woman, and found out (to his relief) that she was a Mrs. Lawton with six children. And again it was a pretty, pinkcheeked creature with dark eyes, and that he was sure, but she turned out a Miss Susan Long.

And at last he said to himself, "Well, I give it up." And one very night Captain Gage had penetrated him from his pips, and took him to the opera. And he was leaning back, listening to *Don Giovanni*, when some one in the box next him said, in an audible whisper,

"Why, there's Sue Browne."

"Where?" was asked.

"Why, over there with the Landsmers; in the box next to where that old woman in the horrid gold bonnet sits."

Captain Gage looked around him in dismay. There were twenty pink bonnets and more—how could he discern by that wonderful female perception which was the "horrid" one? But—ah! there on the right is a little dark head nodding, and bright eyes full of recognition turned to his neighbor's box. He heard the name of *Don Giovanni*, he saw no more the stage and the performers. He leaned back, and took in a different picture. A little lady with a dark head and lucid eyes; but we have seen her before, and we know, though not—she is not—content a beauty, yet she is a very, very fascinating picture, Susy Browne makes.

After this he haunted the opera, and he was pretty sure to see the little lady with the dark head, for Sue was passionately fond of music; but it was a great city, *ah!* I have said, and he found nobody to introduce him to Miss Susan Browne.

But there was that property to restore; why not say to him at once, "Miss Browne, I have in my thimble of yours which you dropped," etc., etc., etc.

Well, why not? Just because that wasn't his way. Captain Gage could make a battery, but he couldn't face a girl with that story.

And, one, two, three, the weeks went by, and the opera was gone, and he seemed no nearer Miss Susan Browne than before. And so he thought that springing, encamping, standing at the parlor-window after breakfast, and as he thought—and he opens the door across the street in the tall brown house and out comes—Miss Susan Browne. Isn't it just like a story-book? And it's just as true as truth too.

Well, out comes Miss Susan Browne, and Tom Gage no sooner sees her than he goes straight to his sister Bell with the inquiry,

"Bell, who lives in the house opposite?"

"A family of Brownes moved in last May."

"There's a Miss Susan Browne, I believe?"

"Well, I don't know, I'm sure—there's a little dark girl, rather pretty—the eldest Miss Browne, I believe."

"Exactly; it is Miss Browne—Susan Browne; and Bell, I want you to go over and call." And then he proceeded with the greatest ease, "I have something for her that I am bound to give into her hands; and Bell, I want you to go over and take me her, now, and ask her if *I* may call. I can't explain fully now."

Of course Bell jumped at a conclusion, as he knew she would, and made up a pretty story of separation, and loss, and a ring, or something left behind in Town's keeping. Oh yes, she would and prepare the way. And she went that afternoon; and between them the two girls played at crossquestions, and had a great deal of fun. But Captain Gage would explain. And all the while Captain Gage was thinking:

"Oh, I dare say I have been blundering about after her when she was a stone's-throw from me. What an ass I am! I'll do the usual conventional."

But he got his way. That evening he stood in her presence—quite alone; for he had told his sister, with that severe face of his, to make a melancholy air, that he thought it better to go by himself.

He stood in her presence and drew from his pocket the little thimble.

She turned red and pale, and red again, all in a minute; and "I'm sure I'm very much obliged," she thought: "Why this is the face I saw red and pale and covered with tears on the sidewalk that day we came in from the review, with the sweetheart. I wonder if she really has—"

But his wonder was lost in the gay little smile and the exclamation.

"Where *did you*—"

"Get your thimble? I'll tell you."

And then they sat down and fell to talking as easily as if they had known each other for years. And the girl-voice laugh sounded more and again as he told how he found the thimble, and Captain Gage thought it was the very sweetest laugh he had ever heard and knew. But there was no right to divulge a lady's secret, only I will say that I don't think she found Captain Gage "a great clumsy fellow" after.

Of course you can foresee the end; you have foreseen it all along, and you have known when and wins the owner of the thimble; for we know that when she stood, red, and white, and tearful, on the sidewalk that morning that she had an unknown, unrecognized sweet-heart, who was blind enough to think her some one's else.

One by one of the queen-roses came to see her.

"And you found Sue's thimble in a mitten!" she said, laughing, to Captain Gage, when they were there.

"Yes; and found something else much more valuable than the thimble," replied the Captain.

"Eh, what?"

He turned and lifted Sue's little hand to his lips for answer.

And that was the way the engagement was announced. Owen, offering his congratulations, sagaciously,

"I think I deserve some credit for this: for I hadn't been for me Tom would never have got his valuable mittens."

And Tom owns it, and owns, too, that he had

been half envious of Owen, whose bread always came up on the right side; but now he thought he had the best of it.

But Owen, looking across the room to that fair and stately sister Bell, and meeting the glance of her beautiful eyes, is inclined to doubt this last assertion.

WHEN I WENT AWAY IN THE RANKS.

WHEN I went away in the ranks last year
I carried a heavy heart in my breast,
A heart which was burdened with bitter pain,
And which throbbed with a weight of wild unrest.
For I longed to stand on the battle-field:
"The sword," I said, "is the weapon for men!"
And I prayed to God that he might not shield
The life which he was so fruitful then.

I loved Alice Leigh with a deep, fond love.
One night as we walked in the still moonlight
Together adown the hawthorn lane,
When white-starred blossoms grew thick and white,
I told her how dear she was to my heart,
How much dearer even than life.
"Promise me, Alice, before we part,
That when I come back you will be my wife."

I looked in her eyes as I spoke these words;
Something like diamonds glistened there;
The moon gazed down on us from above,
And the still light shone on her pure gold hair.
Then came that burden of bitter pain
Which I bore away to the wars with me.
There on that night in the hawthorn lane,
When Alice answered, "It must not be."

The sun shone bright on the morn we left,
And the air with the scent of buds was sweet,
Through glint of sunshine and breaths of shade
We marched away; the dear old village green,
Which rang with the loud resounding cheers
That greeted us every step of the way:
And I bravely smiled as I thought of the tears
Each wife and sweet-heart would shed that day.

We passed the house in which Alice lived;
In my ardent eyes I looked another shed,
But I thought of the perch with the trumpet-vine,
And the warm June rose which budded red,
And I felt somehow that Alice was there,
For hovrier grew the heart in my breast,
And I knew that she wore in her pale gold hair
The purple ribbon which I loved best.

Then followed these scenes in a soldier's life:
White camps stretching afar in the sun;
Long weary marches through dust and heat,
And the bivouac when the march was done,
With the brief watch-fires burning sweet;
Casting red gleams of flickering light
On the tired groups lying upon the ground;
And at length the din of the furious fight.

The maple had changed from green to gold,
For the breath of the Autumn had touched its leaves,
And the yellow locks of the ripened corn
Were gathered together in harvest sheaves,
When I came home to my father's door.
Home from the cruel wars again,
No better was I than one of his sons,
And in my heart was the old, old pain.

But before the leaves had begun to fall,
Or yet the robin had southward flown,
I thought how sweet a life to me now,
For I held a small white hand in my own,
And Alice asked me if I knew why
She gave me the promise I asked her to give;
That it would have been harder for me to die,
And thus, oh, how hard for her to live!

HEFFIE'S TROUBLE.

I REMEMBER how late we all sat round the fire that night, Aunt Rachel, Cousin Lucy and I. It was such a cold night, and such a bright one, and was going on out of doors, as made the pleasant cheerful warmth within seem doubly pleasant and cheerful.

My aunt had been left a widow some years since, with two children, a son and a daughter, my cousin Lucy, and Arthur. I had lived with them almost away, knowing no other home than my aunt's pretty cottage at Ashwood, no nearer than I can feel now. My own mother had died, leaving my poor father desolate as strangers land. And now, after twelve years of absence, he had come back to live at Riverbank.

To that sweet spot, my golden June day, he had brought my gentle mother, a pretty baby of seventeen; and there, about a year after, I, their only child, was born. Being so young when I left it, I had of course little or no recollection of the place, nor do I remember having any desire to see it again. I was still this strange and unnatural—perhaps it was, but then our home at Ashwood was very retired indeed, a sunny nook in a quiet corner of this busy world of ours. Beyond the rector and his wife we had very few neighbors. Lucy and I had only each other to play with while Arthur was away at school; and when he returned our lonely holidays were happy indeed.

So possibly the succeeding five narrow, wearless stream of our life flowed on, and we were happy and content; not knowing any other, we cared not to have it widened. I do not think this circumscribed life of ours did any real harm to Lucy; with me it was otherwise. I suffered where she escaped untouched; for we were very differently minded each other.

Here was a frank, sympathetic, trusting nature, that easily attached itself. You could not help loving her if you tried. She would creep into your heart like a little bird, and there make a green little nest for herself, even before you were aware. My disposition, on the contrary, was shy, reserved, and cold; or, rather, my affections were not easily stirred into warmth. I was slow to open my heart, and I opened it only to a few; but for them I had a kind of passionate worship that would have considered no sacrifice too great, no self-renunciation too impossible. But ah! at Ashwood my love had never been put to a severer test than the little daily efforts to please my gentle aunt and cousins. Beyond them I wanted no one else; I never cared to make friends. Even my father's name—that name which above all others should have had a sacred shrine in my heart (I say it now in all the anguish of a sorrowful shame burning at my breast)—had little power to kindle any emotion there. And, so when one day the news had come to us that he was going to marry again (a widow lady, with an only daughter a little older than myself), it did not please or trouble me. It was his affair, and not mine, quite, as something I had little concern in. But when, a little later, a letter came telling of their arrival, and that now he had a home in which he wished to have his child again, I felt as if a heavy blow had fallen upon my heart, and only yielded as to a cruel necessity. Dreading to the last night of leaving my aunt and cousins, of changing my calm, unruffled life at Ashwood for a new existence among strangers, for many weeks all rest was to be strange to me.

And so, as I said before, we three sat round the fire very late that night. We heard the clock in the hall strike the hour of midnight, and still we never moved. I think each of us felt as if we must heart dreaded to be the first to break up that last home conference. Lucy, with an expression of touching earnest in her eyes, sat looking into the fire far more gently and submissively than into my future life; while dear, kind Aunt Rachel would not or could not, but went to her pleasant, hope-assuring word, though I could see that her own eyes were wistfully full of little she spoke. And so at last we said good-night, once more and for the last time; and once more Cousin Lucy and I lay down to sleep, side by side, in the two little French beds with rose-bud curtains, in that same dear room we had called the nursery long ago. Before the sun was up we were awake once more long miles apart. The old life was gone; sunk Aunt Rachel's fond, earnest blessing, and Lucy's tearful embrace, were all that remained to me of the happy home days that would never come back.

Well, I arrived at the station at Riverbank, that house which had been my mother's home for nearly all her married life; yet my heart refused to recognize it as such. I felt as if I were but on the hall and said, "Heffie, you are quite a woman; I am glad, very glad, to have my child again." And my step-mother greeted me also affectionately; and Agnes took my hand and said (with her eyes looking kindly into mine), "Shall we be sisters?"

And so they took me in among them; and day by day they strove, with tender words and loving deeds, to win my wayward, silent heart; but still I remained shut up within itself, closely as ever door was locked and barred.

Day by day I grew more and more unhappy, more and more estranged from them. Their kindness only irritated me. I felt as though I would not strive with myself. The old life was gone—and its dead around and within me; and instead of trying to read calmly the new leaf that lay open before me, I only turned it with my hand, and pored over in my memory, turning again and again the pages I had forever finished. I lived and moved in a kind of dream, wishing that I might awake to see my home of what I saw or heard. I spent hours in my own room, reading over and over again the books Lucy had given to me the night before I left them. Most of them we had read together, she and I, and now I must read them alone. Sometimes I would winter afternoon was growing dark and cold, a sick, dreary feeling would creep over my heart, of miserable loneliness, that seemed almost more than I could very intensity. Ah! had I not brought all my trouble upon myself? No; I was not pretty, like Agnes. I knew that, and knew that I seemed to also and was proud of her, I could see; but not proud of his poor, pale little Heffie. It was always Agnes who went out to ride with him, always ready to walk wherever he liked, who read to him in the evening when he was tired, and I was not. And it was seldom with him, that I never read or sang to him for hours as she did? Because I had a false feeling in my foolish heart that he could not love me, could not care for me. How should he, when I was so little to him and she so much? So days and weeks and months went, and autumn and summer came once more, once more to gladden men and flowers with their sunshine, and I, in those days of golden sunshine, and soft, cool, dewy nights. Yes, summer came once more, and with it came a change in my life, very unlooked for, very sad. One morning I received a letter from my Cousin Arthur, saying that if his uncle and Mrs. Leigh would kindly consent, he would like to spend a few weeks very much like to come and spend his summer holidays at Riverbank. He longed to see me again; it would be like a coming back of the old days.

"Yes, Heffie, certainly," said my father, when I gave him Arthur's message, "let him come by all means. We shall be delighted to see him. It will make a pleasant change, a very pleasant change for us all."

As I rose to leave the room I saw his wife's gentle eyes turned on me with a kind, half-pitying look in them, as though she had not heard her say (when she thought I was out of hearing), "Poor child! I am glad will have this pleasure. It is long to see a little color in those cheeks. It is too young to look so sad."

And Agnes answered, "Yes, it is too young; life should not be difficult at seventeen. Oh, Margaret, I have a great fear haunting me sometimes." And here he lowered his voice to almost a whisper, so that I heard no more; and I hastened up stairs to write my letter. What was this great fear that haunted Agnes's heart? I wondered. I had often remarked lately (as I said before) my step-mother's eyes watching me with an anxious, half-pitying expression; and once or twice I had seen them fill with tears when she thought I was not noticing her. Did this great fear haunt her too?

Three days passed by, and Arthur came—pleasant, cheerful, kind Cousin Arthur. How my heart bounded at the sight of him, at the sound of his fine manly voice, that seemed to me like an echo from the old life—the old life that was gone! All was changed during the few weeks he staid at Riverbank. It was as if some kind fairy had come with her magic wand and touched the hours, and turned them into gold. I felt almost quite happy. Something of my old self seemed to have come back. It was a season of strange, wonderful gladness—a short, happy dreaming, that went too quickly by—and I awoke crying, to find it over, gone.

I knew he and Agnes liked each other from the beginning; nothing was more natural. Many of their tastes and pursuits were the same. And so it happened that day by day there grew up between them a sure yet silent sympathy, so near and silent that for a long time neither was conscious how much the other thought of it, make the same part of life more bright and sunny still. Week after week went by, till we counted six, and then Arthur's holiday-time was drawing to a close—very. The last evening came (how far away it seems now as I look back). I was sitting alone in my own room, not reading or working, but hardly thinking, but listening listlessly to the dull patter of the rain against the window, for it had been pouring all day.

Presently I heard a knock at my door, and Arthur entered, saying he wanted to talk with me. He had hardly said so when he saw me morning.

"Dear Heffie," he said, "I want to tell you something, something that I want you to feel glad for. Can you guess?"

"No. How should I?"

"Well, then, Agnes has promised to-day to be my wife. Say you are glad, Heffie, won't you? You used to be glad years ago when I brought home a new prize from school; but now you do not speak."

"Arthur, I am very glad." I said it with my lips, but not with my heart answered, "Yes, Heffie, you are not glad; you know you are not."

"Why not?"

Because that moment had revealed to my heart a secret it had been keeping from itself, a secret it had been my one object to hide from all the world, out from the dark, silent corner where it had hidden itself away, and, standing out like a giant fierce and strong, it stood before me full-length. It stared me in the face mockingly, cruelly; and I saw that it was an idol I had been bowing down to, a pitiful idol, a false god that I had made; and this idol was crumbling, the pillar was falling, and I, who had leaned too long on that one support, was weak (oh, I was very weak!) and must fall.

Arthur staid with me for a long while that evening, talking and rejoicing—of Agnes and himself, all. He asked me to be kind to her when he was gone, to show her love and sympathy for his sake.

He knew not how I was acting me to do anything. The next day he was gone, and Agnes moved about the house quiet and subdued, as if a little shadow had come over her. I felt very sorry for her; while I, who had no right to grieve, yet grieved most hopelessly. Ever at the slightest sound of merry laughter, I can look back calmly on that time, as on its recollection of a troubled dream, from which the sunshine came (that was when the wedding was to be) were very dreary ones to me. There was a little brief while indeed, in which I thought I should see him and a visit on their way home from Portland; but when that was over I felt even more desolate than ever. My heart was more than ever closed to Agnes. I felt toward her as if she had done me a cruel wrong; as if she had stolen from me something that might have been mine; that I would have valued, oh how priceless!

One afternoon, near the end of November, as I was sitting at the library with my father, he looked up from his newspaper suddenly, and said, "Heffie, my child, I wish I could see you happy, really happy. I can not bear to see that pale face of yours day after day without a smile upon it. Can you not borrow of your step-mother a little cheerfulness?"

I did not answer for a few moments. Then a desperate resolve seemed suddenly to shape itself into words on my lips, and I said, "Yes, dear papa father; let me leave Riverbank. I can never be happy while I stay here. Let me go."

"Go! Leave me! Heffie!" What can you mean? Where do you want to go?"

"Any where, papa father; where! I will be a governess, or a companion. I will do any thing: only let me go away."

"Why, Heffie, I do not know what you are saying. Are you in your senses, child? What makes you so unhappy? Tell me."

"I can not tell you. I can not tell any one. But, oh! I want to go away! I want to go away!" And in the passion of my entreaty I sobbed bitterly.

"Heffie, Heffie," exclaimed half frightened, "what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No, no, no," I said, and rose. Mrs. Leigh entered the room. She tried to speak to me; but I rushed wildly past her into the hall and up stairs, never pausing till I reached my own room, and there, sinking on the floor beside the sofa, I pressed my head against the pillows and wept as I had not wept for a long time before.

Presently I heard a step in the passage. Some one knocked at my door. I did not answer, or even raise my head; I desired that they should see my tears. Again the knock was repeated; but I never moved. Then the door opened, and I knew, without looking back, that it was my step-mother who stood near me. She laid her hand gently on my shoulder, saying: "Heffie, my poor child, what is the matter? Are you ill, or in trouble, or has any one been unkind to you? Do tell me."

But still I did not answer, but kept my face buried in the sofa pillow.

"Heffie," she said again, and this time there was even a little stormess in her voice, "Heffie, listen to me. I must speak to you; I must know what all this means."

Her manner quieted me in an instant. I let her raise me from the floor, and, seating herself on the sofa, made me sit beside her, put her arm round me, and drew my head to rest on her bosom. She did not try to stop my tears altogether: they were flowing more quietly now; but I was cold and trembling, though my head was burning; and, taking one of my hands, she gently chafed it in her own without speaking a word for some time. At last, as I grew calmer still, she spoke again.

"Heffie, dearest love, why will you not tell me what is troubling this poor little heart so much?"

"Because, because I can not tell any one. I must not tell any one. Nobody could help me if I did."

"Is it so very bad, dear—so incurable? Oh, Heffie! I would be to you in your dear mother's place if you would let me—if you would open your heart to me, and trust me as you would have trusted her. You are too young to bear all this grief alone. Will you not let me share with part of it, at least?"

What right had I to all this tenderness from her, whom wrongly I had kept away? Who, for nearly a whole year, had coldly repulsed the love she would have given me? Did I deserve it now? I knew I did not; but that last appeal was too tenderly, too earnestly made—seemed to touch somewhere in my heart a chord that had never thrilled before. My proud, wayward heart was bowed in a moment, powerless to close itself any longer; for she had found the right key, and used it skillfully. Yet, after a year's hard striving (cold and resisting on my side, patient and gentle on hers), I was conquered at last; and, subdued as I humbled as a penitent child, I lay weeping in her arms, depending on her love. And there, in the shadow of the dark November twilight, I told her all my trouble: no, not all, not quite; but she (with the quick insight of her woman's sympathy) guessed the rest. She did not say many words to comfort me. She only said, "My poor child!" But I could feel her silent sympathy far more than words. I felt it in the closer pressure of her arms round me, in the touch of her hand on my hair as she tenderly stroked it from my forehead, and pressed a constant kiss upon it.

"You are very young, dear," she said at length, "for such a hard battle; but you will gain the victory if you ask for strength."

I knew not how long we remained together that evening. I only remember trying to raise my head to ask her forgiveness for the past, and being hastily able to speak for the burning pain in it. And I remember how kindly she insisted me to bed, and sat by my side for a long while, till she thought I had fallen asleep; but the next few days I can scarcely recall: they are almost a blank in my memory. I know that I was very ill, and for some time in danger of dying. I lay in a half-delirious, half-waking state, having no part in the life that was going on around me. My dreams were restless and distressing. I remember only that one image—the pillar I had leaned on too long for strength. Once I thought my Cousin Arthur and I were walking on the edge of a precipice: it was dark and foggy, and every step I was afraid of falling. At last I felt the arm I leaned on growing weak. Then I thought it was still strong enough to support me. By degrees, however, it seemed to grow very, very feeble, and slipped, for I took was in my eyes, and I felt myself falling. I cried out in my agony of fear, "Oh, Arthur, save me! do not leave me!" And then I felt him in my clasp, and as he was Agnes bending over me, while she bathed my burning forehead.

"What is the matter?" I said. "Where I been ill? Where am I?"

"In your own room, Heffie dear. You have been ill; but you are better now," she answered.

"Oh, yes I am better now. Have you been here ever since?"

"Mamma and I have both been with you. We want to make you well and strong again."

"Do you? I thought you could not love me. Why do you stay with me?"

"Stay with you, Heffie! Why should I leave you? You are very dear to us, and we would you?"

I thought you would hate me. 'I was unkind, cruel to you."

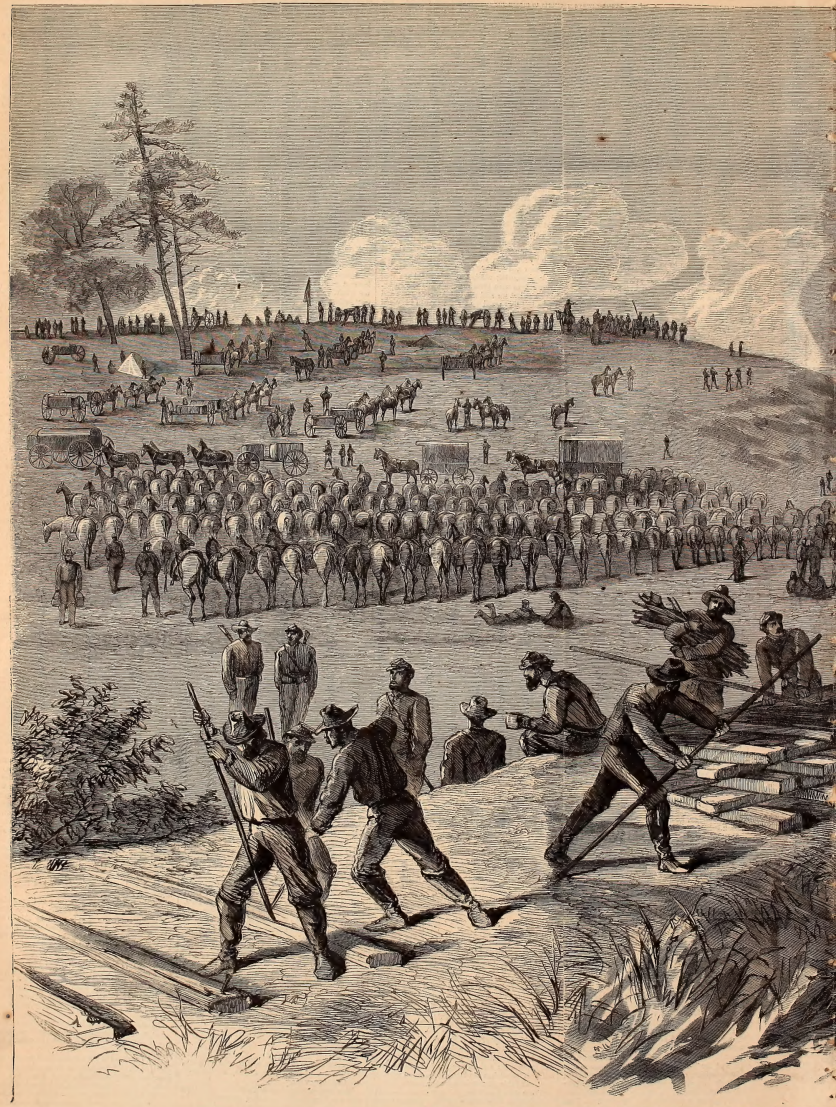
"Hush, Heffie, that is all over now. Let us try to forget it, shall we? But here is Dr. White coming to see you again." And at last entered the doctor opened, and my step-mother and the doctor came in.

I will not dwell on those days of weakness, and the weeks of slow convalescency, that were added. It have said that that time, as I see it now, was a troubled evil dream, from which the waking was pain and trouble and the shadow of a coming pain. Yes, the shining came at last; the battle was won, because the strength that won it was not my own. Still, the joy was very dull, as the sky was cloudy and hers. I saw them kneeling side by side, and heard the words, "I, Arthur, take thee, Agnes, to be my wedded wife." And in my heart I blessed them, him and her. And so they went away, and I tried to fill her place in the house as well as I knew what she had been; and they were very kind and patient with me, and would not let me see how sadly they missed her.

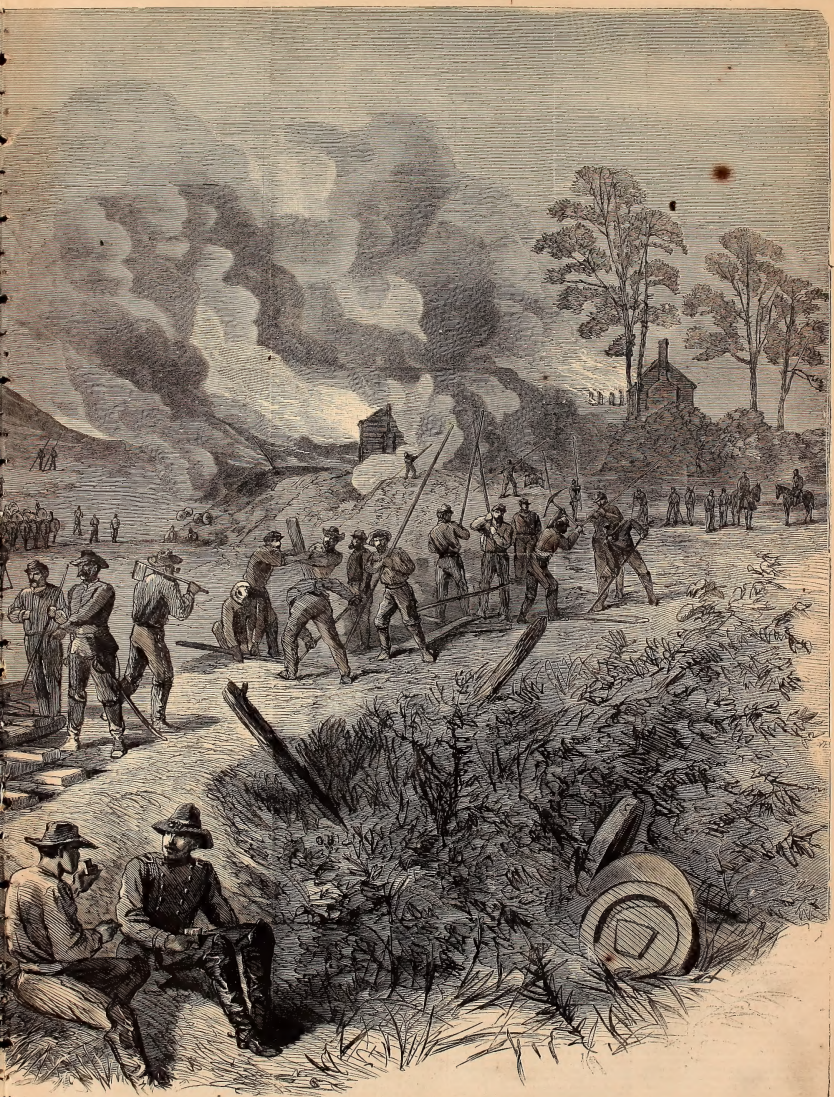
Nearly twenty years have come and gone since then, and many things are changed. I am happy in their own child, whom they have named Heffie. She is now a fair girl of eighteen, with the image of her mother's youth upon her. And as I gaze into the blue depths of those true, earnest eyes, I think, half-mournfully, half-thankfully, of the old days at Riverbank.

Aunt Rachel has left her lonely cottage at Ashwood, for the rector and his wife have begged her to make her home with them, the rector's wife being Cousin Lucy.

And I, reader? My home is a small lodging in a quiet street. I have only two rooms; but they are snug and pleasant enough. And here I live, and write books, and make verses, very thankful if now and then I am allowed to add my little drop of help or comfort to the sea of human charity around me. And I am happy; for though my cup may never be full, it is not empty, till I know it is filled (how much fuller!) than I deserve.



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—DESTRUCTION OF LEE'S COMMUNICA



ATIONS BY GENERAL WILSON.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See First Page.]

THE WHITE SAILS.

As I look out across the sea
The white sails greet my longing sight,
Slow floating widely out from me,
None ling'ring now where ent twas bright.

With many smiles, and many tears,
We watch them fade along the way,
With many hopes, and many fears,
Last we have said "good-by" for aye.

Once more I look upon the waves,
And once again the sails gleam white,
From those who are so true and brave
Dear Love, I'll not be long from thee.

Ah me! the white wings of the sea
May bear me blessings over more;
The face mine eyes have longed to see
Lies hidden on a Southern shore.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

BOOK II. WOMANHOOD.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ON THE RIVER BANK.

He who writes these lines was, many years since, dining in a cheap restaurant in the Palais Royal. He liked to dine in rich, but humble, poor, was forced to put up with the second-floor splendor of the great Palace of Gastronomy. The glass is now glittering and the gilding is gaudy in the attic as in the basement of this place, only there is a diminished price correspondent to the accent you make, and, by an odd paradox, you lose caste as you mount. What matters it? If that which they call a poulet à la Marengo on the first floor be, as they assert, a nasty mess hashed up from the scourings and leavings of better cookery, and the poulet down stairs be a triumph of the art which Soyer and Ude excelled, it must come to the same thing in the long-run. Abate a little for difference in flavor—and what is flavor? The whole thing must be minced in a pie, or caviar, or the trail of a woodcock, at first tasting? You will find both dishes equally rich in cullis, nutritious in ingredients, and not sloppy. And both will make you equally bilious the next morning.

I was dining, I write, then, being pinched in purse, dined, not at Véfour's below, but at the humbler Beauvilliers above. He had good wine and health remaining then. He could look upon the wine when it was red, or even when it was the kindly ordinary ever-passing claret without dreading its after effects. He paid his forty sous; had his three courses; fed, and was content.

Now here was a thing which struck him between his first service andalu dessert, on the instant occasion consisting of a pear—there swollen, supine, and sleepy that, being a Reader of things as that period, he likened it to the Elder Brother of the Trinity House. The thing struck him thus. Richard's is very brave and full of gayety. Nay, there are more ribbons on every side of you. Though ever so solitary at a table you need never, if reflection can help it, be dismal. You have the companionship of yourself. Eyes right and eyes left, and then turn voile-face: as you are ambidexter, you can become twins twice over: quins, if I may coin such a word.

The person discovered of, however, was satisfied with using the knife, fork, and plate before him as a plane of perspective, and looked straight before him, without moving his head. In front of him was a very large looking-glass in a very gilt frame. Marriage with Hymen's saw himself. Naturally, also, he saw reflected in the looking-glass which was at the other end of the dining-room another set of the same family. And in equal obedience to the immutable laws of nature, the starting-points of reflection and reflective being once established, were stretched before him an interminable vista of mirrors before and mirrors that were behind, of front-sets and back-sets of dishes, knives, forks, and chandeliers over and over again, to infinity. So, lately, when standing on a high tower upon a rock looking upon the Falls of Niagara, did this same person ask, unthinkingly, and in a fool as he was, of the guide who was his guide, whether the rush of waters were always at that wise: whereon the black man answered him, not according to his folly, but in simple wisdom: "I 'spect, massa, it's always on at that rate and other." Ever and ever. The solemn words brought the scene of the looking-glass back to his mind. They too were on at that rate and ever. Although the dishing lines of the perspective diminished at last to a pin's point, and their continuity was undiscernible to the keenest gaze, they were there stretched on, more and more microscopically delineated, upwards upon myriads more looking-glasses, tables, knives, forks, and dishes. The old schoolmen used to hold disputations on the metaphysical logicse of angels dancing and dance on the point of a needle. The thesis is not so absurd as it seems. Give us but a lens of sufficient magnifying power and we might discover how upon some spicula of matter ten thousand times finer than a "Coventry bradred," not thousands, but millions of God's creatures, having heads, and lungs, and ducts, and bowels, and lives, do dance.

The looking-glasses, then, went on forever and ever. There could not be an end to them, for they had no ends. There could not be a beginning, for there were two beginnings, or rather the beginning was the end, and the end was the beginning; for the foremost mirror did no more and no less in glancing back its fellow than did the hindermost one. It was the old, old story of the serpent with its tail in its mouth.

And while he who had paid forty sous for his dinner was gazing on this, and musing upon it, the deft waiter approached him from behind with the sherry-pear. He saw him in the glass. He was a very white-faced waiter, and his grin was ghastly. His ears, his horns, much gas, and the steam of many dinners, had made him hopelessly pallid. Never too much flesh had he, I wot, and that which he had originally possessed had wasted away beneath the influence of the gasburners and the stew-pans, so that he looked now merely as though a withered Norfolk apparent had been drawn, for decency's sake, over his skull. With his clearly-erected cuticular, whiskerless jaws, gleaming teeth, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, white cravat, with his monstrous bow and his exposed collar, he was extremely much like a genteel death's-head. Something like a shudder came over the guest as he looked upon this fellow of Mortality, standing in the midst of the vast image of Eternity streaming away from him. As there were more mirrors, so were there more Death's-head waiters; and they encompassed him on every side, and went on for ever and ever. Mortal man, for one moment!

That Life should be so dove-tailed into Death, faster and firmer than the cunningest joiner, with his glue and his mortises, could happen to, but natural, is but the way of the world, is but decreed beyond our comprehension and our conscience. Between us and the grave there is then come, and wait for the end in humble hope, than to continue peering into the looking-glasses till we go mad.

Much the more so, as the yellow forehead of the King of Terrors, with its cadaverous fish eyes, as the worm that never dies has the pretiest painted skin imaginable, as Death is but the reverse side of an old coin, and has a design representing the innocent pastimes of Arcadia, and the lives of gods and goddesses. What did Mr. Wordsworth, of Rydal Mount, down Rydal Mount way, know of death? The church-yard was her playground. Those who slept beneath were not dead, but her brothers and sisters, and they were seven. Death, after all, is of the masculine gender, like love, and sometimes he and he changes hue. Get over the embarrassment of a first acquaintance, and he turns out to be somebody else. He is no longer Death, but Life Eternal.

Now, there was a certain little maiden who had lived all her life on the very brink of the grave; who had been cradled, as it were, in a bier, and whose playthings were, not dolls and playthings were, after a manner, skulls and crossbones, a matock and a spade. Of course I am speaking metaphorically. Those kindly little maiden, pretty little Mademoiselle Amanda, had no bodily acquaintance with the ugly things I mention. She knew of them, indeed, heard them talked about every hour in the day, lived over them and bore their icy neighborhood with great philosophy. Her own parents became less innocent young head about such horrors? She had been for long years accustomed to them; besides, they were her good papa's business, not hers. She was very fond of her good papa. She was very fond of every body. She was now in her sixteen years of age; and at that period of life I have known youngsters who were fond of spiders and monkeys, and even of the rats and the crossest of cats.

Mademoiselle Amanda lived in the left wing of the Edifice, which was but one story high. The Edifice was called (I am afraid) The Morgue. That good papa had his house in the opposite wing, and there he kept his huge vellum-bound and brass-clamped registers, which were quite as fully, and with as much interest, read as the books of a London banking-house. Papa was a public functionary. He held a responsible post in the service of the police of Paris, and lodging, fire, and candles were allowed him gratis.

Mademoiselle Amanda lived with papa over the large room on the ground-floor, once used by the lodgers in the Edifice. The lodgers never thronged her, although there were in all hours, some of them very unseasonable. They were the quietest lodgers in the world. They set no disquiet among their fellows, and, strange to say, they paid nothing for their bed or their board—that could properly be called board which was in reality nothing—for their parlor was quite a grove of singing-birds. She had two canaries, a goldfinch, and a bird in a hanet. She had a blackbird who sang the "Marseillaise" and the "Parisienne"—airs not distantly resembling each other—which he declicately avoided the imputation of being an outand-out Republican. The last kind boy now and then coming up "La Belle Gabrielle" and "Vive Henri Quatre," but who was not, by any means, a Bonapartist in his views. The blackbird could be persuaded to give so much as a bar of "Partant pour la Syrie."

Amanda's walls were hung with pretty lithographs and water-color drawings. On her balcony, overlooking the old houses on the quays, with their high roofs and blind-like dormer-windows, with the narrow bright blue Seine shining between, and the gaudy legions of barges passing, ing all, she had a miniature conservatory. Yes, she had roses and geraniums and forget-me-nots, and the modest sweet-smelling mignonnette. She adored flowers: so seemingly did Blaise, her cat, though ofttimes chastised for lying perdu among the foliage, whence at his ease he could blink with covetous eyes upon the birds in their cages. And so she found out, too, did the accomplished little Amanda, and had not only a pretty cottage-piano made by Fleyel, but absolutely a harp—a harp of her own too, from Erard's factory. Her good papa denied her nothing. Sheets of music lay about—dulcet little barcarolles, and romances, and chansonettes, the which she warbled, accompanying herself meanwhile with such sweetness and such grace as frequently to elicit from her guests twitters of approving criticism. Then she drew—drew very prettily, too. Big classical heads with round chins, vacant eyes, broad foreheads, and tresses like coils of rope. These she finished in Italian chalk on tinted paper, to the delight of her professor, who was a lodger, and went from the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Did she paint? Yes, flowers, and a little landscape. Any thing else? Well, she enjoyed excellent health; was not too fond of mental reading for a girl of her age, choosing even then the demurest of fictions, and utterly eschewing the then existing but perilous MM. Dumas and Paul de Kock. She was very good and pious. She went there regularly to mass, and had sea pauvres—her poor—whom she tended and succored even as though she had been a staid middle-aged person. Yet she had had nothing to do. She had been to a ball but thrice in her life. Men, with the exception of Monsieur Philibert, she spoke to as mere and noble creatures, but still as devouring monsters to be feared and fled from. Ces terribles Messieurs, she called them. Monsieur Philibert she did not fear. He was old and fat, and she had known him long, and he was very good to her.

Little Amanda's mamma was dead. Nobody but herself, her father, and a bonne, lived on the first floor of the Morgue, or top floor of the Edifice. Down stairs there were people who took care of the lodgers, but she never saw them. There was a porter, and he let to go out, at least once a week or so, when business was slack—for the lodgers were very capricious as to the time of their departure, though exceedingly regular as to that of their going—Amanda's papa would take his daughter for a drive, and go to some little boulevard theatre, whence she would come back skipping and clapping her hands, and humming the airs of the vaudevilles and couplets she had heard. The little girl was as good as gold, and as happy as the day was long.

Of the great revolution that Jean Baptiste Constant was entertaining his friends at the Café Anglais, Mademoiselle Amanda, too, had company in the first floor of the Edifice. Lily was there. Now, I am afraid that Madame de Kergsley would have been very angry indeed had she known that her protégée was paying such a visit, or was in such a place. It was, perhaps, the wrong one. What an odd fate for young lady who was being educated in genteel notions to find herself in. But it was all Mademoiselle Amanda's fault. That good woman could see that Lily was unhappy, that she was mourning in secret for her father, and that because of her sorrow. She strove to assuage it by every means in her power, to divert the young girl's mind, and to lead her to the cheerful things of life. Innocentes—these young ones are always the same. They get an idea into their heads, and it takes a hydraulic pump to get it out again. Let us try to amuse her. Let us strive to make her gay. She must be dull sometimes in that old place of hers. She must be in love. Malediction upon love, and yet one can hardly help blessing it at the same time. What an old fool I am! If Ma'mselle Lily is in love, I can not expect her to make a confidante of an old, worn-out, battered creature like me. Let us place her in contact with something young, and fresh, and innocent, to whom she can tell half her secrets, and who will tell us the rest. Did I say young, and fresh, and innocent? Ah, ma foi, they are all that to poor Valentine-la. They can all find out what love is.

will take her to see Amanda. There can be no harm in that.

Amanda was one of Madame Thomas's great cronies. She had known and loved her ever since she was a child. She had an awful reverence for Amanda's papa, whom she called Monsieur le Gardien; she had known his wife, Amanda's mother, a very pretty, with a perpetual cold in her head, which had ultimately got into her stomach, and so carried her off. She loved her. She entertained the profoundest respect for Monsieur Philibert, who, whenever he met her, never failed to raise his hat with his fingers on dits and the choicest snuff. The first floor over the Edifice was, indeed, Madame Thomas's most frequented resort. Whenever she had half an hour to spare she would slip away and revel in chat. Nor did her patronage of the Edifice stop there. Madame Thomas wasn't exactly a ghoul. She wasn't a vampire. She had no cruelty in her composition. She was a kind-hearted old woman, well enough disposed to be jovial on occasion; but she had, in common with a great many other old women, a secret and irresistible penchant for that which some persons are accustomed to call the horrible. Madame Thomas called it the proper name it is useless to dispute. Every body has his taste, his whim, his fancy. Every body. Madame Thomas had hers. She did not carry it to excess, but she was forced to gratify it sometimes. She liked to rest down with it, to the terrination of her gossip on the first floor of the Edifice, and see how the lodgers were getting on. It did her good, she liked it, although on one or very far removed from that period of life when her own might become the property of a lodger herself, a permanent one, although not in the Edifice. Sometimes the lodgers were green, and Madame Thomas would take a great deal of stuff; sometimes they were blue, at which she would take more, and cry "Pouah!" And not unfrequently they would be back green and blue.

Amanda did her best to entertain her guests. She bustled about, putting her birds through the most winning of their ways, and by pleur à barge—the noise of their cages, the rattling them with bits of sugar between her pretty lips, eliciting from them the sweetest of their carols. Of her flowers, too, she made great show, blowing aside their petals, and tinging up their delicate leaves to show her visitors. Then she sat down to the piano, and played some of her liveliest airs; and then—no severer critics being near than a young girl as innocent as herself, and an old woman who knew no more of music than the old of Greek—she sang some arch little French songs—songs that had refrains like the fluttering of birds' wings, or the pattering of mice into their holes—songs which didn't mean much, and were mainly, if you please, nonsensical; but which, at least, didn't mean mischief—at once a rarity and an advantage, I apprehend, in the vocal music of France in the day.

By this it was breakfast-time. The bonne set the table, and laid out the simple summer cates on which the girl usually breakfasted—eggs on the plate, cream cheese, fruit, plenty of bread-and-butter, and, as a little extra for the wine. "If good papa and Monsieur Philibert should come in," quoth Amanda, "their beef-steak and their omelet will be ready for them in five minutes." There was a stronger wine, too, for the use of good papa and his friends. Strange to say, the wine was always kept in a cupboard on a level with the dwelling-rooms of the Edifice. They had a cellar down stairs: why didn't they store their Bordeaux and their eager there? Well, Amanda didn't like the notion. Perhaps she thought the cellar, so near the Seine, was damp; perhaps she feared that those lodgers, usually so well-behaved, might get up some night and abstract bottles out of papa's potables. And the bare notion of one of those lodgers coming about the cellar! Ugh!

Breakfast was a very good one, and with him his ancient and constant friend, Monsieur Philibert. The latter was the pleasantest, cheerfullest-eyed, whitest-toothed, most contented-looking man you could wish to see on a summer's day, or out of the ranks of the most benevolent battalion of the Legion of the Seine, or out of the members of his own peculiar profession, which is also a good deal. Philibert was a National Guardsman, and, as such, naturally wore spectacles, and was slightly inclined to corpulency. He was not quite a martyr warrior, however. That big beardless, three quarters of exactly wooden face, with the round hole in the shone with distinction at several barricades, and had loomed large in the fore-front of the battle, when the Boulevard Montmartre, the Faubourg Saint Antoine, and the Quartier Latin were the scenes of a horrid attempt on the king's life, was swept by troops. Philibert was not quite so angry with the half-civilized people of the world as to have beseemed a loyal man, bourgeois de Paris, and young subaltern of the order of things and the dynasty of Lafy, to have shown cowardice. He spoke of the murderous Italian, pending his trial and condemnation, as "that wild boar." Once he was heard to allude to him as "le pauvre diable." You see that Fieschi, with his infernal machine, although he missed the principal object of his hatred, and blew off, instead, his own fingers, and ultimately his own head, was nothing to him. Philibert had seen Italy, in full uniform, was riding by the side of Louis Philippe. And, as a matter of personal marshal have one of the grandest of funerals ever seen in Paris—triumphal car, winged Victories, gilt wreaths, pall of velvet and cloth of gold, human woods of ostrich plumes, horses draped in black velvet—every luxury, in fact. And was not Philibert dead? Not Philibert in his tarnished and red epaulets of the civic soldier, but Philibert full new gloried, in plaited and rutched linen, in velvet and silk embroidery. Philibert with the cocked-hat known as chapeau bras beneath his left arm, and a shining drawn sword, con tipped with silver in his right hand—Philibert with a dress-sword by his side, a silver chain round his neck, and silver spurs on his heels! For he also was a marshal of France, after a fashion, and had a right to bear a baton.

He was, namely, a member of the ceremonies attached to the Corporation of Undertakers—to the Company of Upholders, as it was formerly called—and conducted some of the most splendid funereal processions of modern times. The undertaking and the undertaker, although the one could not exist without a sympathetic vampire, a ghoul, but Philibert smiled philosophically at their sneers. The plump and rosy man was not one to be ashamed or proud of his profession. "I shall yet live," he would say, "to conduct the imposing ceremonies incidental to the interment of the great Napoleon. Our funereal remains are still detained by his barbarous and perfidious enemies in the Island of Saint Helena, where they slew him. What a funeral that will be! With the aid of the military forces, the paraphernalia of the parishes, and the choristers of the Opera, the Pompes Funèbres shall, please Heaven, far surpass all they have hitherto done. The funerals of Napoleon, Louis the Eighteenth, S. A. R. the Duke of Berry—what those of the Emperor of the Universe shall be thrown into the shade. When we file down the Champs Elysees, on our way to the Invalids, something shall be seen." Monsieur Philibert was an artist. Thus, though he half forgave Fieschi for shooting a marshal of France who could not be interred with honor, he regretted the utmost horror and indignation at the fate of the hundred-mouthed and hundred-throated cries to the indiscriminate massacre caused by the infernal machine. "In not the fosse commune—the common ditch at Montmartre—gorged enough," he would say, "but that we must strive to choke it still more with miserables, coffined in white deal with tin-tacks, and shovelled into the earth at an expense to the good city of Paris of eight francs seven sous. And these emeutes, these riots, which, in my capacity as a member of the civic guard, I have the honor to assist in putting down with the sword in the peu, of what good is it shooting and bayoneting

all these deluded artisans and half-starved us paupers? It is nobody's business to bury them decently, and after cumbering your register for a time, good papa, what is there for them but a pit filled with quick-lime? It is inconceivable. Poor people ought not to die. They should go away somehow, or, at least, they should save the administration the trouble of burying them at a tariff which I have no hesitation in affirming to be indecently and absurdly low. Why is there not a Ganges into which the corpses of ces hommes de rien du tout could be thrown, or a funeral pyre whereon their bodies could be incinerated? For such a ceremony, performed en masse, the Pompes Funèbres could, perhaps, display a taste and a luxury from the use of which, in individual cases, it is debarred." This was Monsieur Philibert's grand manner. There was no harm in him, however. He was one of the mildest and most placable of men. He was a widower, and his wife had once kept a baby-linen warehouse: what time, ere he himself had gone into the undertaking business, Philibert had not disdained to hold a senior clerkship in the Bureau de Nourrices: an agency office for wet-nurses.

THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

"Now, Lieutenant, the yarn," said I, as I filled my can.

"Yes, Lieutenant, and a tough one," cried Jerry Bloom, the smallest midshipman in the United States service; and a dozen more voices clamored in, impatient for the promised yarn.

A heavy sea was running; night had fallen; we were off watch, and snugly stowed between decks, with our legs under the gun-room table and a thick bottle in our midst, and—jolter still—Lieutenant Bracetant had promised a yarn. A small portion of his own he had gentlemen, and a fertile brain withal. His stories were the delight of the gunroom. His heart was as brave as his wit was his appetite for grog, and every one loved him. He filled another glass, looked mousingly at the occupied bottle, rubbed his hands, and then made a beginning:

"It was not in these days of iron pots, cheese-boxes, and steam-engines, you must know," said he; "but on the dear old frigate *Florida*—*requiescat in pace!*—defunct her waste before a stiff breeze, and with more rats in her hold than in a North Sea whaler. We were the flag-ship of the African squadron, and money was scarce, and the days infernally hot; when, just as the day dropped, at the close of September, we were overjoyed to hear tidings of—"

"All hands on deck if you want a share in *His* prize!" broke in the waiwile from the gun-room-ivory; and we unagreeably tumbled up, snapping Bracetant's yarn without compunction, for we had become greedy for plunder on board the *Petrel*, and relinquished even our grog for the hope of a prize.

"Where is she?"

"What is she?"

"I don't see her."

"There she is to the sou'west," said the cockswain, pointing with his spy-glass.

"By Jove, a steamer, too!" cried Bracetant, delightedly.

The *Green Goatee*, stuffed with cotton to her scuppers," suggested Jerry Bloom, commencing a horspipe; and every one else had some surmise to put forth as to the character of the strange craft.

"Bracetant is right," said the Captain, who had been studying her intently with his telescope; "she's a steamer, and a big 'un. But she's not coming out; she's making for the Lights with her best foot forward."

We were glad to hear it; for even cotton could be forgone for the sake of English rifles, hospital stores, and army stuffs. We crushed on more steam, unfurled the ship-pallants, and made all preparations for a short chase. We had been to Philadelphia for coal, and were still fifty knots from our old blockading station on the North Carolina coast to which we were returning. There was a heavy sea from the quarter of the day before; but the sky was cloudless and the moon unusually bright, and our craft was the swiftest in the squadron; so that, with an open ocean, we had little doubt of overhauling the stranger before the coal reach the protecting guns of Fort Macon. We noted at first, the object of our attention grew rapidly bigger as we sped on under the extra head of steam and the straining bellows. She challenged against the sky as big as a whale, and in a few moments we distinguished the column of black smoke which her low chimney vomited against the sky; but we were not to have little canvas stretched. Indeed, the gale was yet so strong that any extensive spread of sail was imprudent.

"See what you make of her, Bracetant," said the Captain, handing the telescope to the veteran midshipman. "I would be sure that she's none of our own."

"Clyde-built all over," mused the Lieutenant, with his eye to the tube. "No one but a cockney could have planned her masts; and her jib has the Bristol cut. She sees you, and is doing her best. I doubt if you catch her."

"The *I*—ll we won't! Let out the studdin' sails! trim the jib!" roared the commander through his trumpet. "I'll spread every rag if we scrape the sky. More heel if possible, Jones." The order and the engineer went below to see what could be done.

The gale was strong, and her head of steam was already great; but we soon seemed to leap from crest to crest under the stimulus of replenished fires, and the masts fairly bowed beneath their press of canvas. Every body was agog with excitement, and half the seamen were in the rigging with peering eyes and noisy speculation as to the vessel and her character.

"Try her with the big bow-chaser, Cap," suggested the Lieutenant; and the order was immediately given.

Boom! went the huge piece, as we quivered on the summit of a lofty wave, and the rushing bolt struck phosphor from a dozen crests ere its course was lost in the distance.

"No go! it's a good three miles," growled Captain B——, measuring the interval once more with his glass.

"Let me try," said Bracetant, quietly taking his stand behind the gun, which was now being charged anew, and carefully adjusting the screws.

Again the sullen thunder spouted from the port, and we marked the ball by its path of fire.

"Short again!" grumbled the skipper. "We're paying the floor of the sea with— Ha!"

For an instant the messenger had vanished like its predecessor; then, far away to the south, there sprang a fountain of spray—its last dip in the brine —and the Lieutenant had in the strange vessel's stern off at the cross-trees, and dragged a cloud of useless canvas down her shrouds.

"Brave Bracetant!" exclaimed the Captain. "Try again, Lieutenant."

"Try, try again," exclaimed that devil of a middy, Jerry Bloom, throwing his hornpipe to the terror of the cockswain's buntens.

But the topsails of the stranger suddenly grew black with men, the broken spars were cleared away as by magic, another sail puffed out broadly from her foremast to make up for the shattered main-mast, and even as we gazed a strain of bandmusic came floating over the sea, with the "Bonny Blue flag" for the burden.

"She's telling her name," said Bracetant, laughing.

"Yes; but she's going to kick us," cried Jerry, as a long tongue of flame leaped from the stranger's stern; and the rifled shell from her gun came to us almost simultaneously with the ball, which whistled through our tops, letting down a heavy shower on the quarter-deck. Again and again did a dead man, but was only stunned.

It was evident that the stranger was plucky, and not to be taken alive. We had still worked on her with our bow-gun, seldom doing much damage, but at last a lucky shot struck her hull; she kicked off the point of our bowsprit with provoking ease, and burst an ugly hole through our main-topsail.

"By Jingo, she's a fighter, boys," said Captain B——; "Now let me have a shy;" and grasping the piece with a practised hand, he swiftly adjusted it.

"Hurra! I told you so! Clean through her poop!"

Sure enough the shot struck her after-bulwarks, and must have played hob with the chandeliers in the cabin.

"Just wait till we can give her a broadside," added the winger of the bolt, rubbing his hands good-humoredly.

"We mustn't wait too-long, then," said the cool Lieutenant, "for I see the Look-out Lights. In half an hour we shall be under the guns of Fort Macon."

He pointed over the side as he spoke, far down in the western verge, to a faint, hazil glimmering scarcely brighter than the sunset-cloud that surrounded it, but with the hazy lustre which there was no mistaking.

"The rebels are reported to have destroyed the lantern," said I, suggestively.

"Don't you believe it, my boy," replied the old sailor. "They know when to down them and when to light a British skipper to their nest."

The chase was now within range two short three hours, and the fort at Cape Fear could not be more than twelve hours off. In our lee, we were still two miles from the stranger, and the distance was momently lessening of overhauling her in time, unless we should succeed in disabling her entirely. Already our own risk of becoming crippled from her well-directed stern-shots was very great. If the wind had been light the shot in her sails would have done impaired our speed but slightly; but the bracing gale that had us in its teeth lent as half our speed, and a single shot in the rigging would be to us irretrievable.

"There! there! we have it now! Was ever such luck?" cried the Captain, with an oath. And our main-sail came down with a rush as he spoke, every one of the lee-braces and bowlines of the mast, which was severed like a pipe-stem.

We all looked glum enough at this mishap, and began to look about for the best way to repair it. But the captain determined on a last effort, and ordered a broadside fired. Though the distance, a mile and a half at least, made success almost doubtful. The ship rounded to handsomely. The guns were loaded with double charges of grape and canned, and, at the given signal, a long sheet of flame leaped from the side, and the solids frigate seemed to reel under the heavy recoil of the nearly simultaneous death-bolts of her terrific broadside rushed upon the prey. Another instant and a wild hurra swelled upon our crowded decks; for the broadside was a success. The entire rigging of the stranger seemed to have been swept away, trailing in the sea; and we could distinguish another ugly smash in her main-topsail, that very nearly carried her mast overboard. In short, of course the prospect was now far better than before, but still by no means certain, as it was questionable whether we could repair the damage inflicted in the rigging, and the rapidity with which the damaged tops of the stranger were mended and cleared away seemed miraculous, though she now gave over firing, apparently bent on safety only by flight instead. Our own guns were kept up on our own mainmast, and, with a clew or two on the mizzen shrouds, and the use of the after-braces, the ship might yet be kept manageable topsail spars. our mainsail was again shot, with cheering indications that we were gaining fast. In fifteen minutes we had so sensibly diminished the interval between us and our prey that we caused firing, the Captain modestly desiring to take her with *sans clothes on*, to use his own expression. But our confidence proved overweening. The lanterns of Cape Lookout were now left far away on our starboard quarter, and every forward furlong we made was of much nearer to the formidable fort. Just then a faint flash, like the horizon glimmer of summer lightning, shone above the waters far beyond the ship we were pursuing, and a hardly heard but ominous boom told us that the old sea-dragon, Fort Macon, was not sleeping in the moonlight. We now renewed our pelting of the stranger with further damage to her tops. Whereupon she veered for Shackleford Shoals, with evident intention of beaching herself if unable to get under the fort. Another quarter of an hour was spent in within long range of the heavy coast guns of the fortress, who seemed to understand the state of the case perfectly, for her shells began to drop around us briskly. And now the great breakers of the sandy coast were plainly discernible on the starboard, tossing their white manes like harrying legions high above the beach, with lure and there a bold, bluffy rise from the monotonous flat; and the Devil's Skillet —a dangerous reef—was boiling white a little lower down.

Shackleford Shoals is a low, narrow sand-bank, about twenty miles in length. Its lower extremity comes within three miles, at a rough guess, of the Rhodes Banks, or Shoals, on the easternmost point of which the fort is situated. The bank is every where frequented, but especially at each southern point, where the dangerous shoals are covered with a deceitful appearance of profundity. And now, as we neared our prey by the quarter, she made a bold push for this inlet; but as we dashed in between her and the fort, regardless of the latter's continuous firing, she altered her course, and steered right bow-on for the fatal breakers on her starboard.

"She's aground, by Jove!" said Jerry, who then ran below for his pistols, as the Captain ordered the boats to be manned.

"Has she struck?"

"No—yes—there she goes!"

Sure enough, she had grounded and slightly heeled over, but in nearly deep water that the soft sand of the shoals would not hold her long. Two of our boats were manned, with our second Lieutenant in commander of the expedition, and I in his boat. We pushed off with some difficulty, on account of the heavy sea; but, as we neared the lee coasts of the suicide also lowered, and pulling inside for the inlet. The rats were leaving the crib.

"You can go no further, my boy," said Bracetant. Throw over every thing to lighten her," was the parting injunction of Captain B——, and as we pulled away he heard the ship out of range of the fort. It was rather uncomfortable the way the shells whistled and burst around us, or burst above our heads, but we pulled away for the prize. Our boat was the last to reach the ship—a first-class iron privateer, of great power, and clipper-built. As the crew of the advanced boat climbed up her sides several crashes made us aware that the fort was turning her guns inland, and, indeed, to deprive us of the plunder.

"And hot shot at that. Listen!" said Bracetant to me; when the fizzing sound of the plunging hot shot was plainly distinguishable.

Our boat was the second of the prize when we perceived the men who had already boarded her jumping hastily over the bulwarks, dropping into their boat, and pushing off. If something unusual was to pay. One had been left behind. It was this little muddy, dirty Afrian, who now appeared unconcernedly leaning over the side, and coolly awaiting the Lieutenant's orders.

"What's her cargo?" bellowed Bracetant through his trumpet.

"Powder sang back the shrill tones of the New-World Canadian; and its! ain't we all the plunging red-hot shot; and crash! crash! they went against the floating magazine with frightful precision.

"Jump for your life!" roared the Lieutenant to the ferry——. "Back-water, you lubbers! back, for your lives!"

We saw the midshipman join his palms over his head and leap into the centre of the boat astern. Scarcely had his slender figure cut the brine before a number of sharp reports were heard—then a long, deep, volcanic explosion that swelled into a terrific thunder, deadened our ears; a dozen columns of blood-red flame shot up to the stars; and we beheld the deck and majestic spars of the doomed blockade runner spring aloft in fragments! A huge black mass descended in a fearful splash a yard from our bows—the long stern-chaser going to the bottom—the sides of the powder-ship yawned wide open an instant with fire, then disappeared in the flames dying out. The sea was plowed around to us by the falling timbers of deck and spar, and the glorious steamer was no more!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PERSIC LOSS.—The gentleman who lately took the front air in the Central Park is supposed to restore it.

EAST BOSSETT first wife, the Countess of Ribblesdale, was a widow, and a lady of many proportions; hence his birthday was called by the wits the widow's mite. "Oh!" exclaimed a lady to whom this witticism was related at a dinner party, "I now see how it came to pass that his birthday was called the widow's mite."

CRISPY KNOWLEDGE.—Brimstone. Any stone found on the edge of an artificial pond is Brim-stone.

What kind of gloves are like young niggers?—Black kids.

Why is a swell like a fellow fond of getting tight?—Because he often has a glass in his eye.

When are a man's brains most likely to change color? When the hair begins to grow gray on his head.

Why can a lady never reasonably object to a gentleman putting his arm round her waist to support her?—Because in touching her in a *prop*-er manner.

When is a Policeman like a Samaritan?—When he comes out of *Sores* ones.

Which city is made of the lightest materials?—Cork.

Murphy was asked how it was so difficult to waken him in a morning, and answered that it was because of taking your own advice, always to attend to what you hear, or whenever I sleps I *pay* attention to it."

The reason why sailors so often marry virgins is, that all sails have an affinity for stink.

New explanation of "the golden mean."—To have gold and be too mean to use it.

Many ladies think themselves unable to walk a mile who would gladly dance three times that distance.

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance; "a man who is away from his friends, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness?"

"Yes, warmmiting kindness," Jerrold replied.

A learned doctor has given his opinion that light lecture is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off all the foolish girls and leaves the wise only to grow into women.

"Why," said a country clergyman to a boy, he clerk, "do you always sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit?" "Why, sir," replied the boy, "because I'm tired out." "Because, sir," was the reply, "when you preach I'm sure to be tired, but I can't visit a stranger without keeping a good look-out."

A Scotch minister, after a hard day's labor, and while at a "harvest tea," as he called it, kept incessantly making the "hum," and stating that "Mrs. Dunlop at home was so fond of hum that as he was, when the servants kindly offered to send her the present of a hum. "It's sure Sir" y'er, unco kin', but I'll no pit to be the trouble: I'll just tak' it lease on the horse afore me." When he was, like his namesake, and the hum was put into a sack, but some difficulty was experienced in getting it to the parsonage house. His benevolent genius soon ran the gauntlet. "I think, mistress, a cheese in the liber ca' wad be handier to carry hame." So his wife was immediately set on, and, like another John Gilpin, he moved away with his "balance hum."

One asked another why barring was always called a republic. "Forsooth," quoth the other, "because nobody are so poor but they have not a servitude among them."

An Irish fire-eater, previous to a trial in which he was the defendant, was informed by his counsel that if there was a juryman on the list to whom he objected, he could try challenge them. "Faiks, and so I will," replied he; "if they do not setisfy me, I will challenge every man of them."

A country schoolmaster had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were late, and were called up to account for it. "I was late because I had to help boys; why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said the favorite, "I was detained by the boys going by the door, and I thought the school-bell was the schoolmaster-bell." "Very well," said the master, glad of some pretext to excuse his favorite. "And now, Sir," turning to the other, "why were you late?" "Please, Sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was waiting to see Tom off!"

A gentleman dining at a hotel, whose servants were "short," was asked if he preferred a leg or wing of the fowl. After a long time the lad returned, and said, "Please, Sir, the cook and hungry gentleman has it. Are you the lad who took away my plate for this beef?" "Yes, Sir." "Then Sir," resumed the hungry wit, "how you have grown!"

A certain dramatic translator, introducing a well-known comedy to the English public, said: "I have called it 'Used Up,' when it is such a bad as he looks." "True, Ma'am," said the dramatist; "and that is the great difference between me and my friend."

An Irish crier at Ballinasloe being ordered to clear the court, did so in the following announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the court."

Lord M—— and a very exalted opinion of his own eleverness. He was lately heard addressing some young men: "Now I happen to say a foolish thing I always burst out a laughing myself." "I envy you your happiness," was the reply. "Charles Townsend," (or you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe)."

"Do come and dine with me," said John to Pat: "you must; though I have only a nice piece of beef and some potatoes." "Oh! my dear fellow," said Pat, "you are the best sporting about the dinner, it's the very same I would have had to-day myself, if I had been at home."

A toping bookseller presented a check at the banking-house of Sir W. Curtis & Co., and upon the cashier putting the usual question, "How will you have it?" replied, "Cold, without sugar."

A tradesman having dunned a customer for a long time, the debtor one day observed his creditor intending to call on him. "My friend," said he to him, "I think you owe me a small account, and I have a great mind to pay you; therefore, I take this opportunity to tell you, that as I shall never pay you a farthing, you need not go down, but mind your business, and don't lose your time by calling here. Now, I suppose, I have given a set of answers to you, so have no affection, and they may waste their time as they please."

Sergeant Whitaker, one of the most eminent lawyers of his day, was an eccentric. A friend, at one of the acting theatres, met him in the lobby, and the sergeant asked him if he had found himself comfortable and warm. "Yes, Sergeant," replied the acquaint; "very much so on the whole. At first I felt a little queer for want of Mrs. Siddons, but when I found that she was engaged to play in the room, I knew it behind my back, and it did every bit as well."

A GENTLE HUMAN BEING.—Sir Boyle Roche said, "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all people misfortunes are generally followed by double ones."

In the last illness of George Coleman, the doctor being late in an appointment, apologized to his patient, saying that he had been detained in town on one who had fallen down a well. "Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned the poor patient.

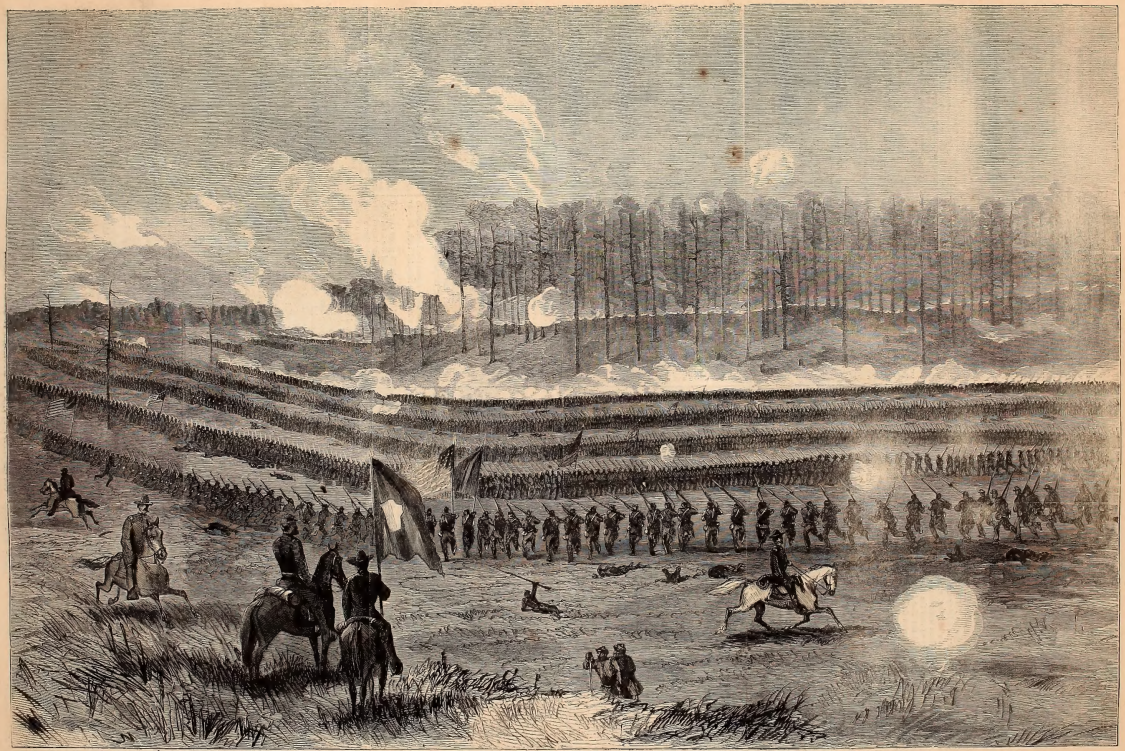
An overbearing barrister, endeavoring to bow-bat a witness, told him he could plainly see a rogue in his face. "Then you have an ill turn," said the witness, "that my face was a looking-glass."

A professor of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village, which was rather poorly supported. Soon after "astonishing the natives" with various tricks, he asked for a small collection. A miser, with a little sixpence, handed out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, with a flourish, between a seven-shilling piece. "Now my brother?" exclaimed the miser, "I'll be hanged if you have not got my brother!" "Indeed, sir," said the juggler, surveyed the piece of silver, and, with a knowing look, and turning it round and round with a peculiar twist of his hand, he returned it to his kindness, and, putting it into his pocket, said, "I'm sure you'll do me a favor to-morrow night."

Two pedestrian travelers had taken up their quarters for the night at a village inn. "Landlord!" exclaimed one, "I often meet morning complained to his friend that he had a very inefficient boy, and asked him how he had style. "Truth, Jem," replied Lemuel, "one vera well either; but I vera much better off than the boys, for do'l one of them closed an e'e the hale night?"

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

A Quaker said to a gunner, "Friend, I counsel no bloodshed; but if it be thy design to hit the little man in the white jacket, pulle closer to the little feller."



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—ATTACK ON THE ENEMY'S CENTRE, NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE GREAT FIRE IN BROOKLYN, JULY 15, 1864.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY.

THE caprices of the Paris fashions are becoming more and more eccentric, and there has been such a succession of cosmopolitan innovations, from English jockey-caps to Russian boots, that the present summer attire is any thing but Parisian. These liberties place elderly ladies in the dilemma of either following fashions not suitable to their years, or of subjecting themselves to ridicule by the opposite course. The bonnet is especially eccentric. The Parisiennes seem to be suited with the slightest covering for the head. In dresses silks of light color, Chambéry gauzes, and double barèges are still in vogue, especially for the costumes of a single color now so much patronized. Bottines are now fre-

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1864.

quently superseded by boots: the Empress's corduroy manufacturers them either in yellow leather or in soft English leather, black, violet, or green, according to the color of the jupons. It is scarcely necessary to mention that the color of the stockings should match that of the boots.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Dress for the Sea-side.*—Robe of written-colored taffeta, ornamented on the skirt with two passementerie trimmings. The dress is worn over an alpaca jupon, tucked, and alternating with blue and white stripes. The long vest is provided with blue cuffs and lapels, completed by buttons and brandebourgs. White hands and cuffs. N.Y. Tuscan hat, decorated with eagle and ostrich feathers. Lilac fichu-cravat, with high knot.

Fig. 2. *Dress for a Young Lady.*—Silk robe of white ground with colored stripes. The skirt is trimmed with an enormous ruching placed between two rows of fluted ribbon; and the bosom and sleeves are handsomely finished with a similar ruching. Bonnet of mauve crape, the quiet appearance of which is relieved and enlivened inside and outside by the addition of four white marguerites half buried in the crape.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—Dark green silk dress, ornamented with bows of corded silk and tassels; a similar bot maiden bow is attached to the shoulder and falls on the sleeve. The collet is of black guipure, forming, with the rich black and green dress, a very effective but elegant garniture. Black bonnet-bandeau, of velvet, the top of which is composed of rich Magenta velvet mixed with black lace and jet-beads; a narrow jet fringe descends from the edge of the crescent.

IN A NUT-SHELL.

"I SAY, Ross, girls are a nuisance!—aren't they?" said Reginald Dexter, lounging one day among the silken cushions in his sister's boudoir one morning. "I wouldn't give that!"—with a snap of his aristocratic fingers—"for the whole crew, so far as I know any thing about them!"

"When did you see Victoria last?" questioned Rose, with an expressive lighting of her pretty brows.

She was pretty, indeed—a dainty snowy and pink piece of prettiness.

Her brother, Raymond Dexter, was what the ladies called a "love of a man;" effeminately handsome and fashionable, sporting white hands and enamelled locks, yet a full-statured man physically, with a broad white brow that ought to have had intellect under it, and a deep dark eye that ought to have flashed with the language of an energetic and cultivated intelligence.

The flash came transiently as his sister spoke; and he said, with some impatience,

"Victoria Field is the greatest nuisance of them all!"

Victoria Field was the nurse of the latter children of womankind; but Raymond Dexter had had a grand passion for—a plain, dark woman, without even what they called "style." The last woman in the world, one would have thought, for an exquisite like Raymond Dexter to fall in love with. Yet he had declared, more so foolishly as that, as Rose had shrewdly suspected.

Victoria Field was at the bottom of the astounding opinion he had ever expressed concerning girls.

Rose, however, was far from apprehending the extent of the mischief. She would have opened her languid blue eyes to much more than their natural dimensions if she had known that Miss Field—that plain, dark girl—had, in style, and manner, and in no expectations, so far as any body knew—had refused to become the wife of her brother Raymond—positively refused. Nay more, and what shocked in his consciousness still, when he, totally at a loss to understand such perversity toward invincibility like his, asked and politely pressed the reason of her refusal, instead of telling him, as she had a perfect right to do, that her reasons were no concern of his, she rose and asked him, with that outspokenness which was one of her charms for him, if he expected her to give him her hand only reasons, or—. He knew that that pause meant that if she could not give him the true reason she should not give any; indeed, as was natural, he wished for the truth, of course.

She crossed the room then, and took from the window, where it hung, a little crystal flask and brought it to him, put it in his hand, and stood looking at him with a sweet, grave, half-sad wistfulness.

She had beautiful eyes!

She flask was one of those toys with which some curious people amuse themselves. Rose had heard of or seen such, I dare say. An acorn suspended by a thread from the mouth of the flask within half-sealed in that narrow opening, and become an oak—as oak truly, but in miniature, dwarfed, and of course could only live a vegetable, tiny pant, drag on a sickly existence, and die at last in such confined quarters.

Holding it so between his hands—awkwardly enough, too, considering that he was Raymond Dexter—Miss Field could hardly help seeing that her flash had aged home. "What if I should break the flask?" he said, with a sudden abruptness and bravery surprising to himself.

"I wish you would," she said, eagerly, her hand falling lightly upon his arm. He stole a swift glance at the acorn, sweet eyes that seemed watching him almost pleadingly, then, with a very vague consciousness of where, or what, or who he was, he said good-morning, and left her.

The flask, unbroken still, hung in the airiest place in his room, and he made it a principle not to look toward it when he could possibly help it. What did the girl mean by giving him a "potted acorn?" as he called it. If he didn't know what she meant he ought to have asked her—that's all—and, for a man in a state of unconsciousness as to the meaning of the gift he fancied he loved, he had a most singular habit of thrilling and turning scarlet every time he thought of her little hand upon his arm, and her beautiful, wistful eyes upon his face.

II.

IN the deep, wide parlors that night Rose Dexter entertained her "thousand and one" friends, or something less—a gay crowd, with the surge of music and plume and perfume among it, and the flash of bright eyes and scintillant diamonds. Dainty little Rose had shimmers enough to have turned wiser heads than hers; but the worst of it was, that she was inclined decidedly to a preference among them.

There was a pair of eyes hovering always somewhere within view of her that slowly and reluctantly took in that knowledge, and the graying brow above those eyes lent themselves and frowned assiously at the consciousness.

Two only of the dancers in the beauty's train did these eyes see. Leeds Entresol and Frank Brandon. Leeds Entresol, tall, dark, magnificent, with a deep and vibrant as smoothest cafe-rau-rait, and a jetty wealth of whisker and mustache. Rose both sought for glance and shrank from it. The other, Frank Brandon, a slighter, more graceful young fellow, as light as the first was dark—gay, laughing, genial; but without the high nonsensility for any one in the room save pretty, pretty Rose. She blushed often at some things he said to her; but she never blushed as the gallant might have been as much for Entresol as for Brandon, since often the one could not well help hearing what the other said.

Entresol said little, Brandon much; and Brandon was scarcely absent from her side an instant the whole evening, when it was possible to be by her.

Entresol seemed swayed by circumstances, near her or away, as it chanced; but with his eye losing none of her pretty witcheries, the smiling coquettes, which she dispensed about her.

Perhaps he could hear across the room, or else had singular facility in translating the movement of Rose's lingering lip, for, from at the other side of the wide parlor, when, with a furtive glance at his and a low trilling laugh she was whispering to Brandon about the Black Prince, he made his way at once from the parlors, and deputing his farewell expressions to friend, left the house.

Among the throng, but not of them, paced William Dexter, banker and millionaire. It was a habit of his presence in such scenes—even in his own house, that few knew him accustomed to—that no one did his body mostly silent attendance, silent man, watching from under nearly gray brows—watching and commenting with inward discontent. The two conclusions, passing comment of this man's life had been vested in gold and kindred—the getting the one and involving it upon the other.

His wife need not have died, as she did. The one warmth and wildness and softness, ought to have protected it from the barrenness and hardness that she died pondered. And his boy was selfish, but, iron, desert, as a rock in an unfruitful country.

He had always told himself so—sometimes, early and late, that he might surround those two, Raymond and Rose, with this not and this and the, so there it is—that he might do for them as he saw to do it. And the two were as prodigal as might be expected of that of the value of which they had no appreciation, and of the cost of which ignorance.

He had refused them nothing all their lives that it was possible for him to grant them, and the possibility had a wide range. And what was he reward? He was pacing the parlors still when the last guest, Frank Brandon, lingering long, finally departed, with an expressive pressure of little Rose's hand.

William Dexter knew this young man for a scoundrel, notwithstanding his frank face and genial ways, and had forbidden Rose to hold any intercourse with him, which thing was evading.

He had supposed himself obeyed; but this evening's observation had shown him that, for the first time during the case, the two were on surprisingly familiar terms.

Rose?

The girl turned from her light good-night to young Brandon with a little nervous start. She had not been conscious of the full attention of the evening, and she colored some now upon becoming aware of it, and remembering at the same time that he had said to Frank Brandon, Entresol.

Mr. Dexter's anger, under constraint all the evening, burst from now with progressive violence.

Rose shrank palely before it, and at the first lull in the storm escaped to her apartment.

This was not all that was happening.

In earlier portion of it Mr. Dexter had overheard a conversation between some of the guests which had startled him with the force of a blow; forced him to accept, a truth that had long been knocking at the door of his consciousness, but to which he had refused to listen until now. It concerned Raymond—and Raymond entering the room just then from an evening club, he, pacing the floor, accosted him with a quotation from it that struck him suddenly white, between anger and amazement:

"Raymond Dexter has in his originality the material for a man, but a more conceited, brainless coxcomb than he is I don't know in the whole range of my acquaintance."

Raymond caught his breath like a woman. The words expressed so nearly a thousand things vaguely trying to thread the chambers of his brain ever since Victoria Field's refusal to become his wife, that upon that subject under his observation leaped suddenly now into flame, and died as quickly.

"Whose fault is it, father?" he said, low, but bitterly, and left the room and the house.

William Dexter, pacing those magnificent parlors amidst the unquenched blaze of light that showed all treasures of luxury and taste, questioned but found no solution of it.

Whose fault was it? Not his. What could man do more than he had done for his children—for Raymond?

Raymond, pacing his own apartment a while, and finally with an impatient shrug throwing himself dressed as he was upon his bed, found no solution for it either.

Waking in the morning, Victoria Field's crystal toy dangled before him, and dashed taunting gleams in his eyes as the sun struck it. With an impatient movement he swept the curtain between him and it. What did the girl mean by telling him she wished he would break the flask? What would become of her young oak if he did that?

A plague upon the old, strange girl! There were plenty of women—women worth having, too, who would have jumped at the offer she had refused. There was Laura Mason, now the handsomest woman in New York, and the cleverest. She hadn't any fault to find in him, and he wouldn't have been afraid to wager any sum any body pleased that if he had asked her to be his wife she would have said "yes," and "thank you" too. He had half a mind to set up a flirtation with her, just to show Victoria Field how little he was affected by her ambiguities.

III.

A WEEK only had passed, but in the fast life which he lived Raymond Dexter had improved it to the extent of becoming or imagining himself desperately in love with Laura Mason.

One morning, in a careless off-hand manner, very different from that on a similar occasion about ten days before, he asked her the same question he had Victoria Field, and got in substance his "yes, thank you."

Coming home, hiding himself in his own room, the first thing he saw was Miss Field's crystal flask, which Rose had evidently found from its neutral ignominiously, saying grimly as he surveyed the fragments, "You told me to break it." Then seeming to feel the light, which touch upon his acorn, the beautiful eyes upon his face, sudden remorse seized him, and carefully gathering up the mutilated remains of the poor "potted acorn," he took them into the conservatory, and dislodging a superb Adriana lily from its vase, deposited his young oak therein.

That night William Dexter coming home late, and not tottering, but walking with a pause, as the weight of twice his years had suddenly settled upon him, clung to the door-post in the hall and listened to the unusual sounds that came from the dining-room beyond.

Rose and Raymond were both there. No, that was not Raymond's voice, and suddenly throwing wide the door he entered and stood beside Rose. Rose with her head deeply bent, Frank Brandon's, her white eyelids drooping under his ardent gaze. She started away from him with a low cry as she saw her father, and Raymond's hot struggle with Brandon, after an instant's disconcertment, said, with a straightforwardness worthy a good cause, "I have been asking Rose to be my wife. Sir: she will consent if you will."

"And you, Rose?" said the man, strangely. "Will go away now, young man, and if you come back to me to-morrow with the same plea on your lips you may have her."

And when Frank Brandon had gone, and before it had passed the name of William Dexter, bankrupt, was being bandied from lip to lip.

It was not the bankruptcy every thing was given to Frank Brandon, who did not so much as send an apology for his non-appearance at the appointed time.

Rose, reeling under it all, but, strangely enough, retaining much of her old delicate sense, crept after her wretched father into the library just in time to thrust aside, with her frail but frantic hand, the deadly poison he was going to the cruel extremities.

And then she staid by him till Raymond came, very faded, sick little rose, but curiously with courage enough in her for that, and too much pride to treat a servant as one of the family.

Raymond sent her away to her room when he came, but he held her in his arms a moment first. He was a little afraid of his sister met, with a strange new sympathy, in that hour of trial, and he said, as he let her go, "Never mind, sis." He was thinking of Victoria Field's flask.

Watching with the poor old man, to whom an opium had brought sleep, he saw the flask in the conservatory, twisting in his fingers a note that had come to him at nightfall from Laura Mason.

The flask, broken, seemed to present an alternative of the day before, and took the first opportunity of informing him to that effect.

Raymond's hand fell, neither this blow nor the other seemed to have crushed him.

He bent a moment over the poor little "potted acorn:" it was dying, like its living after all, and Raymond turned away from it with a curious light in his eyes.

In the midst of all that chaos of bewilderment and confusion as to what they should do, the old man and all they had to depend upon his losses, Raymond Rose staid with him, scared and sick, but *sensible*, and Raymond rushed to and fro like a raddelesis body, busy, busy, busy—uncertain.

In the midst of all came a letter from a good old country cousin, inviting them to his home, offering the best at his command—a home to Rose and her father, and the lease of a small farm to Raymond.

Raymond winced, but he had resolved deliberately to accept the first honorable employment that offered, and surely nothing else was to be had.

People knew too well how Raymond Dexter had lived. Nobody had a good enough opinion of him to have him in their counting-house or salesroom. And so, dandy as he was, or had been, he wrote grateful, if reluctant, acceptance of his uncle's offer.

The three left town quietly, making no adieux; only, Raymond left a friendly hand to Victoria Field a small package, which, upon opening, proved to be merely some fragments of broken crystal. But Miss Field understood precisely what she saw them, and some tears from her beautiful eyes glistened among the broken bits.

IV.

UNCLE TOM DEXTER, as every one in that region called Raymond's uncle, stared and shook his head inconsiderately at sight of his tenant.

Raymond colored and laughed, but succeeded in persuading his uncle "to give him a try."

It was what Uncle Tom called "up-hill work."

City exquisites are not transformed into hardworking farmers at a moment's notice. But Raymond had made the one resolve necessary to success in any undertaking, viz., whatever he did, that he would do it well. And he did it well. All the rough and tumble of this new life his hitherto dwarfed energies, physical and mental, seemed to shake off fetters.

He had a man, intellectually and physically, a son, a brother, filling the last days of his old father with peace, a guard to his sister, that no Frank Brandon ever again baffled.

In the fullness of time he brought home to the little farm—now his own, and something to be proud of, for the very reason that he had *made* it his own —Victoria.

In the soft purple twilight he led her up the walk his wife, stopping a moment by a young sturdy oak of some years' growth, and saying, "God helping me, dear, I mean to grow with it." And so he has.

Rose is a happier and a worth a thousand like Frank Brandon. I am not at all sure that the "crash" did not benefit her as much as Raymond.

BEATEN.

Do you know this peculiar feeling? I speak to men in middle age.

To be tearing up as manfully as you can: putting a good face on things: trying to persuade yourself that you have done your duty in this life: and all of a sudden to feel that merciful self-deception fail you, and just to break down; to run how bitterly beaten and disappointed you are, and what a sad and wretched failure you have made of life?

There is no one in the world we all try so hard to conceal from as ourselves. How we bookkeep that individual, and try to make him look at things through rose-colored spectacles! Like the poor little girl in Mr. Dickens's touching story, we seek to blow very much. But sometimes we are unable to make believe. The illusion goes. The bare, unvarnished truth forces itself upon us: and we see what miserable little wretches we have been poor and petty are our ends in life; and what a dull misery round it all is. You remember the poor old bald-pate Wilkins of whom Charles Lamb tells us? *He* was not to be disillusioned. He asked you to hand him the silver sugar-tongs in as excellent a tone that though your eyes testified that it was but a teaspoon, and that of Britannia metal, a certain gush was cast over your memory that he had thought that half-starved veteran kept up in this way before people, he would often break down when he was alone. It would suddenly rush upon him what a wretched old humbug he was.

Is it sometimes so with all of us? We are none of us half satisfied with ourselves. We know we are poor creatures, though we try to persuade ourselves that we are tolerably good. There are some of us have any sense, this is so. Yet I greatly envied a man whom I passed in the street yesterday; a stranger, a middle-aged person. His nose was elevated in the air: he had a supercilious demeanor, expressive of superiority to his fellow-creatures, and contempt for them. Perhaps a nice person, and so entitled to look down on ordinary folk. Perhaps he was a humbug. The few minutes I ever seen had nothing of his uplifted aspect. But what a fine thing it would be, to be able always to delude yourself in the belief that you were a great and important person; to be always quite satisfied with yourself, and your position! There are people like, while reading certain words in the Litany, feel as it was a mere form signifying nothing, to say, *from all miserable sinners deliver us.* There are some who say these words sorrowfully from their very heart, feeling that they express God's truth. They know what wicked, silly, mad beings they are; they know what a poor thing they have made of life, with all their hard work, and all their planning and schemes. In fact, they are miserable, disappointed down. The high hopes with which they started are blighted—were blighted long ago. They think, with a bitter laugh, of their early dreams of eminence, of success, of happiness. And sometimes, after looking for a few days as well as they could, they feel they can do it no longer. Their heart fails them. They sit down and give up altogether. Bread runs and goes before their face. It is a comfort to many a poor fellow to think of Elijah, beaten and sick at heart, sitting down under a scrubby bush at seventeen miles from the place from finding there was no more left, and that he could bear no more. Poor, sad soul that he was—as we all are.

"But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough: now, O Lord, take away my life: for I am not better than my fathers."

I thought of Elijah in the wilderness the other night. I saw the great prophet again. For human nature is the same in a great prophet as in a poor little hungry boy.

At nine o'clock on Saturday evening I heard Arthur, indoors and out crying outside. I knew the kind of thing that means some one fairly beaten. Not angry, not bitter: smashed. I opened the front door, and found the little boy, he was sitting on the steps, crying. I asked him what was the matter. I see the thin, white, hungry face of him now. He would have shrunk away if he could; he plainly thought his case beyond all mending. But I brought him in, and sat down with him in the lobby; and he told his story. He had a large bundle of sticks in a ragged sack—firewood. At three o'clock that afternoon he had come to sell them. His mother was a poor washer-woman, in the most wretched part of the city; his father was killed a fortnight ago by falling from a scaffold. He had walked a long way through the streets, about three miles, I think, to sell his wood: afternoon is all his sticks, but had sold only a half-penny-worth. He was lame, poor little man, from a sore leg, but managed to carry his heavy load. But at last, going down some poor area stair in the dark, he fell down a whole flight of steps, and hurt his sore leg so that he could not walk, and also got a great cut on the forehead. He had got just the half-penny for his poor mother: he had been going about with his burden for six hours, with nothing to eat. But he turned his face homeward, carrying his sticks; and struggled on and reached a quarter of a mile from he broke down. He could go no further. In the dark

cold night, he sat down and cried. It was not the crying of one who hoped to attract attention; it was the crying of flat despair.

The first thing I did (which did not take a moment) was to thank God that my door-steps had been his juniper tree. Then I remembered that the first thing God did when Elijah broke down was to give him something to eat. Yes, it is a great thing to keep up physical nature. And the little man had had no food since three o'clock till nine. So there was brought by kind hands (for mine), several great slices of bread and butter (jam even was added), and a cup of warm tea. The spirit began to come a little into the child. And he thought he could manage to get home if we would let him leave his sticks till Monday. We asked him what he would have got for his sticks if he had sold them all: ninepence. Under the circumstances, it appeared that a profit of a hundred per cent. was not exorbitant; so he received eighteen pence, which he stowed away somewhere in his rags; and the sack went away, and returned with all the sticks emptied out. Finally, an old gray coat of rough tweed came, and was put upon the little boy, and carefully buttoned: forming a capital great-coat. And forasmuch as his trousers were most unusually ragged, a pair of such appeared, and being wrapped up, were placed in the sack, along with a good deal of bread and butter. How the heart of the child had by this time revived! He thought he could go home nicely. And having very briefly asked the Father of the fatherless to care for him, I betook him the way in the dark. All this is supremely little to talk about. But it is quite a different thing to see. To see all the poor cottages in the fens and the dirty hand like a claw: to think of ten years old: to think of one's own children in their warm beds: to think what all this would have been to one's self as a little child. Oh, if I had a fourleaved shamrock, what a turn-over there should be in this world!

When the little man went away I came back to my work. I shall see my pen and write a page but I could not. I thought I saw many human beings besides Elijah in the case of that child. I tried to enter into the feeling (or was it an easy) of that poor little thing in his utter despair. It was sad enough to carry about the heavy bundle hour after hour, and to sell only the half-penny-worth. But it was dreadful, after tumbling down the stair, to find he was not able to walk; and still to be struggling to carry back his load to his bare home, which was two miles distant from this spot. And at last to look down in misery on the step in the dark night, stunned. He would have been quite happy if he had got nimpence. God help him. When I was a boy, I remember how a certain poor man who embittered my life in those days was wont to say, as though it summed up all the virtues, that such a person was one who looked at both sides of a shilling before spending it. It is such a sight as the little boy on the step that makes one do the like: that helps one to understand the power there is in a shilling. But many human beings, who can give a shilling more than take it, are as really beaten as the little boy. They too have got their bags, filled with no matter what. Perhaps poetry, perhaps metaphysics, perhaps agnosticism, perhaps sermons. They thought they would find a market, and sell them at a great price. But they found none. They have fallen down a stair, and broken their leg and bruised their head. And now, in a moment of misery, they have sat down in the dark on a step; and though not crying, are gazing about them blankly.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 397.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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THE MOWER IN OHIO.

THE bees in the clover are making honey, and I am making my hay:
The air is fresh, I seem to draw a young man's breath to-day.

The bees and I are alone in the grass: the air is so very still
I hear the dam, so loud, that shines beyond the sullen mill.

Yes, the air is so still that I hear almost the sounds I can not hear
That, when no other sound is plain, ring in my empty ear:

The chime of striking scythes, the fall of the heavy swaths they sweep—
They ring about me, resting, when I waver half asleep;

So still I am not sure if a cloud, low down, unseen there be,
Or if something brings a rumor home of the cannon so far from me—

Far away in Virginia where Joseph and Grant, I know,
Will tell them what I meant when first I had my mowers go.

Joseph he is my eldest one, the only boy of my three
Whose shadow can darken my door again, and lighten my heart for me.

Joseph he is my eldest—how his scythe was striking ahead!
William was better at shorter heath, but Jo in the long-run led.

William he was my youngest; John, between them, I somehow see,
When my eyes are shut, with a little beard at his head in Tennessee.

But William came home one morning early, from Gettysburg, last July
(The mowing was over already, although the only mower was I);

William, my captain, came home for good to his mother; and I'll be bound
We were proud and cried to see the flag that wraps his coffin around;

For a company from the town came up ten miles with music and gun—
It seemed his country claimed him then—as well as his mother her son.

But Joseph is yonder with Grant to-day, a thousand miles or near,
And only the bees are abroad at work with me in the clover here.

Was it a murmur of thunder I heard that hummed again in the air?
Yet, may be, the cannon are sounding now their "Onward to Richmond" there.

But under the beech by the orchard, at noon, I sat an hour it would seem—
It may be I slept a minute, too, or wavered into a dream.

For I saw my boys, across the field, by the flashes as they went,
Tramping a steady tramp as of old with the strength in their arms unspent;

Tramping a steady tramp they moved like soldiers that march to the beat
Of music that seems, a part of themselves, to rise and fall with their feet;

Tramping a steady tramp, they came with flashes of silver that shone,
Every step, from their scythes that rang as if they needed the stone—

(The field is wide and heavy with grass)—and, coming toward me they beamed
With a shine of light in their faces at once, and—surely I must have dreamed!

For I sat alone in the clover-field, the bees were working ahead;
There were three in my vision—remember, old man: and—what if Joseph were dead!

But I hope that he and Grant (the fog above them both, to boot)
Will go into Richmond together, no matter which is ahead or afoot!

Meantime alone at the mowing here—an old man somewhat gray—
I must stay at home as long as I can, making myself the hay.

And so another round—the quail in the orchard whistles blithe—
But first I'll drink at the spring below, and whet again my scythe.

TATTOO.

THE sun has sunk behind the hills,
The moon sails high and wintry clear;
Her pale light-falls in twinkling camps
That lie around me, far and near.

Ah! many a thousand weary men
Are welcoming the restful night,
Glad that a day of toil or watch
Withdraws its labors with its light.
They bar await the evening call
That shall release them from their thrall.

Hark! far away the sound begins—
One only lonely simple strain;
Then fife and drum and bugle-call
In tumult answer back again;
As when one bird at morn awakes
A chorus in the woods and brakes.

And all is still again. The sunks
Have answered to the evening call—
Come, O fair goddess Rest! and smooth
The rough beds of the soldiers all,
And Sleep, with softest fingers, close
The eyes that wake to watch our foes.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1864.

THE PEACE BLONDINS AT NIAGARA.

THE late Peace performance at Niagara Falls was not very mysterious. It was simply a movement of the rebels to help their friends the Copperheads. It was a notification, to whom it might concern, that if the Government of the United States were handed over to the friends of the rebels, then the rebels would lay down their arms. It was a confession that the rebel leaders are sorely pinched, that they foresee disaster, and that they are perfectly willing to have us give them, or vote them the victory which they despair of obtaining by their arms.

The conduct of the President was simple and proper. Intimation that there were political agents from the rebel chiefs who wished to treat of peace, he consented that they should visit Washington. But when they proved that not they had no authority whatever, the President, in order that there should be no apparent justification, even, of the assertion that he had refused to listen to overtures of submission from the rebels, issued a notice, to whom it may concern, that the Government of the United States is always ready to hear and consider any authorized proposition from the rebel leaders involving the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery. To this the Commissioners of self-appointed rebel agents reply in a manifesto intended to represent the President as an autocrat and a despot, etc., and expressing their own resolution never to submit to conquest, etc. It is interesting to learn from this paper that in a region where every man between fifteen and sixty-five is dragged into the ranks, and exempted soldiers are legislated back again to serve as long as they are wanted, there is no military arbitrament; and that, in a section where the most hopeless terrorism universally prevails, social institutions, established constitutions, and priceless hereditary self-government are overthrown, subverted, or bartered away. Mr. CLEMENT CLAY'S letter is but a poor specimen of our own Copperhead orations and editorials. But it is not without value, for it shows to the dullest mind the perfect sympathy in sentiment between Copperhead and rebels.

It is suggested that the Constitution does not authorize the President to make any condition such as the abandonment of slavery. Those who say so honestly are mistaken. There may be a question of policy, which we think the President has rightly resolved; but there is no Constitutional question. The Constitution defines treason, authorizes making of war, appoints the President Commander-in-Chief, and authorizes the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in cases of rebellion and invasion. There is nothing in any of these provisions which deprives the Government of the right of exercising its common sense, or compels it to lay down its arms at the will of rebels or foreign enemies. The Government is the judge when the rebellion war is over or a domestic rebellion quelled. Nor is there in the Constitution or in reason any obligation upon the Government to consult its own destruction. The Government of the United States is bound by every consideration to secure peace; and peace is impossible while the active cause of war remains, whether for its opportunity. The cry that the President can not constitutionally require the destruction of that cause as a condition of peace is but another effort of the enemies of the country to prolong the war indefinitely. When the Government was established the cloud of slavery was as large as a man's hand. Four years ago it was a tempest, blackening the heavens and raining fire. And now we are told that it is proper to put up an umbrella to keep off the wet, but une institutional to erect a lightning-rod to draw the fire harmless to the ground. It is idle to think the vital point of the whole war and its agitate that peace can be made with slavery. To that point the public mind has advanced. If a truce should be called and the question opened for debate, the truce would soon disappear in fresh cannon-smoke. Liberty and slavery are fighting for and against this Government. Is a white man who refuses to think that by omitting the name we can avoid the thing?

In the following article we propose to indicate briefly why Union and Liberty are henceforth identical.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

THE war proves the essential antagonism between Slavery and national peace; but it is no less evident in the nature of things. Without freedom of speech and of the press a free popular government is impossible. The people of the United States, therefore, in their Constitution have forbidden Congress to abridge either of these rights; and what they would not suffer their supreme legislature to do, they will not permit to any local assembly. But nothing is plainer than that if Slavery exists freedom of speech and of the press must be forbidden. In a city built over a powder magazine the smoking of a match must be a capital crime. Nothing is clearer than that if you establish the social and industrial system of South Carolina you must impose ignorance and silence by law. For the system violates human rights, and the human heart and conscience instinctively protest against it. And this, consequently, is done.

The Revised Statutes of Louisiana of 1852 enact that if any white person be convicted of saying or printing any thing with intent to diminish the respect which is commanded by law to free people of color for the whites he shall be imprisoned not less than six months nor more than three years. The code of Virginia of 1849 provides that if a free person maintain by speaking or writing that any negro has a right of property in slaves he shall be imprisoned or fined. Such laws are perfectly legitimate and necessary wherever Slavery exists; but are they compatible with the Constitution of the United States, and with the necessary conditions of any free popular government whatever? If it were made a penal offense to write a history, lecture to discuss a banking system, or a school fund, or the rate of interest, or a tariff, or internal improvements, or direct taxation, or paper money, or any question whatever which involved the common interest and rights; or if in those States the meddling, expulsion, or imprisonment of citizens who ventured to write or speak upon such subjects were encouraged by the States, although not prohibited by

reared over the storm, "is committed to the policy of the rams." MR. LAYARD had thus dextrously made the question of censuring the Ministry a question of war with the United States. DISRAELI and his haughty band were outwitted, and his motion was lost.

The debate was much the most important in Parliament for many years: for a change in the British Ministry at this time would doubtless be the prelude to remarkable events. It is described at length in the English papers, and very graphically in a letter to the *Tribune*.

"*THEIR* TERMS OF PEACE."

ALLUDING to the Peace performance at Niagara the *Tribune* says: "We believe they might have been brought to set forth clear terms of Peace, and that whether these were reasonable or otherwise the national cause would thereby have been sensibly promoted. But we bow to superior wisdom—at least to the wisdom of superiors."

The persons whose terms of peace the *Tribune* thinks might have served the national cause were Messrs. CLEMENT CLAY, J. P. HOLCOMBE, and GEORGE N. SANDERS, who confessed that they had no authority whatever. Their views, therefore, are just as important as those of any other three rebels, and no more. And how long it is since the *Tribune* incessantly declared that it would be time enough for the Government to consider terms of peace when the rebels authorized to negotiate should be the fact! The President of the United States has other work in hand than listening to the talk of individual rebels who speak for themselves and for nobody else.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

MR. BRADY, the photographer, has lately returned from the army in Virginia with a series of views of the campaign, which are now on exhibition at his galleries 785 Broadway. The series includes the most interesting scenes of operations at Cold Harbor, the Wilderness, Petersburg, etc., as well as portraits of all the most noted generals. The actuality of the views, the distinct detail, and the inflexible veracity, make them invaluable to every student of the campaign; while all who love the army with their private hearts as well as their public hopes will see with curious satisfaction the tents, the huts, the woods, the fences, the bridges, the camps, and the streams, which are the familiar daily objects to the eyes of their loved soldier boys.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"OUR Campaign around Gettysburg" (A. H. REDE & BROTHER, Brooklyn) is a brief and pleasant record of the marches, camping, and countermarchings of the Twenty-third Regiment New York State National Guard, during LEE's invasion of last summer. It is a faithful and graphic picture of militia life in the actual field, and the story is told with much humor and sincerity which at last a quite peculiar value. It is interesting also for its description of the condition of our Pennsylvanian neighbors when the New Yorkers marched to stand by them; and we can warmly commend it as *most* sprightly, entertaining, and unique chapter of the great history.

The *North American Review* for July (CROSBY & NICHOLS, Boston) sustains the reputation which it has acquired, and is sure to maintain under its new editors. Each paper in this number are all thoughtful and timely. Of the eight essays five are devoted to topics of immediate interest—The Navy, The Army, National Currency, The Territory of the Rebellion, and The Constitution and its Decay. The last, by Hon. JOHN JAY, is one of the most accomplished officers in the service, and is full of instruction and sagacious suggestion; the second is a touching and beautiful tribute to the character of the American soldier, as illustrated in several brief memoirs of our young heroes: the third is a vigorous discussion of the vexed question involved; the fourth is an admirable essay upon the writing of history and the fate of the rebellion; and the fifth a forcible assertion of the duty of the American people to take off blinders, and treat the Constitution as made for war and not for the people of the Constitution. The character of the *Quarterly Review* permits an elaborate treatment of every subject, and every man should see every paper which he wishes to know the tendency of the most advanced and thoughtful upon the great interest of the country and the time.

"Revolution against Free Government not a Right but a Crime," is the title of a discourse by Rev. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D.D., delivered before the Union League Club in New York, and published by them. With the noblest fervor it relates the ultimate fate of the rebellion as it is justified by the principles of our Revolution, and destroys with a steady and skilful hand the suppliest that human ingenuity could weave that any one may be justifiable. Its clear, concise, precise statement of the true philosophy of this great question is adorned by the ample preparation and nervous eloquence of the author. As a tract for array circulation it would be most useful to the good cause.

* Precedents of American Neutrality," a reply to the speech of the English Attorney-General, by GEORGE BEMIS (LITTLE, BROWN, & CO., Boston), is a masterly blow at the evasive and unmanly attitude of England upon the privateer question. MR. BEMIS contrasts the uniform, frank, and manly American policy from the beginning of the Republic with that which Great Britain has pursued. It is an irrefutable statement, of which the excellent spirit is not less honorable to the author than the skilful presentation. This pamphlet also is worthy of the widest circulation.

"WATSON'S Manual of Calisthenics (SCHERMERHORN, BANCROFT, & CO., New York and Philadelphia). This is truly a book that every family should have, for it presents a complete system of gymnastic drill without apparatus. It is most simply and intelligibly treated, and the illustrations are so graphic and excellent that no pupil or teacher can go wrong. The book is beautifully printed and neatly bound, and the whole subject of vigorous and thorough bodily exercise is made as attractive as it is important. All the exercises mentioned have been thoroughly tested, and Watson's Manual would, if properly used in the gymnasium and nursery, as well as in the school, supersede in many a case the medical manual which it would render unnecessary.

One of the most charming guide-books for summer travel is "Eastman's White Mountain Guide." (EUSTON C. EASTMAN, Concord, New Hampshire.) It contains the most accurate information concerning the mountain region, with Lake Winnepesaukee and its neighborhood, compiled and arranged by a scholarly artist who loves the hills, and a practical scholar who wishes to pay homage to Mount Kearsarge, to which he was born. Washington, Jefferson, and Adams, put Eastman in his pocket, and ingenuous the shrine by the way of Lake Winnepesaukee—the Smile of the Great Spirit.

"Harper's Hand-book for Europe and the East," by W. FREMAN FERNALD. (HARPER & BROTHERS.) This useful work has now reached its third edition. The whole of the present volume has been revised and corrected up to July, 1864, with a large quantity of entirely new matter. The remarkable success of this publication is a proof that Harper's is the only hand-book of European travel published in the United States, and the *only* complete work of the kind in the language in the English language. It is, moreover, *three years later* than any other European guide-book, and is the only one revised entirely up to date. A distinct and clear outline of all the tours through the principal cities of Europe and the United States, and the time occupied by the different routes, the names of the best hotels, a description of the principal "sights" and works of art, etc. Not only is this a book of reference and of work, but those who have been there will experience much pleasure in "reading up" what they have seen.

REBEL POETRY.

MESSRS. ROTTOS,—In your issue of the *Weekly* of date July 2, I observed an interesting article on Rebel Poetry. But its closing extract, "Our Annie," from the Mobile *Tribune*, which you commend as "evidently a most touching and tuneful, heartfelt theft. I am not sure, but think the original appeared in the Drawer of *Harper's Magazine* some years ago: at any rate, here are two verses which I copied at the time:

"My Lilia is gentle and fair:
Lilia is merry and free—
Half dying with love,
I sue at her knee,
And drank my Champagne from her shoe.

"O Lilia! my lady! my love!
Vast and rare are the gifts I bring
Why an angel night blush,
Look pleased, and say 'Hush!'
If I kindly request her to thee."

BALTIMORE, July 26, 1864. T. E. C.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT'S apparent inactivity appears to disturb the rebel army fully as much as it does the loyal. In Richmond *Whig* says that Grant is surely undermining Petersburg with his vast engineering works, day by day. The false report of Grant's death appears to have afforded them a temporary relief, as Senator Benton, who was lately delegated to Fortress Monroe, has, at the request of the Confederate Government, been refused the pass. Power counsel as Brenada Hundred: at about the same time Bailey' Island, to the relief of the garrison, and the Richmonds was temporarily put in his place. General Birney now commands the Tenth Corps, including the command of Burney's Division.

The size of the Petersburg assumes no new phase worthy of record. The main interest as regards military operations in how centering in the Shenandoah Valley and Alabama. When Sherman made his extensive movement in making Atlanta his base, he was forced to rely on the transfer his supplies from Big Shanty Station to Atlanta by the single railroad, and he knew that the rebel cavalry would be unable to hold the railroad so near to the front. Hood, therefore, has been compelled to send Wheeler from the Army of Tennessee on the 5th took a position on the railroad between Dalton and Resaca, destroying a portion of the track and burning the railroad bridge in front; his force touching the river; still later, Forrest, with his command of 6000, has crossed the Tennessee and the armies confronted each other on opposite sides of the river. The railroad had been destroyed from the river all the way from Kenesaw to the Chattahoochee about 4000 men were found at work.

The successful passage of the Chattahoochee River was effected on Monday last by the Twenty-third, Fourth, Fourteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-third and Fourth Corps moved on the north side of the river and crossed at the ferry and fords at Roswell, Soaking Hooker and Palmer on the opposite bank, and immediately entrenching their forces. As a proper time Howard moved down to the right, to be in readiness to form a junction with the rest and to protect them while crossing. At noon on the 18th Palmer's and Hooker's commands were fairly on the Atlanta side of the river. Before dark the Twentieth and Fourteenth were across, with their ammunition and pontoon trains. At nine o'clock at night General Sherman's whole force was upon the Atlanta side of the Chattahoochee. General Palmer's corps resting upon the river upon the right, near the mouth of the Peachtree Creek, and in close proximity to where the railroad bridge destroyed by the rebels in falling back crosses the river. Hooker, Howard and Schofield, while M'Pherson's three corps formed the left wing, extended the river some four miles further down the stream. The enemy on the 19th moved to within five miles of Atlanta, and formed in the form of a crescent of the city, with its right on arch, the left under M'Pherson holding Decatur on the railroad connecting Atlanta with the East. On the 18th Hooker's Corps was thrown around still further to the left southwardly, so as to fill up a gap intervening between M'Pherson and the right. These movements compelled Johnston to fall back on Atlanta.

The whole line advanced. M'Pherson on the left, Schofield in the left centre, Howard in the centre, Hooker in the right centre, and Palmer on the right, the whole line remaining fortified.

On the 20th General Hood superseded Johnston in the command of the rebel army; a proclamation differing from that which Johnston had adopted was then issued. On the 20th Hood came out and attacked Sherman's right, making three assaults, which "were bloodily repulsed" by the Federals, with a small fell on Hooker. On the 21st the enemy moved up to within two and a half miles of Atlanta, and on the 22d their corps holding the Macon Railroad.

There are four great lines of railroad which centre in Atlanta. Northeast runs the Western and Atlantic road, along which Sherman has been pushing Johnston across the mountains for three months. On the east is the road to Augusta, leading to Georgia Junction and terminating the trunk of this road was held by M'Pherson at Decatur. On the south is the Macon road, also connecting with Savannah; a short distance south of Atlanta it branches off into the West Point and Montgomery road. With this road in our possession, and our hold on the road at Decatur being strengthened, the last line of retreat would be entirely cut off; Hood, therefore, must fight or stand siege. The engagement on Wednesday, the 20th, was very severe; it is impossible yet to give the minute details. Thursday our lines were pushed up close to the enemy's, and part of Atlanta was in our possession. The next day, the 22d, Hood made another assault. The rebel army was chiefly massed against our right. The struggle ended with the day's defeat, with a loss per rate of about 2000, and on that of the rebels of about 6000. General M'Pherson was shot while passing through the dangerous ground with his staff for a moment, and a rebel sharp-shooter shot him from an ambush. Gen. M'Pherson was a distinguished officer for the burial of the dead and the care of the wounded: the rebels took up the body and bore it into Atlanta, and while kept his heavy artillery playing upon the city.

Hood's defeat was complete; there was an interregnum and Friday was to destroy our forces on the right, after which to move on the rear of the city. But Friday, by no defeat, the remainder of our army. The plan promised to be successful. General Sherman's line was therefore also long, and weak in the centre. But the day before the battle, Hood, through the desertion of some rebels within the opposite divisions resisted the furious charges of Hood's army.

The loss of Gen. McPherson, which were deplored by Sherman's army in its movements on Atlanta, was a severe blow to the Confederacy. In addition to numerous flouring mills, there were large cloth manufactories, pecuniary needy for the rebel cause, and cotton and 25,000 of woollen goods—principally for the army.

GENERAL ROSSEAU'S EXPEDITION.

Directly connected with the operations against Atlanta, General Rousseau's late expedition was an important movement. When Sherman's plans were matured, and the road only through Mississippi, Rousseau projected the destruction of the West Point and Montgomery Railroad. His the plan could not be executed. But on the 20th of June, when Sherman had left Chattanooga for Atlanta, the project was revived. Abundant preparations were made for the destruction of the road—rails, bridges, culverts, water-tanks, depot buildings, locomotives, arsenals, Government stores, and all. The force of 2500 men was selected to destroy the town of Opelika, the point of junction of the rebel railroads with Atlanta, West Point, and Montgomery road.

The force was started from Nashville with a force of 2700 cavalry, consisting of the following regiments which were concentrated at Decatur, in Northern Alabama: 10th Indiana Cavalry, Colonel T. J. Harrison; Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Wolford; Fifth Kentucky Cavalry, Major Lisle; Fourth Tennessee Cavalry and the Ninth Indiana Cavalry. The two composing this force were all veterans, well mounted, and excellently armed. A battery of four guns accompanied the force. At times and inevitable as a cavalry arm, were judiciously distributed among the men. Major Hoban gun were under his immediate command.

On the 17th the expedition started from Decatur, taking the direction of Blountsville, and on a march of eighty miles crossed the Coosa River; thence struck into the road to Jacksonville, and thence to Talladega, which is 50 miles on the Montgomery road. Between Opelika and Montgomery the railroad crosses the Tallapoosa and Chattahoochee rivers; bridges over these streams was the great business of the raid. Before Rousseau's command destroyed the seven bridges and other Government buildings at Opelika, and the bridges between that and Auburn, 12 miles off, they had executed his plans, with a loss altogether amounting to no more than 100 men. They moved up the west side of the Chattahoochee to Marietta, where he arrived on the 25th, and the next day rejoined Sherman's army.

SLOCUM'S MOVEMENTS FROM VICKSBURG.

Simultaneously with the departure of Rousseau's expedition from Nashville, almost from the river Vicksburg, under the command of Brigadier-General E. S. Dennis, consisting of the 16th Army Corps, the Seventeenth Army Corps. The command started at two o'clock A.M. July 1, and camped at Big Black River, a distance of 20 miles. A day was spent in constructing pontoons; on the 3d the army, with pontoons, once reached on the 5th, and there the expedition turned back the next day, meeting a small body of the enemy's cavalry, which was put to a disgraceful cause off—a drawn battle. The command reached Vicksburg on the 8th, its movement had only been a diversion in favor of Rousseau.

In the rear of Sherman's army Rebel cut another expedition, which was reinforced by cavalry sent by General Sherman, under General Smith, left Memphis on July 5th. On the 11th Slocum fell in with a detachment of about 1000 rebels, commanded by Colonel Richardson, who proceeded in repulsing them with great loss. This second expedition had returned on the 20th.

DEFEAT OF FORREST.

July 5, General Washburne sent out a force under General Grierson, from Memphis, to intercept Forrest and defeat the rebel General Forrest. On the 10th the expedition met the rebels at Tupelo, Mississippi, and the battle was fought in three different days with Forrest, Lee, and Walker's divisions. The rebels were defeated with a loss of 1500, the entire rebel force being defeated each day. On the 15th Smith's command was attacked by Forrest's command at Harrisburg, Mississippi. On the 20th the expedition reached Lagrange, with a loss of not more than 500. Rebel accounts estimate the rebel loss to have been at least 4000—captured rebel dispatches placed a loss of 2000. The rebel commander was killed. It was reported that Forrest was wounded in the first day's fight. The rebels under Buckner's Tennessee was captured.

FROM THE SHENANDOAH.

It appears that General Averill, after his successful encounter with Early's cavalry at Moorefield, in Hardy county, then to the mountain beyond Winchester, where Early had gone with his infantry. They have fought every day since Sunday—the rebels having in the mean time been reinforced—General Averill was compelled to fall back to Martinsburg, bringing with him the forces at Hunter's Hill, and covering the retreat of Sigel's army. The rebels do not appear to have pursued him in his retreat, and on Tuesday, the 26th, encamped near Shepherdstown, where they cut the telegraph wires, and commenced again the destruction of the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

ITEMS.

The lower counties of Missouri have lately been troubled by guerrillas. Thornton has been engaged for seven weeks in recruiting about 1200 rebel sympathizers, in Cooper county, in which number he could, and has since make his way southward to swell the hosts of the rebel army. Price's force is also reported to be in that region, operating against the scattered detachments of Thornton's command. The latter has been great circumstance, and people from the surrounding counties have been crowding into St. Joseph. On the 25th colonel Ford turned Platte City, which had become a resort for the guerrillas. Fords had the towns responsible for the outrages of Thornton's men.

At Blackley Alms-house, in Philadelphia, a great disaster occurred July 30, caused by the walls of the Pennsylvania Asylum being undermined by workmen. Eighteen insane ladies were killed and twenty wounded. There were 220 lunatics in the Asylum.

General Meigs, to whom the Secretary of War assigned the duty of selecting a proper place in which to bury the bodies of those who fell in the defense of Washington during the late rebel invasion, has selected an area of ground in front of Fort Stevens, on the east side of Fort Stevens, and about 80 yards from the Seventeenth Street road, in the immediate vicinity of the spot where the severest fight took place.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

A very pressure is being steadily brought to bear on the British ministry by the Foreign Office of policy in regard to the American war in favor of the Confederates. MR. LINDSAY now notice lately in Parliament that he should next move that England interfere to procure a cessation of hostilities. A deputation from the society for obtaining cessation of hostilities waited on Lord Palmerston on the 15th, but we got off with a non-committal answer. Mission has also had an interview with his lordship. The total cotton loss had reached to 74.

PROSPECT OF A SEA-FIGHT.

The *Sarsenaeta* left Cherbourg on the 18th inst., set joined the channel off Dover. A number was current Cherbourg that the Federal and Confederate naval officers had arranged a sea-fight within the next ten days between the *Sarsenaeta* and the *Niagara* on the one side and the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama* on the Confederate side. It was lately seen in the Straits of Gibraltar, on the 19th inst.

THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

King Christian has dismissed his Ministers, and is said to have sent his brother to Berlin to propose peace. Austria has refused the condition of Denmark being received as a member of the German Confederation. This was considered a strong step in favor of peace, and it is hoped that the plan will not especially please the Emperor of Austria.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

One of our soldiers sends us a copy of the *Universal Magazine* for March, 1758, which he found in the house of a prominent Secessionist near Petersburg. On the second page of the first article is this heading: a review of a book by Mr. Carter written by a Gentleman of his Wife while he was on a visit to his friends in the north-ward. The book is entitled "Letters from Virginia," which is called "the first city in wealth and trade in America." The review contains the following statement in regard to Edward Drinker, of Philadelphia, "who our great Benjamin Franklin has made famous in his account of Pennsylvania by the beginning and the end of the British Empire in America." Mr. Drinker had been the subject of many eccentric heads: but when he heard of the many oppressive and unconstitutional acts of power of the British Parliament, and gave them to his great grandsons to make his of, and to defend the liberty and happiness of his country in his widowed arms, and triumphing in the issue of the war, he died in the 86th year of his age, the 16th of November, 1783, aged 86 years.

A correspondent has a thousand song-birds of different sizes, sold yearly in the city of New York. We have a number of them in our office, and on Sunday, the 31st day of August, and buy their stock of medicine, drinks, and food, the Canaries, of the Gold Finches, who raise them for sale. They come back in the spring to breed.

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A CAPTAIN of a London packet, of most exemplary conduct, was sentenced to transportation seven years with any of the people whose life was not what it should have been. Every one was willing to get rid of him, and as soon as he made his complaint, either to the rector or the bishop. The former, relying upon the evening glass of wine, very elegant a memorial to the bishop, setting forth the advantages of the country. The interesting thing had evidently worth should not be rewarded, and earnestly recommending him to the favorable notice of the bishop. Soon after, the quite unexpectedly became vacant, whereupon the bishop, considering the memorial favorable, and it no doubt appeared to be, presented him to it, informing him of the memorial, and of the favorable regard his people with it, rejoicing that they had taken in good part his freedom of speech, and that they should be so well supplied with a life the curate which had won their approbation.

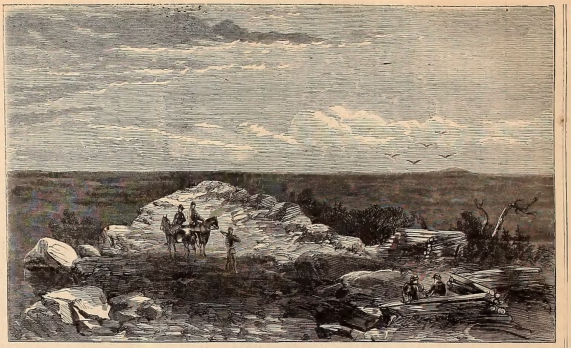
A correspondent of the Times, lately spent some exercises details concerning the mystagon, or night blindness, which appears to be extremely prevalent in the army of the Potomac. This sufferer from this affliction can see perfectly as long as the sun is shining, but become aware of total obscurity from sunset until dawn. No artificial light is of the least service to them, and holding under a flash of lightning enables them to see.

The following singular paragraph appears in a Parisian journal: "The Duke of Aumale was born on August the eighth years. Lord Lyndhurst, born in 1772, was one of his contemporaries. Of this queen, Mrs. Partington, that in owing that manner of playing, namely, when a person's hand is moved from the key, the sound continues to vibrate, and which is used in the performance of Shaddock's Trio, was the first person to invent. Sir John Copley Shipton, the inventor of the services will be forgotten, but his name will survive at the whist-table."

A STATISTICIAN has had the patience to count the number of words contained in the most celebrated books. The works of Cornelius de not contain more than 7000 different words, and those of Racine 5000. Shakspeare, the most fecund and varied of English authors, wrote all his tragedies and comedies with 15,000 words. Voltaire used only employs 10,000; "Paradise Lost" only contains 8000; and the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" of Homer 9000 words each.

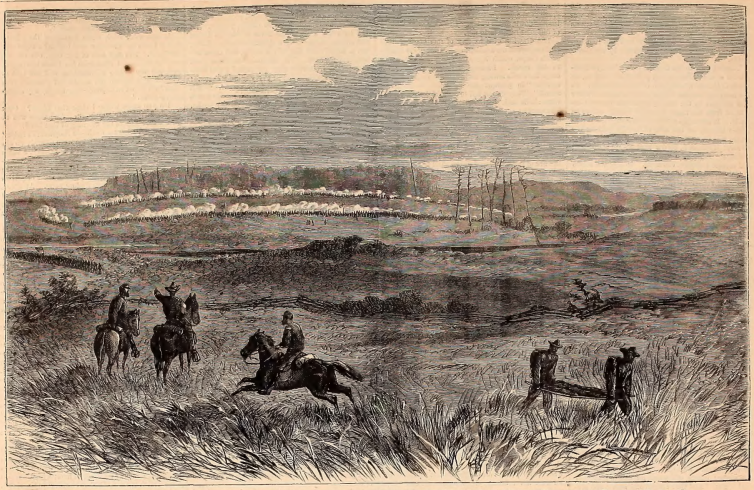
Turnips have been lately some new and interesting discoveries have been made. One of these relates to the evil sodden which are so full of interest and give a living reality to the most commonplace of the rustic's daily toil. The skeleton of a dove was found in a niche overlooking the Forum. It was in the same sentry, who said as it if I watch and rest at the city gate, she had been true to her duty to the last. Her body was found in the niche, the living shower fell around, and beneath her was the eye which contained the tiny bones of her yet unborn young one. Human nature never changes. The Pompeians had their elections, which were soon to come off, when the city was buried under the lava. Placards were found to the streets which rivaled us of these news in New York now and then. Each householder had a favorite candidate, and the walls of the streets of the election by numerous terms, painting his name and qualifications at the side of the door. One of these, "Suadam dignum aedilem," was found on the house of Modestus. "Suadam dignum aedilem commendat." An elector was known as the vote for Suadam, proclaiming that Suadam shall vote for him in future.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN, FROM LITTLE KENESAW.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—LITTLE KENESAW, JULY 3, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF THE PUBLIC SQUARE, MARIETTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—GALLANT ACTION OF COLONEL WALCOT'S BRIGADE, JUNE 15, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

We give on this and the preceding page five sketches illustrating General SHERMAN'S advance on Atlanta. Most of these—all on page 500—are topographical. We have in a previous number given a view of Kenesaw, as seen from Pine Mountain; SHERMAN'S advance, July 8, flanking the rebels out of that formidable position, enables us now to furnish a nearer view.

Kenesaw is a double mountain, and presents a bold eminence overlooking the hilly ridges around it. One of the peaks rises some distance above the other, and for distinction the lower is called Little Kenesaw. The rebels driven, June 20, from Pine and Lost Mountains, contracted their lines, confining their operations to the defense of Kenesaw, which they maintained for a fortnight.

From Kenesaw to Marietta—the public square of which is represented on the same page—the distance is only three or three miles. The names of the prominent buildings have been taken from the neighboring mountain which we have just described. The town of Marietta, having a population of no

Lieutenant Edge. Otterbeux. Hooker. Logan.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF ATLANTA FROM THE SIGNAL STATION.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

more than two thousand souls, yet ranks as the ninth town in Georgia in regard to size. It was settled before Atlanta. Prior to the war Marietta College was one of the two or three prosperous institutions of the South. It exists now only in name. The town is almost entirely deserted by its inhabitants.

Turning now to the next page, we have an illustration of the gallant action performed, June 15, by General HARROW's division of LOGAN's corps. In the morning General LOGAN received orders to move his division to the left, to divert the enemy's attention from the right, where an assault was to be made. It advanced at about 4 o'clock, with WILCOX's brigade on the left, WALCOT's holding the centre and OLIVER's on the right and in reserve. General HARROW's Sixteenth Corps kept within supporting distance. A position was carried by the division and several prisoners captured. It is the attention of Colonel WALCOT's brigade that the illustration especially refers. He, in the most gallant manner, advanced on the enemy's position, and encountering, with 300 prisoners, Generals LOGAN and HARROW both grasping his hand in congratulation. A story is told of a captain who, rushing past the enemy's rifle-pits, was fired at so closely that the enemy's powder burned his face. This doughty captain, it is said, took several prisoners.

Below, on the same page, is a distant view of Atlanta, as seen from the signal station in front of the position held by the Army of the Tennessee only 7. In the fore-ground, at the right of Lieutenant ERGA, the signal officer, are General LOGAN; and standing, still further to the right are Generals HOOKER and LOGAN.

RETURN OF A RAIDING PARTY.

On page 508 we give an illustration representing the return of KAUTZ's cavalry from the raid against the Weldon and Danville roads. General KAUTZ made among the first of our cavalry officers, and in his in a raid especially that his excellent leadership is illustrated. He was associated with WILSON in the raid to which allusion is here principally made; his accurate knowledge of the country enabled him, however, to check BUTLER's line before Petersburg. Both men and horses returned in a state of great exhaustion; the troops were without coats—blankets had been left behind—and in many cases even hats and caps were absent, their places being supplied by turbans, female head-gear, or whatever came to hand. Some had lost their horses, and ride mules; others, still worse off, had to lead their used beasts. And thus ragged and weary, and presenting the most grotesque appearance, the column straggled in from the great raid.

IN THE TRENCHES.

We continue this week, on pages 504 and 505, our ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SIEGE of PETERSBURG, of which the artist gives a description as follows:

The army, although no longer marching and fighting day by day, is by no means idle. Its earthworks, of much heavier construction than the temporary rifle-pits thrown up on the march from Cold-Harbor, have the spade and pick for their constant occupation. The enemy's position, in most instances, commands ours, giving them the advantage of a constantly renewed artillery firing along the front—a superior protection for their men from the fire of sharp-shooters.

Take the sketch of MARTIN'S BATTERY; frowning over it, at close range, are the enemy's fortifications, an important salient being prominent, many of which may be seen part of still another line of works, designed to be the first untenable, in spite of the battle and *chevaux de frize*, we should capture them. At this part of the lines—on the Fifth Corps—although the cannon keep up a desultory firing, by consent among the men on both sides sharp-shooting has been abandoned, and the pickets live peaceably near each other, outside the fortified lines; ours even taking their shelter-tents without the protection against the sun. The line of battle lies from both sides, in the complicated system of trenches called rifle-pits, which generally consist of two main lines of intrenchment, close together—one in front, the other behind the men—and any quantity of traverses, as shelters against cross-fire are added. Across these run the men stretch their tents and blankets, like an awning, in picturesque confusion, keeping as cool as the torrid climate—accurately described in the picture from the white sandy soil—and the rebel mortar shells will permit. Against the latter the traverses afford protection, and the soldiers burrow into the earth places known as *gopher holes*, into which they dive with astonishing rapidity when a shell is observed by the look-out coming his way. Some of the rifle-pits are covered with boughs, forming a continuous arbor, and being increased protection against the sun.

The officers' quarters, where exposed to danger from the rebel fire, are often made shell-proof, although the Whitworth bolt occasionally penetrates an immense thickness of earth.

After having General WARREN's front there is no longer any security against being hit; the sharpshooters keeping a bright look-out on both sides, using at every one who shows himself, and constantly sending bullets at random. Most often, fake effect upon people unseen by the shooter, these have all sorts of devices to protect themselves from fire, and at the same time make a show about it. All night the firing is kept up with increased vindictiveness, for the purpose of driving in the working parties, who come out in the darkness to dig new works—parallels and other approaches to the rebel lines. The rebels work also in improving and adding to their defenses.

It was hard at one time for the army to get sufficient water, for they have dotted the country with wells, and have now a plentiful supply. Some of these, after reaching a vein of water, are filled again and surrounded by a curb, and left at about up to the surface. This is the best plan, but as barrels are scarce all can not procure them, so others dig out a large excavation, with a flight of steps leading down to the water. In fact there is a scene of different methods in use.

The drawing of a battery of mortars and light twelves represents a salient on the line of the Eighteenth Corps, which is a source of great annoyance to the rebels. Lieutenant JACKSON constantly drops his shells among their men, as he precisely remarks, "to prevent the Johnnies sleeping too sound." They do not fail to return the compliment with shells and the bullets of the sharp-shooters. The mortars are fired without the gunner seeing the object he aims at. With the aid of his frame-work round the piece, marked in divers places with the positions of points upon the rebel line, and a piece of string leading from the muzzle to the hand, he bags on the parapet down to the frame, he directs the line of the piece, and as the shell is visible as it leaves the smoke till it falls into the doomed spot, it is very interesting to watch the practice.

A BOWL OF BREAD AND MILK.

PROSPEROUS! Yes; I have been prosperous. They call me a merchant prince I believe, and you'll hardly find a steamer, or a railway rendezvous, or a wealthier firm than that of Berryl & Ballion. If you'd like to know what prosperity is, I should undertake first book-keeper and so on up to junior partner, and now head of the firm, I'll tell you. A bowl of bread and milk. It's a fact. A bowl of bread and milk and a girl-baby.

I was born in a quaint little country place, in Green county, New York, not far from the Hudson, and where you could see the purple peaks of the Catskills, with snow at the very top nearly all the year round—although, I used to think, they'd better made his habitation there, and kept his favorite temperature—than down in little dusty seasons had their way with the earth below. It was a pretty place, and we had a church, and a school-house, and a town-hall, and one decent store, and were afforded to live in such a healthy place if he had not already made his fortune in New York. Our home was a farm-house three miles away from the village, and lonely enough in the winter time, when bad roads and deep snows kept us sometimes for several consecutive times for weeks together. But it was beautiful in summer, when the golden corn stood in the fields, and the little orchard was bright with fruit and blossoms, and the great grape-vine shaded the white porch; and even at the coldest and loneliest time I was never lonely, for I had my mother all to each other—father and mother, and I and brother Will—and lived a life of our own, partly in books and partly in dreamland, which we knew well enough, no one else would comprehend. We had a library, such as it was, the books ranging from the old covers of calico which mother had sewed on them to hide the disreputable broken leather and tarnished gilding; and they were a queer miscellaneous lot. History of England, a Mythology with long crooked s's, and some books of poetry.

There were Milton and Pope and Porter and Mrs. Radcliffe; novels in nine volumes, which followed a lovely heroine and a true-sweetheart through adventure along a course of true love which certainly ran any thing but smoothly. Separated them apparently forever at least a dozen times, and at the end of the ninth volume always reunited and married them.

"The Horrors of Okendale Castle," "The Chilldren of Old Abbey," "Castle of Family," "The Maiden of Warsaw," and goodness knows what besides. We read them all, and cried over them together, and rejoiced at the happy conclusion of each, and absolutely went to the weddings, so vividly were they described. Will and I have never quite got over that.

We sat up all night once to be made quite sure that Elfrida Rosabell would ultimately discover that the young man of the book was a villain, and not honorable intentions; and neighbor Boggs, of the mill, sent over next morning to inquire whether any one was ill or sick or dead, as a light was seen and a light late as three o'clock a night in the sottish" room was out."

After that we closed the shutters early.

When we were not reading generally around the supper-table we were out of doors, or in the barn, or wherever we could. We spent a good many fortunes in imagination, but the reality was a good way off yet, for both uncles could only afford to make us sweet every year, and there never was a dollar to spare for any thing. Only my mother's indefatigable thread and needle kept us in clothes and boots. On week days we worked on the farm in any thing. Our grandfather was dead, and there was not a great deal of it. Besides, father was not strong, and a farmer, and never had what the neighborhood called luck. Old Farmer Peak used to say that he "guessed he made book-larnin' to grow potatoes," and perhaps he was right. There were men who could just read who made money over it, and father who was like the astonishment of all, "knew Latin," could just feed and clothe his little family. That he did that, and was thankful. I was sixteen before I heard the story of his past life. How ambitious he had been, and how he had failed in every thing he had undertaken above him, and how, at thirty, he had said to my mother, "Alice, I meant to be a great man for your sake, and all of us, but I can't. I'll be a poor farmer now; will you have me as I am?" And she who had loved him for himself, said "Yes." And so for years they had led this peaceful life of daily toil and nightly reading, varied only by church-going on the Sabbath, and occasional visits to quilting-bees or corn-husking, or quilting; and though their boys were grown up they were two lovers still.

But you know the serpent made his way into Eden, and ever since there has always been some evil thing ready to creep in where people are good and happy. Satan came to us in the shape of a middle-aged man, with black whiskers, in diffilities.

He owed some one something, and had probably done some rascally thing or other; for he was very much afraid of a certain Mr. Ball at our house for weeks together during one autumn.

He represented himself as a persecuted angel, and was sheltered and sympathized with, and made much of, as though he were one in reality. At last he asked a particular favor of his old friend and college chum—only a signature—a mere form; but it would start him in life again, and these fellows insisted on it. The signature was given; and six months from that time my father found himself a bankrupt. Almost every thing was gone—the house—the farm—only a little corner where a neglected cabin stood on a little triangular patch of ground—and bits of furniture, and our books, too oft to be of value to others, remained to us. My mother died within the year, and the frame-work round the piece, marked in divers places with the positions of points upon the rebel line, and a piece of string leading from the muzzle to the hand, bags on the parapet down to the frame, he directs the line of the piece, and as the shell is visible as it leaves the smoke till it falls into the doomed spot, it is very interesting to watch the practice.

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To the country youth of seventeen the city seemed so wide and cruel. That great Broadway was to me "a stony-hearted step-mother."

It was after dark when I reached the place I called home for the time, and told my story to my landlady. She had sons of her own, but she had no room for me, and I went from her house that night, and left my brown portmanteau as it the bits of clothes in it behind me, until her curiosity rose that "She'd not be cheated—not she—by any tramp, ed-up story."

Do you know where I slept that night? On a bench in the City Hall Park. And there was no breakfast ready in the morning at that hotel.

All day I looked for work—or employment, as helper, any where where strong arms were needed; no one wanted me. Then, at last, stunned and weary, a baker brushing by me with his basket of warm loaves almost made me faint. But I went on still asking at stores and factories, even at the doors of private dwellings, for work, and finding none. At seven, so anxious was I for food, that, seeing a load of wood at the door of a plain house, I asked for the job of sawing and splitting it. The woman shook her head.

"I'll do it for my supper," I said, pleadingly.

"A great, healthy young man like you ought'n to need supper as bad as that," she said, and closed the door in my face. Then I heard her call within,

"Biddy, watch the cellar-door, there's a straggler outside." A daughter of my mother and of home came over me. What would she have said could she have seen me then? How would her face have looked? I was very glad she could not know all I endured. Poor though we had been, I had never guessed what cold hearts and starvation could be.

I left the door before which I had been standing and wandered on, wondering whether I could bring myself to beg for food. Dinner would have been preferable, but mother and Will—I had no right to think even if God would let me stay. On either hand were stores and dwellings, brightly lighted. Windows where dainty pastry, and jellies, and confectionery were piled. Others still, where heaps of gold, and silver, and crisp bank-notes were spread on green baize; still others, through the white curtains of which I could see family groups gathered around bright fires or cozy tea-tables. All seemed happy save myself. It is always so when we are hungry.

On I went—I could stop at none of these bright places—and at last I turned down a side-street full of handsome old-fashioned houses, with low doorsteps and windows on the first floor, which were on a level with the pave of a much narrower side-walk. This street was darker than the busy one from which I had turned. I walked on counting the doors, resolved to stop at the third or five that I could bear to beg—failing to keep the promise I made myself every time. At last I came to a house standing larger than the rest. From the low window a light shone out, sending a warm gleam upon the front pavement. The curtain was not drawn, and I could see the room within. A great dining-table covered with white damask, and at one end of it a young girl with her head bent down, and weeping to her waist, and what looked like a bowl of bread and milk. Near her stood a servant-woman. It was a picture of home. I thought I had never seen so lovely a child or such a pleasant room.

Listen—I turned and heard the servant say to her,

"Miss Rose, your pa and ma won't be home for ever so long, and they said you were to eat your supper and go to bed. What is the matter?"

"I want some jam," said the child, "and dolly! Dolly will be half-starved."

"Then you shall have to get hungry, Miss Rose," said the girl.

"Miss does," said the child, "and sleepy. Please bring her night-gown and cap, so that I can undress her where it is warm."

"What a pretty child you are!" said the girl.

"Well, I'll get the jam and your doll, and then you *will* go to bed, Miss Rose."

I heard the child sob, and the girl left her.

Then I perceived that a crack of the window had been left open—perhaps by accident—and perhaps because the room was overheated. I longed for a little of that pleasant warmth. I raised the sash before from the ledge, standing on a projecting stone ornament below. As I did so the frame made a creaking sound, and the child looked around, not frightened, but with a bright, look in her face that was not easily alarmed by trifles. Then a thought came into my head. I would ask her if she would not be so bitter a humiliation. I thrust my head through the aperture and called to her by the name the servant had used.

"Miss Rose."

The child saw my face now, she heard my voice, and came to the window, her high seat. Half-way she paused, putting back her hair with her little hand, and looking at me wonderingly with her blue eyes.

"I don't know you," she said. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am some one who is hungry," I said. "I want something to eat."

"Hungry?" she said. "You must have some thing to eat right away;" and then turned on her little toes and pattered to the table, whence she lifted the great china bowl of bread and milk with both baby hands. She set it upon the sill, and perching on a chair, to my utter astonishment, and with an air of command, "Now open your mouth and I'll feed you."

She had been used to feeding and putting the kitten into the window to eat the cream, and so in the same way. I understood that at once; but obeyed. I opened my mouth; and I outside of the window, with elbows on the sill, she within, perched on the seat of a chair, that baby fed me with bread and milk. I amused her. She laughed merrily. Now and then she patted me on the head. For my own part I hardly knew whether I wondered most at myself or her.

The bowl was emptied not slowly; and then I caught the baby hands in mine and kissed them.

"I shall never forget you," I said. "I shall never cease to pray for you—never—"

But the words died on my lips, for a strong hand touched my shoulder, and a voice, in which merriment and anger mingled, uttered in my ear, "Hullo—come down, and let me see who you are?"

Who I was! The next moment I did not know myself, for I had fallen insensible to the ground.

"A Talk of novels!" said the senior partner, breaking off. "Real life is stranger." The man who spoke to me was little Rose's father. That, of course, you guess; but you can not guess—for it never entered into my head—how he was also my dear, dead father's dearest friend, come back from a far-off State, where he had been long a-living, and a prosperous merchant in the city.

They found me out by letters in my pocket; for, you see, they thought I was dead—and I was pretty near it.

So when I came to myself there were friends around me; and they told me to have no fear, but to trust in them to help me, and I did.

Why I went to mother I told her that I had not become a successful author, but that I was a promising book-keeper in the firm of Bullion & Co. A year after, she and Will came to live with me to live. Thank God, they are both living still!

As for myself, you know dear little Rose was my first friend; and I could not forget the night when she fed me with her little hands, and saved me from starving to death, I believe.

I loved her dearly; and I watched her grow up from a bright bud to a sweet blossom, loving her more and more every day.

In ten years she was seventeen and I twenty-seven, and the junior partner of our firm. One day—one evening rather—I went to her, to the old house—the one through whose open window I heard their evening—and there, by that same open window, I asked her a question, and she said "Yes."

What the question was you can easily guess, for she is my wife now, and has been for thirty years, so that our little grand-daughter is exactly what Rose was when she fed me with bread and milk.

The senior partner now, and this house is the one she lived in then. I promised the old gentleman we'd live here, and we have done so. As for my novel. Did I tell you that the MS. was gone that night, and I never knew what became of it? But the other night Sam, my butler, had been down cellar hunting up some old wine, that was years ago, and he found something lying among the rubbish in one end, and brought it to me. Upon my word I could have wept when I saw the dingy parcel. It was my old novel—"Angelica; or, Parted and Reunited."

The rats had spared it for a wonder, and though it was mouldy and dirty I managed to read it.

My dear friend, it was the most disjointed trash that ever disgraced paper, and if a boy in my office were to spell so badly I'd dismiss him.

I never let any one see it except one another.

"It's a pity," she said, "that you could not have been an author. Will you never write another story?"

"Perhaps," I said; "and if I do, it will be a story of a Bowl of Bread and Milk.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

I AM married, and long out of business now, but some fifteen years ago I was an assistant-matron in a prison for female convicts. I am not inclined to give its particular name, because I have a delicate and a fair share of promotion in the establishment, and left it with the character of an efficient officer; for the story I am about to tell might appear somewhat compromising in the eyes of strict lady-superintendents if it ever came across their path.

Well, I had been about a year in the service, and got fully acquainted with its duties, when a Jewess named Jemima Jacobs was brought to my ward. She was young—not over twenty, I should say—but not at all handsome, being coarse-featured, squat, and of a dirty-brown complexion, as most of the prison-dress did not improve, as you may imagine. Her trial had taken place at the Old Bailey, and on a charge of stealing plate and jewelry to a large amount from a wealthy Jewish family in which she had been Nursemaid. The evidence was all made against her, the family being the chief witnesses. Jacobs was convicted and sentenced to one year's penal servitude—a lenient sentence, as the jury thought, for her offense. But the family, while they appreciated her merciful intentions, were on the subject of her previous good-conduct, and showed a laudable anxiety to mitigate her punishment by all the means in their power.

After her arrival within our penal walls no visiting-day elapsed without some of them coming to see and converse with their unfortunate protégée. As my readers are (as I hope) without experience of prison-discipline, I may remark that such interviews take place through two opposite grates—the convict standing at the inner, her friends at the outer one, and a prison-officer sees that no one shall come to see that nothing is said or done contrary to regulations. I frequently occupied that post, and thus had an opportunity of seeing the whole family, for they came in turn by ones and by twos. Let me say that their name was Josephs, and their place of business a notable one in the City, with a jeweler's shop in front, and a pawnbroker's office round the corner. Thus, almost every day, I'd ever know, of a father and a son, a mother and two daughters. The father, a tall, thin, stooping man was always rather shabbily dressed. The son was exactly like him, only some inches shorter; to me he did not look many years younger, though, of course, he must have been; and I can not say how I found out that his name was Samuel. Probably it was from hearing his mother call him by it as he came with her on the first day. She was an enormous woman, dressed in expensive but half-soiled finery. Her two daughters were handsome dashing girls, with full faces, an abundance of jewelry, and very fashionable bonnets. They mostly came in their carriage to the top of the road in which the prison was situated; there it waited for them till the interview was over, and father, mother, son, or daughters never said more than five minutes. The sight of Jacobs and the exchange of a very few words with her seemed to satisfy them, but one and all accosted her with the same sorrowful kindness, as if deeply grieved by her unfortunate position. There was a brief inquiry after her health, an admonition to submit implicitly to the prison regulations, and another comfort that all for her good, and a declaration that they would take her back again to their services at the expiration of her sentence if she behaved well. And these suitable responses had very humble acknowledgments; but one thing struck me as remarkable, as it was never omitted in one of their visits—they never went without asking if she had come to a proper repentance of her great sin yet, and Jacobs as invariably answered, "I'm afraid I have not." This was so regularly done that I at last concluded it must have some religious signification known only to the Jews. The conduct of the Josephs toward their convicted kitchen-maid was certainly more remarkable than Gentiles generally show in such circumstances. But we matrons and assistants soon began to think that the case might be found in Jacobs herself. A more civil or submissive creature no prison-officer could desire to have in charge. In fact, Jacobs required little care; she made no trouble, complaints, made the rough bags, was locked up at night, and even attended the chapel with the same unmurmuring behavior. Jacobs grew popular. We have body-servants, accustomed to look after female convicts will have as idea of what a rare jewel she was when she appeared in our eyes, and what a contrast she presented to the other women of the ward.

I am not going to dwell on the woes of an assistant-matron, but the unexampled good-behavior of my new prisoner, while it spared my nerves and temper, could not help but tell on my health. Positively liked Jacobs before she had been a fortnight under my charge, and the poor Jewess seemed to return my partiality. There was no trouble she wouldn't have taken, no haste she wouldn't have made to serve me; and when I was called, called—and carried without being bidden; and when allowed to clean my room, as a reward for good conduct, because of my official dignified liability, she made every thing look as bright and polished as if it had been new. I was pleased, of course; but chance soon occurred to astonish me to Jacobs's hobby—an uncommon one for a Jewess—and still more to excite my admiration of our wards. All the time she could spare from prison-work was devoted to sweeping, scrubbing, and polishing up her cell—the walls, window, floor, and even the ceiling got the benefit of her exertions; she reached them with an agility which nobody would suppose her capable of. Almost the entire ward was indebted to her in this way, which brings us to the only objectionable circumstance about my charge. There was no such thing as getting her to rest or remain in a cell more than one or two weeks; except for the above cause, and there was nothing more for Jacobs to clean, not a speck of dust left on its bare walls or in its four corners, she became uneasy, restless, always beginning leave to change with her next neighbor. Prison-rules do not recognize such humors; but as in the working of every system, rules will be relaxed and modified according to character and circumstances, so in female prisons the matron-in-chief, the good-will of officers, the consideration of directors, and sometimes the general desire for as much of a quiet life as can be had in such places, make a host of small matters and allowances beyond the strict regulations. Jacobs seemed to understand the fact, and took her measures accordingly. Not only request she ever made to directors, lady-superintendent, or chaplain—and she made many—was allowed from me, in return for her spontaneous services—the only approach to intimacy with her fellow-prisoners she ever tried to make—but to change her cell. There was a report among us—I know not how it originated—to the effect that the Josephs had made interest with the directors for a prison authorities. Whether the influence brought to bear on the case was really powerful or not, the simple request was always granted; she got leave to exchange. I could not be more obdurate than the Josephs were, my conscience would have no such zeal; and as for her fellow-prisoners, though by no means inclined to assist or gratify each other generally, they were unanimous in their praises to pedagogue Jacobs. In short, before half the time of her sentence elapsed, she had made the round of the entire ward; and as last requested, from her usual unobtrusive humility, an immediate transfer to No. 49, which she had cell at the western end of the corridor, and the only one she had not tried.

No. 49 was indeed a sort of forgotten or unused cell, partly because it was the last on the ward, partly because there was a dark tradition attached to it. I must tell you that my ward formed part of what was called the old prison, consisting of the building much more ancient than the rest, which, in former times, had been appropriated to debtors, convicts, and a noted burglar who said to have escaped public execution by hanging himself in that very cell. Such stories never get out of prison, particularly in prisons; but it was hushed up as far as possible, to save the officers trouble in case the cell should be wanted. That did not happen, to any great satisfaction, and No. 49 was left in its ominous solitude. Jacobs was the only person I ever knew who had heard the tale or not I had no certainty; it was very likely that some old inhabitant of the prison would soon acquaint her aware of it. I advised the Jewess against her meditated exchange, told her she could not expect to have another, after going round the ward as she had done, warned her that No. 49 was the most solitary, and probably, from its large size and proximity to all the cells, but my advices and warnings were alike in vain. Hum by obstinate as ever, in Jacobs would go, and in she went. I determined that she should not, and should not make shifting in a hurry, whatever recollections of the burglar might arise. But to my agreeable surprise Jacobs appeared to think nothing about him; she scrubbed and cleaned and polished No. 49 with as much energy as she had shown in her former apartments—if possible, I thought rather more. The ward-women were unanimous that she knew all about the burglar, but in the cell Jacobs remained, as if perfectly satisfied at last, and when nearly a month had passed away I congratulated myself on the prospect of no more removals.

In the mean time the Josephs kept on coming to see her at the grate, chiefly the mother and daughters; indeed, I observed that the gentlemen of the family, having doubtless more business on their hands, were but rare visitors, particularly the son Samuel. The younger ones always left me conscience-stricken with the accustomed inquiry regarding her repentance, which Jacobs continued to answer in the negative; and it appeared to me that the Josephs heard that reply with increased sorrow every time. Their solicitude seemed did not seem to lessen their grief; she made the accustomed response humbly and calmly, as if certain that the requisite amount of contrition could be found in a genuine Jew. I could not help thinking it a sort of Jewish penance which made her take to the scrubbing and sweeping of her cell-of-the-very cell more resolutely after every visit.

Things had been going on in that fashion for some time. The Josephs came, and, besides their usually cold, a season of peculiar concern to us matrons and assistants, for however less had to do with female convict establishments will be aware that, in the dark December, or rather the Christmas and New-Year holidays, it always is plentiful time for small riots among the inhabitants of the cells. Whether it arises from the remembrance of former festivities, perhaps with the unconscious effect of on-life, or to some occult influence of the season acting on the spirits and tempers of those difficult subjects, I can not say; but this I am, from woeful experience, that more windows are then broken, more blankets torn, more bread and more fierce battles fought, and more women carried off screaming to the dark cells, than at any other period of the years. We've had nothing of the kind as yet, and were hoping to get over the troublesome time in comparative quiet; but increased watchfulness was nevertheless recommended necessary, and while we did the night-duty were enjoined to make the rounds of the corridors frequently through the night. A dreary business it was for the assistant-matrons to whom the work generally fell to pass about all the long winter nights with those glaring dark-lanterns in our hands, wrapped in a cloak, and with lantern in hand, listening for every sound, looking in at the inspection-hole every now and then, and occasionally wishing for the six o'clock bell, which would relieve us from our duty.

I was on that duty one night about the middle of December. I had made the stipulated rounds, and, finding all quiet, had, when it occurred to me, about three o'clock in the morning, the weariest hour in the whole watch, that all night long I had not looked into No. 49 to see how Jacobs did. The cell, as I have said, was out of the way; there was a sort of bend or angle in the passage which led to it, and I might have been suited its ancient use—namely, the condemned cell of the old prison. Jacobs had never given any trouble, and was certainly not a breaking-out subject. I felt it no neglect of duty to leave her alone from hour to hour, while all the rest of the wards were daily inspected; but, for regulations' sake, I felt that I ought to see the door of No. 49, as this was almost my last round. Had it been in a direct line, and let me remark that I had on a pair of list-slippers, which made walking noiseless, I should, as matron on the night-watch for their noiselessness; but judge of my amazement and confusion when, on softly approaching the door, I found it open, and Jacobs in a low rasping sound, as if something were being done with a file or chisel. There was a faint light, too; I should have seen it had I looked through the inspection-hole. The gas was burning very low, and crouched in the corner, with her face close to the door, the working of both hands, and a small bit of brown iron, as if to widen a crevice she had made between the door and the wall, I saw the quiet and most manageable Jacobs. She had not heard, and couldn't see me; and, great as my surprise was, my conduct was what no one could think about, or intend by making that crevice, was still greater. I stood for a minute or two watching her progress, and soon perceived that the object was to get her fingers in or to get something out. The effort seemed almost beyond her strength—great and bleeding in many places by coming in contact with the sharp edges of the stone and the broken bit of iron; but at last she succeeded in getting two fingers into the crevice, and out with them came a string of beads so brilliant that they flashed like so many drops of light in the dim gaslight.

"What on earth are you doing, Jacobs?" said I, in astonishment; and the prisoner, as if struck, turned round with a fat and amazed look than mine must have been.

"You don't caught me, miss," she said, in her customary low and humble tone. "I knew you would; but you won't be hurt on me; you are a merciful lady: the Josephs will make you any present out you like; and maybe you would be good enough to take this," she continued, coming close to the door, and speaking low to me, through the inspection-hole, a small but very brilliant pin.

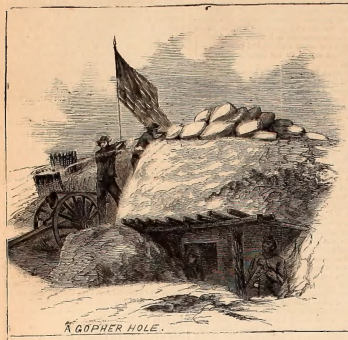
"I'll take no bribe, Jacobs," I said, turning before from you, and I want nothing from the Josephs; but I want to know what you have been doing up at this hour in your cell, and what you have got and took out of the crevice between the wall and the floor."

"I'll tell you all, miss, and leave my case to your charity," said Jacobs: "thank my stars, the women are too far off to hear a word." I knew that was correct, and it made me stand at the inspection-hole to hear her tell, in the dead silence of the night, one of the most singular tales of device and endurance that I ever heard.

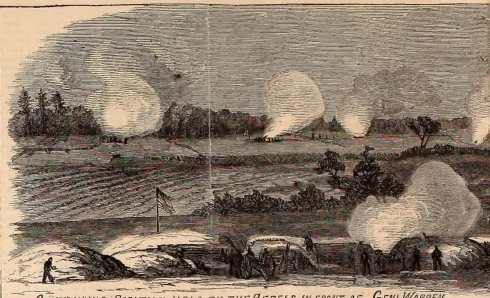
The string of brilliant beads was an old-fashioned diamond necklace, valued at I forget how many thousands. It had been sold or pawned—Jacobs would not decidedly say which, but I believe the latter—to a grand-uncle of the Josephs. Some intimation of the diamonds and their value somehow reached a noted gang of burglars, for they made an attack on his premises one night, and carried off, among other spoils of less value, the precious necklace. The grand-uncle had pursued them with all the force of law, and with all the power of richness. Many of the gang were taken, and among them the leader, in whose possession the diamonds were believed to remain. But no trifle, no promise that the Jewish aldermen could make for the money could offer, would induce him to give the smallest information regarding the fate of the valuable ornament. The man was a strange and desperate character, and owed the firm a grudge on account of a brother in the same trade, which had long been instrumental in bringing to justice for an unsuccessful endeavor after those very diamonds. He stood out stoutly against every persecution. The jury could not get so knowledge out of him; he would make no confession: he would not be accounted as the burglar kept his word in the manner already mentioned, leaving his cell invested with traditional terrors for all future prisoners. But the Josephs's attorney, in the course of his frequent conferences with him and his associates, made one discovery, or rather guess. From his intimate knowledge grasped, and looks involuntarily cast, he took a suspicion that in spite of prison-customs and other apparent impossibilities, the diamonds had been smuggled in with the chief of the robbers, and hidden in some crevice of his comfortable cell. In a private interview with Israel, the attorney had kept that surmise for his own future benefit; but years passed, and no opportunity for making it good had come to reach. He grew old, infirm, and ready to retire from business, in which it appeared he had realized much money; and then it occurred to him, as a cheerful and profitable course, to sell his suspicion for a respectable sum to the surviving Josephs of the immediate-loser. According to Jacobs the bargain had been a stiff one, though, owing to the lapse of time, the failure of the memory, and the confusion made in the old prison, it was impossible for the attorney to say what cell the burglar had occupied. Many judicious inquiries, however, the Josephs found out that such a cell still existed, marked and made memorable by the circumstance of the hanging-man-maid, Jemima, being of pure Jewish race, and a distant relation, volunteered to recover the family treasure by any means, her scrubbing and sweeping propensities, and, I sincerely believe, her humble services to me. How she contrived to bribe the women in those exciting times with small articles of jewelry brought to the prison, and retained in spite of hair-cutting and changes of clothes, Jacobs frankly confessed, for the sake of those who had done so much for them. But the most curious part of the business, to my thinking, was the Josephs's regular application concerning her repentance, which was nothing less than an agreed-on signal, and meant, "Have you found them yet?" and Jacobs made a negative with her breast —there was nobody within possible ear-shot—and when she had told me all the poor Jewess concluded with this bit of natural simple appeal: "I can't give up to your charity, miss."

Perhaps it was weakness, perhaps it was something worse, as assistant-matron; but, notwithstanding the gravity of that title and office, I was not a young woman at the time mentioned, and in keeping company on my Sundays out with Mr. John Adams, my present lord and master. We were engaged in visiting my self to a new and better life in a certain city office, and could begin housekeeping with respectable prospects. My own little romance was to me very engrossing, and my connection with what I ought to have done, according to strict regulations. I presume, on the spot never to report, never to reveal her secret.

When the Josephs came next visiting-day there was a vacation-look in the diabolical. I confidentially assured them of her complete repentance, and the undesigned joy which sparkled in their Jewish eyes would have put to shame any spy who could pick the secret an immense opinion of their moral principles. After that no more visits were paid, and Jacobs requested to abridge the time of Jemima's penal servitude. Every official from the Home Secretary downward, was favorable to the commutation of sentences, and what influence they brought to bear on the superior authorities was never made known to me; but Jacobs got her sentence shortened, and was released from my ward and custody within one month, reckoned from that memorable night. She went her way exactly as she came. There was nothing remarkable in the departure of the Jewish maid but an unusual amount of bowing and scraping acknowledgments to all the prison-matrons, especially myself. The next night I got of her was on the top of my Sunday's dress, when Joseph's carriage passed me, and there was my model prisoner seated beside the large mother, and quite as well overlaid with finery. If Mrs. Samuel recognized me she did not appear to do so. Our ways were different, and we never came in the slightest contact. But two years after, when Mr. Adams and I were thinking of going to church together, a very handsome wedding-dress was sent home to me, and there was a brilliant stock in the one corner of it, and I knew the gift came from Jemima Jacobs.



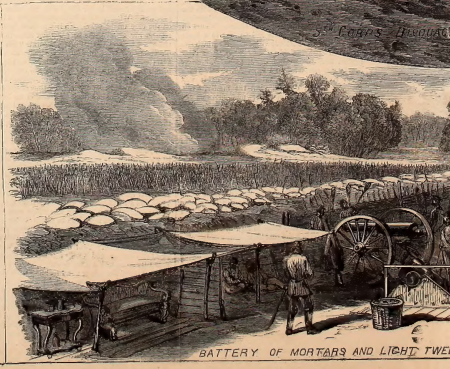
K GOPHER HOLE.



COMMANDING POSITION HELD BY THE REBELS IN FRONT OF GEN'L WARREN.
6TH MASS BATTERY IN THE FOREGROUND. CAP. MARTIN.

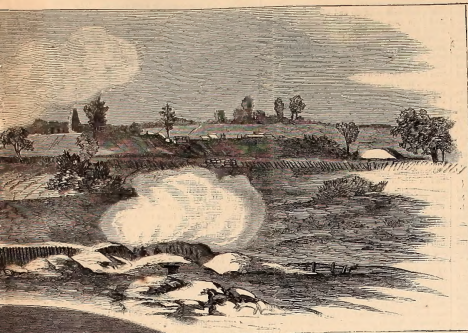
SHARPSHOOTERS 18TH CORPS.

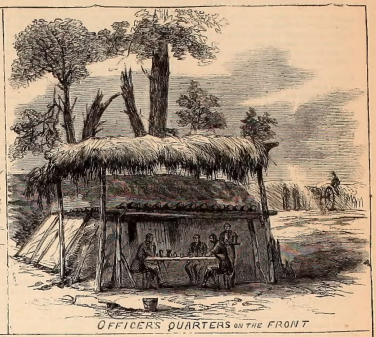
SOLDIERS WELLS.



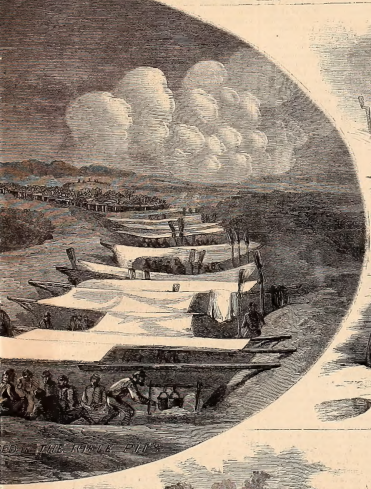
BATTERY OF MORTARS AND LIGHT TWE

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—IN THE TRENCHES BE

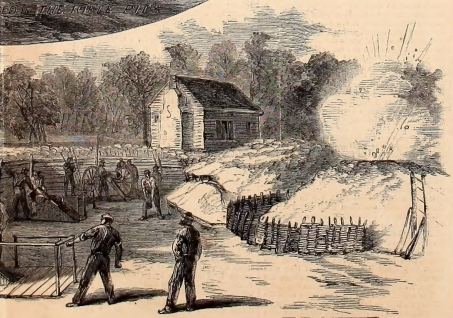




OFFICERS QUARTERS ON THE FRONT



AIMING A MORTAR, IN JACKSONS CT BATTERY.



LVES 1st Ct HEAVY ARTILLERY. Lt JACKSON, 18th CORPS.

MAKING PARALLELS.

FORE PETERSBURG.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 502.]

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

He lay upon the barren ground
Beneath the evening sky,
While the haggard prisoners gathered round
To see their comrade die,
For the damp of death was on his brow,
Its fever in his eye.

Famine, and cold, and cruelty
Had done their work of ill;
But they could not bind his spirit free,
Or shake his iron will;
The stamp of a high, heroic soul
Was on features still.

"Let me not sleep in the tainted clay,"
He said, "of this prison isle;
The river will bear me ere the day
On its boson many a mile;
I shall float past the hated traitor holds
Death-free, with a scornful smile.

"I shall flee' till through my dreams shall go
The thrill of the chainless sea.
The comrades I left are down below;
They shall find and carry me
To a soil more dear in my native town
By the banks of the Genesee."

Then one by one the sacred grip
To his bony hand they gave,
With such a token on every lip
As fits a spirit brave,
Whose promise reaches darkly through
The blunders of the grave.

There was talk of home and loved ones there,
And messages left for each,
And the words of the half-remembered prayer
A mother alone can teach,
Till the awful, changeless stillness came,
The broken links of speech.

They marked his name, and State, and town,
Upon a light canteen,
And bound it, when the moon was down,
His wrist with hands between;
And tenderly in the river laid
His death-cold form unseen.

Silently as a wreath of foam
Down the current it was borne,
Perhaps too deep in a dream of home
For the promised smile of scorn;
Perhaps too swift, for the frowning bluffs
Lay far behind at morn.

It drifted to a sentinel's feet
Who stood by the lower shore,
And he read the name with a quick heart-beat
He had known so well before;
And the prisoner now by the Genesee
Is at rest for evermore!

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EXIT FRANCIS BLUNT, ESQUIRE.

Good pays—it is useless to trouble you with his surname; you would forget it; you have so many names to think of; he appears but for a moment on the stage, and it is sufficient, surely, that he was little Amanda's father, and the guardian of the Edifice on the banks of the Seine—good papa, who was lank and slim, quite of the old school, and whose scanty hair was not innocent of a slight suspicion of powder, sat down with Monsieur Philibert to breakfast. The mightiest deal-table, the most succulent cutlets, the stronger red wine, were placed before them. They were helped bountifully, and they ate plentifully. Particularly enjoyed the papa the things of this life with a gusto which, to the spectator, was absolutely ravishing. The meat and drink seemed to do him as much good as a vampire! He a ghoul! He a croque mort! He seemed a lively-legged and abdominous cherub rather, the spotless linen and a massive watch-chain, forming no ambrosia, which, as corpulent children eat, had been sufficient for his especial use and benefit. He was a cheering man, and talked as charmingly as he refected himself generously.

"Full, good papa?" he asked, when he had made an end of filling and emptying his own mouth.

Empty as the mouth of a cannon at the Invalides when there are no victories to fire salutes for," replied the guardian. "Every thing is as bare, Lubin, as the palm of my hand. The Hôtel des Drégoires is not had a lodger for three days.

"Hôtel des Trépassés—good, very good," murmured Philibert. "You have a pleasant wit, good papa, a right pleasant wit. A little more flannel, if you please. Thank you. It makes one quite chirrup, that little red wine. But business is usually slack at this time of the year; is it not, papa? In the Spring, the month of June your heart-broken grisette does not think of committing suicide, the spirit of a brazier; it is so warm. And then your bankrupt banker, your discontented Faust. He is not quite so real! you cannot cope with the great problems the schools are about breaking up, and he is going home for the holidays."

"Ma foi! I'm sure I don't know. The seasons don't make so very much difference to us. Bon an, mal an, we have always a fair average of lodgers, winter and summer. It is only the English who make of November a special month for the settlement of their little accounts with Fate."

"Ah! those English. A strange, perverse, intractable race. Hopelessly eccentric are those sons of Albion. They tell me there is no Administration of the Pompes Funèbres in that bramous country, and that their proud and phlegmatic aristocracy, carrying their hereditary spleen even beyond the tomb, have lately taken it into their heads to be buried without the slightest state or ceremony. Of course ignorances! Still, do I hear that Monsieur Thiers is making Milord Palmerston listen to reason as to the grand affair—the rendition of the sacred ashes of the Emperor."

"You are growing cracked with your emperor and his sacred ashes, mon gros," the guardian, with good-humored petulance, observed. "You ask me one question, and fly off at a tangent to that eternal St. Helena. It is disrespectful to the Order of Things. It is flying in the face of the Genius of July."

"Pardon, good papa. Patriotism is, I trust not incompatible with veneration for the great deeds of times past, and for him the natural hero. But you were saying—"

"I was saying that between November and June no very great disparity in the number of my lodgers was perceptible. With commendable regularity they continue to patronize the hôtel pretty well all the year round. Our present emptiness, for example, is almost unprecedented. People must be very busy or the world very peaceable, or the Chapter of Accidents well-nigh exhausted, to account for it."

"It is certainly curious."

"It is more than curious—it is vexatious," good papa, rubbing his ear with some irritation, resumed. "Our usual sources of supply seem to have failed us lately. It is June, certainly, but then don't people go down to St. Cloud, spend their employers' money in reckless dissipation, and cut their throats through remorse next morning? Don't women lose their heads at Asnières in a state of inebriety, capsize their embarkations in a tipsy attempt to row, and get drowned? Are there no lovers' quarrels at Fontenay-aux-Roses, resulting in the customary laudanum, or the usual sack and pistol practice of a tree? Where is our midsummer harvest from the Bois de Vincennes? Where are our returns from the Forêt de Fontainebleau? Is not the Palais Royal, and Frascati's—what has become of them? Have half the world been bewitching on the black, and the other half on the red, and have both red and black turned up alternately, so that both have won? It is humanly irrepressible. And the assassinations? Is the Cité pulled down? Are there no more bastile in the Rue des Fèves, on more licensed convicts on the Quai de Billy, no more night prowlers at the outer barriers? And misery! misery that always exists, that always begins a quota of lodgers to the hôtel. Ma parole d'honneur je n'y vois goutte."

And so the gossips went on. The women-folk had withdrawn to a window, and, softly chatting among themselves, were enjoying the ever-changing panorama on the river shores beneath. Philibert was telling the guardian of a grand funeral which took place in the reign of Louis the Eighteenth—a funeral on a raw, cold, November day—a day so cold, so raw, that three personages, eminent in French history, standing round the open grave, caught cold, and caught fevers, and died; for they all expired in less than three months afterwards.

"Let me see," prattled Philibert, counting on his fingers; "there was Napoleon Bonaparte, the whom Bérenger—what a funeral the great poet will have!—consigned so mercilessly dans les nuages, ever old love of mine! There was that distinguished ornament to the bar, Monsieur Robert de Saint-Vincent. And, finally, there was Baud-Savarin—Savarin the tax unequaled, the incomparable, the illustrious gastronomical benefactor of humanity."

"A-a-h!" Lily gave a little scream and ran back, trembling like a frightened fawn, from the window. Amanda heard the cry because her hand to calm her. Amanda was disturbed by her friend's agitation, but she was not terrified. She had looked from the window often and too long. Madame Thomas remained immovable. She was quiet, accordingly, to the point.

"What is it, my child?" cried the guardian, starting up in some alarm.

"What is it, Madame Amanda?" the mas ter of the ceremonies echoed. "Perhaps," he continued, mentally, "my eloquence has touched the sensibility of a petite fille. Parbleu! they are very sentimental, these charming misses. Would that I had not named the humble Philibert may have made upon her would excite so much grief as that of Amanda. Oh! my Amanda, my Amanda!" Monsieur Philibert, in a pretty, amiable, well-to-do partner, able to conduct during his absence on official business a genteel commercial establishment, a mansion in the air in the Boulevard des Capucines; this was his dream of bliss.

"It is nothing, it is nothing, papa," Amanda hastened to reply to her father's query; "or, rather, it is a mere trifle, a bagatelle; but Ma'mselle Lily is not used to such sights, and it her frightened her. It is your affair. Cest un enfant qui pert son père. Ah! mon Dieu! he is coming, my papa."

Lily had sunk into a chair, and had covered her face with her hands, and was sobbing without tears. The poor little thing was too frightened to cry.

"Is it gone?" she asked, as Amanda bent over her to soothe her.

"You silly little soul, there is nothing to be alarmed at. I live in the midst of such things, and they never trouble me. Papa takes care of all that sort of thing."

Madame Thomas, with her nose to the pane, gave a low prolonged sound like "hough."

Madame Thomas was keen-scented; she sniffed the lodger from afar off.

The two men went up and stood beside her. And then they looked, beneath them, that of which Lily had caught but a distant glimpse.

First, there was a crowd. Two soldiers, recently carrying arms, who had just joined the garrison of Paris, with gaby faces, ill-cut hair, forage-caps vet void of the military manner of setting on, and an inch of shirt visible between the shems of their jackets and the waistbands of their pantaloons. One was munching an apple, and the other was smoking a half-penny cigar, of course. To them followed a water-carrier, and a cook with a basket full of provisions, who had just partaken of a morning sip with the Aquarius aforesaid; a flock of ragged boys in blouses, escaped from a primary school, who were swinging their satchels, and shrilly interchanging criticisms upon Somebody's appearance, and more especially upon his odor; half a dozen workmen with pipes in their mouths, and an old gentleman with a strawhat, spectacles, and a little gunghan umbrella, who may have been a member of the Institute, a retired banker, a spy of the police, or a hanging-letter writer taking an airing, but who, with his hat, his spectacles, and his umbrella, had assumed the mingled portion of similar crowds any time these fifty years: at the Federal Pact ceremonial in the Champ de Mars, at the Feast of the Goddess of Reason, at the whipping of Théroigne de Mircourt, at the execution of Robespierre, at the coronation of the Infant Bonbonnière, at the exposition of the first Infernal Machine, at the Coronation of Napoleon, at the entry of the Allied Kings into Fontainebleau, at the Champ de Mai in 'fifteen, at the removal of the Horses of St. Mark from the Arch of the Carrousel, at the assassination of the Duke of Berry, at the barricades of July, at the Hôtel de Ville when Jacques Lafayette shewed the Duke of Orleans the mode of "the best of republics," at the riots during the cholera year 'thirty-three, at the funeral of General Lamarque, and the bloody conflict in the Rue de la Tixeranderie, at the raising of the Obelisk of the Luxor, and the interment of the martyrs of July beneath the Column of the Place de la Bastile. He had made one in all these famous crowds, this trusty old dog, this gaby saw-hat, and he always had a book under his arm just purchased for seventy-five centimes at the Quai Voltaire. He had seemingly never changed save in the article of a pigtail, which he wore during the Republic and the Empire, and had cut off soon after the Second Restoration.

This was the crowd. Stay: the gentleman who shewed the way, who attended to cats on the Pont Neuf, had left his stall in the care of an old woman, and run up just to see what was going on. His temperament was different from any he perhaps exhaustive of that "Va en ville" which, in the Quartier Latin, was the nucleus of the throng, and had drawn it together. Finally, in the rear of the procession—for it was a mobile crowd, and in perky-mien and voice might have been called a cortège—there followed leisurely three well-dressed men, who were evidently returning from morning, and, taking a walk afterward for recreation, had fallen in with something of the nature of a spectacle above, and were determined to follow it to the end.

That end was now near. It was the door of the Edifice. Some one had run up the window, and could look right down upon the Something that was being borne along in the midst of the gazers and the idlers and the boys. Four men of the water-side order—an order which differs very slightly from any other of the world to the other —were carrying, by means of straps yoked over their brawny shoulders, a kind of stretcher or bier. It was a long something about six feet high. It was entirely covered with some coarse sacking, from which, as it swayed along, water dripped pretty freely on the dusty June pavement. A moment's glance at this Something beneath the sacking was sufficient to tell you that what lay there had been human and was dead.

"A lodger at last," quoth the guardian, quietly. "I knew it was not safe to see to his toilet. Will you be one of us, mon gros? Amanda, my angel, thou wilt amuse Ma'mselle Lily until I return."

Several persons indeed have dimly tried to join the party bound for the basement, but lacking an invitation, were forced to content herself with looking in the consolation of Lily.

The task was not a very difficult one. The gift soon found that the only object whose support she had by intuition guessed. Then Amanda played and sang to her again; and, what with the wicked tune of the one and the lively prattle of her companions, she soon grew comparatively cheerful.

Not so cheerful, perhaps, as those below who were making the lodger's toilet, and whistling in their task.

It was a paradoxical toilet, for, in order to dress him, they undressed him, and left him naked. Naked as a worm, and lately a great deal more water than was good for him—the excess of fluid had indeed been a proximate cause of his demise—he was no sooner gotten into an to his bed of rest than they set more water to trickle over him. It is true that to keep the sweet they mingled some chlorid of lime with the water. He had need to be kept sweet, this lodger, for he was drowned as well as dead.

The crowd, who had been excluded from the Edifice for half an hour after the admission of the lodger with his bearers, and who had grown as impatient as any other crowd—say that waiting for admittance to the pit of a theatre—was, under similar circumstances; the crowd had at last ingress allowed it. The sight-seers poured in and saw the show. They came straggling out by twos and threes soon afterward. Their criticisms on the spectacle were various. The cook said that he must have been a fine-looking man—bel homme; the school-boys were of course delighted. One of the soldiers when he came out was sick. He said that it was the cigar which made him feel unwell. The audience were in the main correct that the dead man had been found in the Seine many hours; that he had been legitimately drowned and not murdered—moreover, standing an ugly gash on his right shoulder, which the connoisseurs averred had been done with the boat-hook with which he had been fished up; and that he was a foreigner.

Of the three well-dressed men who had followed the crowd at their leisure only one had at first entered the Edifice. It was Jean Baptiste Coconnet.

Rataplan had flatly refused to go in. He had no taste for such horrors, he said.

Franz Schirm promised to enter, on receiving a report from Constant as to the appearance of the dead. "I likes a anson gorge," said the German. "It is schrecklich schön, mit grausen; but ven he is vets and vounds, and smells bad, he makes mine stomach to vel qveer."

So J. B. Constant went in alone.

He rushed out a minute afterward with a livid face.

"Come in, both of you!" he cried. "As I live, I have found him—my old master—the child's father—M. Blunt!"

Francis Blunt, Esquire, stiff and stark, his soaked and shrivelled clothes hanging on a peg behind him, lay, indeed, on a bed of death in the Morgue of Paris.

So there is death in life, and life in death; and the daughter was alive above, while the father was dead below; and both should reck nothing of their meeting or their parting till all meet to part no more.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LILY RUNS AWAY.

There was no other way out of it. She loved, wholly and heartily, Amanda, but there was hopeless. She felt that she must either die or go. She was too young, too pure to think of suicide. Of hard and bitter trials the poor child had surely had enough in her short and troublous career, and over and over again she had found that she was quite tired of life, and would be glad to be quit of it, for good and all, and at once. But there is a hope called hope, the which, although we pretend or imagine ourselves to be sunk in irremediable despair, is still latent in the human breast. Although the bed of the stream may be dry in the parched and arid season the mountain springs are never choked, and in time the channel is filled, and runs, and the river will rise and reach the ocean. Although she suffered the deepest woe that humanity can bear still that elasticity and rebounding power which, under heaven, might give her strength to endure anguish more than any she had yet known she had yet felt. Hope is never dead until the mind is utterly unable to suggest an alternative. Then you go mad and slay yourself.

Her passion, it became sadly evident, was known to, or at least vehemently suspected by, Madame de Kergolay. By degrees the affectionate kindness with which the good old lady was wont to her protégée changed and lowered down to a cold and ceremonious tolerance of her presence. She was addressed as "Mademoiselle," and as "you," instead of "little darling." "Is she angel," and a hundred other terms of endearment, and "thou." If she were absent for an hour or two no inquiries were made where she had been. Soon she was allowed to remain in her chamber for half a day together, untended for and unnoticed. Complete and contemptuous indifference on the part of her patroness seemed to set in. She was asked to perform no little tasks, to remove no cushions, to give her opinion on no needle-work. Her own growing proficiency in the accomplishments which had been taught her elicited no admiration from her for whose pains it had kindly looked, and, until lately, had looked alone.

One day—it was the first for a very long time —she did not see her for two hours. And when querulous tones gave her that which women, among themselves, call "a good talking to," that which lasts for half a reprimand, half an attempt to extort a confession. Madame de Kergolay made no direct accusation against Lily; but her double-edged innuendoes, denunciations of an implied ingratitude, heartlessness, and hypocrisy, were a thousand times more painful to the girl than if she had brought a specific indictment against her, and charged her with the commission of the most odious crime. She told her how mortifying it was for the aged to find their efforts on behalf of the young received by treachery and deceit. She delivered cutting apophthegms on the ease with which young persons thought they could delude and humiliate their elders; she delivered sardonic apologues as to certain vipers which had been warmed in compassionate bosoms, and how much sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child, even when it happened that no child in question was adopted one. And a good deal more did she expatiate on the reverence and duty due from the young to the aged, and how those who, although they might have been deprived by Providence in its wisdom of their worldly possessions, were still immeasurably and irrevocably above them.

A donjon dame during this harangue was Lily on the point of casting herself at the old lady's feet, of clinging to her dress, of embracing her, of avowing her love, of submitting to all; was rash, mad, wicked, unreciprocated, of adjuring her by the memory of all the loving-kindness she had hitherto experienced, to forgive her and to

bless her, and to permit her to retire from her presence and her house, to pray for her benefactress, no longer petted and fondled by her, but still unreproved and undiscarded. This was not to be. So soon as words of admission began to quiver on Lily's lips the old lady would tell her, with freezing dignity, that she had no wish to pry into her secrets, that she doubtless knew her own affairs best, that she must be the best judge under the circumstances as to what was due to society, to those who had befriended her, and to herself; that she would not presume to offer any counsel to so high and mighty a personage as Mademoiselle, whom she had then the honor to address: and that, after all, she must know a great deal more about the world and its customs than those who were dead four times her age. "You belong to a rising and precocious generation, Mademoiselle," the ancient added, crushingly, with bitter and condescending irony; "it is a generation which has made up its mind to outrage and to insult all that persons of mature age deem worthy of preservation and respect; to a generation which has cast away tradition as trash, gratitude as a calamity, and modesty modesty to the four winds of heaven. Alles! I am not deceived. I am only a little disappointed. I have only lost another of the few and most fondly cherished illusions which remained between me and my grave."

Lily saw that in her present temper it was useless to argue with one who, rightly or wrongly, had evidently a preconceived prejudice against her, and that one of the strongest nature. In very humble and submissive accents she asked, as the very last favor, that Madame Gerolt would mention the intentions toward her as regarded the future. "I don't know much," added Lily, pitifully, "but if madame has formed a strong enough, I am ready to go out as a governess. Indeed, I am indulged in a vague reminiscence of the Pension Marcassin, and of the mission to which, according to Miss Marygold, all young girls who had the misfortune to be educated and poor were doomed.

"Ma foi," responded Madame de Kergolay, shrugging her shoulders, half in indifference, half in embarrassment, "I scarcely know. I suppose I must speak to cet abbé malencontreux that incongruous ecclesiastic who brought you here. Yes; I must speak to him; et puis on verra. As for counseling the propriety of governess at your immature age—ne vous en déplaise pas le mot—and with the crude and imperfect, if not serious, education you have already acquired, the idea strikes me as being utterly preposterous and absurd. Nor, although I do not doubt your great quickness and aptitude for learning any thing to which you choose to apply your mind, do I think you at all qualified with your previous irregular training, to instill sentiments of piety and morality into the young."

Every thing every body was conspiring against our unhappy Lily. "What, then, do you wish me to do, madame?" she continued, in a subdued tone.

"I repeat, we shall see. Something may turn up. We must think of a different career for your mind differently constituted, it might be expedient for a young and destitute person for whom generous individuals were willing to make a small dotation, to take the vows and seek the retirement of a convent; the dames of St. Vincent de Paul would be happy to receive you on any of my recommendation for a sum of three thousand francs once paid. But, to say truth, I don't should hesitate to consign to a cloister a young lady possessing so very sprightly a disposition."

"I can not be a servant," urged poor Lily, dolorously.

"Et faire la cuisine par-dessus le marché, et faire danser les dames du panier," Madame de Kergolay, with grim sarcasm, went on. "O, I have very little doubt of the variety of your talents, even for domestic service. You would make an admirable soubrette in one of M. de Marcassin's comedies—one of those subtle and bermaids who are the life and soul of an intrigue, and are not indisposed occasionally to a little flirtation with the M. Marquis."

Poor Lily began to sob as though her heart would break. She felt, in all honesty, the contempt and dislike expressed in these words, and felt that she was being treated with cruelty and injustice, but had not the courage indignantly to justify herself.

Madame de Kergolay seemed more wearied than touched by the girl's grief: "There, there," she said, waving her hand as Lily's sobs grew more passionate, "we can dispense with these misdemeanors. Mr. de Bohlen has told us all about your odies and their tears. I am too nervous, and too used to be invalided, to abide such scenes and endeavoring, but in vain, to suppress her sobs, Lily obeyed the command, and turned to go.

"You will see, if you please, nobody me again," continued the inexorable old lady, "until you are fitted for. Your presence, in spite of recent events, is productive of any thing but pleasurable sensations. M. l'Abbe and I will confer as to your future, and in the mean time will be made acquainted with our decision. Your room will be served to you in your own chamber. Justice and consideration—more than you have been willing to extend to others—will be dealt out to you. Affection and indulgence you can no longer expect. Go, misguided child!"

Lily's trembling hand was on the lock of the door, her foot was on the threshold to depart, when she heard once more the old lady's voice.

"One moment. Let me give you a word of counsel. Any little arrangements you may have made for carrying on a most culpable intrigue will have been frustrated. M. Edgar Greyfaunt has left for England."

It was the first time, in all her reproachful speeches, that she had mentioned her grandnephew's name. It was the first time that she had directly made allusion to any connection between Edgar and the cause of her anger. The hint was quite enough for Lily.

She went forth from the presence of the kind heart which had melted for her, a poor, destitute, friendless stranger, and which now seemed turned to marble. What had she done? Ah! in her heart her too deeply loved, with strong precision. She had dared to love. She had presumed to look up from her lowly station to the Parisian incarnation of her benefactress. She ought may look at the sun, but not the worm. Her up, turned gaze had been met by a withering frown. She had been stricken down and trampled under foot. It was all over now. She was discovered, detected, degraded. Madame de Kergolay regarded her as a monster of ingratitude. The abbé would but reflect his patroness's opinion. The very servants would look askance upon her. Is one proscribed and in disgrace. And Edgar? Edgar, ah misery! was gone.

There was nothing left for her but to go too. Whither she knew not. She had but a few francs in her pocket; she dared not take with her any considerable portion of her wardrobe; besides, it was supplied to her by Madame de Kergolay, and was not hers to carry off. She had no friends—none, at least, to whom she would dare to appeal in her extremity. Amanda at the Bourgeois was lost to her irrevocably. She dared not go to that dreadful place again. There was, it was true, the Pension Marcassin. She could also go there, and crave to be received. She were to be heard of no more by those who once loved her but now looked upon her with averand disfavor. She was alone, friendless, Alone.

If she could only find the Maygold! But where was she to seek for her, and what assistance could she expect from her even if she found her? No, she would go to England, she thought. It would not cost much to reach England. But no sooner was Southampton, Dover, and endeavor to find out the Bunnycastles. She would seek St. Patrick's Co.; nay, why not? Lily was in the thought that she might meet the tall gentleman who had met her at the Greenwich dinner party, and who would have been kind to her.

But what if she should fall into the hands of the strange and imperious lady who had brought her from beyond the sea? Lily had a horror of that before, and might bear it again. It could scarcely be worse than the misery she was now enduring.

To England, then. But how? She was an utterly destitute of means to defray the cost. She was to be reached as any child of five years old could be, nor did she venture to ask any one to spend her information. She knew enough of the formalities requisite to procure a passport even for inland traveling, or how much more for the coast, or get on board ship. She would ask, she thought, when she had taken to flight, and was beyond pursuit. She herself, however, did not deem it worth his while to pursue so forlorn and deserted a little maiden as she was? At all events, she would seek out Mr. Bohlen, her solitary, bey, it. Perhaps it would end in her dying of hunger and cold like the Children in the Wood; and where was the Robin Redbreast who would cover her with leaves?

Nineteen years of existence sometimes that was the sum total of her resources: the residue of Madame de Kergolay's last gift of pocketmoney. During the week she had spent she had bought those little lawn cuffs and kerchief at "Le Chat qui pelote" in the Rue St. Denis! and she was happy—happy! Oh, what a mockery! oh—ah! so cruelly—and did not dream of running away. Who her companions were in the Rue Sixteenth. She would be obliged to sell that if her money were gone. Perhaps it might have been; but never, surely, to use as a basis for running away. Well, God forgive her her naughtiness, she thought desperately. But she must sell the locket.

And why in England, since she knew that Edgar Greyfaunt had gone thither? Should not prudence, pride, that "maidenly modesty," her want of which the cruel Madame de Kergolay had taunted her with, deter her from following to a strange land the man she loved, but who could not care for her? Again sophistry came to her aid. She was not following him. England was a very large place. There was surely room enough there for two. Besides, had she not a right in England? Was she not of English birth? Had she not passed a portion of her childhood there? Might she not find Maygold in England? Friends! A fresh burst of sobs broke from her as she remembered how utterly friendless and alone she was.

All this and much more she thought of on her way to the Bunnycastles—more she had once been so happy. She had scarcely the heart to enter it again, or to open the casement and look out upon the old courtyard, and see the blue smoke wreathing upward, and listen to the jangling piano, and the voice of Jules quarreling with Seraphine's wife. She had nothing more to do with Paris. Its sights and sounds were to be henceforth estranged from her. For an hour or more she sat on the stairs outside her door, her face in her hands, her tears mingling with her thoughts, her sense of thorough loneliness and misery with both. And then she went into her chamber and cast herself on the bed, and lay there, sobbing and sobbing-till it was dark.

They brought her up some dinner in due season, but the ancient servitor, acting probably under instructions, only knocked at the door, without daring to enter, and said that her repast was served, left it there on a tray and retired. He came up again in an hour's time, found that the food had not been touched, and took the tray away again without a word.

"Let her starve herself if she chooses," the unbenevolent Jules said, in a whisper, which the ancient servant, whose heart was bleeding somewhat for Lily, misrepresented these facts to his mistress. "It is a voluntary act on her part. She is not locked in. The food was placed at her disposal, and she was duly informed of its being there."

"But suppose mademoiselle becomes ill—falls sick—has a fainting syncope, in a word—madame would be very sorry."

"Madame would be acting whatever of the kind," Jules, very retorted, sharply. "Hold your tongue. You presume upon my indulgence and the privilege of long service. Are you, too, about to turn on me—ungrateful?"

"Heaven forbid, madame."

"It would be well so. As for her starving herself, or falling ill, there is no danger of that. I tell you that it is only her temper. Mere sullenness and obstinacy. This is the way with girls of the present generation. When I was at the convent of the Visitation, the good sisters would have given me the discipline. There, let me hear no more of this ungrateful and designing serpent. She will be hungry enough tomorrow morning, I will warrant."

What dreadful crime had Lily committed that she could be called a rancorous severity a nature which she had hitherto found soft, and yielding, and tender? Alas, her sin was unpardonable: it was the sin against pride and haughtiness. Madame de Kergolay could have excused her misconduct, but she could not forgive her for being human.

Lily scarcely slept a wink that night—the last she was ever to pass in the place which had been a home, and a happy home to her. She did not undress, but lay on the bed, tossing and tumbling restlessly. She rose, so soon as it was daylight, almost in a fever. She was full of pains. Her head throbbed, her brain burned, her eyes, her ears, her wrists, her very gums, and the root of her hot tongue. She drank a cup of cold water, and bathed her face, which only seemed to render her more thirsty, and laved her hands and face in the fluid which still failed to cool her. Something floated in the glass: she was terrified to see how swollen and inflamed her eyes looked, how red were her cheeks, with a hectic spot on each bone. She wanted rest, consolation, nourishment, or bleeding, it might be, or cooling medicine. She could not. A hundred clanging voices kept shouting out to her that there was no other way but this, and that she must run away.

The wretched little woman had made up her mind to fly. With her childhood, her girlhood, her youth, she had done forever. She was a grown-up Pariah and outcast now—an adult vagabond, with desperation on the face of the earth. God help her; but there was no one else to render a hand of succor to her. She was alone in the world, and had no chance of, more or even so much as an additional shawl. She went forth in her usual walking-dress and simple morning-hat, trimmed with a few bows of ribbon her innocence—for though she was constrained to sell that locket she was innocent—to cover her.

But before she went away she knelt down and prayed fervently to God and tearfully to bless the woman—her and her household—who had had mercy upon her, a solitary and helpless child, and had provided for the good clergyman who had brought her hither, at once the cause of her great misfortune and her greater escape. And finally, she prayed to be forgiven the deed she was about to do.

Then she rose up and hastily thrust beneath the wings of her bonnet the masses of soft brown hair she had been wont to arrange each morning with such dainty neatness. Then, sitting down at the little table where, with joy and contentment, she had been used to study, she penned a few hasty lines to Madame de Kergolay. She said that she would return no more, and that it was useless to seek for her; that she was not so wicked as to meditate suicide, and that she trusted in God to watch over and protect her. She confessed that she had been foolish, that she had been ungrateful, that she had been mad, in daring to love a certain person, but with passionate disclaimers she denied having been treacherous or hypocritical. And, finally, she implored Madame de Kergolay to forgive her, and to think of her not as she was, but as she had been.

It was a gloomy summer morning, and the sun was literally pouring into the room, drenching every object with gold. Lily thought of that sunny morning she had sat on the counter at Rhododendron House, and said "I won't," to Miss Barbara Bunnycastle. Ah! how long ago that was. She was now a little child dead, though so unhappy. And now she was a woman, and unhappier than ever.

Brighter shone the sun, promising a glorious day. It was the twenty-seventh of July.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ORNITHOLOGY.—The noisy Rooks in a Rookery never perish a Sole, but are perpetually living in a Cawcus.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—In Latin it is carious that *To regenerate (l.*

"John," said a doting parent to her commanding son, "do you really think you can cut the whole of that building with impunity?" "I don't know, ma," replied young hopeful; "think I can with a spoon."

"JEDDY OF THE MILL."—Well, we suppose she's a spinning-jenny.

SILENCE A NEGATIVE.—Do you know why high living is recommended for the rheumatism? Because you—don't—it isn't—because you—wrong again—because—now for it—because you don't live high, if you have the rum-attic and sky-attic—eh?

A gentleman late one evening met his servant. "Hallo! where are you going at this time of night?" for no good, I'll warrant!" "I was going for you, Sir."

CONFESSORY ASSURANCE.—The Maine Law is defined by its advocates, "Liberty without License."

DEFINITION.—An Elevated Taste may be defined to be Liking for Lofty Notions.

"Why do you set your cap of coffee on the chair, Mr. Jones?" said a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast. "It is very wrong, ma'am, I thought, to put coffee on a chair."

MOTTO FOR SEMMES'S PRESENTATION SWORD.

A fluting gift to one whose merit lay
In cutting down the Cape Cod Canal.

A physician once boasted to Sir Henry Halford, saying, "I was the first to discover the Asiatic cholera, and communicate it to the public."

DEFINITION.—*Stern Duty.*—The Post of Helmsman.

The dark ages were a long night, with many theives and no police protection.

LIFE IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Five days of the year we have fasting and prayer,
For the rest of the time we fight, drink and swear.

"You can't do that again," said the pig to the boy who cut off his tail.

"I'm attached to you, and yet I vith myself away," as the contented negro said to the sheriff.

It is funny to hear how the whole household and its visitors talk to the baby. A king in former times kept one fool; every baby has a dozen.

Philosophers say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. Perhaps this accounts for the habit some people have of always closing their eyes in church during sermon.

Which is the most inactive plant?—The sloe.

Ink is the Black Sea on which thoughts ride at anchor.

Why is a Red Indian like a waterman?—Because he loathes his native shore.

Memory has been defined as a bundle of dried time.

"I come to *steal*," as the rat observed to the trap. "And I *spring* to embrace you," as the trap replied to the rat.

A witness, being interrogated as to his knowledge of the character of the prisoner, said he knew him intimately—"he had supped with him, sailed with him, and horsewhipped him."

"Rap! rap! rap!" "Come in," said the country woman. A rather rough-looking man appeared and crossed the door-sill. "Are you the lady of the house?" said he. "No, Sir; he'll be home in a short time though. Take a chair," said Mrs. Snow. The man selected the best chair in the house, shouldered it, and went off as a rapid rate.

If you wish to recollect a man's name go security for him. For keeping your memory fresh there is nothing like it.

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she looked out upon the fleet, delicate finger to the heavy fleecers masses that floated lazily in the sky. "Head-quarters, I dare say, going to disband her brother, Sir."

A GENERAL ORDER.—The following was posted in his house, a few days since, by a Poughkeepsie business man: "Hereafter, when I want any thing for breakfast, I will—Love—Julia: Until the price falls, no more butter will be used in our family. Mr. Love." Mr. Love's breakfast that morning—honey, when a special messenger handed him this—"Answer: Butter is reduced. Julia." No more tobacco will be used in this house. JULIA, Chief of Staff." It is said to be excellent.

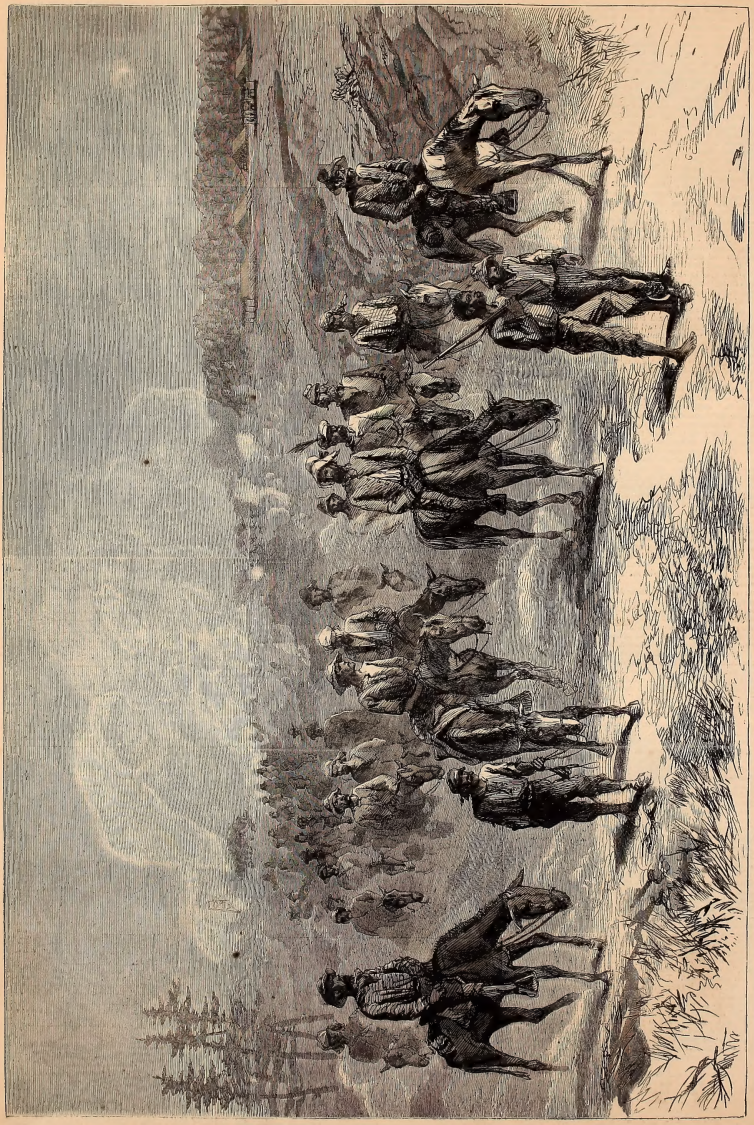
An enterprising quack has contrived to extract from sausage a powerful tonic, which he says contains the whole strength of the original hog; he calls it the "Soothing Syrup of sausage!" He anticipates a great popularity for it.

Smith asked Jones what the high price of butter was owing to. "I can't conclude any other way than that it is rich," said Jones, "for it is two months since I have paid mine."

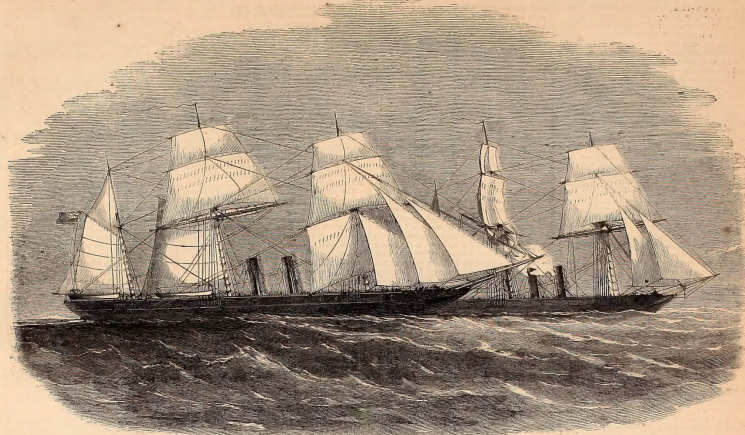
A debating society has under consideration the question —"Is it wrong to cheat a lawyer?" The result it expected to be—"No; but impartible."

How brightly do even little joys beam upon a soul darkened by the clouds of sorrow—as stars come forth from the empty sky, when we look up to them from a deep well or from colors!

A gentleman was applied to by a crossing-sweeper for charity. The gentleman replied, "I will attend you when I return." "Please your Honor," says the man, "I'm ruined by the credit I give in that way."



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—RETURN OF KAUTZ'S CAVALRY EXPEDITION FROM ITS RAID IN VIRGINIA.—Sketched by William Ward.—[See Page 502.]



Florida. Rappahannock.

THE ANGLO-REBEL PIRATES—THE "FLORIDA" AND "RAPPAHANNOCK."

REBEL PRIVATEERS.

THE illustrations of the *Florida* and the *Rappahannock*, which we give on this page, have now a peculiar interest from the fact that these vessels are, now that the *Alabama* is sunk, the only cruisers of any importance left to the Confederacy.

The *Florida*, which so lately made its presence off our coast known in rather a disagreeable manner, viz., by the capture of half a dozen American vessels, is a British vessel, built by LAIRD, and was launched in the spring of 1862 under the name of the *Oreto*. LAIRD made affidavit that the vessel was intended for the King of Sardinia. She was suspected and detained at Nassau, but being released reached Mobile. In the spring of 1863 we find her out on the seas again, capturing and burning our merchantmen. Her first and most valuable prize was the *Jacob Bell*, carrying 9000 chests of tea, and valued at one and a half million of dollars.

The *Rappahannock* is also a British ship, originally her Majesty's vessel *Victor*. The Admiralty permitted her after she was sold to undergo some repairs under the superintendence of the dock-yard officials. It was stated that she was intended for the China trade, and she was ostensibly fitted with that view, while her name was changed to the *Scylla*, of London. Several suspicious circumstances, however, occurred, and the dock-yard officials made a report to the Admiralty. The result was the receipt of an order at Sheerness directing her to be stopped. The order, however, arrived a few hours too late. Those in charge of the vessel evidently suspected the intentions of the Government, and had her taken out of the harbor. She immediately afterward hoisted the Confederate flag, and she now sails under the name of the *Rappahannock*. On leaving the NORE the *Rappahannock* sailed direct for Calais Harbor, which she entered as a Confederate privateer. She went into Calais without armament, at which port she still remains; fitting out, it may be, for a cruise.

We also give a portrait of Captain MORRIS, commanding the *Florida*. Her former commander was Captain MAFFIT. The portrait is from a photograph taken at Brest, for which we are indebted to a gentleman lately captured by the *Florida*.

THE LATE CONFEDERATE GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

As a sequel to our portraits of General LEE and General LONGSTREET, published in recent numbers of this journal, we give on this page that of the late General J. E. B. STUART, who received his mortal wound in a cavalry skirmish with the detachment under General SHERIDAN at Ashland, in the neighborhood of Richmond, on the 11th May. This distinguished cavalry officer was born in Patrick County, Virginia, in 1835. He was educated at West Point Military Academy, where he graduated in 1854. He first entered the Mounted Rifles as Brevet Second Lieutenant, and was shortly afterward made Second Lieutenant in the First Cavalry; eight months later he was promoted to be First Lieutenant; he distinguished himself in a fight with the Cheyennes, June 29, 1857, and received a severe wound: he became a Captain in 1860, and resigned three years ago, when the civil war broke out. He then entered the Virginia State service as a Colonel of cavalry, and had the command of that arm at the first battle of Bull Run. The next month he was made a Brigadier-General in the Confederate service, and was soon promoted to be Major-General. His next performance of consequence was an excursion within the Federal lines on the Pamunky River, during M'CLELLAN'S campaign of 1862, at the head of 1000 horse and two guns. His greatest achievement was during the month of October of that year,

THE REBEL CAPTAIN C. M. MORRIS, OF THE "FLORIDA."

THE LATE REBEL GENERAL J. E. B. STUART.

when, with 1800 cavalry and four cannon, he passed from the south of the Potomac, traversed Maryland, and passing Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, at noon, entered Chambersburg after dark of the same day. The town surrendered without resistance. The troopers remained until next day, took all the spoil they desired, destroyed a great amount of property, and retreated across the Potomac on the left of General M'Clellan's army without serious loss. General STUART had headed the cavalry of the Confederate army from the outset through all its battles. After the fight at Ashland the wounded General was carried into Richmond, where he died at eight o'clock in the evening of the next day, in the house of his relative, Dr. BREWER.

The following relating to his body hours is from the Richmond *Examiner*: "At last, after all, it was evident to the physicians that death was setting its clammy seal upon the brave, open brow of the dying hero, and he told him so, adding if he had any last message to give. The General, with a mind perfectly clear and possessed, then made disposition of his staff and personal effects. To Mrs. LEE, the wife of General LEE, he directed that his golden spurs be given, as a dying memento of the love and esteem for her husband. To his staff officers he gave his horses. So particular was he in small things, even in the dying hour, that he said to one of his staff, who was a heavy-built man, 'You had better take the larger horse; he will carry you the best.' To his young son he left his glorious sword. His worldly matters closed, the eternal interests of his soul engaged his mind. Turning to the Rev. Mr. PETTERIS, a minister of the Episcopal Church, of which General STUART was a member, he asked him to step to prayer, and joined in it with all the voice his strength would permit. He then joined in prayer with the minister. To his family he again said, 'I am going fast now. I am resigned. God's will be done.' Thus died General J. E. B. STUART."

SPECIAL SERVICE.

"Boys, do any of you feel like volunteering on a special service of considerable risk?"

"What is it, Captain?" inquired Jackson.

"Don't know any more about it than that the General intends to send a detachment of volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Bradford, to Tennesseean, whom you must all know pretty well by this time, on some particular mission. Bradford says he wants no man to be chartered who is prepared to face hot work. You all know what kind of a fighter he is, and what you need expect if you go with him," answered the Captain.

"I'm his man, for one!" exclaimed Jackson, jumping up with great alacrity.

Jackson was a very specimen of the genus Hoosier, and measured nearly six feet without his armyboots.

"And I'm another!" "Count me in!" "I don't want to be left out in that deal!" "Nor I won't be excited!" were some of the exclamations of the men as they sprang to their feet.

"There! hold on! The whole company can't go! He has three regiments to choose a man from," said the Captain. "Let the first ten that offered fall in and march to head-quarters."

With a similar spirit evinced throughout the regiments, Bradford had no trouble in securing more than double the number called for, and the great difficulty was, who should go and who should remain behind. Leaving him to settle this vexed question, we turn to other characters who figure in this brief drama of real life.

Dr. C——'s residence stood a few miles from Greenville, in East Tennessee. The Doctor was a native of the South, but had been educated at the North. At the time that Governor HARRIS and his co-laborers in treason endeavored to fasten Tennessee to the tail of the Secession kite, Dr. C—— was absent traveling in Asia, and was still detained abroad by sickness, and it was not publicly known which side his sympathies inclined. His neighbors, his claimed him as their own. In his absence his household was under the charge of a widowed sister and her daughter, a girl verging upon womanhood. She was a native of Tennessee, but had also been educated at the North and had brought back with her many New England ideas.

Though not a beauty, Emma H—— was a very prepossessing girl, and among her admirers and aspirants for her hand were Joseph Bradford and Richard Wharton. The latter had spent a number of years in Georgia, in the mining line, and had accumulated a few thousand dollars by his industry at the mines or at the gaming-table—probably at both. He was vain of his handsome face, and delighted in flashy parades of it in the way of dress. Among his other notions, he had a black waxed vest, adorned with buttons made of gold quartz-eagles, and a blue dress-coat with gold half-eagles for buttons, and a massive fob-chain of gold nuggets. Some persons were kind enough to attribute this to eccentricity, but in fact it was the design of a vulgar, semi-bravado mind. Wharton thought, and he considered that when arrayed in this dress, and wearing a number of rings and other trinkets, that he must strike the "poor white trash" with awe, if it did not let others know that he was a man of "distinguished consideration." He was somewhere between twenty-eight and thirty years of age, and hailed from Mississippi. He frequently made long visits to the native who lived near Dr. C——'s residence, and it was there he had met Emma. She at once struck his fancy, and hearing that she would fall heir to Dr. C——'s estate, he resolved that he would take her for a wife, but was greatly taken aback when he found that Emma would hardly treat him with ordinary politeness. This piqued him and threw him upon his mettle. He thought that he was got up fine enough to suit any girl, and all that he had to do was to ask and the girls would jump at the chance of getting so fine a fellow.

Wharton was not long in discovering that he had a rival in the person of young Bradford, who, he learned, was a favorite with Emma, and would likely carry her off some day unless he prevented it. His first idea was to pick a quarrel and then a fight with Bradford; but he soon ascertained that that would be extremely dangerous business, for Bradford had the reputation of being an extremely quiet, modest man, who endeavored as much as possible to avoid altercations, but that when pressed he was a very dangerous antagonist. This kind of a man did not suit Wharton to quarrel with. The weapon odds when he fought. If Bradford had been of a meek, yielding disposition, lacking the pluck to fight, Wharton would have picked a quarrel with him. He therefore determined that he would accomplish his purpose in some other way than by a personal quarrel.

This matters stood when the rebellion broke out, and it was with feelings of pleasure that Wharton heard that young Bradford adhered to the cause of the Union. He soon left for Mississippi, where, by dint of his money and energy, he succeeded in placing himself at the head of as villainous a set of desperadoes as ever went unhung, by holding out special promises of pay. He called them Partisan Rangers, organized to defend the altars of Southern homes from the polluting tread of Yankee feet. When this band was performing the dirty work of the Secession magnates in Mississippi it was at once offered to the service of any who would join the ranks to meet his Northern enemy in battle-array revolted—Wharton started for Tennessee to carry out his same programme of extermination: to all who refused to join the rebel cause.

When Wharton reached East Tennessee he determined to establish a character in this same night reach Emma before he called to renew his addresses. But upon the old call she received him with contempt. This so stirred up the devil within him that when he left Dr. C——'s residence he repaired to the camp of his band, and gave the order for a demonstration upon the Bradford farm, and for his men to help themselves.

It was toward dusk when his gang reached the Bradford homestead, and one of the desperadoes ruthlessly fired and killed Mrs. Bradford as he was sitting on the porch. Others seized an elder brother of Joseph Bradford, and, despite the entreaties of his mother and children, hung him up to a tree in front of the house—a tree that his father had planted on the day of his birth.

They were enemies of his country, and deserved all they got!" was the brutal reply of Wharton to the entreaties of the mother to cut down her son before he had become strangled.

The men having a *carte blanche* to plunder, spread themselves about the premises. The women and children fled in terror to escape enormities which they had reason to suppose would be inflicted if they remained. When the men had appeased their thirst for plunder, the incendiary torch was applied to finish the job.

The next morning Joseph Bradford returned home, after a short absence, to behold the old homestead in ashes, smoking ruins, over some which was the charred remains of a much-loved father, while not for distant was the inanimate body of a fond beloved brother suspended from a tree.

For a while his feelings utterly overcame him, and he was aroused from a sort of half stupor by a neighbor who had, with several others, cautiously approached to inter the bodies. They approached cautiously, for they well knew that if any of Wharton's gang discovered them they would soon share the same fate. Among the number was a venerable clergyman, who had been a prominent divine in the South because it was known that his son had gone off to join the Union army, and he had sought refuge in this locality in the mountains. He had at once read the burial-service in a feeble voice, and then offered up a simple but touching prayer, and the remains were consigned to the earth with all due rites.

After this sacred rite was performed Bradford sought his mother. He found her, with the other members of the family, at Dr. C——'s, and Emma and her mother endeavoring to console them. His interview with them was brief, and their parting trying.

"Mother, I can not stay! I have registered my vow in Heaven, often and often, to avenge my father and brother, that I would never rest so long as traitor's foot polluted the soil of Tennessee! Emma, I can not thank you now—sometime I will. Be kind to them. Farewell!"

With which he mounted his horse and rode off.

Reader, were you ever in the mountains at night? Not on a clear, balmy night, when the air is fragrant with the choicest incense ever offered up, but a night when the flood-gates of heaven are open, and the thunder leaps from peak to peak, with the wind howling and whistling as it sweeps down the fierce, striking terror to all living things, driving man as well as beast to seek shelter from the fury of the elements: when the Great Bear above follows the example of the lesser bears below, and seeks shelter in a friendly cloud, or does not care to venture to the North Star are visible? Were you ever in the mountains on such a night?—a night when darkness was upon the face of Heaven, and each cloud hovering over your footsteps was enshrouding those whom you had met in the most dangerous pass for safety, depending upon your strong right arm and valiant heart to shield them from human hellhounds, who had thirsted for their blood before, and were on their track thirsting for your blood because you would not hunt under the same leash? Then you have not! Then you have not yet to be a Unionist of East Tennessee, nor the price those men have paid for refusing to bow down to Gesler's cap stuck upon a pole in the market-place. Talk not to those men of compromise, or "peace at any price," with the besotted wretches who have wantonly driven them from happy homes—thrust the torch of the incendiary under the roof-tree of the old homestead, and left their helpless families to the mercy of the elements, until justice has been measured out to the guilty by the hand of God.

It was on such wild night as this that a group of men, women, and children were cowering beneath a cleft in the rocks to shield themselves, as much as possible, from the fury of the storm, which they had chosen to encounter rather than intrust themselves to the mercy of their own race.

When the storm had spent its fury, some leaves and brush were gathered from a nook that had protected them from the water, and a fire was kindled to dry the garments of the women and children.

The fire had not been burning much over an hour before they were surrounded by a body of soldiers. The smoke had betrayed their hiding-place.

The poor hunted fugitives now gave themselves up for lost; their number was too small to think of offering any resistance, which, if offered, would only aggravate the cruelty that would be practiced toward the women and children. However, their fears were groundless. In fact, instead of enemies, the soldiers proved to be friends, under the command of Bradford, who recognized among them two of the neighbors who had assisted at his father's burial. They had been driven from their homes by Wharton's desperadoes.

The mission which Bradford had sought was to destroy this ruffian band, and succor refugees in the special mission of which the men to join the Union lines. He escorted those whom he had found to a point where the women and children would be cared for—the men accepted the privilege of joining his command. From them he gained much needed information, and matured his plans accordingly.

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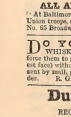
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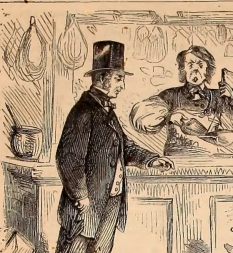

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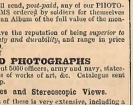

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THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES B. M'PHERSON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 517.]

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.—[SEE PAGE 513.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1864.

THE ARCH REBEL.

THE most specious argument of the enemies of American nationality and progress is, that as Slavery is a State institution the nation has no right to meddle with it; or as one of them lately expresses it: "If they [the Slave States] abolished Slavery, well; if not, the right of secession [by which phrase the Constitution of the United States is described] did not make us any more responsible in the eye of Heaven for Slavery in Virginia than our commercial treaties with Brazil do for its existence there."

This view of the Union as a Confederacy, and of the Constitution as a treaty, we do not here discuss. But the entire and willful fallacy of the implication concerning national interference with Slavery is very easily exposed. The whole truth lies in this nutshell, that when Slavery found it could not be nationalized it tried to destroy the nation. It was always grafting, as its lackeys are now, that it was a State institution. But it was constantly appealing to Congress for protection and countenance, and when the people of the country said to it: "Stay at home, then, where you say you belong," it hissed defiance and sprang to arms. For it would not and could not stay at home. Slavery as a mere State institution was doomed, and therefore it insisted upon nationality. These facts can be readily recalled, and in recalling them it will appear that it was not until the State system of Slavery destroyed the peace and struck at the life of the Union as shown by the people of the country determined, as they unquestionably have, that Slavery shall die the death.

We say that it was not content to be a State institution. If it had been it would have been untouched by all but moral influences. But it would pash into the common territories without the national permission, as in Kansas for which purpose the Missouri Compromise was repealed upon the motion of a Northern man, indeed, but to secure Southern support. It would rob the national mails, as it was authorized to do by ANDREW JACKSON, the political sponsor of General M'CLELLAN. It would shape the national policy, as Mr. CALHOUN confessed at the time of annexing Texas; and as became evident in the Ostend Manifesto, in which Messrs. BUCHANAN, SOULE, and MASON announced that we would steal what we could not buy. It would control the national rights of citizens of the United States, imprisoning, shooting, hanging, and burning them, because of their color or for the exercise of privileges secured by the national Constitution, as when Mr. HOAR, of Massachusetts, a venerable and eminent lawyer, went down by official appointment to Charleston to discuss in the courts the question whether one State could arbitrarily, without crime alleged, and without legal process, imprison and sell the citizens of another; for which he and his daughter who accompanied him were mobbed out of that city, with the connivance of the authorities. While thus it was refusing to remain a State institution, Slavery was steadily threatening to dissolve the Union if its national demands were not granted. The fame, the honor, the consistency, the character, not of the States but of the nation, were constantly crumbling before its treason audacity, until this State institution deliberately declared by the mouths of senators and representatives and stump orators and newspapers, that its Presidential candidate, the only candidate for Governor of State—were defeated, it would try to destroy the Government. That candidate was defeated, and it kept its word.

Now if Slavery, of whose national aggressions we have mentioned two or three instances, had been content to be what it claimed to be—a State system—it would have been tolerated, even with all the vital crimes committed by it within the State against the Nation. The moral sympathy of the prosperous people of the free States for a race held in slavery in other States, whose suffering they never saw, and with whose condition they were taught that they were constitutionally forbidden to interfere, would have protected, but not finally maintained it. Slavery, however, the State system spurned State limitations, and, by seeking to nationalize itself, threatened the political rights and the material prosperity of the free States, as it did by claiming that the owner of twenty blacksmiths should enter the common territory as the rival of twenty blacksmiths who owned themselves and their wives. This attempt was accompanied by the threat of national ruin if it were resisted—then the longslumbering humanitarian sense of the American people accepted the struggle, for four years has gloriously maintained it, and will end it and its author together.

Thus the war is the direct armed aggression of Slavery upon the Government, because it had learned that it could not subvert it peacefully. That the Government had ever passed an oppressive law, such as might justify revolution, was never pretended. The complaint of Personal Liberty bills as an act of the most bad faith is long since abandoned. For what were those bills? They were laws to secure the liberty of the people of certain States. Could such laws be properly offensive to any well-disposed citizen? If the law enforcing slavery upon part of the people of Virginia were a State right not to be lawfully changed from without, was a law maintaining the freedom of all the innocent people of Wisconsin less a State right not to be externally molested? If South Carolina were to have the right to come into Boston and seize a man as a slave, was Vermont not to have the right to take care that none of her citizens were seized under false pretenses? Senator HAMMOND, of Georgia, and the chief rebel leaders at the South, made no such feeble plea as that. They left that to a class of people at the North properly called doughfaces. The leaders said, frankly, It is not your personal liberty bills, it is not the forcible rescue of fugitive slaves; it is the public opinion of the North which is the difficulty.

Moreover, neither President LINCOLN nor the party which elected him ever had the remotest intention of touching Slavery in the States. Believing it to be ultimately fatal to any State, and consequently to the Nation, they were sure that if it could be made what it forever claimed to be, a State concern, the good sense of the slave States, as Jackson said at once in the Constitutional Convention of '87, would finally extinguish it. They said only—and upon that saying the people brought them into power—"We oppose the nationalization of Slavery." "Then I will fight," said Slavery. "We hope not," said the President; "we beg you to pause and reflect." "I will fight," said the State institution, which, within its State lines, was entirely unmenaced, except by the universal heart of man and the universal conscience of civilization. It fired the shot at the *Star of the West* and at Fort Sumter. Slavery attacked the nation with the sword, and for three years it has shed the blood of the noblest and the most precious in the land. The sword has revealed both the essential character and the political purpose of Slavery. By God's grace, that sword shall not be sheathed except in its heart.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

THE Secretary of the Treasury—or rather the People of the United States acting through Mr. FESSENDEN—will borrow, by the 15th of August, Millions of Dollars upon these terms: The Government, that is the People, gives its notes for three years with interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent., payable half-yearly. These notes are drawn for amounts varying from fifty to five hundred dollars, and one hundred fifty dollars to invest can lend it to the People of the United States at a rate of interest higher than he can receive from any other safe investment.

The *Security* is absolute. Every dime of the wealth of the People, worth in gold at this moment not less than twenty thousand millions of dollars, and in spite of the waste of war constantly increasing, is pledged for its payment. The man who holds the notes, therefore, of a thousand dollars in these notes, holds a first mortgage upon every dollar of the whole wealth of the People.

This loan is the most *convertable* investment possible. If one needs money upon bond and mortgage, as farmers, for instance, often do, manufacturing, or mining stock, he can never be sure that at the moment he wishes to realize he can find a purchaser. The value of such investments changes from day to day. Now the Bulls have it, then the Bears. Between them the investor is likely to get only one shell of the oyster, the meat of which has been eaten out by Wall Street operators. But notes really drawn and indorsed by the People of the United States must always have a permanent and nearly uniform value. The holder of one can know almost to a dollar how much it will bring in the market. The loan, therefore, offers a choice of making his investment temporary or permanent. At the end of three years he can, if he prefers, receive back his loan, interest duly paid, or can exchange it for a Government bond payable in from five to twenty years. This loan is thus the best Savings Bank.

The *Interest* is higher than can be gained from any other safe investment. Savings Banks pay two per cent. Money can hardly be safely placed on bond and mortgage at more than six. The People in this loan offer almost seven and a half.

The Interest is easily *collectable*. The lender has not to hunt about for his debtor. To each note, great or small, are attached "coupons," or interest tickets. These, when due every six months, may be cut off and presented for payment at any Government Agency. They will be the best money, for any merchant or banker will be glad to receive them. The value of interest is not arbitrarily fixed. It amounts to exactly two cents a day for every hundred dollars loaned. Thus the man who lends the People a thousand dollars receives every day from them twenty cents, or $73 a year. If he deposited the same money in a Savings Bank he would receive $50 a year, with precisely the same security, since these institutions must invest their deposits in the best manner possible; and no investment is so safe as a loan to the People.

In every point of view this Government loan —even apart from the patriotic motive of maintaining the cause to which every man not a traitor has pledged his means, life, and honor—is the best and safest investment possible.

THE CALL FOR MEN.

IT seems to us a great error to represent the call for five hundred thousand men as chilling the national heart; and equally erroneous to regret that it was not rhetorically made, or to suppose that a word from General GRANT or SHERMAN would fill the ranks which the President's word might fail to recruit.

Upon the subject of an increase of the army nothing is juster than the position taken by the *Evening Post*, that now is the very time when we can not have too many men—a position directly antagonistic to the idea that the call for these men, whether for one, two, or three years, would chill the national ardor. But to summon them for a month or a hundred days is idle. Let them be called for one, two, or three years, and if they are not needed more than twenty days so much the better.

As for the "last" or the call, it is surely much more dignified that a summons of the President should be calm, brief, and direct. Nothing is gained by what is called rhetoric in State papers; no excitement the President might make of the situation could deepen the general feeling in regard to it; and no impassioned appeal could be more persuasive than the simple call.

But the suggestion that if SHERMAN and GRANT were there they should call directly upon the nation is more serious. SHERMAN and GRANT are Lieutenants of the Commander-in-Chief. When he calls, they call. The nation must have a strange conception of public affairs who imagines that the call for men is made without concert with GRANT and SHERMAN. He must have a still stranger conception of the duty of Generals to their Chief who supposes that the summons of the subordinates would be more persuasive. Such a proposition would, in its severity, be, if it responded to, a call from General SHERMAN which it disregarded from the President! Either the President and the General are in perfect accord, or they are not. If they are, General SHERMAN already calls for more men. If they are not, and we are likely to deny his call when it comes, meanwhile neglecting the President, then General SHERMAN is in the most dangerous position possible for the country. In that case he has that hold upon the popular heart to the exclusion of the President, which fits the false friends of M'CLELLAN tried to create for him, with the intention, under certain circumstances, of enabling him to do what some of his newspaper supporters openly called upon him, and afterward upon General GRANT to do, namely, to overthrow the Government and install himself as dictator.

There could be no surer sign of approaching anarchy than a call for more men proceeding directly from any General in the service. The men in the field are citizen-soldiers, and the President is their Commander-in-Chief. Through him, with the knowledge and approbation of their Generals, the summons ought to come, as it has come, both legitimately or doubtfully, but gravely, calmly, and confidently.

THE NATION NOT A CONFEDERACY.

THE attentive observer of the times will not fail to remark that the phrases and arguments of the opponents of the war plainly illustrate their position. They plant themselves upon State Rights, upon State Sovereignty. They reproduce CALHOUN'S elaborate sophism as the true theory of our Government, and assert that condition still to exist which ALEXANDER HAMILTON and James Madison, in the *Federalist*, declared that the Union was expressly formed to destroy. In a late speech of Governor SEYMOUR he declares the Union as a Confederacy. That has been often done by the most faithful citizens before the war. But since the war began the word Confederacy has had no peculiar significance but as the name of a people who claim bond of intimate fusion in whose fervent heat all State sovereignty was melted—is called "the bond of Federation," and its obligations are compared to those of a commercial treaty with Brazil.

The rebel position is now, as that of nullification was formerly, that the Constitution is a treaty or compact between States, not an instrument establishing a Government adopted by the people. The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. But among the powers which the people have conferred upon the National Government are all the great attributes of sovereignty. That is exactly what the rebels deny. The Copperheads virtually support them in their denial. When Governor SEYMOUR says that the United States has the power to coerce a State he showed exactly in what school he had been trained. From that moment it was clear that he could never heartily support the war.

But even if the Constitution were solely the compact or treaty that the rebels and Copperheads claim it to be, it is plain that every party to a compact or treaty repudiates it when peril South Carolina has no right to destroy the interests and safety of IOWA or Michigan in seeking her own. The argument is as old as the sophism. WEBSTER exposed it in his reply to HAYNE. But WEBSTER wrought his statue in marble quarried from the *Federalist*. The people of this country will never forget that they are as primarily citizens of the Union or nation as of any State. In one sense, indeed, they are more so. For in almost every one of the large, active, controlling States a multitude of the citizens were born elsewhere. In the great Northwestern States this is true of much of the adult population. If a conflicting interState question should arise they would be distracted between the State of birth and that of residence. But a national question finds them every where equally at home. The States are the fields, from one to another of which they pass at will. But in every field they are still upon the old family estate.

No man so early saw the necessity of this National Union and State subordination as ALEXANDER HAMILTON; and no one more trenchantly exposed the subterfuge of State Sovereignty and the true nature of the Union. In the twenty-second number of the *Federalist* he says: "It has not a little contributed to the infirmities of the existing federal system [that of Confederation] that it never had a ratification by the people. Resting on no better foundation than the consent of the several Legislatures, it has been exposed to frequent and intricate questions concerning the validity of its powers, and has sometimes been on the point of a formidable doctrine of a right of legislative appeal. Owing its ratification to the law of a State, it has been contended that the same authority might repeal the law by which it was ratified. However gross a heresy it may be to maintain that a *party* to a *compact* has a right to revoke that compact, the doctrine itself has had respectable advocates. The possibility of a question of this nature proves the necessity of laying the foundations of our National Government deeper than in the mere sanction of delegated authority. The fabric of American empire ought to rest on the solid basis of the consent of the *people*. The streams of national power ought to flow immediately from that pure original fountain of all legitimate authority."

When the empire ought to rest on the consent and the jealousy of national power which could not prevent the formation of the Union is not clear. But surely it now has the indispensability for individual welfare and the general prosperity has been revealed to every citizen. When HENRY CLAY said in the Senate in 1850 is the simple expression of the thought of every loyal American: "If Kentucky to-morrow unfurls the banner of revolution I never will fight under that banner. I owe a paramount allegiance to the whole Union—a subordinate one to my own State."

A PLEASANT PROGRAMME.

THE coincidence of the presence of rebel agents upon the frontier and the invasion of Maryland, during the last month, is not without significance. Like desperate gamblers, those gentlemen would try, as occasion served, either to sweep all the stakes into their hungry pockets, or, as actually happened, beg pitifully for a penny. When Washington was cut off from communication with the North, the reader may remember the published denial of reports that the President was in the hands of the rebels; if the same reader had any Copperhead sources of information, he knew what the report meant, and from whom apparently.

Washington was to be taken. The President and Cabinet would escape to Canada; and thereupon a Peace Convention would assemble to the people of the States that all the Confederacy wanted was the independence which it had shown its ability to maintain, and a treaty with equity. In the vacuum of the Chief Magistracy a Dictator would be inevitable. He would command the armies. There might be some demur—yes, some possibly—but then the rebel would break out every where, and its horrors would compel negotiation and peace, and secure the triumph of the rebellion.

Here was a pretty dish to set before a nation! Yet it was supposed by many to be very nearly palatable. There are men in the city of New York, for instance, who sneer at the idea of "conquering the South," but who seriously suppose that "the North" is to be conquered, and they believed that this programme was to be carried out! Doubtless there are many who would like to see it fulfilled, and who would help to fulfill it. But they should reflect that war, which was so inexpressibly awful a word to the people of this country four years ago, has become sadly familiar. They should not forget that we have now the habit of anticipating that insecurity which civil war produces. They should always remember that the cause for which "the North" has given so much of every

kind, and in every way, is a deep, earnest, permanent conviction of the vital necessity of Union; and that while their friends defend it in Southern fields they would not shrink from the defense in Northern streets. They should bear in mind that "conservatism" showed its hand in the bloody riots of last year, and that its solemn assevernations of regard for government, and of the fundamental guarantees of civil liberty, are fully illustrated by the light of burning asylums, and in the roaring streets where human beings guilty of dark skins were hunted and massacred, and that these asseverations are valued as their recent work.

With this experience of "Conservatism," he would be a dull student of history and human nature who was not constantly conscious of the perils and probabilities of a political contest of which "Conservatism" of the New York type is one of the parties—a "Conservatism" which devotes its energies to exciting the jealousy of the State against the nation and the hatred of the most ignorant class of the population, which, in the midst of a civil war involving national existence, declares that the friends of the Government are really responsible for the rebellion, and relying upon the most sordid passions closes its eyes to the permanent welfare to be secured, and points out with speechless horror the vast expenses to be encountered. A "Conservatism" like this, which includes and flatters the most degraded and dangerous population, will put no citizen off his guard. Its existence makes every good citizen a sentinel. Whether it fail or take the shadowy form of a northwestern conspiracy or appear in the bloody reality of a New York riot, it will not be unanticipated. The masks are stripped off. The friends and the enemies of the rebellion are known. The friends may do or use to dare and to prevent the election of Mr. Lincoln, and to secure the triumph of the conspiracy, and the final shame and ruin of the Union and Constitution. But if they are desperate, good citizens are firm. The loyal men of the North are not to be bullied either by threats of battle or by bugbears. They have clearly made up their minds to fight the war through, and they will do so wherever the exigency may demand. How can any sensible Copperhead suppose that a people with his line about what "the North" has, during the last three years, is so utterly and ludicrously pusillanimous as to yield at the moment of the most serious issue which it disputes in Virginia and Georgia?

AN IMPORTANT BEGINNING.

The University Convocation of New York is an annual meeting of the Regents of the University, and of the Presidents, heads, and teachers of the various colleges and schools of the State subject to the visitation of the Regents, for the purpose of improving by the comparison of experience, by essays and discussions, the standard and methods of education. The Convocation of this year was but the second. Yet it is clear that it is full of promise, if the interest manifested shall annually increase as it extended, as it is likely to do. A union of the Regents and of all the collegiate and academic experts of the State makes a force which, for its proper purposes, is irresistible. In the legislature or before the people it would not easily be withstood by the utmost adroitness of the Lobby or the grandest audacity of misrepresentation. Such a body, well organized, ought to secure and maintain the noblest system of public instruction possible.

This year the Convocation approached a subject of the greatest general interest and importance. One of the most prominent topics of education was the value of competitive examinations in preparation for public employment, both military and civil. Mr. Henry Barnard, of Hartford, the experienced and accomplished editor of the *American Journal of Education*, made a stirring and vigorous appeal to the Convocation to take some steps toward the accomplishment of so great an object. President Anderson, of the Rochester University, who has recently returned from a collegiate tour in Europe, supported Mr. Barnard with great force. The practical application of their remarks was to the appointment at West Point and Annapolis Academy; and the necessity of some such examination, if we would have those academies of the future that is apparent from the last year's report of the Board of Visitors to West Point.

The facts are that the appointments are made by the Representatives in Congress. They are determined by purely personal or political considerations, and regard to the disposition or fitness of the boy. The entering examination is a farce. Every boy of ten years should be able to pass it. He is flogged, said Mr. Anderson. Yet, of those who are presented, a large proportion fail in this preliminary examination. Of all who enter not a half graduate, although the intellectual training is not severe than in an excellent female academy, such as Mrs. Willard's, in Troy; and of those who fail, three-fifths break down in the studies of the first year, which are elementary.

Now what should the rule be? Evidently that the boy in every district of the most equal aptitude and of the highest scholarly merit should be appointed. And this could be done if the representative would consent to make his nomination dependent upon the result of an open examination of all such candidates. General Sickles, when in Congress, four years ago, tried the experiment. He gave his appointment to the boy who stood best at the Free Academy, and this year that boy graduated at the head of his class at West Point.

The discussion was most interesting, and resulted in the passage of numerous recommending such a course, and instructing the Board of Regents to inform our representatives of the sense of the Convocation. Of course some more practicable plan to be submitted to them. The Board, in pursuance of the request, appointed a committee which will not put the matter to sleep. If the Convocation can thus influence one representative in one State, it will have begun a reform of incalculable advantage to the country. And when it becomes the practice of one State it must inevitably extend to all. The principle once illustrated in the military and naval service of Mr. Sickles's Canadian Pupil bill provides for the civil, and we shall have fairly begun the movement which can alone save the Government from the silly confidences and incapacity which will engulf the most righteous theories and the truest principles.

CUNNING OUTWITTED

Is alluding to the peace performance at Niagara Falls Mr. Greeley has said, and it has been repeated by others, that it would have been wiser for the President to have "asked the Confederates to perfect and verify their credentials and then make their application." The object of his doing so would have been to allow the rebels to show that they wished nothing short of recognition, or some other equally inadmissible condition.

But Mr. Greeley must surely see that there would be no end to this business. Every time Messrs. N. Agency Cleary or Jacob Thompson chose to announce that a couple of rebels wish to talk about peace, to the President to say that they have only to get authorized and he will hear them? The President has left no doubt of his position. Whenever an authorized proposition is ready to be made the Government is, and always has been, ready to consider it. Mr. Clay, and Mr. Holcombe, and Mr. Greeley knew that perfectly well, and it is idle to say that the Government hindered their getting authority. If they had really wanted to treat, or had honestly expected any result, does Mr. Greeley suppose they would have come without authority?

The President's reply thwarted their plan. It exposed their trick. It showed that they did not seek authority to treat for the restoration of the Union and the abandonment of slavery. That is just as evident now as it would have been if they had gone to Washington and proposed a separation and a commercial treaty. The President's honesty, as usual, utterly outwitted diplomacy.

THE APPEAL TO COWARDICE.

The appeal of the Copperheads to cowardice, in order to delay and embarrass recruiting, is natural. Their creed is a gospel of fear, hate, and the intelligence of Americans. Thus we read in a late newspaper an extract from a letter of a soldier in the Ninth Corps to show how great the loss had been, and a little sub-editorial remark to the effect that "fine openings for young men is now defined—Graves on the north bank of the Rappahannock."

There is something ludicrous and pitiful in telling Americans who are fighting for every thing that is precious to them that losses and liberties secure that they may get hurt. The rebels, it seems, were told the same thing, and a clerical friend of mine, who has published since a pamphlet to show how small a chance there is that any individual soldier will be killed. If the argument were so general that it was really necessary for such a statement to be made, the condition of the rebel value would be most promising for the Union cause. And if the Copperhead appeals to cowardice were really likely to prevail, it would be only because we deserved the loss of the liberties which we did not dare to defend.

DEATH OF MRS. GENERAL BARLOW.

In speaking of General Barlow, whose portrait we published a few weeks since, we said that the man of his division would never forgive his biographer who should attempt to conceal the severity of his service in the hospitals and among the wounded and dying soldiers after the beginning of the war to this day, of his faithful and devoted wife, and that for no woman in the land did more earnest prayers ascend from suffering lips and grateful hearts than for Mrs. General Barlow. Those prayers no longer avail. On the 27th of July Mrs. Barlow died in Washington of typhus fever contracted in the military hospital. On the same day her brave husband was driving the rebels from their intrenchments and recapturing some of the guns taken from us last spring. Thus each at the post of duty, the wife dies and the husband makes his life still more illustrious.

Amiable, accomplished, admired, beloved, Mrs. Barlow from the first has been among the most eminent of the many heroines in this war whose names are not publicly mentioned. Her memory will be forever fresh in the grateful heart of their friends and country.

NO MILITARY AUTOCRAT.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, has ordered into active military service all the reserve militia between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, and fifty and fifty-five; also all from seventeen to fifty who are exempt from "Confederate conscription;" and, in fine, all who are able to bear arms; and all who are liable to be drafted are to seize and carry off as deserters all who do not. Those who resist, of course, will be shot.

How pleasing, in view of this order, to learn from Mr. Clement C. Clay that if "there be any military autocrat in the North" who can do what the Georgia Governor does, "there is none in the South;" and that "those who control our armies are the servants of the people, not their masters." That will probably be the opinion of any unfortunate Georgian, who, not wishing to see his family starve, is slain for not obeying his servant, Governor Brown.

"THE STONINGTON LINE."

We know by pleasant experience that there are no more agreeable steamers upon the Sound than those of the "Stonington Line," as it is still called, although within a few years the dangerous and difficult harbor of Stonington has been closed, and the steamers stop at Groton, opposite New London, whence the railroad skirts the Sound and Narragansett Bay to Providence and Boston. The boats are strong, spacious, well-appointed, and clean. The family accommodations are admirable, especially in regard to the commanding state-rooms and private supper-tables. The route winding through the islands to the Sound, and among its pleasantest part to the Thames River, is delightful, and as little exposed as possible. You cross the bottom of Narragansett Bay in the night. Fall is the time for the best trips, when the weather is not too hot, and there are few passengers. The table is abundant and excellent, and the servants need a rapid multiplication table to count the number of persons they are to serve. Those who have not tried this route have a delightful experience before them. The President has left no doubt of his position. Whenever an authorized proposition is ready to be made the Government is, and always has been, ready to consider it. Mr. Clay, and Mr. Holcombe, and Mr. Greeley knew that perfectly well, and it is idle to say that the Government hindered their getting authority. If they had really wanted to treat, or had honestly expected any result, does Mr. Greeley suppose they would have come without authority?

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NEWS ITEMS.

The battle of the 28th was an assault in force on the Fifteenth Corps, and appears to have resulted in a complete a defeat of the rebels as that of the 22d. Six thousand and forty-two dead rebels were buried by our forces after that battle.

FROM THE SHENANDOAH.

Early finding that Crook was disturbing his progress of harvests in the Shenandoah, turned back upon him on the 23d, and fought him a short distance beyond Winchester, which drove the rebels from entrenched lines, with a loss to Crook of 300. Crook was defeated, losing nearly 1000 guns. Colonel Thoburn was killed. After that Early struck Martinsburg. Since the capture of this place nothing has occurred of any importance, except the raid of a few hundred cavalry to Chambersburg. This party burned the latter place on the 30th of the town, destroying over a hundred dwellings. Averell at the latest advices was pursuing these wicked fellows.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

In Egypt, when a death occurred in a family, "the right thing to do" was to send for the doctor. The medical gentleman of the day had not only the privilege of doing and scorching people when alive; but even when dead "the noble blood" had another ordeal to undergo at their hands.

When the doctor came he had to show his skill, not to bring back the dead man or woman to life again, but to adopt every precaution to prevent the dead body or thing; or, if he or she did, he or she should be of very little use; and the operator first took a strong hook through the nostrils with a curved probe, to make the head and shoulders disengage from the head and to allow the brain to be extracted in circular drops. An instrument being made in the side of the nose, the operator then threw down, on a stone table, vessels and covered the powdered aromatics. Sometimes they were restored to the belly and sometimes dropped in vases and laid in the entombment. The body itself was filled with powdered myrrh, cassia, and liquid substances, and sewn up. This being done, it was kept in natron for seventy days; then washed and prepared in linen, of which a hundred ells were occasionally used. Then prepared it was removed to the embalming house, and delivered to those in the case of a wife or husband, retained at home until the time of burial. The mode of the pair to undergo the same process, and then both were deposited together in a vault. A delectable history, this, to read on a hot summer's day, more than 3000.

Among the ancient peoples of Asia and Europe, in ancient times, exhibit the most curious peculiarities as regards the treatment of the dead. Thus the Persians, as we read in dogs are the sepulchers. Here the most complimentary thing you can do to the body in peace and giving them to be eaten by the dogs. The poor have as their only sepulchers the stomachs of dogs and the wild beasts; but the more distinguished dishes are treated with great reverence, and the Lamentors of the Tower of Silence are kept, and within them the rich Thibetans are buried. Remarkable fact—the man dragged to his death is the dog.

Among the many eccentricities which have been displayed in all making the two following instances are noteworthy. In Sweden, well known as an active critic on the banking system, left a large sum of money to be distributed after his death, in the manner he recommended to himself; secondly, in the circulation of his works; and, thirdly, to the purchase of his books, presented by his nearest acquaintances. Another English gentleman, Mr. Thomas Hollis, of the Hartley Institute of Southampton, directed in his will that a room in that building should be fitted and closed up for ever for the preservation of his mother's wardrobe and furniture. And there are to be no alterations in the articles used in English merchant's wife of a century ago—bonnets, dresses, shoes, stockings, fans, gloves, handkerchiefs, and everything else either a most singular collection.

The love of dress is not confined to the ancients; five hundred years ago whales abounded in every sea. The great monsters of the deep were not only hunted for oil, but much such destruction of whales that they are disappearing from the northern parts of the ocean, and are now numerous in the Mediterranean, but are now no longer so. They live on small animalcules in which the sea at times abounds, which must have increased enormously, owing to the destruction of whales. It is to the presence of these small organisms that the phosphorescence of the Mediterranean Sea is attributed.

The late King of Wurtemberg astonished in his will the world by a most curious codicil. In this he directs that his cremains and etiquette, and that he does not wish to be buried with them after the fashion. He therefore begged that his body might not be laid out in state and that no one should accompany "those who are willing to" find this natural, and the curious must pardon me for having left them in the lurch, as I have no time for curiosity nonsense." He desired that his body might leave the palace at night, that the attendants who had served the Reformation by the time being or choose that the procession should not have more than 12 coaches of the state.

The mass of the Russian population is clothed at a very cheap rate. A woman's trowsers and long high boots of half-dressed leather, a cotton shirt, and a sheepskin coat, covered with either red or blue cloth, with ornaments of the white outward mass of the mouth, when entire, and the sheepskin, about ten rubles (fifteen dollars), the sheepskin being the most expensive article. Trowsers and boots are the most expensive articles. Trowsers of a certain (or long petticoat), held by straps when the wearer is walking, a chemise with long sleeves nearly to the elbow, a kerchief over the head, a pair of boots and stockings, and a cloak of a thick woolly stuff or cotton or linen cloth wrapped round the leg and foot. Sometimes a woman is clothed under a man's coat, and when circumstances will permit, a calope or long cloak in the form of a petticoat.

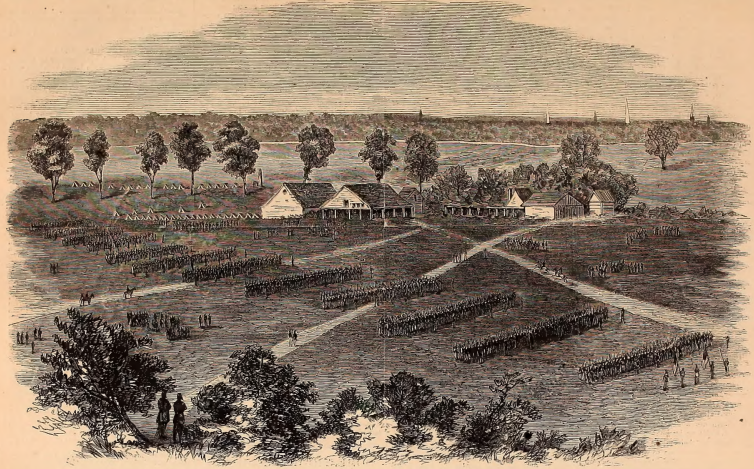
In Lower Saxony the young girls gather sprigs of holly, which they wear on the 4th of St. John, and expect them on the wake of their chambers, with certain mysterious ceremonies, and if they are found in the following morning indicate their future lot. If fresh and unfaded, they are to have a prosperous marriage; if withered and dying, the reverse. The plant is influenced by the condition of the girl. It is plucked with the left hand inside and the more likely to have prosperous marriages than those who pluck it with the right or by their dress.

In Paris there are said to be sixty thousand persons who take in their washing, and the number that they will have any thing to eat during the day.

The summer visitors to Northern England prevent the loss of heat when their tea is brewing by putting over it a kind of tea-cosy, made of flannel, and lined with wadding. The use of this, especially where, as at Ilarrat water places, the tea is long and fine to brew, is very beneficial. The tea is thus kept twenty degrees warmer.

Many curious customs exist in the East which we think. In their dress and adornment they express their natures, as the flowers do their sweet and odors. Women are seen in the modest dahlia and violets—they never look or appear bold. Others are like the gaudy tulip or hollyhock. Others are not themselves unless they can come out in the brightest colors, as the tulip or bush, which has not seen women just like white lilies? We know several dozen, unscented by others, and not limited by their diversities, they do not fail to express their true characters, they become a form of expression very genuine and useful.

A new spider has been discovered at the Arunt diggings, Australia. It is about half the size of the common garden spider, and is marked longitudinally with alternate stripes of very dark green and grey. The back is flattened on the top, and the sides are bent. There are fifty varieties from which young spiders may be seen leaving and again returning after a short stay outside.



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—INSPECTION OF THE SECOND PENNSYLVANIA, COLONEL GIBSON.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

We give on this and the next page, and on pages 520 and 521, several sketches relating to the Army of the Potomac and General GRANT's campaign.

GENERAL STANNARD'S HEAD-QUARTERS, illustrated on this page, is one of the most delightful places within the lines, although only a hundred yards from the enemy's front, and a considerable distance in advance of General SMITH's head-quarters. It is situated in a little ravine, with a brook running at each end, and in the hottest days it is clear of dust and refreshingly cool. The birds build their nests in the trees overhead, and the squirrels play around the quarters just as if they were not within reach of whistling bullets and bursting shells. General STANNARD commands the First Division of the Eighteenth Corps.

We give also on this page a sketch representing the INSPECTION OF THE SECOND PENNSYLVANIA

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL STANNARD'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL HANCOCK AND STAFF.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ARTILLERY by GENERAL AMES, as seen from General SMITH'S head-quarters. This regiment is one of the largest in the service, numbering, when it left Washington, over three thousand men. It is commanded by Colonel A. A. GIBSON, who has the rank of Major in the Third United States Artillery.

On this page two illustrations are given, taken from photographs by BRADY; they represent Generals HANCOCK and WARREN surrounded by officers of their staff.

On pages 520 and 521 we publish a view of PETTISBURG as seen from Captain DAVIS'S Battery, First Connecticut Artillery—a portion of the battery appearing in the fore-ground. This battery is situated on the Appomattox River in front of the Eighteenth Corps; it is armed with 30-pound Parrott guns and eight-inch mortars, and completely commands the city. The woods in front and on the flanks are occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters. The Eighteenth Corps up to Thursday, July 28, held the extreme right of GRANT'S lines.

MAJOR-GENERAL M'PHERSON.

JAMES B. M'PHERSON, Major-General of Volunteers and Brigadier-General of the Regular Army, whose Portrait we give on our first page, was born in Sandusky, Ohio, November, 1828. He graduated at West Point in the year 1853, standing at the head of a class which numbered among its members the rebel Generals HOOD, WALKER, and ECHOLS; General SCHOFIELD, Commander of the Army of the Cumberland; General W. S. SMITH, General R. O. TYLER, General SHERIDAN, General TERRIL, who fell at Perryville; and GILL, who was killed at Stone River. Entering the army as Second Lieutenant of Engineers, he was immediately, although hardly twenty-five years of age, appointed as an assistant instructor of practical engineering at West Point. In 1854 he was employed as assistant-engineer on the New York harbor defenses; in 1857 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware; also the fortifications on Alcatraz Island, San Francisco Bay, California. December 15, 1856, he was appointed First Lieutenant, and until August, 1861, was engaged as Chief of Engineers on the Pacific Coast.

When General HALLECK assumed the command of the Department of the West he selected M'PHERSON as an Aid-de-Camp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was GRANT'S Chief Engineer in the operations against Forts Henry and Donelson, and also against Vicksburg. May 15, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and during the following summer superintended the military railroads in the Department of West Tennessee. When our army at Corinth was cut off from its supplies, in October of that year, he succeeded in bringing up reinforcements to its as-

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL WARREN AND STAFF.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

sistance, and for this service was made Major-General of Volunteers.

It is not, however, merely as an engineer that M'PHERSON has distinguished himself in this war; now he was appointed to guard the rear in a retreat, and now to lead an assault. He and SHERMAN were GRANT'S great allies in the capture of Vicksburg.

When General GRANT recommended his various officers to the Government for promotion for their services at Vicksburg, he wrote as follows about General M'PHERSON:

"He has been with me in every battle since the commencement of the rebellion, except Belmont. At Forts Henry and Donelson, Shiloh, and the siege of Corinth, as a staff officer and engineer, his services were conspicuous and highly meritorious. At the second battle of Corinth his skill as a soldier was displayed in successfully carrying reinforcements to the besieged garrison, when the enemy was between him and the point to be reached. In the advance through Central Mississippi General M'PHERSON commanded one wing of the army with all the ability possible to show, he having the lead in the advance and the rear entitled. In the campaign and siege terminating with the fall of Vicksburg, General M'PHERSON has filled the most eminent part. At the battle of Port Gibson it was under his direction that the enemy was driven, late in the afternoon, from a position that was considered in holding all day against an obstinate attack. His corps, the advance always under his immediate eye, were the pioneers in the movement from Port Gibson to Hawkinson's Ferry. From the North Fork of the Bayou Pierre to Black River it was a constant skirmish, the whole skillfully conducted. The enemy was so closely pressed as to be unable to destroy their bridge of boats after them. General Hawkinson's Ferry to Jackson the Seventeenth Army Corps marched roads not traveled by other troops, fighting the entire battle of the movement, and the bulk of JOHNSTON'S army was fought by this corps, entirely under the management of General M'PHERSON. At Champion Hill the Seventeenth Corps and General M'PHERSON were conspicuous. All that could record a battle there was performed by the divisions of General M'PHERSON'S corps and General HOVEY'S division of the Thirteenth Corps. In the assault of the 22d of May on the fortifications of Vicksburg, and during the entire siege, General M'PHERSON and his command took unfading laurels. He is one of the ablest engineers and most skilful Generals. I would respectfully, but urgently recommend his promotion to the position of Brigadier-General in the regular army."

The appointment was given to date from August 1, 1863.

On the 12th of March, 1864, on the promotion of Lieutenant-General GRANT to the command of the United States armies, and General SHERMAN to the command of the military division of the Mississippi, General M'PHERSON was placed in command of the Army and Department of the Tennessee, embracing the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Army Corps.

In SHERMAN'S advance on Atlanta M'PHERSON has conducted some of the most gigantic flank movements of the war. At Fayetteville, Jonesboro, Dallas, he obtained an important victory, driving the enemy and inflicting on him a loss of 10,000 killed and wounded. After crossing the Chattahoochee he held the extreme right of SHERMAN'S army at Decatur, and was here killed in the battle of Friday, the 22d. He was shot while riding along his lines, superintending the advance of his skirmish line, by a band of rebel bushwhackers in ambush. Then occurred the most notably disgraceful act which has ever blackened the annals of civilized warfare. Having shot M'PHERSON, the rebels took the body and stripped it of its clothing. Colonel STRONG, however, had a charge and secured the body. Thus the Army of the Tennessee lost its brave commander.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD.

GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, whose portrait we give on our first page, and who, according to late advices, was to succeed General M'PHERSON in command of the Army of the Tennessee, is a native of Maine. He entered West Point in the year 1850, was brevetted Second Lieutenant of Ordnance in 1854, and First Lieutenant in 1857, when he was appointed Assistant Professor of Mathematics. This position he held until the beginning of the war, when he became Colonel of the Third Maine Regiment. Many of our readers will remember the march of this regiment in Canada gray uniforms down Broadway, June 6, 1861. In the battle of Bull Run HOWARD'S brigade stood side by side with those of HEINTZELMAN, FRANKLIN, and SICKLES in the hottest of the fight. Six weeks afterward he was appointed Brigadier-General, at which time he was with MEADE, CASEY, MCCOOK, RICHARDSON, MELROY, and LEW WALLACE. In the battle of Chancellorsville HOWARD commanded the Eleventh Corps, having a short time previously been appointed a Major-General. He had been in all the great battles of the Peninsular Campaign, where he had gained a reputation of unusual talent. At Antietam he took the command of SUMNER'S Division after that officer had been compelled by two severe wounds to leave the field. But here at Chancellorsville he was placed over men who were not known to him, and the task was a difficult one. It was upon this Eleventh Corps that the weight of STONEWALL JACKSON'S advance fell on the memorable 2d of May, when A German brigade on the right gave way. Division after division broke and fled. HOWARD was left almost alone. He begged his men, and threatened them; but all in vain, the day was lost. At Gettysburg and Chattanooga, and on many other fields, this Corps has retrieved its honor, and compelled admiration. In SHERMAN'S present campaign General HOWARD has played an important part. On the 19th of June he wrested from the enemy an important position, which, in an attempt to retake, the rebels lost nearly a thousand men without gaining their object. General HOWARD has lost his right arm in his country's service. It used to be a joke between him and KEARNEY, who had lost his left arm, that, as a matter of economy, they might purchase their gloves together.

SWEET FACES.

CHILD-FACES round us beaming,
How wonderful they are!
Although so common-seeming,
Yet each a perfect star;
In every cr owded city
These new conceits have birth,
And thoughts of God in pity
Are thus express'd on Earth.

When Katie's face I'm viewing,
If she's at work or play,
Whatever she is doing,
She leads my mind away
To where bright birds are winging
Swift flight from tree to tree,
And songs to her are singing,
Or so it seems to me.

There's Rose, a little lady,
Now nearly ten years old,
So quaint and so old-mindly,
So shy, and bold withal;
In all she says so clever,
In all she does so kind,
And sunlight shines whatever
Her gravest looks behind.

There's Annie, always smiling,
I think she can not frown,
That smile is so beguiling,
Oh, could I write it down!
Oh! could I to these pages
The perfect charm impart,
To bind forever all the ages
The deathless human heart!

If one sweet face has vanished
That seemed to us divine,
From one delight we're banished,
Yet are not left to pine;
For freely in all places,
As flowers upon the sod,
Spring up these childish faces,
So bountiful is God!

A SCHOOL-GIRL'S STORY.

I.

"A new scholar, girls, and for our room, too!"

It was study-hour in Room A, but as Hallie Parker ran in, breathless with haste, books were pushed out of sight, and study suspended while all discussed the news she brought.

"I saw her in Dr. Ealing's office just now."

"But are you sure she is to be a boarder, Hallie?"

"Quite sure, Carry. Her father is with her, at least I presume it is her father, and while Miss Ealing was giving me my theme-book, I heard the gentleman say that he understood from the general rule of the institution to admit pupils after October, but he would gladly violate the rule in this instance for the sake of having his daughter under his care." His very words, girls, so you see 'Miss Katharine' must be of considerable importance in the Professor's eyes."

"I wonder who she is? What kind of person is she, Hallie?"

"What kind of person?" Hallie repeated, slowly. "Well, she is just the loveliest creature I have ever seen!"—and the dreamy look, indeed, I never knew a girl more religiously devoted to self-culture; and I use the advverb advisedly, for in its highest sense selfculture was a part of her religion.

To us she was ever kind, ever gracious, goodnatured, but never to oblige. During all the months of our living together, in fact, we never but once saw Katharine Veighn angry, and that once we never forgot.

Thus we learned to know her and learned to love her as few school-girls are loved by their fellows, but we learned no more. Most of us, girl-like, had our little romances more or less earnest, our little heart-secrets, tinging our lives with those delicious rose-color only found in the balmy air of early youth. Of these Katharine had, or seemed to have, no share. In the growing visions of the future she often listened, adding now and then a touch of her own bright fancy; but of love, lover, or marriage, she never, herself, so much as spoke; and with all her graciousness of manner there was always about her a sort of stately dignity that forbade question.

So we came to think her proud and cold, misjudging her as we did too oft, alas! unjustly, her sisters. Even Mollie Harris, with all her talent for weaving the brightest Goblin of fancy out of the veriest cobweb of fact, could build no airy castle for Katharine Veighn.

"I tell you, girls, she is not like other women. She is far superior to her very ordinary sun, and there are no heroes nowadays. That ring is a gift from some one else; who knows? perhaps it was her mother's."

One peculiarity of Katharine's was, that she held no letter Katharine was there, were you not?"

"Yes, ma'am," Hallie replied. "Dr. Ealing was talking with the young lady's father about receiving 'Miss Katharine,'" and Hallie threw a comical look across the table.

"Not her father, my dear; the gentleman was her guardian. She is an orphan, doubly so, fatherless and motherless since childhood."

"Do you know her very well, Miss Ealing?" Carry ventured to ask, finding our governess so unusually communicative.

"Not at all, Carry, but papa knew her parents, and esteemed them very highly. I think you will find Katharine a very pleasant addition to our little circle."

"She is quite a young lady, Hallie says, Miss Ealing," Carry's voice was quite tremulous, and, as Miss Ealing replied, with her glance turned smilingly on the questioner, that "Katharine was decidedly more of a young lady than some of us," her eyes sought the floor, and her face vibrated between unusual pallor and flush. Her love of fun got the better of her, however, and she led in the laugh that followed at her expense. The laugh was quickly hushed as the door opened, and Dr. Ealing entering, announced,

"Miss Katharine Veighn, young ladies. I bring you your new charge, daughter; I am sure she will not be a troublesome one. Girls, I commend Miss Katharine to your kindness, trusting you will make Room A very pleasant for her."

As our principal withdrew we resumed our seats, and the newcomer advanced to receive the cordial greeting of our governess. I sat nearest to her, and I found to look up to I should meet her eye; but the looks and gestures of admiration passing around the table told me that Hallie Parker had for once at least not exaggerated. Presently,

"Phebe, I will assign Katharine to you as a partner. You are the only one not mated, I believe."

As I rose, Miss Ealing presented me to her.

"This is Miss Phebe Warner, Katharine. She will show you to your room to lay aside your wrappings."

The young lady's hat and cloak were soon removed, and passing her little white hands carelessly over her dark hair, Katharine announced herself ready to go down.

Once at the table with us, the young stranger strove to enter into our employments. Having no work for the time, Carry Hallie, introducing her, and indeed all the girls, by name. Hallie found a skein of silk, and Katharine held it while the owner wound.

There, at last, I could look at her.

How beautiful! Yes, how beautiful was Katharine Veighn! Tall, slender, graceful in figure, almost faultless in face, with a queenly stateliness of manner, joined with a winning grace a child might have worn, Katharine Veighn was a woman to win admiration, almost to dread of a few romantic young girls—a woman to be loved and honored as queens are loved and honored—a woman, whom to win, a king might have thrown down his crown and life.

All this I thought as I watched the classic head, with its heavy coils of black hair, bending slightly over the hand-skein. The large dark eyes shining softly beneath their long black lashes, the clear, pale complexion, the delicate lips, as the speaker or smiled; the perfect mouth with its lovely, childlike smile, and its proud curve when at rest. How beautiful beyond beauty, how stately, how gracious was Katharine Veighn!

The tangled skein—ah, yes! that was how we came to see it. Katharine slipped the skein from her left hand, carefully, so as not to increase the entanglement, and pulled indolently at an obstinate knot. Just then, Mollie Harris touched my arm. I looked up and caught, as her hand moved, the flash sparkle of a diamond engagement ring. "On the engagement finger, too," as Mollie whispered in my ear, at the first opportunity. I dreamed of her that night, in a princess robed in purple and ermine, and thought a fair-haired prince knelt to woo her, and placed upon her hand a jeweled ring of betrothal.

Days passed, and it was Christmas-time, and we knew little more of Katharine Veighn; little more at least of the inner side of her thoughts, her dreams, her secrets. Outwardly her noble character grew before us and upon us every day. We had learned to love her, and though the cold reserve companion was far beyond us in scholarship. She was richly gifted, and every gift had been cultivated to the utmost. Indeed, I never knew a girl more religiously devoted to self-culture; and I use the advverb advisedly, for in its highest sense selfculture was a part of her religion.

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sad disasters to our arms with prophecies of a speedy and glorious retrieving.

One day at noon, as Miss Eling was about laying down her paper, she said, sadly:

"Another long list of killed and wounded, girls. Many of them are Pennsylvanians, too, poor fellows!"

After reading the names she resumed her work, and Carry Burns asked:

"May I call Katharine Veighn, Miss Eling, if you please? I know she would like to see the list."

"Certainly, Carry. You will find her in the music-room yonder, I think," nodding toward a door, standing ajar.

Carry entered, but started back with a wild cry:

"Oh, Miss Eling, she is dead!"

In a moment we were in the next room. Katharine was kneeling by the music-stool, her head and outstretched arms hidden forward upon it. Her face was livid, and her hands cold as death.

Silencing our outcries with the assurance "it was only a swoon," our governess dispatched some of us for Dr. Eling and the school-physician; some for water and restoratives. As for me, as Miss Eling held Katharine in her arms, I knelt beside her, chafing and kissing the cold, cold fingers.

At last, after long effort, we won her back to life. The deathlike pallor gave way slowly to living warmth and brightness, as the rich blood awoke from its deep slumber, and presently, with a long, shuddering sigh, she opened her eyes and looked around upon our anxious faces. She tried to rise, but, succeeding, was glad to sink into an arm-chair's shelter.

Miss Eling asked, kindly,

"My dear child, how did this happen? Why did you not call when you first were feeling ill?"

"I could not—I did not know."

The words were fairly grasped, as if with a new agony, and she covered her face with her hands.

"Are you in pain, Miss Katharine?"

The physician waited a moment, then repeated his question. Raising herself she looked up into the kind old man's face.

"In no physical pain, thank you, Sir. I think I will go to my room for a little while, however."

All hastened to assist her, but she declined.

"Thank you, Miss Eling, thank you, girls, you are all very kind, but if Pa'lee will help me here am I shall get up very nicely."

I sprang to offer it, crying like the rest, for the utter unnaturalness of this meek, and manner fell upon our hearts with a chilling dread. As we reached the sleeping-hall she stopped and kissed me.

"Thank you, child, I do not need you any longer."

I insisted upon waiting to see her comfortably in bed, but such a negative gesture also passed in and locked the door.

The next morn at the foot of the staircase with troubled faces; and Carry met me here.

"Did you notice, as Miss Eling read that list, several names from the —st Pennsylvania? Colonel R——'s regiment, you know. Do you think she could have heard them?"

I could not tell, but I thought—yes.

At tea-time Katharine came down, looking pale and worn, and thenceforth she resumed her school duties as usual. As usual, have I said? Alas, no!—not as usual with Katharine Veighn. The heart was gone from her work, the head and the hands went on with their mechanical tasks as best they might. Katharine's smiles were faint and rare now, and there was a look in her dark eyes that told of a sorrow too deep for words—too deep even for tears.

The brightness had died out of our school-life, and a sober quiet was setting upon us hitherto undreamed of in Room A. All felt it—none could explain it; only Carry knew that a deep grief had fallen upon Katharine Veighn and each of us; even the wild Carry strove to make the burden lighter for her. Changes came quickly to the school, and all this had occurred within little more than a week after Katharine's illness.

One evening after tea Allie Milner, a lovely child of eight or nine years, entered our room with a message for Miss Eling from the Principal. The little girl had evidently been weeping violently, and as our governess was passing out she asked her kindly,

"What is the matter, Allie? You seem to be in sad trouble."

Struggling to keep back the tears, Allie replied,

"My dear Uncle Alan has been killed by the rebels."

"Poor child!" and the kind-hearted woman sighed as she kissed the little mourner and spoke a few consoling words. "You may stay with the young ladies until bedtime, dear, if you wish. Girls, try to amuse her for a while."

Allie came over to the study-table as Miss Eling left, and talked to us, between her sobs, of her uncle.

"He was so good and handsome, Miss Carry, and such a brave soldier! Mamma's letter says grandma has been very ill ever since they heard he was killed, and that was about a week ago, so maybe grandma's dead too," and her grief burst out afresh.

"What was your uncle's name, dear, and in what regiment was he?"

It was Katharine that asked. She had been poring sadly over a long letter, and I do not think she had heard any thing previously. Startled by the child's crying, she had turned to listen.

"He was Lieutenant Alan Fielding, of the —st Pennsylvania."

She had hardly ended when Katharine caught her up in her arms and covered the tear-stained little face with eager, passionate kisses. We were amazed—the child more than all; but the youngest pupils looked up to Katharine with a sort of hateful idolatry, and Allie forgot her troubles as she threw her arms around the young girl's neck and exclaimed,

"Oh, thank you, Miss Katharine. You are so good! But why do you kiss me so? You never did before. Is it because you love me now?"

"Yes, dear, because I love you now."

Katharine Veighn's face was almost bright again, as she cradled her little figure in her arms, laying her cheek against Allie's, while she lovingly smoothed the golden curls.

"Please hold me so, Miss Katharine, until Miss Eling comes. Sit down in that chair by the window, and rock me, please."

Established to her liking, Allie asked,

"May I tell you about my dear Uncle Alan, Miss Katharine? The wicked rebels have killed him, you know."

"Yes, dear."

Katharine's face was turned away from us; her voice was very low and tremulous.

"He was mamma's youngest brother; and we all loved him so dearly! He was so handsome—almost as beautiful as you are, Miss Katharine, only he had not black hair. His eyes were such a lovely blue, just like the sky up there where it is so clear; and his hair was like mine, in such *pretty* curls!"

Here I noticed the listener press her lips to the bright hair.

"He was always so good and kind to grandma; and she loved him better than any of us. Oh, Miss Katharine, what will she do, I wonder?"

"I can not tell, Allie."

The voice still trembled; the child went on, in her simple way, not waiting for further answer. At last she said suddenly, after a little silence,

"When I was home, last summer, I heard dear grandma say that some day she would have another daughter, because Uncle Alan had a beautiful lady—loved her, oh, very, very dearly! What will she do now?"

Katharine's face was looking out into the deepening twilight, and she made no answer.

"Miss Katharine, what will she do now?"

"God knows, darling!"

Now the voice was shaken as with agony hardly controlled, and the child sprang from Katharine's arms, and with a sudden cry of pain and remorse.

There was a deep hush in the room, for Carry Burns was crouching upon the floor, and I knew there were pitying tears in other eyes than hers.

III.

It was the night of Wednesday, June 25, 1862, the night of my betrothal; some other announcement would be on the morrow. The friends or relatives of most of the pupils were in town, and the whole school was in an agitation of preparation and expectancy. As we came up from tea the lights were already gleaming in the church opposite, and Miss Eling's voice was sounding through the halls, summoning the Rooms to rehearsal. Room A was the last to go over, and we found the platform filled with teachers and pupils, and the body of the church with a stranger audience much larger than desirable for a rehearsal.

It was Katharine's turn to sing. Hearing her name she arose, throwing down the bandage on which she was stitching, with a heavy sigh that went to my heart. I caught her hand.

"What is it, Flora?"

I did not dare to intrude upon her sorrow, she had not confided in me though I guessed it all, but I longed to comfort her; so I drew her down to me and whispered,

"Katharine, remember *God knows!*"

She stood violently, and a deep crimson flashed over her pale face as she kissed me, with a scarcely audible

"Thank you, Phebe. I will try to remember."

"Mees Veighn! Mees Veighn! Vy come you not ven I call?"

Madame's voice was raised impatiently, and Katharine withdrew her hand. Upon reaching the piano the flush had all departed, and I noticed, in the full blaze of light, how pale and thin the beautiful face had grown of late.

Her voice was superb and her execution usually faultless, but on this evening she sang in a cold, indifferent way that almost put the excitable German beside herself.

"Mees Veighn! Mees Veighn! I will not have it! I tell you, Sir, she *shall* sing! Mees Veighn—*ja, gimtlich! gimtlich!* You have sing me vare so bad before; now shall you not begin! You shall sing dis ting, dis day you have parfect—*all!* Comprehend?"

Katharine looked at Madame with a kind of proud surprise at her violence, and said,

"I can not sing it better, Madame, at least not this evening. I have done my best."

"*Cas not! Cas not! Ach, hieher Himmel!* Vat mean you mit *cas not*, Mees Veighn! I tell you you must dey! you must sing! *Nun, noch einmal*, you must it sing, I say, parefect! *Nun?*"

Katharine sighed wearily but took up the score for one more trial, and Madame's angry fingers dashed through the opening chords, *fortissimo!*

"*Nun!* Vy begin you not, Mees Veighn?"

"Look at Katharine!"

Madame and Carry spoke at once and with almost equal vehemence. I shall not forget what I saw! I hope it is not irreverent to confess that I knew from that what Paul means when he says of Stephen, "And, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

The young girl's countenance was absolutely transfigured, glorified with such an ecstasy of happiness as even in most of us not once in a lifetime even in our dreams.

Lips apart, bosom heaving, cheeks all aglow, hand raised, as if to keep silence lest the blessed vision should vanish forever, Katharine stood with her head bending slightly forward, her eyes fixed upon the main entrance of the church. Thence Dr. Eling was hurrying toward the platform, accompanied by a young officer in lieutenant's uniform, bearing his sword-arm in a sling. The soldierly bearing, the easy, gentlemanly carriage, the handsome high-bred face, with its delicate, perfect oneness of feature and purity of complexion, the broad, high forehead, with a fresh scar running into its shadowing of golden hair, I noticed all this ere he reached us.

He was upon the platform in a moment, a great joy lighting up his pale, emaciated face.

The crowd of girls parted—he passed between—he stood face to face with Katharine Veighn. He held out his left arm, the uninjured one, and in a moment more it was around her, drawing her closer, closer to the warm living heart she had long thought dead and cold upon the bloody sod of Virginia, and she was weeping—weeping in tears of glad thanksgiving the heavy, heavy burden of weeks of tearless bereavement.

And a little head, bright with its crown of golden curls, was peering through the crowd, and a blithe young voice was crying out,

"Oh, Uncle Alan! Uncle Alan!"

THE LUCKY BLUNDER.

"My friend," wrote the ex-Minister Fouquet fo La Fontaine, whom he had so often benefited, "you see me at Vaux where I was at the height of my power. When you read this I shall be buried alive in a dungeon. After depriving me of my property and my liberty they will seek to take my head; and the King, deceived by them, will grant it to them, unless the only person who can save me undertakes to establish my innocence. This person is Mdlle. de la Vallière. Give her the letter I send you with."

"Fouquet in prison! Fouquet on the point of being executed!" sobbed La Fontaine, as he read the letter. "That shall never be. It is impossible: it is a dream."

Then, directly he recovered from his momentary stupefaction, he hastened to Mdme. La Sablière's, where he knew that all the courtiers who were not at Vaux with the King would be assembled, and at once, and to the great scandal of all present, began to ask what news had been heard of Fouquet, and whether it was true that his Majesty was disposed to judge him severely.

This was a forbidden subject—so much so, that not only would no one answer the poor warmhearted poet, but he even found deprecatory glances directed at him from all sides.

"Have you seen the King return from Marly?" asked La Fontaine.

Yes—a few.

"What will be the fate of poor Fouquet?" he inquired.

No one would say. He asked the ladies—he asked the gentlemen, he applied to these in favor with the King, and to those whom the King disdained; but he could obtain no information on a subject which, by common consent, was proscribed. Molière and Mdme. La Sablière were the only persons present who could not sympathize entirely with the warm-hearted man; but they really knew no more of Fouquet's fate than did La Fontaine himself.

The company had dined and dessert was served. Never had a dessert been so dull before, and it must be remembered that poets and writers generally are not tolerable in high society unless they are distinguished for wit among. However, as soon as the dessert was put upon the table, La Fontaine composed, and gravely to the assembled guests,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have a question of the greatest importance to propose to you."

"Ah bah!" cried the guests. "I thought we should have him at last."

"We are going to have a discussion," said the sage.

"We are going to shine," said the wits.

"We are going to have compliments paid us," said the ladies.

Every one paid the most scrupulous attention to the words of the worthy but hitherto dull La Fontaine.

At last he opened his lips.

"Can any of you tell me," he began, "when his Majesty will return from Marly, and what is the fate of the unfortunate Fouquet?"

The poor man thought that he had already put these questions ten times to every one present.

Mdme. de la Sablière and Molière exchanged a glance of intelligence and pity, but the rest of the guests preserved the most rigid silence.

Fouquet was evidently to receive a loud laugh.

"By Heavens! gentlemen, this is no laughing matter," thundered out the usually timid and reserved La Fontaine.

The young men were abashed, and answered not a word.

"What a noble man!" said Mdme. de Sablière to Molière. "He is as fine as your Alceste."

Mr. Fouquet is accused of all sorts of crimes," continued the fabulist, with renewed courage, "but he is innocent of them all."

A shudder ran through the company. In spite of Molière, who tried to restrain him, the good La Fontaine said again,

"He is innocent, and I tell you so. And I will tell the King the same, and will defend him every where."

"Mad! evidently mad!" muttered one of the courtiers to his intimate friend sitting by his side.

"You were waiting me as excite some verses a little while ago," he went on. "I will recite you some now that I have composed on this very subject of Fouquet and his arrest."

And the poet read about his beautiful lines to the "Nymphs of Vaux," in which Fouquet is enthusiastically defended under the name of Oronte.

Mdme. de la Sablière gave the signal for applause, which soon became general. Whatever the company might think of Fouquet's affair, and the prudence of openly defending a disgraced minister, there could be no two opinions as to the beauty of La Fontaine's verses.

Molière at that moment rose and spoke a few words to M. de la Cavoie, the least courtier-like of all the courtiers. It was of him that Louis XIV. once when in a merry humor had a conversation with Racine, "There is M. de Cavoie teaching Racine how to be a courtier, and Racine teaching M. de Cavoie how to be a poet. An excellent plan for making a bad poet and a bad courtier."

Nevertheless, M. de Cavoie was able to introduce La Fontaine to the King, and did so as soon as his Majesty returned. The Dauphin recognized the poet at once, and called out his name—a terrible sin against court etiquette. The King frowned at the offender, the Princesses smiled, and La Fontaine felt at his Majesty's feet.

"Yes, Sire, I am La Fontaine," said the fabulist; "the most humble of your Majesty's subjects, and the most unhappy. I have come here to implore your Majesty's justice and clemency for M. Fouquet."

For a fortnight no one had dared to pronounce the name in the presence of the King, on pain of a deathlike silence reigned, but nevertheless La Fontaine continued:

"Pardon my assurance of Court usages, Sire said, "and listen only to the dictates of your own generous heart. M. Fouquet has committed no crime. His enemies have dared to accuse him to your Majesty, but he is really innocent."

The King motioned to the guards, and was about to order the unfortunate fabulist into arrest when he saw that he held a paper in his hand. La Fontaine had resolved to offer to his Majesty his "Nymphs of Vaux." He had, in fact, composed it for that very purpose.

"Give me that paper," said the King. "What is it?"

"Some verses, Sire, that I venture to submit to your Majesty," said the fabulist, as he presented the paper.

The King unfolded it; started, frowned, read it from beginning to end, and then, in a voice thick with emotion, said to the petitioner,

"You love Fouquet?"

"Yes, Sire. You shall know it. Fouquet's fate afterward."

Then the King rose from his seat, and it became evident now that he was in a violent passion.

"Ah!" exclaims the fabulist, to himself, "what have I done? I have ruined my benefactor."

At length, however, La Fontaine remembered that he had still the letter for Mdlle. de la Vallière, and he was once more sufficiently master of his recollection, for he already knew her and esteemed her, as did every one else who was acquainted with her, for her disinterestedness and her tender, loving heart.

She has more influence with the King than any of them," said he to himself. "She will speak to his Majesty, and my poor benefactor will yet be saved."

La Fontaine hastened, then, to Mdlle. de la Vallière, and, taking a folded paper from his pocket, excused, without losing time in any preliminaries,

"Mdlle. Mademoiselle, from M. Fouquet, now the most unhappy of mankind."

The favorite opened the paper, and, after trembling violently for a time, and then bursting into a more satisfied look, which at length became a beneficent smile, to the contrary. La Fontaine was in raptures. When she had finished, Mdlle. de la Vallière said, with a look of delight,

"Admirable! admirable! charming. You, of course, will me to present them to his Majesty ?"

"Verses, Mademoiselle? No! It is a letter from M. Fouquet."

"Excuse me; but here are the verses, and here is your signature at the end."

La Fontaine was in despair. He had given his verses to Mdlle. de la Vallière! Then he must have given Fouquet's letter—that terrible, compromising letter—to the King!

"Good Heavens! is it possible?" exclaimed the favorite, in a voice of terror, when the poet explained to her what a terrible blunder he had committed.

And out ran La Fontaine, now again in a state of despair, and exclaiming, as he struck his forehead, "I have killed him! I have killed my benefactor!"

On leaving Mdlle. de la Vallière's presence he, in fact, believed that Fouquet had been condemned to death. But he was determined to make one more effort to save him. He rushed to his friend M. de la Cavoie, and implored his powerful influence. Cavoie listened to ran my risk rather than let his benefactor suffer through his fault.

He hastened to M. de la Cavoie how terrible and fatal a blunder he had committed, and was giving vent to his despair and his despair, when suddenly an officer of the guard entered and asked whether M. de la Cavoie knew where to find M. de la Fontaine.

"Here I am," cried the poet, as he rose.

"His Majesty wishes to see you," said the officer. "Follow me."

"Follow me! pardon me, Sire!" cried the poet when he found himself in the King's presence. "I cet your vengeance fall on me alone, fore alone am to blame."

"Hire," said the King. "An hour since M. Fouquet was condemned to death."

La Fontaine shuddered with horror.

"But now I revoke the sentence. He will be imprisoned or banished; but his life is spared."

La Fontaine wept with joy.

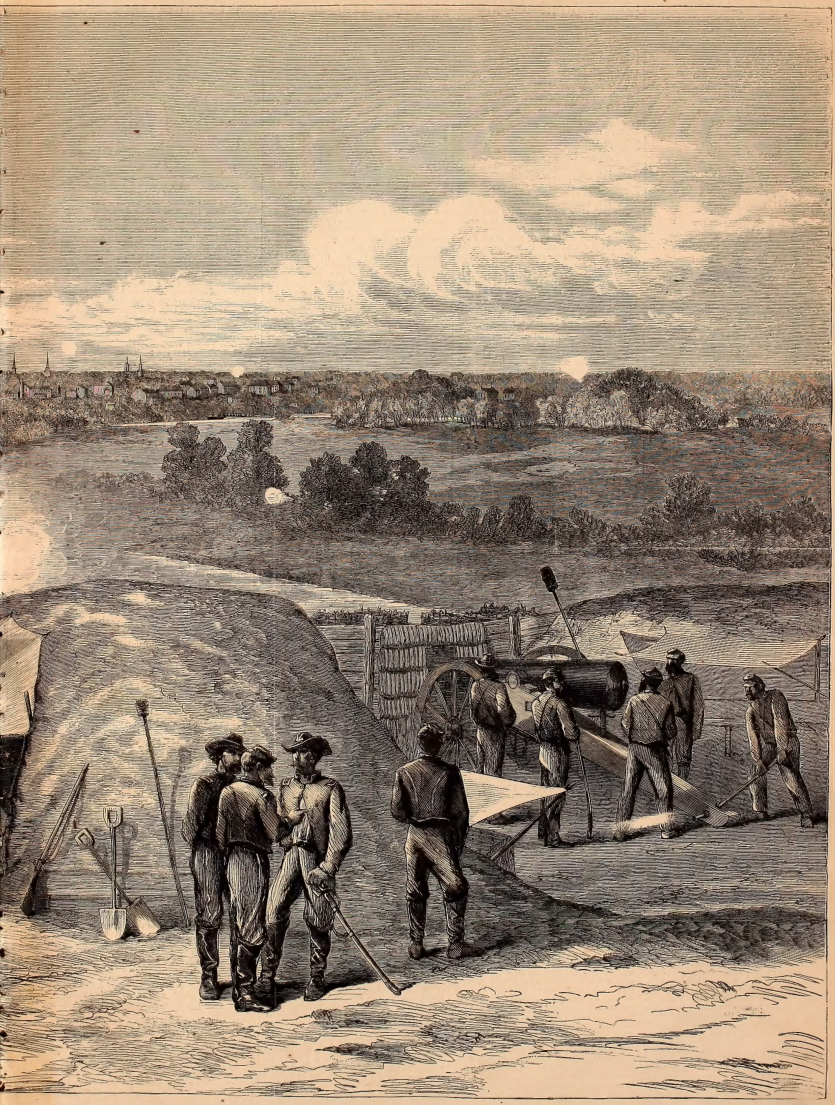
"Go to your friend at that table," continued the King, "and communicate this news to your friend yourself."

La Fontaine collected all his strength, and wrote two hasty lines to his friend and benefactor to tell him that he was not to die.

"Now," said the King, the mystery was simple enough. Fouquet's enemies had succeeded in persuading the King that Fouquet was a successful rival in the good graces of Mdlle. de la Vallière. Now Fouquet's letter, which had fallen into his hands by accident—evidently by accident—contained the following lines, which at once proved how far Fouquet was from being the successful lover of the lady who had now gained entire possession of the heart of the King:

"You alone can save me," said Fouquet, "by telling his Majesty the simple truth. You, who replied my verses so delightfully, know better than any one that it was not carried very far, and that I obtained the copy of your letter in a strange manner. Pardon me, and you will be the cause of my being pardoned."

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—VIEW OF PETERSBURG FROM CAPTAIN DAVIS'S B



ATTERY, FIRST CONNECTICUT ARTILLERY.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 517.]

GIVE HIM NO CHANCE.

BREAK up the road of the prisoner released,
Cover his pathway with shame;
Brand the man as
That he never can know
The wealth of a worthier name.

Open the gates, and tell him to earn
The wage of an honest man's toil;
Then follow him out,
And dog him about—
A CAIN on the breadth of the soil.

Let him doff prison garb—once more let him wear
The dress of his free fellow-men;
Then cut off his chance,
Without his advance,
And let him be cursed again.

To his car keep the promise, that plenty of work
Waits either in country or town;
Then break to the hope—
Bind the man with the rope
Of evil repute—and turn down.

"Go, sin no more," said the Master of men—
'Twas a pardon untainted with guile;
And we say the same,
But we think it no blame
To cheat our forgiveness a while.

Day after day he calls out for help,
But finds it all vain to implore;
Help must not come,
Not even a crumb
Is thrown from the callous world's door.

Not alone shall the stain of his guilty record
Be fixed on the felon enlarged;
But the brand of his shame
Must be hung on the name
Of his kindred as they are discharged.

Then the man setteth down with a gnashing of teeth,
And a clenching of hands in the air;
Then returns to the thief,
With a bowl of relief,
And a scornful and vengeful despair.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XI.

A DEAD AND GONE FESTIVAL.

WHEN poor little Lily reached the foot of the common staircase she found nobody there but the portress, who was engaged in a more or less amicable dispute with the aforesaid portress of the house, who, with the assistance of a donkey, a cart, and several cans, was in the habit of bringing good milk to the particularized people. She had just informed the Auvergnat that he was a fiche bête; to which he had responded that she, the portress, was a vieille sorcière, who was born in the time of Pharamond, and had not invented a grapnel. Thereupon Madame la Concierge was about making an assault upon the uncivil milk-seller with her broom; but at this conjuncture the postman fortunately entered the lodge with the early batch of letters, and for ten minutes or so the portress had quite enough to do in examining the superscriptions, peeping between the interstices of the envelopes, and smelling the seals of the missives brought by the Mercury of the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau.

"Pouah! comme on parle mosc," she said, posing one delicious-looking billet. "Pink paper, too, satiné! Allons donc! And a hand like a spider out for a promenade, and all that for the roi-faisant whom he has his varnished boots mended, and owes two terms to our proprietor. Ah, ah, my fine, if you don't have warning before another month is over your head my name is not Cornelie Degrenay. Il pleuvera des cornes dans cette maison. Why, how now, ma petite, whither are you bound so early?"

This was to Lily, who had timidly asked for the cordon.

"I am going for a walk—I am going to take a bath."

Lily faltered. It is certain that nobody yet ever did say thing wrong in this world without having to pay for so many falsehoods in payments with. The embryo murderer has to tell a lie about the pistol or dagger, the would-be suicide about the poison he purchases. The boys down which the bad ship *Wickedness* slides to destruction must be greased with lies. Lily's criminality was of no very deep dye; yet you see she had been unable to try a pace in her expedition without telling a fib.

"There you are, then," said the portress, pulling the desired check-string. "Go thy ways, and a little good-morning to thee. Ah! quelle petite mauvaise," she continued, musing as the girl glanced through the portal; "she gives herself no airs, and, all things considered, is not far from being pretty. Cela a un petit air de rêve du tout tout pas mal. Going to take a bath, was she? Well, it's hot enough. I wouldn't mind one myself if that pot-au-feu did not demand my attention." Good old portress! Since twenty years had she been preoccupied by that same pot-au-feu, perpetually simmering. "Mais dites moi donc au peu, what on earth makes all the girls in our time so very anxious to take baths? Does that reckless Coquelin keep the baths of La Samaritaine, I should like to know? When I was a girl we were not so fond of bathing."

And Madame la Concierge, having concluded her examination of the postal delivery, proceeded to skim her pot-au-feu.

Lily went but into the great desert: to her quite trackless, and barren of oases. She had cast her skin, as it were. She had done with her old friends, her old habits, the old-new name with which they had invested her. She was now only Lily, and Quite Alone.

Still, though she was solitary among a crowd of thousands, and could not hope, between sunrise and sundown, to light upon one friendly human face there; though she was cast as a frail cock-boat, without mast or rudder or pilot, in the wide ocean, stretching she knew not whither; though she had scarcely the means of obtaining that night's shelter or to-morrow's bread, Lily was in business. She was preoccupied. She had affairs of moment on hand. There never was, I conceive, any so idle, short of death, who, like Lily at the outset of the question, could not remember that he had something to do. Lily was quite overwhelmed with business. She had to get to England: God alone knew how. She was to do something little guessed at by living God alone knew what. Oh! she was a fully-engaged and absorbed young person; but, first of all, there was that bath to be had. Conversant in the ways of the world as she was, she dared not flatter herself that nineteen francs seventeen centimes would be her to London. Indeed, she had scarcely pronounced that word as yet; but it was latent in her mind, and unconsciously that she was going to London. Not a Turk in Asia Minor wakes up from his pipe-trance and thinks he would like to be in Tranquistan; not a Lascar coolie ships on board a homeward-bound Indiaman; not a long-tailed vagabond of Shanghai lays in a stock of rice and shark's sides for a voyage across the main; not a Genoese beggar-boy is sold by his parents to grind the organ in the English hereties, but knows, although he may scarcely have mastered the words to say it, that he shall see London.

The locket! The locket! Lily knew that she was about to do a naughty thing, and, desperately set her mind wavering upon the deed, she tried to stave off the evil moment of commission for yet a little time longer. Bishop, who murdered the Italian boy with Burke and with his children half an hour before he slew him. He, too, had on his first murder been so fascinated in deferring the thing for thirty minutes. We like to put the consummation of our villainy off. A coward in a pantomime will do once that he counted seven hundred and fifty, neither more nor less, before he took pen in hand to commit the forgery which sent him to penal servitude for twenty years. I knew a man who repaired to the counting-house with the intolerience told him sin would follow. As he was biding tyse a flash of remorse came over him. He was turning a piece of money in his hands he vowed that if, when he drew it out, head should be uppermost, he would abandon his intent, and go away before the fatal deed was done. It was head uppermost;—whereupon the man broke his vow and kept his tryst to the latter end. Lily was not quite so much dazed as that.

So, when Lily knew well that the locket must be sold, her poor little trembling spirit was casting about on every side for a respite, were it even for the fraction of a day, before she set. She must be quick about it. She knew that; for discovery and pursuit, although not probable, were just barely possible. Oh! for another minute, another half hour, before she would be forced to confess her crime even to her own eyes. Fortuitously, the bright morning air reminded her that she was hungry; and she remembered that she had left her breakfast. Where was such a meal to be obtained? She had walked as yet up one street and down another, and progressed in a northerly and an easterly direction, but had not yet come to a restaurant. She saw plenty of *cafés* around her: splendid cafés, all gilding and plate-glass; restaurants, with the savory odors smelling of smoke, dirty, and generally ill-favored. The *cafés* were full of people, who were visible in most of these cafés as she peeped through the glazed doors frightened Lily. There were one spectacled student over a duffy white bit, a great glass screwed into one eye, a twisted chin-tuft like a colossal comma: who, with his hands stuffed into the pockets of a pair of tartan trousers so wide at the waist and so narrow at the ankle that they looked like the bags of Scotch snuff, was standing, smoking, on the steps of a coffee-house in the Rue Monsmartre. Lily feared Lily's appearance would be passed him, sticking his arms akimbo, and humming something about "La Faridondaine. She should certainly have been frightened away. Oh! she must make haste to get to England: vague intuition told her that London was a very secluded place, and that she was but a dumb in the midst of five hundred thousand wolves.

She saw set a number of shops in which windows were displayed two large bowls full of milk, with a sky-blue basin and a yellow scum on their surface; sundry jugs of boulevert crusted flowers; a siphon of eau de Seltz; a flap of raw meat with a cucumber and a lemon lying thereon; several huge white coffee-cups and saucers; and the *Siècle* newspaper of the week before last. Lily saw many little bits of advertising and inscriptions in white letters. Lily learned that this was a Crémerie; that its sign was Au bon Marché: that bifteks, bouillon, coffee, and chocolate were to be had there at all hours, and that meals were even portés en ville—carried to the patrons of the establishment at their own residences. Furthermore, there was a tariff of prices which assured Lily as to the capacity of her purse to endure the charges of such a very modest little breakfast as she needed.

She entered the Cheap Creamery, and making known her wants to a brawny Norman wench with big gold ear-rings, who had a bonnet voice, the possession of which a corporal in the Chasseurs d'Afrique would not have disdained, and who, when she was called did not answer "Voilà!" after the fashion of waiters generally, but thundered forth, "Y'veu y êtes!" Murmuring her brief commands to this formidable servitor, Lily was presently supplied with a big white bowlful of chocolate, and a French penny-piece of bread, the which (the whole costing but eight sous) made no very serious inroad on her stock of ready money.

The place was full of working people: the men in blouses, the women and girls in neat white caps or kerchiefs tied round their heads, who were as kindly and courteous in their demeanor as in their business. She was presently spied. She had affairs of moment to end to. There never was, I conceive, any so idle, short of death, who, like Lily at the outset of the question, could not remember that he had something to do. Lily was quite overwhelmed with business. She had to get to England: God alone knew how. She was to do something little guessed at by living: God alone knew what. Oh! she was a fully-engaged and absorbed young person; but, first of all, there was that bath to be had. Conversant in the ways of the world as she was, she dared not flatter herself that nineteen francs seventeen centimes would be her to London. Indeed, she had scarcely pronounced that word as yet; but it was latent in her mind, and unconsciously that she was going to London. Not a Turk in Asia Minor wakes up from his pipe-trance and thinks he would like to be in Tranquistan; not a Lascar coolie ships on board a homeward-bound Indiaman; not a long-tailed vagabond of Shanghai lays in a stock of rice and shark's sides for a voyage across the main; not a Genoese beggar-boy is sold by his parents to grind the organ in the English hereties, but knows, although he may scarcely have mastered the words to say it, that he shall see London.

The locket! The locket! Lily knew that she was about to do a naughty thing, and, desperately set her mind wavering upon the deed, she tried to stave off the evil moment of commission for yet a little time longer. Bishop, who murdered the Italian boy with Burke and with his children half an hour before he slew him. He, too, had on his first murder been so fascinated in deferring the thing for thirty minutes. We like to put the consummation of our villainy off. A coward in a pantomime will do once that he counted seven hundred and fifty, neither more nor less, before he took pen in hand to commit the forgery which sent him to penal servitude for twenty years. I knew a man who repaired to the counting-house with the intolerience told him sin would follow. As he was biding tyse a flash of remorse came over him. He was turning a piece of money in his hands he vowed that if, when he drew it out, head should be uppermost, he would abandon his intent, and go away before the fatal deed was done. It was head uppermost;—whereupon the man broke his vow and kept his tryst to the latter end. Lily was not quite so much dazed as that.

So, when Lily knew well that the locket must be sold, her poor little trembling spirit was casting about on every side for a respite, were it even for the fraction of a day, before she set. She must be quick about it. She knew that; for discovery and pursuit, although not probable, were just barely possible. Oh! for another minute, another half hour, before she would be forced to confess her crime even to her own eyes. Fortuitously, the bright morning air reminded her that she was hungry; and she remembered that she had left her breakfast. Where was such a meal to be obtained? She had walked as yet up one street and down another, and progressed in a northerly and an easterly direction, but had not yet come to a restaurant. She saw plenty of *cafés* around her: splendid cafés, all gilding and plate-glass; restaurants, with the savory odors smelling of smoke, dirty, and generally ill-favored. The *cafés* were full of people, who were visible in most of these cafés as she peeped through the glazed doors frightened Lily. There were one spectacled student over a duffy white bit, a great glass screwed into one eye, a twisted chin-tuft like a colossal comma: who, with his hands stuffed into the pockets of a pair of tartan trousers so wide at the waist and so narrow at the ankle that they looked like the bags of Scotch snuff, was standing, smoking, on the steps of a coffee-house in the Rue Monsmartre. Lily feared Lily's appearance would be passed him, sticking his arms akimbo, and humming something about "La Faridondaine. She should certainly have been frightened away. Oh! she must make haste to get to England: vague intuition told her that London was a very secluded place, and that she was but a dumb in the midst of five hundred thousand wolves.

She saw set a number of shops in which windows were displayed two large bowls full of milk, with a sky-blue basin and a yellow scum on their surface; sundry jugs of boulevert crusted flowers; a siphon of eau de Seltz; a flap of raw meat with a cucumber and a lemon lying thereon; several huge white coffee-cups and saucers; and the *Siècle* newspaper of the week before last. She saw many little bits of advertising and inscriptions in white letters. Lily learned that this was a Crémerie; that its sign was Au bon Marché: that bifteks, bouillon, coffee, and chocolate were to be had there at all hours, and that meals were even portés en ville—carried to the patrons of the establishment at their own residences. Furthermore, there was a tariff of prices which assured Lily as to the capacity of her purse to endure the charges of such a very modest little breakfast as she needed.

She entered the Cheap Creamery, and making

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certain; but it appears that he was known as a great frequenter of the Salons Frascati, and losses at the gaming-table may have been the primary cause of his sad catastrophe (traite nominal). Millord Bluet had formerly been rich to millions, but of late had become much reduced in circumstances. With touching solemnity M. Jean Baptiste Constant has charged himself with the interment of the remains (decomplies mortalis) of this unfortunate son of a Albion."

Lily read this paragraph through, read it again and again, and fell into a dream. The names recorded were unfamiliar to her. She knew nothing of proprietors who were natives of Berne in Switzerland and were domiciled at Paris, of restaurateurs who lived in the quarter of the Madeleine, or of Milords Bluet, with that thundering addition of "esquire," who was he? And yet—Jean Baptiste Constant, Rataplan, Bluet—Rataplan, Bluet, Constant—she knew she had she not ever heard those names before? She passed over the simple and sorry incidents in her life in review before her. She strove to remember every place where she had been, everyone whom she had known—there were the Bayscastles: there those sisters, the old lady, with her sentimental wool-gathering talk, the servitude, the discreet apothecary, her prattling, ever complaining school-mates. Then up came a vision of a gentleman in a cloak, who had spoken to her lately, but sharply; and a vision of another gentleman, with a glossy black whisker on his cheek, who had held her in his arms not unkindly. Again started up the image of the fierce and imperious lady, with her temper, her cunnings, her fondness and her coolishness. To her succeeded Cutwig & Co., the cheery foreman, the demure Miss Eldred, the large-mounted lady who grinned and ate apples. Was it in the Greenwich dinner she had heard the name of Bluet, or on board the steamer, when the gentleman with the heavy whiskers and the gold-laced cap had given her chocolate? Was the sickly gentleman in the corner-dock named Bluet? Had Rataplan's name ever been pronounced at the Pension Marcassin? Did Margrédel ever speak of a certain Constant? J. B. Constant—Jean Baptiste Constant—the name, the initials, kept ringing in the ears of her mind. But it was all a dream, and would fain nothing tangible. So soon as, for an instant, the thought that she had grasped at a form and a substance, they slid away from her as though she had been walking on glass, and all was impalpable. An apparition often has a form of beauty, and sometimes in a sigh of the wind, and sometimes in a word, forgotten so soon as it was uttered, if uttered indeed it was. Lily fancied that she remembered something—she knew not what, she knew not when, she knew not how—and then the fancied reminiscence faded away into nothingness and a perplexing blank, in which memory had no place.

Very sadly she rose, folding up, she could scarcely tell why, the copy of the paper, and placing it in her pocket. Perhaps that might some back again, she tried to think, and tell her something more definite. At present she was bound to go on her business. Rue Chaptal-locket! Yes; the evil time might be no longer stayed. So she walked down to the quays that were about the Pont Neuf. It was a wonder she did not meet little Amanda on her morning's walk with Phillip Firmin, negotiating on the grand doings the Pompes Funèbres would have when the corpse of the Emperor came home.

There were plenty of goldsmiths' shops on the Quai, plenty expressing on their signs quite a facetious eagerness to purchase gold, silver, and diamonds at their utmost value. Lily entered the first shop on her way. The gentleman who kept it appeared to deal in all kinds of rags and bones, so to speak, of the precious metals. His counter was all covered with fresh and tarnished epaulets; with coils of torn and shabby gold and silver lace; with cast-collars, coat-pockets and spangles, dotted with faded colored tinsel, and ruthlessly torn from their parent garments; with embroidered cuffs, bullion tassels, and bridal veils with silver spangles, and broken tea-pots, and mugs crumpled up as though they had been made of paper, and flattened tea-spoons, and the tops of mercschaum pipes, and the lozenge plates from cigar cases, and the bosses and mouldings from carriage-harness, and the stoppers of bottles from dressing-cases: any thing you please to mention in the way of gold and silver. In front of the counter was a stout wire grating reaching to the ceiling, and in front of the grating was the dealer in the precious metals himself. He was smoking a half-penny cigar, and, with the assistance of a pair of tweezers, was loading some delicate scales with a little heap of gold dust.

"I won't buy any thing this morning," he cried, as Lily hesitatingly entered the shop. "That scoundrel Pallet. He pretends to go to the Orkney Islands for pearls. There's not one of them here worth five francs, ma petite mademoiselle."

Lily, wincing under this rebuff, was about to withdraw, when he called her back.

"Stop! What is it? What have you got? The défroque of a marshal of France, or the sceptre of Charlemagne? I'll treat the whole thing for the sake of your eyes. I love eyes. I wish I could sell them."

He was such a florid dealer, and such a voluble dealer, and, withal, such a very hungry not to say rapacious-looking dealer, that Lily was more than half alarmed at the manner in which he accosted her. However, there was no help for it now. She nerved herself to a strong

effort, and produced the ill-fated locket. She had previously taken out the hair of the Martyr King, wrapped it in a piece of paper, and put it carefully away in her bosom. At last she would not sell *that*, she thought.

"And what might you want for this little bit of a toy?" asked the dealer, turning over the locket, as he spoke, with much contempt.

"A hundred francs," answered Lily, at a guess. "You see, Sir, there are diamonds outside."

"I know, I know," retorted the dealer, who with avid eyes had taken stock of the whole. "Diamonds! Do you call these little pins' heads diamonds? They're nothing but beads: mere children's playthings. Come: I'll be liberal. I'll give you fifty francs."

Unused to bargaining in any shape, and perfect novice as she was in the marketable value of the pretended beads, Lily could tell that it was conscious that an attempt was being made to swindle her. She hastily represented that the locket must be worth considerably more even than the price she had put upon it, and that fifty francs was really a sum that she could not think of accepting.

"Where's the hair?" cried the dealer, suddenly opening the locket and then shutting it with a sharp snap. "Where's the miniature of General Foy, or the tomb of Héloise and Abelard, or the hair of your well-beloved, that ought to be inside?"

Lily replied that she had removed that which had been inside the locket. It was a secret, and she did not intend to tell it.

"Then I will buy it at all," snarled the dealer, tossing the locket toward her. "Take back your trumpery. I don't buy empty lockets. Nobody likes to buy 'em; and to look up, it isn't worth a louis."

"Oh, Sir—" Lily began to plead, as well as she could for the emotion that rose within.

"Take it away. I think you stole it. I get into trouble for how about my copper stock. It belonged to a countess in the Faubourg St. Germain, and her chambermaid had robbed her of it. They married me with the countess's money! Mr. Israel Sarpajou! Get out of the shop, or I'll call the guard."

The mention of all which was, that M. Israel Sarpajou had been somewhat disappointed that morning in the quality of some loose pearls in which he had invested capital; and, not daring to lay out any more ready money just then, thought he could help it in a little more than by baiting a girl whom he knew to be poor, and guessed to be friendless.

Indignant, and alarmed, Lily was hastily leaving the shop of the ill-conditioned dealer, when, in his vapid slobbering voice, he called out,

"Come back, little one. Give me a kiss and you shall have seventy-five francs for your locket." But Lily staid to hear no more, and hurried away as fast as ever she could.

She went into gold and silver dealer's shop after another; but, through a kind of fatality, as it seemed, no one would give her any thing like a remunerative price for the locket. One overflowing philanthropist, who was a Christian, offered her twenty-five francs for it; another, who was a Jew, advised her to make a gift to her young man, and then she would no longer desire to sell the locket which contained his beautiful black hair—ses beaux cheveux noirs. A third was more practical. He was an optician as well as a goldsmith, and wore himself a huge polygonal blue goggles *ær* to look like a walking light-house. He told Lily that her locket was worth, at the very least, two or three hundred francs—not to melt, but as a work of art—and advised her, instead of selling it, to take it to the nearest bureau of the Mont de Piété, where they would lend her half its value.

This beneficent counselor gave her, besides, the address of a commissary prisoner—one Monsieur Gallifret, who lived in the Rue Montorgueil. Thither Lily took her repair with palpitating steps; and very seldom, I will venture to surmise, was the first visit to a pawnbroker's paid so blithely.

Monsieur's office was up a narrow filthy passage, and down a pair of stairs. There was a traiteur's on the first floor, and a preparatory school on the second; and the mingled odors of soup, school-boys, and the humbler of evening apparel in the pawnbroker's store-closets, were decidedly powerful, but far from pleasant. Monsieur Gallifret was not at home; but his wife was—a snuffy old woman with a red kerchief.

"A hundred francs," said Madame Gallifret, when she had examined the locket.

Lily bowed her head, meaning the gesture as a sign of acquiescence.

"Cent francs, ni plus, ni moins. Do you take it? Est-elle sourde-muette, la petite? Speak out."

"I will take it."

"Bon: what is your name?" went on Madame Gallifret, opening a large thin ledger.

"Lily Floris."

"Drôle de nom! Your profession?"

"Couturière." Oh, Lily, how fast one learns to lie!

"Domicile?"

"A hundred and twelve, Boulevard Poissonière." Does not making rapid progress in mendacity; but that locket had to be got rid of.

"Where is your passport?"

"My passport, madame?"

"Yes, your passport, your papers. Don't I speak distinctly?"

"I have none."

"Bien fâchée, then, but we can have nothing to do with you. No business is transacted in this office save with persons provided with papers perfectly en règle."

And once more Lily went forth into the street: the locket still unsold, and even unpawned.

ON AT LAST.

THE wedding ceremony was all over.

Through the arches of Trinity the tumultuous sweetness of the organ rolled in billows of sound, while the tinted splendors of stained glass casements streamed like shivered rainbows across the path of the bridal cortège. And Karl Chesney, looking down at the fair face shrined in a silver mist of tulle and jasmine blossoms, felt his strong heart thrill within him with a new-born happiness.

"My wife—my darling!"

Was it but a sickly fancy, or the rose-leaf hand shrink away from his arm as he pressed it closer to his heart? Surely she loved him, this little wild flower he had transplanted from the wilderness to his own home—there could be no doubt about *that*. Yet the mere possibility that for an instant flashed across his mind seemed to curdle the warm current of his blood to ice.

"Does not she look like a freshly-gathered rosebud?"

There was a momentary stoppage in the crowded vestibule, and Karl Chesney heard the low-spoken words from one of the bridesmaids beyond.

"Yes; I was afraid the sleepless night and all those tears would spoil her beauty."

"Did she weep much?"

"Poor thing! if you could only have seen her sobbing on my shoulder after the wreath and veil were on. She don't love him—that's plain enough! Just consider how brief the acquaintance has been."

"That is true," sequiesced the bridemaid.

"But then it was such a splendid match, and her mother insisted on it. She would have refused him, I feel him, though, if it were not for the fact that his regiment marches to-day. He will be away somewhere, and in time to forget—what may happen before he returns? In any event time will reconcile her to the marriage."

The words had been spoken in a whisper, but every syllable fell on Karl Chesney's ear as distinctly as if pellet-lightning had been launched from—hell itself like fiery rain on the upspringing blossoms of his heart.

So he had been blinded, trifled with, deceived. A bright, brief dream! But he was rudely waked at last with a pang than which death would have been welcome. It was well that he was so soon to leave the young wife who detested him; and the passionate fire flashed into eyes as he thought of the words he had just heard—"Who knew what might happen before he returned?"

"Goodby, Lily!"

He touched his cold lips to the fair forehead overhung with radiant ripples of gold hair, and held for a moment the soft hand in his own. "How lovely she was! how innocent! A bride, yet a widow; a wife, and no wife!"

Karl Chesney had sworn within his inmost mind a solemn oath that he would never return by choice to an unloving heart. And Cecile looked up into the dark, stern face, and wondered if it was wrong to be glad that her husband was going off to the wars within the hour. Poor child! She was not so much to blame after all.

So Captain Chesney left his beautiful wife, all unconscious of the misery that he bequeathed, such sick hearts, into the tumult and carnage of the battle-field. It is not to be wondered that with this fierce abandon that makes a world stand by in awed wonder.

"There, I thought how it would be. Allen is down. What on earth possessed the General to send all officers off, now?"

Colonel Playfair spoke the short, fierce words between his teeth, as he drew his rein and hurriedly surveying the confused field through his glass. Karl Chesney struck his spurs into his horse's flanks and rode up alongside with a curious gleam in his eye.

"Who is to take his place, Colonel?"

"Whoa! Allen's horse! Nobody that cares a fig for his life. I tell you, man, any one that rides beyond that hill rides into the jaws of death."

"Nevertheless, the orders must be carried. You have a duplicate; give it to me."

Colonel Playfair dropped his glass and stared blankly at Chesney.

"Man! are you tired of your life that you would throw it away in that manner? Oh, my God! how much longer is this massacre to last before retreating orders come?"

At that instant a young aid-de-camp galloped up with a whispered message. Playfair turned sharply round.

"At last! Well, it is not my business to criticise. Tell the General that Playfair and Chesney are gone, and I don't much care if we never return!"

It was a heavy heart that throbbed behind the blunt old man's battle-tarnished uniform as he rode slowly at the side of his decimated regiment that night—a heavy heart and a sore, for he had liked the two brave boys that were down.

"Where am I? what are you doing to me?"

The red stream of lantern-light seemed to burn across Karl Chesney's eyeballs like molten fire, as it revealed the swarthy faces bending above him.

"Turn him over, Benson—gently, gently! Now a long strip of bandage and a tuft of lint. I wonder how long it will be before the ambulances are here?"

The surgeon spoke indistinctly with a sharp steel instrument between his teeth. Chesney watched his arm from the kindly touch, and tore the bloody ligatures away.

"Leave me alone! why can not you let me die in peace? I was dying."

"Hallo!" ejaculated the Confederate surgeon; "Here's a new aspect of things! Sturdy, are'nt it? it isn't my business to let people die if I can help it."

"Then go to some one that needs you."

"I am of opinion that you need me," said the surgeon, coolly striking the revolver from Chesney's hand. "I don't require that little instrument, and it is not exactly dreadful to point it at my head. Tie his hands, Benson! I see we shall have to do with people against his will."

"Ain't he game!" ejaculated the admiring cadet. "Wants to die, just because the Yankees have got him down! Ain't he a Britisher, I say, doctor, it's all I can do to hold him."

"Will you venture me back into life? I tell you I have no desire to live."

"For several reasons," said the surgeon, quietly. "One is, that I don't choose to have you Yankees say that you don't receive proper attention within our lines. Another is, were you aware that this cut across your upper lip is likely to prove rather an awkward affair for your beauty? Did you ever wear a mustache? because you'll have to now. A curious zigzag scar; I should think it might change the whole expression of your face. There! are you any more? Benson, a hand here and help lift him into the ambulance. My boy," he added, in a lower tone, as he softly laid the wounded man's head on the cushions, "I have a son about your age in the ranks; I have done for you what I would fain have some charitable soul do for him, were he in your place. Now, do you what I would say to him, don't forget that you have no right to throw away the life that is not yours!"

So the Confederate surgeon went on his way.

"What a delicious breeze there is from the Atlantic to-night!"

Harper Talboys was sitting on the long hotel piazza with his wife, enjoying an evening cigar from the dark-faced fellow-traveler who had come in the same steamer with them from Cuba. Mr. Streighton did not reply, but then he was not a man that talked much at any time, and Talboys was used to his silence habitually.

"Lots of people here, Jenkins tells me, and pretty girls enough to drive a fellow distracted. But the belle of the season is a young widow, Mrs. Chesney."

"Observe old you say?"

"Ay, the widow of an officer who fell in that unfortunate affair at ——, a year ago. A beauty and an heiress—a splendid match for any one you and me, Streighton. I just saw her at the dinner-table, and—I'll be hanged if here she don't come now on the other side! Is there a creature she makes among those young fellows on the steps! By Jove, what a beauty!"

Streighton rose deliberately up and walked forward a step or two, leaning back against a column of the piazza to get a good view of the reigning beauty.

Like a shower of gold the fair curls floated away from under the white gossamer lissom of her riding-hat, while the liquid blue eyes sparkled with healthful exercise, and the color on her cheek was deep and soft as the warm tints of pomegranate blossom at the nook up to the hotel steps in the carmine glow of the August twilight.

"Who is that dark gentleman on the piazza?" she asked, looking rather earnestly at the stranger.

"Mr. Streighton," replied her cavalier, rather sulkily.

"Streighton, I think his name is, from Cuba. Take care, Mrs. Chesney: it is never safe to drop your bonbons like a child when he is inclined to be a little gay."

The words were yet trembling on his tongue when Selim gave a forward spring. Cecile caught at the rein; but it was too late, and the next moment the beast was checked with a firm hand like iron, and she was lifted from the saddle by the dark stranger.

As he bowed and turned away she laid her hand timidly on his arm.

"May I not know when I am to thank?"

"Mr. Streighton, Cuba." And the pleasure of being useful to you, madam."

Cecile was startled by the solution of the main *ose*; but there was something in that olive face, with its dark, melancholy eyes and heavy mustache, that made her tremble more quicker and brought the roses back to her blanched cheek.

All that evening Streighton watched her bright, innocent—very pretty, forsooth—ways—watched her girlish happiness and unconscious beauty, while his heart ached with unspoken pain.

"She could not mourn for the husband who fell in battle," he pondered. "I wonder if I could make her love me, Charles Streighton. It is worth the trial. I love her in spite of every thing, and in spite of every thing she *shall* love me!"

Those were the days when the sea-side—days of golden air and blue quivering sunlight, with silver shimmers on the snowy beach and pulses of liquid music rolling up against the rocky battlements below; bright days, but they came to an end, like all bright things.

"Going to-morrow, Mr. Streighton?"

Her lip quivered in spite of her resolute effort at self-control, and he could feel the tremble of the little hand that lay on his arm.

"Yes."

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

They were alone in the moonlight shadows of the garden, while the merry music of viol and flute streamed from the brilliant windows of the house beyond, and died away in delicious cadences among the moving leaves.

"Do you care, Cecile?"

"Do I care, Charles?" she said, reproachfully.

"Oh, Cecile!" he exclaimed, turning to her with an almost passionate intensity of fervor, "is it possible that you have learned to love me at last?"

"At last?" she repeated, vaguely.

"Tell me, love," he went on, "could you feel for me what a wife should feel for her husband? Do you love me in very truth, Cecile?"

He trembled now—she saw the quiver that ran through his whole frame.

"Are you mine, Cecile? mine in heart and soul? Love, do not deceive yourself or me, tell me the truth."

She put her hand on his shoulder and looked frankly and lovingly into his white, agonized face.

"Yours, dearest! yours forever!"

He drew her close, close to his breast with a strong, convulsive sob.

"Oh, my wife, my darling! did no warning impulse tell you that it was your own husband to whom you pledged the gift of your affection? Oh, Cecile! my blue-eyed dove, I have won your heart at last!"

So Cecile Chesney had two wedding days—one for her band, the other for her heart.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY is an interesting book like a toper's nose?—Because it is read to the very end.

A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee but a poor Christian.

NICE DESCRIPTIVE.—"I tells peppermints on Sunday," remarked a good old lady, who kept a candy shop, "because they carries 'em to church and eats 'em, and keeps me awake to hear the sermon; but if you want candies you must come week days. They're secular commodities."

"PS, do storms ever make salt lipsen?" "No, child; why do you ask?" "Because I heard Ma tell Jane to bring in the clothes, for a storm was brewing."

WANTED to know the exact length of a rope used when a man is "tied to the stake?"

AT a recent exhibition of cross dissolving views in Lincolnshire an arrangement was made with the musicians in attendance to play appropriate music for the scenes represented. The order of the music was arranged according to the order of the views; but by some mistake the order were transposed. On arriving by the programme to the dissolving view of the music presented to the order assigned, and played "Home, Sweet Home," while upon the illuminated screen appeared a distinct representation of the *Medal Prison* at Portsmouth.

AN Irish lawyer, of the Temple, going to lunch, left his directing his boy to "Come to the Temple Coffee House, where you shall find me; and if you can't read this, carry it to the nearest coffee house, and he shall read it for you."

CURTIS says that each man carries under his coat a "private theatre," whereon is acted a greater drama than is ever performed on the minute stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

In the garden of a certain nobleman's country-house there happened to be fixed up at different spots painted boards with this request: "Please not to pluck the flowers nor touch the fruit." Some wag got a paint-brush and added an "o" to the last word!

IF 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a bank?—If 7 days make one week, how many will make one strong?—If 52 yards make a pole, how many will make a Tory?—If 40 poles make a league, how many will make a conderney?—If 4 quarters make a yard, how many will make a quarrel?

PUNCTUALITY.—It is indeed a pretty sight in the country to see a hundred proprietors standing about with an ash smoking a cigar.

"If you want boys awake," said a parent to one of his hearers, "when you find drowsy, they don't pay you much of mind!" "Why," was the shrewd reply, "the mind should be put into the sermon."

In the course of a conversation or disquisition on Satan, Archbishop Whately once startled his hearers by asking, "Is the devil dead?" and, when about to go to find a satisfactory answer without giving much time for reflection, replied, "To a gin palace, for bad spirits are retained there."

THE sea is of the Quaker persuasion; it has a broad brim.

A country girl, coming from the field, told by her postmistress that she had had a letter, in a dairy kissed with dew, and Sieve Pyman the writing agreement of the purchase, the other answered, "No: it was agreed that I should be at your date for the remainder; how can that be if I pay it?"

Some merchants went to an Eastern sovereign, and exhibited to him a pearl of very rare beauty. The king admired them, and bought them; he, moreover, gave the merchants a bag of gold in exchange for their paper toy. In time the king died, in a spotless manner, ordered his grave to be dug, and a fair sheet of white silk to be bedded. He did so, and put his Majesty's name at the bottom of the sheet, and then lay down in the grave. "Now," said he, "I expect to meet many you don't know, and who will never come to me." "Ay, but," said some they should have back?" "Then I shall cross your name and insert theirs."

A PRISON, kept several days at his own expense, sent a friend to the jailer to complain that he had been given nothing for his attendance. "Oh, tell him," said the jailer, "that he has been given all he has to go before a jury himself he will get one for nothing."

A thin old man, with a rag-bag in his hand, was pleading for a number of small articles of rubbish he had found on the street. The deposit was of such a singular nature that the old quizzical-looking gentleman before he supposed they came there. "Don't know," he replied, in a squeaking voice; "but I guess some unfortunate female was wrecked hereabout somewhere."

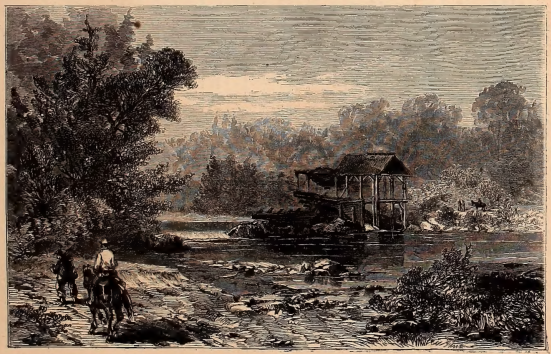
A good instance of absence of mind was an editor quoting from his own paper one of his own articles, and hooting it "Wretched Attempt at Wit."

"Why, Mr. B——," said a tall youth to a little person who was in company with half a dozen huge men, "I protest you are so very small I did not see you before." "Very likely," replied the little gentleman; "I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies—not easily perceived, but worth the whole of them."

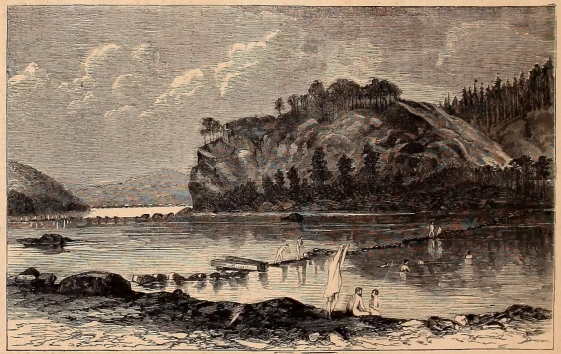
Jerrold said to an ardent young gentleman who burned with a desire to see himself in print, "Be advised by me, young man: don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

WHAT is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

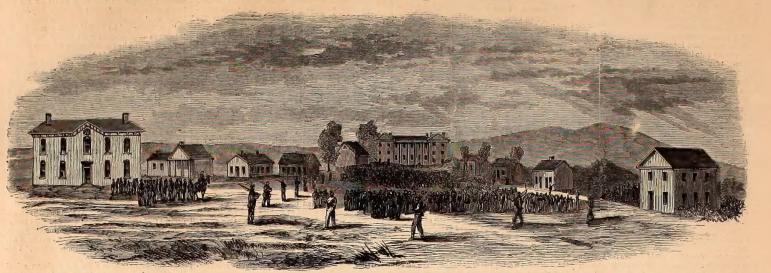
GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—HOWARD'S (FOURTEENTH) CORPS CROSSING THE CHATTAHOOCHEE, JULY 12, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—TURNER'S MILL, ON THE NICKAJACK CREEK, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—FISH-TRAPS IN THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S ADVANCE—VIEW OF THE MILITARY COLLEGE NEAR MARIETTA, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE.

On this and the preceding, as well as on our first page, we continue our illustrations of General SHERMAN'S great campaign. One of these, on page 524, represents THE FOURTH CORPS—General HOWARD'S—CROSSING THE CHATTAHOOCHEE. This corps was one of the last to cross; it reached the Atlanta side without opposition, taking its position in the centre of SHERMAN'S lines after crossing the river.

TURNER'S MILL, illustrated on the same page, is on Nickajack Creek, which is an affluent of the Chattahoochee, from the northern side, emptying into that river a little above Sandtown. It was near its mouth that the rebel army made its last stand before crossing the Chattahoochee. The illustration is chiefly valuable for its rural rather than its military feature.

Another pleasant scene, which we give our readers on the same page, is that representing the soldiers engaged in setting Fish-traps in the Chattahoochee.

On this page we give a view of the MILITARY COLLEGE near Marietta, formerly one of the first in the South. The area, as seen in the sketch, is filled with rebel prisoners.

Another illustration on this page represents Colonel JIM BROWNLOW, with a small party of men in Georgia costume, crossing the Chattahoochee to capture the rebel pickets. The expedition was a successful one, but it broke up the friendly communication which had been several days established between the pickets across the river. This was before SHERMAN had crossed. The morning after the occurrence notice was given of the changed situation by a Reb yelling out across the stream:

"Hello, Yank!"

"What do you want, Johnny?"

"Can't talk to you 'uns any more!"

"How is that?"

COLONEL BROWNLOW ON A PICKET HUNT.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

"Orders to dry up!"

"What for, Johnny?"

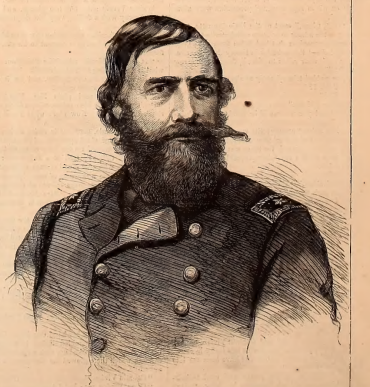
"Oh! JIM BROWNLOW, with his d—d Tennessee Yanks, swam over upon the left last night, and stormed our rifle-pits naked—captured sixty of our boys, and made 'em swim back with him. We 'uns have got to keep you 'uns on your side of the river now."

More interesting, as connected with later and more stirring events, is the illustration given on our first page representing General HOOKER riding along his lines on the morning after the great battle of the 20th. This battle was very severe. The rebels, by their own account, lost over 5000 men, while our loss was less than one-third of that number. The attack was made by the enemy shortly after our troops had crossed Peach-tree Creek. NEWTON'S division of HOWARD'S corps had found time to protect itself by a slight rail-barricade. HOOKER was attacked while yet in column, his "family," as he calls the Twentieth Corps, getting into order almost without an order. The heaviest attack fell on General WILLIAMS'S division. WARD'S and BUTTERFIELD'S divisions were more successful. They had for trophies seven rebel flags. When HOOKER rode along the lines the next morning, as represented in the sketch, to greet his troops and to congratulate them on their success, these flags were all brought out for his inspection, the men being engaged in burying the rebel dead lying thickly around.

We also give on this page portraits of General A. S. WILLIAMS and of the late General HARKER.

Brigadier-General CHARLES G. HARKER, killed in the assault on Kenesaw, June 27, was a native of New Jersey. He entered West Point in 1854, at the age of seventeen. He entered the regular army as Brevet Second Lieutenant of the Second Infantry July 1, 1858. He was made First Lieutenant of the Ninth May 14, 1861, and a Captain in October of that year. He entered the war as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-fifth Ohio Volunteers in the fall of 1861, and afterward became its Colonel. He participated in the battle of Shiloh and the siege of Corinth, and helped chase BRAGG out of Kentucky, being then in command of a brigade. His brigade joined General ROSECRANS'S Army of the Cumberland. In the official report of the battle at Stone River he was recommended for promotion, which he only received last April, when he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was under THOMAS when the latter made his gallant stand at Chickamauga.

THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES G. HARKER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOSES, NASHVILLE, TENN.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. S. WILLIAMS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOSES, NASHVILLE, TENN.]

CLARA'S PLEDGE.

"You are not in earnest, Clara?"

"I am—most certainly."

If a sleader-stemmed wild columbine, drooping over the precipitous ledge of some woodland rock, were to take unto itself the attributes of humanity, you might fancy it transformed into such a woman as Clara Read—delicate and fragile, with blue, serious eyes, and folds of chestnut hair knotted low upon her neck.

She sat by the open window watching a tiny brown bird rock on the branches of a blossoming linden in the park below, while the yellow sunshine burnt her hair to auburn depths, and the roar of the great city sounded dully in her ear; and Olive Compton, kneeling at her side, played with the rings upon her white, slim fingers.

"You have signed the pledge, Clara?"

"Yes, and I mean to keep it."

"Oh but, Clara," cooed the little brunette, "it don't say you're not to wear all those pretty dresses you have already made up—it says only you are not to buy any thing new of foreign manufacture."

"The letter of the pledge may intimate some such thing, Olive. I have given in my adhesion to its spirit."

"I don't see any necessity for being so very particular."

"But I do. Oh, Olive, could I have the heart to wear diamonds and laces and rainbow silks when so many lives are laid down without a murmur?"

That beautiful crimson silk!" sighed Olive, leaning over to arrange the lustrous folds of a superb evening dress that lay on a divan opposite. Clara shuddered.

"Do you know what I fancied, Olive, the night I wore it first, and the news came from the Wilderness?"

"No; what?"

"I imagined there was blood in all its crimson shine: I almost looked to see the dark drops fall!"

"Nonsense, Clara, you are so fanc..ful." And the pearl necklace you have never once worn!"

"I could not wear it, dear; it would be like changing round my neck the tears of widows and orphans who have given up their best and bravest."

"But, Clara, this is all a romantic fantasy. What good do you suppose it will do the Army of the Potomac for you to lock up all your rich dresses and India silks, and go into a nun's costume of calico and linsey-woolsey?"

"Listen, Olive!" said Clara, softly, while the blue light in her eyes seemed to glow into tremulous sapphire, and a fair crimson tinge came to her cheek—"do you suppose it will do our soldier-heroes no good to know that we, their wives, sisters, daughters, have made the manly resolution that death sway the country's wealth, and are crushing our petty vanities for their sakes? It is easy to give money, but it is not so easy to renounce these daily articles of luxury. Can not we make one tasting sacrifice in memory of those who have given up home, and comfort, and life itself for us? Oh, I am sick of hearing cashmere shawls rustle past the marble vests of the bereaved ones, and tired of seeing diamonds shine over the fresh sod of new-made graves. Is it meet or seemly that we should lavish money on this absurd display when West stalks grimly in our midst, and the soldier's helpless orphan lack their daily bread?"

"How can you speak of such dreadful things?" said Olive, complainingly.

"They make you shudder and grow pale, do they, the mere mention of them? What must it be to endure them?"

"I am sure I am not to blame for them," said Olive. "I didn't make the war, and I don't see how it will help matters for me to turn myself into a homespun fright."

Clara sighed, remembering that Olive Byington was the representative of other women innumerable on whom argument and persuasion were alike wasted.

"But, Clara," went on the little brunette, tripping to the mirror so as more satisfactorily to adjust a scarlet geranium that had fallen from her glossy black hair—"this is better in theory than practice. You can't wear calico to Mrs. Eytinge's to-morrow night!"

She nodded triumphantly as she spoke.

"Can't I?"

"No!"

"You will see."

"Clara! you never will be so absurd—so Quixotic!"

Clara did not answer, she was leaning over the roses that filled the balcony, and thinking of something sweet, yet sad, for there was a smile on her lips even while a crystal drop sparkled through her eyelashes.

"All aboard!" shrieked the conductor. There was a rush for the platform—a shower of sparks surging up from the grimy smoke-stack of the locomotive, and the long train began to move.

And just as the last car glided slowly past the station a tall soldier rushed from the coffee-room, and hurriedly seized on board, nearly knocking over the two or three loungers who were setting the "Rules and Regulations" of the Company at defiance by lying on the platform in the teeth of law and order.

"Hallo!" ejaculated the new-comer; "I came within one of being left, and that rascal who sells cigars told me there was plenty of time. Before I'll believe his depraved villainy again—I beg your pardon, Sir; I hope my head wasn't harder than your metal buttons, for—Why, it's Walter Vivian!"

"Of course it is," said Captain Vivian, coolly; "and if you'd been just a whit less lucky in catching the car-guards, you would have been in the late Private Byington."

"Well, you see I'm pretty well used to hairbreadth escapes," said Byington, laughing. "Have a cigar?"

"Perhaps you are right. I don't myself think they ever save the shores of Havana. Are you homeward-bound?"

"For a day or two—yes."

"So am I. I put run down to Philadelphia this morning on some regimental business for the Colonel, and, having hurrying luck to dance the German with Kate Eytinge to-night. Are you going?—though of course you are."

"I thought of it. How are the ladies in Gramercy Park? Your sister is well?"

"Olive? Yes. Quite well enough to torment me out of my life with her Central Park parties, and her receptions, and ten thousand other absurd ideas."

"And your cousin, Miss Meade."

"All right. They've got the house full of milliners and dress-makers, getting 'em up for Saratoga or Newport, or some such folly. What a lot of money it does take to keep us going, to be sure! Talk about the country's being poor! I should like Uncle Abe to look over Olive's bills this summer. I guess I'll introduce him, marked 'Private and Confidential!'"

And Captain Byington burst into a laugh that fairly shook the platform.

Captain Vivian's face grew grave—almost stern.

"I thought the sons of New York had bound themselves by a pledge, or something of that sort, to put down this reckless tide of extravagance."

"Oh, that's all gammon!" said Martin, trimming off the end of a fresh cigar with his pen-knife.

"Really these weeds aren't so bad, considering the deuce-an-ace's been out of 'em all till this, that pledge—nobody's going to pay any attention to it. We've got money and we're spending yesterday, and I wish you could have seen the silks and muslins and lace shawls that were sent home."

"So," muttered Captain Vivian beneath his dark mustache, "they are not willing even to abridge one of their useless vanities for our sakes."

"Oh well, women will be women, you know, Walter," said Byington. "They don't amount to much except to look pretty and have heads of. There's not one of 'em has a soul above paint lace and ear-rings."

Captain Vivian looked thoughtfully at the far-off hills gliding past as in a dream.

"I had thought better of them," he pondered. "I had hoped the days of a more heroic stamp were at hand. If they could have stood beside me on that bloody field in the Wilderness—if they could have the faint-fighting spirit that was along the sides of those rudely-constructed hospitals, where lives died out in pain and suddenly as I have seen fire-flies vanish in summer glens, they might perhaps learn a lesson which would endure always. These women—how little less than fiends have of the strength that lies within their frail hands! And *she* is like the rest. I would rather Martin Byington had subdued me than that beautiful girl."

And Byington, innocently smoking his cigar on the platform of the lightning train, marveled at the sudden chill that lay upon his companion's face.

Kate Eytinge was "receiving" in sky-blue silk and sapphires—"receiving" the gay world of her acquaintance as joyously as if no grief stretched its black darkness over the country's horizon. And Captain Vivian, standing in the shadow of a window whose blossomed myrtles made a sort of green wall to exclude the crowd beyond, and surveyed the swaying multitude with a bitter curve to his lip.

"This looks like keeping the pledge," he said, scornfully, as Byington came up to look for a dropped fan.

"I'm not so," said the young man, shrugging his shoulders.

Captain Vivian looked toward the door—he was tall enough to insure a good view—and presently as Olive Byington floated in, the rich folds of her musice-colored silk rippling over the carpet like sunshine, while the point-lace about her shoulders and her perfectly moulded shoulders was clasped with a golden sparkle of a superb Oriental topaz.

Walter Vivian gave him a cold bow, and then turned away with a feeling very like disgust at his heart.

Suddenly a familiar appellation struck on his ear sending the hot blood in a torrent to his sunburnt forehead.

"*It is* Clara Meade, with Miss Byington. But what is the wearing? Pale-blue silk?"

"No! it looks like grenadine, and yet it isn't. What can it be? India crape?"

"Nonsense!" said plain Mrs. Mandeville. "Don't you see it's blue calico, with a little white check all over it? *Now that's* what I call good common sense."

The beau monde, gorgeous in moiré antique and shimmering glace, stood appalled and silent as Clara Meade glided moved up the long room to her hostess's arm. Calico! And at a full-dress reception! Why, who ever heard of such a thing?

And then came a murmur of scarcely-repressed admiration—a spontaneous tribute of applause to the girl's simple beauty. Clara Meade had triumphed over Mrs. Grundy, Madam Greenback, and Company.

For she looked strangely lovely in the pale-blue dress, with its delicate edging of lace at throat and wrists, and the creamy water-lily twisted in her shining brown curls, a dream of the Lotus Isles. No jewel sparkled on her breast, only a knot of woven lily-buds; yet all the pearls of the East could not have improved that spray of graceful buds.

"Calico, eh?" laughed Kate Eytinge, archly surveying her friend. "I see you have enrolled your name on the Pledge."

"Yes," said Clara, calmly; "and I intend to observe its regulations."

As she turned away her hand was drawn lightly within an arm that trembled slightly in its Hercalean strength. She looked up, with a sudden blush, through which there glowed the sunbeam of a radiant smile.

"Captain Vivian!"

"Clara, pardon me; but I have only this evening to stay with you, and I have so much to say."

Clara Meade might have thought that the young officer's eye stern would be forced to look tender brightness that illumines the dark irids *now*. And Clara's glance fell beneath it, as you sometimes shrink from the welcome intensity of the greatest sunshine.

"I scarcely know how to thank you for this," he said, inclining his head toward the folds of her azure dress; "but it is a surety to me that your heart is in our cause. It has given me new hope and strength, Clara."

He stooped to pick up the bunch of lily-buds that had fallen from her bosom.

"I should like to wear these, Clara."

"Keep them, Captain Vivian."

He fastened them back to her silently. She looked up in timid surprise, half fearing that she had unwittingly offended him.

"I will keep them, unless you will give me something else with them, Clara."

"Something else?" she repeated, wonderingly.

"Your heart, dearest!"

She looked downward, rosy as an eglantine, and then gathered up the cream-tinted buds and laid them gently in his hand.

So Walter Vivian proposed and was accepted, and the gay crowd of fashionables around him had not the slightest idea of what was going on. And Clara is to be married in the identical blue calico dress—and Captain Vivian decrees it, and husbands-elect generally get their own way in such matters. And the ceremony, greatly to Olive Byington's horror, is to be "a domestic manufacture" throughout.

"It will *be so sweet*," sighed Olive; "and yet—I don't know—not signing the Pledge would get me half such a splendid husband as Clara has won I'd go into calico for the rest of my days!"

A MADMAN'S END.

A VERY dear friend who was passing through Hindlesham by the night-express wrote to ask me to meet her at the station. Now my correspondent was not one of those whose requests did not stop at Hindlesham, and it was too late, on the very day of her passing when I received her letter, to reply. I resolved to wait till that day, however, I could not get the night-express out of my head; it haunted me the whole day long; mixed itself up in the perplexing business that was the very important case of Regina and Higginbotham, upon which I was then engaged, and hopelessly scattered all thoughts of work to the winds. This being the case, it was not surprising that I should find myself, at about seven o'clock, at Hindlesham Bridge.

The night, I remember, was dark, though not so dark but that I could distinguish the outline of the trees and the dim, distant Hogargh-pots, lifting single lyke spectres through the gloom. It was the darkness, in fact, of a summer-night.

I walked up and down the stone-wall, which at that part separates the path from the railway. I had —in harmony with the sweet tranquillity of the night—fallen into very pleasant reverie, in which the young lady then approaching on the night-express formed the principal feature, when I was somewhat astonished by the sound of footsteps upon the bridge. This was, I knew, an unusual circumstance at the time of night, and I waited with some curiosity to see who the late traveler might be. As I turned my head to listen the footsteps ceased, but for a moment. When they broke upon my ear again, however, I fancied that they were accompanied by a sound as of something being dragged over the loose cinders of the bridge.

"It is some plate-layer," I said to myself, "returning late from some job, or possibly he has been dispatched to attend to some necessary repair upon the line;" and I felt luck again, not reluctantly, to the pleasant reverie with the thousand pleasant thoughts which grouped themselves round the central figure—the young passenger of the night-express. A very pleasant dream it was, which, floating there as an indistinct, undefined melody in my young mind, has remained, I think Heaven, to have been the prelude to a fuller harmony—the key-note of a more perfect joy.

I can not say how long I had been thus pleasantly occupied; I suppose, from what afterward occurred, that it could not have been for any length of time. All that I remember is, that in one instant, without warning, without preparation of any sort, all the blood in my body was turned to sudden ice.

I got over the wall, Sir—get over the wall," said a voice in a very cool, "and you'll have a better view. By the Lord Harry, Sir, it'll be a sensation hereafter. Real water, and, by jingo, real rocks. Hi, Jo! Come along, come along, or we shall miss it. The *Colleen Bawn* 's a joke to it. Do you hear, Sir? Why, who ever heard of the *Perp o' Ling Boy* to fits—ha, ha! fits—fits."

I was almost paralyzed with horror. Having heard no distinct sound, and not having the creamy clank, land of my speculation, the voice broke upon me as though the dead had spoken. The *full* horror of the situation, however, did not burst upon my mind at once. A glance, indeed, was sufficient to show me that a madman was before me—a madman who, as I gathered from the incoherent words, had deserted the coming train (with what intensity I felt then that it was freighted with all that I held dear on earth!) to a fate too terrible to think of. The diabolical ingenuity which he had employed, however, for his purposes was entirely then unknown to me; and I seen that, I should have almost despaired.

For one moment I doubted how to act; for one moment my thoughts failed to suggest any method of action, in the next I had formed an indelerate plan.

"Well," I said, turning so as to face the man, "but how are you going to do it?"

"Ha, ha! do it!" he replied; "come and see, come and see. But I say," he went on, a momentary flash of suspicion coming across his mind, "you don't—you—you're not a navvy, surely, with *you*" and he peered into my face with a madman's cunning.

"Fool," I said, "I am not; but I am willing to force a laugh; "who'd tell such a joke as that? I wouldn't whisper it; that is, if you'll let me see how the scenery's managed; where the train's to, you know, eh!"

Oh, the trap," he replied, with a momentary recurrence of suspicion; "it's behind the scenes, you know;" and he laughed again, a hollow maniac laugh, which made night hideous.

I was over the wall by this time, and we were walking together toward the bridge. A very few yards brought us to the spot where the wretched man had been at work. As I there it was, as I thought, a heavy bale of timber bored flat upon the rail with cord—bound with an intricacy and cunning which a madman only would have thought it necessary to use. How my heart sank within me as I saw it, for I knew that the night-express might reach the spot at any moment: I knew that it was at that instant hurrying on its way to meet the hideous fate which this wretched man had prepared for it, and the thought almost deprived me of the power of action. To use force, I had sense enough to know, would be dangerous, for a glance convinced me that the madman was a strongly-built, powerful man, and I was aware that any madman is terrible in his strength. At this moment an expression of cunning on his which offended some hope. "Good Heavens!" I said to the man, "you've got the rope on the wrong line. You'll spoil all. Quick! off with it—it's all wrong—wrong. I'm most shouted in my anxiety.

To my inexpressible relief the madman seized the idea. Once possessed with it, he was down upon his hands gud knees in an instant, endeavoring to correct any suggestion into effect.

With what terrible anxiety I watched the cord unwound! How slowly the coils loosened beneath the fingers of the wretched man, eager and anxious as he was! How I trembled as now and then a knot or intricate bit of work arrested the cord! How my heart ceased its pulsation, as now and anon he would pause in his work to laugh a horrid laugh, muttering inaudibly about some "jolly header!" But the wretched man was earnest in the task; "Spoil all, spoil all," he continued to mutter; "of course it would; why, only yesterday I was mad not to have seen that" and then he fell again eagerly to the removal of the obstruction.

And all this time I listened with an intensity which I can not describe for any evidence of the coming train. Not still no sound of it. The effects of the summer-night to tell of its approach. I heart the river fretting in its narrow channel eighty feet below. The distant chime of Hindlesham Church clock was borne to my ear faintly on the breeze, as it struck the quarter past the hour—the quarter past! when the express was due! I cried; the madman even started to his feet, when the long whoop of an engine broke upon the night from the startled ear of night; but still no sign of the night-express.

I began to breathe more freely as I urged him to his work. All might be well yet, I thought; when back! the shudder in the air, the weird whisper in the trees, the low thousand sighs of the night, and the quick pulsation of the coming train reached my ear.

"Quick, quick!" I said, bending over the madman at his work—"quick, we shall miss it at!" but he laughed loud at my warning. He, too, had heard the train. "Hurrah!" he shouted, "she's coming—coming, the fiery devil's coming; and now I'll get the better of you, you fool, you fool, you header!" and the poor maniac left his work unfinished, and hastened on to the centre of the Abbey Bridge.

To some block of wood which was the work of an instant, and, to my inexpressible relief, I found it loose. I was not one moment too soon. Before I could remove the ponderous timber, indeed, the buffer of the engine caught it from my hand, and hurled it far into the night.

And not it alone! High above the noise and brattle of the coming train I could distinguish the death-shriek of the poor maniac.

The fate which he in his madness had destined for the night-express had met him on the Abbey Bridge.

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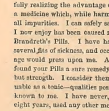

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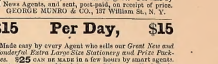

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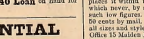

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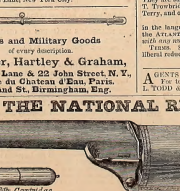

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 399.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864. [$1.00 FOR FOUR MONTHS. $3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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BEFORE PETERSBURG—CARRYING POWDER TO THE MINE.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

COL. PLEASANT SUPERINTENDING THE ARRIVAL OF THE POWDER.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

On this page, and also on pages 572, 576, and 577, we give illustrations of General GRANT'S campaign. THE CROSSING OF THE JAMES by HANCOCK'S corps, illustrated on this page, took place July 2 and 3, from Jones's Neck to Deep Bottom, on the north side. By 6 o'clock the next morning this corps had all crossed the river, and was advancing across Strawberry Plains to the earth-works of the enemy half a mile in its front. Although exposed to a sharp fire in this advance, they pressed steadily forward, and flanking the rebel left, gained a position from which the rebel line could be easily enfiladed, when the enemy gave way. BARLOW'S division captured four 2-pound Parrott guns which the flying rebels left in their embrasures at the edge of the woods. This capture, the credit of which is particularly due to MIKE'S brigade, is illustrated on page 573.

On this page are also two sketches illustrating the interior of the mine exploded in front of Petersburg July 30. One of these represents soldiers carrying the powder down the covered way into the mine: the other the arrival of the powder, superintended by Colonel PLEASANTS. The mine had two chambers at the end of the covered way, and was 400 feet in length. It was made under the supervision of Colonel PLEASANTS. It was 5.6 feet in length, from the entrance to the point where the galleries diverged. A visit to it was not the most delightful trip that could be imagined. In the first place, the covered way by no means afforded entire security to the passengers through it, as there were numerous places covered by the rebel sharp-shooters, who, upon the traveler's appearance, would fire half a dozen shots at once, to make sure of him—particularly aggravating to the men perspiring under the burden of sand-bags or kegs of powder, the latter carried also in bags. The mine being less than four feet in height, it was necessary to bend double in order to pass through it; the atmosphere was insufferably hot, and the ground so slippery as to quickly tire any one not used to such locomotion. Sitting at the end of it, the men passing in the powder as silently as possible, speaking in low tones, and lighted by dimly-burning dark lanterns, a queer sensation was felt on learning that not more than

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—HANCOCK'S CORPS CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER FROM JONES'S NECK, JULY 2d, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY W. W. CHAMBERS.]

twelve or fourteen feet of earth separated you from the rebels in the earth-works overhead—an effect heightened by the sounds of the rebel workmen countermining, whose blows in faint thuds reached the ear.

A SOLDIER'S LAMENT FOR M'PHERSON.

WHAT mean these wailing strains
That come like summer rains
Through the air;
Their solemn breathings phy
Upon the tranquil day,
The voices of despair.

Let all the woods around,
With music's saddest sound,
Tell that M'Pherson's dead;
Clouds shed your heavy tears,
For in the time of years
Low lies the honored head.

O comrades in the fight,
How his eye's inspiring light
Led us on!
When battle-trumpets blew,
How grandly he dashed through,
And was gone!

Can we forget the form
That passed to 'mid the storm
Of hissing shot and shell?
'Mid our cheering, wave on wave,
We knew what the look he gave
Was meant to tell.

Ah, giants we became,
When through the battle flame
We saw our hero fall:
We found the foe to yield
His body on the field,
That our breasts might be its pall.

A mother's tears like rain,
A young bride's passionate pain,
O'er his dear face shall pour;
For in the fiercest fight,
Or bivouac's flickering light,
It shines no more!

But far beyond the tears,
Above the mists of years,
The peaceful bow of heaven
Arches in tranquil light:
Their fame, who for the right
Their lives have gladly given.

And on our history's page
Shall gleam through many an age
The name we love to tell;
Our children's children shall repeat it o'er,
"The grand old name of gentleman" he bore,
And bore it well.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

THE WADE AND DAVIS MANIFEST.

WE have read with pain the manifesto of Messrs. WADE and WINTER DAVIS: not because of its envenomed hostility to the President, but because of its ill-tempered spirit, which proves conclusively the unfitness of either of the gentlemen for grave counselors in a time of national peril. The President may be wrong, but no such disrespectful critics of his course can be right. These gentlemen seem not to understand that to lose their self-command to the degree of assisting the enemies of the Government is as unpatriotic as it is unmanly, and, while it tends to destroy public confidence in the Administration, forfeits public respect for themselves.

The President may constitutionally veto a bill, or he may allow it to lie, after adjournment, without his signature. In both cases the bill for the time fails to become a law. Now, in the particular case involved in the manifesto of Messrs. WADE and DAVIS, the President received the bill at the last moment, and did not approve it. He might have left it there; but, with his usual frankness of dealing with the country, in which his official conduct may well become a model for his successors, after maturely reflecting upon the principle of the bill, he announced that while he did not approve it as a whole, and consequently could not make it a law by giving it his signature, yet that he did approve some suggestions in it, and in his executive action would be governed by them. Nothing could be simpler, fairer, or further from "despotism." It was his constitutional right to let the bill drop and say nothing about it. But he chose to say that while he could not approve, he could conditionally obey it as a law, yet that he would follow it within the unprescribed limits of his own action so far as it seemed to him wise. In other words, he accepted parts of the bill as suggestions to guide him in his executive conduct. Messrs. WADE and DAVIS complain that he did not accept the bill altogether or reject it entirely. As a law, he did reject it: but, like a wise man, he embraced the sound principles he found in it, and will act upon them.

To declare, as Messrs. WADE and DAVIS indignantly do, that such a notification is unprecedented, is true, but not in the injurious sense they intend. It is in accordance with the perfect confidence in the people which the President always manifests, and which endears him so closely to the popular heart. The Chief Magistrate is certainly not forbidden to announce the general principles which will govern his action, whether he do it without special occasion or in his annual or a special message, or in the form of a proclamation explaining why he has not signed a bill. To charge him, because he does so, with extraordinary and dangerous assumptions of power, is childish. MR. LINCOLN is a candidate for re-election by the people. It is likely to take a step which there is no necessity for his taking at all, and which, if it so plainly lead to absolute despotism and the preference of his arbitrary will to every other consideration, then leads, as he perfectly well knows, straight to his own political annihilation?

The insinuation of Messrs. WADE and DAVIS that the President refuses his assent to their bill from motives of personal ambition is entirely unworthy of them. It is part of the desperate struggle of those who are hostile to the Administration to represent him as destroying all our liberties, and mismanaging the war only to secure his own re-election. Messrs. BENJAMIN F. WADE and HENRY WINTER DAVIS condescend to pander to this effort. But against such assaults, whether coming from shaded friend or open foe, the personal character of the President, as revealed in the fierce light of the war, must be his sufficient defense. From the day when covert rebellion lay in wait to assassinate him in Baltimore, through all the mad rhapsody of the rebel press down to the last malignant sneer of Copperhead Conservatism, the popular confidence in the unswerving fidelity and purity of purpose of the President has smiled the storm to scorn. We hear occasionally of Secretary SEWARD'S little bill, whose tinkle by the President's permission sends any citizen unheard to a dungeon. But nobody knows, and nobody wishes to know more than the President and the Secretary that twenty million pairs of eyes watch that little bell, and its tinkle is effective only because the people who look with those eyes see that the bell is rung to save their liberties, not to secure their slavery. It is simply impossible to make the American people believe that the President is a wily despot or a political humbug. His every act proves, his public and private policy is open to discussion, but that he loves the Union less, or is less faithful to the Constitution than the bitterest of his enemies, we are sure no loyal man honestly believes.

Nor is the censure of the manifest of Messrs. WADE and DAVIS a party matter. There is no party considerable enough in the Union. Unionmen of the country have nominated MR. LINCOLN upon the strength of the general course of his administration and his unquestioned patriotism. They do not profess to approve every act, or to agree with every measure of that administration; but under all the circumstances of the time and country, and his unswerving fidelity to the cardinal principles which the rebellion attacks, they look to him for the country that he should be re-elected. Whatever, therefore, tends to defeat him helps to throw the country into the hands of the rebels and their allies, while no sensible man can be asked or expected to stultify himself for any purpose whatever, surely every patriotic citizen will take care that his conduct shall be governed by the true issue of things, so that he may not hopelessly injure the very cause to which he is devoted.

If the Chicago nominating convention General M'CLELLAN, our friends who are hostile to MR. LINCOLN must either vote for him, or for General M'CLELLAN, or they will throw the vote of the new convention before the election. That they will vote for M'CLELLAN either directly at the polls or indirectly by withholding their vote, we believe. To call a new convention and make another nomination could not detach from MR. LINCOLN the body of his friends, but might secure the election of the Chicago candidate. It would be a division in face of the enemy. But if the fi of the Administration are so fatal as to justify this course, it would be a more direct vote for the Chicago nominee without the machinery of a third nomination.

These are very obvious considerations, but some of our friends seem to forget them. To criticise the Administration and to censure, upon occasion, is not only legitimate, but patriotic. But there is the censure of a friend and of an enemy. There is a criticism which, free from the least suspicion of private or personal motive, strengthens the Government by friendly suggestion. There is another criticism which, by incessant and insulting carping at the details and omission of the general plan and result of an administration, disheartens the desponding, paralyzes the timid, delights the foe, subdues the loyal heart, and helps the hostile triumph. But if there be any ground of doubt of the patriotic purity of motive in the censor, he not only gives the victory to the enemy, but he loses the confidence that was reposed in himself.

We attribute no unfair motive whatever to Messrs. WADE and DAVIS. Their fidelity to the good cause is unquestioned. But is it not a significant sign to them that they have chosen a method to display their friendship which the rebel press is unquestioned.

A PEACE ADMINISTRATION.

WE have already said that the adoption of the extremest peace measures would not give us peace. Let us look a moment and see why this is.

If the peace party shall come into power the leaders must at once take some practical step to secure the object for which they had been elected. They must, of course, first of all, proclaim a cessation of hostilities, and proceed to negotiate with the rebel chiefs. Now there are but three conceivable solutions of the question outside of war. Either the peace administration and the rebels must agree to a convention by whose decision they will abide; or they must put themselves upon some terms of reconstruction, or they must consent to some kind of separation. The peace party, if it obtains power, must adopt some one of these three measures.

The first of these, a convention, except for the express purpose of arranging the terms of dissolution, is plainly impracticable. For the rebels would of course refuse to abide by any deliberations which might result in declaring the indissolubility of the Union. Why should they not, when the very fact of our offering a convention would show that we were irresolute and tired? If we agreed that the convention should virtually let them have their way, the rebels would naturally accept it. But upon any other conditions does any reasonable man suppose they would accept the action of a convention? Would not the very fact that the peace party had come into power prove to the rebels that they were already substantially successful, and prevent their putting that success to the last magnificent sneer of Copperhead Conservatism, the popular confidence in the unswerving fidelity and purity of purpose of the President has smiled the storm to scorn. We hear occasionally of Secretary SEWARD'S little bill, whose tinkle by the President's permission sends any citizen unheard to a dungeon. But nobody knows, and nobody wishes to know more than the President and the Secretary that twenty million pairs of eyes watch that little bell, and its tinkle is effective only because the people who look with those eyes see that the bell is rung to save their liberties, not to secure their slavery. It is simply impossible to make the American people believe that the President is a wily despot or a political humbug. His every act proves, his public and private policy is open to discussion, but that he loves the Union less, or is less faithful to the Constitution than the bitterest of his enemies, we are sure no loyal man honestly believes.

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We attribute no unfair motive whatever to Messrs. WADE and DAVIS. Their fidelity to the good cause is unquestioned. But is it not a significant sign to them that they have chosen a method to display their friendship which the rebel press is unquestioned. If, however, the most obsequious peace party were brought at once into power, it is impossible to conceive any policy which they could adopt that would avoid war. That most flattering promises must fail. They could say neither blood nor money, while they would transfer the seat of war from the South to the North, and plunge every part of the land into mere anarchy. Ought is not, indeed, to be enough to name the names and contemplate the characters and careers of the men who are the most vociferous and acknowledged champions of the peace policy? Think of them, think of the most eminent among them, and then ask whether *such* leaders can honorably save any nation under any circumstances whatever. Will those men who are universally respected declare that peace is possible with honor, the people will cry Amen! But while those who command respect whether by character nor ability incessantly vituperate the Government and clamor for peace upon rebel terms, the people will continue to cry "Pooh!"

SHOULD M'CLELLAN BE RE-CALLED?

SEVERAL weeks since we recounted the reasons why it would be unwise to recall General M'CLELLAN into active service. It was not because of any conscious collusion upon his part with the rebels, not because of his mischievous military records, but because of his total want of sympathy with the convictions and policy of the Administration. The views then expressed we have certainly seen no occasion to modify. At a late meeting in Hempstead General M'CLELLAN is reported to have said that he enjoyed his flattering reception was offered not to him, but to the cause which he represented. He vaguely explained by saying that the cause was the country; but how he represents the country more than any other citizen not in rebellion—than General BUELL or General FREMONT, for instance—it is not easy to see. The cause is a cause which he does represent, and it is precisely because of that fact that it seems to us unwise to recall him.

In view of all our history, and of the developments of the war, there is yet a party which holds that this rebellion, if not justified, was at least palliated by the discussion of slavery; which insists that the free and legitimate exercise of the most fundamental right of a free party government was censurable, if not almost treasonable; which believes that the Southern system of slavery—notwithstanding the facts of thirty years' and of human nature—is perfectly consonant with a republic like ours; which maintains that, in waging the war against this rebellion, the humane and unanswerable appeal to any thing about slavery except to return the slaves who escape to our lines to their masters, is to be unwarrantably timid; which, with a good foe negroes, that the President is a weak trickster, that the principles and policy of the Administration are fundamentally false, and which steadily flouts and insults the great American doctrine of equal rights as "Niggerism."

This is the cause and the party which General M'CLELLAN represents; and because he represents it, he is not, and can not be considered merely a soldier. We might agree that he was personally a brave man and a good officer, but that would not affect the question of his recall. The moment the Administration summons him, he did it surrenders its own convictions and policy, not to General M'CLELLAN, but to the party and its leaders of whom he is merely the figure-head. For he would be but the entering wedge. If every thing went well, we should hear a shout all along the line of his party that the country had become convinced by genius of this great chieftain, who must be made President by acclamation. If things went ill, we should hear that the same unanswerable logic that was because of the outrageous jealousy and interference of the President and the "Washington Directory." If they went very ill, even the General himself would be incompetent; that cry would swell as it did when he was before in command, into a shout that it was his duty to turn out the imbeciles at Washington and install himself Dictator in their place. Thus, were M'CLELLAN recalled, the tactics of "the cause and the party" which he represents would constantly tend to the same end, namely, their return to political power by any means whatever.

We cannot share the chastened faith that his recall is so strenuously urged at this moment by those of his friends who doubt whether he is to be the Chicago nomination. But General M'CLELLAN has chosen to paralyze his power of serving the country in this war as a soldier by accepting the leadership of the political party which unaccomously reviles and opposes the Government, and he has therefore no right to complain that the Department declines to undertake to blend a policy which he agrees with one that he does not. If, however, the President should yield, he may be very sure that in case of any disaster under M'CLELLAN, the same papers which now so smoothly urge his recall merely as a soldier, would then most loudly insist upon his deposing the Government as a Dictator.

General M'CLELLAN, it must be remembered, is not a Copperhead. Since he has been in office he has said nothing and done nothing which showed

either great ability or comprehension of the emergency. He has made several non-committal speeches, he has written a letter urging the election in Pennsylvania of the candidate for whose success the rebels were praying; and he has delivered an oration at West Point, remarkable only for its commonplace platitudes, and for declaring that the war should be prosecuted for the restoration of the Union. He has also published a Defense of his Chickahominy Campaign, the object of which is to show that he was not responsible for its disasters and catastrophes—a point upon which he differs with many leading military men in the land. Another Democratic Senator has also gained an advantage at Antietam, but did not call up his reserve to secure it, and by giving LEE a day's grace, enabled him to withdraw and save his army, thus showing himself to be an eminent disciple of the BUELL school of war.

These are his services. But whether the President be entreated to recall him to the field, or the country be solicited to make him President and Commander-in-chief, he is still but a puppet. Behind him, and controlling his words and acts, are men who are doing and have done what they can to delay the aggressions of the rebellion by discouraging the national hope and paralyzing the national endeavors. General MCCLELLAN is to be judged by the "causes" and the party which he represents; and whoever urges his recall to service urges the Administration to open Pandora's box.

THE BLACK TROOPS.

THERE can be nothing more pitiful than the malevolent eagerness with which certain newspapers deride the colored troops for being no braver than the white troops at Petersburg. Did the negroes run at Bull Run, they ask? Long ago, prove that white men were cowards? Did the misfortune of the noble Second Corps, five or six weeks ago, which General GRANT's order announced must be retrieved, show that they were poor soldiers? Or did every sensible man say at once that the reputation of that brave army was not to be lost by a mishap which might occur to the best corps of the best army in the world? The expression of the late disaster in General M'COOK's cavalry—caused by the fact, as reported, that the men were drunk with whiskey—is it generally asserted that if the Government chooses to employ white cavalry, nothing is to be expected but that they will get drunk and be whipped on every occasion?

Of course not. When we read of M'COOK's misfortune we remember SHERIDAN's, and KAUTZ's, and GUERNSON's, and AVERILL's daring and victorious excursions, and we stand on edge with pride and gratitude the valor of our cavalry while we regret every mischance that befalls them. When we heard that the Second Corps had been flanked and had lost prisoners, we recalled their dauntless conduct at Spottsylvania and in the Wilderness, and shared with them over the temporary shadow that obscured their name. And every sensible and true American citizen, when he reads of the flanking and retreat of the colored troops at Petersburg, recollects Fort Wagner, Olustee, Milliken's Bend, and Beaver Dam's charge upon the very ground at Petersburg, and knows that the failure is not the proof of cowardice or incompetency, but is one of the painful events from which the record of no corps and no army can be entirely free.

We have always insisted that colored men should have the same chance of fighting in this war that white men have; and we have always believed that, when for battle, they would show the same spirit as black. For both the success of the war, the last assault at Petersburg included, belief our belief. And we may fairly ask whether any class of men—whether black or white—whose services had been so grudgingly received and so reluctantly rewarded; who knew that their purpose was equally with defiance, massacre, or slavery, and for whose wrongs retaliation so loudly promised was as yet not inflicted; who were so ruthlessly shuffled, and insulted as the colored men in this country are—we may fairly ask whether any soldiers would have fought more manfully and bravely and willingly than the colored troops in the Union army?

The mental and moral condition of those who begrudge fair play to the most unfortunate, but by no means the least meritorious class of our population, is one of the most melancholy phenomena of the times. The war of that fair play has produced the war, and until we conclude in the war under some form will continue. The most brutal party of our population, led by "Conservative" demagogues, incessantly declare that "niggers are only fit for slaves." The most intelligent American citizens, in the conscience of all Christian civilization, rejects the foul injustice. It is the conflict of that enlightened sense of equity and right with the ferocious determination of class privilege and prejudice which is reddening our soil every where. Whoever pardons to that injustice prolongs the war. Whoever cherishes it postpones the peace which can be permanently established upon Justice only.

The more thoughtful among those who are committed by party spirit and jealousy to fostering the unmanly refusal to allow the black race fair play in this country must sometimes clearly see the hopelessness of their cause. They know as well as we that their profession of seeking the real interest of that race is a self-delusion. They know that the word slavery expresses some form of injustice, disguise it as they may; and they are morally certain that they are fighting against the human heart, against the instinct of civilization, and against the power of the world. In such a cause, however they may prolong it, they are doomed to defeat and ignominy. They know, as we all do, that General GRANT is the representative of one of the colored troops in the revolutionary battle of Rhode Island is a more humane and enlightened figure than any imputation that would have been had he sneered at them as unfit for soldiers because they were "niggers." For that is not the spirit which makes honorable men or great nations. We, long ago, made up into history.

And in our children's eyes which will seem nobler, the men who died bravely fighting upon the flanks of Wagner and Petersburg, or on the plains of Olustee and Milliken's Bend, or those who contemptuously cried as they read the story of the last disaster, "Pshaw! niggers never will make soldiers?"

THE NEW LOAN.

WE gave last week in these columns a perfectly simple description of the new loan and its advantages. Yet to many people all over the country all financial matters are mysteries, yet mysteries which a little explanation will readily remove. We suggest, therefore, to our friends every where, and especially in remote and quiet country districts, that they call meetings to be neighborhood to talk over the loan, to show its direct and vital importance, to point out its peculiar value as an investment, and to explain to every man what to do in order that the United States may get its fifty or five hundred dollars. There are thousands and thousands of people every where who would gladly add to the Government loan if they knew how. The active men in every village and hamlet and country neighborhood, who are used to practical business matters, should form themselves into committees to secure the subscriptions. At least the matter is worthy of their consideration.

The rebel States are bankrupt. The Confederate, already assert that the debt will be repudiated. That the disciples, allies, and well-wishers of the famous Mississippi repudiator, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and of a "Confederacy" which has repudiated all Northern debts, should say so is not strange. But loyal citizens will easily see that the debt is simply the pledge of the people to themselves of all their property. Every citizen is consequently interested in the payment of the debt—first, his honor as a debtor; and then in his interest as a creditor.

Loans and arms are the right and left hands of the nation in war. Any one who would lop or can not bear arms, there are very few who can not lend money. To subscribe to the loan or to go to the field are therefore equally patriotic services; and the former is a service which many a woman who has laid by her earnings can and would willingly render.

FROM THE WESTERN ARMY.

WE have received a letter from "D." in the Western army, inclosing the letter upon BUTLER's death, of which the writer says, "they have the merit of being written currently as news." He kindly adds in another part of his letter, "Allow me to congratulate you upon the wide and healthy influence you are exerting through the columns of Weekly in our army. No rebellion matter that comes to us 'corks' so completely with our feelings as these days of rapidly rising public sentiment. We fight from belief in such a thing as patriotism and love of country; and if our leaders at home shape the installation of the struggle so as to make it more worthy of loving, they will increase our devotion and fighting for it."

Our correspondent subjoins the following authentic particulars in regard to General M'PHERSON's death:

"The morning of July 22d the Army of the Tennessee was in line of battle two miles east of Atlanta, crossing the Augusta Railroad, facing south, with the Seventeenth Corps on the extreme left. Anticipating an attack upon the left flank, General M'PHERSON ordered the Sixteenth Corps, under General Dodge, to form on the left of the Seventeenth, pointing the line northeast. While the movements was being executed the rebels made their first assault. The right of the Seventeenth Corps had not been completed to connect with the left of the Seventeenth, and a column of the enemy penetrated to our rear.

General M'PHERSON, in riding along the line of the Seventeenth Corps, was vociferously cheered by all the troops. Loud patriotism of the heroes of the people. General Dodge. He bowed his acknowledgments with his usual genial grace. A few moments afterwards, in crossing to the line of the Seventeenth Corps, he came upon the force that had turned their left flank, and received from them a volley, by ball struck by a bullet, which passed through the right lung, shattered the spine, and produced almost instant death. The Second Brigade was ordered to charge, recapture a battery of the Seventeenth Corps, and recover the General's body. Lieutenant-Colonel CLARK, General M'PHERSON's Adjutant-General, rode forward with the brigade, and carried the man to a fence by his friends to them to avenge M'PHERSON. They rushed forward with a low cry, swept the rebels from the field like chaff, recaptured the guns, while Lieutenant-Colonel STRONG and Captain BOWMAN, of General M'PHERSON's staff, moved forward with an ambulance, under the guidance of Private Ransom of the Fifteenth Iowa Regiment, and brought off the body.

The following is a copy of the Order issued by General BLAIR, communicating Private RETBOLDS:

HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
IN THE FIELD, NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA,
OFFICE ATLANTA, GEORGIA, July 28, 1864.

GENERAL ORDER.—No. 8.

During the bloody battle of the 22d inst., in which this corps was engaged, Private GEORGE J. REYNOLDS, D Company, Fifteenth Iowa Infantry Volunteers, was, while in the performance of duty on the skirmish line, severely wounded in the arm. In attempting to evade capture he came to the rear, where he was relieved and given into the charge of the army, Major-General M'PHERSON, was lying mortally wounded. Forgetting all considerations of self, Private REYNOLDS came to his old commander, and amidst the roar of battle and storm of bullets, administered to the wants of his gallant chief, receiving his dying thanks, and affording him such comfort as lay in his power. Private REYNOLDS' conduct has found favor in his sight. Private REYNOLDS was chiefly instrumental in recovering the body of his dead General, and in conveying it from the battle-field, and assisting in putting it in an ambulance where it was a heavy fire from the enemy, while his wound was still smarted for.

The noble and devoted conduct of this soldier can not be too highly praised, and is commended to the consideration of the officers and men of this command.

In consideration of his gallantry, and noble, unselfish devotion, the "Gold Medal of Honor" will be conferred upon Private REYNOLDS, Company D, Fifteenth Iowa Infantry Volunteers, in front of his command.

This order will be read at the head of every Regiment, Battery, and Detachment of this army.

By Command of

MAJOR-GENERAL FRANK P. BLAIR.

(Signed) Lieutenant-Colonel J. ALEXANDER,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Since the smooth mode against the enemy's lines before Petersburg, July 30, nothing of importance has transpired in General Grant's army. A truce was allowed by the rebels August 9, to bring off our wounded and dead. The portion of the Weldon Railroad recently in the hands of the rebels was restored to us. The mighty duty of the army, for the time, has been repaired.

The rebel ram Albemarle, built at Edenton, N. C., in 1863, the rebels exploded a mine in front of the Eighteenth Corps, which blew up the rebel ram in the night.

From General Sherman there is little additional news. The heavy battles fought on the 20th, 22d, and 28th of July it is estimated have cost Hood's army 25,000 men, which was more than two fifths and half of that. The Atlanta Appeal of July 24 says that at the rate of fighting since Hood has commanded the army would be annihilated in just three weeks. This was before the battle of the 28th. Of Hood's losses in five or six thousand men, Major-General O. O. Howard has succeeded M'PHERSON in the command of the Army of the Tennessee. Major-General Hooker has unfortunately led to the resignation of Hooker, who is a favorite with the army.

We have the details of the battle of the 28th. On the 27th the army of the Tennessee, General Howard in the line corps lately under M'PHERSON, threatened Atlanta from the east of the city. On the morning of the 28th this army was transferred from this position to the extreme left, where the Army of the Cumberland had been during the man's time, however, and the commanding officer had not yet had time to get his work point which offered to the enemy's position. In the movement from Decatur Logan's division had to march around the whole city, a position between that resting on the Chattahoochee and that occupied by Howard, a distance of about 15 miles. This was accomplished. On Logan's extreme right Jeff C. Davis's division of the Fourteenth Corps was to take its place, but by accident had been filled to the rear. As soon as Howard's army got into position, and had built intrenchments, Hardee's rebel corps, numbering 30,000 men, attacked him furiously with infantry and artillery. Lee, Stewart, and Cheatham, with a brigade of cavalry under Martin, attempted to flank Howard, by dashing on to the rear of Logan's right, by way of woods on his right, and almost succeeded. This rebel column was, however, repulsed by Logan's troops, after two o'clock P.M. The battle lasted till five, no artillery being used by Howard, and very little by Stewart. Our forces had the advantage, as the enemy was wholly unprepared. Logan lost about 1,500 men.

Sherman's position at last advices was such that he invested the city on the north and west especially, having it on the north in a large force forced to the west to cut as he might obtain. The Fourteenth Corps rested on the Chattahoochee Railroad, five miles north of the city.

On the 30th of July General Stoneman, with between three and four thousand cavalry, consisting of Brigadier-General Garrard's command, and another brigade under the Misses Reed. Eighteen miles of the railroad between Atlanta and Macon were destroyed, and a large wagon-train going from Atlanta to Macon burned. M'COOK's cavalry was also taken on the train, were released by Stoneman. Stoneman's superior force under General Iverson, and more than half of the entire command was captured. General Stoneman included. M'COOK made his escape, and has been forwarded to the Department of Washington and the Shenandoah. The rebels have upwards of 1,000 men at various points along the Potomac, and it has seemed to many that Early was contemplating a movement on Washington, and thence into Ohio. What seems most probable is that all the movements for the past few days have been designed to cover their main object, which is the destruction of the Shenandoah. This is as evidences, however, that they will not in future, and perhaps very soon, attempt an invasion of the Northern States in greater force than hitherto. General Grant visited Hunter at his head-quarters at Harper's Ferry, on the 7th July. General Averill had a skirmish with Early's rebels, fought M'Causland's brigade, on the 7th, at Moorfield, defeating them and taking 500 prisoners.

The prisoners on both sides which have been held under fire at Charleston were exchanged on the 6th inst. An effort is being made by the rebel authorities to make Charleston the future exchange point for all prisoners of war.

The United States steamer *Fulton* arrived at this port, August 8, from Port Royal, having on board the fifty-five released officers whom the rebels had held imprisoned in Charleston under our fire. The retaliatory measure adopted by the Government was perfectly successful. The rebels have started in at the most satisfactory manner. The rebel officers, fifty in number, never having been fairly exposed to the fire from the rebel forts, were on the 5d conveyed in the *Connecticut* to a point off Sullivan's Island, where they were met by another vessel, the *Charlestown*, having on board the Federal officers. Having crossed the bar in the *Connecticut* on either vessel, the Federal officers were invited to dine with Major-General Seldon in the *Island Belle*, an invitation which most of them accepted. We shall give next week a very interesting sketch of the arrangements designed, in which Admiral Buchanan led his ship and was taken prisoner. Another rebel steamer, the *Selma*, was captured. Still another, the *Gelene*, we hatched. The Federal fleet had approached the city. We give herewith a MAP showing Mobile Bay, the City, and its defenses. The numbers on the map indicate the depth of water in various parts of the channel.

It is believed that there are over 3000 bushwhackers on the north side of the Missouri River. If this be true, the task of killing or capturing such a formidable body of thieves and murderers will be a huge one. The last heard of Anderson's gang, who are reported to have done the damage on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, they were at Middle Grove, Monroe County, and on the opposite to be pushing on toward Charlton County. Five hundred Federal cavalry are in pursuit of them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MEXICO.

It appears from advices which have been coming by every mail from Havana lately that Maximilian's empire is not peacefully accepted by the Mexicans. Even by the news of the 24th of July we hear that the Imperialists are not successful in putting down the rebellion. Even by a force of about 500 Juarists, Maximilian has granted an amnesty to all persons whose offenses were strictly political; this, however, does not extend to parties in armed opposition.

EUROPE.

On July 19 a deputation of forty operatives representing Manchester, Stockport, Preston, Oldham, Macclesfield, and other English manufacturing towns, waited by appointment upon Earl Russell at the Foreign Office for the purpose of presenting to his lordship a memorial for the intervention of the British Government in the American war, on account of the stoppage of 90,000 persons engaged in the cotton manufacture. The plea was made to rest, first, on the suffering of the operatives from the war; and, secondly, the hopelessness of the attempt on the part of the North to subjugate the Southern States. Moreover, the deputation begged to submit "that in the opinion of the vast majority of the people of the cotton districts, the Southern States, as well by superior force of arms as by the manifestation of the highest capacity for self-government, had entitled themselves to recognition as an independent Power."

Earl Russell, in reply to the deputation, for the expressed his admiration at the conduct of the operatives, his sympathy with their sufferings, and his sincere regret, but he cannot desire that the time would speedily arrive when the Government might, with good effect, offer a mediation between the contending parties.

The deputation of eminent men of all parties was held at Grosvenor House, Belgrave Square, London, on the 20th, to give formal support and encouragement to the American Union in its war against slavery. An address was drawn up to be sent to the people of the United States. This address recognizes a federal right to be at the basis of the American Constitution. It refers back to similar periods of intestine strife in her Heroditus history, and it coincides with the following sentiment: "The struggle has commenced between the two principles—Liberty and Slavery. The consignee of victory must be the abolition of slavery forever and every where. Hail Liberty! Hail Republic of the United States!" To this address Secretary Seward has made an appropriate reply.

MAP OF MOBILE BAY AND THE DEFENSES OF THE CITY.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—CAPTURE OF FOUR TWENTY-POUND PARROTT GUNS BY MILES'S BRIGADE, BARLOW'S DIVISION, JULY 27, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WARD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

THE CONFEDERATE SUBMISSION IN THE FIELD.—[See Page 536.]

THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

ON page 533 we give an illustration representing the CHRISTIAN COMMISSION on the FIELD OF BATTLE. There is no feature connected with the war which so well illustrates the peculiarity of Republican institutions as the work performed by the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. These are supported not by the Government, but by the people. As our Government is of the people, so is this war the people's war. And the people have taken it upon themselves to take care of the soldiers. This is a peculiarity which distinguishes the North from the South in the conduct of the war. It is on this account that the losses from sickness, and especially from wounds, have been so few in our army as compared with that of the rebels.

Says the *Richmond Enquirer* of August 5, alluding to our refrigerator ships over the rebels in cannon and ships and otherwise: "Their dietetic and sanitary system have saved them thousands of soldiers who would have died upon the coarse fare of the military hospital. Preserved fruits, dessicated vegetables, solidified milk, the condensed nutriment of meat, the concentrated essence of tea and coffee, wines, and pure spirits, accompany the hospital every where. Ices and cordials refresh, patent mattresses, rubber beds, and hair mattresses solace the sick and the wounded. When the field hospitals beyond the Appomattox suffered for water a canal was cut and steam pumps put in, and an abundant supply was furnished."

This service likewise has its sacrifices and its martyrs. Thousands of Christian men and women are giving up the pleasures of home, and it often happens that they give their lives also. Soldiers' wives work in the hospital while their husbands fight on the field. While BARLOW is taking care on at Fredericksburg his wife dies in the region of fever contracted in the hospital. While M'PHERSON falls before Atlanta, Professor HARKNESS dies in New York, worn out with weariness by long weeks of exposure and fatigue suffered for the soldier's sake.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE WILD WOMAN.

WHAT was she to do? Try another pawnshop? She had no passport. They must have papers. It was the law, it seemed. But how did people get papers? Were they born with papers? Should she go back to the goldsmiths on the Quai and try them once more? Alas! of what avail would that be? She would receive only the same answers, the same rebuffs. Was there no one in this enormous city of Paris who would pertinaciously engage from a quarter to what she wanted to run away? She had heard of a place called the Temple. She had read of it, too, and Madame de Genlis had talked to her about it hundreds of times as the site of that old donjon keep where the Martyr King and his queen had lain in captivity, and where the poor little Dauphin had been handed over to the cobbler Simon, to be slowly tortured to death. The donjon keep was pulled down now, and the Temple was a place where they bought and sold every thing. Should she ask her way there? But she knew that she would have to pass close to the Morgue, and an indefinable terror forbade her to retrace her footsteps.

She came, suddenly, in the middle of the pavement, on a merchand d'habits—an old-clothesman. No Jew was he. In Paris Christians do not disdain to ply over the bag, and wear the three hats. This fellow was a Marseillais, swarthy and bright-eyed, with a head of tufted black hair, dazzling white teeth, and earrings. He had two umbrellas beneath one arm, and a cavalry sabre beneath the other, a cocked-hat in one hand and a pair of boots on his hands, a pair of patent-leather boots tucked in his waistband, and any number of loose garments flying all abroad about him: besides his bulging bag.

"Trouv de Lai!" cried the marchand d'habits when he saw her. "What a pretty girl!"

"Will you buy a locket?" said the girl, shrinking from the man's bold gaze, and holding out the trinket with her little trembling hand. She was desperate now. She would have had courage to ask the statue of Henry the Fourth on the Pont Neuf if she could buy a locket.

"Carragou de zeval," exclaimed the Marseillais in return, "I am not a jeweler. What do you want for your little bretelque, mon ance zérie?"

"A hundred francs," replied Lily, half choking.

"Masoulpatam!" shouted the marchand d'habits, who seemed to possess an inexhaustible arsenal of strange exclamations. "Vocase ou rouinez? Ma, I will be generous. Ze sous Chrétien, tous, et pas one Zoux. Twelve francs fifty centimes for your locket."

"No," cried Lily, passionately. She could have strangled the man.

"Quesco! crrricsicou!" continued the Marseillais. "Don't fly into a temper. I don't buy jewelry or fine clothes. Come and breakfast with me. Allons manger, allons boire!"... And the eyes of the old-clothesman sparkled like unto live coals.

Lily drew her shawl about her, and, spurning his offer, walked indignantly away.

"Fil de Pilate!" the Marseillais muttered, looking after her, "c'est onze zentille petite fillette za. Never mind. I shall dance at the Barriere du Trone to-night. Marchand d'habits-i-i-i-ts." And with his lugubrious and longdrawn-out chant, his bag and his bright eyes, the old-clothesman went on his way. There were magnificent eyes, only he had spoiled them by a habit of squinting, contracted through the endeavor to glance at the first floor windows on both sides of the street at once, to see whether the occupants had any old clothes to sell.

Twelve francs fifty for her locket! The villains. The wicked, hard-hearted people, she thought. Had she had time she could have sat down on a door-step, covered her face with her hands, and cried her eyes out. But it was with her as with the Wandering Jew, "On—on! Onward!"

She remembered that she was not yet quite destitute. Her breakfast paid for, she was still the possessor of twenty-seven silver centimes in francs. That would carry her some distance toward her destination—support her for some days, she thought. And then she would beg. See how beg! Perhaps there were cottages on the road where the people were kind and would give her bread and milk and allow her to sleep on the straw in their barns. She would have nothing more to do with this cruel and pitiless Paris. She would forget her sorrows there. Even if it was to be prosecuted she had not the slightest idea. She knew she had to reach the coast and to cross the sea: that was all.

The Marseillais marchand d'habits had told her, the *rascal!* that he never bought jewelry on fete-days. Once or twice before in the course of that weary morning's travel she had heard about the festivals. At the pawnbroker's they had bidden her come to-day, as the establishment to close. The pour, it seems, must pawn even on the morning of a holiday, so the commissionaire opened the door for an hour or two before the business of pleasure began.

Lily saw that there were a great many more people about this morning than on ordinary days; that many of the shops, and nearly all those of a superior class, were closed; that the trees and streamers and flags were more numerous; the gristettes clean caps; that the students of the School of St. Cyr were abroad in their holiday clothes; that the gendarmerie of the Seine looked unusually spruce and burnished up; and that the very sergents de ville had waxed their mustaches and given their sword-hilts an extra polish. There were a good many flowers about: from many of the windows hung banners and streamers; and in the narrow streets the lie holding rose great black triangular stages, like monumental scaffolds, for the dancers, supporting on their many rungs pipkins full of oil and tallow, in which were huge cotton wicks. These were the lamps for illuminating the evening's delights.

Then Lily all at once remembered that this was the twenty-seventh of July, and that Madame de Genlis had told her that the twenty-sixth, the twenty-eighth, and the twenty-ninth of that month, in every year, the official gala-days of the Court, the city was en fete. Lily recollected in their own favor by M. le Duc d'Orleans and the banker Lafitte. It is an official celebration, with a procession, a parade, speeches, and the maskings and mummeries and tight-rope dancing are all paid for out of the public treasury. Therefore, the festivities will be on a right-royal scale. Every one looked happy: every body *must* be happy, thought the poor little outcast runaway, as she looked at every sight in her at the sight of the smiles and the joyous faces. She little knew that among that laughing concourse there were many whose numbers ten thousand times more miserable than she.

It was good that she should not know it. It would not have consoled her. But she had not arrived at that age when "there is something not absolutely disagreeable to us in the misfortunes of our best friends." It is nevertheless she was herself—being, as you know, young and silly, and with the romance of the world—the reader she was to sympathize with sorrow: it was but a little foil at the best, but she never grew out of her folly.

So it was a grand holiday, a very grand holiday. The government liked to encourage holidays; the people liked to keep them; the authorities and saved them from getting the headache over those stupid newspapers. On the third, and grandest day of the fetes, the newspapers were not published at all: another thing which the government liked dearly. A good government, a paternal government, a fully-developed government; it rejoiced to see the hard-worked editors and reporters strolling in the Elysian Fields, dining at the restaurants, and dancing at the Chaumiere—even if they danced that naughty cancan—instead of muddling their brains in the composition of the leaders, or blackening their finger-nails with the bone in taking crabbed shorthand notes of the long-winded debates of the Chambers. "Enjoy yourselves, my children," cried this good government. "In those last years of July we will sing the Te Deum for the Tuileries yonder. See: he wears a tricolored cockade, the emblem of Liberty, in his hat. Is that not good of him? Let us celebrate the feast of the Patriots of July. What glorious fellows they were! Shout! How nobly they fought. Fire the cannon! How heroically they died. Drub the double drums! How very soundly they sleep in the vaults under the column in the Place de la Bastille! Let us extol all their healths, and inscribe all their names, even to the humblest blouse-wearer, in golden letters on the marble plinth. As for the patriots of to-day, they are a pack of sulky disagreeable grumblers, mere spoil-sports and troublefetes, and, lest they should mar the bright sunshine of our holiday, we have put them away in the casemates of Belle Isle, and Mont St. Michel, and Doullens, and turned a big key on them. Soldiers! bring your muskets to the 'ready,' and, bombardiers, keep your matches lighted. This is a fete-day. Every body is to enjoy himself under pain of immediate arrest. Eat, drink, and be merry, my children. Go to the play for nothing. See the illuminations, and the fireworks, and the water-jests, for nothing. And while you, who are your parents and best friends, shall govern you, and look after all your little affairs at home and abroad. There! take the birchrod of ours is getting a little limp. Excuse us if we use our own."

So spoke the Government of July, thinking it was to last forever; but it, and its dynasty, and its festivals, and all the many little swimming eyes, are dead and gone, and well-nigh effaced from the memory of man.

For another Lily knew the gay doings might be in honor of the birthday of King Louis Philippe, or the birthday of Monsieur Lafitte the banker. To her truth the revelation of Life's cowardice but a very dim and meagre impression. Once, when Mademoiselle Esprenemil, who was an Orleanist, and in whose house hundreds of people were killed on the Place du Carrousel fighting against the Swiss guard, she exclaimed, "How very wicked of the people to fight against the king's soldiers!" and was called niguaude, and made to copy out the third chapter of Telemaque for her pains. Lily on ordinary days saw the great doors of the Pension Marcasin at the time of the celebration of the fetes during the whole of the intercession of the penitentiary. Lots of boys or girls had given her, from time to time, glowing accounts of what they had seen during the three glorious days of July those happy, merry fairy tales and fables, as beautiful but as unreal as any in the Arabian Nights.

Now she was privileged—by her own act and deed at least—to see the grand sight, for a momentary peep at which, even, she had often wished. Perhaps she was at all among the merry-makers. But she fled from it all as though it had been a pestilence. She was afraid. While the day lasted, though, it would be folly, it would be madness, to venture into the Elysian Fields, where all the world of Paris would be out walking. No, no: that place was to be avoided at all hazards. Still she had an irresistible craving to see the illuminations and the show before she commenced her flight to England in good earnest. She would wait until evening, she thought, when it would dusk, the crowd would be denser, and the quieter sort of folks gone home, and she might mingle with the throng unnoticed by observant eyes.

Now lagging, now hurrying through a tortuous maze of streets, she came all at once into the Place du Carrousel, in front of the palace of the Tuileries Gardens and the Place de la Concorde one vast Lake of Pleasure, covered with Islands of Delight, Mountains of Joy. She turned away the dangerous open and fled. Ascending the Rue St. Honore she ventured to cross it before the beautiful Church of St. Roch, and even gave a look over the upper part of the Rue de Rivoli into the dismal little labyrinth of by-lanes, full of sellers of old prints, and curiosities, which nestles—well known as the Pâté du Louvre, and which had grown up, a fungus, between the palaces of the Louvre and the Tuileries. To her relief she managed to gain the Quai: not that where the old gold-dealers live, but that which fronts the Quay Gelée, and behind the Pont Royal, and immorously as a little mouse seeking a fresh hole, and, diving down the Rue du Bac, was glad to lose herself in the mazes of Left Bank Paris.

She found out, perhaps, the dimmest little cabinet de lecture, or reading-room, that ever existed in the whole of Paris—perhaps the very dimmest portion of old Paris. It seemed to Lily not much bigger in size than the cage of the godolphin Arabian. It was very old and very gloomy, and so suited her admirably. The old maiden lady who kept this abode of literature was the most venerable, the most time-worn blind with bad powels, and was so deeply immersed in the study of the memoirs of Monsieur Barbier, St. Aubin, that, when Lily entered, she could barely find time to extend her hand for five centimes—the current price of admission to the Cabinet of the Muses.

All the people who frequented the reading-room were old—as old as the visitors whom Madame de Kergolay received, but of a shabbier and more dilapidated type. They seemed to be unwilling to part with their ancient vanity, both in their bodies and their garments, and to be only kept together by means of stays, and braces, and pins, and strings, and bandages, and false spectacles, the springs of false teeth, and the elastic bands of wigs. There never was such a dreary congregation of dusty, purgling, neuralgia, and sciatica, seemed to have gotten hold of the furniture as well as the patrons of the establishment: for every thing sputtered and shook and trembled and creaked. As Lily walked up the room, and chose the darkest corner, the very boards yielded beneath her tread and sent up little clouds of dust, giving to her ankles a wreathed appearance, as though she had been a young Mercury.

There was a tall old gentleman who came to the Cabinet, not to read, but to sleep. It could not be said precisely that he snored, but the air about him seemed to be haunted by the spirit of a defunct trombone. And it was a spirit seemingly in pain.

There was a little old lady who represented a religious order of some kind, for she wore a red plaid shawl, and nothing else. Her face was left a P.P.C. card over the spectacles, on which some one had sketched the lineaments of a death's head; but sketched them very faintly. And most of the time even this was shrouded in her nose, not enabled to ascertain with any degree of certainty, as the little old lady usually kept a copy of the *Gazette de France* before her, never turning over the pages: and under these circumstances she was only so much newspaper, and so much shawl.

Over against Lily there sat an ancient personage of the male sex, lean and long as Don Quixote, and wearing a night-cap under his hat. He had a huge green cloak with a velvet skin collar; and under this cloak he fondled and cherished a diminutive dog of, apparently, the turnspit breed. There was a very strong probabilation against the introduction of dogs to the Cabinet in a notice hung up at the entrance. But the old gentleman had very probably been offending against the regulations for the last fifty years. He was the senior, the doyen of the customers. Those who surrounded him were too old and feeble to resent his malfeasance, and the lady at the counter was too much engrossed by Monsieur Horace St. Aubin to take notice of any thing outside her book. Still the old man in the cloak was not exempt from occasional twinges of conscience. The little dog was generally very quiet, but, from time to time, feeling himself hot, he would poke his nose from beneath the folds of the mantle with a sharp yap, or a plaintive whine. And then the old would look down at the old man whispering in great trepidation to the refractory animal: "Hush, for Heaven's sake, Lindor! De le sagesse, mon ancien, mon petit Lindor: remember what a risk I am running for thee. Je t'implore, Lindor, de ne pas me compromettre. I implore thee, Lindor, not to compromise me." Once the lean old man caught Lily looking at him. The turnspit had been very restless. The old man regarded her very puzzle with both his white trembling hands, and cast toward Lily a look at once so piteous and so supplicating that the girl felt half inclined to laugh and half to cry.

She staid here, reading newspapers out of date and dog's-eared romances, which excited, for two reasons, her special wonder: first, as to whoever could have written them; and next, whoever could have found readers for them. That they had been diligently conned, however, and to some purpose, was evident; for the edges were yellow and shiny with much thumbing, and many pages were blistered with long dried-up tears.

They were all full of love; but it was not the kind of love that Lily was personally versed in, with which she could sympathize, or from which she could derive any consolation. Silly girl, she was quite raw and ignorant, and had not yet learned to take her heart to pieces and put it together again, like a map puzzle. She had not acquired the art of pressing out the passion, and boiling it down, and putting plenty of sugar to it, and spreading it on paper, as pan is spread upon bread. Lamentable blind creature! She was yet at the A B C of the great alphabet, which, being learned, the learner usually wallows ages on ages, only teaches us to spell the words Disappointment and Despair. She was quite a novice in the grammar of the Rue de Tendre. Had Lily been asked to write a love-letter it would have begun with "I love," and it would have ended with "I love," and there would have been nothing else, except blots, which are the blushes of manuscript. I have known people who pronounced their protestations of affection. They must have been very much in love indeed:

Here she lingered until the day was declining. She went out at last (the maiden lady in the place never heeding her), and she left the old folks there, doddering and coughing feebly in their sleep. Doubtless, who are alive to-day, and the oldest folks always seem to last the longest, may be there, doddering and choking to this day.

Into the crowded streets, not in the broader quay, and over another bridge; but this time it was the Pont de la Concorde, and they were beginning to light the lamps on the balustrade of the Chamber of Deputies. Then she was in the vast Place, by the side of the Luxor obelisk. She could come no longer. Her limbs were beyond the control of reason. She was bewildered—fascinated. Come what may, she must see the fete.

So she sped by the sputting fountains, and entered upon the enormous avenue of the Elysian Fields. The sight almost took away her breath. It was wonderful. Two huge open-air theatres, within whose vast preconcentrive whole regiments of red-legged soldiers were engaged in deadly combat with white-burnoosed Arabs. Here fired cannon and muskets and pistols. Real horses galloped on to the stage, not at all alarmed by the noise, whereas the very smell of the powder almost frightened Lily out of her wits.

But the theatres were only a drop of water in the sea. Here were crowds in every scene. There were Marionettes. There were greasy poles up which adventurous gymnasts climbed, intent on reaching the silver watches, spoons, and mugs—no vulgar legs of mutton here!—suspended to a hoop at the summit. What shouting and clapping there was as each climber, his strained fingers within an inch of the coveted prize, found the treacherous surface beneath, at length too much for him, and so slid down to the bottom again, defeated and fat-begrimed.

There were merry-go-rounds. There were targets at which you could fire as blanc, and if you struck the bull's-eye found a plaster figure of the Emperor Napoleon arise, like a jack-in-a-box. Ninepins; spring top; roulette playing per maccaroons; jugglers; conjurers; ventriloquers; dancing dogs and monkeys; a camel; a bear that beat a tambourine; a goat that danced

at the bidding of a gipsy woman dressed up as Esmeralda; a dog that, being desired to name the greatest rogue in company, walked straight up to his master, wagged his tail, and barked an unmistakable "This is he!" several other dogs, with cocked-hats tied under their chins, military coats, and frilled pantaloons, who performed gavottes, looking most mournful the while; a camel, on whose head a little boy executed a sarabend; every thing, in short, that was wonderful, and strange, and delightful.

Booths where gingerbread was sold—brown, sticky-looking, shiny gingerbread, like Moorish faces on a hot day, and with gilded and silvered oval almonds in them, like eyes; booths where sweetmeats were dispensed; where fruit and fried potatoes, and pie-crust—the "delicate little"—and gauffre cakes were to be had—all these abounded. And shrilly sounded above the myriad noises of the throng, and was audible even in the intervals of blank cartridge firing, the voice of the man who sold cocoa. "A la fraîche! A la fraîche!" he cried. A little round tower, with crenelated top bristling with many-colored flags, and hung with gay tinkling bells, was arranged to his back. Beneath him a urn passed the brass pipe and tap from which he frothed his cool but mawkish beverage. Around his body was slung a wooden cestus, and thick hanging from it a store of goblets of burnished tin that shone as bright as silver. Still cried he, "A la fraîche! A la fraîche!" his bells tinkling and his flags waving through the jostling mass.

There were no dandies here, no fan-twirlers. You might look around in vain for gold watch-chains, for varnished boots, for kid gloves, even for robes of silk. This was the People's festival; and they, the People, pure and simple, were here in force. This was one of the great days in the year when Jacques Bonhomme was in his glory, and had the best of it. He might come in a clean blouse, or in a dirty one, or even in his shirt-sleeves; but he was welcome to the show for nothing. So many hundred thousands of francs were set aside every year for his behalf by him, and to buy toys, and to make him forget his rights. He forgot them for the nonce; but the paternal government which considers man on Jacques's behalf found it impossible to make of the whole year one long July, and to have a festival every day. The result of which solution of continuity was, that when it wasn't July, and there were no fire-works, dancing dogs, and open-air theatres, and work was to earn bread dear, Jacques Bonhomme would turn on the paternal government, suddenly remember his rights, and trouble his rulers in person.

Lily thought it very kind indeed of the good gentlemen, whoever they were, who had provided this gay spectacle, and she longed to say something to do with this grand mercy-making. He must be a very good man, she thought. Perhaps it was his birthday.

She had eaten and drunk nothing since breakfast; so, calling to mind that she had money in the district, bought on two sous' worth of gingerbread and an apple. She had even the hardihood to stop one of the men who were carrying trowels strapped on their backs, and, accosting him as "Monsieur," asked him for a glass of cocoa.

The particular merchant she chanced to patronize displayed considerable splendor in the fittings of his establishment. His round tower was covered with crimson cotton velvet, hooped with gilt foil paper, and embowered in his flags was a little bower of bells with cuttenwork of tin.

He frothed up the cocoa so for Lily that the beading bubbles on the rim sparkled in the evening sun like diamonds, and presented her the goblet with an air.

"Drink," he said, "belle dame. It is the nectar of the gods."

It wasn't any thing of the sort. It was merely so much Spanish liquorice boiled down with a little sugar and milk; but the merchant had made a winning way with him that had he asservated that the Nabob of Arcot's diamond was dissolved in the cocoa he might have found those to believe him.

"How much, monsieur?" asked Lily, when she had drunk.

"To you," the merchant replied, with a bow and a flourish, "one sou. A pint of cocoa and a quart of cold air for five centimes."

Lily paid him. Straightway he whisked out a napkin which hung from his centre, rubbed a goblet out with extra polishing, frothed it again, and handed it to Lily.

"Drink again, belle dame," he said. "For this I charge nothing. It is my humble offering to youth and beauty. And I declare that had not my humility, through unfortunate circumstance, stopped deeply of misery, and were not my old grandmother, bis-bas, down yonder in la Sologne in misery, or lack in pails, I would have made you pay nothing for the first."

Although the girl's thirst was assuaged she did not like to offend the hospitable merchant; and so half emptied the goblet he offered her. Then she thanked him and courtesied, and turned, and was soon lost in the crowd.

"I salute you," cried he of the round tower, looking after her retreating figure. "Belle dame, I am at your feet. Pauvre petite," he continued, polishing up his cups, "she is too young and too pretty to be wandering in this tohubohu quite alone. But, bah! she is safer here than on the Boulevard of the Italiens. The blouses will do her no harm. A la fraîche! faites-vous servir! A la fraîche!" and he went on his way, jangling his cups and tinkling his bells.

It was nearly eight o'clock, but bright and fine day indeed yet. Lily had been struggling against temptation for a long time, but she could now resist it no longer. She had never seen one before in her life. She must go inside and see one—a show.

No, not the educated seal, the pictured resemblance of the monster on the cartoon outside the booth, whereof she resided, terrified her. Not the Oriental-menagerie either; the roaring she could hear through the canvas, the squeals and yelps as the keeper plied his switch, and the color peculiar to wild beasts' dens which pulled better than the terrific paintings, much larger than life, of the panther of Java, the gigantic baboon of Senegal, the hyena of Abyssinia, the crocodile of the Nile, and the boa constrictor of Seringapatam, by means of which the enterprising proprietor of the animal menagerie strove to attract patronage. The grand concourse of the combat of animals, where a wretched old white horse was to be baited by snarky mastiffs, she likewise avoided.

But the wax-work show! the royal and imperial exhibition of wax-work of Signor Ventimiglioni (from Milan), she *must* see that. It cost ten sous to see this show, but Lily paid them.

Signor Ventimiglioni himself took her half franc. He was a tall, sallow man, with a cold-black beard, and wore a velvet waistcoat of scotch plaid. He was evidently very much of the man emperor. He stared very long and very impudently at Lily. What was there about the child that every one stared at so much?

She drew aside a curtain that veiled the entrance and entered. She started back with a shriek at the first object she saw. It was a colossal gendarme in a monstrous cocked-hat and jack-boots. His face, fringed with huge peaked mustaches and whiskers, was that of a fiend. His eyes glared horribly with a fixed and stony gaze. In one gauntleted hand he brandished a flaming sabre, in the other he held the most ominous officers of the Convention Lily had seen in pictures, who came to conduct Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. He would come at last to take her, she thought, shrinking in her inmost soul. She was to be arrested for running away, and trying to sell her clothes.

"You little imbecile," cried a fat cattle-dealer from Poissy, who had followed close at her heels, and giving her a box on the ear, a slight push with his umbrella, "you foolish child, don't you see that ce cuisine à ceinture jaune is only wax?"

The cattle-dealer had paid his ten sous before, and often, and knew the ways of more than one show.

Wax show. He was chuckling at his penetration, when the voice of Signor Ventimiglioni was heard in a shrill treble, issuing from behind him.

"Les armes et les parapluies sont déposés à la porte—weapons and umbrellas must be left in the door. Advance, messieurs et mesdames. Advance, I supplicate you."

The cattle-dealer turned back, grumbling, to give his umbrella. Then he and Lily advanced. The show soon made her feel very faint. It smelt oppressively of lukewarm wax, and saw-dust, and oil-cloths. Apart from the colossal gendarme the Fourth, Monsieur de Voltaire, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Sir Hudson Lowe (who was godly represented in a wig of red wool with leopard's skin, the well-known uniform of general officers in the British army), the collection was mainly composed of historical murderers. Louvet was there, holding, of course, the identical poniard with which he slew the Duke of Berry. Next him Lafarge, and Madame Lafarge with a bottle of Chamberlin before him was representated as absorbed in the composition of a sonnet. Fieschi with his new invention in full play, and dabbled with blood; the personages in the Affair Fualdès, playing boston at a gory card-table; Charlotte de Corday stabbing Marat in a red, red, night-cap of a Toulon galley-slave; the Berghe d'Ivry—for there were victims here as well as murderesses—with her throat cut; and Mr. Courtis of Lyons with a bullet through his head. Horror!

"Call that Madame Lafarge!" the cattle-dealer from Poissy was heard to murmur as he halted before the effigy of a fashionably-dressed lady wearing a white chip bonnet and a black lace veil. "It is not like her. I remember. I do recognais, coquine. Thou hast not been to the fair of Poissy for nothing. Two years since that was Charlotte Corday; last July thou wert the Duchess of Berry previous to her betrayal by the Jew Deutz, and his affaire de cœur with Mademoiselle Stylite, and this gimcrack bonnet on thy head, thou must pass, forsooth, for the Grève Lafarge, ma foi! Nonsense. Let me supercherie course. I demand my money back. I have a great mind to beat thy waxen head off, fraudulent puppet." It was plain that the confiscation of his umbrella still rankled in the cattle-dealer's mind.

Forth again into the Babel of money-making went Lily. She had had enough of shows for the time. Where was she to pass the night? Have shadowy thoughts of sleeping in the open air? How recklessly she had been squandering her slender stock of money! But she could not muster up courage enough to ask the benighted ground. It had a strange and deadly fascination for her, and, like a moth round a candle, she felt she must continue to hover about it; even to her destruction.

She absolutely, before it was quite dark, went to see another show. It is true that this was a humble spectacle, and only cost five sous. The attraction was a solitary one: there was but a wild woman to be seen.

"La femme sauvage—la femme sauvage!—the wild woman!" cried, with stentorian lungs, the orator, in a full suit of armor and a bonnet-à bustle, from the platform in front of the booth. "The wild woman from Madagascar, the horror of the group known as the Inexorable Islands. Her name is Annanovira Zoralde. The idolatrous practices of her ancestors she has abjured, and is a good Christian, wearing three medals blessed by le Saint Père the Pope, who sent to Rome for her expressly to bestow his patronage and benediction upon her; but she lives entirely on raw meat, and neither threats nor persuasion can induce her to wear stays. The wild woman! Ladies and gentlemen! This is her last appearance in France. Reconciled to her illustrious family, she leaves to-morrow morning for Madagascar by the Messageries Royales of Messrs. Lafitte and Caillard, stopping only at Lisbon, in order to take in boat stores for turtle and infantas of the House of Braganza. The wild woman, messieurs les amateurs! Her disposition is amiable, and her tastes are artistic. She can lift a weight of one hundred and fifty kilogrammes with the little finger of her right hand, and suffer a pistille to burn to charcoal on the tip of her tongue. En avant for the wild woman! Admission only five sous, a reduction of eighty-three per cent. in consequence of la chere des cendres—the high price of provisions. Nobody can enter without paying, but paying without entering is permitted by the civil and military authorities."

The crowd, who had been listening to this balderdash with a grin of bewildered complacency, burst into a roar of laughter at the concluding witticism. There was a press of eight-cent pieces at the tax-collector. That prodigal little Lily, after gazing for a while at the violently chromatic portraits of the wild Woman ravaging a Tiger; the Wild Woman riding three wilder horses at once; the Wild Woman in the wilds of Madagascar, taking refuge in the branches of a banian tree from the pursuit of the hunters; the Wild Woman seizing the bull by the tail, and, with the most portderous weights, firing off pistols, and defeating the celebrated Monsieur Grisier in a fencingmatch—after gazing at these more astounding works of art, the desolate little girl wandered into the show, which was now lit by a hooped flaring oil-lamp suspended from the centre pole of the tent, and took her seat with some twenty others on the last of a row of planks placed on trestles.

There was a little proscenium and a rude scenescene supposed to represent Madagascar. On the proper side, in front, was a screen, and on the O. P. sat a hump-backed man with a flageolet and a kettle-drum, the which he thumped and blew alternately.

But he tooted on this pipe and whanged the parchment so long that the audience grew impatient. It was some three hours late for the show to begin. Murmurs of "La femme sauvage! La femme sauvage!" began to be heard.

Is human nature ever so very fickle? was the next expression of the popular wish. The orator in full armor pushed his way through the auditory, jumped on the stage, and disappeared behind the screen. Voices were now heard in angry contention; but still the Wild Woman failed to put appearance.

There was the voice of a man, seemingly endeavoring to pacify an infuriated woman. The man's voice presently ceased at once as that of the orator in chivalric panoply whom she had heard haranguing outside. The voice of the woman—Madame Zoralde, where had she heard those angry tones before? and why did they sound like a death-knell on her ear, and send a cold shiver through her heart?

At this conjuncture a gentleman in a blouse, affected perchance by the heat of the weather, or by inordinate potations of cocoa, and stung to desperation by the prolonged absence of the Wild Woman and the monotonous performance of the flageolet and kettle-drum, cried out, "Attrape, Mayeux!" and flung a roasted apple at the orchestrant. The missile, unfortunately, missed its aim, the man, the hunchback uttered an unearthly yell, and rushed from the stage, shrieking, "Il la garde! Il la garde!"

The sound of something breaking—glass seemingly—was next heard, and a black bottle became visible, flying in the footlights. The gentleman who had flung the pomme cuite, and who occupied a front row, picked the bottle out of the stage, and put it in his pocket.

"Cognac! The Wild Woman must be an ivrhotte."

But the words had scarcely left his lips before the screen was violently dashed down, and a woman, thinly clad in a tawdry and absurd costume, made her appearance in the effulgent company of the orator in armor. I say enforced; for, by one hand she held him by the hair of the head, while in the other she brandished aloft a three-legged stool, with which she was minded, apparently, to brain him.

The astonishment at this to be a part of the performance, and, in fact, the prearranged entrée en scène of the Wild Woman, began to applaud vehemently. But the dolorous expostulations of the armor-clad orator soon undeceived them.

"Help, help!" he cried, in piteous accents; "ladies and gentlemen, I shall be murdered! This woman has taken too much cognac. She is mad. She has killed me!"

Suddenly the Wild Woman relaxed her grasp, flung the showman disdainfully on one side, and stood planted in the middle of the stage, her hands on her sides. Lily looked at her. She was a powerful woman, of Herculean build. It was impossible to discover, through the paint and the sham tattoo-marks with which her face and arms were covered, what the ground-work of her complexion was. A leopard-skin skirt, scandals, a spangled skirt which failed to reach to her knees, and a preposterous head-dress of Dutch metal and feathers.

But anon Lily became conscious that the Wild Woman was looking at her with a fierce, fixed, hungry gaze. There was something in her eyes that struck infinite horror and terror into her. She had just seen them before, when, full of fear advance, as though toward her, Lily started from her seat in affright, and rushed from the booth.

THE FROG.

The head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterward was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed:

"Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead?"

"So it was, honey; but the *craythur* is not sensible of it."

A grammarian complained the increasing hast in somewhat the following style: "Hes, hetter, hottest; hotsen, hot, hotsenor, hotsenest; hotsenation, hotsenable; hotsenism; hot as an oven, not as two ovens, hot as four ovens, hot as seven ovens!" How comfortable to contemplate, this weather!

The following NOTICE, on the marriage of Reuben Wise with Martha Cheeny, is worthy of Reuben Wise's great witty:

"At length she seized the proffered prize—
A happy one, believe us—
For matrimony made her Wise—
Before she was Miss Cheeny."

ETIQUETTE.

When your host's carriage is in waiting someone dinner jump up from your chair, cry out in a hearty manner, "Off we go!" and rush down stairs.

On entering the dining-room lift up the different covers and examine your dish.

When making a call see that your boots are quite clean before going into the house. If they are not, take them off and request the servant to polish them before ascending to the drawing-room.

Always carry your hat into any room, and whirl it round and round on the handle of your stick or umbrella: this gives an air of unconcerned good-breeding while carrying on a conversation, and finds an occupation for your hands.

LATEST FROM "LE FOLLE."—The Sweetest Thing in Bonnets.—Two Loving Hearts.

When only two persons be said to be half-witted? When they have an understanding between them.

"THE WRETCH."—Tomkins, whose wife is desperately fond of the Opera, says she is a very naughty boy, for she wants to go to the Opera.

Human nature is very easy to spell, but extremely difficult to read.

Why are ladies out shopping like birds that are long on the wing?—Because they stop a considerable time before they settle on their purchase (perches).

"What! are you drunk again?" "No, my dear, not drunk, but in a state of intoxication." The fact is, my accountant has been robbing my boots till they are as smooth as a pane of glass."

BEER.—What's the difference between Bad Beer, Ginger Beer, and Good Beer?—They are respectively All Sip, All Pop, and All-sop.

A gentleman wishing, not long since, to "pop the question," met a lady friend, and said, "Miss Caney, may I have your mistress?" It was answered by the lady, "Say yes, pray!"

A few nights ago a stalwart Boniface, who was talking boastingly about his customers, said of one of them, "He is the most punctual man I have." The fact is, the man gets drunk every Saturday, and has done the same for the last twenty years. He must be punctual, and that to a nicety, to be on the Saturday. It's a grand thing being punctual."

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments—most astonished indeed." "Well, Sir, I've been waiting you to start for the last hour."

Why is a sword like beer?—Because 'tis no use till 'tis drawn.

TWO ECONOMICAL DISHES FOR DINNER.—Two dishes with nothing on them.

Why is a young lady just left boarding-school like a building committee?—Because she is ready to receive patronage.

AN INSPIRING SIGHT FOR A GLAZIER.—The early day when it breaks through the windows.

A swell clerk from London, who was spending an evening in a country inn full of company, and being secure in the possession of most money, made the following offer: "I'll bet any man one hundred pounds to fifty that I can't." The man who bodit out the longest to have the whole and treat the company. "I'll do it," said the swell. The swell dropped in half a sovereign. The countryman followed with a shilling. "Go on," said the swell. "I won't," said the farmer; "take the whole, and treat the company."

An eminent barrister having a case sent to him for an opinion—the case being outrageously preposterous—replied, in answer to the queries, "Certainly not, certainly!" "Yes, if the witnesses would lie too, but not otherwise."

English sources in Ireland soon discover that the length of time since the last capital crime was committed, whether Irish miles being equal to about fourteen English. A gentleman was recently engaged in the Queen's County, on the road in a particular district. "True," said a native, "but it's the worst road of it he rather inhabits, we give good measure of it, anyhow."

While a country person was preaching, the chief of his parishioners, sitting under the pulpit, was fast asleep; whereupon he said, "Now, beloved friends, I am in a great strait; for if I speak too softly they will not hear me, and if I speak too loud I shall wake the chief man in the parish."

An old clergyman one Sunday, at the close of the sermon, said, according to the complaint that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. "Now, my dear Sir, you have not," a lady here exclaimed. "Why, my dear Sir, you have never told us one word of it." "Why, my dear lady, what we do?" "Why," said the person, "I don't expect to go out of this town!" said the

"The most luxurious smoker I ever knew," says Mr. Paget, "was a young Portuguese nobleman, who had his servant always inserted a lighted pipe into his mouth the last thing at night, and never left off smoking till he had before he awoke. 'It is so pleasant,' he observed, 'to have the first conscious sensation to one's mouth before one is sensible even of its wants.'"

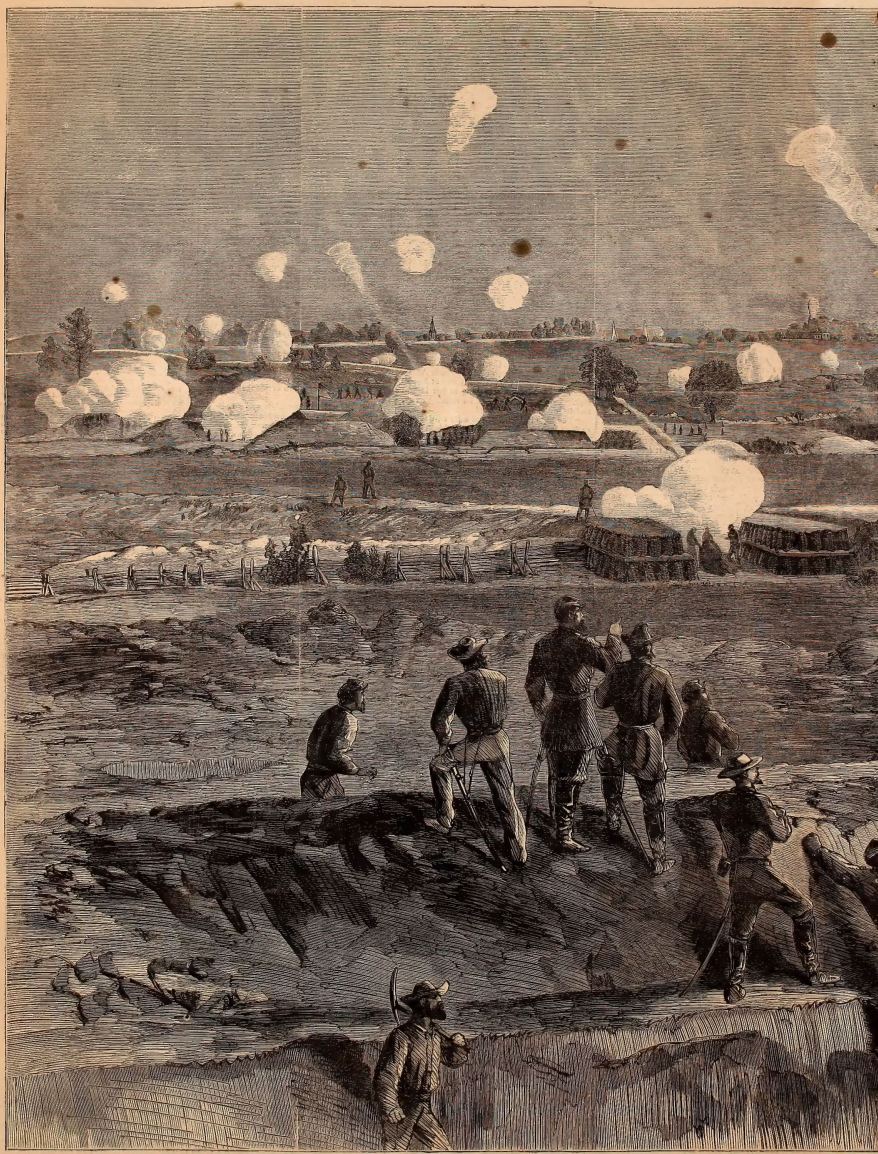
A lady who painted her face asked Parsons how he liked her complexion. "I don't tell, madam," he replied, "except you discover your force."

Two ladies who inhabit Wapping were having some words about a gown on the pavement, when the daughter of one of them popped her head out of the door, and exclaimed, "Mother, mother, and shall her a thief before she calls you out!"

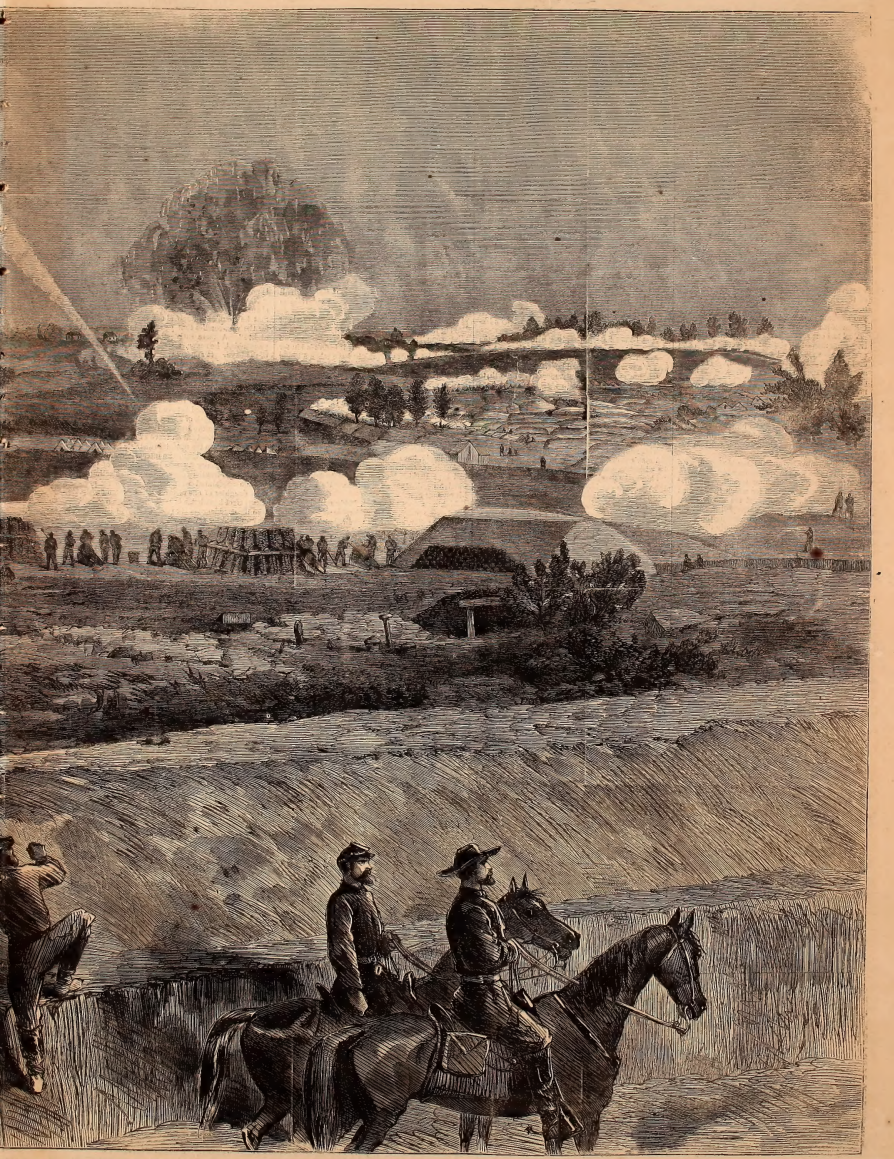
An Irishman charged with an assault was asked by the judge whether he was guilty or not. "How can I tell, sir? was the reply, "till I have heard the evidence?"

The best of friends fall out. Our teeth are no exception.

A meeting-sermon being preached in a country church, all the boys kept knocking their heads, who thought why he did not weep with the rest, said, "Oh no, I belong to another parish."



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE AND ASSAULT ON CEM



ETERY HILL, BEFORE PETERSBURG, JULY 30, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 542.]

A DIRGE.

WILL the dead Hours come again,
From the arms of the buried Years?
Though we call, we call in vain,
And they will not heed our tears.
Why, O why were they slain
By thy fears?

Will the dead Love e'er return
For all thy late desire?
Can thy grief unclose Love's urn,
Or make of the ashes fire,
Though the cinders yet may burn
Round the pyre?

Alas and alas for the Gone!
We mourn, and we mourn in vain,
Like a ghost, or the dreamy tone
Of some long-forgotten strain,
Their memory haunts the Lone
But with pain.

PROFESSOR HALSTEAD'S GIRL.

A CROTCHETY and contrary old chap was Joel Shellenbarger, a rich old farmer, as mulish as the donkeys in his team. He had made his way in the world by the doggedest obstinacy—seizing hold of whatever came in his way, and retaining that hold as though life depended upon it. Joel's multitudeness had literally been the making of him, though you mightn't have considered the little pale, bald, thick-skulled old man as much of a make after all.

Joel had one son—a handsome, clear-headed, active young man—tall, straight as a young larch, and as set in his ways, when he chose to have one, as old Joel himself. This son, as he grew up, had proved a great assistance to his father in working the farm, and his services had been made the most of, the old man managing to keep him at home with him some time after he ought to have been doing for himself. Not an acre of the father's possessions was ever called the son's; he owned nothing in the world save a horse which some uncle had given him when it was a sickly colt, and some sheep obtained in much the same manner; and the old man grudged him the keeping of those.

Joel Shellenbarger and his son Anson differed often, but there were two points on which the difference amounted to something serious. These two point concerned education, for which the old man had a profound contempt—and the son had not. There was a school some dozen miles from the Shellenbarger farm, and thither—having thoroughly prepared himself, in spite of fatherly thwarting and opposition—Anson betook himself, in spite of the same continued opposition, and by one contrivance and another, and helped out by his mother's small pocket-piece, kept himself there till he graduated. Joel Shellenbarger contested the ground inch by inch, but afraid, in his selfishness, to do any thing rash lest he should be obliged to do without, he could leave him. That was the first point of difference and that was how Anson settled it. The second was not likely to be of so easy an arrangement.

At college Anson had found something besides graduating honors. He had chanced upon a very charming combination of brown curls and saucy eyes—a red-lipped, dimple-cheeked fairy, daughter of one of the professors, who, instead of carving her destiny in the honorable suit which his poverty and his father's niggardliness compelled him to wear, never seemed to be conscious of any thing of any body else when he was by.

In short, Anson had found some one to love, somebody he wanted to marry, as he soon informed his father. You should have seen the old man's eyes; it was a mercy they were fast in their sockets. That was gratitude! This Anson, who was already defrauded his old father of so much of his time, was going now to set the seal upon his absurdity and recklessness by marrying a "town girl!" Bad enough to marry any one, seeing his father wasn't through with him yet—but a town girl! Joel Shellenbarger was honest, and expected larger acre should go to strangers before Anson should have one, if he persisted in an idea so ridiculous!

"And pray what harm is there in being a town girl?" questioned Barbie Halstead, when Anson told her, half-laughingly, half-vexed, and altogether dreadful—for without assistance from his father he could not marry Barbie for a long time yet.

Anson laughed, too, but with some embarrassment, saying, "Why father is afraid that a daughter of Professor Halstead would not make a very good farmer's wife."

"Does he think—?" Barbie hesitated, looking with smiling curiosity at her little white hands.

"That these pretty hands don't know much about hewing and baking, etc.? Exactly; I believe he thinks just that."

"Then he thinks wrong," said Barbie, reddening, and looking up at her lover with a comical little pout. "I'll have you see you say you needn't a servant at home? I've a mind to go down and offer for the place."

Anson laughed again, enjoyingly.

"We need one badly enough, but my father will not suffer one inside the house."

"Why, how do you live then? Who cooks for you, now that your mother is ill?"

"We do our own cooking," Anson said, with a return of the half-smiling half-embarrassed expression. "We cook for ourselves, or do without."

The very day succeeding the one which witnessed this conversation Anson was at home busying himself over some culinary operation when the outside door, which stood ajar, was noiselessly pushed wide, and a singularly-attired form presented itself on the threshold. It wore a red and green plaid dress, the checks now bulging, now sharp-lined, and a very frowzy and tumbled-looking white bonnet, the strings of which, nearly as long as Anson's arm, streamed from one side, and within the bonnet the form flopped the inane fell of a cap which clung close around the face of the stranger. The face—what could be seen of it—was a very curious one to be inside of such a bonnet and cap. Just now, as she surveyed the kitchen and Anson—herself still unseen—the muscles about her mouth twitched nervously, and her eyes twinkled with roguish brightness.

Presently Anson looked that way.

Instantly the face took lugubrious length; and coming into the room the girl said, insinuatingly, but without looking at him,

"An' would ye be aither hirin' a servant the day?" and stood fidgeting with the fringe of her shawl.

"I believe not," said Anson, coloring with some annoyance, perhaps, at the nature of his employment.

"Shure, Sir, an' the lady that sint me—God bless her sowl—said you'd be wantin' to take me on her riccommendation, which I has in me pocket—and here 'tis now."

She gave him a little note, which proved to be from Barbie Halstead. Anson read it with very lover-like carefulness, but shook his head.

"I am sorry, very, very sorry, good girl, but we do not wish to hire a servant."

"Bliks your father mayn't object while he sees me," the girl persisted.

Anson looked at the solled white bonnet and the red flannel, and repressed a laugh, considering what his father would say. But he was of too kindly a nature to be willing to expose even this servant to the ridicule of encountering the old man, and so he had said before, assuring her that it would be of no use to see his father.

The girl stood a moment—"If ye plaze, Sur, I'll just see him a monint. Belike he may take a likin' to the look o' me."

And before Anson could reply she had crossed the room, and stood upon the threshold of the next.

Anson followed presently, curious to see what sort of a reception the girl would get.

"Shure an' I'll do plinty more'n I'm worth to yees," she was saying with innocent emphasis as Anson entered.

She talked rapidly, pouring out such a torrent of words that the old man could not by any possibility slip one in edgewise, and so, regarding her with an expression of the most ludicrous astonishment.

The remarkable volubility completely baffled the old man's slowness. He could not say a word if he wished to, and when she concluded at last with "I is make bigood bread, and I is make pies, and the very eyes out iv yer head, and make ye swally yer tongue with delightsomeness" (if he had a weakness it was for pastry—Anson knew that well), he could only twirl his thumbs in a sort of delicious awe, and ask her with a cunning smile how much she expected "to git for all that?" then thought.

"Seventy-five cents a week," was the prompt reply.

With a still more cunning laugh Joel offered her half the money.

Greatly to his amazement she agreed at once, and he found himself, to use his own expression, "in for it." To add to his chagrin, Anson stood by laughing with intense enjoyment.

But the girl, without further ado, proceeded to disencumber herself of bonnet and shawl, and vanished in the direction of the kitchen before any thing more could be said.

As she shut the door she stole a glance at Anson from between the curls of her hip, and then, watched, he strolled kitchenward also. She was already at work, handling the broom like an adept, and grumbling in her brogue at the dust that disturbed and mutated in the corners; for the extent of Anson's and his father's sweeping had been to brush the dirt out of the room, somewhat to the disadvantage of the rest.

She did not look up as Anson entered; but he sat down, and deliberately lighted his pipe, watched her. For some time she seemed unconscious of his scrutiny; but presently she turned, and clasping both hands upon the top of the broom-handle, looked, with a mixture of bravado and archness too natural to be mistaken,

"Well, Anson, what do you think?"

The young man laughed and looked annoyed in the same breath.

"That it is you, Barbie?" he said. "I was suspecting something of the sort."

"Not till I looked at you," said the girl, roguishly, retreating to her occupation.

"Do you think this is quite the thing, Barbie?" Anson said, when his ears told the thing for a poor girl to be gittin' her living decently and honestly?"

And that was all he could get out of her. Having determined upon her course, she was not for an instant she was a most unapproachable "Biddy" the next, and would have nothing to say to him save in that character.

"Does your father know of this, Barbie?—what would he say?" persevered Anson, anxiously.

Anson and his father dined at noon, and Barbie, in her character of waiting-girl, was present. Anson was in a most unhappy state when they left them—had undergone such a remarkably renovating process that old Joel drew back at first, thinking he had set foot in somebody else's house instead of his own. Supper was smoking on the table—such a supper as old Joel, at least, had not seen since his wife was ill. Barbie, in her character, was sitting, propped with pillows, in a great easy-chair, and looking wondrously contented, and with reason: the poor lady had not had a woman's hand about her before since her illness. They lived in such an isolated, inhospitable manner that very few of their neighbors even knew that Mrs. Shellenbarger was not as well as usual. Biddy—as she called herself—had tidied the poor lady up in a wonderful manner.

Joel Shellenbarger sat down to the daintily-spread table, and made a most hearty and keenly-relished meal, glancing askance at Biddy meanwhile.

Anson, strange to say, ate very little, and he watched Biddy askance too.

That was only the beginning of the reforms this daring girl instituted.

First, however, as much, perhaps, for her own peace of mind as Anson's—knowing that mother and son were fast friends and always of one opinion—she told her secret to Mrs. Shellenbarger, and finely wheedled the good lady into approval.

It is true that she shook her head at first, and looked wonderously shocked. But it was to charming purpose. Those little soft hands fluttering about her, and to see such brightness and comfort springing up around, that she could not, for ever see sake, keep remonstrating; so much as silence could, Biddy's mysterious presence.

Then, to excuse her to give you all particulars, but having made so good a beginning, with true Irish facility, Biddy established herself in a very short time completely in the confidence of the old man.

He had a lurking liking for neatness and order, and Mrs. Shellenbarger—poor lady!—wasn't a very good housewife, and had for a long reign allowed cobwebs out of chaos; the house seemed in holiday garb all the time, and an atmosphere of social cheerfulness pervaded every room.

One morning—Biddy had said something about leaving the day before—the old man ended a grumbling complaint with the words, "I never see so good come of edification yet. If it hadn't a bin for that college business you might have taken a liking to a sensible girl like her to you."

He glanced at Biddy as he spoke. She turned scarlet, and came near dropping the dish she was holding. It was the first time Anson had heard such insinuations, and he rather enjoyed Biddy's confusion.

"See here, father," he said, roguishly: "just you pick me out a wife, and see what will come of it."

"The only girl I know of worth having wouldn't have you," said the old man, loud, Biddy" Joel said, grumblingly, but suddenly turning to the girl.

Anson was smiling maliciously. Bridget O'Flynn had kept Barbie's secret—at least Anson had not unrelenting distance all this time. He was taking his revenge now.

But with desperate effort, Biddy rallied her confused senses to say, with considerable self-possession,

"Shure, Sur, an' it isn't meself that 'll be after havin' any one to go for me."

"Biddy, will you marry me?" said Anson, gravely, extending his hand.

"I will," said Biddy, promptly putting her hand in his, while old Joel came near choking with amazement.

It was too late to recede, however, whether he had really wished such a thing or not, as they soon made him understand. He went out of doors presently and privately pinched himself to ascertain if he were in his senses or not. Seeing the two standing in the window in close conversation soon after, he crept with the same laudable intention toward them, under cover of the bushes that grew by the house.

"Now, Barbie," Anson was saying, laughingly, "What is to be done next? I must say you've managed wonderfully well, but what do you suppose he'll say when he knows you're not Biddy at all?"

"Not Biddy at all!" screamed Joel Shellenbarger, struck with a sudden suspicion of he knew not what, as he started out of his covert.

I have said that Joel's sight was quite full of her close cap as immense as ever. She laughed, though, when she saw him, and deliberately taking off her cap shook her bright curls all about her face, and reaching toward him her little hand, said, archly, "Shure, Sir, an' ye won't be aither hatin' a poor girl because her name's Barbie Halstead instead of Biddy O'Flynn!"

"You—you Professor Halstead's girl?"

"Professor Halstead's my father, Sir," said Barbie, in her natural tones.

"What's that?"

Barbie repeated it.

"And you're not Irish?"

"Niver a bit!"

The old man stood a moment, clouds gathering in his face.

"Well, Anson," he said, rather surlily, "you've outwitted me again—much good may it do you. You'd better get out the horses now, and take Halstead's girl home. He must want to see her by this time."

"Yes, Sir." And Anson colored with mingled anger and amusement.

Barbie did not change countenance, however. Extending that pretty hand of hers again, she said, cheerily, "You'll be friends with me, Sir?"

Joel Shellenbarger turned back and gave his hand awkwardly. The girl took it in both hers, looking her bright arch face upward him, and saying, "I shall come back some time, Sir. Will you be glad to see me?"

Joel loosened and waved, and stammered out at last, "Yes, yes; come back, Biddy—I mean Miss O'Flynn—I mean Miss—"

"Barbie," interrupted the girl, quietly.

"Yes, come back; and the sooner the better. There, Anson, make the most on't!"

Barbie did come back, in a very few weeks, too, and nobody was gladder to see her than old Joel, though he was a little shy at first of Professor Halstead's girl. She soon made him forget, however, every thing save that she was Anson's wife; and the way he hummed the sly puss to sundry grants of money and other favors, before she left, I couldn't begin to tell you. But I'll like you to see the Shellenbarger place since Barbie has come there to live.

THE DEATH-LIGHT.

THERE is a bird of the grosebeak tribe, called the baya, of which many curious stories are related by travelers in the East Indies, in some districts of which it is common.

The baya is about the size of the rosate grosebeak of this country, a bird which it also resembles in form. Its plumage is brown, tinged here and there with lemon yellow, and its beak, which is remarkably thick and strong, is of the color and grain of ivory. Hence, among some of the aboriginal tribes it is called by a name which signifies the "elephant bird."

Of all the feathered species none perhaps is so susceptible of education as the baya. It can be taught to fetch and carry like a dog; to hold a silken thread in its beak and fly with it to a distance, until desired to stop, when it alights, and advances slowly along the ground toward its mistress, keeping the line of the proper state of tension while she winds it upon a reel; to feign death when aimed at with a toy pistol; to go through a variety of military evolutions, and to do a hundred other things which would make the fortune of a French poodle of average intellect. The strangest circumstance related about the baya, however, is that it lights up its nest with fire-flies. A traveler, incredulous with respect to what he alleged fact, asked an aged inhabitant of the mountains why the baya—the bird of the day, should thus illuminate its residence at night? To this the hill-chief replied that it is not for man to question the mysteries of nature. "The baya," said he, "beholds you as you move about in the light of the sun, but not to suppose that he troubles himself about the price you pay for the wax-candles that you burn in your tent at night?" No satisfactory solution has been propounded, however, respecting the night-lamps of the baya. It appears that the nest of this bird is partially composed of a great deal of glutinous fibre, to which the fire-flies are attracted, and by which they are caught as it with bird-lime, thus offering a natural repast to the young nestlings.

About the close of the last century, when peace had been proclaimed between the East India Company and the Mahratta chief of Mysore, a Scottish officer, serving in the army of the former, was about proceeding to England on leave of absence. During his service in the mountain districts he had been employed for some time as an interpreter, and finally as a Commissioner for negotiating terms of peace with certain hill-chiefs and tribes. While acting he became acquainted with a beautiful young princess, daughter of one of the rajahs of these people. This prefect blood-type of the Indian princess gained him the confidence of the rajah's family, with whom he remained for several weeks; and the result was that he fell desperately in love with the dark-eyed daughter of his host—a passion which was reciprocated by her with all the ardor of the glowing Oriental temperament.

The blood of the native tribes was yet red upon the hands of the conquerors, and it was the motive of policy alone that the rajah entertained his English guest, the disclosure of any designs on the part of whom with regard to the language of the house would in all probability have led to the death of both. The day had arrived for the departure of the young Englishman. He had a long, farewell interview with his *affiancée*—for such the rajah's daughter now was—and it was arranged between them that she was to elope with him under the cover of darkness. She was to meet him, soon after nightfall, in a certain grove of mango-trees, whence they were to be conveyed in palanquin to the military station nearest to the frontier.

It was already dusk as the young princess, taking with her all the most valuable ornaments and other jewelry, went stealthily forth from the house, and bent her steps toward the designated rendezvous. She turned down the lane that led from the corner end of the garden to take a last look at the lovely spot in which she had passed the seventeen years of her happy, innocent life. She felt a strong sentiment, but love prevailed, and she opened the garden wicket and went out into the field beyond. As she followed the path that wound through the tall maize her eye fell upon the nest of a baya, which she had observed there the evening before as she walked with her lover. But now the nest had already flown from the nest, around the edge of which a few fireflies still flickered with their pale, uncertain light. Led by a sudden impulse, the young girl took the nest from the branch of the beautiful shrub to which it was attached, and wove it jauntily into the heavy mass of her raven hair. She had made an appropriate present for her lover, who had collected many curious things to take with him to Europe, and had not provided himself with a baya's nest. It wanted yet half an hour of the appointed time of rendezvous when the rajah's daughter entered the mango-tope. Night had fallen, and she seated herself upon one of the stones of a ruined temple and waited for her lover.

That day a leopard had been reported in the neighborhood, and an old shikar, or hunter, lay in wait for it at night on the edge of the cultivated land that it had first been seen. A rustling in the bushes attracted his attention as he lay half dozing in his hammock. "If I could but see the glare of the beast's eyes," said he to himself, "I would soon plant my bullet between them. Something is glimmering among the tall stems yonder now," and he penetrated the gloom with his eagle eye.

Presently the glimmer became more distinct. It moved a little, then sparks of greenish light were plainly discernible through the night, and, taking a steady aim between these, the hunter discharged his matchlock.

No words can describe his horror when, on running to secure his prey, he saw, by the pale moonlight that now began to silver the stems of the mangoes, the dead body of the rajah's daughter, through whose head he had sent the fatal bullet, mistaking the gleaming of the baya's nest in her fair locks for a couching leopard. The time of his agony was brief, however. Now the hour of the rendezvous was passed, and the lover approached, attended by some

of his bearers. For a moment he was speechless with horror at the scene that met his view. Then, hardly yet comprehending the situation, a feeling of vengeance took possession of him, and, drawing a pistol from his belt, he shot the old hunter dead upon the spot.

By this time the rajah's people were aroused, for the princess had been missed from the household, and the lamentations of the old shikar, heard from the mango tope, directed the search to that quarter. The wretched lover made no attempt to escape. Paralyzed with horror, he was led before the rajah, whose first impulse was to behead him with his sword. But he reserved him for a more cruel fate.

Years after, when the walls of the rajah's fortress were battered down by the cannon sent against his successor, a human skeleton was found standing upright in a niche that had been laid open. To the skeleton there was chained a plate of gold, an inscription upon which, in the native language, briefly set forth the story narrated above.

FROM DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

"WHAT is the reason you object to live in the old family house, Alfred? The man who drove me from the station told me it was haunted; but you surely do not believe in such nonsense?"

"Certainly not. You must have a bad memory, however, if you can not understand the reason why no earthly inducement would bring me to occupy it."

"Well, my memory is bad enough, I allow; but when I left the country, seventeen years ago, your father and mother occupied it; and I have heard either you or your sister find any fault with it."

"Ah! I had forgotten. You have not heard of the dreadful event which cut us up root and branch for I am the only survivor of the family left, except my poor sister, and I shall never marry."

"Dread it, eh? If you had come out to me in South America when it happened you would have forgotten it long ago, and have seen homes as fully determined to marry and settle down as I am. But tell me all about it, my dear old boy! Let me see—when I left college you had just entered on your first term."

"Just so. Our parting was the first sorrow of my life. How well I remember my mother, sister Fanny, and myself walking with you to the station! Fanny was not much to look at then; but if you had seen her when she was two years older, you would have thought her, as I did, one of the most beautiful girls the sun ever shone upon.

"I understand that sunken Fanny was the rock on which the happiness of your life was wrecked, as novelists say."

"For Heaven's sake, Tom, do not speak another word in that jeering tone! I will tell you what has happened since, on condition that you do not speak of it again. We had a few months together to remain at college when I was sent for, in consequence of the serious illness of my mother. On reaching home I found that Fanny was staying there, and during this time we were necessarily a great deal together. My sister was occupied in attendance on our mother, and could not often accompany us in our walks. Under other circumstances I might have seen so many different faces, have had so many visits to make, and have found so much amusement in field-sports and in talking with my father respecting alterations and improvements about the estate, that I should have had comparatively few opportunities of associating with my cousin. As it was, we were in each other's society for hours daily. The result of this constant association was that I became passionately attached to her; and when my mother had recovered so far as to be out of danger, and I was about to return to college, I obtained from her the acknowledgment that my love was returned, and a full fee with the understanding that when I had taken my degree the day of our marriage should be fixed. If ever there was a man in the world who looked forward with undoubting confidence to a life of happiness I was that man. My father and mother were both favorable to our marriage, and there was no conceivable obstacle to oppose our wishes. The only person whom Fanny had to consult was her aunt, and there was nothing to fear from any objections on her part.

"I do not suppose you remember, even if you ever heard, that this aunt of hers was very rich. She had adopted Fanny and her brother when they were mere children, their father and mother having been drowned in a boat, when their ship was cast down in the Bay of Biscay. Fanny's brother I had never seen. His conduct was so bad at school that he was expelled, and disgusted his aunt so much that she refused to allow him to live with her, and he was sent from home. The frequency with which he wrote to her and his unfilled her feelings with such a dread so far as to induce her to increase his allowance, but she said she had vowed that her whole fortune should go to Fanny alone on her death, and nothing would induce her to break this solemn resolution.

"As I was leaving the college chapel one morning a fresh-man came and said 'Good-morning, Mr. Alfred,' and a man was held before me with a letter. I was so surprised that before I took the letter I looked at the fellow, and a chill came over me when I saw that it was the groom who waited upon me when I was at home. Telling him to go to my rooms, I went into the chapel, which was now empty, and opened the letter. It was written by my father in a hand that echoing me to bear the painful news he had to give me like a man, he told me briefly that Fanny had disappeared on the previous morning, and that they had been seeking her all night in vain. On reading this letter I rushed to my rooms, threw off my cap and gown, and without a quarter of an hour was driving homeward. My first question as I jumped out of the gig and took my father's hand was, 'Have you found her?' His answer was in the negative. He told me she had gone out alone before breakfast, as usual, and had not been seen since, though she had been sought for in every place.

"It may have been a year or more before this that I had taken a great interest in photography, and there was not a picturesque spot about the estate or near it I had not photographed. During my mother's illness it was my chief amusement; and, accompanied by my cousin and a man to carry the apparatus, I had spent whole days in practicing an art which, to me, had all the charm of novelty. I remembered well all the spots which had most pleased her, and where we had afterward walked most frequently. Too impatient to regulate my pace by my father's, I called to my groom to come with me, and set off to search those places beyond the limits of the estate which we had liked most. I had searched several of these without success, and had got as far as The Beeches, when I suddenly recollected that there was a place called 'Clay Hollow,' about two miles distant. This was a very lonely spot, but possessed a beautiful view, and had been a favorite walk of ours since we had discovered it. Wondering why I had not thought of it before, I set out for this place. The pathway which led into the hollow, wound through furze and broom, and came out behind a cottage. Here I called, but had no need to look further. Beneath this oak lay the dead body of the woman with whom I had expected to share my life's happiness.

"If this had happened but an hour ago I should not have had a vivid recollection of what I felt as I looked at the widely-open, glassy eyes and the distorted features which I had last seen full of life and animation. The body was carried home and laid in the servants' hall, and a surgeon was sent for, who, after a brief examination, told us, what I had seen already, that she had been strangled.

"No other motive for the deed except robbery could be suspected; but whether she had been robbed or not nobody could tell, as at that early hour of the morning the cottage was the only house in which any thing about her which any body could steal. There was indeed a brooch missing from her shawl, which was afterward found not among the grass. The necessary legal formalities were gone through the next day, and a verdict of 'Wilful Murder' returned against some person unknown was returned. Perfect love excludes every other feeling. I felt no shrinking horror at the sight of the dead body of my betrothed. All I felt and did I had remained beside the corpse; and it was while looking at the eyes, so changed since the mind had ceased to look out of them, that a thought occurred to me which I had immediately determined to put in execution as soon as the official investigation was over. The idea had been suggested by the *retina of the eye might be magnified so as to present a distinct image of the last object depicted upon it.* Every object depicted upon the retina of the eye endures for a time, and is succeeded and effaced by another. The duration of the image on the retina is, however, influenced by circumstances, and the eye is directed toward a very brightly-illuminated object the impression made upon the retina is so strong that when the eye is closed the image is not destroyed. The duration of the image is also affected by the condition of the nervous centers, and in the case of death is caused by strangulation the eye becomes charged with a vicious secretion, which is not without, but contained within the eyeball, in which vitality is expelled, and the last image impressed upon it is retained precisely as the picture is retained on the photographic plate, and can be printed off with the most delicate gradations of tone. These and similar reflections induced me to determine to put the conclusion I had arrived at to the test. With this view I requested the surgeon to remove one of the eyes from its socket. From this I took a great interest in photography, and had also got a camera, which I had used so frequently that I could give it back to him that he might restore it to its place. These pictures were of course very much smaller than the eye itself, but it was considered necessary to devise a method of enlarging them. No very profound knowledge of the effects produced by a combination of lenses was required to carry out the means of accomplishing this. I caused one of the rooms to be made totally dark, and an opening to be made in the window shutter, which was over the windows just large enough to admit a single ray of light. This ray was made to pass through a combination of lenses, and through the glass on which the photographic image was printed, a sheet of prepared paper being fixed to receive the magnified image, and record it in ineffaceable characters.

"Conceive, if you can, the intense anxiety with which I waited for the development of the hidden secret. The day was unusually dull and wet, both circumstances favorable for retaining distinctness of the image. Hour after hour dragged along till the day ended, and the result was just sufficiently evident to prove to me that I had not been on a false scent. I heard persons knocking at the door, but I took no heed of them. I felt neither hunger nor the want of sleep; but remained in the room through the long, long night, which seemed as if it would never come to an end, till I was half maddened by my impatience and the fear that the servants would have time to escape beyond the reach of discovery. I thanked God with all my soul when the first faint indication came of returning daylight. With the morning sun shone full on the window, and I saw with inexpressible satisfaction that the light was far more powerful than it had been during the previous very slow degrees—for it is not with these enlarged representations as with small ones—the latter require the most delicate defining. What mixed feelings of horror, rage, and grief filled my mind while this likeness of the murderer crept slowly but steadily from darkness into light!

"At last I had before me the portrait of the last human being on whom her eyes had rested. It was that of a man, young, with good features; but with an indescribable expression of mingled terror and ferocity in his face. This to some extent served as a disguise; but the features were too strongly marked for it to prevent any person who knew the original from recognizing him. I showed it to my father, and he had a vague impression that he had seen a person resembling it somewhere, but that was all. I then rode with it to the police-station, and put it into the hands of the superintendent. All the constables were called in, but they all declared that they had never seen a person about the country resembling the portrait. Leaving this in his possession, I took another likeness, which I myself showed to every individual, old and young, for miles round.

"All our researches were fruitless. Nobody had seen a person resembling the portrait—circumstance the more mysterious that it was not that of a person who would be likely to pass unnoticed. The only information we received was one that was made by the superintendent, namely, that the man, whoever he was, had come across the fields from the railway-station, and returned in the same way; but inquiries made at the station failed to confirm this idea.

"The constant sight of the effigy of the murderer almost drove me out of my senses. My brain was so far affected that I was incapable of applying myself to any thing. I believe nothing saved me from going raving mad but the conviction that I should one day discover the murderer. To search for him was my sole occupation. In theatres, on the race-course, at railway-stations—every where where men congregated I sought him. I saw nearly the amusements nor the business; nothing but faces. The death of my mother, which at any other time would have affected me deeply, came so soon after the other event that I hardly felt it.

"Month after month I wandered up and down the streets from morning to night, avoiding no place, however disreputable, in my search. I went to Vienna, and from that city to Venice, having been drawn to the latter place by a paragraph in a paper stating that the city was thronged with foreigners. I was always well supplied with letters of introduction to persons in every place I visited. The first I presented on the morning after my arrival in Venice was to Count Frasini, who, having called on me, sent an invitation for me to come off in the evening. The Count occupied a palace facing the square of St. Mark, a very large building, which on the evening was crowded with visitors. I had seated myself on a balcony outside the ball-room, from whence I could see all who approached the house by the principal entrance. I can say it was close upon midnight when I saw two gentlemen making their way toward the spot where I was sitting, and recognized among the young Archduke Maximilian and the commander of the Austrian troops. The taller of the two bent his head for the latter to pass under a low door-way. I then viewed his face; but the partial glimpse I got of it from time to time convinced me that I had at last found the object of my long pursuit. I entered the room; but just as I did so he seemed to think it would be hopeless to attempt to reach the Countess, for he suddenly left the room, and passed through a doorway, and disappeared. Little as I heeded it, I thrust aside in crossing the room, for I knew the only way through which, through the crowd of visitors that when I reached the staircase the man of whom I was in pursuit had reached the street. I descended the stairs, and found that they led me to a small door, which likewise opened into the square; but it was not that by which the man had left the room. Some distance and surrounded by servants and boatmen. I looked eagerly about the square, uncertain which way to proceed, and right I grasped a handful of his clothes. I could not speak for the moment, so great was my excitement; but I was not afraid to raise my voice to help I felt a sharp pain, and a decent through the air, followed by a sensation of extreme cold. After a time I recovered, and a cry that was not human was in the water, and then I seemed to fall asleep. A long sleep it must have been, for it was five weeks before I knew that I had been taken from the canal, from whence I had been taken by some boatmen who were close to me with their gondolas when I fired. Fortunately I had recovered sufficiently to move about my room (for the wound I had received was more painful than dangerous) I was told that I must continue my stay in custody, the boatmen who gave me over to the police officials having told them that I was pursuing a murderer. The robbery on a gentleman, when his two servants seized me, and in the scuffle wounded me, was a fabrication of my own.

"I sent for Count Frasini, and told him of what had happened. He soon settled the matter with the police, but he politely showed him to understand his guest he was unable to identify the original.

"I did not lose courage even under this disappointment; on the contrary, the conviction that I must find the object of my murderer grew stronger than ever. The first use I made of my renewed strength was to resume my search in Venice, but to no purpose; and when all hope of finding him here was gone I travelled to Rome. At this city I had letters of introduction to gentlemen of the highest distinction. Among these was one to Cardinal Antonelli, who received from Fanny's brother, who had returned to England and become reconciled to his aunt. I answered her letter, telling her that if she liked to accept him as her husband I could have no reason for objecting to him; that she had better act in the way most agreeable to her inclinations, subject to her aunt's approval, and that I would endeavor to reach England in time to be present at her wedding. Having written thus I dismissed the matter from my mind, and continued my wanderings. I shall not weary you by specifying any more of the cities I visited. I had heard that my sister was married and was very happy; and in many apartments and almost despair of succeeding in again meeting with Fanny's murderer I resolved to come back here for a time.

"I had not taken the trouble to write to my sister to say on what day I should come; so, as I was not expected, I walked across to the old oak tree beneath which the body had been found. I sat here buried in thought for a long time, and, on looking around into the lane on my way to the house, I met a woodman with whom I had spent many days in felling trees. He was so anxious that I should go to his cottage to see his wife, who had been nurse-maid in our family when I was a child, that I walked with him there. I staid there some time listening to what they had to say of changes about the estate, and of persons I had once known, but whose names I had then almost forgotten. On leaving them I found it was so late that I pushed my way through a hedge to get to the house by a shorter way than by following the carriage road. By going this way I had to pass through a wood; and directly I stepped out from beneath the trees I saw crossing the field, about a hundred paces distant from me, a man carrying a gun. I stepped out briskly to overtake him. The land had been newly plowed, so that he did not observe that my step was till I was close to him, when he turned round, and we stood face to face. The sun was going down, and he had to look full into it to see me; which was because of the rays which shone directly into his eyes. My heart for an instant ceased to beat. There before me—the original—unmistakably as in the photograph—stood the murderer I had been seeking for so many years. He, no doubt, recognized me, for he turned as white as chalk, and he had been suddenly turned to stone. As soon as the shock had passed I rushed at him and seized him with both hands. 'Fanny!' I said, 'you do not escape as at Venice.' He offered no resistance at first, and I looked around to see if there was any people near I could send to the constabulary for but the constables come to fetch him away. He may have understood why I withdrew my eyes from him, for he suddenly threw himself violently upon me, and seized me by the throat. He was far stronger than I, and I felt myself tossed hither and thither; but I clung to him with desperation. At last, as I wrestled with him, to throw him, but I could get no foothold on the uneven ground; and it was he who succeeded in throwing me. I fell, but rose again. Still I held him, but he could now press my throat with full force; and it was I now who had to struggle to keep my eyes open. My head seemed to be swelling to a monstrous size, and this was the last thing I remember.

"I lay in the field all that night. In the morning I was seen by the man who came to finish the plowing, and he, with the help of others, carried me home. I was quite unable to move; but I had a dreadful consciousness of what was being done. By the time I was laid on the bed I had recovered so far as to be able to speak, and the first words I spoke was an order to a man to ride as hard as he could go to the superintendent and bring back with him the superintendent.

"My sister came to my bedside as the man left the room. We were always excellent friends to each other; but I was surprised to see her so agitated by, as I supposed, the attack made on me. Her eyes were red and swollen, as if she had cried so worn and pale that I feared she was ill. After answering her questions with respect to myself, I said,

"'You were with our aunt when I took those photographs of poor Fanny's murderer, and have never seen one, have you? I thought not,' I continued; 'but if you open that desk which is in the breast-pocket of my coat you will see it.'

"She opened it, took out the portrait, and, looking at it, said, 'This is not the face in my husband's portrait. Where did you get it?'

"'Your husband! Fanny's brother!—her murderer!' I exclaimed. The truth flashed upon our minds at the same instant.

"For several hours she remained totally insensible; and when at last she became conscious she talked incoherently, and has not since recovered the use of her reason.

"I was detained, when I was told that the superintendent had arrived, that I had not had time or opportunity to mention to any body but my sister the cause of my having found insensible. Leaving it to be inferred that it was due to sudden illness, I gave the superintendent to understand that I had sent for him to direct a search after my brother-in-law, who had not been seen since the preceding evening. After he had left the room among the servants he came back to tell me that he would send over a constable to follow up the matter. As he was leaving the room, I said, carelessly,

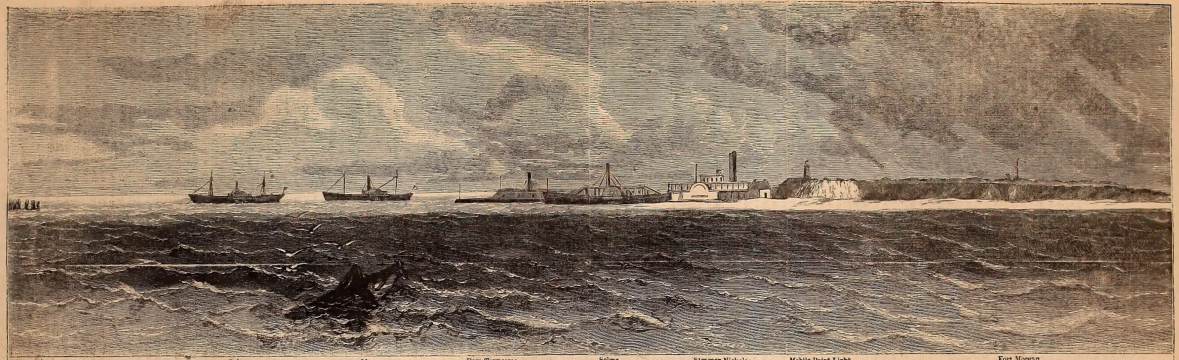
"'Have you still got the portrait I gave you several years ago?'

"'No,' he replied. 'I kept it about two years; but it had then faded almost entirely away, and then I threw it into the fire.'

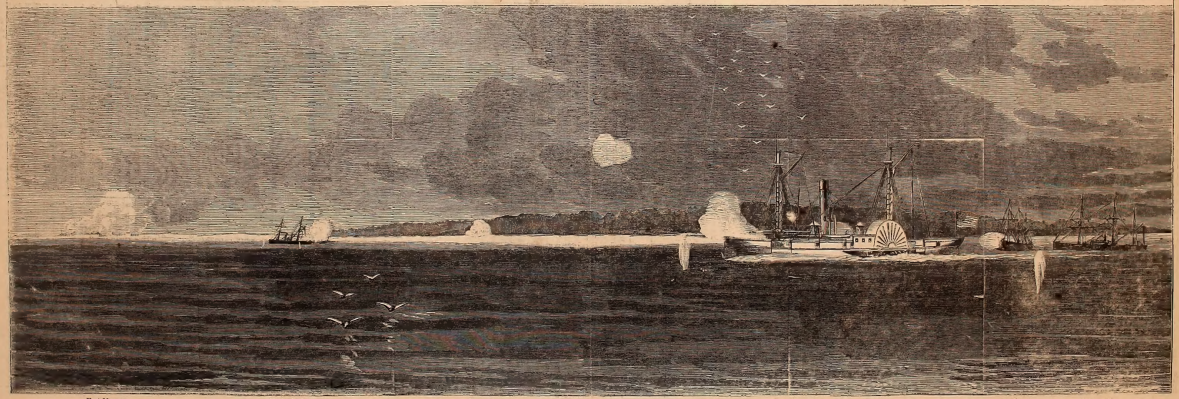
"I made him no answer; but I was thankful that the copy I had given him had been less durable than my own.

"It was found that my sister's husband had gone to London; and that is the last I heard concerning him.

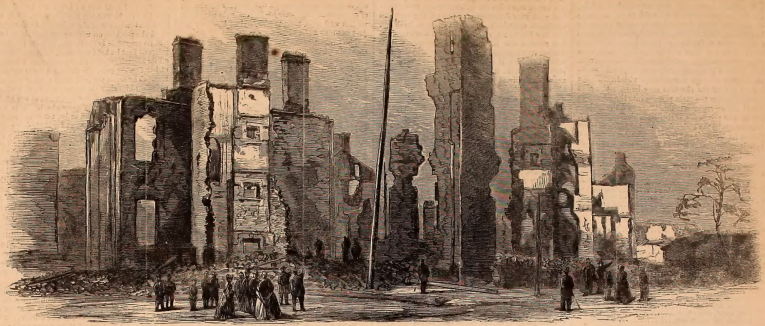
"Do I think he was his sister's murderer? you ask. Is it possible to doubt it? I have no hesitation whatever in saying that in all cases where death occurs in broad daylight, and especially when it is caused by similar means, the last object on which the eye rests will be found depicted on the retina after death, and from Darkness may be brought into Light.



FORT MORGAN AND THE REBEL FLEET.



OFF MOBILE—SHELLING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.—[See Page 541.]



THE RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG—BANK AND FRANKLIN HOTEL.—[Photographed by Bernite & Weldon, Harrisburg, Pa.]

THE RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG—VIEW OF MAIN STREET.—[Photographed by Bernite & Weldon.]

THE RUINS OF CHAMBERSBURG—THE TOWN-HALL.—Photographed by Bernite & Weldon.—[See Page 542.]

OFF MOBILE.

Now that FARRAGUT's fleet has attacked Mobile, the illustrations which we furnish of the blockade off that port and of the rebel fleet must prove doubly interesting to our readers. Fort Morgan is the principal defense of the city, at the entrance of Mobile Bay. The city itself is thirty miles distant, even after Forts Morgan and Gaines have been passed. Fort Morgan is so completely embanked with earthworks that only the ramparts are visible. At the left of one of the sketches may be seen the pits which obstruct the main passage into the bay. The lower sketch represents the *Metacomet*, the *Monongahela*, and the *Seminole* shelling a blockade-runner, supposed to be the *Owl*eigh, which into running she is trying lately to get out to sea. The *Metacomet* is a double-ender. Our fleet at Mobile now consists of the following vessels:

FLAG-SHIP—Hartford, screw sloop, 20 guns.

IRON-CLADS.

Winnebago, 2 turret Monitor	4 guns.
Chickasaw, 2 turret Monitor	4 guns.
Tecumseh, 1 turret Monitor	2 guns.
Manhattan, 1 turret Monitor	4 guns.
Four Mississippi River iron-clads	16 guns.

SCREW SLOOPS.

Richmond, first class	18 guns.
Brooklyn, first class	24 guns.
Monongahela, second class	12 guns.
Lackawanna, second class	11 guns.
Oneida, second class	10 guns.
Quinipe, second class	10 guns.
Galena, second class	14 guns.
Seminole, second class	8 guns.

DOUBLE-ENDERS.

Metacomet, side-wheel	10 guns.
Sebago, side-wheel	4 guns.
Port Royal, side-wheel	8 guns.
Cornmaugh, side-wheel	9 guns.

SCREW GUN-BOATS.

Kennebec	4 guns.
Pamola	4 guns.
Itasca	4 guns.
Penobsca	4 guns.
Pesquia	4 guns.
Tennessee	4 guns.

Besides these, there are five tugs, carrying two guns each.

BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG.

WE illustrate on page 541 the BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG by the rebels, July 30. A large rebel force was near at hand, but only a few hundred cavalry were employed in the work of conflagration. The burned district covers all the business portion of the town and some of the finest private residences. Not a store escaped; hotels, mills, manufactories—all were consumed. The view of Main Street, given in one of the sketches, will suggest to the reader the completeness of the work. The rebel General presiding over this carnival of destruction was MCCAUSLAND. He demanded \$100,000, the alternative of this outrage, knowing well enough that it could not be raised. The rebel soldiers added insult to injury, thus interpreting their military duty to defenseless women and helpless children. Bedridden old women even did not elicit any compassion in the breasts of these rebels. Uncoffined corpses had to be buried hastily in gardens to save them from the flames. In all the roads leading toward Harrisburg were multitudes of men, women, and children flying from the flames, with no clothing except that on their persons, and no provision against hunger and roofless exposure.

Much blame has been thrown upon General COOPER. But it is clearly impossible that he or any other General could protect Pennsylvania from being at some point infested, and if infested by an army regardless of the amenities of civilized warfare the result was inevitably such as we have described.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE BEFORE PETERSBURG.

THE explosion of the mine before Petersburg August 30, and the assault which followed it, form the subject of our illustration on pages 536 and 537. Our artist furnishes the following graphic description:

The picture is from a sketch made upon the Fifth Corps line at the time when the concussion opened along the entire front, just before sunrise. The crest of Cemetery Hill, above which is visible the steeples of Petersburg City, is the nearest line of light to term it, was the goal the army had in view. It being the key of the whole position. Upon and in front of this ridge rise the rebel forts and their intrenchments. Of what is on the top of it but little is visible. In front, however, in a line of works for infantry and artillery, rendered so strong by nature and the art of the engineer as to be extremely hard to penetrate. It was on a portion of this line that the mine was exploded, not in a few yards of redoubt, which could have been held with greater prospect of success, but in a re-entering angle or indentation of the general line, entirely enfiladed on its flank, and open to a fire in the rear. The "three tiers" of fortifications spoke of by correspondents do not exist except in their imaginations, inflated by the stories of stragglers and coffee-boilers. Our lines can be seen from the smoke of the artillery fire, representing a portion of the Fifth and Ninth Corps. In the fore-ground is a battery of 10-inch mortars, under the personal supervision of Colonel ABBOTT, in chief of artillery. The assistant chief, Major FITZGERALD, a gallant officer, was wounded during the engagement.

Coming upon this line soon after daylight of the 30th ult., a calm and clear morning, the rebels were plainly visible sitting about, and strolling upon and in front of their parapets, looking at the progress we had made, and enjoying the cool air, apparently unsuspicious. On our side no unusual number of men was visible, the works and covered ways giving ample concealment. Nevertheless many anxious eyes were directed to the point of the expected explosion, speculating upon the cause of its delay. The fuse had failed, and it was but a short time before sunrise that the mine was sprung. With a muffled roar it came, and as from the eruption of a volcano—which it much resembled—upward shot masses of earth, momently illuminated from beneath by the lurid flame. For a few seconds huge blocks of earth and other *débris*, mingled with dust, was seen in a column perhaps 150 feet in height, and then the heavy volume of smoke, which spread out in billowy waves on every side, enveloped all, like a shabby pall, for the two hundred souls that rushed into eternity. As if for breath after the short pause, the rebels regarding the grand demolition as though spellbound, and then one hundred and fifty guns opened in one great volley from the rebel lines. The storming columns could be seen springing forward to the doomed work: the air rapid commands soon hid that portion of the line in smoke, though the savage discharges of musketry showed plainly the enemy did not propose giving up without a struggle. Their artillery withered under the terrible accuracy of the fire directed against them, and the infantry firing, after a time became almost silent before the Fifth Corps. The Petersburg Express made regular trips into the city; the mortar shells, like huge birds of passage, creaked through the air and formed beautiful rings and spirals; while the sun, struggling through the heavy vapors of battle, revealed the assault's loss:

"'Tis morn. But scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun."

On the parapets of the works they had erected, the engineers and their chief, Major DUANE, carefully watched the counter. The hours sped along, and 4 P.M. arrived without the rebels firing, when a long column of the Ninth Corps became visible in the crater of the explosion, huddled in masses, but with their colors flying, and moving rapidly, scattering the enemy's fire with musketry and the rebel cannon, which they had turned upon its former owners. It was not long before the works were covered with the dead and wounded. Many ran to the rear, not a few being shot down before reaching cover. Others could be seen running up the gentle slope toward Petersburg, voluntary prisoners. The rebels in their turn charged our men, yelling as they came up. It was a desperate struggle, fiercely, during some back and capturing others, in spite of the staggering volleys they received; and it then became evident that the assault had failed, and that we must lose what we had been if they had pushed on and taken the crest of the hill.

BLUE-BELLE.

A CHILDISH face, too smooth and soft, you would have thought, for suffering; with a little forehead into waves around it; dimples in the cheeks; red, coy lips, pouting a little; a round, pliant chin; and curls falling in Joshua's where the little head was on the full, white throat; a character without force enough, you would have said, to be bad or good—a passive, plastic nature, upon which other stronger souls could stamp themselves, and coin saint or sinner as fate ordered. Looking out of the window with a vague dreamy expression, and half longing for some one to do something—for a sensation.

That was Belle Lansing—Blue-belle they all called her, by reason of liking to wear blue dresses which she almost always wore to match them.

What had Colonel Eustace thought when he gave her heart and hand into those little hands? He loved for her was unaccountable, people said; but people say that of almost all love affairs. Lookers-on never understand the game of others. Only the players can call trumps and honors are very common cards to them. At any rate Colonel Eustace was not a common man. He was handsome, and though Belle Lansing was not worthy to unloose would have been proud of his love. He was past his youth, but in the rich prime of his manhood. He had learned the lessons thirty-five years of life held for him, gained strength, courage, and patience in his battle with fate, and stood now in the summit he had gained a hero. Only one thing he had missed "in in his life's full scope," they said. And what uncanny fate was it that introduced him to Blue-belle?

He had seen as little of women. They might have souls and minds for all he knew; doubtless they had; but he only looked in them for two things —hearts and faces. The face must be fair, and the heart—of course were best reflections of hearts, and through many eyes what could shine like sunny nature?

So as Blue-belle walking under the elm-trees that arched like the roof of a temple over the straight village street. The sunset rayed in places the trees like golden arrows, and flooded with a scintillant radiance her yellow hair. Blushes—childish, innocent-looking blushes—came and went over the cheeks. Blue eyes, very much resembling the form, light-grass —surely here was Nature's master-piece. Like so many men of his age he fell straight into love. He did not pause to analyze or consider. That he was a good, simple girl—as men of thirty-five believe all girls of seventeen to be good and simple—he never doubted. He did not ask for any thing more for the highest part of his nature to mate with. That had sufficed for itself hitherto. He wanted something to get, to caress, to be fond of; some one who would make home for him by-and-by.

Blue-belle was flattered. If she had a heart she had never found it out; but something pink-and-innocent-looking little creature as she was—these were not wanting. Colonel Eustace, of the regular army, was a great personage in her eyes. She felt herself distinguished by his attentions, and she accepted them with an eagerness which he thought was simplicity.

Of course he made love deservedly, as is the nature of men, and considering also that he had but three weeks wherein to secure what appeared to him just then to be the chiefest treasure the earth held. Blue-belle was eminently receptive—receptive rather than demonstrative—for her nature was not large or intense enough to have very much need of expression. She wore his flowers, rode with him, walked with him, sang to him, and let him love her just as much as he pleased.

The night he bade her good-by she was a little startled at his emotion. The spirit she had raised frightened her. She did not know what such strong words meant. She wished he would not hold her hands so tight, or look so much about them. She would have liked a cheerful parting better—some pretty speeches about winning laurels to lay at her feet—some protestations—some gallant compliments. Eustace was too much in earnest then for any such light wooing. He believed that he was parting with the woman whom the earth held for him, the woman who loved as he loved—who would crown his life if he lived, and be faithful to his memory till the next world if he died. So he talked to her, not of love merely, but of death and heaven. She gave him a soft tress of her hair, and kissed him, and he folded it away as something sacred. He looked at her—a long, silent look—a gaze that would hold in memory forever every line of her loveliness; and then, with a passionate "God bless you!" he went away.

And now it was only a week after said pretty Blue-belle sat at the window looking for some new excitement—something to put a little savor into the life which had grown more monotonous than ever when Colonel Eustace left with his regiment. Her head dropped out of it. For Blue-belle was neither strong-hearted nor strong-minded. She was not sufficient unto herself, and had not enough imagination to solace herself with memory and anticipation. She wanted something tangible and present—something to enjoy.

Behind her, sitting thus at the window and murmuring vague discontents, came Madge, her sister. Madge Lansing was a year older than the other, and home, called by the same family name—sisters in so far; but in every thing else, in looks as well as in nature, almost as far apart as dark and dim; but without her own claims to beauty, but beauty of a very different kind from Belle's. It was beauty that didn't catch the eye, lacking in fullness and of shape or tint, though her features were clearly cut and noble, and the long dusky hair matched in shade the great dark eyes. But it was only now and then that her eyes told you any thing, or any one came into the clear olive of her cheek. Usually her face looked dull, and her life had been lived resolutely over all that her heart felt. Now and then, though, her eyes flashed with scorn, or softened with a tenderness which was mightier than mastery. But Blue-belle's cool ever fathom. Just now, as she came up to the window, she looked contemptuously in her face. You could see in a certain kind of love for the weak, pretty child she looked at, but a love touched with pity and vexation. Madge's voice was earnest and honest, and her words might have seemed ungentle if some unexpressed tenderness had not softened them.

"Belle, you vex me. You are not worth one of Colonel Eustace's thoughts. Sitting here sighing for excitement—sighing for scarcely a week gone. He ought to despise you!"

"See if you could make him!" and even Madge was not proof against the charm of the soft and sonorous mouth—the rebellious, provoking blue eyes. She spoke more gently.

"But, Belle, you're not a child any longer; for the sake of your own womanhood put away childish things. If Colonel Eustace loves you, why are you not content? Is it a compliment of honor could he mean ask? Why are you not satisfied to think of him, to live for him? This craving for new excitement is unworthy of you both. Have you no heart?"

"If I have not whose fault is it? *I* did not make my own nature," with tears magnifying the pretty blue eyes. "Neither you nor John Eustace has a right to ask me to be any thing but myself. If you don't like me as I am, leave me. I never could have great professions to Colonel Eustace, or gave him any reason to think I could love in the exclusive, self-sacrificing way. High-and-mighty manner you and he talk about."

"No, but he saw himself reflected in you, and you let him go on believing that you loved him—you know you did. As for the *kind* of love he had no idea of any kind but one. To him love is love."

"And to me Colonel Eustace is a bore."

The words were saucy, but the glance which accompanied them was arch, and a kiss upon Madge's cool swelling lip was tenderness.

After that came a visitor, another military hero—Captain Denham. Recruiting in the village, and riding by, he saw at the window the two girls under the primrose face with its yellow hair framing it, and dismounted and asked admittance. He was a "Sanitary Fair" which gave him a right to call, so he entered in at the gate. He, too, was there for only a few weeks, and had been ordered to the west, Colonel of Volunteers. He was quite of Blue-belle's kind; young, merry, handsome, and a little thoughtless. He was not quite so much so as to be sure, for he had not wasted it on so many flirtations.

He, too, felt straightway in love, and began with all his ability to wear Blue-belle's fetters. Of course she did not mean to care for him. She considered herself betrothed to Colonel Eustace, and she meant to be true to him, and shed small tears at parting over her bridegroom. If she had not been so fettered Denham would have suited her well. Of good family, rich, and the handsomest and most agreeable man at once noble and undisciplined, he was ten times more to her taste than her graver lover had ever been. He was not afraid to show that, and persuaded herself that she was devoted to Eustace. Captain Denham, she would have said, amused her—supplied the missing excitement for which she had been longing. So she went over again with him the same paths she had trodden at John Eustace's side—Madge wondered the very stones at her feet did not cry out against her. She rode with this new-comer, sang to him, and let him put summer roses in her yellow hair, a look of which he only close to a heart far away—a heart too noble for her to understand. And Ralph Denham loved her too; loved her with a selfish, frantic, craving love—a young man's love.

What evil spell was on her when he told her of this love? It was not too late then. She might have said to him that she belonged to Eustace—instead she put him off with vague denials, once that had no emphasis in them, and in spite of which he believed that he held her heart. Even when he cast off for himself, without her permission, a loose tress of her flowing hair, she did not take it away from him. The tress was, she came a great deal nearer to loving him than she had ever done to loving Eustace—he was nearer her age, more of her kind.

When he went away she began to realize what she had done, and to be, not remorseful—her nature was not deep enough for that—but frightened over it. She went to Madge, of course, and told her all. It was her wont to pile all her burdens on some other person's shoulders. But she got no comfort. Madge could not understand her state of mind. That a woman should not know which of two men she loved, and should encourage both, was a state of things she could neither pity nor comprehend. So Blue-belle had to console herself as she best could. She found a crumb of comfort in thinking that her two lovers were true friends, and knew each other, though both were with the Army of the Potomac. She thought there would be little probability of intimacy or acquaintance between a Colonel of regulars and a Captain of volunteers, though, as she said to Madge, it was an even chance that they would both be killed, and ten chances to one that one or the other would be.

"And you would marry the survivor, whichever he might be?" Madge questioned, with a wrathful blaze in her eyes, and an intensity of scorn in her tone that made Blue-belle quake a little.

After a while both of them wrote to her, and as it never rain but it pours, both letters came on the same day, and were both from male Belle Lansing loves more comfortable than she had known in her life. She saw how both depended on her and loved her—how each would be her slave if she chose his wife. To see how true and honest they had been did at last rouse some late remorse in her heart; but presently, as she read a half dozen pages of Denham's letter, all contrition was swallowed up in one agony of fear. He spoke of Colonel Eustace as his best friend. A friendly connection, of which she had not heard before, was the explanation; but Denham said the kindness he had received from the Colonel was something more than that for his own right to expect. He wrote of him with a frank enthusiasm, a warmth of attachment, which filled Belle with terror. Of course, she thought, he would tell the Colonel about her. Judging him, as women are apt to judge men, by herself, she thought it would be impossible for him to keep so dear a friend a secret which lay so near his heart.

Her dismay was intense. If there had not been something flattering in it it would have been pathetic. They would talk her over together, and they would both hate her. "Wouldn't they?" She questioned Madge, who had been looking at her bewailings in unsympathetic silence.

"No!" Madge did not think Colonel Eustace would hate her. She thought he would be sorry he would have for a woman who was too weak to know her own mind except in the selfish manner described by another that hate. As for the Captain, he was young and in love—besides, he was the latest comer—perhaps he would overlook all.

But even this view of the subject was scarcely consolatory to Blue-belle. The higher grasps hang the sweeter they are to the hand when he shall have all it would help him to an understanding of himself and his own needs, which would insure him against heart-break. Indeed such a word as heart-break be permissible in remotest connection with six feet of heroic flesh and blood under the uniform of the United States.

The next letter was from Colonel Eustace, and came for Madge. While in her neighborhood the Colonel had scarcely observed Blue-belle's dark and quiet elder sister. It was singular how clearly her image came back to him when an emergency arrived where strength was needed.

Strong as Madge was her heart was pierced a little when she held his letter in them. Why had he written to her? Was it not after a great battle —was there something he feared to say to Belle? Was any one wounded—ill, dying, or dead, and was Captain Denham dead? She was thankful that Blue-belle was out, and she could read the letter with no questioning, and time for writing for its tidings. She opened it, and it seemed scarcely a moment before she understood all.

The night before the battle Captain Denham had come to him with a letter to be forwarded, in case he died, to Miss Belle Lansing. Then, with the narrow's desperate chance before him, the young man's heart had opened to his friend, and Colonel Eustace had listened to the whole story of his love and that letter. He had told nothing, but he thought the latest lover must have been the dearest to that fickle girl-heart. If Denham must die, let him die believing himself beloved—if he lived, why not believe himself beloved also, and be happy. For his own part, of course, he had no disposition to contest such a delusion—his entire life had not loved him, whatever she might have felt for Denham. In any event his dream was over. If the wound was sore, he uttered, writing to Madge, no word of complaint.

He passed from his account of this interview in his tent the night before the battle to his story of the morrow's strife. Denham had distinguished himself, he had been severely wounded. There was some hope for his life, but he lay now in hospital, delirious, and calling constantly for Belle,

He had need of better nursing than the regular attendants could give, in this time of hurry and confusion—if there had been any truth in that love in which Captain Denham had certainly the firmest faith, did not Miss Lansing think her sister could, and ought to, come to the hospital at once?

As Madge raised her eyes she met Belle's. She had come in from walking, and Madge had been too much absorbed to notice her footsteps. She stood there, her face white with a desperate terror, looking at the handwriting she knew so well on the cover of the letter her sister was reading.

Madge knew not how to soften her tidings. She felt her helplessness. She put handed the letter to Belle, and kept silence until the girl had read it all through. Then she asked, simply,

"How can you be ready?"

"Oh, Madge, I can not, can not go! How could I ever see Colonel Eustace? I should die of shame."

Madge looked at her sternly.

"Belle," she said, in a tone as relentless as an avenging conscience, "which of those men did you love? It is no time for folly or self-deception when death is waiting for one of your victims."

Belle trembled. For the first time in her life, she looked resolutely into her own soul and sounded its depths. Then she answered as solemnly as if she were speaking at the Judgment,

"I dearly love Denham. Colonel Eustace only dazzled me. I thought his attentions were a great honor, and I did not know what love was. But I did not know either that I loved Denham until this new cause. If he dies it will be God's punishment for my sin."

"Do you love him, and hesitate about going to him for fear of Colonel Eustace's scorn? Child, you will ruin all your life if you falter now. You must go to-day."

They had no one to ask. They were orphans, the two girls, and the aunt who lived with them and was indebted to them for home and comfort never thought of criticising their proceedings. Madge was the ruling spirit in all emergencies. She got Belle ready, and packed the things they would both need. Belle noticed nothing, but when they were at the door she said, appealingly,

"If you were only going, Madge!"

"Of course I am. You did not think I should send you alone?"

After that Belle said no more. She performed the journey mechanically. At its close Colonel Eustace met them. He had made sure that they would come. He bowed to Belle gravely and respectfully, and answered Madge's inquiry for Captain Denham with as few words as possible.

"Yes, he is alive still. Are you able to go at once to the hospital?"

They found the patient very ill. Belle's eyes filled with bitter tears as she heard him ask for her, in pleading, helpless tones. She lost her pride and unfounded shame when Colonel Eustace's eyes, and pressed her lips to his face.

"I am here, Denham. I will not leave you."

Strength seemed to go out from her: courage to breathe from her lips. She seemed to infuse something of her own vitality into the man she loved. He began to improve from the very night of her coming. She watched him week after week, as he clinked slowly upward from the valley and shadow of death, the darkness in which he had seemed to stand. During those weeks she grew into womanhood. The careless, selfish child was gone forever. A woman-nature looked out of her blue eyes, which many tears had softened. There would be no danger now of her scorching again who she loved.

When at last Captain Denham rose from his bed of pain, thin, pale, lame, and disabled for evermore from fighting for his country's wars, he made her humble confession to him—told him the whole story of her acquaintance with Colonel Eustace—her uncertainty, even after she knew him, what was her heart, until the sharp blade of anguish had probed it and revealed its secret.

"Can you ever forgive me?" was her concluding sentence.

He looked at her sadly.

"Is my forgiveness worth any thing, Blue-belle? Could you ever marry me, but from esteem, pity?"

Her eyes answered him; her cheeks, where the blushes came and went as of old; the tone of all the trembling lips, which he closed with his kisses.

That day, too, Colonel Eustace stole an hour to talk with Madge.

"If I only dared to say I love you; but how can I hope you will believe me when you know all I felt for Belle—when I saw you at the same time I saw her, and did not choose you—did not recognize you? And, Madge, if you only could not believe that I offer you no second place in a worn-out heart, but first love, best love, of which the other was only a prefiguring dream, you could be all the world to me."

To him, her first lover, Madge Lansing raised her eyes—those great, dark eyes, full now of light and splendor, uttering her soul as no words could; and he, from henceforth to be her other self, understood her, knew that there could be no more doubt between them.

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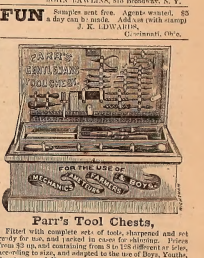

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1864 Presidential Campaign 1864

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 400.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District, of New York.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—EXPLOSION AT CITY POINT, AUGUST 9, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 550.]

Songs of the Army.

By PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

I.

THE TROOPER TO HIS MARE.

Old girl that hast borne me far and fast
On pawing hoofs that were never loth,
Our gallop to-day may be the last
For thee, or for me, or perchance for both!
As I tighten your girth do you nothing daunt?
Do you catch the hint of our farming fun?
And now the artillery move to the front,
Have you never a qualm, Bay Bess of mine?

It is dainty to see you sidle and start
As you move to the battle's cloudy marge,
And to feel the swells of your wakening heart
When our sonorous bugles sound a charge;
At the scream of the shell and the roll of the drum
You feign to be frightened with roguish glance;
But up the green slopes where the bullets hum,
Coquettishly, darling, I've known you dance.

Your skin is satin, your nostrils red,
Your ears are a bird's or a loving girl's;
And from delicate fetlock to stately head
A throbbing vein-cordage around you curls.
Oh, joy of my heart! if you there slay,
For triumph or rout I little care;
For there isn't in all the wide valley to-day
Such a dear little, bridle-wise, thorough-bred mare!

II.

HOW THE SOLDIERS TALK.

We have heard the rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well
And mean to fight it out;
In victory's happy glow,
In the gloom of utter rout,
We have pledged ourselves—"Come weal or woe,
By Heaven! we fight it out!"

'Tis now too late to question
What brought the war about;
'Tis a thing of pride and passion
And we mean to fight it out.
Let the "big wigs" use the pen,
Let them caucus, let them spout,
We are half a million weaponed men
And mean to fight it out.

Our dead, our loved, are crying
From many a stormet redoubt,
In the wreathed trenches lying—
"Oh, comrades, fight it out!
'Twas our comfort as we fell
To hear the clattering shout,
Rolling back the rebels' weaker yell—
God-speed you, fight it out!"

The negro—free or slave—
We care no pin about,
But for the flag our fathers gave
We mean to fight it out;
And while that banner lives
One rebel rag shall flout,
With volleying arm and flashing glaive
By Heaven! we fight it out!

Oh, we've heard the rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out:
In the flush of perfect triumph,
And the gloom of utter rout,
We have sworn on many a bloody field
"We mean to fight it out!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

IF we would all only bear in mind the chances and conditions of every war, we should be less disposed to grumble over our misfortunes, reason too confidently from our successes. That the campaign of this summer was to be fierce, bloody, and long, that all campaigns, uncertain, every thoughtful man was aware. That LEE, if too sorely pressed to risk a battle in the open field, could fall back, and with a trained army, behind the defences of Richmond, hold GRANT long at bay, was as evident a possibility as it is now a plain fact. That some one or many of the accessory movements of GRANT might fail, and so delay and embarrass his own operations, was as probable in May as it is proved in August. That SHERMAN'S campaign was as dangerous as it was daring; that to penetrate an enemy's country in the face of his army and through a most difficult region where nature was his most efficient ally, to advance further and further from your base, exposing your supplies to the flying assaults of guerrilla hordes hovering upon your flanks and rear, was a movement full of constant peril whose failure would be as unfortunate as its triumph would be magnificent and vital, and that necessarily, oath in Virginia and Georgia, the progress of events could not be other than gradual, since only very foolish people believed in a sudden "collapse" of the rebellion, or "breaking its back-bone" at a stroke—all these things we ought to have known if we did not; and we shall individually not plume ourselves very much upon having suggested last April and May, because the consideration was so obvious, to those who wished to wait until August before nominating a President that there was no reason to suppose the campaign would end by August. But because the campaign is not yet decided, because GRANT is still before Richmond and SHERMAN not yet in possession of Atlanta, we are regaled with the ancient taunt of the enemy, "You can't conquer the South;" and with the old whine of the friend, "Oh dear! the North is rent in all and wishes to be humiliated."

Now the whole question of this war is a question of character. That the Government—or, in other words, the people—have the power to subdue the rebels and restore the Union, is undeniable. The only inquiry is, will they exert the power, or have they become indifferent? We confess that we are not of it. The vile excitement and enthusiasm of the opening war have of course passed away. The apparent unanimity has disappeared; and the party divisions which in every country, at every period, and in every war, have been developed, are evident among ourselves. The enormous expense, the inevitable civil, military, and naval blunders, which also accompany every great war, have appeared, and with them the bitter partisan appeals to political and party based upon systematic misrepresentation, and sustained by secret sympathy with the enemy. The foolish prophecies and deceits of the press, which are by no means always willful, but often the result of enthusiasm and imperfect information, have also fitfully exalted and depressed the sensitive national heart, until now, in the fourth year of the war, with a Presidential election coming on, the fury of party difference is so hot that many a doubtful observer wonders whether patriotism is not altogether lost and the country ruined.

No; the time for that question is passed. The enemies of this country never had so fair a chance as in the winter of 1860–61, and that chance is lost forever. Those enemies were united, ready, firm, and every advantage, moral and physical was theirs. The North—to use a convenient term—was sure neither of its cause nor of its purpose; it doubted not only whether it had a right to fight, but whether it wanted it or whether it could. Its traditions and habits were all those of peace: it was a trader, and war ruined trade; for slavery it cared very little; the first thing it feared, and had always avoided at any cost, was attempted disunion; the second thing was interruption of its trade: it felt itself declining, dwindling, half disorganized: it saw that it had nine hundred soldiers in its army, four ships in its navy, and five hundred thousand dollars in its treasury; it heard many of the trained leaders of "Northern" sentiment loudly crying, "Let them go!" "Let them go!" it was sure of nothing whatever but its own doubt. It seemed a peaceful, commercial, and huge mummy, apparently erect, but which the slightest touch would bring down in dust. That was the most horrible, the most humiliating hour that any state has ever known. And just as the appalled spectator listened to hear the death-rattle from these shriveled lips they suddenly swelled with the red blood from the heart, and the battle-cry of life burst from them exultingly.

Into the struggle we went. Every thing was to do, and nothing was done: money was to be raised and trained; a navy to be built: a treasury to be filled; every kind of treachery and plotted disaster to be encountered and endured; selfishness, incapacity, lying, swindling, upon the most colossal scale and in every department, civil and military; the shame of defeats; the scorn and hostility of Europe; the most prominent financial convulsion and universal ruin—all these difficulties, in every form and in all degrees, we clustered with in one year. Slowly, the patriotism, of the American people has had to encounter and resolve, and it has not failed.

It has maintained tranquility in the loyal States and steadily resisted disunion. It has raised such an army and fought such battles as no American had conceived; it has built a navy which has successfully blockaded half the Atlantic coast of the continent; it has supplied an adequate currency and averted serious financial panic; it has occupied New Orleans and opened the Mississippi; advanced from the Ohio to Chattanooga, from Chattanooga to Atlanta; it beleaguers the chief rebel host in its capital; it liberates under arms a great state, Missouri; it has steadily compressed and reduced the area of the rebellion until now it is striking at its vital centres; while every source of the rebel strength is strained, every man, woman, and child that a despotism of terror can drag into the service is arrayed against us, stimulated by every frantic appeal, and assured that they are defending their hearths and their honor. Meanwhile the Government, so patient and forbearing as to alienate some of its most loyal friends who denounce it as weak and vacillating and stupid, yet so resolute and prompt as to be cursed by its factious enemies as an intolerable tyranny, stands ready to hear and consider every authorized offer of peace which may be made by the rebels. No man whose opinion is free from factious bias believes that the Government wishes another shot fired in this war, or has any other desire than the restoration and permanent security of the Union.

If these things are so—and who will deny it—is there any reason for shaking and shuddering? Is all mere a great many loud Copperheads and faint-hearted patriots every day; but in all wars the grumblers, and doubters, and opponents are always vigorously more numerous than the devoted and energetic friends, unless—as in France in '93, and in the slave States now—the opposition is suppressed by terror. There are not half so many Copperheads and faint-hearted patriots among us now as there were in the Revolution. Every difficulty we encounter was ten-fold greater in our fathers' time. Sometimes the clouds of discontent and opposition were so thick that WASHINGTON himself was almost discouraged. But he knew that a people which had been willing to try the struggle with the great British empire could not fail. It was a question of character, and the quality of character could best be shown by undertaking the contest. So with us, the odds against the Government at the opening of this war were enormous. But they have been baffled. The enemies, the gunboats, the blockade, the treasury, the armies, all the doleful prophecies, the shouts of enemies, the dismal quakings of friends, do not and can not avail against a clear, steady, resolute purpose which carries the nation along. The Cowboys of the Revolution tinkled their dolorous bells like the Copperhead Conservatives of the rebellion. But the bells were neither cows nor cowards; and they made a nation. Their children have already shown themselves worthy of their sires. Be of good cheer, O ye of little faith! the soul of the American people is marching on.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THAT the Administration is not the Government is a very favorite proposition of those who refuse the slightest sympathy or aid to the war. It is certainly not a very original proposition, but it is urged with all the ardor of a new discovery and the excitement of a profound truth. A man, for instance, opposes at every point of the Administration; embarrasses in every way the raising of men and money; misrepresents every loyal act, and is unending in his praises of the rebel resources, strength, and resources, and in his censure of the outrageous conduct of the North in exasperating the Southern gentlemen to revolt; in short, does all the moral aid and comfort in his power to the men who are trying to destroy the Union. If you tell him that he is not a very strong friend of the Government, he replies with the air of a man who is making an excellent reparee, "Sir, the Administration is not the Government."

Very true: neither is the body the soul. But when a Government is assailed a man can pursue but one of two courses; he must either help save the Government by aiding those who administer it, or he must help to aid them he must co-operate with the enemy.

For instance, if a Government is attacked by force, it must have men to defend itself; and to such call the Administration sees them sent through the Administration. But if you go about denouncing the Administration as tyrannical, oppressive, and wicked, and insist that its purposes are selfish and base, do all you can to overthrow the Government, because you endeavor to prevent the raising of men by the Administration, by that means and only can the Government be defended. So with the loan: if you decry the credit of the nation, prophesy inevitable financial ruin, extol the desperate determination of the rebels, and intimidate rather than to submit, and promise every poor man death instead of a chicken in his pot, you hinder the Administration from raising money and you consequently do all you can to destroy the Government, which can not be maintained without it.

The Government is visible and practicable, and operative only in the Administration. Our Government is the administration of the power of the people by the people, and sustained by the Constitution. If the people elect a Congress which passes laws which the Administration executes, and any citizen, saying that the laws are unconstitutional, refuses to obey, he is forced to yield or to pay the penalty of disobedience. If he can persuade a great body of others to join him, they may exclude the Administration; but they have also overthrown the Government, because the fundamental law prescribes a course of action, in case of dissent, which they have not regarded.

Therefore for a party to say that they will support an administration so far as it acts constitutionally is folly. For does the Constitution make them or any citizen the judge of what is constitutional? Does a measure or policy become unconstitutional because a party caucus or convention denounces it as such? Besides, if a party is honestly persuaded that an administration is unconstitutional in its general policy, how can it support it in raising an army, for instance, by which it may enforce its unconstitutional measures? The Opposition say that they are in favor of the Government which is endangered by the Administration. How, then, can they conscientiously strengthen an administration which threatens the Government?

This is the point upon which the logic of Mr. FERNANDO WOOD is stronger than that of those who declare their hostility to the Administration, and yet insist upon supporting the Government by men and money. The truth is, the Government of the United States is to be attacked and defended only in the Administration. Elect a peace Administration, and you overthrow that Government. Elect a war Administration, and evidently you can maintain the Government only by supporting the Administration; which is, in other words, supporting its policy. Therefore, if any man believed, what a great many men say, that the Administration is trying to overthrow the Government, it would be his patriotic duty to save it by depriving the Administration of men and money. But to do that is to secure the triumph of the rebellion. What then? Its is of opinion that the Administration is as rebellious as the rebellion.

It was a great political blunder of the Opposition not to see and avoid the danger of the cry that the Administration is not the Government, and that the Administration is unconstitutional—because that led them to justify those who refuse to support the Administration, which a man with one eye could see was surrendering the Government, and so placed them by the side of the rebels. The true point of attack should have been the attempt to show what they would denounce as the folly, the weakness, the blunders, the extravagance of the Administration, while they stoutly supported its calls for men and money: showing as artfully as possible that the Administration with all its faults must be endured because it was constitutionally elected, and the alternative of its overthrow was anarchy; while the war should be prosecuted more vigorously and more economically under another administration. This is what DOUGLAS would have done—what any great party leader would have done.

Instead of this they denounce the Administration as treacherous to the Government, and thereby commend themselves to Mr. FERNANDO WOOD. Does any sane American suppose that that following leads to national union, liberty, or honor? This war is to be prosecuted to the victory of the Union, or it is to be stopped upon terms that rebels may prescribe. Is there any possible candidate among those who have opposed the war from whose election we would be a guarantee of greater vigor in conducting the war? And if not, is not the defeat of the Administration a step toward the overthrow of the Government?

DAWSON'S "FEDERALIST."

SOME months since appeared a large and handsome edition of the *Federalist*, edited by Mr. HENRY B. DAWSON. The publication was presently followed by a highly animated correspondence in the papers between that gentleman, Mr. DAWSON, and Messrs. JAMES A. HAMILTON and JOHN JAY, mainly touching the aid and approbation the latter gentlemen were accused of implied to have given to the new edition. So far as the controversy was personal we believe it is ended; but in "Mr. JAY'S Second Letter on Mr. DAWSON'S Introduction to the *Federalist*" there are points of profound public concern.

We have more than once alluded to the attempt now made to pervert sentiments of Union in the popular mind. The friends and political allies of the rebel leaders, under the cry of State Rights and State Sovereignty, are following Mr. CALHOUN in his effort to establish as the popular conviction that the Union is a League of sovereign and independent States, and that the Constitution is a treaty of mutual compact, as of the scope of his allegiance to it, each sovereign is the judge. This doctrine, of course, is the end of the Union, of the Government, and of the Nation; and is the complete triumph of the rebellion. The *Federalist* has been always considered the impregnable defense of the doctrine of American nationality in the Union. It was therefore a skillful plan of the enemies of the Union to attempt to undermine that defense. This plan, according to Mr. JAY, has been successful, and the object of his Second Letter is to show that SCHERER'S covely criticism of the *Federalist* is and is to be edited by Mr. DAWSON, for a second volume is yet to come, to shake the fundamental faith of the American people in the truth that their fathers in forming the Union practically founded a nation.

It seems that our old friends of the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge, headed by Mr. S. F. B. MORSE, issued, some time during the last year, a work called "Citizenship Sovereignty, by J. S. Wright, assisted by Professor J. Holmes Agnew, D.D., Chicago. Published for American citizens, the true maintainers of State Sovereignty"—no name of printer or publisher appearing. The burden of this work, as the reader may suspect, is the loveliness of human slavery, and the doctrine that

"a sovereign State should be unaccountable to all else but Deity." CALHOUN and the session philosophers, Bishop HOPKINS and the slavery apologists, are of course duly eulogized, and Europe is called upon to recognize the Confederacy that has so nobly maintained itself: this, it appears, being the kind of political information which the members of the society are so anxious to diffuse.

In the course of the work Mr. WRIGHT censures Mr. MOTLEY's letter to the London *Times* at the opening of our war; but adds, by way of comfort to the enemies of the American cause, that "Mr. Henry B. Dawson has a rod in pickle that will be sufficient to whip him [Mr. MOTLEY] into the traces." The contest between Mr. WRIGHT and Mr. DAWSON is a contest of Mr. DAWSON's views. "The chief point of difference between us is that he [Mr. HENRY B. DAWSON] considers the word 'nation' should never be used in connection with the United States, each State being the only 'nation,' whereas it appears to the writer [Mr. WRIGHT] that, with clear conceptions that each State is the real nation, the United States may properly be called a 'nation' of nations. Mr. DAWSON's edition of the *Federalist* has been alluded to, and his valuable notes will be found coincident with the views herein taken, and will be followed with the publication of other debates connected with the adoption of our Constitution, and, fortunate, and furnishing important information of which few have knowledge.....His extensive historical explorations convinced him years ago that we were all wrong about the *theory* of our Government."

This is the useful political knowledge which is diffused in the "Society's" work on the grammar, of the new edition of the *Federalist*; namely, that it is edited by (as Mr. JAY informs us) an Englishman, Mr. HENRY B. DAWSON, who has already, in print, charged, without proving, General PUTNAM with complicity in ARNOLD's treason; and who now undertakes, as Mr. JAY expresses it, to shake the national reverence for the men who exposed the essential folly of the doctrine of State sovereignty; to show that the evils of the old Confederacy did not spring from the nature of the bond; and that the Constitution was foisted upon the nation by false pretenses and political trickery.

Every one who reads Mr. DAWSON's introduction can judge from its tone whether his editorial intention was to strengthen or to weaken public respect for the authors of the *Federalist*, and to confirm or destroy the conviction, essential to the maintenance of the Union, that we are a nation and not a Confederacy. But while this may be a matter of inference from the introduction, the quotations from the work of Mr. WRIGHT's, which Mr. JAY publishes in his "Second Letter," leave little doubt that the intention of Mr. DAWSON's edition of the *Federalist* is to show us that "we are all wrong about the theory of our Government;" that sovereignty belongs to the States, not to the nation; that, consequently, secession is a reserved right; the war against secession wicked, and the Union at an end.

TO UNION MEN.

THE rebel papers, considering that they are printed in what they call another country, are curiously interested in the political movements of this country. They print long columns of anxious speculation, and then assure us that they have no shadow of interest in the matter and that their contempt for us and our affairs exceeds expression. A recent performance of this kind in the Richmond *Examiner* is particularly amusing. It thinks it sees signs that the Administration is to be defeated, and it can not conceal its joy. The rebellion is as unreasonable as in the days that followed Sumter, when it was full of fervid longings that the Yankees would all only come down and be soundly flogged by the chivalry—when Southern gentlemen disdained the dirty business of whipping them with their own hands. Since then, however, at Vicksburg, before Orleans, at Gettysburg, and in Virginia and Georgia the Southern gentlemen were not disinclined to try their hands; and it is a curious and interesting fact that they have whipped the Yankees all the way from Gettysburg to Petersburg, and from the Ohio to Atlanta, and will probably not be satisfied until they have driven the scoundrels into the sea.

The Richmond *Examiner* says with solemn exultation, in words that are the just indentation of the dignity of the rebel cause and the honorable spirit in which it is conducted: "The obscene ape of Illinois is about to be deposed from the Washington purple.....He was in the eyes of all mankind an unanswerable argument for our secession; he stood there a living justification, seven feet high, of the steadfast resolution of these States to hold no more political union with a race capable not only of electing such a being, but of making it a ruler and king."

There is a great deal more in this strain, which is peculiar to a baby-selling chivalry—a strain in which JEFFERSON DAVIS showed himself an accomplished adept when he called his fellow-citizens against whom he has drawn the sword "hyenas."

But such articles show, what is not sufficiently apprehended by ourselves, the moral value of the nomination of the Administration. Contemporary with this Administration, the war for the Union is necessarily identified with it. The rebels and their friends the Copperheads have constantly denounced it as "LINCOLN's war;" while our own foreign friends and enemies have always regarded the President as the accepted representative of the war. The rebels undoubtedly mean, therefore, to show a brave front until after the election. They know if, by holding on, they can only fatigue or dishearten loyal men to the point of declaring that they must have a change merely for the sake of change, that the defeat of Mr. LINCOLN will be accepted by their own population as a sign of desire to compromise and yield, while it will be understood by foreign powers in the same way, and assure them that the hour has come for successful mediation, recognition, or interference.

The one thing which, under the circumstances, would be the most valuable to the rebels is the defeat of Mr. LINCOLN. On the other hand, his re-election would be the most shattering blow to them. For it would say plainly to the whole world that the loyal people of the United States, after every difficulty upon many points of policy, were heartily agreed upon the one great essential aim of the maintenance of the Union by whatever means; that the war is their own work; that failures of many kinds were inseparable from all human enterprises; that, as they had begun, they meant to finish; and that while there were many faithful and devoted patriots in their ranks, there was no one more faithful or more devoted than the President, who had borne so patiently the heat and burden of the day, and who, perhaps, wherever shows some kind of dissatisfaction with the war and its policy. But the re-election of the President reveals a great and unconquerable resolution, the earnest of absolute victory.

AN ARMISTICE.

A CRY for an armistice is sometimes heard. Let us stop fighting for six months, shouts some newspaper or orator, and call a Convention of the United States and South, and they have had enough of it, and on what conditions they will come back.

It might be replied to this suggestion that the rebels began this war by firing upon Fort Sumter, have maintained it ever since, and do not ask for an armistice. The Government is merely maintaining its authority, and has no idea of fighting the moment its enemies retire from the contest. Can it honorably expose itself to the insults as well as to the blows of rebels? But it is answered that the rejection of so grave a to be settled upon points of etiquette, and that the Government can postpone its dignity until it ascertains whether the rebels refuse offers of conciliation.

But no Government can postpone its dignity without fatal harm. If a Convention should be offered and spurned the moment it met, the union of the North, as prophesied—it would be loyal indignation with the weakness of the Government, and Copperheadism declare that it was the fault of the Government that the project failed. Whatever the issue of the proposition the Government must lose. If it were refused, the whole responsibility would be thrown upon it by its enemies. If it were accepted, who would guarantee that the rebels would abide by the result of the Convention? They believe absolutely in State rights; are they likely to relinquish that faith upon our summons, who have been fighting them upon their very point for three years? If the rebels, as they probably it, does any body propose to believe them?

Or again, are any better terms of union possible than the Constitution and Union? Upon which the rebels repudiate? The rebellion is not a new thing in intention. They plead total incompatibility of political conviction and moral principle with the North. Are we accused of fighting men among them has been carefully educated in that belief. They think that the supremacy of the country under the Constitution is to the destruction of those convictions and principles. In the midst of a war in which they yet have great armies in the field, are they likely to change their views at the invitation of those whom they regard as enemies?

They would use the armistice to strengthen their lines; their allies in the Copperhead ranks at home would be encouraged to persist in their opposition to the war, and the whole world would say that the Government was unable to maintain its own cause. The scoundrels into the sea.

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FARRAGUT.

THE part of the navy in the summer's campaign, if it begins late, begins gloriously. FARRAGUT has already joined his name to those most cherished, in our naval history, and no such history is more sprinkled than the American. Our children will speak of FARRAGUT as we speak of PERRY and DECATUR, of LAWRENCE and PREBLE. The action at the mouth of Mobile Bay reminds us of the remark made by the traitor Commodore BARRON, who was captured at Hampton Roads by the *Congress* in FOX'S History, and heard the recital from a newspaper of FARRAGUT's victorious entry at New Orleans. Profoundly interested, and forgetting his treason, and remembering only the glory of the service with which his own name had been honorably associated, BARRON exclaimed, vehemently, "Yes, yes; I tell you nothing can stand against our navy."

There is not a loyal man or boy, not a true woman or girl, in the land who does not rejoice in the victories of the army and his gallant men, or grieve in sympathy with the hearts that bleed for CRAVEN and his honored crew. The duty of the navy in this war has been unusually difficult, but how bravely it has been done! Its victories have been, in a sense, more impressive than any others. The bathing of the *Merrimac*, ship passing like the destroying angel, and the huge rebel ram the *Mississippi* and the reduction of New Orleans, PORTER's exploits upon the Western waters, the sinking of the *Alabama*, and now the occupation of Mobile Bay, are all single events that shine with signal lustre in the story of the war.

We do not enter into the Monitor quarrel. That they are totally useless no one who remembers the day in Hampton Roads is likely to believe, while the fact that they are of extraordinary great confidence in them as the only valuable vessels. FARRAGUT's feeling about "fighting in an iron kettle" is very intelligible, not less so the long and general use of iron in all such. Certainly the oaken ribs of a certain flag-ship *Hartford* will not soon be despised or forgotten. Its operations, like many incidents of the war, and in view may be already accomplished by the possession of the bay. But whatever follows, the sailors of the Union stand side by side with its soldiers, and the hands of each finish the same old flag. In the hearts of each burns the same invincible purpose—Union and Liberty!

"The army and navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT has resumed operations on the James River. On Saturday, August 13, General BIRNEY moved his corps to Deep Bottom, near Dutch Gap. A few days previously the rebels were entrenched, at the same place, on the river down the river. Instead of going to oppose, he moved west up, and landed at Aiken's Landing. The Second Corps was reinforced by a great portion of the Tenth, and the whole command of Lieutenant-General HILL, threatening a strong position of the enemy in that neighborhood. The rebels were soon driven from their entrenchments, with six pieces of cannon and two mortars. General BIRNEY then moved to the south of Petersburg, but soon being transferred to General WILCOX. Butler at last reports was digging a canal at Dutch Gap, by which we can run the vessels along the James. The rebels have been trying to disturb the work by their shells.

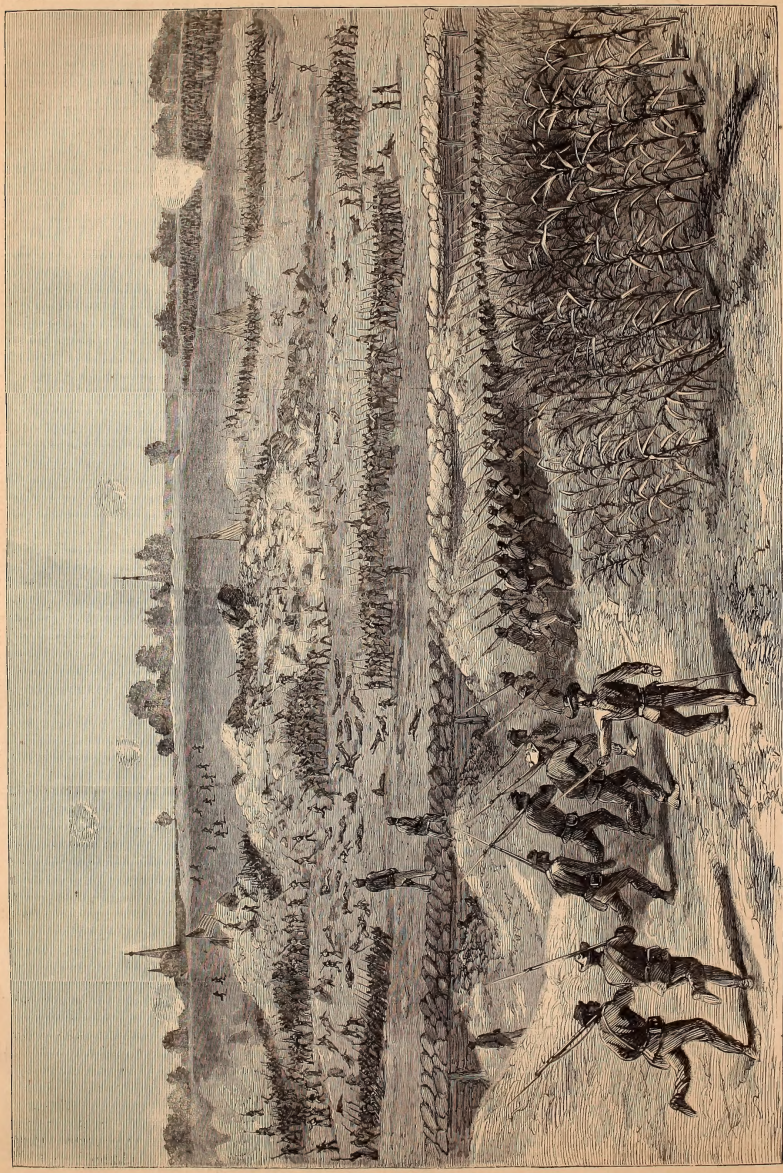
Sheridan has advanced against the rebel force in Shenandoah. He has reported to have been reinforced by twenty thousand men. From a dispatch of Sheridan's, dated August 14, we learn that he had been able to take away from Maryland or Pennsylvania the infantry which he had traveled along the valley.

General Sherman's lines on August 8 reached from the Chattahoochee River to within four miles of the Atlanta road, Schofield holding the extreme right. These lines are very strong, and it has been impossible to learn the works of defense about Atlanta. On the 9th there was a battle, in which the rebels were badly repulsed. Hood has been strongly reinforced since he assumed command. All the militia of Georgia has joined him, and it is given out in rebel journals that he has been reinforced by ten thousand men from Lee's army.

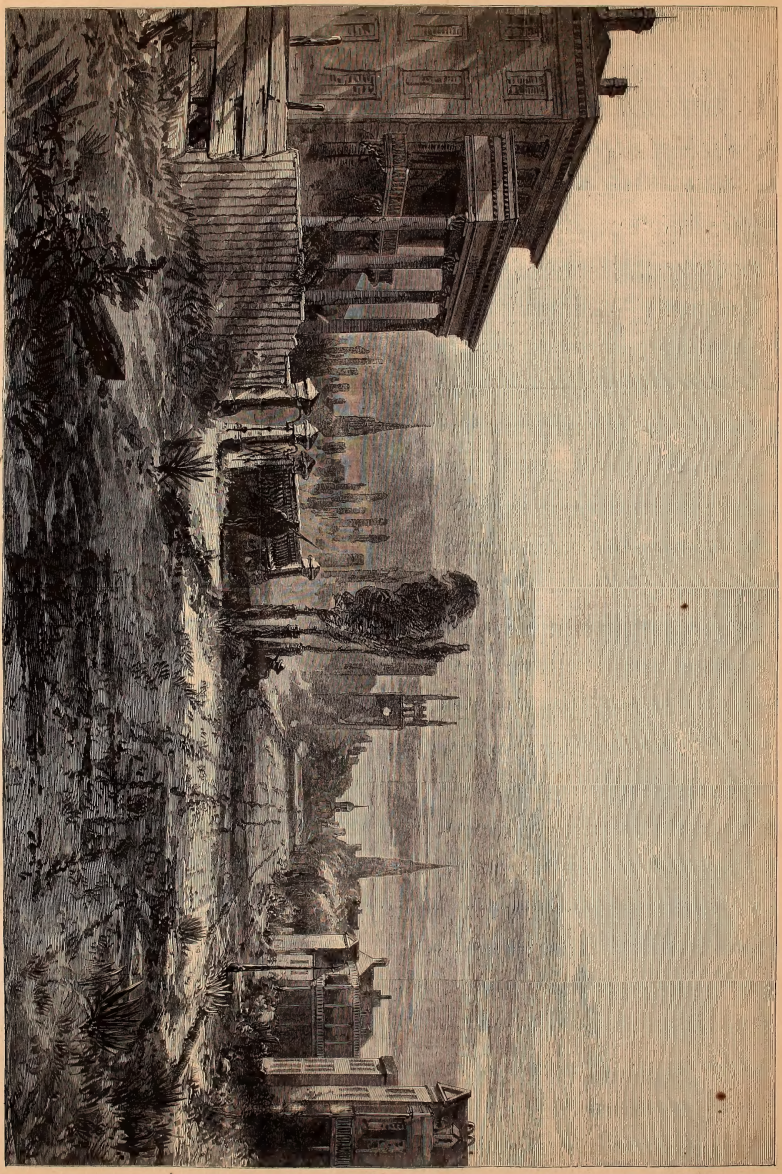
The following dispatch to Secretary Welles from Admiral FARRAGUT, dated August 9, tells the story of his report to the Admiral's late success in Mobile Bay:

"SIR: I have the honor to report to the Department that this morning I entered Mobile Bay, passing between Fort Morgan and the enemy's gunboats and the ram *Tennessee* and gun-boats of the enemy, viz., *Selma*, *Morgan*, and *Gaines*, and anchored to the westward of Fort Morgan. The following order I issued to the fleet on the preceding day, which was carried into effect in the most gallant manner:

"'The *Brooklyn* will lead the attack, followed by the *Hartford*, *Richmond*, *Port Royal*, *Lackawanna*, *Monongahela*, *Ossipee*, *Oneida*, *Seminole*, *Metacomet*, *Kennebec*, *Port Hudson*, *Winnebago*, *Octorara*, and *Galena*, with the *Metacomet* on the starboard and the *Galena* on the port side of the *Hartford*. The vessels composing the second division will follow in the same order, with the *Brooklyn*,



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE CHARGE ON CEMETERY RIDGE, AFTER THE EXPLOSION, July 30, 1864.—Sketched by A. R. Ward.—[See Page 556.]



QUARTERS OF THE UNION OFFICERS EXPOSED TO THE FEDERAL FIRE IN CHARLESTON.—SKETCHED BY ONE OF THE OFFICERS.—[SEE PAGE 550.]

MOUNTAIN FLOWERS.

The lonely wooden village
Lies far beneath our eyes,
The cattle bells are tinkling
Where rocky hills arise;
There are no fertile meadows,
Nor forests wild and free;
We climb the rugged pathway
And watch the distant sea.

But 'mid the stony mountains
Grow flowers fair and sweet,
And tufts of fragrant heart's-ease
Are smiling at our feet.
Do they grow in dear New England?
I never looked before;
With oaks and silver beeches,
I cared for nothing more.

But now I stoop and gather
The loveliness I see,
And sending tiny blossom
Brings happiness to me.
I forget the noble forests,
The oaks and hazel bowers,
And then the rocky mountains
For the beauty of their flowers.

When in the lard of sorrow
We climb the weary hill,
We leave the rich green meadows
That wave so calm and still;
The rocks close in around us,
The air is sharp and cold,
We can not help regretting
The summer days of old.

But though the great are taken,
Small pleasures still are left:
Stoop down, and we shall gather
A blossom in each cleft;
And though our thoughts may wander
To lost and lovely bowers,
We bless the rocky mountains
For the beauty of their flowers!

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

On our first page and on page 548 we give sketches illustrating GRANT'S campaign before Petersburg. The scene of the EXPLOSION AT CITY POINT, which occurred August 9, and which is illustrated on our first page, was along the new government warehouse, also of pine, nearly coextensive in length with the wharf, and answering as a dépôt for the railroad which conveys supplies to the army. Across the railroad, and at the foot of the hill on which the small town is situated, was a new row of buildings, accommodating the Post-office, Admiral's Express office, and the Quarter-master's office. Upon the hill, besides about a dozen houses, were numerous tents for soldiers. On the morning of the explosion three barges, the *Major-General Meade*, the *J. E. Kendrick*, and the *J. C. Dunphill* lay close to the wharf. The *J. E. Kendrick* was loaded with ammunition, and it was on this boat that the mischief was developed from a too careless handling of the ammunition. The 11.30 A.M. train was just about to start out when a stunning shock was heard, and the men were piled thickly with the noxious fragments which in their fall rained down upon the tents and houses on the hill, and upon the heads of passengers on board the train, scattering the ground for a mile around with muskets, shells, bolt-heads, and the ribs of exploded barges. The *Kendrick* was blown to atoms with the loss of all on board—a dozen or more of souls. The captain was absent. The *General Meade* and the *Campbell* were destroyed and sank with little if any loss of life. The wharf was torn up, the warehouse was destroyed, and the railroad cars shattered, though not destroyed, by the concussion. The row of buildings the other side of the railroad was crushed. The entire loss of property was about two millions. The loss of life was not so large as might have been expected. Upward of 50 were killed, 32 of whom were colored laborers. Many others, nearly a hundred were wounded, a great proportion slightly. It was altogether a melancholy and heartsickening scene.

The illustration on page 548 represents the charge which followed the explosion in front of Petersburg, July 30. The sketch gives also a more detailed outline of the scene of the exploded mine. The heights shown in the picture are those of Cemetery Ridge, and the ground ascends ahead at by our troops. In the fore-ground is the crater formed in the rebel works by the explosion. Here it was that our soldiers were sent for further efforts, when at the present time troops are hurrying up for support. This was the ground also of the flag of truce, and was literally covered with the fallen.

THE FEDERAL OFFICERS' QUARTERS IN CHARLESTON.

We give on page 549 an illustration representing the quarters allotted to the fifty Union prisoners lately imprisoned and held under fire in Charleston. The principal circumstance connected with this is the disclosure which it makes of the ravaging desolation brought by our fleet upon the city. As many as fifty shells a day are lodged in the city. Buildings on all sides are torn to pieces. General SICKLES, one of the officers confined in these quarters, was one of General ANDERSON'S garrison at Fort Sumter when that fort was assaulted by the rebels. He had, therefore, many interesting reminiscences there, and in this way became the recipient of many courtesies. On their way to Charleston the Federal prisoners were treated with great indignity; the food given them was poor, and barely sufficient to sustain life. The quarters in which they were confined were at the corner of Broad and Rutledge streets. The sketch is by one of the officers confined. It mean that, although nominally under fire, only one shell came near them, and that not sufficiently near to do any harm.

DISCIPLINED.

I.

I WAS as unreasonable and undisciplined a girl at twenty as I had been two years before; and yet I had seen some trouble in those two years, that ought to have schooled my rebellious nature to a quieter opinion of life which, after all, did not fill my life to more bitter repletion than many another.

Brought up in affluence, I found myself, by the death of my only surviving parent—my father—reduced suddenly to utter penury.

Nobody knew how ill-tempered, and I never tried to understand. I was too wicked and rebellious, too impatient of the pain and grief so unusual to me, to care to know why I was poor.

I was poor. I, with my luxurious tastes, my dainty fancies, my intolerance of labor, I had become poor. And when they told me that, at the end of all the grief that I had been through in those days after my father's death, I said, simply, that there was to be none of me God only knew. I had one of those natures that rebel at pain, that resent its approach, as a man a gun-shot, and that, instead of meeting it to meet it with a passionate and unreasoning resistance. The lady principal of the school at which I was when these troubles broke fell—the death of my father and the loss of fortune—offered me a situation as teacher of music and drawing in her establishment. I said, half laughing—scorn of the pride that was strong within me, and which such a position—there among my whilom artistocratic associates—could not but wound, I recognized the situation, and retained it, through what rack of pain and defiance only my own soul knew, and it is no matter to tell here.

My salary was a stinted one, and my duties, from my very ignorance of what was due me, were made almost unendurably exacting. I had been the haughtiest young chit of them all in my palmy days, and in my lowered estate I received, unstinted for many months, what I had meted out to others; though I must say for myself that my pride and hauteur had never vented itself in such helpless ferocities of ill-usage as was now. I had never taunted the fallen—me, thank God! never that. My scorn had been for those who were equal or above me in station. For them I evinced my preference or dislikes in a reckless way that made me enemies, who operated to the injury of my wages as much as possible.

I have no wish to dwell upon particulars. School-girl troubles have a bitterness of their own, and school-girls are not always as much to be blamed as peculiar fashion, as those old Pagans were who tortured the martyrs. Never mind; the end of it all was, that when Philip Warburton came, he took me away from all that pain and humiliation, and placed me with a lady friend to rest and recover my jaded spirits, he said. He commanded me to her with many charges that I was to be well taken care of; and at the last, ere he left me, he told me, with a severe kindness that touched me deeply, that I was to be happy and learn to love him. He saw very plainly that I did not yet do so.

Mrs. Lawrence was a widow lady with one son—he away in the army.

I was not grateful in those days. I was bitter at the need that had tempted me to accept the *charity* of Philip Warburton—for so I named it in my heart—and I was thankful for nothing, for the only feeling any grateful tenderness toward this man, who was so patient with my waywardness, so kind to my need, so delicate in the chivalry of his thought of him only as one who had taken advantage of my position to make himself my tyrant. I constantly contemplated my fetters, and was there galled by lasting them.

Mr. Warburton made a great mistake in supposing that he could win the love of a spirit like mine by loading it with favors. I said gloomily where he had left me, that I was grateful for, and my interests he sent me, I never spent any of the money he so lavishly supplied me with. I repaired and altered old clothes, and I made economies in my expenses auay as much out of my sight as possible, and tried to choke myself on the crust I was eating at his expense.

In the end I wrote to Madame A——— asking to be taken back. But she did not want me now, and nobody else wanted me that I could discover—nobody that I asked; so I staid sullenly at Mrs. Lawrence's, eating the bread that Philip Warburton paid for, and accepting her and his impatient letters for weeks wore on till—till Robert Lawrence came suddenly and unexpectedly home from the army on furlough. The pale, handsome, kind young soldier!

At first I avoided him, as I avoided every body; though won, in spite of me, by a nameless charm of speech, or look, or manner, I used to watch him secretly with a kind of wonder at his helplessness, and a secret admiration of his handsome face.

One day he caught one of these looks, and laughed, coloring though. I colored too, and left his vicinity at once.

I tried to be more careful after that, but the same curious fascination drew my eyes toward him when I thought they could with any safety venture that way.

The long hours of convalescence must have dragged heavily to him, but his face never lost its serenity; I could but notice what a contrast he was to me in my sullen discontent.

Gradually he drew me somewhat out of my pride and reserve, and I talked with him. Sometimes I read to him; and then as he got able to go out in the garden and walk, my mother being busy with indoor duties, I went with him.

Mrs. Lawrence seemed at first pleased we were both unmarried; and I was sure it was a relief to her to see any softer expression take the place of the gloom and discontent that had so long answered to my face to all her efforts after my comfort and happiness.

Robert Lawrence did for me what no one else ever had done—he found my heart, and in some manner peculiar to himself made it for the first time conscious of its own ingratitude. We were very happy together for a while—happy as two children, and as innocent in our pleasure in each other. He knew of Philip, and I was the promised wife of Philip Warburton.

In my present strangely-descended happiness I rarely thought of him now, and he—I think he never thought of them unpleasantly either.

But gradually I noticed a strange discomposure in Mrs. Lawrence's manner when I was with Robert. She was a nervous, excitable woman, with a fancy for small, transparent schemings that any body could see through, and I soon hung in understanding what her strange uneasiness about Robert and myself meant.

I think he understood first, long first; for he began, or I fancied it, to somehow avoid me a little. In some inexplicable way our walks and chats, our readings, were strangely broken in upon.

In my impatience and wonder I finally asked him what it meant.

We were sitting, for the first time in many days, alone in the summer-house in the lower part of the garden. He gave me a strange look when I asked him that—a strange, startled look, before which my eyelids drooped, and I felt the startled blood glow in my cheek, and something that was near to pain in feeling, yet not quite, thrilled every pulse of my being.

He had not spoken, he had not answered my question; he did not need. But presently he said, in a low voice,

"Shall we go up to the house, Frances?"

I scarcely understood him, but when he rose I rose also, and we went slowly up to the house, my head downcast, and his—sometimes—*sanctimon* upon my face.

He went in, or I supposed he did. I remained outside, irritated, and yet something should jar upon the fond sweetness of the thoughts that were moving me, and which were to sew, to tender, and I shrank unfortunately from meeting Mrs. Lawrence's uneasy eyes.

She had seen us, however, come in from the garden, and she watched us instantly, and stood beside me. Preoccupied as I was, I could but see that she was agitated—very much so.

Presently she put her arm round me and drew me to her.

"My dear child," she said, abruptly, "Robert likes you very much. Do you like her?"

"Yes, I think he does." I said, my heart sinking indefinably, as it always did when she spoke of him in that tone of affectionate familiarity.

"And you like him?"

"Yes, I like him."

"Very much?"

"Very much."

She strained me closer and kissed me. "Don't look, dear, don't look so much. I don't want you to—don't, don't dear," and taking her arms from round me, she wrung her hands together in a strange, excited fashion.

"Why not? why may I not like him? What do you mean?" I asked, cold chills creeping over me.

"There, don't be angry, don't be vexed with me, I don't want to vex any body, but I don't want you to like Robert too much."

"Why not?"

She sighed, long and heavily, "He might die, you know."

I felt like choking; I clung to the pillar by me. I understood her in part—Robert must die to me. She meant that—no matter why; he was not for me, *nothing* was for me.

"Don't, don't look so," Mrs. Lawrence said, anxiously, putting out her hand and holding my dress. I pulled away from her, nervously.

"Don't talk to me," I said, "I'm not angry; you are right, quite right; I don't blame you, but don't talk to me."

She turned partly away from me, in a vague, uncertain way. "I mean right, I mean right," she said, piteously.

"Yes, yes, I know," I said; "go in, please, let me be alone; you are quite right, but I want to be alone."

"You won't tell Robert I have said any thing, will you?" and she was clinging to my dress again.

With a sudden impetuous movement I tore it from her hand, and ran down the walk into the garden. I did not stop or look behind me till I reached the summer-house, and darting within threw myself upon my knees before the seat upon which I had sat in such strange happiness with Robert only a little before. How happy we had been! How kind he had always been to me, shrinking away from me of late, but *he loved me, and I loved him!*

I knew it then. I stood face to face with the fact —the holy, tender, *cruel* fact—for what was I that I should dare to love him or suffer him to love me, what but the promised wife of another man? A man whom I hated, but whose promised wife I was all the same.

"Frances!"

I shivered from head to foot, but bent my face lower.

"Frances!"

It was Robert. He sat down upon the seat and put his hand upon my bowed head, not speaking for some moments, but I could feel his hand trembling.

"Won't you talk to me, Frances?" he said, finally. "I want to talk to you."

I did not move, I did not answer him, I could not. It seemed to me I *could not* lift my face to him, the shamed face that would tell him so much, and to tell him in vain, for I was the promised wife of a man whose fetters his very charity to me and I set my teeth as I thought of it) had bound in such a manner that I could not loose them without utter degradation.

"Frances," he said again, and his voice smote me with its pain, "you *must* talk to me, or at least hear me, since it has come to this—since I know—yes I do—that you love me. You start—I feel you tremble under my hand—but you do not, you can not deny it. It is true, then?"

He paused, and I could hear him breathe, the panting breath of strong excitement.

"If you had not, if my own pain had been all, I would have gone away and never spoken. But now I must. There is no law in heaven or earth that ought to make you the wife of any other man than me. I will not be childish, Frances, that I will not submit to any such law; I will not suffer you to do so. Promise me that you will not suffer yourself."

I did not answer him—I could not. Scornfully as I had promised myself to Philip Warburton, I had done so solemnly, and with the full intention of abiding by my promise. I had never thought of swerving from it. Even when I had contemplated running away from him, I had called his charity, I had not thought of recalling my promise to marry him. I had considered myself indeed as much bound to him as though the marriage vows had been spoken, and God knows how innocently I had come to give another the love that belonged of right to him alone.

I trembled then, kneeling under the pressure of Robert's hand, in the agony of my knowledge of calling him all this. I felt that the mood in which he was would burst stormily upon me if I told him that.

"Frances, child, how you have frightened me!" It was Mrs. Lawrence, with a quiver of anxiety in her tone—quickly beyond what her words expressed. She stepped quickly toward, and took hold of me. I had risen instantly at sound of her voice. Robert's hand had fallen from my head to my hand. He held my fingers in a firm, close clasp, not yielding me even to his mother.

"Let her go, Robert. She is ill, I am sure," Mrs. Lawrence said.

"I do not hinder her, mother. She can go if she chooses."

But he did not loose my hand.

"You will come in with me, won't you?" Mrs. Lawrence said wheedlingly. "Come, like a dear."

"Will you go or stay?" Robert said, bending to look at me, and his hand clasped mine almost fiercely.

I made a faint effort to release my hand. I could not speak. He resisted the movement an instant, then his clasp fell heavily away from mine, and scarce knowing what I did, I suffered his mother to lead me away toward the house.

She took me to her own room, seated me, and closed the door.

"Do you want to know," she said, speaking rapidly and excitedly, "why you can not, why you must not love Robert?"

I did not like one in a dream without answering. I was so full of other thoughts, so haunted by those tones, those looks of Robert's stern yet loving eyes.

"This is why," she went on: "long ago Philip Warburton loved me—*me*—do you hear? and more truly, I think, than he ever loved any one now. I wronged him, as woman can most wrong man, and he never forgave me till the day he brought you to me. Then he said to me, 'I keep you safe for him—if I taught you to love him, he could forgive me the wound that twenty-two years had not yet healed. Do you think then that I will ever suffer son of mine to defraud him of his second love as I did of his first? Ah, woe is me! Why did Robert come home?

I understood her; but it had not needed that.

"Be at peace, Mrs. Lawrence," I said, in a low voice; "I have promised to marry Mr. Warburton."

"Do you expect to keep that promise?" she asked, in a milder tone.

"I do."

"Did I tell Robert so?"

I hesitated. But what matter? Why should I shrink? I had brought this fate upon myself. I owed no way of escape from it. Why should she not tell Robert?

"Tell him any thing you like, Mrs. Lawrence," I said, quite passionately. "An old, revengeful rebelliousness against pain was rising within me.

"May I tell him that you did not wish him to address you again on this subject? May I tell him from you that it would be quite useless to do so?"

"Tell him what you like," I said, impatiently. "Why do you torture me with it?"

She was a strange woman. Whether to kill any ever so faint hope that I might have, or to try me, I do not know; but she said, looking steadily at me, and smoothing the folds of her silk dress with her white hand,

"You remember that beautiful girl who was here last week—Rose Gilbert? Robert liked her once. I think, when he finds he can not hope for you, he will like her still. She adores him, any one can see. I shall advise him to marry Rose Gilbert if she will have him, and the sooner the better?"

She went and left me.

Did she think he would marry Rose Gilbert because she advised him to do so?

I went from Mrs. Lawrence's room to my own. I did not go out to tea that night, and Mrs. Lawrence brought it to me with her own fair hands, saying, as she set it down,

"I have told him, my dear, what you said, and he bore it very well. Indeed I begin to think my alarm on account was needless. He was quite merry at tea—quite, indeed—so much so that I ventured to speak about Rose. He has always liked and admired her, I think, and I gather that, you know, the rest is easy. It'll all come out right yet. Don't you think so? You and he were having a most comfortable little flirtation; but it was really time to put a stop to it, as I told him."

"And what did he say to that?" I demanded, suddenly interrupting her volubility.

"He laughed, and said, 'Yes, mother.' And she went away.

Sitting there, in the twilighted room, I repeated slowly and faithfully to myself all that Robert had ever said to me. I put back, which might mean any thing, out of the question. I found it was not much. Bereft of the manner which had, I imagined, so emphasized it, and said far more than the words had, I found it was not much.

With my usual haste I concluded that what his mother said was true. On his part, all that summer hours in which he had taught me to love him he had only been amusing himself with me—flirting, in short. I *was* a sensible girl to spend my regrets on him.

I said that to myself; but my cheeks glowed, and my heart throbbed impatiently.

"I threw back the blind of my window, finally, and went out of doors. I thought if I could once see Robert's face, once meet his eyes, I should know. Why did I want to know? What right had I to want to know? None. And I finally resolved that I would know. I lingered about outside till it was quite dark, but I saw nothing of Robert. Finally I went in without encountering him.

I met him at breakfast the following morning; but his face told me nothing. His eye met mine calmly, unruffled, neither seeking nor avoiding one.

My heart, which owed its every throb to Philip Warburton, sank heavily. If I could only speak with him, I thought, and I lingered about all the morning even feverishly watching an opportunity, and reproaching myself—for what? I knew not. Sure-ly what I had said to Mrs. Lawrence was all that I had meant it at the time? Yes, alas! and I dared not do other than mean it now.

Mrs. Lawrence had told me that Robert had replied favorably to her proposal that he should marry Rose. I did not believe her, but I was heavy of heart, and dealing all the heavier blow with an anxiety that I did not conceal from myself, for a glimpse of Robert.

Mrs. Lawrence watched me with evident uneasiness, bustling about very energetically for her, and making for herself always some occupation in my vicinity. Inoffensive as she looked, I knew that if Robert had come near me she would have prevented, in her quiet way, all private speech for us. And why should we have speech of each other? Alas! I know not; but I longed for it nevertheless. I made errands every where in search of Robert or of Mrs. Lawrence. But whether I went into the garden, or to the orchard, or to the current-bushes, Mrs. Lawrence made it convenient to accompany me.

Half an hour before dinner-time some more than usually urgent call took Mrs. Lawrence from my side a few moments, and looking up I saw Robert slowly passing down the walk near me. Now was my time; but I seemed suddenly stricken dumb. I stood still, waiting for him to speak, which I knew very well he would not do after the word I had sent him the night before. I knew it, and yet I took no step toward him. In another moment Robert was before me, and I was, in my keen, self-reproach, about to go after him when Mrs. Lawrence joined me again, talking volubly, and casting apprehensive glances from me to Robert.

At last I was dinner-time; and now I thought I should certainly be able to get an opportunity of speaking to Robert. But he was not at dinner, and a little before the conclusion of my meal Mrs. Lawrence remarked, carelessly, that she thought "Robert would have a pleasant ride after all," glancing at the sky, which, cloudy all the morning, was clearing now.

I felt that she watched me furtively as she said it, and the vague uneasiness I asked suddenly, "Where has Robert gone?"

"Oh, only to Boone!"

Rose lived at Boone. I could almost see myself the darkness that swept over my face at this announcement.

Mrs. Lawrence was relentless. "My dear," she said, as she was leaving the table, "Lawrence has gone to ask Rose to marry him; at least I infer so from what he said."

I could not, I would not believe her. She was silent enough after that. She had said her "say," and perhaps thought she could afford to be generous now of silence.

That was a long afternoon to me. The unsolicited nature that was still mine, despite all the tutoring of adversity, rose up now and grappled me fiercely. I set myself tasks, and these, by vengeful willfulness, refused to do them; smote them aside with angry and scornful vehemence, and walked my room bitterly and impotently rebellious against the fate that chained me *still*—a log—while the man I loved was wrecking his own peace and mine.

Mine! My peace was nothing to his—less than that; but *his*—I knew what misery it would be to his eagle spirit to find itself irretrievably tied to the mere dull Robert Gilbert was!

I wore the afternoon away as best I might, and I went out to tea, swallowing two cups of Mrs. Lawrence's bitterest tea with a queer kind of pleasure in its bitterness. Then I went into the garden, deaf to Mrs. Lawrence's call after me that the evening was damp, and I'd better take a shawl with me.

I went energetically away, stamping my feet up and down the walks, and watching with devouring eyes the various avenues to the house. The night *was* damp; and though I was scarcely conscious of it, its coolness stilled my bodily fever, and lowered the irate tone of my spirits to their stillest despondency. I stood among the rose-bushes by the gate, and watched and waited. I knew I was waiting with a sick heart for Robert to come. I dare say I shivered more than once, but I was scarcely conscious of it.

I saw, as it grew late, Mrs. Lawrence come out and look—I doubted not for me. She went in, and after half an hour came out again—this time down the walk toward me. I shrunk farther and farther back in the shadow, and finally down the walk by the fence. The sound of horse's hoofs suddenly quickened my steps.

Robert had come at last, and was taking his way round by the stables.

"Now I will see him!" I said to myself, desperately, and hid myself among the lilacs.

Mrs. Lawrence passed me while I crouched there. Would she go on and meet Robert, and not leave him a moment alone? Should I never be able to speak to him again? This night I must and would!

Straining my eyes I fancied I saw Mrs. Lawrence retracing her steps before toward the house, and presently distinguished Robert's slow, firm step about to pass me.

I had never myself, I stepped out from my concealment, I was about to speak, when a form flitted past me—Mrs. Lawrence—and, fastening upon his arm, went chattering with him. God helping him, he could never—talk for a wife a woman who loved another. The pain was for his consent to win you if I could. Can you forgive me, Frances, a noble gentleman. I will bless his name as long as I live. I told him every thing. I talked very rashly and excitedly. I said some things that it would have been better not to have said. But he was patient with me, and not only forgave my hasty words, but loved me. God helping him, he would never take for a wife a woman who loved another. The pain was for his consent to win you if I could. Can you forgive me, Frances, for my selfishness?

"Will I? Oh, Robert!" I said, holding my hands to him and crying. He kissed me then. He had never touched lips to hand or cheek before.

"Robert," I said a little, "why didn't you tell me last night? What made you let me think that about you and Rose?"

"I didn't tell you because I had promised Mr. Warburton I would not till to-day. And as to Rose"—he colored a little—"I hoped you would be so jealous of her as I was of Philip Warburton. Were you?"

"Yes, I believe I was."

Robert let me hear a little to Mr. Warburton. I could not speak for tears; but I gave him my hand, and he held it a moment kindly, understanding all I felt, and then we went back to where I had spoken it. Perhaps, too, he read in my face something of my questioning anxiety concerning him; for he said, quite softly, to me:

"It is better so, my child. I did not love you as a man should the woman he marries. But I was a better husband for it. I was prouder of the could love me, if I could make you happy, I should get some of the reward in my own heart. God bless you, Frances. Be sure I blame you, child. Never have a regret on my account!"

His voice was sad. Involuntarily, as it were, he glanced toward Mrs. Lawrence. There were tears in her eyes. She looked at him imploringly.

"I have asked her to stay also, dy," she pleaded. "I tried indeed. Forgive me that I so failed in the trust you imposed upon me."

I saw another look of pain flit over Philip Warburton's face, and taking a step toward her, he said:

"I forgive you on one condition, Emma. My heart is unbroken, and these years will—"

I drew Robert away. I saw how it was going to end.

They are married now. I am staying with Mr. and Mrs. Warburton for a little. Robert—my Robert—is not patient. Yet, Father, in Thy mercy bring my Robert safely back to me! I believe He will.

IN THE VAN.

On, as he lived he died,
His life burned not to ashes, white with death;
But like a meteor in Burke's breach went out,
His young blood pulsing years in a wild rout,
Then halting at high tide.

In the loud trumpet-blast—
In the great rush of tilted banners met,
With his cheeks flushing and his sabre wet,
His young eyes flashing and his young lips set,
He had died gladly.

Just when the fight was won—
When the clouds broke from off the hard-won height
And the pierced flag leaped out upon our sight,
In Victory's triumphant cry
His brave young soul went on.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Gardening for ladies" is all very well, but the dears are more inclined to agriculture than horticulture, on account of a plentiful supply of hoes.

A rascally old bachelor says the most difficult surgical operation in the world is to take the cut of a woman.

A stupid tried to annoy a popular preacher by asking him whether the text in the Bible or the Bible was made of the mule. "Female, to be sure," was the reply; "for I see the snake, Satan, the Lucifer fall in the face, "and alive in the flesh before me."

One day, at a farm-house, a wag saw an old gobbler trying to eat the stings of some night-caps that lay on the grass to bleach. "That," said he, "is what I call an attempt to introduce cotton into Turkey."

"Ma," said a little boy, "why is a postage stamp like a bad scholar?" "I can't tell, my son; why is it?" "Because it gets licked and put in a corner." "Susan, put that boy to bed."

THE BAR SINISTER.—The toll-bar.

CONJUGAL TURNSCRIPTURE.—The *Nain Jaune* (Paris) relates the following anecdote: "At the commencement of the winter two journalists were in conversation at the opera. The one, M. de X., is a bachelor; the other, M. de Y., just married. 'Well,' said the one to the other, 'how do you get along in your new condition?' 'Ah, my dear X., there is nothing like being married. You can not imagine how happy I am. When I am at work my wife is at my side, and at the conclusion of each paragraph I embrace her. That is charming!' 'Now I understand,' said M. de X., 'why it is that your articles are so short.' This conversation quickly spread through Paris. It reached the ears of the wife of M. Y., who consoled by the public as the thermometer or of his conjugal felicity. Some days after, in the house of M. Y., we were told this epigrammatic, in shorter periods than are to be found in the earlier editions of Lindley Murray, by a well-known gossip jealous of Madame Y. But gradually the periods lengthened, and at last the following was published and edited by M. Y., and casting a rapid glance over the article, he exclaimed, with a sigh, 'What! but a single paragraph in the whole article! Poor woman, a divorce will soon accompany it!'"

In the course of an examination for the degree of B. A. under an examiner whose name was Payne, one of the questions was, "Give a definition of happiness;" to which a candidate returned the following laconic answer: "An exemption from Payne."

"I think I now see a new feature in this case," as the lawyer said, when his client informed him that he had plenty of money.

"Madam," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you facts are very disagreeable things." "What! but a single paragraph in the whole article! Poor woman, a divorce will soon accompany it!"

Two persons of satiric turn met a neighbor and said, "Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most of a fool or a knave." "Gentlemen, you must refer to the arm, so that he was in the middle. "Truth," said he, "is often found between two."

A few years ago, when Billy Burton was ill his "trouble," a young lawyer was examining him as to how much property he was worth. He mentioned several thousand pounds unencumbered, when the attorney put on a serious look, closed his face, and exclaimed, with self-complacency, "Now, Sir, I want you to tell this court and jury, facts are very disagreeable things, remember." Burton put on one of his facetio-comic faces, winked at the audience, and answered, "I'll remember that, Sir." The effect on the audience were convulsed with laughter. The counselor was glad to let the witness off.

Talk as you will of the "sovereignty of the white race," there are no sovereigns like the yellow ones.

AN ODD MISTAKE.—A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was she an example of?" "Please, mum, a camel, mam," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

It has been beautifully said that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

Dr. Macknight, who was a better commentator than preacher, having been sought to a church in a small town, entered the vestry seated with wet. As the time drew on for divine service he became anxious for the appearance of the sexton and over, "Oh, I wish that I was dry in!" Do you think I'd be so foolish as to make my grammar?" "Yes," said this his goose colleague, Dr. Henry, the historian, replied, "I'll bet you a hundred pounds, and you're dry search when you get into the pulpit."

WHAT IS A THROUGHFARE?—Well, a watch-ye-may-call-it.

THE PROPER SIDE TO VOTE FOR.—The sea-side.

Why are Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli like two gentlemen engaged in joint literary work?—Because they are trying to make a Pen-ny-worth.

Why are widows like smokers?—Because they often find relief in their cesses.

A young fellow once offered to kiss a Quakeress. "Friend," said she, "thou must not do it." "Oh, by your leave, but I must." "Friend," said she, "if thou dost thou hast sworn, thee may do it, but thee must not make a practice of it."

The folly of betting is well satirized in one of Walpole's letters: "Sept. 1st, 1726—They have put in the papers a most ridiculous bet that a man has laid that Gore shall be dead at the race, and was carried in; the club immediately sent to him to know if he would choose to ride for it, which were going to bleed him the surgeons for his death intending, and all to the great diversion of the town."

A farmer, having lost some ducks, was asked by the counsel for the prisoner accused of stealing them to describe the appearance of the birds he had done so, the counsel remarked, "They can't be such a rare breed, as I have come like them in any farm-yard." "Ah, but you have not got them, farmer," there are not the only ducks of the same sort who had stolen them."

A regular physician being sent for by a quack, expressed his surprise at being called in on an occasion apparently nothing. "Oh, no," replied the quack, "nothing is quacky; for, to tell you the truth, I have, by mistake, taken some of my own drugs."

If you visit a young woman, and you are won, and she is won, you will both be one.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married friend to an old bachelor, who had just applied he, "but you can not tell what a difficult task I find it."

A very considerate hotel-keeper, advertising his "Burton XXXX," concludes the advertisement—"N. B. Parties drinking at present at the sign of this paper will be served gratis, one sitting, carefully and some fizzing grain in a wheel-barrow, if required."

Sydney Smith being ill, his physician advised him to "take a walk upon an empty stomach." "Upon whose?" said he.

Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country. In the course of the day they came to a notice that a cow was for sale. A very sentimental poet present vowed that he could not see the cow for sale without a sensation in the throat. "Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper round the neck, bearing this word—'Wild!' We see, remember, the idea."

Mr. Phillip Thicknesse, father of the late Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for assistance. Thicknesse, who had been extravagant in his youth, and, directly opposite his lordship's house, and got up a board, with the following inscribed, in large letters, "Wanted immediately in the best and cheapest manner, by Phillip Thicknesse, a son." His lordship took the hint, and the board was removed.

After giving Sandy certain directions about kirk matters, the minister walked once or twice, and remarked, "Saunders, I fear you have been 'tasting' this morning." "Deed, Sir," replied Sandy, with the coolest effrontery, set off with a droll glance of his brown eyes; "Deed, Sir, I was just gaein' to observe I thocht there was a smell o' speerits amang us this mornin'!"

Mr. Querry wonders if, when Night falls, she doesn't hurt herself? The desire of the Querry for "useful knowledge" and things is only equaled by his humanity.

PEDESTRIANS.
CENTRA
MUSIC ON
THE LAKE.
THE LAKE NEAR
SUM

L PARK
EQUESTRIANS.
THE MALL.
THE TERRACE.
MER. THE BOW BRIDGE.

DAY-DREAMS.

WHERE the orange bee on the purple flower
Of the roadside thistle dozes;
Where the flying down blows, flimsy white,
And the azure air-hell poises light;
And where the mole, deep out of sight,
After his work reposes—
Alone I would lie,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the plovers whirl, and circle, and scream,
Over the loneliest places;
Where the sand clouds roll heavy and slow,
And the glad winds race, and flutter, and blow;
Where the golden corn is all of a glow,
And so are the reapers' faces—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

Where the furrow is moist and evergreen,
Raises its dripping cones,
And the squirrel, sailor-like, climbs the tree;
And the wind is breathing its lullaby,
Fond, and soft, and ceaselessly,
The songs of distant zones—
Alone I would be,
Without company,
And dream my old dreams o'er again.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLII.

LILY IS SEIZED.

LILY was in haste now to leave those Elysian Fields, which had exercised so strange a fascination over her. She was haunted by the eyes of that pallid woman. She wandered about for full an hour she knew not whither; dazed by the colored lamps, the crowds, the shouts, the braying of bands; the hoarse rhetoric of the mountebanks, the roaring of the cannon, which were to usher in the fire-works. She sought vainly for one of those from the saturnals; but the crowd compassed her about and hemmed her in, and on its remotest borders there seemed to be more shows and more crowds.

She was almost in despair when, thinking to gain the Place de la Concorde, and in view even of the open obelisk, which from base to apex was one blaze of light, she found herself wedged in a mass of sight-seers who were gathered round the carriage of a quack doctor. Lily had never seen the Elixir d'Amore, but there, as large as life, was Doctor Dulcamara. He had deviated a little from the costume on which the late admirable Labiche conferred well-merited fame, inasmuch as over his well-powdered periwig he wore a Roman helmet of brass, with a tremendous plume of crimson horse-hair; but the scarlet cloak, the frills, the ruffles, the topboots, the buckskin, the watch and pendulous seals, the snuff-box, the signet-ring, and the gold-headed cane, all belonged to the opera. He was an impudent vagabond at best; but had the flow of flashy verbiage common to his tribe, and scores of hands were speedily extended from the crowd beneath him, holding francs and half francs to be exchanged for the worthless nostrums he retailed in light.

His calèche, and the white horse that drew it, to boot, were quite a bower of Chinese lanterns; and in the rumble sat his servant, who had figured as a drum-major in the Imperial Guard, whose business it was to be the butt of his master's jokes, and of the hurdy-gurdy men whom caravans was out of breath. The under quack was a fellow of cadaverous traits and discontented mien, and appeared heartily ashamed of his position. He had reason to be. He was the real doctor. His diploma and license to practice were duly certified by the Faculty of Paris, and without them Dulcamara would have been hauled to prison as a swindler; but the genuine physician being poor and idle, and dissolute and drunken, the quack was content to pay him so much a year to use his diploma; and he filled up his leisure time by grinding the barrel-organ. "On demande un médecin pour voyager." I have never seen that advertisement in *Les Petites Affiches?* It means that Dulcamara the quack is in want of an organ-grinder with a diploma.

"Approach, my children," the mountebank was bawling. "Approach, lose no time. I have but a few nostrums to bestow upon you. I am wanted elsewhere. Kings and princesses sigh for my presence. Spanish hidalgos, who have eaten too much olla podrida,—English milords, agonized by the spleen—refuse to be comforted without me. Grand Birbi—(this to the melancholy man with the diploma)—strike up the chanson à boire from Robert le Diable. After that we shall have something to say about the Imperial Soporific and Atomic Tincture of Honolulu."

An hour ago, in her recklessness, Lily might have been for a moment detained by the loquacity of this homastic humbug. But it was too late now. The awful consciousness of her miserable position had come upon her: and some inward voice kept thundering in her ears that she was in danger—from she knew not what; and that she must fly—she knew not where.

Exerting more strength than she had imagined she possessed, she contrived at last to disengage herself from the throng, and to reach a space which was less encumbered. She leaned up against a tree sick and faint. Her poor eyes were blinded with tears. Her strength had broken down. Her enterprise seemed to her now impossible of accomplishment. That dreadful fever was racking her head again. Heaven be merciful to her—what had she done, and what was she to do?

"Pretty little demoiselle, you seem ill," said a voice behind her.

She had heard the voice before. It was that of the man who had declared that all weapons and instruments should be left at the door. She turned her head, trembling, and saw the Italian wax-work showman.

"Ah! you recognize me, then?" continued Signor Ventimilioni. "Do you know that I have been looking for you this half-hour?"

"I do not know you," faltered Lily. "Good night!"

"Not so fast, pricelina mia. We are not to part in such a hurry." And the Italian laid his hand on Lily's arm.

"Let me go! let me go!" cried the terrified girl, "and go home."

"Precisely, that is where I am going to take you. There is a lady of high rank who is expecting you most anxiously. You have kept her waiting a very long time. Whole years. Home indeed. Ahu! your little runaway!"

He tightened his grasp. He passed the other hand round her waist. Lily tried to scream, when, suddenly some loose garment was thrown over her head, and another pair of hands were clasped over her mouth.

"Enough of this trifling," grumbled very hoarsely a man who had been lurking a few paces behind the Italian during his parley with Lily. "Corpo di Bacco! in a public dancing-room, bring the young tool along, or some sergent de ville will be passing by."

"Don't swear, Bec-Jaune," remonstrated the Italian. "Take the cloak off her head, and your hands off her mouth, and let us try to make her listen to reason. Des convenances, mon garçon; n'oublions jamais les convenances."

The second man did, sullkily, as he was bid, but he planted his great hands on Lily's shoulders, and kept them there. The girl was too terrified to struggle. She looked in the grasp of the two ruffians like a captured bird.

"Listen to me, ma mie," went on the Italian, putting his face so close to Lily's that she could feel his beard upon her cheek; "you are coming home with us. You are our prisoner, if you like that tournure de phrase better. Quietly, and no harm will be done you; but dare to call for assistance, and I will put this pretty little bodkin into you."

He drew, as quick as lightning, a long knife that glittered in the moonlight. Lily saw what she was lost. She could hear the distant hum of the crowd, and the clanging of the music; but the spot was solitary, and she was beyond all human help.

"Will you be quiet, then?" the Italian asked, half entreating, half threatening.

Lily murmured a faint affirmative.

"That's right. Now, Demosthène, let us take her between us. Don't forget that little bright bodkin of mine, little one."

The two strong men hooked their arms in those of the girl on either side, and hurried her. They plunged into an alley between the trees, and which seemed entirely deserted. But as though the mockery of the Elysian Fields typified state of bondage, she saw gleaming from behind the tufted trees the first sparkle of the fire-works, those fire-works of which she was to be in a resplendent bonquet, in which Liberty was to have her annual apotheosis, and the twenty-seventieth, twenty-first, twenty-ninth of July to be made glorious forever.

They were now walking by the water-side. That it was the Seine Lily knew, for she could see the lamps on the Pont Louis Seize, and the Chamber of Deputies flaring with lamplons. They stopped before a mean wooden building, having seemingly but one window, through whose dirty panes a light feebly glimmered.

The Italian pushed at the door, which gave way, and they passed in. There was a narrow passage, and at the end of it a swinging cresset Lily could see a woman who was bending forward her—a woman huddled in an old plaid shawl, whose hair was dishevelled, and whose face was painted. It was the Wild Woman of the Egyptian Fields.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE SULTAN IN LONDON.

WHAT is a year? Pshaw! what are ten? When you are young, a year seems a very long time. That last month before you are twenty-one, or before you leave school, or get your commission, or pass your examination for the civil service, the month it takes for your mustaches to grow, how it lags, how it loiters, how every moment seems to have its feet clogged by leaden weights! Do our best as we may to squander the days in recklessness and prodigality, what a weary time elapses before we are thirty years of age, and fogies cease to tell us that, as young men, we should defer to the opinion of our elders. Never was there, perhaps, a sane woman of twenty-nine who passed herself off as thirty-one; but how often does a young middle-aged man silly add on a year or two? But I—I when the mezzo cammen is reached, how swiftly the years fly! We lose count. Sixty-two melts into sixty-three, and sixty-three into sixty without our special notice. Things pass as in a dream. The day before yesterday, why it was eighteen months ago. One newly-formed acquaintance, why we have known him these eight years. The far-off goal of gray hairs, and toothlessness, and the tomb, why we are close upon it. It was a tedious pull to Tattenham Corner; it is a lightning rush to the judge's stand, even if we come in with the rock.

A year had passed since the events previously narrated. Madame de Kergolay was dead. She passed away very peacefully, leaving the bulk of her wealth to her possessed to her beloved grandnephew, Edgar Greyfaunt. It was not much, but it was a capital to be turned into ready money, and that was what the young man wanted. It is due to the memory of the good old lady in Paris to state that she freely forgave poor little Lily before she died. Her sin, indeed, against the girl had lasted but a very short time. She had been shocked and pained by her disappearance, and had made every effort to gain tidings of her, but in vain. By degrees the vengeful pride which had led her to crush Lily with cruel words, became changed to love for the sultan, her grand-nephew, gave way to her natural kindness and softness of heart. She wept and bewailed the fugitive. She would have sacrificed much to recover her. She acknowledged that Lily's love had been blameless. But she was gone, and would return no more.

The abbé, as in duty bound, informed Madame Beckassin of Lily's flight, and of the unavailing steps he had been taken to discover her hiding-place.

The Parisian did not take the intelligence much to heart.

"I expected it," she remarked, coldly. "I, who am the daughter of sufferer by the absconding of this varnitieune, would not spend three francs ten sous in an advertisement in the *Petites Affiches* to get her back again. There are cats and cats, whom one is glad to lose, Monsieur l'Abbé. You and your Madame de Kergolay were catiches de cette petite Cyprine. Now she has robbed you as she robbed me, and has doubtless fled to join the swindler, her mother, with whom for years she has played the most correct correspondence. Ah, ces Anglaises, ces Anglaises! c'est de la perfide à en croire à la fin du monde. You had much better, my dear abbé, keep your money her, have put her into a Maison de Discipline where she would have been fed on bread and water and flogged once a week. The Sœurs Grises have an excellent institution at Auteuil. You say that she did not take her clothes with her. Then she has sometimes counted her spoons since the flight of her darling?"

"I don't think the poor little child is dishonest," the abbé said, with a faint remonstrance. He was a good man after all, and much troubled in his mind about Lily.

"Bah! bah!" the inflexible Marcassin said. "You take the whole world to be inhabited by excellents like the Prize of Virtue. Une femme Rosière elle finit mal-elle-là! The trumpery little thing was innately and incorrigibly bad. Indeed, indeed, I tell you, Monsieur l'Abbé, mauvaise herbe."

And Madame de Kergolay died. To her two faithful servants she left a small but adequate provision, much to the distaste of Edgar; but of the rest he was sole legatee. Vieux Salons and Prudhommes are content to die quietly in their mistress from the stage. The old one did not survive madame many months. He expressed, before he died, a wish to be buried in Père la Chaise, in the same grave with his beloved mistress, but crosswise, at her feet, as became an ancient and faithful but humble servitor. The abbé did his best to have his wish fulfilled; but there were difficulties in the way: the administrators of cemeteries, and Vieux Salons had to be buried as many millions of his forerunners had been buried before him. It did not do to make exceptions. He was buried, let us hope, to a country where there is but One Master, in whose eyes superiors and servitors are alike.

Edgar Greyfaunt, after passing a decent period in retirement at Aix-les-Baine—his grenuine and kind affection for the memory of—remembrance will be exceedingly fashionable mourning, but yet studs and wrist-buttons, and the coal-black dress are becoming deservedly admired, came back to Paris, settled accounts with Madame de Kergolay's notary—whom, as appeared, a many pages of long explanations, of robbing him, and who did him the honor to remark, as he handed him the last couple of thousand-franc notes accruing from the dead lady's succession, that with a more heartless young man he had never come in contact—and called in an upholsterer from the Rue St. Louis, to whom, after a parley of ten minutes, he sold en bloc the entire furniture and fittings of the late lamented servitors in the Marais—tapestry, china, pictures, and all. "I do not want this rococo stuff," he said, candidly. "I shall be in a hotel not many months since, and am returning there; and if I require brics-à-brac I can get as many as I need in Warden Street for three-quarters their price."

The upholsterer handed three thousand francs to the Sultan Greyfaunt, and sent a couple of carts to cart away the effects of the poor old lady's parlors, which were worth six thousand at least. Big men in blouses dragged the faded Cupids, and shepherdesses, and long-legged gentlemen with the cross of St. Louis down stairs. Gentil Bernard lay for a time in the gutter, and Babet la Bonguetière was calmly contemplated by a chiffonnier. A part of the furniture went very soon to decorate the rooms of a lorette in the Rue Taitbout. When she had quarrelled with the English milord, through her overweening partiality for the Brazilian coffee-planter, who travelled out to be a swindler from Hamburg, she had a lavage, or sale of her nick-nacks, and some of Madame de Kergolay's treasures were sold to the Jews, and some were bought by painters to increase the "properties" of their studios withal. Then in process of time they got burned or broken up, or pawned and sold and pawned again, or exported to America or Australia. Which is the way of the world, and not at all uncommon.

But the first van-load of goods had scarcely left the house of the deceased before Edgar Greyfaunt was snugly ensconced in the coupé of the diligence on his way to Calais. He began to think his mourning very hot and shabby-looking. He must have an entirely new wardrobe when he reached London. Those French tailors did not know how to fit an English gentleman. Willis or Nugee should be honored with his patronage. He was about to assume his proper position in society. He was destined to be a great man. He was certain. He had an ancient name, a handsome appearance, a fortune. Yes, quite a fortune. In a letter of credit on a London banking firm he was entitled to draw for no less a sum than five thousand pounds sterling. That was his entire capital in hand and ready to be converted into francs. It sounded magnificent. Reduced to English sterling, it had not quite so sonorous a ring, but still with a great deal of splendor in it. In his whole life the sultan had never grasped so much money. His treasure seemed to him inexhaustible. He would live happily, luxuriously, he thought, but then he would be adding to his capital. Was there not the turf? might not he, a young man of fashion and position, make a figure there, and win thousands by betting? How much would it cost to have a stud of race-horses? And play! he knew how to play. Hitherto, certainly, he had but rarely had a run of luck; but Fortune favors the bold, and he would have no need to distress himself about the loss of a few paltry hundreds of francs. And if the worst came to the worst, was he not his own? Had he not a commandite genuine? Most commanding. Certainly, at no very distant date the portals of the English Royal Academy must open for his admission. Yes, there would be plenty of time to take up with painting as a pursuit. It was a noble resource. To tell truth, he felt slightly ashamed of the exact and maulstick, now that he was an independent gentleman, with his pocket full of money. After all, it was but a base mechanical employment this painting. How villainously the turpentine and megilp did smell! How difficult it was to get subjects—what a bore it was to have to make sketches! And those troublesome models—they cost ever so much money, and the most accomplisht was always daunting for his bill. Those envious ill-conditioned fellows the critics, too, who condemned his performances in the past for which, if they got their deserts, they should be caned, and who drew no distinction between a picture painted by the son of a gentleman and one that was the work of a descendant of the barons of old.

Of course Edgar put up at the Ship when he landed at Dover—the Lord Warden not being then built—and although he had the largest suit of apartments next to Queen Victoria's—a duke who had crossed with him, the Ship was several sizes too small for the Sultan Greyfaunt. He would have gone to London by road, but the railway just been opened. He could never have endured a vulgar stage-coach.

At the Ship he met, of friends, and some few distant connections in London. He was known that he was Madame de Kergolay's heir. Nobody knew much about the old lady's circumstances, nor did the sultan feel called upon to enlighten society with any particulars. It was noised abroad that he had inherited a large fortune; nor did he take any special pains to contradict the rumor. If people chose to deceive themselves, why should they not be deceived? A convenient train of reasoning which has been pursued in all countries these five thousand years about.

So where, when the sultan arrived in the British metropolis, should his highness put but at Pomeroy's Hotel in Great Grand Street, Grosvenor Square? He drove there straight from the terminus, and was received with marked distinction. One land need be a distinguished foreigner to be welcomed in Great Grand Street. As a rule, Pomeroy (proprietor, Mr. Pomeroy, sharp Swiss named Jean Baptiste Constant, the successor to the original proprietor; he having retired on a competency) only took princes and, equally as a rule, princes, when they came to town, were taken by their couriers to Pomeroy's hotel. Jean Baptiste Constant was married Monsieur now, and was supposed to be a naturalized British subject, and a stanch Protestant, for which did not prevent his entertaining the Sheik of the Soudan, who was a Mussulman, and who beheaths Mahomet as the false prophet of a pagan, and was with difficulty persuaded from celebrating his "grand custom" over a Scotch ball of black sheep in Grosvenor Square; besides any stray Romanist or Russo-Greek grandees who came that way;—Mr. J. B. Constant owed much of his success to his wife, who had been enjoyed to his extended connection among the useful class of traveling servants known as couriers, who, when out of an engagement, or off duty, were always sure of a hearty reception, a good cigar, and a glass of curaçoa, or other comforting cordial in the bar parlor. Nay, still more. The recommendations of an experienced member of the courier profession, one Franz Stimm by name, had procured for the Sultan Greyfaunt the services of the obsequious Franz, who had been for many years in the same service as Madame de Kergolay's butler

lineage, and would own no blue blood but that of the Greyfaustis of Lancashire; but now that she was dead, and he had got her money, he thought there was no harm in hinting that he was the representative of a noble house from beyond the sea. Perhaps he found the Greyfaustis of Lancashire, like many other country families so noble, somewhat at a discount in London society, which, following the usual fashion, interested itself with what was passing on the extreme horizon in preference to that which was going on beneath its very nose. At all events, the lofty Edgar, when he was addressed as Viscount, did not meet the error with any great acrimony. His old companions called him Greyfaust; but many newly-found ones in cosmopolitan and diplomatic circles began to him, and asked him to dinner as De Kergolay. Under that title he was entered in Mr. J. B. Constant's books; and as De Kergolay he was inscribed much more legibly, and indeed, indelibly, in Mr. J. B. Constant's mind.

This, and to inquire of his English face and tongue, being accounted that which imperfectly educated persons are apt to term a "foreign swell," Edgar—you may call him so, if you will call him by either of his surnames indifferently —was naturally introduced to the Pilgrims' Club in Park Lane, at which, as every fashionable man ought to know, the ambassadors, the secretaries of legation, and the attachés accredited to the court of St. James's, mingle on a terribly unsocial footing with sundry illustrious Englishmen, whose qualifications as Pilgrims must be simply these: to have traveled ten thousand miles in a straight direction, and in a given line from the North Pole; to be faultless in the décarté, piquet, and short whist, and to belong to the cream of the cream of English society, both by birth and by right of possession.

There are always a good many candidates up at the Pilgrims' Club—where gentlemen's names are put down when they are infants in arms, with a view to their entering the club at their grand climacteric—but as failures in one of the three grand essential requisites are sometimes unavoidable, the rejection of candidates at the Pilgrims' Club (which is, I think, near the Piccadilly end of Park Lane) is by no means of rare occurrence. Indeed, they say there is more blackballing at the P. (the affectionate diminutive of the club) than at any other club in London: always excepting the Ostrich in Sandys Street, Decrest Square. There, you know, they play at Nameless Quib for Nine Points on the subject of suttee, and all but ostracized brave old Admiral Sindbad, because he was known to maintain that every man was without chunnee than with it. For distinctions mun be, it is plain, to keep society select —which would otherwise degenerate into a mere anarchical Odd Fellows' gathering of the most ungenteel persons, and it is a good and holy thing to be exclusive. Thus, as you see, the Pilgrims had secured the very cream of the cream in their English memberdom.

Well, and the foreigners. One must make allowances for foreigners, of course. If Baron Bunstoff, Minister Plenipotentiary from the Crim Tartary, had formerly been simply a Hebrew money-changer at Frankfort-on-the-Maine (the letters we used to have from him about the Imperial High Dutch tottery, and urging us forthwith to invest in that swindle, and win a seat on the Bourse, the title of Count, and the entire library of the late lamented Puffendorff?); if old Professor Stradivarius from Jena, the distinguished philologist and translator of the poems of Saadi into the Zummerezthire dialect, and the Post-Office London Directory of eighteen hundred and seventy-two into Syro-Chaldaic, was the son of a tripe-dealer at Magdeburg, and had, in early life, followed the humble trade of a tailor; and if the famous traveler, Mynheer Rolopius, Ph.D., R.G.S., etc., etc., had been assistant-waiter at a wild beast show (previously and occasionally varied by the beef-eater business, outside), a dealer in stuffed birds in the vicinity of Gooksecop, and the propagator of a sailors' boarding-house at Gibraltar, before he discovered the site of the lost city of Alesia, brought back the first genealogies of the Antediluvians in the great lawsuit of the ass's shadow, and made it manifest to the entire world that the wild Wawjagandas were the real human race, whom roast hippopotamus is procurable; and that they do knock out their front teeth to be the better able to whistle—if native singers—the savant and the illustrious strangers who were made free of the P., and nearly threw the waiters into fits by spitting on the carpet of the morning-room, were sometimes of mean extraction, and occasionally of coarse manners, and now and then humbug, the great principle of universalness was at least outwardly vindicated. Once a Pilgrim always a Pilgrim; and the gown and scrip and wallet become covered a multitude of sins.

Yes: the Sultan Greyfaust had found his proper groove in life, and became admirably. The groove not mounted with the most delicately-scented unguent: pommade divine, at least. It was a groove beginning very high up indeed in the social scale, and you slid down it, as down that famous One Tree Hill of antiquity, Arcenzo.

After a time Edgar left Pomeroy's Hotel. He did not complain of the costliness of its accommodation—I think a mutton-chop costs a guinea there, and a bottle of soda-water three-and-six-pence, and I know a one-horse brougham is two pounds ten an hour); but, intending to reside permanently in London, it was, of course, idle to remain in a hotel. So Mr. Constant, whom the sultan deigned to patronize in the most benignant manner, found for his illustrious guest a handsome suit of chambers in St. James's Place; supplied him with a perfect outfit of a washer-woman, who enameled shirts, iced white waistcoats, frosted pocket-handkerchiefs, and turned cravats into snow-flakes in the most beautiful manner; and, in addition, recommended him a body-servant—a very jewel of a body-servant—a young man by the name of Hummelbasen, said to be a distant relation of the proprietor of Pomeroy's, who shaved, dressed hair, varnished boots, compounded curious restoratives on the mornings after long dinners, found out the addresses of people whom he had seen but once in his life, and then only on the Serpentine's banks, played the guitar, and was worth his weight in gold generally.

Could there be a more fortunate youth than the Greyfaustis, with his heads, his fingers, his genius, his ready money, his pearl of a laundress, his jewel of a body-servant, and his cronies upon his card? Was there any lady entered at P. He often dined there. His election was considered certain, owing to the influence of Sir Theophrast d'Boy, that great collector of musical instruments, who is said to have nine of Father Schmidt's organ down at his place in Devonshire, and the original shell basket by the Harmonious Blacksmith in his smoking-room in Curzon Street. Some of the best houses in London were open to Edgar. Some of the prettiest faces in London smiled at him from carriage windows. "Oh king! live forever!" cries the Eastern adulator. The Italian Greyfaust would have been but very slightly incensed with any adulatory person, Oriental or otherwise, who informed him that he, the sultan, was destined to live forever.

TWILIGHT IN CAMP.

THE twilight, like a hooded nun
Comes silent-footed o'er the hills;
The vesper-chanting whip-poor-wills
Seem glad the heated day is done.

Glad, for they sing—yet, in their song
There is a sweetly plaintive tone,
As if to birds there could be known
With love regret, or pain, or wrong.

They call and answer from afar;
They fill the silence with a name;
Night after night it is the same,
As is the shining of a star.

'Tis thus to those I love I call
Through days of absence, and I hear
By answering lips my name made dear—
Or think I hear, if that is all.

And when the twilight hour is come,
Whate'er of care the day has brought,
My heart grows patient in the thought
My name is called by those at home.

NEAR PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, *July*, 1864.

LITTLE DILVER'S TRUDGE.

AN April breeze was stirring the drifts of bloom on a Western prairie. Away as far as the eye could reach in direct succession the green grass and blossom rolled, and the breeze as it rustled among them caught the fresh breath of their fragrance on its wings. Just upon the verge of the prairie, nestled like some great white bird among the tall locusts and stout black walnuts that shaded its garden, was a house. It was a large house, with a green tracery of vines about its windows and porches, and a perfect wilderness of gay blossoms and creeping plants about it. In the great doorway sat an old lady with soft white hair folded under the newest of muslin caps, and her hands, as a fling her spectacles between them, clasped upon her knee.

A little lower down, seated upon the steps, were four others—two stalwart young men, with brown faces and earnest eyes, a young girl, and a child with a face like daybreak; such innocence, and freshness, and tender beauty. Its flaxen, waving, serious eyes; such a little sensitive scarlet mouth; such gravity just now upon the young features.

"You will remember, then, Dilver," said one of the young men, continuing a lustering conversation with the child, "that just as Aunt Fanny is Mr. Forsyth's wife, you are mine?"

"Dilver is a stubborn name," said with the utmost seriousness, while the young girl, blushing brightly and threatening him with her little hand, exclaimed, "Ike, Ike!"

"I'll leave it to Forsyth if it's not the truth," said the young man roguishly, as he dodged the pretty hand.

"If it's not true it is almost," Forsyth said, lightly: and then, drawing nearer the girl, he added, in a low voice, while his friend pretended oblivious ness,

"I wish it was quite true, Fanny. I wish you would be my wife before I go. It would take away half the pain of parting to know that I left a wife behind me, instead of a pretty girl who will find plenty of beaux to help her forget me."

"If she could do that she wouldn't deserve to be your wife," said the girl, gently, yet with a tender sweetness that thrilled into the listener.

"Aunt Fanny," said little Dilver, "if Mr. Forsyth dits sick, or any body tuts his arm off where he's doing, shall you do and take care of him, and make his arm drow adin?"

The girl's soft eyes filled with tears, and she gave a little sob as she turned partly away from the child.

Forsyth's hand covered hers as it trembled upon her lap, and he answered with a pretty laugh, Fanny, and then if the worst happens you can come to me, I mean," he exclaimed, as he saw how her cheek whitened.—"Hang it, how clumsy I am!" And rising suddenly, "Fanny, won't you come out in the grove with me? I want to see if—"

The remainder of the speech was lost as the girl rose, as much to hide her pale and tearful face, and let him lead her away.

"What was it he wanted to see?" questioned the child, her lip quivering.

"Only if the spring weren't dry," said Warren, tragically.

"Springs don't ever dit dry," said Dilver, reproachfully—"not hardly ever. Aunt Fanny told me so."

Forsyth and Fanny were married the morning before the departure of the two young men for the seat of the war, and while young Forsyth held his sweetly pale bride at home, little Dilver and Sir Warren Hastings, and sobbed out her childish grief at his departure.

The child was very fond of him, and he of her; and when he had gone she refused to be comforted for hours.

Fanny sat in her chamber drenched in tears, or stole about the house with a very pale face and red eyes, and Dilver held herself in the same recess at the head of the table, and cried her warm upon her apron—the very one that had been put on clean to kill Warren good-by in.

The young Hastings's name was mentioned afterward also called herself, with great assumption of dignity, "a little wife."

The family, much amused, humored her in the fancy, and being a singularly bright and engaging little creature, she, when she were fond of a child, found her small talk about it very entertaining.

She was a comical little imitator too, and whatever Fanny said about Sarah, Dilver very gravely repeated concerning Warren.

One day came very sad news. Frank Forsyth had been wounded and was likely to die. A telegram came summoning his young wife. Mrs. Loring was very unwilling that Fanny should go. She was ill and tired, and it seemed to her a terrible thing for a young creature like Fanny to venture upon such a journey alone, for there was no one to go with her.

But Fanny was firm and resolved, and she went. The very day succeeding her departure came very similar news concerning Warren Hastings: though not so directly, or from any reliable source. It was merely a rumor, but chanced to meet Dilver's ears. She heard it—had—not a serious effect, for children often adopt such fancies—had taken upon her to expect that whatever happened to Aunt Fanny was to happen to her also; and even when Aunt Fanny's departure she had asked constantly if no "dood" should come for dear Sir Warren.

Now she assumed at once that she had received her telegram, and (like Aunt Fanny) announced her intention of going to "Rashin'ton" immediately to take care of him.

The family smiled, and found much amusement, as heretofore, in watching and listening to her.

She had a little red morocco cabas that some one had given her. This she "packed" in very womanly fashion, and with much anxious consultation with "dramma."

Her mother—two years dead—had been Fanny's sister and Mrs. Loring's favorite.

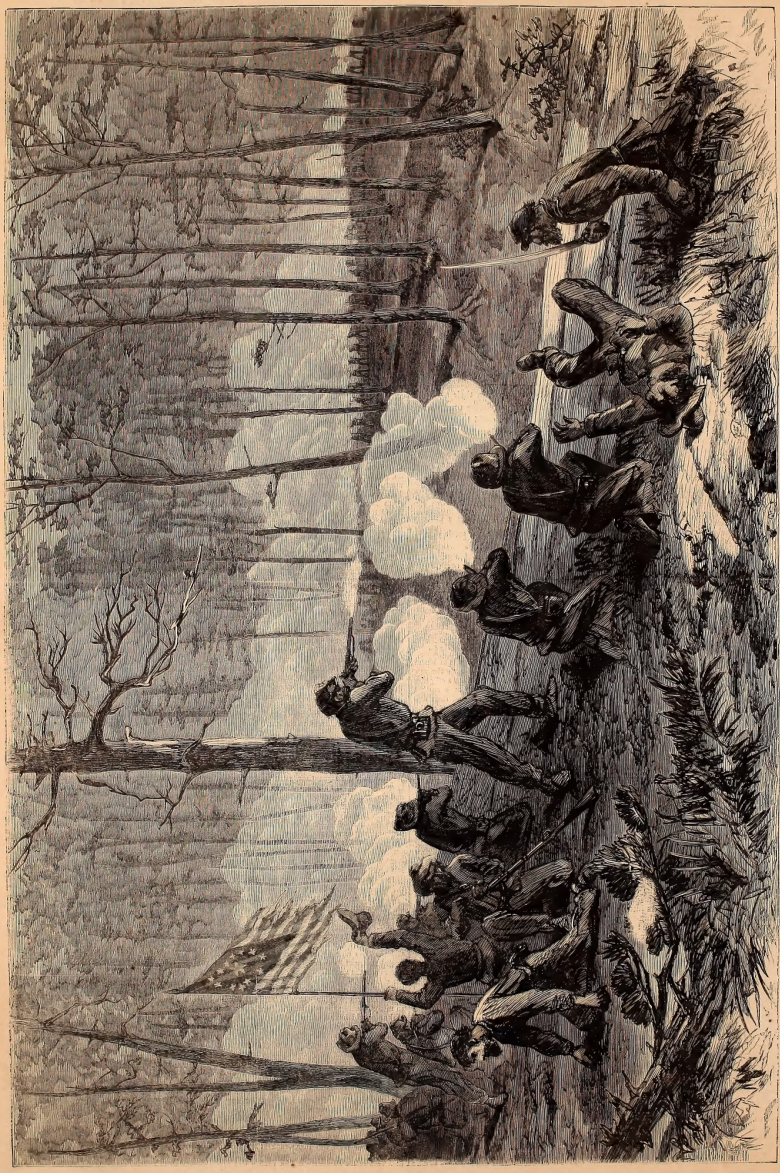
"Dramma," with much prideful enjoyment, advised and was consulted to the child's infinite contentment, and the packing was concluded after the most approved fashion. Of course "dramma" and the rest thought no farther till Dilver bade them all "dood-by" very goody-by, and started on her journey toward her sick soldier-boy.

At this point it was found necessary to resort to more stringent measures than something failed. In short, to the mortal offending of her dignity, Miss Dilver had to be returned to the house by force of arms.

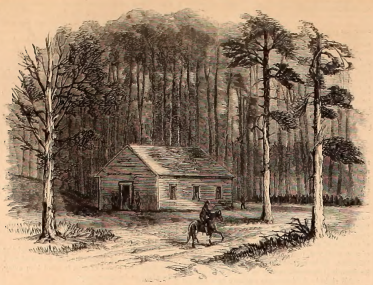
She was too proud to cry, though she struggled some, and finally submitted, or seemed to submit, to be taken in silent state.

She was a quiet child always, and nobody missed her thoughtfulness for some days—somewhat, perhaps, they did not see her about, that she had crept out, and was traveling through the tall prairie grass as fast as her little feet could go.

When it really appeared that she was nowhere to be found about the house or grove, and when furthermore the absence of her little shaker and the *packed* cabas seemed to indicate that she had persisted in her childish resolve, two of her uncles sought out in their teens—were not suspected, where



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.—BATTLE OF ETHAN'S CHURCH (GENERAL WOOD'S DIVISION), JULY 28, 1864.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 556.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—EZRA'S CHURCH, JULY 28, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

DEAD BROOK—BATTLE OF EZRA'S CHURCH.—[SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—SHERMAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR DECATUR, JULY 19, 1864.—SKETCHED BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1864.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"SUNSHINE."

"SUNSHINE!" I love darkness best;
Day is hard and darkness tender:
Darkness soothes the aching breast;
Day but mocks it with his splendor.
Wherefore bid me sing of light?
Me, the mournful child of Night.

Ah! my hand upon the string
Wanders vainly pleading:
Echoes of the tragic wake
Lavish bloom and languid grove,
Sharp-cut mountain, dreamy lake,
Glorious azure, glowing love:
Would that I could catch a ray
For my heart and for my lay.

Never here!—This pallid sky
Makes the very soul to shiver.
To my brown South let me fly,
Let me find once more its fever;
Let me bury there my pain.
Live and love and sing again.

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

WE give on pages 556 and 557 illustrations of General SHERMAN'S campaign in front of Atlanta. The sketch on page 556 represents a portion of the BATTLE OF ERZA'S CHURCH, fought July 28. General LOGAN, after M'PHERSON'S death, assumed temporary command of the Army of the Tennessee. This army was, after the battle of the 22d, transferred from its position on the east side of Atlanta to the extreme right of our army on the west side, threatening the Macon Road. The movement was the most rapid of a campaign which, for the expeditious movements of troops over vast distances, will be celebrated in the history of the war. The Fifteenth (LOGAN'S own) Corps had hardly got in position on the night before it was attacked by 20,000 of the troops under General STEWART and HOOD, the latter commencing shortly after one o'clock, continuing with exceeding fierceness until nearly dark. At the last rout our men had no shelter of any kind, but their keen appreciation of a breast-work was shown by the fact that before the fight ended a rail-work sufficient for considerable shelter had been constructed. The battle was fought entirely by the Fifteenth Corps, and the loss sustained by them is probably the largest that is known—full eight hundred killed and wounded. Over 700 rebel dead were buried by our men, and the reports from the rebels acknowledge a loss of over 5000 men. Among the dead wounded were Generals LOGING, STEWART, S. D. LEE, BROWN, and GIBSON.

The sketch shows especially that part of the battle in which WOOD'S division was engaged, on the left, near the railroad. HARROW'S brigade of this corps, and MORGAN L. SMITH the right. After the assault on WOOD had thus signally failed an attack was made on SMITH with some severity. SMITH was nearly flanked, and several of his batteries were captured; but none of these were taken of the field except two howitzers, as we see from the position occupied by the rebels. At three o'clock WOOD reinforced SMITH, and the line of work taken by the rebels was recaptured. The scene from General SHERMAN'S stand-point was one of exceeding grandeur. The lines were so close together that they seemed to be only separated by the work for which they were battling.

On page 557 we give a picture of EZRA'S CHURCH itself. On the same page is another sketch connected with this battle, giving a view of DEAD BROOK, the scene of a portion of the engagement. A third sketch represents General SHERMAN'S headquarters near Decatur, July 19, before the battles of the 20th, 22d, and 28th. These quarters were at the same time used by Dr. SHIPPEN, surgeon of HASCALL'S division, Twenty-third Corps, for the purposes of a hospital.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THE engraving on page 557 gives the Paris fashions for the month of August. Although away of wear, these light costumes are not without their peculiar convenience, and, to be altogether graceful, require care in the selection and arrangement of the colors for ornament. In addition to the ordinary disposition to patronize fashion, elegance, and bargain, great favor is being bestowed upon white muslin dresses of the first quality, trimmed fantastically with bands of silk dipped in the colors—according to the caprices of the modiste. Indeed light dresses generally, ornamented with silk strings attached at just remembered, or with very small passementerie trimmings, enjoy a vogue altogether undisputed, and really merit the patronage they meet with even in the highest quarters.

The head-dresses and bonnets worn at this season are extremely varied in style and shape. The chapeau Watteau (a la Watteau is shown in the illustrations) is one of the most fashionable of the round descriptions, but the Spanish bonnet, of white tulle-small, round, and with or without bavolet—completes, à rarer, the white muslin costume just alluded to. The bavolet is usually replaced by a bow in tulle or by a garland of small flowers gracefully arranged.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Rose and palest of gray foulard, with three rows of dark violet silk and passementerie trimming on the skirt: round the edge of the jacket, across the shoulders, and on the cuffs, a single row of similar trimming is adopted with a most pleasing effect. The small round chapeau is in white tulle bouillonné, the border being replaced by a large tulle bow; orange bow and ribbons.

Fig. 2. *Evening Dress.*—Very pale yellow alpaca robe, ornamented with silk embroidery in several shades of velvet. The skirt especially presents a very pretty and novel appearance, and the dress is completed by the Mediæval vest, and the manifold chemisettes, of which only a small portion is seen above the black silk plastron edged with velvet. The head-dress is the coiffure Rubens, of Valenciennes lace, with black and violet velvet bow in front.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress for a Young Lady.*—Light stone-colored tulle, the peplum and robe being of uniform color, but trimmed with pink silk ornaments scattered. The peplum is relatively more abundantly decorated than the skirt. Tuscan chapeau Windsor, almost covered with eagles' feathers and with strings, the latter placed en front.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE ancient Greeks and Romans had some very curious modes of taking bees. They imagined that they were sometimes originated from the putrefaction of animals, especially oxen; that the slugs (so they called them) were produced from the brain, or from the soldier part, and the remainder of the swarm—the *proficuum populeus*—from the flesh. They would actually given a receipt for making a swarm out of a dead ox.

Another dated error was that bees were generated in the blossoms and among the leaves of particular plants, the olive being one—a more ridiculous one than the other, certainly—and that the baby-bees were from thence collected by the old ones.

A still more wonderful story, if possible, is told us by LAURIA CALPURNIUS, in his agricultural treatise. "There is no Russia," written somewhere about the year A. D. 60. He gravely informs us that bees which have been killed for the sake of obtaining their honey may be advantageously kept in spring, and then be placed in the sun among unrolled figs—and this when they will come to life again! This is vitality, and no mistake.

THE New York theatres open for the fall and season for their audiences a new wonder. An optician in Paris has succeeded in producing the effect of living drinking on the stage, with its peculiar blue color, by means of a concave mirror, in the proper position of the two cylinders of a powerful battery nearly in contact. When the light is thrown upon the mirror, reflecting the ghost, according to a brief interval, a dazzling beam of light is thrown upon the stage precisely like a living drinking of blood. It is also succeeded in producing a rainbow, by means of an electric spectrum, which is used with effect in the opera of *Moses*.

THE Roman female corpses were painted. So are the bodies of the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands and those of New Zealand. When a New Zealand chieftain dies, says Mr. POLACK, the women cut themselves about the arms with muscle-shells and let blood profusely, because they say the departed ghosts, and especially the ghosts, are exceedingly partial to this beverage. The head is adorned with the most elaborate tattooing. The abdomen, the head is anointed with shark-oil, and tied at the crown with a flax-lace. The face is painted in the most elaborate style with patches of white down from the sea-fowl's breast, and the cheeks are tattooed with the spiral. The corpse is encircled with a garland of pink and white flowers of the country. Last, the body is wrapped in fine mats around the body, which is placed upright. Skulls of enemies slain in battle are suspended in the hut. Relics of ancestors, dug up for the occasion, are placed on platforms in the hall. A number of spears are stacked near by, and the chieftain company. His wives and concubines drown themselves in the river, and are buried with their husbands in state three or four days. The priests flourish round the body, waving fans, to keep off the flies, and the obsequies. The pile, or funeral song, is then chanted, which is the history of the departed chief of the Zealanders, very much resembling the service, or funeral song of the Romans. At last the body is burned, with the favorite mats, muskets, trinkets, etc., of the deceased.

THE language of the eye is very hard to counterfeit. You can read all the eye of your companion while you talk, whether your argument hits him, though his tongue is silent about it. A mind-reader requires no company: he has heard no important remark, but if in sympathy with his subject, he will understand it. He knows it as he has been flowing to him through the eye. There are eyes that are always calculating, always thinking of themselves; others are timid, and deep wells that non mind fall into; over eyes are quick, and others are sleepy. There is much notice. "There are asking eyes and asserting eyes, eyes full of light, eyes—some of great—that reflect none."

M. DANCIN, in a paper read to the Paris Academy of Sciences, has directed attention to the importance of water as a cause of death. He has calculated that a person lying on a lean horse, from whose diet per day 3 pounds of oats were withdrawn, and 3 pounds of hay with abundance of water, into which a pound of bran was put. In the course of seven days this horse had increased 20 pounds in weight. In the same regiment an exceedingly fat mare, that could hardly be led, was fed upon 3 pounds of hay in advance of sixty litres of water per day to fifteen, and in one week lost 30 pounds, without any diarrhœa.

THE spire of Strasburg Cathedral had hitherto secured to FRANCE the distinction of possessing the loftiest structure among church buildings in Europe. But now the Cologne pinnacle is destined to be overtopped by the tower in process of construction at St. Stephen's, Vienna. The latter rests the Austrian spire had only reached an altitude of 420 feet, while the Austrian architect contemplates 500. Even an addition of 75 feet to its rival on the Danube puts an end to the boasted pre-eminence of the Rhine. The scaffold being now, Strasbourg 440, Vienna 454, majority for Vienna 75 feet with a few inches. FRENCH, however, has got Mont Blanc.

A FORMAL but most essential rule makes letters once posted the property of the Postmaster-General, and are delivered as addressed, and they must not be given up to letters on any pretense whatever. Not only is the requests of this kind related to us, we are likely soon to be. We have received numerous communications at our office and expressed a fear that he had inclosed two letters by mistake, and that the mistake had not been published. It appeared, from the account which he reluctantly gave, that he refused to publish the mistake, but his position and prospects depended upon his getting his letters, and he could not do it. Accordingly, he adopted the expedient which he had adopted to serve two mercantile houses in the city of Baltimore, whose business clashed at every point. Another case occurred in which a fast young gentleman was engaged in a most delicate private correspondence with two young ladies at the same time, and by the folly of fortune he got the letters mixed, which he had written at the same sitting. . . . Writing in time, we have not published the mistake, because the master had a letter put into his hand through the office-holder, together with the following message, delivered with great emphasis: "Here's a letter; she wants it to-day, and has set it on. You must get it to her, or I have to have her hear; and she's courted by another fellow that's in the mail, and wants to get another he's going to have her or not."

THE difference between an actor and his manager gave rise to an odd scene the other night at the Théâtre des Variétés, Paris. "Monsieur Bressant, you are a fool!" "Bête, M'. Delsarte, who was playing the chief rôle, addressed himself in his part to the manager. "Monsieur, me to interrupt myself an instant, and tell you something that you know as well as myself. Now, I ask you, have no my engagement for my bread, and as I have not deserved the treatment I expect to receive, I shall leave you in this case locked more to himself than the public. This is my answer. If you agree to it, you will be pleased to applaud me: those who are of a different opinion can hiss." "Monsieur Bressant, you are a fool!" And he went on with his part of the haughty baron.

THE following singular event occurred just after Grant's severe battles north of the James. A sergeant had been engaged playing upon a number of bean-boards the names of members of his regiment who had been killed in the late fight. There was one board in excess, and in a spirited vein he placed with a lead-pencil his own name upon it, and the date of his demise, June 20, as his term of service had then expired and he was about to leave for home. A day or two after, while bidding his companions farewell, he was struck in the breast by a 30-pounder Parrot and instantly killed. The very bean-board he had inscribed his own name upon was found among the others, over his grave, which, with date, correctly marks his resting place.

A DEVICE paper informs us that an English-built yacht, the *Pearl*, now belonging to a French gentleman, has come into that port, and is expected to be soon fitted out for exhibiting a number of relics from the Alabama, picked up after the sinking of the *Pearl* was in part also a spectator. Among these objects saved is a brass gun-lock, belonging to one of the steamers, and containing, doubtless for his own interests in the way of preservation, a complete list of the vessels destroyed or captured by the Alabama. This list, begun on the 5th of September, 1862, and closes on the 19th of April, 1864, will, curiously enough, enumerate sixty-six captures, corresponding to the number of Captain SEMMES'S circumnavigations. Seven vessels burned as much as possible, forty-seven so burned, and ten as sold; and the work of destruction is estimated as from eight to ten millions of dollars.

THE LITTLE HERO.

"HERE'S news for ye, Jake, and work to do!" said a tall, rough-looking fellow, who had ridden up a moment before, and throwing himself from his horse came up to the bar, where Jake Forman sat cleaning a shot-gun. Jake looked up lazily.

"What is what is it now?"

"The Colonel's despatches! news that that darned currier 'll pass this way some time to-night. It's most likely he'll come by Rocky Run; but he may some t'other way, as you're to watch and stop him, if you kin afore he gets to the Forks. Take a couple of men with you—Bill Jones and Sam Hall, and make it sure this time. If he carries the news the Colonel thinks he does, it 'll be worth money to you to take him."

"All right, Ben; I'll be sure my eye's back's open for the Colonel's quarters, you may be sure o' that."

A bright-looking boy of some ten years was sitting near by, playing with a bit of pine with a rusty jack-knife. The new-comer looked at him curiously.

"That's not your boy, Jake?"

Jake laughed. "I reckon not, I hain't a Yankee myself."

"And the boy is. I kin see that stickin' out plain'r'n the nose on yer face." "Yes, and he's got more grit'n most of'em. Ef he hadn't held a never been yere. He belonged to one o' them fellers we surprised down at Pleasant Hill. His father was took prisoner and sent off to Richmond, and some of us goin' next day to where the camp'in place had been, he found this yer boy where they had left him. He's as we would get well, and so we let him, and we hes to him, though he's a Yankee as you'll find. I kind o' like him though."

"Gritty, eh?" said the man, stepping toward the boy. "See here, sonny, how you say Hurrah for Jeff Davis, or I'll put this through ye quicker'n lightnin'!" flashing his sword in the boy's face.

The little fellow looked up from his work at this time, and his cheeks were flushing. He looked at the man an instant, perhaps he saw that he was only trying to frighten him. Taking off his ragged hat, he swung it over his head,

"Hurrah for the Stars and Stripes!" he said, in her voice, but clear.

The man's face darkened. He locked as though he were going to strike him, but Remam interposed.

"Don't bother the boy, Bill; come away. We'll

The other man laughed. "I wasn't goin' to touch him," he said, and went down the walk. Jake following him, stopped for some moments to talk with him beyond the boy's hearing.

But Will had heard enough. Some poor fellow was to be waylaid and killed and shot for his despatches. The boy, young as he was, had had already experience in life beyond his years. His father had been living freely with his wife when he was quite out, and of a family of six his father and he had alone escaped alive from the persecution which raged around poor his country. Here before him were two men slain, and his mother had died of grief. He knew what these men meant when they talked about waylaying a courier. "If I wasn't such a little boy," he said to himself, "I could do something: I wonder if I couldn't say way. The man said some time to-night, and I know where the Forks is. I'll do it, I'll do it, if they come to shoot me for it." He wandered about, thinking it over, anxious and unhappy all day.

When night came he complained of a headache, and made it an excuse to go to bed early. Once in the little room where he slept he raised the window softly, and crept out over a shed roof. Once he started off as fast as he could go in the direction of the Forks.

They were all too busy getting Jake ready to miss him; but he feared lest they should discover his absence, and suspect where he had gone. His heart beat like a hammer along the road, and he imagined in every sound that he heard Jake upon his track.

He reached the Forks, however, safely. Beyond this the road—rough and scarcely more than a bridle-path—branched off, and diverged into various nearly undistinguishable ways.

It would not answer for him to remain here, but where to wait and watch for which of these ways perceptible ways would the expected courier come?

Fortunately, about half a mile on the woods were more open and the growth low. There was a high, bright moon. "If only Jake will stay at the Forks and watch," thought the boy, as he ran on toward the more open ground. That reached, he climbed a tree, and began his watch, listening at the same time for Jake and his men.

Not a very easy watch you may imagine that —every young sense on the alert, and so many shadows among the scattering trees to deceive his eye.

Suddenly he heard the trump of a horse, and almost instantly saw him—it must be he, he thought—a man alone on horseback, and riding at that pace.

Almost in the same moment he imagined he heard some one approaching in the opposite direction. The carrier, if it were he, was riding unsuspiciously on, trusting perhaps to the speed of the animal he rode to take him past any danger that lurked.

Will was coming down from his perch as quickly as possible. He was quite sure that Jake and his men were waiting not far away; the courier was riding on unconscious of it—passing directly under the tree in which the boy was, when, calculating the distance with an accuracy born of the emergency, Will swung himself lightly down, and —strange and providential happening—landed upon the very back of the animal the courier rode. The horse plunged a little; the man, too accustomed to danger of all kinds—for these couriers are a very brave and tried set of men—to lose his presence of mind made no sound.

"Turn back quickly," whispered the boy; "there's danger ahead!"

The man did not hesitate a single instant. With an instinct sharpened by long experience he recognized the warning as worthy of notice, strangely as it had come, and wheeling his horse suddenly to the right, he rode at top-speed to a thicker portion of the wood, and, skirting along it, soon distanced Jake and his men, though they followed him. Upon discovering his change of route several shots were fired after him, but ineffectually, and he eventually reached his destination, bearing the boy with him.

Will became the hero of the hour.

News came to him soon after of the death of his father in prison, and the boy was left the sole survivor of his family.

He begged to stay with the army, and the regiment into whose hands he had fallen at first were too fond and proud of him to send him away. So he staid as drummer-boy.

GARIBALDI'S WIFE.

THE cure of a wife and family seemed wholly incompatible with the circumstances surrounding a man like Garibaldi, whose life was devoted to the cause of liberty—of fighting for it, and of oppressed peoples—however successful he might be in his efforts, he would never have the leisure that was required for the father of a family. Fate, however, decided otherwise.

Finding himself completely isolated, and standing alone in the world, and from being at his friends, who were drowned at the wreck of the *Rio Pardo*, he was one day, while on the lake of Santa Catherina, sitting on the deck of the *Rio Pardo Imperio*, and looking toward the shore, when suddenly he saw, at a farm-house situated on the neighboring hill of La Barra, a group of four girls busily engaged in domestic duties. They were all remarkable for beauty; but one in particular arrested his attention by her unconscious grace and loveliness.

He was still watching them when he received an order to go on shore. Immediately on landing he directed his steps to the house, and was admitted by the owner, whom he happened to know slightly, having met him once before.

The singular visit which had prompted him to go to the house was to address the girl whom he had so admired. On seeing her he immediately besought her to become his wife. The girl, it seems, conceived an affection as warm and as sudden as he had felt for her; and after the lapse of a few short days they were man and wife.

The surname of this lovely Brazilian girl of the province of Santa Catharina, was Anita, under such peculiarly romantic circumstances, the wife of Garibaldi, has never been revealed. In all the subsequent of her hero she is alone mentioned by her Christian name of Anita.

She seems to have been a brunette of a rich, warm complexion, with black and piercing eyes; of a beautifully rounded figure, and a sort of queenly majesty of deportment; active, daring, high-spirited, and in every respect worthy of being the companion for life of such a man as Garibaldi.

Many anecdotes are told of her courage.

Scarcely had she become the wife of her hero, and had gone to sea with him, than they were threatened with an attack by the enemy, who were far superior in force in numbers. Garibaldi wanted Anita to land, but she steadily refused to accede to his request, and, as from the bottom of his heart he admired her courage and was proud of it, he did not urge his point, but allowed her to do as she pleased.

Not only did Anita remain on board the vessel, but she staid on deck during the whole of the engagement, and even took a part in it, inspiriting the crew to acts of desperate courage by her own example. Snatching a carbine from the hands of a man who had fallen dead close to her feet, she kept up a repeated fire on the enemy.

During the engagement, which lasted five hours, Garibaldi, as was his wont, experienced the greatest shock he ever felt in his life.

Anita, in the heat of the battle, standing on the deck and encouraging a sailor, was inspiriting the men to deeds of valor when she was knocked down by the wind of a cannon-ball that had killed two men standing close by her. Garibaldi, who was springing forward to her, thinking that he would find her a corpse, when she rose to her feet, covered with the blood of the men who had fallen close to her, but quite unhurt.

Garibaldi begged her to go below and remain there until the engagement was over.

"I will go below," was her reply, "but only to drive out the cowards who are walking there;" for only a few seconds before she had seen three men leave the deck and hurry rapidly down the hatchway, so to get out of danger of the showers of bullets that was sweeping the deck. And going below she immediately after reappeared, driving before her the three men, overcome with shame that they should have been surpassed in courage by a woman.

Garibaldi himself has said that Anita, whose heart beat as much as his own for the cause of the people, took part in fights as an "amusement," and "as a simple variation to the general monotony of camp life."

At the battle fought at the place called Coritibani she could not content herself with being, as her husband desired, a mere spectator of the combat. She went to the baggage-waggons with the view of seeing that the soldiers were properly supplied with

cartridges. The constant fire that was kept up by the Garibaldians against their enemy made her suspect that their ammunition would fail them if they were not constantly supplied with it. Accordingly she went to the principal scene of the engagement. She had not been there long when she saw about twenty or thirty of the Brazilian horse coming down upon the baggage-train at full gallop.

As she was both a good rider and well mounted she might have taken to flight and saved herself; but she was of too heroical a spirit to do so. She remained on the spot, encouraging the soldiers to fire upon the Imperialists as soon as they came within range. A volley emptied several saddles; but the wound was mortal in their charge, and Anita, being surrounded, was called upon to surrender.

Instead of doing so she clapped spurs to her horse, and dashed through the enemy's lines with the intention of joining her husband; and was galloping off when she was struck by a pistol-shot through her hat, which carried away some of her hair without injuring her skull.

And perhaps she would have effected her escape had the horse not been shot through the head, causing it to fall dead on the ground, and throw her heavily on the turf. She was then forced to surrender, and was taken to the Colonel of the enemy.

Heroically brave in danger, she became, if possible, still more sublime in calmness. In presence of the commander of the Imperialist forces she would not allow him to speak with contumely and disdain of the soldiers of his Grandee.

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The extraordinary benefit they did him makes me always recommend them to my friends, and I would be glad that everybody knew their value. The cure was as near as possible: he would have been helpless and almost unsteady unfit for any kind of business, from the length and severity of each attack—often lasting a whole night, and leaving him for two or three days afterward entirely prostrate from weakness. Every kind of treatment was also severely applied that was professionally advised. You may therefore judge what good reason I have for letting you have this statement in acknowledgment for the benefit received, and in the hope of letting those who are in the like hesitating under similar circumstances, have my testimony in confirmation of the reliability of the other certificate, and perfect confidence, like myself, in the value of the pills.

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U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from Aug. 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These Notes will be convertible at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold-bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect. They will be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1000, and $5000, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars or some multiple of fifty dollars.

The Notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges at once after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

As the Notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date will be entitled to interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upward for these Notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one quarter of one per cent., which will be paid by the Treasury Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

Special Advantages of this Loan.

IT IS A NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and *the best security*. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium in the country, and it can *not* pay in any thing better, for its own assets are either in Government securities or in notes or bonds payable in Government paper.

It is equally convenient as a temporary or permanent investment. The notes can always be sold for within a fraction of their face and accumulated interest, and are the best security with banks as collateral for discounts.

Convertible into a Six per cent. 5-20 Gold Bond.

In addition to the very liberal interest on the notes for three years, this privilege of conversion is now worth about three per cent. per annum, for the current rate for 5-20 Bonds is not less than eight per cent. premium, before the war the premium on six per cent. U. S. stocks was over twenty per cent. It will be seen that the actual profit on this loan, at the present market rate, is not less than ten per cent. per annum.

Its Exemption from State or Municipal Taxation.

But aside from all the advantages we have enumerated, a special Act of Congress *exempts all Bonds and Treasury Notes from local taxation*. This exemption, when appreciation is worth about two per cent. per annum, according to the rate of taxation in various parts of the country.

It is believed that no security can offer so great inducements to lenders as those issued by the Government. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties, or stock companies, or separate communities, is only pledged for payment, while the whole property of the country is held to secure the discharge of all the obligations of the United States.

While the Government offers the most liberal terms for its Loan, it believes that the very strongest appeal will be to the loyalty and patriotism of the people.

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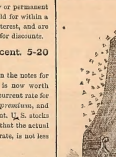

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VOL. VIII.—No. 401.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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"GENTLEMEN, I INTEND TO PLACE THIS ARMY SOUTHWEST OF ATLANTA!"

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—COUNCIL OF WAR HELD AT GENERAL WOOD'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

READING ON THE RAIL FOR CHICAGO.

ANOTY seventeen years ago Mr. HOSEA BIGLOW, of Jaalam, contributed some sprightly verses to the Boston *Courier* of those days (not of these). They were afterward published, with others not less lively, in a convenient volume, edited by HOSEA BIGLOW, A.M., which has latterly been included in the works of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, doubtless for reasons satisfactory to Mr. BIGLOW and his editor. There is one poem in the collection called "The Debate in the Senate," which, as Mr. CALHOUN is his hero—who was, speaking humanly, the real author of this war—we have thought might be a subject of fruitful meditation by delegates upon their way to Chicago. They will remember that General JACKSON, who used to be good Democratic authority, said that the fiercest agitation would be the next excuse of the secessionists. Nor will they forget that Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, in his conversation with Colonel JACQUES and Mr. GILMORE, has just confirmed the General's prophecy. The younger delegates to Chicago, who are pondering compromise or reunion upon the bottom of the disciples of Mr. CALHOUN, may not be unwilling to be reminded that General JACKSON was always sorry that he did not hang Mr. CALHOUN.

THE DEBATE IN THE SENNIT—(1848).
SOT TO A SUBET HYEME.

"Here we stun' on the Constitution, by thunder!
It's a fact if wich she's bustin' up right smart.
For how could we trample on't so, I wonder,
Ef 't wern't that it's ollers under our hoofs?"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
"Human rights haint no more
Right to come on this floor,
No more'n the man in the moon," sez he.

"The North haint no kind o' bisness with nothin',
An' you're no like how much bother it saves;
We slant more riled by their frettin' an' foolin',
We're used to hyrin' the string on our slaves."
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
Sez Mister Footh,
"I should like to shoot
The hull crew, by the great horn spoon!" sez he.

"Freedom's Keystone is Slavery, that there's no doubt on,
It's suthin'eth'ut's—whu' d' ye call it?—divine,—
An' the slaves that we sliers make the most out on
Air them nerth o' Mason an' Dixon's line."
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
"For all that," sez Mangum,
"Would be better to hang 'em,
An' so git red on 'em soon," sez he.

"The man ought' to labor an' we lay on softes,
They're the critters that 's used to spread Freedom's area;
It puts all the cunnicest on us in office,
An' restless our Maker's ongrateful idee,"!
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
"That's ex plain," sez Cass,
"But then some on's an ass,
It's ez clear ez the sun is at noon," sez he.

"Now don't go to say I'm the friend of oppression,
But keep all your spare breath for coolin' your broth.
For I allow there comes at least forty my impression
To make cussed free with the rights o' the North,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
"I'm, me know o' Minn,—
"The perfection o' bliss
Is to skinnuh' that same old coon," sez he.

"Slavery's a thing that depends on complexion—
It's God's law that fetters on black skins don't chafe:
Ef brains went to settle it (horrid reflection)
Wich of our cranks hain't ollered to rule?"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
Sez Mister Hannegan,
Afore he began sich,
"That exception is quite opportoon," sez he.

"Gen'ule Case, Sir, you mestn't be twitchin' your collar;
Your mark's quite clear to the dot on your forrid
At the North we don't make no distinctions o' color;
You can take a lick at our shoes when you please,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
Sez Mister Jarnagin,
"They're more'n I'm fit for to larn spin,
They oil on 'em know the old toun," sez he.

"The slavery question ain't no ways bewilderin'.
North an' South hev one int'rest, it's plain to a gleaner,
Northern men, mud' yer patriarchs, don't sell their children,
But they do sell themselves, of they git a good chance,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
Sez Athertun here,
"This is gittin' severe,
I wish I could dive like a loon," says he.

"I'll break up the Union, this talk about freedom,
An' your fact'ry gals (soon ez we split) 'll make bread,
An' gittin' out cotton, the chief o' other to feed 'em,
'll go to work raisin' promiscuous Ned,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
"You, the North," sez Colquitt,
"If we Southerners all quit,
Would git rich at a busted balloon," sez he.

"Jest look wut is doin', wut anuyky's hevein',* —
In the beautiful clime o' the olive an' vine;
All the wise arbitery is tremblin' to ruin,
An' the sacredyers dreein' an' dreinin' their wine,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
"Yes," sez Johnson, "in France
They're beginnin' to dance
Beelzebub's own rigadoon," sez he.

"The South's safe enough, it don't feel a mite skeery,
Our skies is all sunshine darkness an' dan can't hint
Not to welcome with proud hallyingers the ery
Wen our eagle kites scum from the naytional nest,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
"Oh," sez Wentesh o' Florida,
"Wut 'bout a hereafter
Then our privileges tryin' to proon?" sez he.

"We can theyre'e so happy, that, wen crazy zaptists
Stick their nose in our bizness, we gin so durned riled;
We think it's our duety to give pooty sharp hints,
That the last crumb of Edim on airth shan't be spiled,"
Sez John C. Calhoun, sez he:—
"Ah," sez Dixon H. Lewis,
"It is positively true
That slavery's airth's prettiest boon," sez he.

* The French Revolution of 1848.

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

PEACE with the serpent's nest?
Peace with the traitor race,
Who have stabbed their mother's breast,
And brought our land disgrace?
Whose feet were on our necks,
Whose brows swarm our decks,
Who have drenched with blood our sod?
There is no peace! saith our God.

Come on! ye sunburnt men,
From bay-field and from plow!
Spring up from desk and pen!
Forward! if ever, *now!*
Come faces dusk and pale!
Shall whips or thews prevail?
Come, whom nature has made,
And win peace, hand to hand!

Remember all our dead;
Have they, then, died in vain?
The blood that they have shed
Calls from the ground again!
Clasp! noble hands and true!
Those hearts that bled for you—
In this the peace they sought?
The liberty they bought?

No peace while breathes a slave!
No peace while lurks a stain!
No peace with brute or knave!
No peace with love of gain!
Patient land, quicken!
When chastened, strong, and pure,
Like dew upon thy sod,
Shall fall the peace of God.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE result of the Chicago Convention is a foregone conclusion. It matters little whether it sits a long or short time; whether Mr. DEAN RICHMOND or Mr. VALLANDIGHAM be its master spirit; whether there be the brotherly peace in its deliberations which the latter gentleman prophesies, or whether the astute delegates break each other's shins, heads, and noses; it matters little whether it painfully constructs a platform sparkling with shan sentiment upon which the party may try to scale the glittering heights of power as poor Madame Somebody in spangled skirts tried to walk up a tight rope amidst fire-worked splendors, or whether, ing by the way, or whether it builds a vessel as broad and ample as the unfortunate steamer *President* which sailed away and was never heard of more; it all the same whether it nominates General M'CLELLAN and Mr. GARRETT DAVIS, or Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and the late General BUELL, or GUTHRIE and Mr. WASHINGTON HUNT, or Governor HORATIO SEYMOUR and Senator SAULSBURY, or JUDGE NELSON and Mr. EDSON OLDS, or Mr. DEAN RICHMOND and Governor JOSEPH E. BROWN, or Mr. POWELL and Mr. FERNANDO WOOD—a selection of eligible combinations, especially the last—to which we respectfully invite the attention of the Convention—it will be all the same, and the Chicago nomination will wonderfully simplify the situation.

It matters little who is nominated there, because the Convention represents opposition to the war, and its candidate can not escape the fate of his position.

On one side in this election, all who stand for the unconditional maintenance of the Union and the Government, and for waging the war for that purpose by all the legal yield and to be heard, will vote for LINCOLN and JOHNSON. On the other side, all who stand for the conditional maintenance of the Government, for asking the rebels on what terms they will obey —in a word, all who wish peace upon any terms or "conciliatory" war, which is merely shameful surrender, will vote for the Chicago candidate. He will be the candidate of the enemies of the war, and whoever he may be, knowing who his supporters are, he will justly regard his election as a sign that the first step for the people is to stop the war, not to maintain the Union.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was right, therefore, in saying at Dayton that there would be harmony in the Convention. For he knows that if M'CLELLAN is nominated with a platform, his policy must be substantially that of VALLANDIGHAM himself. This is clear from the facts. The "Democratic" party is said to be divided into the Peace men and the War Democrats. But it is only the former who manage the party. The logic of the party policy is incarnated in Messrs. VALLANDIGHAM and WOOD. That policy has always been, as no honest Democrat will deny, to yield to the South—which is the policy of Messrs. VALLANDIGHAM and WOOD to-day. The efforts of Mr. DEAN RICHMOND and his friends can not successfully oppose that policy. Those gentlemen can only hope to do the same thing without saying so. They must insist that they are going to Lincoln and not to Jefferson Davis.

Mr. WOOD declares that there is no such party as the "War Democracy." Is he not correct? There are indeed men of the purest patriotism who are uncompromising supporters of the war, and who have always been and are now Democrats, like Mr. MOSES F. ODELL, representative in Congress from Brooklyn. But in Pennsylvania, last autumn, when Governor CURTIN was re-elected by a lean, though tough and true, majority of 5,000, was the bulk of the opposition vote cast by men like Mr. ODELL, firm and faithful for the war, or by men like the opposition candidate, Judge WOODWARD, and WILLIAM B. REED, one of the most notorious rebel sympathizers in the country? General BUTLER, like Mr. ODELL, is a War Democrat, so is Daniel S. Dickinson, and Secretary STANTON and General LOGAN, and General GRANT. They have never been any thing but Democrats. Have they, or any man like them, a chance for the Chicago nomination? The "War Democracy" is a name. There are individual Democrats who support the war with all their hearts, looking first to the Union, not to their party. But the vote for THOMAS H. SEYMOUR in Connecticut—was that a War Democratic vote? So in all the States, the opposition vote represents opposition to the war. Its resolutions always denounce the Government, seldom the rebellion. Its orators rage at the President, never at JEFFERSON DAVIS. Its papers are what they can be to disloyal men. It is upon these orators and papers that the Chicago nomination will rely. It is this vote which Chicago nomination will command. It is this policy which the Chicago nomination will favor. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM seems to us quite correct in predicting harmony in the Convention.

Whoever is the candidate and whatever the platform at Chicago, therefore, the Convention will not propose to change the authority of the Government more vigorously, but to truck and dicker with rebels. The platform will state the contemplated bargain in some pretty phrase. It will call it a basis of fraternal effort at reconciliation. But the American people, who are the Governmen of this country, will not forget what without the least delay done or threatened this rebellion began. They will not forget that the House of Representatives, in which the friends of the present Administration were largely in the majority, were modified by a vote of 133 to 65 it recommended a constitutional amendment that the Constitution should never be amended so as to allow Congress to touch slavery in a State. They will not forget that the friends of the new administration in the Peace Conference proposed a national convention to consider how to settle all differences before blood was spilled. So precious was the Union, so great the dread of war, that efforts to preserve peace and maintain the Government, which were new attempts, were made by the Congress and loyal citizens and were haughtily spurned by the rebels. They counted upon the absolute degradation of the American people, and they fired at Sumter to try if that degradation were complete.

They have had their respite; and this election is to determine whether the tone of that response is to be changed. The rebels are waiting to learn whether the war they have waged has degraded us to the point of granting them their will; or whether they are to discover in the defeat of those upon whom they depend in the loyal States, and the total ruin of their armed power, the conviction, that the will of the American people, constitutionally expressed, shall be respected by all American citizens, or the disbodied land to the full force of the Government until they sue to be heard.

COMPROMISE OR WAR.

On the 6th of November, 1860, at a constitutional election, in which the people of all the States participated, ABRAHAM LINCOLN was elected President. On the 17th of December, the 20th of December a Convention of the people of South Carolina "dissolved the Union" between that State and others. No complaint of the general Government existed. No oppression was pleaded; no wrong alleged. At the moment of secession, and for more than two months afterward, it was under the control of the party which was predominant in South Carolina, and that party had controlled the Government for many years. The debates in the Convention show that the secession was the result of a mature purpose. Mr. INGLIS said that they had been thinking of it for twenty years. Mr. KEITT said that he had been engaged in the matter ever since he entered public life. Mr. RHETT said that it was not the event of a day, and was not produced by Mr. LINCOLN's election or the non-execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. Similar statements were made by Members of Congress, as they rose in their places and resigned. The movement continued. Under the plea of the right of States to withdraw from the Union at their pleasure, State after State seceded, and the seceded States combining declared that the United States should not victual its own troops, and upon its attempting to do so began the war.

For more than three years the war has been waged, on the part of the Government to maintain the Union and enforce the laws; on that of the seceders to establish their independence, whereby the Union is destroyed and the Government overthrown. The question now presented to us is whether the effort of the Government to compel disobedient citizens to obey the law unconditionally shall be relinquished, or whether any minority of the people of the United States who are dissatisfied with the result of an election may take up arms to impose their will upon the Government. That is the only question. The Government has sought neither conquest nor any thing under and than the character of the Constitution in South Carolina as in Maine. What is there, then, to compromise? The movement the rebels yield to the laws and renounce the war ends. What is there to compromise but the right of the Government to make the Constitution the supreme law of the land—and when that is compromised the Government is gone.

But we have been fighting for three years, says somebody; why not try a Convention? Very well. Suppose a Convention were called. Suppose the rebels attend its meetings. Is it proposed to offer them more or less than the Constitution and the laws of Congress and the acts of the Executive authorized by it? Is it proposed to ask them upon what terms they will consent for the present to obey the laws and abide by the Constitution? Is it proposed to take their terms? But if the Constitution and the laws are to be offered them, they are offered now, and always have been, without a Convention, and it is upon that basis that we have been fighting. If something less or more than the Constitution is to be offered, then we confess that the rebels are already successful, and the Convention is one in which they will dictate terms to a conquered foe.

In a convention of the kind proposed the Government must either maintain its position or recede from it. If it stands fast, the rebels will have gained a breathing spell for renewed fighting. If it recedes, the Government will have justified every defeated political party or sectional faction in flying to arms against their opponents.

That Government should be reasonable is not denied. That grievances should be redressed is true. The Government that does not hear complaints and redress them will soon fall. But while the measures of Government are just, its authority must be unquestionable, or there is no security for justice. While, therefore, all complaint should be heard, all citizens ought to be useful. If, therefore, any citizens of the United States have any complaint against the Government, what is the reason why they can not thereby they can be heard in a convention or any where else. But if, with arms in their hands, they can force it to do their bidding they are themselves the Government, and the end no longer exists. Yet in our case, as we said, no complaint was alleged. The men who up to that moment had controlled the Government said, quietly, "It is our pleasure to destroy it." If now, under any pretense, the Government which knows that they are straining their last nerve, which hears one of their veterans say that the rebellion must end of sheer depletion before long, stops to ask these leaders upon what terms they will compromise, it concedes that it is vanquished, and that it has not the most essential quality of every true Government, the will and the power upon proper occasion to compel absolute obedience.

FINE FEATHERS DO NOT MAKE FINE BIRDS.

No name is more cherished by the people of this country than "Democrat." But it must stand for a true democracy, or every true Democrat will leave the name and cease to be the thing. The party which now assumes the name and uses the organization is not a party with which unconditional Union men can easily ally themselves. "Democratic" conventions no longer speak for true Democrats, the political children of JEFFERSON. Thus the "Democratic" Convention of Maine tacitly avowed that "the Democratic party is, and ever has been, the true Union party of the country."

Now, considering that the rebellion was plotted by a "Democratic" Cabinet, Senators, and Representatives—that every rebel leader is a "Democrat"—that the rebel press, with the Atlanta *Register*, if the "Democrats" will only "use the ballot-box against Mr. LINCOLN while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other"—that every State which such "Democratic" leaders controlled in 1860 has been taken out of the Union—that every form of opposition to the maintenance of the lawful authority of the Union comes from persons and parties who call themselves "Democratic"—that those who rejoice at rebel invasions of the North, who constantly suggest the necessary measures of the war, who maintain in speeches and papers the cause of secession and disunion, all belong to what they call the "Democratic" party—that those who invite foreign interference are "Democrats" of the same kind—that every man who, under the name of peace, hopes and works for a bloody counter-revolution at the North is a "Democrat"—that every "Knight of the Golden Circle," or open or secret foe of the integrity of the Union, is a "Dem-

ocrat"—that every man who counsels the surrender of the Government by making terms with citizens who are trying to overthrow it is "Democrat"—considering that there is no man, party, or measure which is now obscene has been working in the interest of the rebellion, and consequently for disunion, if this is not "Democratic," we submit that the Maine "Democracy" perpetrate a tragical joke when they solemnly resolve that the "Democratic party" of which JEFFERSON DAVIS, FRANKLIN PIERCE, SLIDELL, VALLANDIGHAM, MASON, WICKFALL, and FERNANDO WOOD are accredited leaders, for which consummates BUTLER, STANTON, DICKINSON, LOGAN, and GRANT, is and ever has been the true Union party of the country.

THE "PEACE" APOSTLE AND THE MAJOR-GENERALS.

WE had supposed that MR. VALLANDIGHAM was sent to Congress by his political friends; but he tells us at Dayton: "I expect speedily, by the grace of God—and I ask no higher authority—to be at Chicago." This effectually disposes of the authority of the Convention that sent him. But would he kindly inform an inquiring public, in case he had been dissatisfied with the authority he asserts, to what "higher authority" he would have appealed?

In the midst of his speech the worthy orator paused to ask this most puzzling question: "What shall I say, as an honest man?" Why, indeed! That question may be called, in the language of the rude street boy, "a sockdologer."

But recovering toward the close of his address, he proclaims his purpose "to remain forever God's noblest work, an honest man." That is a most commendable resolution. The delegate who holds his office as the old kings claimed to hold theirs, "by the grace of God," doubtless remembers what Othello says to Emilia of her husband Iago:

> "An honest man he is, and hates the slime
> That sticks on filthy deeds."

But being an honest man, why does the immaculate orator proceed to asperse the honesty of the soldiers. "I do not look for personal aggrandizement. *If I did I should not be a Major-General long ago, and had millions of money laid by as the spoils of my part in the war.*" This is the plain assertion that the commission of a Major-General is the result of a desire of personal aggrandizement, and that Major-Generals lay by "spoils" to the amount of millions of dollars. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM should remember that he is a "peace" man, and not a good authority upon soldiers; who as they read such words will be apt to exclaim, as he remembers Othello and his peculiar emphasis, when his mind wandered to the truth, "*Honest, honest* Iago!"

TWO NATIONS ON THE SOIL OF ONE.

THE question is often asked whether England did not declare in our Revolution, as we do in this rebellion, that to yield to the demands of the colonial rebels would be to connive at the humiliation and the dismemberment; and whether after all, England was ruined by the separation of the Colonies. This is another form of the favorite remark of rebel sympathizers, that the secessionists are doing only what our fathers did.

The British Government was unquestionably humiliated by the separation of the Colonies, and the English have always borne us the grudge which they are now gratifying. But the Government was not dismembered, simply because the Colonies were subjects of a country three thousand miles off, and because the bond between them was not like ours. In a word, the cases are not alike because they are essentially different. Thus, our fathers did not say that, because government justly exists by the consent of the governed, therefore any portion of people any where, at any time, and under any circumstances, have the right to overthrow the Government by force, with all the inevitable and melancholy consequences of war. They said only that, when the consent of a people is permanently and injuriously disregarded by the Government, and when peaceful redress by petition is be hopeless, and the consequences of submission are more calamitous than war, then, rehearsing their wrongs in mankind, and appealing to human sympathy and divine justice, those people may forcibly overthrow that Government.

That is what the American colonists did in 1776. Is that what the American rebels are doing in 1864?

The Government, so far as the Colonies was concerned, was destroyed, but the consequences ended there. But if the British monarchy had been a Union like ours, if the counties of Kent and Sussex had been parts of the whole in the same way and by the same bond that the colonies of Virginia and Massachusetts were, then the whole bond would have been loosened. But even then it would not necessarily have plunged the island of Great Britain into anarchy, for the revolted section of the empire was separated from it by an ocean.

But if thirteen English counties on the soil of the island, separated from the rest by no natural barriers of any kind whatever, had risen in insurrection, and after a war of four years the British Government had asked them upon what terms they would submit, or had agreed that they should form an independent power upon the English soil, how long would the majesty and force of the British Government last? Should we have heard the London *Times* complacently asserting that we must apply for room for two monarchies in England; or would the London *Times* perceive, what all the world would know, that the British monarchy was at an end?

There are such things as nations and a national life. There is an American nation and an American people, exactly as there is an English or a French nation and people. And the American nation proposes to continue its existence.

GENERAL SHERMAN AND HIS SOLDIERS.

A PRIVATE soldier in the First Illinois Artillery lately sent to General SHERMAN a bridle and collar which he had worked in camp. "As a slight token," he said, "of the high regard and esteem which all the soldiers entertain toward you as our commander." The General, with that hearty recognition of valor and character which is ennobling to every man and sure to endear him to others, in acknowledging the present, says:

"I have always borne testimony to the peculiar intelligence, good conduct, and gentlemanly deportment of the young men who compose your battery, and, when the war does close, if I survive it, I will make it my study to show full honor to every man of the battery. The musician, though in humble capacity, have been the working hands by which you have achieved honor and have been vindicated.

"As Infantry A was one of the first to fire a hostile shot in the war in the great valley of the Mississippi, I hope it will be one of the last, and that its thunder tones will in due time proclaim the permanent peace for which we we could not avoid, but which called all true men from the peaceful avocations of life to maintain."

The final sentence shows General SHERMAN'S just appreciation of the nature of the war. The rebels and traitors at the North differ from DE. CARLOS BUELL, late a Major-General in the United States army.

COMPROMISE WITH THE SOIL!

THE powerful picture of MR. NAST'S, which we print this week, shows at a glance the condition which compromise presupposes. These who urge it represent the friends of the Union as in the condition of the Northern soldier in the picture, utterly defeated, crippled, and crushed; while by letters in their papers and by the speech of their orators they depict the Rebellion as rather more stalwart, vigorous, and victorious than ever. And again, when compromise has been effected, secession at the North will be the total prostration represented in the picture. For compromise with armed rebellion is abject surrender.

When the free and independent citizens of the United States are completely overwhelmed and conquered, like the Union soldier in the picture, as Copperheads now believe them to be—when they are ready to send back into slavery the brave black boys who have fought for their flag—and they forget the massacres of Lawrence and Fort Pillow, and the slavery of Andersonville, and the whole history of the hanging and torture of Southern Unionmen at home and of Union prisoners in rebel hands—when the people forget the past, and trample contemptuously at the American flag, and the thousands of true and brave men who have been slaughtered defending free institutions, and the spectators are deluded fellow-citizens at the South forced into the service of the rebellion, and are ready to renounce honor, and truth, and faith, and become mere noble or a nation imperial—when they are a pack of cowards, and no longer a sovereign people—then, and not until then, will they be ready to become true, and agree to relinquish by compromise the authority of the Government their fathers founded, and the Union for which their sons and brothers have died.

LITERARY.

"OUR Burden and our Strength" (from the steam presses of the *Daily Times*, Troy, New York), by DAVID A. WELLS, A.M., one of the highest statistical authorities in the country, is a little tithe of his most timely and valuable pamphlet accents, a comprehensive and exhaustive exhibition of the debt and resources of our country, present and prospective. The importance and clearness of MR. WELLS'S statements should be widely appreciated that its substance has been issued as a "broadside" by the New England Loyal Publication Society, and is now being widely circulated. Published under equally loyal auspices in New York; while the newspapers have not failed to appreciate it, at that we may confidently expect every voter in the land to understand that a large debt is not for this country necessarily ruinous. The title of the pamphlet explains its purpose. It must be seen by all who care to know the truth; and we can assure our friends that Mr. WELLS is justified in saying, as he does at the end: "Enough of statistics (which no partisan zeal can wrest from their true meaning) have been given to establish the position that the country can not be destroyed or even crippled by any *probable* future debt; and to induce every loyal man, as he reflects upon our resources as a nation, to 'thank God, and take courage.'"

"The Destiny of our Country" (A. D. F. RANDOLPH, New York) is the title of Judge CHARLES P. KIRKLAND'S address originally prepared for the alumni of Hamilton College, and now enlarged for publication. It is an ample and accurate statement of the origin, course, and probable consequences of the war, made with judicial calmness and patriotic earnestness. The cause of the rebellion the Judge finds in the aristocratic ambition of a certain class in the Southern States; an ambition nurtured by the social and industrial system of the South—that is, Slavery—and essentially at war with the spirit and natural development of our popular republican government. The right of Nullification and the Slavery agitation he connects with General JACKSON, to be more pretenses for insurrection. The real object sought is the salvation of the aristocracy, by which a class may be created. Although an opponent of the present Administration at the time of its election, Judge KIRKLAND justifies its official conduct upon the ground of necessity. He evidently does not love the word *abolitionist*, although he thinks slavery is doomed by the war. But he is too good a scholar not to know that the one thing that is never harmless until it is stone-dead is the exclusive political discussion of politics. The failure of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 thought that slavery was dead. But eighty years afterward it is still terribly lickin'. While it lasts war, open or hidden, will last in this country.

"The Gospel of Peace," Part 3, has been published for a few weeks, but, as usual, has received little attention from the press. It is remarkable that the only publication of the war which should have made its way into universal recognition without newspaper assistance of any kind. Nor is it less remarkable that the literary secret of which it should have been so long and faithfully kept. The great many persons are sure that they know the author, but their assertions are still inquiries. Whoever he may be, he may congratulate himself that he has reached and enlightened many a mind that was otherwise in Christian ignorance, indifferent, or confused in the great struggle. The broad humor, the felicitous allusion, the trenchant truth-telling, and the sympathy with all the true interests of the New York "ring" are as striking in this part as in the others.

"Not Dead Yet" is the last novel of J. C. JEAFFRESON (Low), whose name is already known among the most popular of current novelists. It is a story which begins "not far away in the past," accomplished in the style of to-day. It is a story of love and crime, told with that peculiar intensity of style which characterizes the author, and winding up, as the sensational novel should, with the passing away of the "subtle, selfish, clever, false Rupert," and the happy marriage bells of "Kitty and Nat," of "Edward and Flo."

THE HARPERS publish "Willson's Larger Speller," one of their School and Family series. The peculiar value of MR. WILLSON'S school-books is already widely acknowledged, and every parent or teacher who can obtain a copy from experience speak most highly of their simple and comprehensive method. Primers, reading-books, and spellers have made the study of books as pleasant as it can be made without shirking the inevitable difficulties or helping the child to think.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

GENERAL GRANT evidently does not intend to leave Petersburg, Richmond, and Secessionism alone. He will not allow General LEE to dispose of the rebel army in Virginia at his own pleasure, and, if the latter chooses to send reinforcements to Maury, or Hood, or Early, the last the Harpers' Ferry commander, he will move on the vicinity of the Weldon Road will certainly teach him that he can not despise his opponent impunity. He has no reason we give the details of the engagement near Deep Bottom, August 14. The rebels in force attempted to turn up a stronger position further back. On the 15th our line was formed in front of the enemy's works, from the Appomattox to Swamp. While the rebel line was drawn out thus exclusively to protect the railroad, the operations were underthem south of Petersburg with a view of gaining possession of the Weldon Road. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 18th the Fifth Corps, which had been for some days in reserve, moved to the left, supported by the Sixth Corps. The enemy proved a surprise to the enemy, who was not aware of the movement. Warren was at 7 A.M. Four or five hours were spent in tearing up the track, which was destroyed for a considerable distance down the railroad. The Second Division held the road supported by the Third and Fourth on the right, and by the left by the First. The rebel force, a portion of Hill's Corps, after a time made its appearance. The next day the rebels attacked again, and succeeded in breaking through the line of the Second Division, said to be a portion of the Sixth, which had come up to its support. About 1500 of the Fifth Corps were captured. The rebels also took prisoners. The general assault, however, failed, and the road was still held by the Second Corps, the Sixth having at losing some up in time to regain all the ground which had been lost. On Saturday, the 20th, the rebels attacked again, and were again repulsed with great loss in killed and wounded, and 1500 captured. Great still held the road. The Second Corps recrossed the James Saturday night.

In the Valley Early has been quite heavily reinforced by General LEE, and on the 16th has taken a strong position south of Strasburg. This, together with a partial defeat of Hunter's force, in the region of Lynchburg, where vagrants was so completely destroyed as to embarrass his movements, has led to the belief that Early will invade Maryland. The details of SHERIDAN'S movement down the Valley are as follows: On the 10th Sheridan assumed command, his force consisting of the Sixth, Eighth, and Nineteenth Corps, with Crook's, Averell's, and Kelly's commands. On the 9th he started in pursuit of the rebels, who had fallen back to Strasburg by Averell and Kelly. On the 16th Early's rear was overtaken between Strasburg and Winchester, while Sheridan's force followed with trifling results. The pursuit was continued to Fisher's Hill, on the 16th Sheridan's force moved by all at Berryville, and owing to the weakness of the force deployed against him, the rebels succeeded in getting two days later Early was reinforced through Thornton's Gap. On Sunday, the 21st, the rebels advanced near Charlestown, in the Valley. Charlestown is on the line of railroad from Harper's Ferry, and at a point seven miles southwest of the latter. Sheridan's line in the morning had its front at Summit Point, its left stretching out toward Berryville, and its right across the Martinsburg Pike. At 6 o'clock A.M., General WILSON'S cavalry holding the advance at Summit Point, was attacked and forced back to Charlestown. Mackintosh's brigade had 300 men. A front attack was then made on the Federal left, led by Rosser's brigade, but the main assault fell on the Sixth, which held the right. There was a severe battle, and the rebels were driven back and knew that Sheridan fell back two or three miles on the railroad, to the heights about Halltown.

Turning to the West we find no material alteration in the position held by Sherman's army.

On the 14th of August the rebel General Wheeler advanced with a force estimated at between two and five thousand men against Dalton, which was defended by Colonel Sehoff with four hundred men. General Wheeler demanded the surrender of the place in the following terms:

"To prevent the effusion of blood, I have the honor to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of the forces under your command at this garrison." To which Colonel Sehoff replied: "I have been placed here to defend this post, and not to surrender it." An attack was then made by the enemy, but Sehoff succeeded in holding his position until the arrival of General Steedman with reinforcements from Chattanooga on the 16th; the rebels then commenced to retreat.

The information in regard to the raids made by Sherman's cavalry under Stoneman and McCook down the Macon road is yet very unsatisfactory. Stoneman passed around Atlanta on the 27th near Rivers's plantation, and struck his right. From Stoneman nothing has been heard. McCook commanded his forces against Lovejoy Station. He when near the Chattahoochee on his return he found himself nearly surrounded by the enemy. McCook's forces consisted of his own Division, the First Brigade containing the Fourth Kentucky, First East Tennessee, and Eighth Iowa, commanded by Colonel Croxton, and the Second Brigade, containing the First Wisconsin, First Indiana, and Fourth Indiana, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Funkhouser. The Second Division, the Indiana, Second Kentucky, Fourth Tennessee, and Fifth Iowa, which participated in Stoneman's raid, was sent along as a reserve to the Ninth Ohio, also one of Stoneman's raiding regiments, was to be left to guard the pontoon across the Chattahoochee, where the raiding party crossed, also four pieces of Lilly's Battery. Besides these, the other two pieces accompanied his raiders—the only artillery along. One ambulance to each regiment was all allowed, and a few pack mules.

The entire column was not over 3500 strong, many of every regiment being left behind. The horses were poor, horses were only admitted to the expedition, though, which could travel fifty miles per day, and the men were of an "ability to mount them properly. Some of the regiments were armed throughout with the Spencer rifle, a most formidable and effective repeating arm known.

The column started on the 27th, moving through the Chattahoochee to the north side, several miles below the railroad bridge, and crossing at the ford by Powers's Ferry, seven miles below Campbellstown. Here McCook crossed the river, and struck the Ninth Ohio and the pontoon guns to guard his pontoon bridge, moved eastward 18 Pulaski about ten miles from Atlanta, and then struck the Macon Railroad at Fairburn station, twenty-five miles from Atlanta. The road was destroyed for five miles, and the depot, filled with commissary stores, was burned. Moving on, the night of the 28th was passed at Lovejoy Station, and the night through a drenching rain, came upon the skirts of Jonesboro', where upon a train of rebel wagons, themselves taken for rebels, they easily surprised and captured the train of nearly a thousand wagons, containing all the baggages of the rebel army at Atlanta. Then Fayetteville on the 31st of August was occupied. At 10 o'clock on the 30th, M'Cook struck the Macon road three miles south of Jonesboro', and began the destruction of a section of the road destroyed. At two P.M. the column began its return march, having thoroughly destroyed about 20 miles of the Chattahoochee. At night, before reversing White-water road northward, a heavy force of rebels overtook M'Cook's rear under Harrison, driving the latter. Harrison was then supported by the Second and Fifth Indiana, and the enemy was repulsed. The command then halted for the night at the house of Governor Newman, forty miles from Atlanta, and twelve from the Chattahoochee on the West Point road. Here M'Cook encountered a heavy force of rebel infantry. He fell back to Newman on the road 24 miles from Campbellstown, afterward the advance-guard—the Fourth Indiana and Second Kentucky—were cut off from the main body and had to fight their way out. Not more than half succeeded in doing so. On the 31st August Campbellstown was turned with 1700 men. His loss in killed, wounded, and missing can not have been less than 300. It was from here that the rebel General Stoneman's command rebels effect a junction on the Macon road. Stoneman appears to have met with a disastrous repulse. Stoneman reports his presence his arrival with 500 men as prisoners of war at Macon, Georgia.

General Kilpatrick has just returned from a raid on the Macon road. The details of the expedition are not yet given; it is only known that about a dozen miles of the road have been injured, and that the command has returned uninjured.

From Mobile there is no important intelligence later than that given in last week's record. On pages 565 and 566 of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be found extracts from Admiral Bay, August 5, giving the disposition of the Federal and rebel fleets, and the preparations made for the final obstructions. At the mouth of the Bay is Dauphin Island, which commands the entrance to the harbor of Mobile. It is impossible for a fleet to navigate the western channel, which is the only one left open, if the rebels succeed in their operations against Fort Morgan, a formidable fort with a garrison of 1000 men.

ITEMS.

General Hovey and Hughes lately encountered the rebel General Johnson's forces near Morganfield, Kentucky, and completely routed them, capturing nineteen prisoners and recovering a large amount of Government property which had been taken by these guerrillas.

The guerrilla Woolwood died at Hopkinsville, Tennessee, August 19. His command is scattered in all directions.

The faculty and trustees of Williams College at its last commencement conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon the title of Doctor of Laws. The Honor from a Massachusetts college to a distinguished representative of democratic Massachusetts citizens will certainly appear to no one inappropriate or unmerited.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

ALL the occasions which a few months since supplied an extensive European war seem now to have disappeared. The Danish question has been settled, Poland has been allowed in peace to take possession of Mexico; and the Schleswig-Holstein question has been definitely settled.

The preliminaries of peace agreed upon between Denmark and the German Allies are the following:

1. The Danish kingdom shall cede to the Duchies Schleswig-Holstein and Lauenburg, agreeing to whatever disposition the Allies may make of them. The Government with which Schleswig are surrendered all the islands belonging to Denmark, including Alsen, and the Danish possessions south of the District of Ribe, for which Denmark receives the sum of 29,000,000 rix-dollars.

2. The debts contracted on account of Denmark proper, and the Duchies, will be borne respectively by either of them. The debts contracted on account of the monarchy will be proportionately divided between Denmark proper and the Duchies, with the exception of the loan contracted in England in 1863, which will be paid by Denmark, and the war expenses of the great German Powers, which will be borne by the Duchies.

3. Both parties agree to an armistice until September 15, and to commence negotiations for a definitive treaty. The two armies to remain as at present until the treaty is concluded.

4. Prisoners of war are to be set at liberty on giving their parole.

THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL M'COOK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOAG & QUICK, CINCINNATI, O.]

CAPTAIN FRANCIS DE GRESS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. R. GARIS, CHICAGO, ILL.—SEE PAGE 566.]

GENERAL DANIEL M'COOK.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DANIEL M'COOK, who lately died of a wound received at Kenesaw Mountain, July 27, and whose portrait is here given, was born July 22, 1834, in Carrollton, Ohio. The following sketch is from a soldier of his brigade:

"General DANIEL M'COOK was the sixth son of the late Major DANIEL M'COOK, who was killed at the battle of Buffington Island, Ohio, on the 21st of July, 1863. He is the third son of this family who have been killed in the war for the Union: CHARLES, aged 17, was killed at Bull Run 21st July, 1861; General ROBERT L. M'COOK, killed while sick in his ambulance August 5, 1862. At the breaking out of the war he was practicing law at Leavenworth, KANSAS, a member of the firm of EWING, SHERMAN, & M'COOK. EWING is now a Brigadier-General; and the present gallant commander of the army before Atlanta was the other member. M'COOK raised a Company, called the 'Shields' Guards, and joined the First Kansas Volunteers as Captain of Company H; he remained with his regiment in southwest Missouri until his health failed him; being satisfied he could not undergo the fatigues of long marches, he resigned, to accept that of Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General, and was assigned to his brother's division in General BUELL'S army, where he served with distinction until the evacuation of Corinth by the rebels. At this time he received a commission as Colonel of the Fifty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He soon after marched with his regiment to Lexington, Kentucky.

"When General BUELL advanced from Louisville M'COOK was assigned to the command of a brigade in General GILBERT'S Corps. On going to Nashville his brigade was assigned to General GRANGER'S Division, and formed part of the Reserve Army of the Cumberland. GRANGER'S Division joined ROSECRANS just before the battle of Chicamauga, M'COOK'S Brigade being the first to welcome the veterans of LONGSTREET with Western bullets. In this battle Colonel M'COOK greatly distinguished himself, and was recommended for promotion, which he received two days before his death."

General M'COOK wrote the article in the May number of *Harper's Magazine* headed "Second Division at Shiloh."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—CAPTURE OF A REBEL WAGON TRAIN BY GENERAL M'COOK, NEAR FAYETTEVILLE, GEORGIA, JULY 30, 1864.
SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 568.]

THE LATE

JOHN GRIGG, Esq.

In 1816 a young man, twenty-four years of age, came to Philadelphia and assumed the position of a clerk in the Publishing House of Warner & Johnson. His life thus far had been for the most part an adventure. Left an orphan at six in Cornwall, England, he began with the world as a farmer's boy. But there was a spirit of enterprise within him which overtopped the limits of the farm. Looking out upon the sea from the Cornish coast, he thought he saw harvests of brighter promise; and at twelve he began to seek a sailor's fortunes. Soon tired of this field of labor, he came to Richmond, Virginia. Here we find him engaged in a survey of the State before he was yet out of his teens. Leaving Virginia for Ohio, we next find him a clerk in a Judiciary court, and afterward superintendent of a woolen factory.

This young man was JOHN GRIGG, Esq., long known as the enterprising Philadelphia publisher and bookseller, and whose portrait is here given. He came to Philadelphia, as we have said, at the age of twenty-four. Here he resided until his death, August 2, 1864. Serving Warner & Johnson seven years as a clerk, he, in 1823, commenced publishing on his own account, securing immediately the patronage of the firm with which he had been connected, and which, by the death of WARNER, had been dissolved. He had closed up the business of this firm, and his sagacity and perfect integrity soon built up his own fortunes. In eight years his business was so large that he was induced to take Mr. HENRY ELLIOTT as partner. In 1847 three younger partners were also introduced. In 1850 Grigg & Elliott sold out to their juniors, Messrs. Lippincott & Willis, and the firm was styled J. B. Lippincott & Co.

At his retirement Mr. GRIGG was fifty-eight years of age. He was married to Miss M'CLELLAN, sister of the celebrated surgeon, and aunt of General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN. He was a man possessed of a very genial disposition — as characteristic for positive benevolence as for good-humor. Although a millionaire, the modesty of his youth never gave place to the swaggering boldness or the curt manners which so frequently distinguish the very wealthy. Money only gave him the opportunity to exhibit the inherent nobility of his nature. For the most winning traits of his character he was known only to associates, but his public spirit endeared him to all.

Mr. GRIGG was also a man of cultivated tastes. Music and poetry delighted him, and in the latter his judgment was very good. But the strong development of his understanding gave him a keen relish for history and biography. And, as in all cases where the judgment is superior, his memory was remarkable. It was in immediate connection with these mental characteristics that those habits of method were developed which, though they never create, yet chiefly secure and regulate success.

After he retired from the publishing business he was engaged until his death as a private banker, and in the management of his large fortune, which included real estate in Philadelphia, Illinois, and Mississippi. But he was always especially interested in the Book Trade, with which his fortunes had been so intimately connected. He died at the age of seventy-two, leaving many friends to mourn his loss, and leaving on record an example not only of enviable success but of inestimable worth.

THE LATE JOHN GRIGG, ESQ.

NASSAU, N. P.

NASSAU, New Providence, of which we give a view on this page, is a point of great interest at this time as the principal rendezvous of the Anglo-Confederate blockade-runners. A correspondent says of the place: "The enterprise of British merchants" — an enterprise, we may remark, which no honorable nation would care to justify — "has lined its quays with long, light-colored, rakish-looking steamers, discharging their rich freights of cotton that have run the gauntlet through the Federal cruisers off Wilmington. The voyage from the

NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, THE PRINCIPAL RENDEZVOUS OF THE ANGLO-CONFEDERATE BLOCKADE-RUNNERS.

Confederate States to Nassau averages about fifty hours; but these fifty hours are crowded with an excitement that a voyage of fifty days would fail in producing. From this time of leaving Cape Fear River, Wilmington, to the time of sighting Nassau and getting into British waters, those craft are never at safe from being overhauled by a Northern man-of-war. Nassau is the point whence most of the blockaders start with the cargoes destined for the southern Confederacy, and it is here that they return with their bales of Sea Island and Upland cotton, which they have obtained in exchange for the rifles, blankets, and shoes so much needed by the Southern soldier. The climate of the Bahamas, of which New Providence is one of the groups, is the most tropical; oranges, shaddocks, bananas, cocoanuts, pine-apples, and many other varieties of fruit abound, and the diversity of foliage is rich and charming. Handsome residences are embedded in most attractive." The population of the town is about 10,000.

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

On our first page and on page 554 we give illustrations of General Sherman's campaign. The sketch on the first page represents General Sherman holding a council of war at Wooden's head-quarters. General Sherman holds his councils of war with himself. The different generals seem to listen rather than to suggest. The General speaks his thoughts aloud, and the words uttered on this occasion disclose the movement that he has in his mind for some day in the future.

On page 554 we illustrate the capture of the rebel wagon-train by General Edward M'Cook. A full description of the incident will be found in our next column. General M'Cook has made the only raid in the year of Atlanta that has any semblance of a success. He succeeded in destroying the Macon Road for a short distance, and burned a considerable number of wagons, which were mostly headquarter trains. He broke from the line of march for him, and the gallant manner in which he cut himself out, are spoken of with pride by the army.

Captain Le Grand, whose portrait is given on page 564, commands Battery II, First Illinois Artillery. The following gallant action is thus recorded by our correspondent: On the 22d of July the battery of Captain De Grass was placed by order of General Sherman in such a position as to throw shells from his 20-pounders into Atlanta. The rebels came charging through the railroad cut to the left of the battery. The wagon-master of Captain De Grass saw at once that his guns were gone. He directly ordered his guns pointed left oblique, and gave the charging rebels double canister, at the rate of four rounds per minute. Soon he had two of his guns spiked, and ordered his men to get away, reserving himself with one gun (named Miss Wyman), using one gun as rapidly as possible. Still the enemy came on, and when within less than twenty rods of the piece called to his men

of thirty years. The very sight of his white head, tremulous and bowed down with age, and not with dishonor, ought to have stricken them into shame, and I did see several, who were getting on in life themselves, hide their faces for a minute or two in their hands, as if they were saying a second prayer on his behalf alone.

There was a long stilling hush after all the usual work was over, so dreadful that all our hearts throbbed and fluttered painfully, while we gazed out his trembling hand toward the old pastor.

"Brethren," he cried, "I can not! I can not! You ask me to sit in judgment upon a father. God knows I have looked upon Mr. Amhery as a most severed father. Choose one from among yourselves to take this place."

He left us he spoke, and, stepping down into the aisle, took a seat in the minister's pew. There was a stirring and rustling of the motionless figure beside me, and I saw Rebecca glance once at the minister's averted face. The deacons looked at one another in confusion and bewilderment, not knowing how to choose, and there ran a whisper from one pew to pew; but before any person had found courage to speak Mr. Amhery rose from his seat, and, with tottering steps, moved to the middle aisle, and, standing for a moment to look round with a faint glimmer of a smile, sank down into it, leaning his silvery head against the purple cloth with which it was covered. He had always taken the vacant chair whenever our minister was absent. Was he thinking in his judgment upon himself? I kept my eyes fixed upon him, but his face was as tranquil and bright as was before, in his hour of the communion-feast, and while yet the church hesitated, he lifted up his voice, clear though feeble, and said, "Brethren, proceed with the matter in hand. Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? and if the world shall be judged by you, are ye unworthy to judge the smallest matter?" One of the deacons named over no names—stated that thirty years ago, when the sum in question must have passed into Mr. Amhery's hands, it was found that he had subscribed the same amount in a mortgage upon a church, which he proved by a letter from one of the trustees of that church.

Mr. Amhery listened attentively, but with a strange sad air of perplexity upon his face; and when the matter came to a pause he said, in a low thing, but gleaned round uneasily as if for some one else to speak. After a dreadful pause, he rose and drew himself to his full height, stretching out his arms toward them with a look of tender entreaty, while his trembling, thin and quavering, fell upon our hearkening ears.

"My people," he said, "it is I who have baptized you; it is I who have been with you in sacred communion among you; night and day have I borne the burden of your souls before the throne."

He paused there tremulously, amid a profound stillness and shame fell upon the church.

"You ask me how I saved that money," he cried. "I tell you I denied myself every luxury, and I lived strable and pleasant to a man. I gave hunger, and famine, and loneliness, and labor for it. Catherine herself was upon the verge of starvation at the time it from the poverty which threatened us. I tell you men like you know not what self-denial is. I paid the full price of suffering for every portion of it. Behold now, here I am, old and gray-headed, before you, a criminal against the laws of God, and before his anointed; whom have I defrauded? or whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received a bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it to you."

He stood before us with his hand upraised, and his eyes flashing back our earnest gaze, and I thought he could move the fire faded away from his face, and with a low bitter cry, which tingled in our ears, he sank down upon the floor, as one suddenly stricken by the hand of God.

Yes, stricken, but with a very gentle stroke; paralyzed down one side, yet with the power of speech spared to him, or rather restored after a few days' lethargy. There was nothing marvelous about it after the great excitement and suspense of the troublous days; but there were some who, when the first shock was over, were not afraid to say there was a judgment in it. There was a solemn awed meeting held, though nothing had been decided at the first; and still every one was reckoning and calculating whether the money could have been honestly gathered, or was, as Mr. Corbett's friends asserted, this very sum for which Mr. Amhery was trustee. And there was a great division of opinion in the church about it.

Of course we were compelled to tell Katie all; and never did a more woeful change pass over any young creature. She had come home to us a rosy, merry, young girl, such as it delights one to see, and see, after bearing the burden of Rebecca's carefulness and anxiety; but in that single day Katie grew bleached and sorrow-worn, as if the sun entered into her soul. No delay or dallying she allowed herself, but wrote at once to Harry Thompson, bidding him to find out the treasury, recollect that her father, or to see her face no more; and then she closed her lips in utter silence about him, and going about the house like one of those who have no share us with downcast head and sunless face, it almost broke my heart to watch her.

There was nothing that I could not do for the children. It is no light thing for a woman of forty to think of marriage; but I sat down and mused upon Joshua Lamb's house, and carpet, and furniture, until I reached out the writing-desk my children had given me, and wrote a note on a sheet of gilt-edged paper, inviting Joshua to come to supper that evening. I never saw a man relish any thing more than he did the meal which I set before him, well cooked by myself, for he had miserable sort of cookery at home, in spite of his drawing-room; and when he was satisfied he leaned back in the armchair and regarded me with a very earnest and grave countenance.

"Mary," said he, with a deep sigh, "how long are you going to make me uncomfortable?"

"Why, Mr. Lamb," I answered, innocently, "I'm sure I'm making you as comfortable as I can."

"Nay, Mary," he said, "you understand me well enough. Will you marry me, or will you not?"

He had never spoken so plain before; and though that was just what I was wanting to bring him to, there was a dither all through me as he spoke the words.

"Joshua," I said, after a while, "I'll make a bargain with you, and a promise. If you'll find out this roguery of Mr. Corbett's I'll be married to you as soon as ever you choose to ask me again."

All this would be expected that the deed might be found, or Mr. Corbett's heart be changed; but nothing happened. Joshua went home to his bachelor's bed, and I to come and receive the money in her father's presence; Mr. Craig and the longbearded deacon were asked to be present likewise, and Rebecca insisted upon me staying with her in the old minister's sick room.

Mr. Corbett opened the chamber with the air of an apostle, ready to give every one of us his blessing. The long-headed deacon shook hands with him heartily; and I suppose Mr. Craig felt it to be his duty to submit to take his offered hand. But when he turned to old Mr. Amhery, who lay propped up on pillows, his chin sunk upon his breast, and a roll of bank-notes which fluttered in his hold, the tears ran down his white and furrowed cheeks. Rebecca stepped forward and placed herself between him and the smiling villain.

"Be quick," she said, with a flash of the lightning in her eyes; "you have no time to waste and no your way." But take you this word from me, the Lord God of recompenses, He will requite."

He shook his head, and muttered that we could not catch; and Rebecca, taking the banknotes from her father's feeble hand, counted them out one by one before us all, and then, without saying more and more upon her face, like the thick thunder-cloud. When the task was ended, and the deed of release given in due form, she crossed the room without another word, and, throwing wide the door, beckoned to them to depart at once, and in silence. Even Mr. Craig withdrew, after casting one beseeching look at the white-faced, haughty woman, who closed the door with a scorn as if it would never be opened to any one of them again. I also went home, and wrote a letter upon black-edged paper to Joshua Lamb, telling him that there was no need of such a thing as crossing my door-step any more.

Mr. Craig continued constant in his visits, and at times was a little shamefaced, pleading for Rebecca's Harry Thompson; and they were carrying on a correspondence of heart-breaking letters about their circumstances, which I could not read without pity very much. As for Joshua, he would as soon have dared to venture into a lion's den as to enter into my house either for prayer or for supper again.

Many a person would say it was my fancy; but ever after that day, when he took the minister's money, Mr. Corbett's old age began to fail, and declined away before my eyes, until whenever he went down the street, with the woeful shadow behind him waiting upon his bending steps, each time he left slowly dying out of him, like the light goes out of the sky on a summer's evening. I noticed him muffling up more and more and walking with heavier tread; and then there came a faint, hollow cough, and he sometimes made him press his hand against his side.

It was getting on for twelve months after Rebecca and her father had come to live with us when evening sings, when one day, in the dusk of the evening, Joshua Lamb tapped meekly upon my counter; but, before I could say a word, he had walked into the premises, he began to speak glibly but humbly enough, not giving me room to put in one word, until he had told me all that he was getting worse and worse, and wanted to see Rebecca.

I may as well be straightforward, of Joshua Lamb and Mr. Corbett's decease. After many months back, she consented; but would not go without me. We were shown into Corbett's lonely parlor, where he sat amidst the relics of concern enough, which cast a kind of rosy glow upon his white face. They could not conceal the wasted cheeks and sunken eyes, nor the pallid hands which trembled with pain and agony with which he met Rebecca's steadfast gaze.

"Thank you, Mary," he said, smiling; for he was that cunning yet that he could read one's very thoughts; "thank you, but never mind. Sit down, you and Miss Amhery; you would rather not shake hands with me. I am troubled about the old minister. I, be in an aged man, and he thinks he has something against me. Miss Amhery, I should die easier, and I know I am dying, if you would receive that money back again from my hands."

Rebecca did not answer for a minute or two; while Mr. Corbett drew out a large pocket-book, and took from it a number of notes, counting them aloud one by one. I knew how poor we were, and I felt dazed and giddy for very joy.

"No," said Rebecca, "I will not take them; they are the price of my father's good name. I will accept no gift from you, Mr. Corbett."

A spasm shot over his face, and he held his worn hand upon his heaving chest, as if to strengthen him to speak again.

"Rebecca," he said, "I have known you since you were a little child, and I can not bear for you, and Katie, and Nellie to come to want. I would rather give you the money than leave it in my will. Take more money. Take five thousand dollars apiece if you will have it. Take it, and I will consent for Harry to marry Katie." Rebecca stood up in her place calm and resolute, though her eyes were fastened upon the rustling bank-notes in Mr. Corbett's hand; while he watched her face eagerly, as if his soul's salvation rested upon her answer. She smiled at length, half in scorn, and half in triumph.

"It is a great bribe," she said, "and I loved money once, but it has no power over me now. Give me back my father's good name, and I will listen to you; but till then you may go on to offer me your worthless money and I will say no to the last."

Rebecca, he cried, looking affrighted at her, "give me your promise that you will not betray me, and I will tell you."

"I will hear nothing that I can not make known," she answered. "What you have to tell you shall write down, that it may be made known to the world after your death. So far I consent. Only let my father's name be righted, and I care very little about the money. May God have pity upon you, Mr. Corbett!"

He was too feeble to answer her any thing; and I ran and made the pillows soft and easy under his head before we left the room. Even Rebecca stepped up to his side and took his languid hand for a moment in her own.

"Stay," he cried, grasping for breath, and he closed his fingers over hers, though he had not the strength of a baby, "you shall write it for me; only speak my secret till I am gone."

So Rebecca sat down at the table beside him, neither trembling nor faltering, and waited with her steadfast gaze upon his face, while he, with still he recovered himself; and receiving our solemn promises to keep his secret, he bade her what she should put down, and then began to dictate. When Mr. Amhery resigned his office of pastor to the church, the trust-deeds, with other law papers intrusted to his charge, had been given up to Mr. Corbett's care, and that among them he discovered the last deed of release, which the minister had kept with them. Mr. Corbett was a man of very private affairs. Furthermore, that when Mr. Thompson died, who was the last person then living that could bear testimony to Mr. Amhery, he had been tempted of Satan to claim the moneys from him. The wretched man spoke clearly, and Rebecca wrote it down with a firm hand. Whereupon he may and ordered Joshua Lamb to his presence, and without making the paper known to him, signed his name put his name to it as a witness. After which, with the precious paper in our own possession, we returned home again.

Mr. Corbett died at last without much feeling, either of body or mind, as most people do, whether they be saints or sinners, on the following Monday, being the ordinary monthly church meeting, Rebecca sent that paper to Mr. Craig for him to publish before the whole body of the church.

She and I had never been to a church meeting since the charge was brought against Mr. Amhery; nor did we go that night. We sat together together in Mr. Amhery's chamber, Rebecca near the window, looking up to the evening sky so peacefully and serene, and I on a low stool upon her feet. And when through the quiet house there rang a loud and earnest peal, which caused us all to start with affright, and I heard the stairs leading up upon the front door. There in the street stood the assembled church, with Mr. Craig at their head, and all the deacons grouped close after him, eager to follow him in. Mr. Craig put me gently on one side, and marched straight on with his company up into the minister's parlor, deserted and shadowy chamber. There was little need of speech. The weeping church, tongue-tied with shame and sorrow, yet shining and serene, crowded round the old pastor's bed, hanging garden in sobs and choking words, until the long-headed deacon gave place Mr. Craig to be their spokesman. He went forward before them all, and standing for a minute or two speechless by the bed, Mr. Amhery, as every body was looking to him to confess their sorrow, he could do nothing else but stoop down and press his lips reverently and tenderly upon the old man's wrinkled forehead.

I saw that when he lifted up his head his eyes and Rebecca's met over and a flood of courage to both those grave faces, flashed across them for a moment. He lingered till all the church had departed, even to the deacons, the last sound of footsteps had died out of the house. But as Rebecca, shrinking and nervous, was creeping away doubtfully from the presence, he placed himself in her way, and took both her hands in his.

"Rebecca," he said, speaking before her father had time, "do you love me?"

"Yes," she answered, hanging down her head.

"I am a poor man," he said, "and we may have to wait long."

"We will wait," she whispered, as Catherine, her mother, might have done many years to this aged, brotherless man, who had been more her as her lover. Mr. Craig laid his lips upon hers with as much reverence and tenderness, but with more passion, maybe, as when he had kissed her father beforehand; but I, knowing the mother's sorrowful, shattered soul, and care, turned aside my heart-sore for the two young creatures before me.

But their lot in life was to be easier than Mr. Amhery's and Catherine's. When Mr. Corbett's will was opened, though it made no mention of the paper which owned to one of his crimes of dishonesty and oppression, it contained a codicil which left five thousand dollars apiece to the minister's three daughters, and it revoked the condition that Harry Thompson should forfeit his wealth only if he gave up his marriage with Katie.

Before many months were past Rebecca became the young minister's wife; and Katie only waited for a year or two more of discretion. Joshua Lamb professes to charge me with breaking my word, but my bargain with him was plainly enough that he himself should find out the trickery about the deed of release. At times I feel a little heart-sinking, lest he should bring an action against me for breach of promise of marriage; but he has nothing to show save those two little notes I wrote to him; and I feel there would be very little hope of happiness in marriage if I had to be upon my guard all my life long.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"No man was better associated to prejudge pork than my husband was," says Mrs. Partington; "he knew what good hogs were, he did, for he had been brought up with 'em from his childhood."

At the Dorkum assizes a deaf old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, who, being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed counsel to ask what she would take to settle the matter. "What will you take?" asked the gentleman in the bob-wig of the old lady. "Eh?" said the latter, whose head at the counsel, full of the jury, in confidence, what she was to say. "Counsel," said the latter, "wants to know what you will take?" asked the learned counsel again, this time shouting as loud as he could in the old lady's ear. "I think his lordship kindly," said the latter, "and if it's no inconvenience to him, I'll take a little warm ale."

"HOSE, SAMMY HOSE."—Acclimatization is all very well in its way; but it is no joke, on closing the orifice, after taking a booster, to find a lively hippopotamus as your companion in the bed.

"How thankful we ought to be for the many good things which are provided for us to enjoy!" said a gentleman at a city dinner the other day. "The bounties of the earth, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea," he continued, "were all created for the use of man." "Very true," replied his friend; "but if you had witnessed the hair-breadth escapes which I experienced in being rescued alive by a shark, when in the West Indies, you would have been satisfied that there was another consideration in just the opposite opinion. He believed that man was created for fun."

It is mentioned in the "Diary of a Lady of Quality," that the first thing asked for by a rescued man, when rescued by the Life Boat, is a glass of "hot brandy-and-water." Since she was five years old she had never seen her own face.

An admirer of dogs having had a new litter of a fine breed, a friend wished him to put him down for a puppy! "Let you down for one a great while ago," was the answer.

"John, can you tell me the difference between straw and hay?" asked a gentleman of his coachman. "Why, yes, Sir," said John. "Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunkard to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion pulls water into from getting up again."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—The Poet Laureate is about to bring out a new volume of verse, entitled, the "Idylls of the King." The subject is, of course, a grate one, and likely to make a stir.

A PIL-GRIM.—A bolus made up of equal parts of prussic acid and opium.

"Some people," said a red-nosed individual, barraguing three or four by-standers, "waste their money in charity, and then complain of the hard times. I'm a supporter of the establishments, but as for me, I save mine to buy spirits."

Nobody giving attention to Diogenes while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song; and multitudes flocked to hear him. "Ah, Sir," he said, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom!"

The wit deservedly won his bet who, in a company where every one was bragging of his tall relations, wagered that he himself had a brother taller than any. "Well, he had, he said, "two half brothers, each measuring six feet."

A man brought before a justice of the peace charged with stealing a watch, pleaded in extenuation the natural infirmity. "I should have made a considerable figure in the world, Judge," said he, "if I hadn't been a fool; it's a dreadful drawback to a man."

Lines written on the marriage of a Mr. Husband:

"The case is the strangest we've known in our life,
A husband's a Husband, and so is his wife."

The sweetest of all pleasures, and one that will never decay, is to cherish the heart that lover you.

There is said to be a man in the moon. In the honeymoon there are both a man and a woman.

A Hibernian senator, speaking of suicide, said, "The best way to stop it is to make it a capital offense punishable by death."

A grave friend of ours tells us that he and his wife always go to bed quarreling. "Of course," said he, "with all our differences, we never fall out."

MUSICAL QUERY.—When a person declares that his "brain is all on fire," is it adjacent to Kane's Hall?

A man advertises that he has "always a large supply of leeches on his hands."

LIQUID REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.—Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and then take it internally to cleanse the root.

ON A BALD HEAD.

My hair and I are quite, d'ye see;
For how could she be shown
The skill
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still?

Never confide in a young man—new pals leak. Never hold your secret in the hands of a young woman—she'll give it away.

A philosopher being asked of whom he had acquired so much knowledge, replied, "Of the blind, who do not like their feet until they have tried them with their stick the ground on which they are going to tread."

One common Solomon Sheldrick the preceptor observed the noble family of Lord Cavendish, by his talents, and likely to be kept out by these pressing in before them. Being very desirous for their accommodation, he called out to his little brother whom he considered the principal obstacle in clearing the passage, "Come back, Bob, and let in the noble Cavendishes," and then turning to his psalm-book, took up his duty, and went on to read the line, "Nor stand in sinners' way."

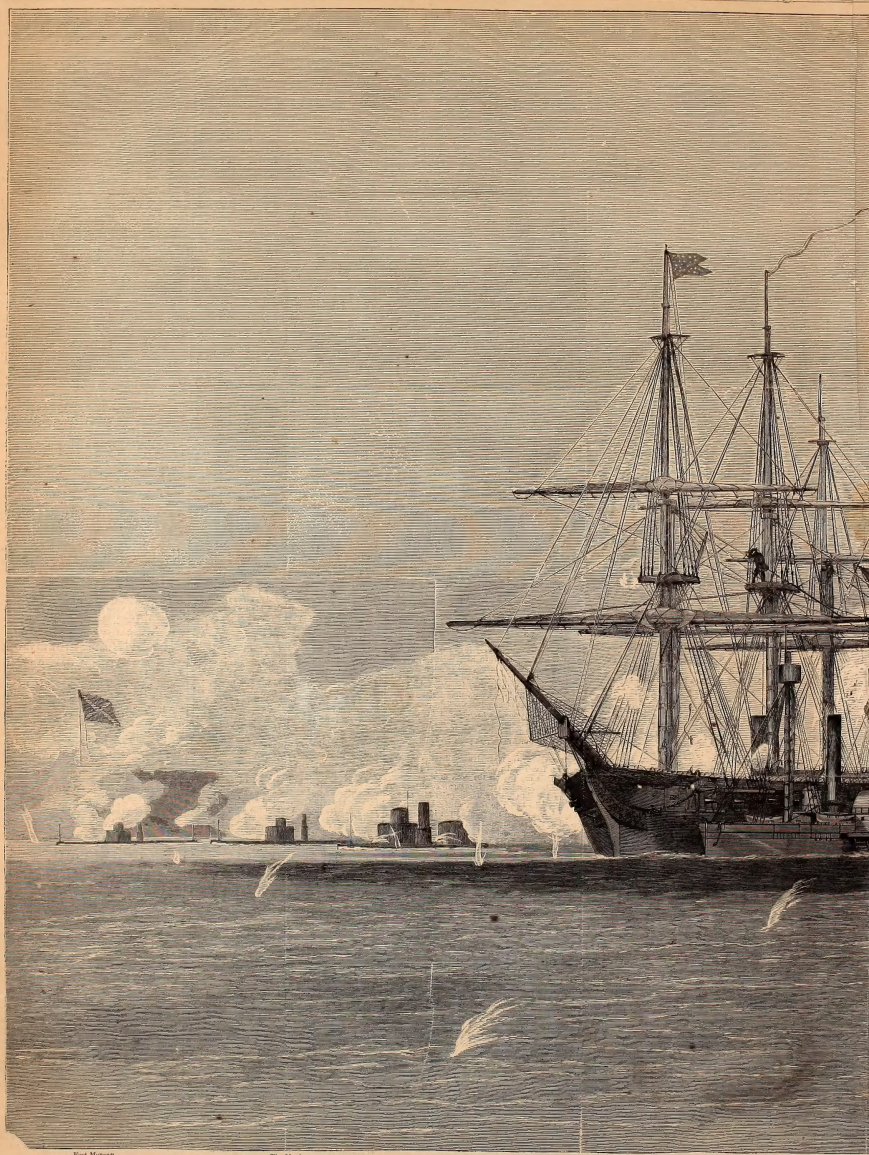
"Come down this instant," said the housewife to a journeyman painter, who had been filling in the rounds top. "Come down, I say, and I'll give you a good dozen, you rascal!" "Don't say that, mum," replied the painter; "you'll spoil my best days for it."

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Reader, beware immoderate love of pelf,
Here lies the worst of thieves—who robbed himself.

Some school-boy meeting a poor woman driving asses, one of them said to her, "Good-morning, mother of asses." "Good-morning, my child," was the reply.

"I rise for information," said a member of the legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a by-stander, "for no man wants it more."



FARRAGUT'S FLEET PASSING THE FORTS AND OBSTRUCT

TIONS AT THE ENTRANCE OF MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.

RICH AND POOR.

WITH choicest meats the cloth is spread
And clustered fruits from off the vine,
And in the goblets, gold and red,
Sparkles the warm, delicious wine.
The rich man lifts it to his lips,
And murmurs whilst he slowly sips:

"Ah, wealth, what bounteous gifts are thine!
Where does the poor man find his bliss?
For him grow no generous wines
With fruity flavor like to this.
Wealth builds us round a wall secure
Which shuts us from the vulgar poor."

Oh, rich man, once upon the earth,
In vain gone by, a stranger trod,
The prophets who foretold his birth
Proclaimed him as the Son of God,
And he, whose every deed was pure,
Chose his own friends among the poor.

In yonder naked garret's gloom,
Her aching sight made dim with tears,
With little left which once was bloom,
And seeming twice her actual years,
A woman toils from day to day
To drive the wolf and sin away.

And here a mother, mute with grief,
Bends low above her prostrate boy;
The nights are long, the days grow brief,
To her no blessing brings to joy,
But finds her watching by the bed
Where lies her darling cold and dead.

Somewhere beyond our mortal sight
There is a city fair to see,
Where none know sorrow, want, or night,
And time is an eternity.
And there no frowning wall secure
Shall separate the rich and poor.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE PILGRIMS AT RANELAGH.

I DON'T know whether they allow strangers to dine at the Trade days. I am rather inclined to think they do not. Ultra exclusiveness reads in the long-run to inhospitality, and Spaniards, through whose inexhaustible generosity creeps the sangre azul, are sometimes reluctant to share their pochero with the best-recommended stranger, fearful lest he should have less than ninety-seven quarterings on his scutcheon.

At all events they dined outsiders at the P. twenty years since, and a very agreeable time the outsiders had of it. This may account for a certain round table in the Pilgrims' coffee-room being occupied on certain evenings in the winter of the sultan's sojourn in London, by four guests, only two of whom were free and accepted Pilgrims.

Members first, if you please. There was our old friend Lord Carlton, much older, but not much the worse for wear. He had settled down and grown fat. Need any thing more be said? Well, a little, perhaps. He was married, and her ladyship modeled wax flowers beautifully, and illuminated scrolls with "Thou shalt not steal, and "The tongue is an unruly member," in gold and colors, for ragged schools, in most superb style. She was rather too serious to be the wife of a reformed rake, and was given to lamenting her destiny, and exclaiming against the ingratitude of the world, when the juvenile pickpockets she had converted proved equally of a state of grace, and physically to be foot-pages, turned out failures, and absconded with the spoons. Lord Carlton had obtained a splendid sinecure post, which she had promoted to be butler, was detected handing a blue bag containing Lord Carlton's coronet (broken short off at the bill), a church service bound in purple velvet and gold, a silver vinaigrette, and fourteen yards of Valenciennes, over the area railings to Mrs. Fence, of Middlesex Street, late Petticoat Lane, by condition a widow, and by predilection pursuing the business of receiver of stolen goods. Lord Carlton, however, went his way, and her ladyship took to Spiritualism.

His lordship bought pictures that were *not* by Titian, and, in his place in the House, was a very thorough-paced Anti-Church-and-State-ite, and the Trustees of the National Gallery. He had brought in a bill to abolish whistling in the streets, and the general consequence was that "asparagus" instead of "grass," when they cried that delicious excellent for sale. This measure had a spice of destiny, for it almost got read a second time, by accident, on a very hot Goodwood Cup day: and it was only in committee, by the advice of a right honorable and prelate, who, as the rumor ran, was a distinguished amateur of sibilation, and the only bishop who ever dress-appeared with the full tarragon vinegar after the recipe of Marie Antoinette—that of Robra, that his lordship withdrew the bill, which had fluttered the Volscians, and dreadfully alarmed the London watercress-and-itinerant-vegetarians. A good man was my Lord Carlton, and a very respectable one. He owed a good deal of money, but he also gave away a good deal; and if Peter was damnified by his laches, Paul profited by his liberality. He went to sleep with commendable regularity at church, at the Opera, in the House —save when the whistling and green-stuff business was afoot—at the club, in the green-rooms of the patent theatres, in the committee-room of the Royal Hospital for Plica Polonica (that beneficent institution which we owe to the munificent patronage of Dr. Quackenbos, and at whose anniversary festivals a royal duke generally takes the chair), and at the board meetings of the Elephant Life Assurance Association. Universally respected and beloved, a D.C.L., and lord-lieutenant in prospective of his county, Lord Carlton had probably little to wish for here below, save a little less gout, and a little more money to pay off his mortgages. He had a lavish larry turn, and had written a stinging article in a review, showing up would-be connoisseurs, who gave enormous sums for pictures by Titian, and he was, just now, occupied in editing the family papers of the Carltons. As the first lord got his coronet through writing a note to Sir Robert Walpole, and the second earned a step in the peerage by selling votes to Mr. Pitt, and the third had created himself Chamberlain to King George the Fourth, much, very much was expected from the Carlton Papers.

And who was the second Pilgrim? Sir William Long. He was thinner, and paler, and looked older, and men said his health was failing him. His hair was slightly grizzled, he ate little and drank less; he had a cough; and he smoked even more persistently than of yore. He was unmarried. He had traveled considerably since we saw him last, and fully earned his status as a Pilgrim. He had been to Japan, he brought home nargehils, papouches, and attar of roses; he had been West, and returned with buffalo robes and moccasins, and tomahawks, and the tails of beavers. His hunting-lodge was hung with the scalps of the Hours he had killed; but he felt a little lonely among the decorated stuffed skull-caps of his slain enemies. They were dead; but what was he to do with the hours which were no more? They had become weighty; but he spent little, so far as was known; drove now no four-in-hand; indulged in no elegant wickedness. The gossip current was that the priests had got hold of him; that by his munificence had been endowed the new bishopric of Adrianopolis in Partibus infidelium; that he had built the oratory of St. Genguldhus up in Northumberland; and that he would probably make an end of it as Brother Sebastian or Brother Ambrose in his shoes and spikes in his girdle. But you and I know what the whispers of the gossips are worth.

And the pair of guests? The Sultan Greyburn is before you. He was in his proper element; he was happy. The pale, handsome woman and the jewel of a body-servant had done all that was possible for him. His linen was of unstinted mind, and had fully made that mind up on the important subject of himself.

The pastry was a delicious one. It was completed by Tom Tuttlesheld. I wish to state that Tom has been dead (worthy soul!) these five years, and that I have been immortalized upon my body. There are a great many people going about the world who would like to be Tom Tuttlesheld, *but they can't*. Tom was a genius in the art of cheffing a gentleman, and the time of the next Tuttlesheld has not come yet.

Tom was a short man, with a very high head of hair and whiskers, such sparkling blue eyes, such gleaming white teeth, such a dazzling shirt-front, such mirror-like boots, and altogether such a violent and inflammatory state of freshness, that he looked as though he had been boiled, and starched, and ironed, and that his features were so ostentatiously clean, that you might have fancied (but that he was the most harmless under heaven) that he had been in collision with somebody, and scrubbing his knuckles with a flesh-brush to get the blood off. In evening dress he was superb, and wore the Tuttlesheld crest, cut stiff within nickcloth to be seen out of it. Weighty was the responsibility which his trowsers were of so very large and pronounced a check as to give his legs the appearance of undulatory chessboards; and his coat, wore, winter and summer, a white waistcoat, a black watch-ribbon, and a white hat with a deep round fit. Such was the appearance of the making of Tom. In it he was fit for any society. In that white waistcoat he had assisted at a select examination of Bacon's, at the Cambrian saloons of Sennacherib House. Often you might see the white hat, and money vest, and the rubicund perspiring face bending down, on festive and public meetings, down the yard at Tattersall's, and in the lobbies of the Parliament House. They are always in the Lobby of Supply, in spite of the Commons. I don't know why; but I conjecture in consequence of the hat and waistcoat. They looked well in the Lobby. At the Derby receiver had a right to go every where.

You met Tom Tuttlesheld in all kinds of London pentetials, to the Opera-house. At the award-mounting at St. James's you would find him in the midst of the button-wearers, where the colors were, chatting to the other Gunnicmen. At a review in Plumstead marshes who was that individual in a blue coat and brass buttoned coat? Who was that bold civilian riding full split with the chief of the staff? That, by your leave and by the chief's leave too, was Tom—you know him, was Tom Tuttlesheld. Tom was never in the commission of the peace—his commissions were those of a very different description—but you beheld him sitting on the bench, check by jowl with the Middlesex magistrates on licensing days. He was sure to be present at the special days of the public schools, and at the collations afterward. The swan-hopping excursions of the corporation of London; the term-feasts of the Honorable Society of Reynard's Inn (where you dined in a resty dungeon, drank hippocras, and were expected to drink, in Norman-French, to the health of the late Chief Justice Gascoigne), and especially the annual banquets of the Worshipful Company of Chainmail Makers (nearly the last of the City companies who put five-pound notes under the plates of their guests, and cause their beadles to fill the hats of the company with nauseous and pine-apple jelly when they go away: such is the munificence of the Chain-mail Makers, whose Hall has not been rebuilt since the great fire, and whose paraphernalia is in the custody of the head waiter of the Star and Garter);—none of these festive gatherings would have been complete without the presence of Tom Tuttlesheld. He sung so good a song, and told so good a story, had such manners and bowed so low, and heard to regret, almost with tears in their eyes, that That Man was not something in the City, whereby he could likewise have made his fortune. I believe that Tom was free of the Chain Makers, whose stock paid twenty-seven per cent., and that he lived upon his dividends. Others accounted for his means of livelihood by whispering the mysterious word "commission." It was certain that, although Tom was always ready to borrow forty thousand pounds—at seven per cent per cent., not a penny more—for the Earl of Liverton, he never borrowed any money himself. You could not call him a sponge; for though his services were rarely asked to dinner, he never asked to be asked. You had no right to brand him as a tuft-hunter, for he studied nobility and made himself sought by, without seeking the company of, the great. The malevolent only could hint, with a sneer, that Tom's function was to waiter-woman and his father a cab proprietor, so very white and profuse was his linen, and so very frequently was he to be seen issuing forth from the West End to the City in a Hansom. Being a very little man, he naturally carried, at all places of public entertainment, a large opera-glass: and it was highly edifying to watch him at the opera or the theatre, on the first night of a new dancer or a new play, perpetually engaged in sighting a brace of Armstrong guns linked together. You could scarcely sweep the vista of the hill at Epsom of a great actress's equipages, so judge from the neatly-folded and banded copies which were handed to him by boxing publishers when he took his usual place from the Strand every Saturday afternoon. He went frequently to Paris, and was reported to be best people there both English and French. He was a confidential creature. When Sir John Brute, who adored his wife, and who, in the habit of beating her black and blue, had been unusually obstreperous, her ladyship always called in Tom Tuttlesheld, as the person most likely to induce gentlemain Tenstum's minister in her writing-case; and when Mrs. Mujelos threatened to make a scene in the Park, Tom would step forward, discussing china images at her, and the children, terrified by the quarrels of their parents, cast themselves in wild confusion down the nursery stairs, Tom was always called in to restore peace to that distressed household. Thus, welcome every where, Tom Tuttlesheld was not rich. Tom Tuttlesheld. He was not literary; but had once written a song in aid of the funds of a decay fair, and was invited by permission to Miriam Hyem Higgs (great banking family). He was not artistic; yet was supposed to have a certain eye for the picturesque, for he had been examined as a witness before a Fine Art committee, and was considered to be allied to a Fine Art debate, when the report was brought up in the Commons, as "a gentleman of well-known taste." He was not a politician; but he was very active election-time, to be on the Conservative candidate's committee. He was neither financial nor commercial, though he was always most anxious about the price of consols, shook his head when Venezuelan bonds were mentioned, and had been heard to say that Thames Steam was genteelly regarding a sample of Patna rice in the outstretched palm of an eminent wholesale grocer. Tall was Tom, as a little man knows what's what, if that's *rice*?" the grocer was heard to say. He was undeniably respectable; but always mysteriously where he lived. He was supposed to have a bedroom at a hotel in Jermyn Street, and chambers in Reynard's Inn, and at one time in Gideon Court, Sampson Lane, Cornhill. Yet, granting this slight amount of mystery, and the suspicion of vagueness in the fair fame of Tom Tuttlesheld, for he had been seen lunching on turtle at Birch's with a sergeant of the Life Guards Green, and was currently reported to have an audience with the prime minister every morning, when the pilot was guided into the cabin, he was engaged in a pleasant occupation of shaving. These things become known, and do a man good.

The Pilgrims had reached that agreeable stage when men begin to trifle with the cates before them; to be critical about the vivacious bubbles that rise in the aspect contentedly the checkers in their Madras napkins; to be deeply interested in the hinges of their mitrecockets, to see that the spoons are straight on their filberts, and when they find a withered one to utter a fat sigh, half in the complacency of processive digestion, and half as though they were reflecting, "Such is life;" then to whisk imaginary crumbs from off their knees; then to pull their wristbands and adjust their collars; then to find more flavor in the Chambertin—A very fine wine it sound wine, Tuttlesheld."

"I wish I had a quarter-cask of it, my lord"—than ever the wine-merchant put into it; then to admit that, after all, the old Saxon families surpass the so-called Norman race in purity of blood and antiquity of lineage. "I would rather be Cedric the Saxon than Philippe de Malvoisin," says Lord Carlton, finding two beswings in his port instead of none: to which Tom Tuttlesheld, whose grandfather was the Lord knows whom, cheerfully assents; and finally to yawn, and to think that a mild cigar and a glass of Seltzer with something in it would be about the summum bonum of human felicity. Don't we know every one that these are the fears of unmixed happiness in life, or repeat that vain that man never is but always to be blest. Man is best when he is asked to dine at Greyfriars. The chef would impale himself on his own spit if he heard that any one had been compelled to take cayenne or soda after one of his dinners; the cellar is so good that there is not a bandache in the whole of it; and black care never follows behind the horseman who has his leg in the mahogany stirrups of that friendly club. No British wife is ever angry with her husband for being hidden at dine at the Pilgrims': precisely as no British husband (save a monster) would deny his wife a check if she were about to be presented at court, and desired jewelry or lace.

"But the question is," said Lord Carlton, as they rose from table in beaming mood; "the question is, where shall we go?"

"Strangers can't play cards," remarked Sir William Long.

"Hate cards," added Lord Carlton.

"They are stupid things at best," observed the sultan, lighting. "Give me lazzat."

The baronet looked at him. "You must have oceans of money, Mr. Greyfaunt," he observed.

"Not much, but enough," Edgar replied, with something akin to a blush.

"I am glad to hear it. People call me rich; yet I daren't play at hazard."

"You played too much when you were young, young," the baronet. Who was conscious that Edgar was not very well pleased with the remark, interposed: "Greyfaunt will soon have enough of hazard. He's going, you know, to follow begins to know something about it it's time for him to leave it off. But still, all this by no means helps us to settle the question, 'Where shall we go?'"

"I shall go home," Sir William Long said, wearily.

"You've no home to go to, most misanthropic bachelor, except those dreary chambers in the Albany, where I'm told you never let smoke cigars twenty times too strong for you, and read Crebillon the Younger, or Mrs. Eyres of the Adams. Why can't you don't you fall in love and marry?"

"I never was in love but once," the baronet made answer, gravely, "and that was with a little girl scarcely nine years old. I don't think it could now be in love, for I am very broken now, and she must be a young woman by this time."

"Was the attachment reciprocal?"

"I think so. I never saw her but once in my life; but I gave her some sugar-plums, and she let me kiss her at parting."

"What was her Christian name—sans indiscretion?"

"Lily."

Edgar Greyfaunt pricked up his ears. "Why, I know a little girl called Lily," he cried, "and not so long ago either."

"Not such a very uncommon name," yawned Lord Carlton.

"My aunt adopted a poor relation," put in Thomas Tuttlesheld, "whose name was Hannah; but she was a sentimental woman was my aunt, and changed the girl's name to Lily."

"A most interesting piece of family history," sneered his lordship, who was not to be scarcely knew why, the universally popular Thomas. "Have you many poor relations, Mr. Tuttlesheld?"

"Plenty," answered Tom, cheerfully. "The very poorest of my poor relations has had the honor of sitting for a fourth at the Pilgrims dinner-party at the Pilgrims' Club, Park Lane, this very evening. Hereby Tom managed to tell two birds with one stone: to let Edgar know a Rowland for his Oliver, and to pay Lord Carlton, who was the Amphitryon, a neat little compliment. Edgar Greyfaunt was already somewhat as he replied to the young man. He knew all about Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt. "Why should that gentleman be poor?" he asked, he thought. "Here's a peer of the realm and a rich baronet, who never set a shilling out to nine; yet here's a stock-up young jackanapes, who's barring the cauals at both ends, and in his mouth to have a spoon of silver, and not a penny, has never a civil word to throw at Tom Tuttlesheld. Well: it don't much matter. *Hell* is paved with good intentions, and Tom never does, and to prophesy that a man would never get on was the severest censure he ever passed on the conduct of an enemy.

"The question," resumed Lord Carlton, anxious to put an end to an embarrassing discussion, "again resolves itself into, 'Where shall we go?'"

They were donning their-great-coats in the hall.

"Come home and smoke with me," suggested the baronet.

"We will smoke, and not go home with thee, hermit of the passage between Piccadilly and Burlington Gardens:" thus Lord Carlton, in his turn, and challenging us all to fight ducks before breakfast; nervous affections brought on by excessive indulgence in tobacco; and Tom Tuttlesheld asleep with his head in the coal-scuttle."

"Come and play lansquenet at my rooms," proposed the sultan. He knew that Tom never

played, and would go away (which was the very thing he wanted) if the invitation were accepted; and he would have been delighted to entertain a peer and a baronet, even if he lost money to them.

"Long has forsworn lansquenet, and I prefer whist," objected his lordship. "Can no one propose something else?"

"Why, there are plenty of places to go to," said Thomas, who saw that his peculiar office was now in request, but who had prudently bided his time until the invention of his superiors was exhausted. "You must not be obstinate with the lion, even if you be a jackal. Wait until King Noble begins to scratch his mane with a puzzled air, and turns an inquiring eye toward you! Then you may hint to his majesty, but very discreetly, where you think the nicest antelope is to be found.

"Places to while away an hour positively abound," quoth the diplomatic Thomas. "Will you take a cab down to Pentonville, and see the Grecian? A monstrous queer place, I can assure you. I took an English duke and the Hospodar of Moldavia (who insisted on wearing a false nose, thinking that it was a masquerade) there one night, and they enjoyed themselves immensely. Don't care about going so far? Will you be my guests at an humble little cab in Frith Street, Soho? It is club night. Brattles will be in the chair. You know Brattles, the well-known sculptor of Saxon cattle and the Serpent's Skin. There will be some capital singing, and you'll meet some of the first wits of the day. I'll introduce you all to Mackthorter men, if Mr. Greyfaunt chooses to hide his artistic candle under a bushel."

"I should like to go very much indeed," said Sir William Long.

The Sultan Greyfaunt demurred, on the plea that they would probably be bored. The cabby would have dearly liked to strangle Tom Tuttlesheff for that ill-timed allusion to his artistic genius.

"Try again, Tom," said Lord Carlton, who was thinking what her sensible daughter would say if she were by of the expediency of visiting these wild haunts of dissipation being mooted.

"Well, there's Jones's; but it's too full. There's a new farce at the Lyceum—Potatoes and Pool, or the Can and the Cannon Game; but I know it's stupid to pieces, and the critics has done it into English, and both are stupid. What do you say to a visit to Ranelagh?"

"Ranelagh! I haven't been there for ten years!" exclaimed Sir William.

"Ranelagh! Why, it's midwinter and as cold as Greenland," said Lord Carlton.

"Where is Ranelagh?" asked the Sultan Greyfaunt, with engaging simplicity.

"Sancta Simplicitas Royal, half a mile from the Asylum for Club-foot; two-shilling cab fare," rapidly pursued Thomas. "As to its being winter, that will be just the fun of it. M'Variety, the manager, who took the lease when poor Benjamin Bashael went to the bad, and who is a friend of infinite resources, was the first man to hit on the ingenious notion of opening Ranelagh in winter. The station in the Arctic regions walk are covered up with straw, it is true, but they're beautifully lighted. The room are hot-house, but there's no end to additional lamps. There's an artificial skating-pond, and a Gaslop Infernal on skates, with a full band, at each clock. The lake's boarded over, and the Panorama of Scringapatam has been turned into Moscow at the time of the French invasion. It will be all on fire, and literally at eleven; and Bandeneus, the great gymnast, dressed as the Emperor Napoleon, will cross from the Kremlin to the Church of St. Ivan on the tight rope, and in the midst of a shower of fire-works."

"Accompanied Tom, you speak like a book," said Lord Carlton.

"Or a play-bill," good-naturedly suggested Mr. Greyfaunt.

"You're not far wrong there," returned Thomas, with a sly laugh, "for I help M'Variety (who is an old ally of mine) in every way to make out his programmes. Come, my lords and gentlemen. Shall it be Ranelagh? The price of admission has been reduced from half a crown to one shilling. There are a concert-room, a dancing-pavilion, an exhibition of new inventions from Paris, and the property of the celebrated Florentine anatomical artist Signor Ventinelli-hoti. There is the Wolverian Troupe of Bounding Brothers of the Western Prairies; there is a ballet-theatre; and, finally, there is a circus, where Zenobia Trafalgar, the celebrated equestrian, is to make her first appearance this very night on her trained charger Consuat, dressed à la Cosaque; the bills say nothing of what that may be I have not the slightest notion. We shall be just in time to see her."

Consuat proved an old name for a horse. Poor Frank Blunt—Griffin Blunt they used to call him; he came to a sorry end in Paris the other day—we learn it was a cancelled document. Deuced clever fellow he was too. Dressed hair and made oaracas perfumes wonderfully. Robbed his master, I dare say. No, I think Blunt must have robbed him. A shocking rip was Frank, poor fellow!

"There is a man called Constant who keeps Pomeroy's Hotel, where I staid when I came to town," Sir Knight remarked, in reply to Lord Carlton. The nobleman had sent away his brougham, and the banner his cab, which were waiting at the club door by this time; and the distinguished quartet, cancened in an humble four-wheeled cab, were on their way to the famous gardens of Ranelagh. "I wonder whether it's the same Constant? These valets often save money and set up hotels."

"There is a river in Macedon, and there is a river in Monmouth," observed Sir William Long, "and I can't see what your Constant or any body's Constant has to do with the lady's horse at Ranelagh. I wonder who this Madame Kressitzin is? Those horse-riding women change their names so often. I know there is one of them whom I should like to find."

THE SONG OF THE BLUE-BELLS.

HARK! what do the blue-bells say,
As they ring their fairy chime,
Tinkling their music through the airy
In the summer's early prime?

They're nodding in elfish glee
As I slowly pass along,
And merrily mocking me
In their tinkling, whispering song.

I sit by the old oak-tree,
At my feet a rushing stream;
And here my wild heart beats free
As I lie awake and dream.

I list to that floral peal,
As it joyously wafts me a ring,
While sad mem'ries o'er me steal
Of the past, as thus they sing:

"Our summer is bright and brief,
But, ere clouds pass o'er the sky,
To tell of a coming grief,
We wither away and die!"

As I muse on joy that's past
I envy each bending bell,
And wish that my fate were cast
With them in their quiet dell.

THE WINDOW OF NO. 4, POHL.

How came the window open on that stormy morning? At what hour was it? Mary, the sister of young hearts and old heads. Two young people falling in love with each other; a person in the shape of a fatal disproving; the love lover poor, the father rich; the girl divided between duty and affection for her parent and passionate tenderness for her lover; and Love triumphing in the long-run, as he generally does.

This was why the parlor window stood wide open that stormy morning; for at twelve the night before she had come down to him, wrapped in white furs and a snowy hood, and had sobbed, "Oh, Charles, I can very, very wicked, and unless Pa forgives me God never will!" which theological statement Charles considered to be quite correct, beyond a doubt (to his own heart at least) that there was no harm in marrying whom one loved.

Pleading against the storm, which now and then no danger of being heard amidst the gusts of wind and the creaking of the bare elm branches, she let down the veil which had been blown against his breast to keep himself warm, helped the lady in, with a gruff sort of sympathy. And away they glided, she had scarcely time before them, and the view now about them, falling softly, softly over them, and James's hand lying upon Charles's breast, and her little fur-clad form nestled close to his. They were foolish little people, but not wicked, whom two black heavens covered over the white snow to Hymen's altar that bitter winter's night so long ago.

When they found that balcony window open in the gray morning's dawn, and found also a penitential letter blotted with tears, and an empty bed, the pillow of which was also blotted, pathetic pursuit was useless; for Janet Grey had promised to love, honor, and obey Charles Oliver, and he had vowed to love and cherish her until death did them part.

"Forgive them—never!" So passionate old Robin Grey vowed, with many an expletive not to be written here. Forgive her, indeed! He hurried in his broom to sting him at last. From his heart and his home she had gone forth of her own free-will, and an exile from both she should remain forever.

Poor Janet, she loved her father dearly. Poor old man, he had no one on earth but that pretty and petted daughter, and her death was as dead to his life before her as a baby might have had.

She had married Charles Oliver in spite of the *Bonnie Lassie*, who made voyages to the East Indies and brought home cargoes of spices and sweetmeats, and many other rich and rare treasures, but who did not always bring home those who went with her; for in those warm latitudes fevers are rife, and many an English merchant-seaman is plucked from his moorings to the Spice Islands, while at home many a young wife has watched for the ship only which should return her husband to her more.

Three months of innocent delirium, the world forming under her dazzled eyes, and only beauty to breathe its air. Then came the awakening. Bully Captain Thomas broke the dream with his "Ahoy, mermaids, where away?"

They were rambling together in the shady paths of Washington Parade Ground, and he came upon them.

"How are you, Captain? Glad to see you. This is my wife." And how pretty she was to show the pretty child, with her long curls and blue eyes and dainty waist and waxen white hands with her six-inch hanger and pistols in her belt! Bully Captain!

The Captain bowed. "Heered you was spliced," he said. "You couldn't have moored alongside of a prettier craft, any lad. Though she don't look as though she'd weather through a storm. Never expect to follow your example myself though. The *Bonnie Lassie* is my wife. You know she sails today week."

"Ay, say," said Charlie. Why should I forget?"

"Sunset bette r t. think on; p'raps," said the Captain. "Fair weather, shipmate. Respects, mum."

And away he went, feet wide apart, hands in both pockets, and gait that of one who, used to a rolling vessel, seems when on land always to expect the world to give a sudden lurch, and who tries to be on his guard against it.

Janet looked up into Charlie's face with fearful eyes.

"What did he mean, Charlie?"

"He is Captain Thomas, of the *Bonnie Lassie*, love."

"Well?"

"That's all, dear."

"And the *Bonnie Lassie* is your ship?"

"Yes."

"And she sails to-morrow week?"

"To-day week."

"Charlie!"

"Love."

"Of course the horrible thought never entered your mind of going with her."

"I must."

"Oh no; you want to frighten me. I couldn't live, you know, Charlie. I feel like fainting. I'm all alone. I have nobody. Pa will never speak to me again. Charlie, laugh—say 'It's all fun, Janet.'"

"I wish I could. My dear, you knew your husband was a sailor when you married him."

"Yes; but I never thought he would be so cruel as to leave me. Charlie, I really think I shall die."

Her pretty baby face was so white and wan, and her hands so cold, that he was frightened. They sat down upon the bench together, and Janet imagined to go with him—only to go with him any where and any how.

"A long dangerous voyage. He could not think of it." And her answer was:

"A dangerous voyage! And I to stay at home and listen and hear the winds blow, and think of you, Charlie, stay at home if you care for me."

Poor Charlie! He held her to his breast in the shadow of the Castle Rock, and tried to teach her her first lesson—how money must be earned, and how men must earn it; how a sailor bred could be no thing but a sailor, save as a man he must discharge his duty, and never have to think that he had dragged her from the sheltered home of luxury to offer poverty and all its ills; how, in fact,

"Men must work and women must weep.
And the sooner 'tis over the sooner to sleep."

It was very hard to learn, and the poor girl-wife could not comprehend it. As for going with him, old Captain Thomas, an old-fashioned sailor, who thought a female Jonah ought to be at the stern oars, and never studied navigation out of book, but fought his way up from cabin-boy—that old sailor-worn veteran had no sentiment at all save a woman on board, in view of all manner of traditionary ill-luck—storms, shipwrecks, etc., etc. There comes some such episode to every young wife in a modified form.

Janet could see no necessity for this voyage. Only cruel choice.

That fortnight all tears and lamentation. That parting for six months—six eternities to her. Charlie had left her just enough in dear to buy loving hearts to fill this world and leave a surplus for some other.

At last the day came, and he left her falsting and went away crying like a child.

Then Janet sat down all alone, and thought that she should die. When her tears refused to flow so freely as at first, which was not for many weeks, she found some comfort in an old piano, a sweet-toned thing, and very, very shabby, that stood in the parlor of her boarding-house, but her songs were always sad; a mournful dirge dying in her soul was calling for her mate could not have uttered notes more pitiful to listen to. Only now and then when a letter came was she roused up for a while. Then at last six months were gone and there came no letter. The ship must be at hand, that of course was it. He thought that she was very, very soon; but no Charlie came: those who waited for the *Bonnie Lassie* saw her not. No letter, no Charlie: another month—another month—another—still no news. One morning she stood by the window watching, and the landlady came to her. She was a good woman, and particularly fond of her boarding-house girl. She kept her out of poverty, and this blue-eyed girl was a boarder after all. So she said: "Mrs. Oliver, I don't like to tell you—but—but—"

"Oh you've heard ill news of Charlie!" and Janet, turning swift and white, clung to her arm.

"No, my dear. Oh no, thank goodness, it's quite different! Your husband paid your board for six months in advance, you know."

"Yes."

"Well—ahem. It's—it's nearly ten months since he went, and—and—I'm afraid you've disobeyed, very often, and, the fact is, can you pay me?"

"I? Oh no. Charles—Mr. Oliver will settle with you the moment he returns."

"Y-e-s—but it's no use missing matters, my dear. If he never does, you'll not see me—and he will come back? The sea is treacherous, and they say sailors are also, 'a wife in every port,' There, now, you haven't got a lover in your eye, or somebody who will help you?"

"My father, I'll go to my father," said poor Janet. "He will forgive me now;" and she left the house as a weary child might have done, longing for the parent who had used to be her shelter. Far out of town the homestead stood, and its doors were locked, and its windows barred against the thieves. Janet questioned at her summons: she had anticipated that, and written a few lines begging that he would see her. They were returned to her. On the envelope was written, "I have no longer a daughter: she is dead to me."

Janet Oliver went back to the city boarding-house, and there that night a babe was born to her. A wailing thing that struggled for life and was it at last; and Janet, struggling against her inner faith that a fragment of her Charlie's life lay there, and clung to it as drowning men will cling to the frailest floating thing. But for those little hands—those strange, ignorant eyes, that precious nothing holding the embryo soul, Charlie Oliver's wife would have let go of life and floated away upon the sea of death that night. Her baby kept her alive; and now her watch, her rings, her little jeweled keepsakes began to go—by-and-by her costlier clothes, the white furs she had wrapped herself in when she eloped that night with him. One by one every thing went, save some cotton gowns, her hood, and a large shawl. At last came the climax.

She stood with her babe before the landlady, and the woman said, though not unkindly,

"Mrs. Oliver, I am sorry for you; but you have a father, and he must keep you—can't." And Janet took her child and went out into the midwinter afternoon. She had no hope of her father's pity: but she said, "We can die, my child and I," within sight of the old house; and perhaps he may forgive us when he sees me dead." Then another hope entered her soul; she would wrap the child up carefully; the little one might live, and he would have mercy on that for its mother's sake.

Poor girl, she had no money for a stage-fare; she plodded on through the cold streets and out upon the weary road for hours; and it grew dark and darker: night was rung from the city clocks, nine, ten, and only then, by the clear frosty moonlight, she saw the roof of her father's house, and with the alien about it feelless as they had been when she had fled from it with Charlie Oliver.

She had matured her plans, and dragged her weary steps to the porch. Upon it those deep windows opened to the ground. There she would lie down, and in the morning they would find her there dead. Ah, poor child! I hardly dare tell what she had done, it was so wicked: but she was very miserable. At the bottom of her pocket lay a vial labeled "laudanum."

So at last she stood before those windows, and one of them was open—wide open at half past ten on a night in midwinter!

God had ordained it for her. So she said. And even then she knew not the strange truth of her words.

"Oh, my home!" she wailed, softly. "Oh, my father! I will go in. I will lie in my little bed. I will die there, and my baby will be and all good angels help me to be a better child to father than I have been."

So she crept in on tip-toe, unfastening her shoes, and leaving them without, that she might make no noise whatever.

She gained her little room. By the moonlight she saw that it was just as she had left it, and must have been carefully kept from change. The sleeping-place with upon the old-fashioned bed, and she thought of her garments lying in the bureau drawers. Were they there yet? It would be more homely to die clean, fresh, and pure than in those travel-stained clothes which she wore. So she peeped in, and found the white raiment, and knelt on, and took the knelt to pray, and pray with a vial of poison in one hand, with mad suicide in her heart.

As she knelt she faced the door, and her eye glancing thither, she saw a light glancing up and down the wall, and heard a footstep. Could it be her father? He crept to the door and looked. Along the stairs came the man-servant bearing a light, coming stealthily with a strange look on his face—the strange look a servant will but turned her from the door by her father's orders months before, and whose wicked face she haunted her evening. Where was he going—what was he going to do?

She watched him with a heart suddenly stilled in its beating, and saw him enter her father's chamber door.

Then she made haste to follow him as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her. Not one soon was she saw a the crept in an open safe, a rifled chest, papers and gold upon the floor, and the servant's hand upon her father's throat struggling.

She uttered a shriek and sprang forward. In prison afterward the villain said he fancied her a spirit, and that it struck him with fear. He started up, half arose, and with this opportunity the strong and vigorous old man recovered his surprise, and struck him down on the floor beside him.

He knew his child; he knew she had saved him; but this was no time to think of that. He only said, "Hold the villain, Janet, and call John, the coachman." And Janet obeyed. In a few moments that wiry rascal on the floor had no chance of escape: he was bound hand and foot before the window.

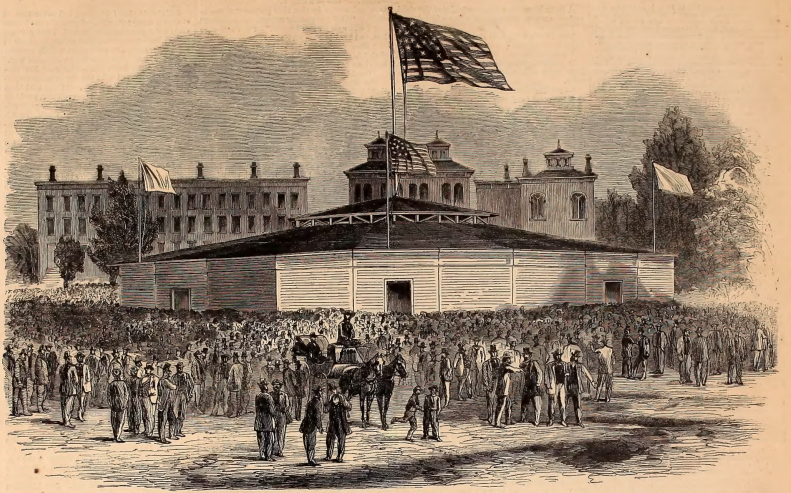
And Janet was in her father's arms. She had left him to his bed where her baby lay, and had told him all. He had known nothing of her woe, even of the baby's birth. For he had been ill, very ill indeed in her young love, ungrateful to him. God had left the door open indeed, though the intruders had been a murderous servant at hand, who, fearful of the watchful ear of honest John, had thought to steal out noiselessly through it. Janet was restored to her father, and her father's life and to creep into his heart once more.

The Bonnie Lassie, and good old Captain Thomas, and a host of honest sailors sailed out next again, for the sea opened its great arms and enfolded them to its breast forever. But a little island in the ocean had room enough for some food, and, with so much to live for, Charles Oliver battled with the waves, and with thirst, and hunger, and death itself, and survived, and watched, and prayed, and waited, feeding on roots, and berries, and strange fruits until at last night and day a sail was seen, and love's prayer and the voice of living man greeted him once more.

He came home to Janet, and long ago forgiven by her father in his fancied death he was not refused forgiveness living.

And so the old love-dreams were realized, and the shadows banished, and as much of joy as can come to earthly beings came to those who lived together in the old homestead among the elms. And to her children, in the twilight, ay, and to her grandchildren, perhaps, by this time, Janet Oliver has often told the story of the open window on the porch.

DEDICATED TO THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.



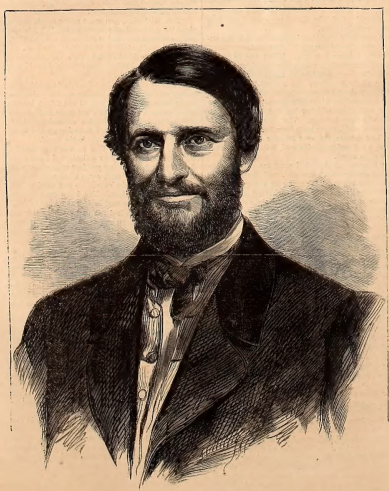
VIEW OF THE TENT IN WHICH THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION IS TO BE HELD, AT CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

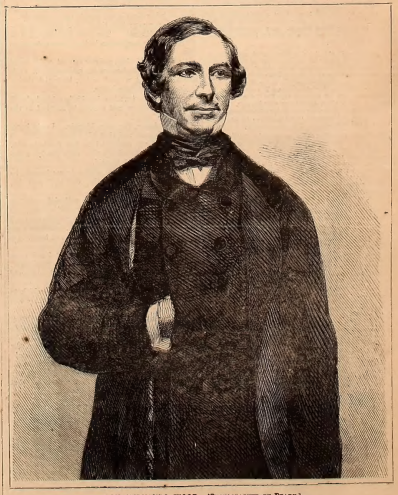
We give on this page portraits of C. L. VALLANDIGHAM and FERNANDO WOOD, the leaders of the Peace Party; also a view of the WIGWAM in which the Democratic Convention is to be held on Monday the 29th. These two gentlemen recently held a Peace Convention at Syracuse, New York, the object of which was to coerce the Chicago Convention by a vast popular demonstration in favor of peace. The meeting was of no significance. They each made speeches, earnestly begging the people by their fear of severe wounds and of heavy taxes not to resist the rebellion any longer with arms, but to settle our difficulties by compromise. As our "difficulties" are nothing but the armed resistance of certain citizens to the laws, with the declared intention of destroying the Government, it is not easy to understand what kind of compromise with them is possible, except submission to the degradation of the Government. The plan of Messrs. VALLANDIGHAM and WOOD undoubtedly contemplates a temporary separation, with the hope of an ultimate reunion upon terms that will permanently secure the Southern ascendency. Of course there is as yet no open declaration of such a scheme, but no man familiar with our politics and with the course of these two leaders will doubt it. Their silence, and the studied manner in which they always speak of the Union as endangered by the loyal men of the North, instead of the rebels at the South, and the constant declaration that the authority of the Government can not be maintained by force, are sufficiently significant of their views.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was first notorious as the squire of Mr. MASON, of Virginia, at the time of the JOHN BROWN enterprise, when he endeavored to extort from the old man something that would implicate in a conspiracy the leaders of the political party to which Mr. VALLANDIGHAM was opposed. This unhandsome trick, in which certain gentlemen in New York took part, signally failed; and a suit at law being brought against the New York gentlemen by Mr. GERRIT SMITH, the effort was exposed to merited contempt. Since then Mr. VALLANDIGHAM has been a steady friend of the rebels.

Of Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, who was first notorious for a suit brought against him for swindling by his partner, Mr. MARVIN, and who as Mayor of the city of New York regretted to ROBERT TOOMBS that he could not connive at the sending of arms destined for the slaughter of loyal citizens, the New York *Herald* of August 22, 1864, says: "His appropriate sphere is that of a ward politician, and he displays himself to singularly bad advantage whenever he vainly attempts to appear like any thing else."



CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



HON. FERNANDO WOOD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

INTERESTING ITEMS.

AMONG recent demolitions in Paris is that of the old well-known MORNAC. A much larger MORNAC has been erected on the island immediately behind Notre Dame. Its one apartment, lighted in the most effective manner, is twelve stairs of black marble, on which the fortunate tenant will be found. Another apartment are fourteen similar stairs, destined for bodies that have been so decomposed that they cannot go in lodged possible. Bathrooms are abundantly supplied with water, which falls continuously in the basin in a rain. The clothes appertaining to the latter are suspended in a cool, certain proof of a year. Summer, and, unless of mum, and women received at the of the 2851 bodies which have been deposited during the past ten years, 1705 are set down as the result of suicide, and concerning the remainder no information is given. It appears that self-destruction is at its maximum in the months of May and June, at its minimum in October, November and December. Between 10 and 15, and dwindles to almost nothing after 70, while it is not surprising, the suicides which are committed after the age of 70 years. As regards the means employed for this each there must be a margin left for imperfection of judgment,—it appears that twenty-five suicidal men commence razors and disgust of life, each, for about one month; absolute poverty for nearly the same proportion; misery and insuitable disappointment, for a little more than a month; next, and close upon these, come disgusted with domestic misery, and insecurity of the mind, for about the termination of theft stands for about 1 in 26; false and disappointed love, 1 in 28; and vengeful love, 1 in 30; fear and dishonor, 1 in 35; and vengeful love, 1 in 36; the remainder are of others about 1 in 57. This, however, applies only to the male sex. In the case of women the causes of life flee, disappointed affection second, disgust fifth; third, domestic misery, fourth, vengeful love, fifth; the mind sixth, and insurable disease seventh.

As regards the mode adopted, out of the 1705 men reported by the Morgue, 1414 had recourse to drowning, 114 to hanging, 94 to firearms, 56 to the fume of charcoal, 46 precipitated themselves from buildings or other elevated places, 18 made use of sharp weapons and instruments, 13 had recourse to poison, 7 threw themselves beneath railway trains or carriages, and 4 killed themselves by swallowing alcohol. Another table informs us that more than one third of the cases of these suicides were committed between the hours of six in the morning and mid-day; while the 24 hours of the afternoon are responsible for the smallest number, not one-sixth as compared with the all the preceding hours of the day.

The number of females who committed suicide is scarcely more than a fifth of that of the male sex. As to the fair proof of the influence of misery on suicide—unless, indeed, it be not rather a superabundance of wealth—only about one in six of the suicides was buried at the expense of his family or friends.

THERE is a new style for the fancy seating in Pennsylvania. At the Mansion House Restaurant at Chester in that State rooms about one wire fringe were put out on one occasion. Some of the citizens of the borough, who seldom ever went fishing before, and who had no fish in hand, came down to the fray fields. Several gentlemen report a morning's work at forty-eight.

MR. ARNOLD, in his "European Mosaics," suggests an spelling idea as to the future of Rome, the "Eternal City." He says that Rome, which once was the capital of the vast cemetery, becoming more and more deserted by the miasma spreading from its ruins, that which are now are depopulated and deserted, and the time may come when the city will be no longer habitable, and when the Papacy itself be blighted, and go forth a wanderer over the World.

AGNES STRICKLAND, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," in giving an account of the reverses which befell Queen Mary on her flight from Calais, after her accession, says: "The Queen's gratitude took a very old form in the case of the Duke of Alva. She was a widow, childless, and in a great fear of surviving her head; and, considering that he ended his days in a monastery as penance, he persuaded Queen Mary he knew to her his head-cap in her royal presence. She knew that he was a confirmed invalid, and let him leave to wear one, but two night-caps, if he pleased. His patent for the latter privilege, perhaps, was the first on rats." Know ye, that we do give to our well-beloved and trusty cousin, Ferdinand, Duke of Alva, Knight of the Golden Fleurster, and Lord of Egremond and Barnell, liberty and power to wear his cap, or, if more than one, any two of them, at his pleasure, as well in our presence as in the presence of any other person or persons, whatsoever this realm, or any other place in our dominions wherever, during his life, and bear over our letters this, in full sufficient warrant in his behalf." The Queen's seal, with the Garter round it, is affixed to the royal document.

A SMALL picture, not larger than a plate, said to be painted by Jacques Callot, in only twelve years of his brush sold at the Hotel Drouot. It represents Charles IX. of France, and was knocked down to Baron de Rothschild for 3700 francs.

A WITNESS of a single char character was celebrated lately at a church in Yorkshire, England. Miss Sheepshanks led to the altar four blushing brides, sisters, of the name of Preston, aged respectively 30, 28, 26, and 24. Both brothers was born in the same month of the year as his bride, and each bride was eight days younger than her husband. The bridegrooms were all widower and the brides were orphans, and were all married in their own parish church. Such a fortuitous concurrence of singular circumstances is a great deal in divergences and brides will make happy husbands and wives.

THE fumes of burning coffee are powerful disinfectants. Experiments have been made at Paris to prove that the insanity of meat was hung up in a closed room until decomposed, and by burning coffee it was entirely cured. Six grammes of coffee thrown on the fire. In a few minutes the disagreeable odor completely disappeared. The room subjected to hydrogen and ammonia were developed, and 30 grammes of coffee were burned with the same result in a minute. It is also stated that coffee destroys the smell of smoke, and of the most wretched.

THE following is a description of an interesting encounter which lately took place between a lion tamer and a lion elephant. When the elephant was brought to the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation it was very unwilling to be harnessed against this terrible adversary without evincing the slightest fear, and attempted to hide its head in the wood him; but the elephant, exhibiting an equal agility in his sudden, pounced upon him, overthrowing him, and held attacked him in front; but, every where confronted by the formidable tusks with interposed as a moving barrier, he did not succeed in wounding him. At last, in one of the rushes he fell seized the elephant's trunk in his head beneath the tusks; but, before he could penetrate the bony side of the animal's head, he fell to the ground. The latter only saw the elephant bend his head slightly, and with his powerful tusks, which he held in his trunk, struck upon the back of the bull. From that moment the bull was the lion of combat, and when they afterwards met in the ring it was found that three ribs were completely crushed by the blow. Immediately he encountered the elephant had made in holding him with his tusks.

PRACTICAL and native shrewdness has long ago taught the Russian peasant that the appearance of large quantities of carrion being taken into his animal system; important against the cold of that country, and still more against the to a new cause in the large quantity of grain brand he consumes. Russian peasants bonds a day provided with a loaf of brown during harvest, over and above his kvass, or bottle of edible, and a salted cucumber, mushrooms, cabbage, and not unfrequently cupfuls of beef. The rest of bread he prefers it raw, and prefers it for the same reason that the acute Scottish plowman clings to his oaten cake, and discerned long before the days of Liebig, that it was chemically more strengthening to assimilate three than strengthening to assimilate three than strengthening to assimilate three pounds of bread than four. So here, then, we have the Russian peasant, as well as most other articles of his food, dried up in ovens, and he takes himself off, on Sundays and holidays, with sunflower oil, the hardy denizens of the steppes and forests, or the coarser over-the-steppe flour, by, is able to prosecute his work through all seasons of the year in spite of even Siberian weather.

FREAR FARM.

A GRAY horse and a yellow-wheeled chaise stood under the poplars which shaded a brown farm-house.

"Marg'ret!"

Mrs. Frear's voice went ringing up the stairway to the east chamber.

"Yes, 'm."

It was a cheery voice that replied, and a trim little figure which came tripping down after the voice.

"Aunt Mary has come, and I want you to go and shell the peas for dinner while I visit with her."

"Yes, 'm," again, as the worthy Mrs. Frear took her basket of shelling, walked briskly down the path, and climbed to a seat beside her sister.

You see she was a cripple, this Aunt Mary, and in her widely-scattered thought of slightest favors the chaise in which she came. Consequently that which took Sarah away in its old chinks more general information than ever crammed the examination of any mortal carriage since the flood. It was, in short, a perambulating encyclopedia of births, marriages, and deaths, past, present, and prospective, for the little town of Heathen.

In it they were nestled, this June morning, two white-haired women; their backs were turned to the sun, while Dobbin cropped the lilac twigs, mumbling them after a solemn, reflective fashion, quite cognizant the while of the movement of tongues behind him.

Within doors a tidy kitchen, great squares of sunlight lying out on the unpainted floor, and Margaret bowing a low song to herself over the basket of peas.

"Guess who!" rang out a merry voice behind her, and two brown hands drew her backward blindfold.

"Anon! But what will father say?"

"Nothing! I'll run and imagine. I left him down in the two-acre lot with Pruan Sykes. They'd just begun with original sin, and they've got to get through election and the decrees of, to say nothing of the probable fate of the heathen world. They're safe enough for the next two hours," said the young man, throwing his straw-hat upon the floor.

A bread-shouldered, straight-limbed fellow was Anson Hoar, and so still thought Mrs. Frear in the low kitchen, his curls just missed brushing the cross-beam overhead.

"Mother!" and again suggested the girl.

"Oh, I knew what would become of her when I saw Aunt Mary's Dobbin coming up the hill. They're having a good time over there, I heard every name just as I leaped over the fence. So now, if you please, I'll sit down, though you haven't asked me to, and shell peas for dinner as soon as you can, whatever you choose to call it, for my transgression." He drew up a low chair, and sat down beside her.

"But, Anson," she still remonstrated, "I'm afraid this is not right."

"Of course you are, and of course I know 'tisn't! But I know of something that's wrong; and that is, for you father and mother to keep me waiting as they've known how fond we are of each other, and for no reason under heaven than that I'm an orphan and you're poor. I beg your pardon, Margaret, I beg pardon, Margaret." And the young man's face flushed indignantly. Margaret said nothing, and we went on:

"However, it's the last time I shall trouble him, or cross your scruples again for the present."

"The last time?" Margaret opened her eyes wide with her thumb, and looked up inquiringly.

"Yes, the very last time! I'm going away—going to-night." The flush had gone out of his face, and instead was a look of fierce determination.

"California!" The pod was opened, and a round dozen of peas rolled across the kitchen floor. Callifornia! Margaret looked to her, little girl, sitting in that Vermont farm-house.

"But, Anson, isn't it a dreadfully wicked place? Are there Indians, and cannibals, and bad as the Hottentots 'most?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, Maggie. I only know that there's gold, and I'm going to find it out out there. Oh! you ought to hear Jim Bartlett talk. You'd think twas mighty slow work getting a living or digging money out."

"I know—but, Anson, seems to me 'twould be better to stay in a Christian country," said she, unfaithfully.

"I declare, Margaret, you're well-nigh as bad as Uncle John. He says he'd better steal a horse, and get out from a country where everybody cheats and lies." Anson laughed his old merry laugh. Margaret remembered it. It was years before she heard that laugh again.

Then there was a pause. The cat dozed upon the cattle, and the tea-kettle sang upon the hearth.

"And will you write, Anson, back, Anson?" asked the girl.

"When I can bring something with which to make a home of my own," he said; and there was another silence.

The peas were shelled, and Margaret was sitting with her two hands folded upon the top of the basket. Anson sat gazing at her with a hungry look in his eyes. Then he arose, and went to the window. The small head with its heavy coil of hair at the back, the long-lashed downcast eyes—he took them all in with that look. How many nights in the years that came after did he see in the darkness that little figure parting the shadows come and go before him!

"Here's something I found for you," he said at length, laying in her hand a small gold cross. "You'll wear it sometimes, and remember me, I know."

She did not move. Only her fingers were like ice as he touched them, and her face was pale.

"I must go now," he said, rising.

Margaret rose with him, and opened the door.

She raised her eyes now, and Anson stood looking down into them—those clear, brown eyes—and holding her two hands in his.

"Do you think you can wait for me, little girl?" he said. "It'll be a long while. We shall be old man and woman by that time perhaps," trying to smile. "Will you wait for me until I come back?"

"I will wait for you forever!" The words were low, and her lips were very white.

"Bless you, child! But, please Heaven, you shan't have to wait as long as that;" and he drew her closer to him.

"Good-by, and God bless you, Margaret!"

She felt his arm drawn tightly round her, knew that his lips touch her cheek, and then she sank down upon the floor, her face buried in the cushions of the old chair.

"Why, Margaret, what air ye doin'?" cried good Mrs. Frear. "Here 'tis twelve o'clock this blessed minute, and the fire all out! What will yer father say?"

Mrs. Frear had begun a vigorous attack upon the cooking-stove, but stopped short as Margaret, rising wearily, stood before her with blanched, bewildered face.

"Why what ails the child! Bless me, she looks as if she'd had a stoke!" A stoke, indeed, but not exactly of the kind to which her mother referred.

Margaret vaguely looked around her eyes heavily, as with an effort. "It's nothing, mother," she said. "I must have been a little faint. That's all."

"I ain't enough, I should think. You just come into my room and lie down on my bed, and I'll make you a bowl of sage tea. Mercy to me! I think there's Aunt Mary's chaise! Your father told me that was provailin' in Barnet. Just let me look o' yer tongue!" and the good woman bustled about Margaret, pushing and bowing her into the solicitude for her child, quite oblivious of dinner and all other minor considerations.

And Margaret lay down upon the snowy pillows, while Anson, all his worldly effects packed in one valise, took his way on foot to the next stage-town. And when, after a toll mon stage-town. And when, after a toll mon stage-town. And when, after a toll mon

forever. It seemed likely now that she would. It was so long to wait. Would he never come back to claim her promise? If he were alive. But what if he were dead? They all supposed he was. Perhaps he was. Every one she loved had died. Why not this one? And if he were dead was her promise binding? Something outside of herself seemed to suggest this. She looked away through the darkness. A bright light gleamed from among the maples on the hill. It came from the low-window of Squire Varnum's library. Margaret watched it a moment, thinking then of her own little room at Mrs. Kittredge's. It was a contrast certainly. A word of hers would place her under the cheery lamplight of that library, with all those old books looking down, and Squire Varnum's genial face looking down also. Should she speak the word? But between her and any such answer there came her own voice of old, promising to "Wait forever." And she remembered too well Anson's "Please Heaven, you shall never have to wait so long," to forget it now. And so she would trust God. Wait and hope still, though it should be hoping against hope.

And then the shadows deepened, and the flames of sunset burned to ashes down the west, and the figure of the lonely girl was lost in the gloom of the porch.

She started suddenly. Something brushed against her foot. Only the cat; she had forgotten her until that moment.

"Come puss," she said. "You shall go too;" and taking the old creature in her arms she went down the walk and the gate swung behind her, and she passed out into the night.

"The Frear Farm to be sold to-day," they said. An auction was sent to the dwellers in this quiet land of farms. Early in the afternoon the old vendue-master was upon the stand, shouting and gesticulating as only he could; and he done justice to a more hotly contested sale. There were, in fact, but two competitors for the farm, Squire Varnum and Deacon Hall. The latter had just risen twenty-five dollars above the price set by his opponent.

"The Deacon's got it now," said a voice in the crowd, but just then there appeared a new figure upon the scene.

On the street, in front of the house, just under the poplars, a wagon had stopped, and a tall man, bronzed and weather-beaten, stood erect in it, looking down upon the crowd with a keen, steady eye.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars!" shouted the auctioneer, "I've offered twenty-five hundred dollars for Frear Farm! Who bids again? Going, gentleman! Too cheap by half. Going!"

Every one awaited the last "Gone," when a voice sang out, deep and clear as a bell,

"Twenty-six hundred dollars!"

The auctioneer turned face about to a man, and scanned the new-comer.

"Twenty-six hundred and twenty-five!" vociferated Deacon Hall, bolstering his supposed possession suddenly taking to itself wings.

"Twenty-six hundred!" shouted the stranger, leaping from his wagon with a bound, and striding through the crowd. He reached the stand just as the hammer came down.

"Gone for twenty-seven hundred to—. What name, Sir?" and the vendue-master turned to the stranger.

"My fellow-townsman ought to do me the honor to remember that, Sir," he replied, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"By all the powers! I believe it's Anson Beloe!" exclaimed the old man, taking the stranger by the arm, and turning him toward the light.

"The same, Sir;" and Anson extended his hand cordially.

"Well done, boy, and well grown too! Why, what a giant you are! Might a ben one o' the sons of Anak the Scripture tells about," said Deacon Hall, looking up at him.

"And so you've come back to settle down among us. That's right, hearty right;" and they pressed round to shake hands with him.

"Where's your wife, Anson?" asked one.

"Haven't found her yet," was the laughing rejoinder.

But he did find her.

Margaret, sitting alone in the dusk, heard a step coming down the walk. "The auctioneer," she said. Well, she was ready for him. She had been schooling herself all day. She would be brave and not falter when he told her that the old homestead was gone. To whom? she wondered; and then the light from her eyes was darkened, and then rang out again the merry challenge,

"Guess who comes now!"

Poor Margaret, she had been ready for the auctioneer—ready for almost any thing, she thought; but not for this. So she gave a little cry, and would have fallen to the floor. Then two strong arms supposed; how Anson took her up in his strong arms and carried her to the sofa, and how Mrs. Kittredge ran for water and the "camfire bottle;" and the household generally was thrown into a state of confusion.

"Poor little creature, 't was all so sudden!" said Mrs. Kittredge, soothingly, as she bathed Margaret's white face. "But she'll come out on in a minute."

And Anson held the light form so easily, as though it were a child; and when Margaret's eyes came to herself again, there he was, looking down at her with the same old look in his eyes.

"I've come to stay," he said, and she smiled a little, bright, happy smile.

"She's had a hard time of it, poor thing!" said Mrs. Kittredge, stopping to take off her spectacles and wipe them. Anson turned his head aside. There was a mist before his eyes just then.

And so it came to pass one Sunday evening that the minister walked over to Frear Farm, and there was a quiet little wedding in the old parlor. And now, while I am telling you this, I can just catch the gleam of their lamp through the lilac bushes; and I know that within there is love, and plenty, and peace.

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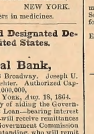

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 402.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ARCHBISHOP M'CLOSKEY.

We give on this page a portrait of the Reverend JOHN M'CLOSKEY, the successor of JOHN HUGHES in the Archbishopric of New York. Formerly the bishop of the diocese of Albany, Dr. M'CLOSKEY was known as one of the most polished and eloquent orators of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, and after the usual course of education was ordained a priest. On the 10th of March, 1844, he was ordained Bishop of Axieren and coadjutor to Dr. HUGHES, then Bishop of New York. Three years later he became the Bishop of Albany, being the first prelate of that see, as the diocese was then first established. St. Mary's, one of the four Catholic Churches of Albany, he made his cathedral. In the entire diocese there were about forty churches, none of them without a regular clergyman. The Catholic population were scattered over a large territory, were for the most part poor, and had to struggle against the prejudices of the surrounding people. Dr. M'CLOSKEY had therefore no easy task before him in carrying out his zealous plans for the Catholic Church. But he went to work with earnestness.

One of the bishop's first projects was the institution in Troy of a Female Orphan Asylum, which he placed under the control of the Sisters of Charity. In 1851 the Christian Brothers opened the Academy of Saint Joseph in the same town; and the same year the Sisters of Charity opened a hospital which has in a single year received 789 patients. The next year a Female Seminary was founded in Albany by a colony of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. In 1853 Dr. M'CLOSKEY opened in Utica an Academy for boys, at the cost of more than $17,000.

The diocese of Albany includes all of the State of New York lying north of forty-two degrees north and east of the eastern line of Cayuga, Tompkins, and Tioga counties. After a service of seventeen years Dr. M'CLOSKEY left his diocese one hundred and thirteen churches, eight chapels, fifty-four minor stations, eighty-five missionaries, three academies for boys and one for girls, six orphan asylums, and fifteen parochial schools. If the new Archbishop of New York leaves as good a record as he has left as Bishop, the Catholic Church will surely have no reason to regret the Pope's selection of JOHN HUGHES's successor.

On Sunday, August 21, the Reverend JOHN M'CLOSKEY was installed as the Archbishop of the Catholic diocese of New York, the ceremonies on that occasion being performed in St. Patrick's Cathedral. If Dr. M'CLOSKEY succeeds as well as his predecessor in making his influence tell for good, both the Country and the Church will have occasion for congratulation.

ISOMETRIC VIEW OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

On page 580 we print a Map giving an ISOMETRIC VIEW OF THE REGION AROUND PETERSBURG. In the fore-ground is City Point and the region north of the James, which has so lately been the theatre of GRANT's movements. At Dutch Gap General BUTLER is digging a canal, which, as the reader will see, must very much shorten the course of the James at this point.

Off to the left, southward of Petersburg, stretch the Federal lines across the Weldon Railroad. Further to the left is the Danville Road, which has two branches from Burkesville Junction eastward, one running to Petersburg, and the other to Richmond. This view does not include Burkesville Junction.

FRANCIS MULLER, THE MURDERER, FROM LONDON.

INTENSE popular excitement prevailed in New York August 24, when it was announced that the London murderer had arrived in the packet-ship *Victoria*. There was nothing in the murderer himself to account for this excitement, which was due rather to the peculiar circumstances attending his crime, and the somewhat extraordinary manner in which the detection of the criminal was brought about. The crime was committed on the 9th of July, in a first-class carriage on the North London Railway. English rail-cars are very different from those to which we are accustomed in this country. The carriages are divided into separate compartments; and it is frequently the case that only one person is the sole occupant of a compartment. On the day above mentioned Mr. Briggs, chief clerk in a city bank, and residing at Hackney, took a compartment in a first-class train from London to his place of residence. The train arrived at Hackney without him that night. As it reached the station a person opening the door of No. 69, which was Briggs's room, and placing his hand upon the seat found it covered with blood. He also found in the room a gentleman's hat, walking-stick, and a small leathern bag. Ladies in the adjoining compartment gave notice to the guard that in some way blood had been spurted upon their dresses from this same bloody room. At the same time Briggs was being picked up back on the road, and carried almost senseless to Mitford Castle Tavern. Four and one half pounds in gold was found in one of his pockets, and a silver snuff-box in another. A diamond ring was also found on his person. From these circumstances it was evident that Briggs had been murdered and then thrown out of the car by some person who had that night occupied No. 69 with him.

Who was the murderer? This was the question which for days agitated the popular heart of London. There seemed to be but a single clew: Briggs's watch had been taken. The murder was committed Saturday evening. The next Monday evening a gentlemanly looking foreigner, apparently a German or Swiss, entered the shop of one Mr. Death, a silversmith on Cheapside, and asked to be shown some gold Albert chains. He finally selected one to suit him, and took from his waistcoat pocket another chain, and asked Mr. Death what he would give for it. It proved that there was five shillings' balance in the foreign gentleman's favor, which balance was covered by a ring. Mr. Death packed up the chain in a paper box and delivered it to his customer, who then walked out. That foreign gentleman was the murderer for whom the London police were in search, and this burst of luck with Mr. Death led to his detection. After leaving the jeweler's office he proceeded to his residence in Bow Street, and made arrangements for coming to New York in the *Victoria*. The little daughter of the cabman discovered the paper box in his room after he left, and showed it to her father. This box had Mr. Death's address on the inside, and this, with collateral evidence from a great number of sources, made it certain that Francis Muller was the murderer. He had taken passage in

THE MOST REV. JOHN M'CLOSKEY, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

a sailing vessel, and on his arrival in New York was arrested by Inspector Tanner, who had arrived from London several days previously in the *Manchester*. Meller is about 24 years of age, and is a tailor by profession. His hair is light, and he has a small gray eye. Altogether he is not prepossessing in his appearance.

THE NORTH TO THE SOUTH.

THAT is our answer—see on high
The old flag fluttering in the breeze,
Proudly it greet the broad blue sky
Upon the land and on the seas.

What! dim its lustre—strike one star
From out its glorious azure field?
No, never! we would rather far
Shed our last drop of blood than yield.

Take back the olive-branch! We hold
It better that the cannon flame
Than that the emblem we've to bold
The Peace we purchased cost us shame.

From Maine to Florida's far shore,
From East to farthest West, each State
Must be thenceforth for evermore
Bound in one UNION strong and great.

The fields are broad throughout our land
Our people powerful in their might;
Each loyal heart, each loyal hand
Is ready to defend the RIGHT.

The traitor who to WRONG would bow
Cowers low before the patriot's eye;
The North has registered her vow,
"The UNION!" is her battle-cry.

It sounds across the mighty lakes,
Its thunder tone the wide air fills
It rolls along her vales, and wakes
The echoes of her giant hills.

Hear it, ye people of the South!
Tear down foul TREASON'S bastard rag;
Join in the glad, rich heart and mouth,
And rally round the brave old flag.

Then shall this reign of bloodshed cease
The warrior shall put by his sword;
And, graved in golden letters, "PEACE"
Shall be a Nation's dearest word.

YOU have our answer—see where flies
The old flag, undimmed the sky;
Turn to its shining folds your eyes,
That banner is our OAK reply!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

WHO shall be the Union candidate for Governor of New York? Whoever he may be, if he be honest and true, we shall give him our hearty support. But, meanwhile, before the Convention meets, it is a most serious duty to consider the circumstances which should control the nomination.

In this great and vital campaign, for the salvation of national honor and the integrity of the Government, we need in the State canvass a leader whose name will be at once familiar to every voter in it, and which will assure every man who supports him that he has no party ends, and the Union that he may be confident and cheerful of the national result, because New York goes into the contest fight intent only upon overwhelming victory.

What man then is there, known to the whole State and to the whole country, whose name is his platform, who is identified in every word and act since the rebellion began with the Union; whose nomination will be the seal of the sincerity of Union men in choosing in regard party, and who will rally to the cause all who in an election regard persons more than platforms, and who look first and only to the honorable maintenance of the Union?

We know how conventions run in ruts, and how carefully they are selected with reference to certain purposes. We consider the necessity of strict party organization in free governments for the sake of achieving great results. But civil war are the furnaces in which old parties are fused, and the pure gold of patriotism run together in new combinations. We Union men deceive ourselves if we underestimate the necessity of gaining every advantage we can command. We are fatally deluded if we suppose that the old party precedents can now be strictly regarded. No convention can be so dear to the people, or so sensitive of victory by decoying the ballot which strikes a note to which the great popular heart responds, and which, by discarding those who seek to control it with too great personal partiality, confides its action to the dispassionate judgment of its constituents. If the Chicago Convention had been brave enough to rely upon the resolution of the American people to maintain their Government without asking the rebels upon what terms they might be permitted to do so, and had nominated a man competent and true for patriotic devotion, it would have divided loyal support with that at Baltimore, for its key-note would have been Patriotism. But it was impossible. It created not a mere party machine, the danger of which to the country we allow, but which will be shivered by the strong sense of the people.

Will Syracuse follow the mistake of Chicago? Will it not rather follow the noble example of Baltimore, which reflected the popular will in nominating Mr. LINCOLN in accordance with him an old Democrat and an ex-slaveholder, ANDREW JOHNSON? How gladly and gratefully every Union man in the land will vote for ANDREW JOHNSON, who was tried and tried again, but was not found wanting; and vote for him even more willingly, with a chivalric generosity honorable to human nature, if his former party associations were republican.

It was said, indeed, at Baltimore, and it will be said at Syracuse, that quite enough concession has been made to Union men of Democratic antecedents. But that is an unwise and unworthy suggestion. If the Baltimore Convention had thought General BUTLER, an old Democrat, a stronger candidate with loyal men than Mr. LINCOLN, an old Whig, it would have nominated him. It knew each to be as honorable and faithful as the other; and it was not a question but a patriotic consideration which decided for Mr. LINCOLN. So at Syracuse, and especially at this time, we are to forget whether a man were Whig, Democrat, or Republican, and are to ask only whether he be an honest, able man, who heartily supports the policy of the Administration, who is thoroughly loyal to the Union, and who for reasons that are honorable to himself but not discreditable to any other, is a candidate whose name not only promises a surer victory in the field, but will greatly strengthen the national ticket. The suggestion should need no argument nor illustration, but commend itself at once. Such a nomination should be as spontaneous as it will be successful.

We do not forget how many noble and true men there are, faithful early and late to the good cause; we do not forget how many have contend in a high rivalry of patriotism for the nomination at Syracuse; we do not forget that honest and long service even in a party cause is not to be wholly disregarded in party times and party conventions. But in strange and momentous periods like this, when all mere party is an important measure the most definitely trusted and tried party considerations, is it not clear that if a man can be found who, when all shook, was steady, when the wisest were confounded, and the bravest dismayed, and the most confident doubtful, and the very ground was reeling under our feet, spoke the word that brought the blood back to the pallid cheek, and vigor into its frame, and lighted its eye with victory, he is our natural, our inevitable, our triumphant leader, marching with whom we know that whoever hauls down the American flag will be shot upon the spot?

Every man, woman, and child in the State and the country should know at once and clearly that there is such a man; and their hearts are before their lips in naming

GENERAL JOHN A. DIX.

UNION FOR VICTORY, AND VICTORY FOR UNION.

OFTEN there be a more melancholy spectacle than the whiners, grumblers, and groaners among the Union men of the country? Involved in the tremendous struggle; under fire in the face of the enemy; with a large party skillfully and constantly assailing the Administration; with an ever-present necessity working with the Administration to be no less confident of its friends at home than vigorous in the field, and an equal necessity upon its friends to be patient and forbearing—in a crisis so unparalleled in its judgment, there are plenty of Union journals and men incessantly, although undeservedly, lending the most effective aid to those who are assailing the Administration and prolonging the war.

The need of the hour is recruits. How are they to be obtained if Union men are busiest and loudest in exposing the evils of the period in which they are called as the most unfortunate possible, and the Administration that calls them up as the weakest conceivable? We confess to wonder that rebels shout, and Copperheads hiss with joy, if Union men are limp in the knees and mentally weak in the back, and invite defeat by shouting the cry of impotence?

"Oh! but," sighs some despairing brother, "the President is so dreadfully slow." Yet he is quite as fast as Congress and faster than the country. You who complain of his being slow and behind the people, are the very ones who regret his talking about the abandonment of slavery in 1863, and the freeing of negroes! You blow hot and cold in the same breath.

"Oh, dear me! yes; but if he had only gone ahead at first and created public opinion!" Yes, you know, who sigh and groan most dismally, that if the President had begun by abolishing slavery the Democratic party would have had the very excuse they were longing for, to take sides against the Administration. And even now, from the moment of the preparatory Emancipation proclamation, there has been an organized opposition. Would he have avoided it by issuing his proclamation when Ellsworth was killed. It is very important not to skip facts.

"But he is so shockingly weak! He might have shown more vigor. Just hear how openly treason is talked on all sides!" And yet whenever his hands fall heavily, upon WALLANDIGHAM, upon the papers that publish a proclamation forged for mischief to the country, upon orators inciting to resistance, or when LINCOLN in Congress is confronted with expulsion for renouncing his oath, who is first to condemn the action of the Administration, and so give the President the strange appearance of supporting that unwary action will divide Union men?

"Yes; but why didn't he end the war long ago? See how he hung on to M'CLELLAN when he knew him to be incompetent." Those who say this are mainly "radical" men. Do they honestly believe that a war of which they understand the philosophy, which they know to be a political, vital, social, and political revolution, was to be ended in a year or three years, when one party to the conflict was taken utterly by surprise, and totally without preparation, and when the course of the war was sure to develop the bitter opposition that we see? Does any thoughtful man really believe that in June, 1863, there was the least road to victory in six or twelve months? And as to M'CLELLAN, he was at that time a popular idol, and worshiped with a superstition proportioned to ignorance. Before he had been publicly tried and had conspicuously failed, it would have been more folly for the President to risk the consequences of his arbitrary removal, for if his removal after the terrible Chickahominy campaign, and the day's truce given to LEE to save himself at Antietam, has produced the party feeling for him that we see, what would the result have been had he been removed when an immense number not of his party believed in his capacity and insisted that the time for trial was past?

"Yes, perhaps; but then the President is surrounded by such a shilly-shally cabinet." Yet against the character of each one of them no word can be found. The Secretary of State has saved us from foreign war; perhaps obsequiously, but he has saved us; and of vows more or less profound in a time of great peril they were vital results, we can at least be tolerant. "But the Secretary is under the thumb of THURLOW WEED." Very well; then the President is not under the Secretary's thumb; for Mr. WEED himself assures us that he has, and has had, no influence whatever with the President. "But he wants to compromise and haggle." Very well; if he does, you see the President does not, and every cardinal act of his administration has been his own. In the range of facts and figures his skillful and patriotic appeal with returning public confidence and the decline of the gold fever, reconciled loyal men to the departure of his predecessor? "But there is a row in the Navy Department, and the Monitors are a failure." Well, we did not think the Monitors a failure in Hampton Roads, and FARRAGUT, and WINSLOW, and DU PONT, and PORTER have not seriously tarnished the old fame of the American navy. "But MONTGOMERY BLAIR is the very genius of evil." Yet he supports with all his might the President's policy, and we hear most of his enormities from the friends of Mr. WENDE DAVIS, who, unquestionably faithful and able to the cause, at this moment is certainly not doing much to secure a Union victory at the polls.

That, as in every administration, there have been gross blunders and costly faults; that there have been mistakes of policy and of detail; that, as in every war, there have been contract frauds and peculations of every kind, is as true as that in the recovery of every man, whose friends are fiercely assailing this, there was universal corruption and infamous treason. But the man who does not see that the Administration as a whole who does not consider exactly under what circumstances it took office, and with what unquestioned honesty and unselfish patriotism its chiefs have conducted it, and that the man who does not bear constantly in mind the enormous difficulties which have beset it, arising from the peculiar political complications of the country; who does not consider the inevitable danger to the cause itself of pertinaciously making the Administration responsible for every military mishap; who does not see and acknowledge the vast results that have been achieved in every way; who does not recognize that the insane fury of the rebels against the President, echoed by the frantic denunciation of him as a despot and a tyrant by their political allies at the North, all indicate a mortal fear that the people, whose representative he is, do not mean to submit to disunion or degradation—the man who does not bear all these facts in mind, but forever carps at and rails at a frightened by the loud brag of the enemy into dolefully shaking his head and flapping his feeble hands, can not be held guiltless if the event he predicts arrives, and the Union and the country are destroyed.

AN INSTRUCTIVE GAME FOR THE CANVASS.

THIS new game is very simple, but it is very instructive, although not in the least surprising. It consists merely in rolling up separately the following pretty sentences, shaking them in a hat, then drawing them out and trying to determine which is from a rebel, and which from a "Democratic" authority:

"Our ruling LINCOLN has attempted even not be done, —God only knows what when the people are aroused against him."

"LINCOLN can never rule the South."

"LINCOLN is a usurper, a man of blood, a monster of iniquity, the embodiment of murder and infinite crime."

"Let not the tyrant usurp the place (vote?) of the ballot."

"To throw off such a tyranny requires the exercise of a public virtue and a popular and manly independence."

"A despising will breed upon us tenfold more people by an imbecile President."

"Let the two hundred thousand graves he has made tell their own tale."

"General LEE is a better champion of the rights of self-government in this war than GENERAL LINCOLN."

"MR. LINCOLN is a military despot."

"On to the cannon mouth! I am with LINCOLN!"

"United against MR. LINCOLN and his wicked policy."

"Though the Government has not passed through the land and taken your first-born, he has taken hundreds of your first-born at the command of LINCOLN."

"The usurper who now rules the Yankees."

"LINCOLN demands blood. Let the tyrant trouble when the people speak."

"Who among you dare speak or write what he thinks against the tyrant who has robbed you of your property, imprisons your sons, drags you to the field of battle and to daily deluging your country with blood?"

The game may be varied by daily cutting out fresh extracts from the rebel papers and those that support the Chicago nomination. Those that we have quoted are from a paper in Iowa, from the EXAMINER organ, from the Richmond *Whig* and *Dispatch*, and the New York *Express*, and from the speeches of Messrs KERNAN and WOOD of New York, DREW and BEARDSLEY of Maine, and VALLANDIGHAM of Ohio, and from the "Peace" mottoes at Syracuse. The last extract, however, is not modern—it is from the Proclamation of Brewster and others to the citizens of Boulogne of the United States, October 20, 1780.

Those who use this language do not differ very widely. They mean the same thing. Whoever agrees with them will vote for their candidates. Whoever believes that no Government can compromise with rebels without insuring its own destruction will vote against them. If the President of the United States is "a monster" or "a tyrant" for keeping his inaugural oath, and if his recourse in the midst of civil war by means universally necessitated and legitimated by a state of war any where, and by the Constitution of the United States and the commonest sense of mankind, makes him "a usurper, a man of blood," then let us hasten, under leaders who say what we have quoted, to return to a state of things in which the right of speech and of the press and every right of personal liberty whatever was annihilated in a time of profound peace by those who now rage at the President when, by the exercise of those very rights, he suspends the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, in order that the Union, and under it the personal liberty of every citizen in it, may be as secure in peace as it is in war.

FRIENDS OF THE ENEMY.

WAR is it that the rebel papers are so ready to give friendly advice to what they call the "Democratic" party at the North? They had no counsel to offer as Baltimore—nothing but curses and defiance. Yet the Baltimore Convention only declared for the unconditional restoration of the Union and submission of all rebels to the supreme sovereignty of the people. Was it, then, because they believe the Chicago Convention ready to demand something less than this that the rebels were so forward with friendly advice? And if so, does any loyal, faithful Union man who understands the question wish to support that policy which is shaped by rebel counsel and enjoys rebel approval?

The *Atlanta Register* says: "If they [the 'Democrats'] will use the ballot-box against Mr. LINCOLN while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other."

The Richmond *Examiner* said, two years ago: "It is not to be denied that a Democratic victory at the North would be a subject of much gratification."

The Richmond *Whig* says: "If LINCOLN be defeated the war may be brought to a speedy, honorable, satisfactory close.....It is the sheerest nonsense for Southern people to affect indifference as to what is going on in the North, or as to whom the people of that section may have for President.....It is a matter of the first importance to us that that functionary be a man who shall have some regard for our rights, our interests, and our honor."

The point of the last article from which we quote, which is very long and written with studied calmness, was to show the Chicago Convention what policy would defeat Mr. LINCOLN. That is the rebel hope. To defeat GRANT and

SHERMAN in the field and LINCOLN at the polls is the aim of all their efforts. Then they say that the way is clear "to commence negotiations for peace." Will negotiations for which our military disasters and the overthrow of an Administration pledged to maintain the Government pave the way be likely to end in an honorable and lasting peace?

Granting that the Chicago Convention was an assembly of the purest patriots—that mere party success was scouted by them—that they were inspired by the most holy horror of corruption in every shape, from swindling your partner in business up to stealing Indian funds in the War Department—we considered that the rebels would be in a morbid anxiety for the success of the Chicago candidate, may not every loyal-hearted citizen who wishes the rebellion subdued and the Union unconditionally maintained, properly ask whether the way to secure these results is to vote the ticket which the rebels recommend?

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

THE Platform of the Chicago Convention will satisfy every one of the democratic enemy of American Union and Liberty. It declares that the Government of the United States is guilty of resisting the rebellion, and that the American people can not maintain the authority of their laws. It has no word of righteous wrath against the recreant citizens who have plunged the country in the blood of civil war, but hurls its fury upon the constituted authorities which have steadily defended the Union. It has no censure for any out of the ranks but the war measures taken by the Administration, under the authority of the Constitution, are branded as tyrannical and despotic. There is not a word in it that can cheer any soldier or sailor fighting for his country—not a syllable that stirs the blood of a patriot. It is craven, abject, humiliating. It confesses the defeat of the Union cause, and covertly implores the mercy of JEFFERSON DAVIS and his crew.

And this at a moment when stout old FARAGUT is thundering at Mobile, when the honorable GRANT clutches at the WELDON Road, which, as an officer in his army writes, is "like touching the cubs of a tigress;" when EARLY's Rhenadoah valley raid is at an end, and when SHERMAN is closing around Atlanta; when State after State is supplying its quota of fresh soldiers; when every healthful decision at the universal public confidence is awakening; and when the rebels are plainly, palpably struggling to hold out only long enough to see if the election, by the action of the Chicago candidate, will not turn to their advantage.

Never again will this nation have a fairer chance of securing a permanent constitutional unity than it has now. For three years it has, at every disadvantage, battled against this formidable conspiracy, and never was the conspiracy fit so desperate a strait. The country has it by the throat. A little more force, a closer pressure, and the monster falls strangled, dead forever. At this hour, from the deepest hold, a lowering purpose, and the scaly folds of rebellion thrill with hope to the extremity; it renews its strength, it recruits its venom, and darts a deadlier blow at the life of the country.

As the Chicago Platform declares the war hopeless, its friends will of course wish to see its position realized. The victory of FARRAGUT, and of SHERMAN will therefore be unwelcome. Every brave man who enlists will be grudged. The rise of prices will be hailed with delight; whatever financial crisis our armies and navies, and the victories of the rebel armies will be hailed with exultation as conclusive proof of the "failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war." There is to be an English lord or European aristocrat, not a mourner at popular government and friend of despotism in the world who will not applaud the Chicago Platform and hope for the success of its candidate.

The political campaign is opened. It will be short, sharp, and decisive, and the most momentous the country has ever known. If MR. LINCOLN is re-elected the Union, the authority of the Constitution, and the national honor will be maintained unconditionally; the rebellion, strained and balled on every side, will be suppressed, and the peace and prosperity of the country be permanently established. If General MCCLELLAN is elected there will be an attempt to negotiate, to compromise, to bargain with the rebels. In the effort it is not to be computed point, it is the dignity and character of the Government which will be compromised. A treacherous element will be picked up and labeled peace, and after staggering under its dishonor and disgrace for a miserable while the country will plunge forward again into the flaming gulf of war.

The issue is simple and sublime. It is the life or the degradation of the nation. It is to show that a Government of the people is equal to every exigency—ready for taxation, ready for military service, ready for endurance, ready for forbearance—that it is as strong as any Government in the world when it wishes to be—that it is as powerful and resolute and orderly as in peace it is industrious and prosperous. There seems to us but one way in, which this can be shown, but one way in which utter national humiliation can be avoided, and that is by the steady and strong hand of war until the rebels confess the authority of the Government. That is the policy which is personified in ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON, and which we shall most strenuously support, for it is the cause of the peace and happiness of the American people.

GENERAL SEYMOUR UPON THE WAR.

WE hope our readers have not failed to see General SEYMOUR's letter to MR. W. E. DODGE, JUN., and printed in the daily papers. It is full of matter, and inspires the most hopeful confidence. The General, it will be remembered, was captured in the Wilderness, and was afterward taken to Charleston, and could not be suspected of any factious prejudice against the rebels, for he had no political sympathies against them, and was—we believe unjustly—accused of injustice to colored troops of his command.

General SEYMOUR's conviction agrees with that of every judicious observer—that the rebel cause is approaching exhaustion. This is apparent from various considerations. The rebels are more strikingly than the universal and forcible conscription ordered by Governor BROWN in Georgia. A letter from one citizen of Georgia to another, by the hand of a fellow-prisoner of the General's, confirms this view of the depletion of the rebel cause. "The people are sullen and heart-sick of this fatal, hopeless strife.... The men who, to aggrandize themselves, or to gratify their own political ambition, plunged this people into the vortex of the rebellion to bay. But, as General SEYMOUR says, we ought to have four to one in the field, and the army of occupation of Georgia should be from the terrible GRANT has upon the rebellion, and enable him to shake it speedily to death. The one stage of the struggle, he says, "is the result of our next election for President. If a Democrat succeeds he will be sure, within four months, to open negotiations, and sure of their Confederacy. They believe a Democrat will be elected. In MR. LINCOLN's re-election they have no confidence. Capitulation, for the war must then continue, and consequence is their failure and ruin. In military strength it is as much to our advantage as to that of the enemy desires—is it not equally true in politics? Certain it is that the only remaining hope of the rebels lies in the election of 1864.

The whole letter is a manly rebuke of the pusillanimity which sighs and sobs that we "can not conquer the South," and that such a task is "only whining that it is impossible. But, says General SEYMOUR, "behind the James only boys and old men are to be seen, while hundreds of acres are put in the olden days of quiet, and regiments of able-bodied citizens crowd the street." With just and patriotic indignation the soldier who has endured and suffered exclaims in conclusion—redeeming the name of SEYMOUR in this war—"There are some who speak of the rebels as if they were the bravest, most serious those who do not fight, but are glad enough to employ them, as they do their slaves, to perform their dirty work. Let us crush the South with the sweet indeed; for us, except through Southern subjugation, but anarchy and war forever. The people, the Union, the glorious history of the race fall asunder. The South would be dominant, and the people of the North would deserve to be driven under the yoke of secession, to hoe corn and cotton for Southern masters."

DOCTORS DISAGREE.

The Richmond *Examiner* of August 22 says:

"GENERAL GRANT's army may now be considered as utterly and signally and finally defeated. Whether the necessary result came when the Rebels ran back to the line of the ships, General LEE is the best and safe judge. That conscious, however, when he shall decide upon it, will be a noble movement in the interest of peace."

The Richmond *Enquirer* of August 23 says:

"GRANT's plans on the Danville Road are now revealed, and the enemy's purpose to cut off our supply trains at DEATHBEARD will not be too much to beat back this bold movement to the south of Petersburg."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

On Wednesday, the 31st ult., the enemy appeared from the front of the Fifth and Ninth Corps; and it was thought by some that the movement of the Fifth, Second Corps and the Tenth had recrossed the James to the south side and reinforced the Army of the Potomac, or were to assist to the support of the Fifth on the Weldon Road. On the 1st inst., the Ninth Corps, the Second Division of the Second Corps were engaged in tearing up the road, they were attacked by a portion of Hill's corps, and desperately contested the ground, but finally were compelled to retire. The Second Division came back to that point in order to connect with the left of the front, which was then engaged. The night fight being nearly at night again with the railroad, the centre of the front bowed and broke the road. The enemy first assailed in front, but then made two charges on the extreme right, and were each time repulsed with heavy loss. The enemy's centre was then made against the right; two regiments of them could not be driven back, and were captured by the enemy. ... This was without firing until they reached our works. They were then met with a murderous fire of musketry, and the enemy's new recruits on the right centre gave way, and the second line of battle, which was composed of the two divisions to withdraw into the shelter of some woods, where they again formed in line and advanced against the rebels in their works, flanking them, and compelling them to abandon the position. The action had been made late in the afternoon, and night now put an end to the conflict. The rebels, fearing that we would be so strongly reinforced that they could not expect to hold their ground, abandoned the field, leaving their dead and wounded. Our loss in this battle is stated at about 2000, while that of the rebels is estimated at 5000. The length of General Ringgold's command from the fact that Reams Station is twenty miles from Petersburg, the Weldon Road is therefore still held by the Weldon Road, and a railroad has been projected to connect Petersburg with Reams Station Depot.

On the night of Thursday we lost nine guns. Captain Henry Sleeper, of the Tenth Massachusetts Cavalry, was wounded. The Weldon Railroad has been destroyed to a distance of eleven or twelve miles.

From Sherman there are no official reports, and our only information is Secretary Stanton's dispatch stating that the enemy succeeded in place his army on the communications of Hood's army, but were unsuccessful. On the 31st of August the Atlanta and Macon Forrest made a raid into Memphis, Tennessee, probably to rescue the rebel prisoners confined there. The generals Washburne and Hurlburt. The particulars are given as follows:

Early, it was thus disappeared from Sheridan's front; but as the rebel cavalry force is now in our rear, would leave the Lynchburg Road open to our forces in the Valley, it is probable that the rebel retreat was necessitated by the movement of Sheridan. A portion of this force will doubtless join Lee's army in front of Petersburg, and the rest from the Weldon Road, and this will prepare the way for Sheridan's advance upon Lynchburg. The rebels are now at every point driven to a purely defensive conduct of the war. This has been long predicted by those who have observed, and is a most encouraging sign that the war is rapidly drawing to a close.

From Mobile we have the unpleasant news announcing the rebel possession of Fort Morgan. It is now in our possession.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The Chicago Convention met August 29, and Ex-Governor Bigler was chosen temporary President. A Committee of delegates was chosen to report resolutions. The next day, upon the permanent organization of the Convention, Governor Seymour was elected its President, and the following Platform was adopted by the Convention:

Resolved, That in the future, as in the past, we will adhere with unswerving fidelity to the Union under the Constitution as the only solid foundation of our common safety, and will support no candidate for any office or any measure of government unless he will make and keep inviolate these primary objects, both Northern and Southern.

Resolved, That this Convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretenses of a military necessity, or war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private rights alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest possible moment the rights of the several States unimpaired to them by the Constitution may be restored.

Resolved, That the direct interference of the military authority of the United States in the recent election held in Kentucky, October 6, was a shameful violation of the plainest violation of the Constitution, and a repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be fatal to constitutional liberty, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

Resolved, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider the Administration authors of the unnecessary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution, the unconstitutional acts of Congress, the open violation of the rights of citizens, and the subversion of the civil by military law in States not in insurrection, the arbitrary military arrest, imprisonment, trial and sentence of citizens in States where civil law exists in full force, the suppression of the freedom of speech and of the press, the denial of the right of asylum, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the unconstitutional issues of paper money, and the tendency to centralize power, and to consolidate all the powers of the States in one common government, as conducting to the final overthrow of the liberties of the people to base and servile submission to despotism.

Resolved, That the unparalleled infamy of the military authority of the United States in the recent election held in Kentucky, October 6, 1863, and the subsequent high-handed violation of the Constitution, and a repetition of such acts in the approaching election will be held as treachery, and resisted with all the means and power under our control.

Resolved, That the aim and object of the Democratic party is to preserve the Federal Union and the rights of the States unimpaired, and they hereby declare that they consider the Administration authors of the unnecessary and dangerous powers not granted by the Constitution, the unconstitutional acts of Congress, the open violation of the rights of citizens, and the subversion of the civil by military law in States not in insurrection, the arbitrary military arrest, imprisonment, trial and sentence of citizens in States where civil law exists in full force, the suppression of the freedom of speech and of the press, the denial of the right of asylum, the open and avowed disregard of State rights, the unconstitutional issues of paper money, and the tendency to centralize power, and to consolidate all the powers of the States in one common government, as conducting to the final overthrow of the liberties of the people to base and servile submission to despotism.

On Wednesday General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN was elected as the Democratic candidate for President, receiving 162 votes.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

MR. CHARLES BARNARD, in "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher," tells the following anecdote: GOD, it was thought, had given to the Indians the gift of second-sight, or presence arising from the custom, then commencing, of having visited a friend or the sick place of plate-glass. He said that a short time ago he sat at dinner with his back to one of these windows, when suddenly he appeared to him that the window was wide open, and each man the front of his house. He immediately turned around. At no moment that I was sitting just opposite to the post. Knowing that no such thing existed, he said, "I must be mad to it, SIR. Regret, that you and I should make such a very different use of the gift of imagination. When I go to the house of a friend in the country, and unexpectedly remain for the night, I always imagine that I should naturally catch cold. But by tying a bit of pack-thread very tightly round the little finger of the right hand, I am taught-up, consequently I catch no cold at all." This simple remedy I recommend to the notice of the faculty. I used it and improved it; but odd as it may appear, it is a positive fact, nevertheless. MR. ROGERS, who lived in full well the respect and regard I had for him, was at once what I was striking a simple fact, and joined cordially in the merriment it excited.

ABOUT ten months ago two gentlemen of San Francisco made a wager. The terms of the bet put in writing and the following condition: If the Federal forces did not capture Richmond within ten months from that date, he was to pay his opponent a single, sound, eatable apple; if Richmond should not be captured by the Federal forces within the time, doubling the number for each month until Richmond was taken—viz.: the end of June, if that event did not occur before. Nine months have passed since the bet was made and Richmond is, as yet, in the possession of the rebels. Now the successive months be as follows: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256, 512. If Richmond is not by the 1st of September taken within the present month he will get back all the apples he has had to pay for, and will have to pay double his bet more than ever; but should it hold out a year longer and not continue to be in the hands of the rebels he would have to pay him 40,960 dollars, and he would be 81,920 dollars out: in three months more he would be out 163,840 dollars.

TORTURE applied to extort confession was discontinued, it is said, in the public courts of Portugal, in consequence of the following circumstance: A executioner judge, having observed the effects of the rack upon suspected criminals, who, in the extremity of pain, say anything to get free of their lives, to get released from the torture, determined to try on himself the effect of the rack, in order that the country to kill a horse or mule; and he had one of the strongest animals in Portugal. He took care not only to have all his servants employed, so that no one but the executioner could put him to the torture, but he also, out of their beds, to stile thither himself, and cut the string so that he bled to death. The groom was apprehended and committed to prison. He pleaded not guilty; but the presumption being strong against him, he was ordered to the rack, where the extremity of the torture soon wrung from him a confession of the crime. Upon this confession, he had entrance at hanging passed on him, when his master went to the tribunals, and there exposed the fallibility of confessions obtained by such means, by owning the deed himself, and declaring the motives which had influenced him to commit the horrible suicide.

"I REMEMBER," says DR. Leichfield, in his Autobiography, "a conversation which I had with the personal instrument of John Wesley as to one of the characteristics of his uncle—namely, that he was remarkable for the neatness of his dress; he seemed to be himself a gentleman, his dark wig, his clean linen, and at least that on one occasion when arguing with a people in the open air, he was interrupted by a man who, as one of Wesley with an air of superciliousness, addressed himself to Mr. Wesley, 'Sir, you are a fool, forbearance, felt it necessary to check annoyance of this kind, and, with a look of dignity, he asked the man the question, 'Can you read Greek?' 'No, SIR, I can not,' was the reply. 'Then, SIR,' rejoined Mr. Wesley, 'you can not be able to satisfy you.'"

WHENEVER you find a man who has more than common oddity dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be sure that he is not a married man; for the little corners are rounded off, the little angles are ground down, and the sharper edges are generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. Such advice are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the windows that make a house stand a sea-sailing off little growths of self-conceit and folly.

In the burial-register of Lymington, Hants, here is the following quaint entry, dated August, 1703: "The remains of body of Samuel Baldwin, late inhabitant of this parish, was carefully put a vessel and set off to sea, and was committed to the deep off the Needle rocks, near the Isle of Wight." The Rev. Gilbert White, of Selborne, says a Hampshire paper, "in accordance with the wish of the deceased, to protect his relics from dancing over his grave, which she threatened to do."

CURIOUS anecdotes are related of the effect of music upon animals. Mr. Bruce has given the following instance of his experience: "While a man was playing on a trumpet-major, and was in the habit of playing to it on a horn, on one, a third, some cows, small birds, and a rook and hens, with a wild duck, a yard under the window. The cat was not the least affected; the horse stopped short from time to time, and looked at the musician as long as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued to bark in the usual manner; the chickens picked about the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his ever having heard music in his life; the rook and the hens went up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive to their wants; the wild duck and the cows sat as well as they could; some little birds that were in an aviary, and others that were in the hedges, appeared to be delighted with the singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the cows, who were busily employed in consuming a neighboring dung-hill, did not show in any manner that the trumpet-major's performance was heard by them. The effect of music can not be doubted. Stribbi had one which excited by force the power of music for a time; and the modern composer had a pug-dog that fricked merrily about to any tune which was played on the violin, but the dog immediately was performed he would seat himself down by the music, and fall asleep. Mr. Bruce says that a man who used the player cause to the forty-eighth hair as the direct was struck to sleep by the performance of the violin, playing tail, rock refuge from the unpleasant sound under the chairs or tables.

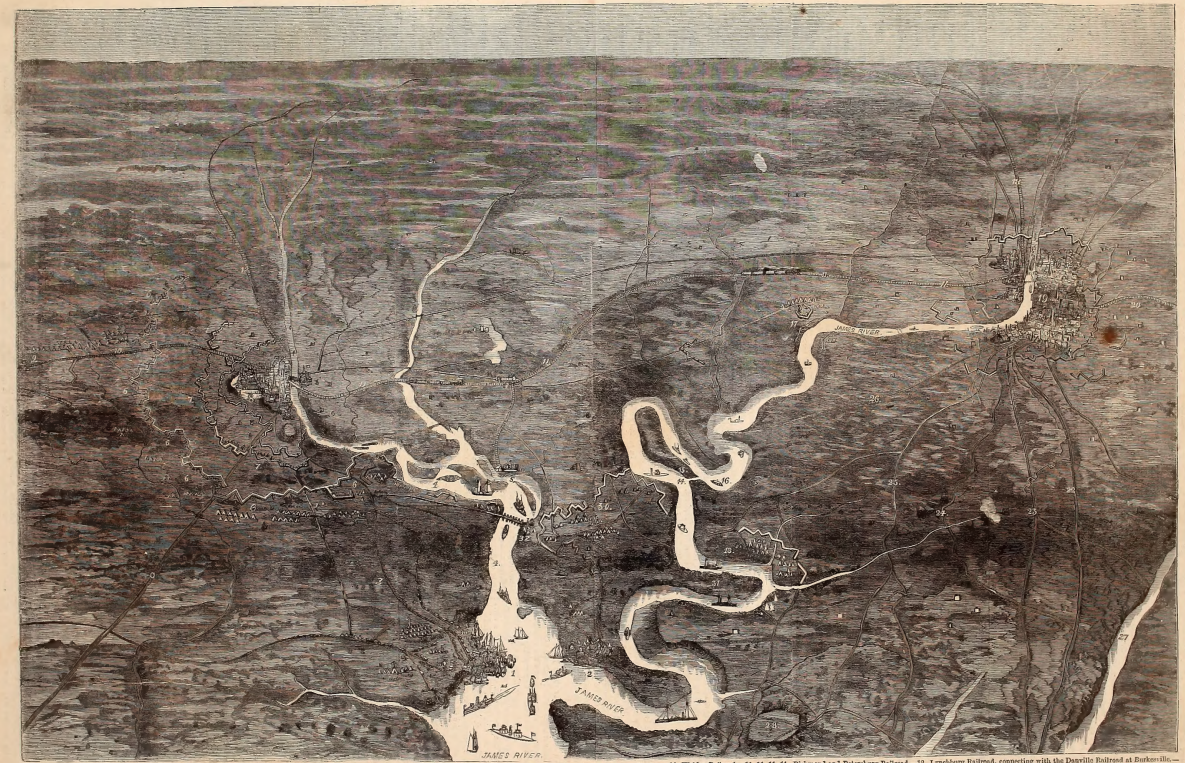
EASTOE relates that a hare left her retreat to listen to some diminutive boys who were singing on the banks of Mersey, retiring whenever they ceased singing, and resuming her seat when they commenced their song. I have seen the same thing with a rabbit in the Bactlie fever bells near my residence. A rabbit was frequently seen to sit on a moonbank in Paice had taught rats to dance on the rope to perfect time. The Remembrand also says that he has seen the rattlesnakes in Upper Canada appeared by a violin, and that they would come out of their holes two elephants in the Jardin des Plantes leaves no doubt in regard to the influence of harmony upon the animals. Every instrument seemed to operate distinctly as the several parts of the orchestra struck up. Even the lowest excitement of these intelligent creatures had been carried to such an extent that further experiments were deemed dangerous.

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER was one day taking a long country walk and was tired, when he came to a little gill about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped and broken it in the street. He gave the girl a shilling, and she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she told me she would be beaten. Napier return home he has become fit them, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up in his face and said, "Please, SIR, will you break it again?" Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl, but he could give her money to buy her a piece to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to content himself by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and by doing the engagement he kept honor, her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way contented. On the morrow he found the little creature awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he wished to see. The child, who had never for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to the little friend at the house first and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath that evening. But the child, who had the full confidence in the invention on the plea of a "pre-engagement" saying no one of his friends to be at ... "I can not disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

THE number of loans employed in making Cashmere shawls does not exceed five hundred, and the shawl rarely net more than half as much is completed in a day, although the patience and perseverance of the artist in adapting the long composed of a number of separate pieces, which, after being completed in this, will scarcely be seen, particular defectiveness which is often to be observed in the real Cashmere. The most valuable shawls are those in which the figures of which the pattern is variegated are worked with wooden needles, and the shuttles, colors, and thread they are to use. During the whole operation the rough side of the shawl is uppermost, and the weaver frequently, during which the foreman never mistakes the most intricate passage. The shawl is to be completed in the following manner, by-woven pieces of which it is composed are taken to the man who set them together, and sews the whole together, so as to form a harmonious whole. At this time, also, the wool remaining over is pulled out, and sewn about a penny a day; and the experienced apprehendent who examines their operations is very little better off than themselves.

WE could give scores of instances of bad taste shown in the choice of pictures by our wealth. The difficulty seems to be to find many which are not. In the choice of paper for the walls of a room we are still worse off. Some find in most instances the covering of walls is only a background for pictures and furniture. Others, however, rooms may be seen hung with valuable drawings, papered with the most costly of flowers. The time and money of works of art are completely destroyed by such a mounting. In addition to the bad choice of the paper, such drawings is often done to prints and pictures, which now supply the place of the ancient tapestry, by the style of the frames.

THERE are above a quarter of a million of persons in England and Wales receiving parish relief, and upwards of a million and a half in Scotland. If we must 75 persons out of a hundred, or one person in every four, receive relief from a parish among them. South is more comes in Ireland, Aberdeen in Scotland; in every of Bristol and Wales Monmouth in Scotland; in every of Bristol and Wales Monmouth in Scotland; in every of Bristol and Wales Monmouth



1. City Point.—2. Bermuda Hundred.—3. City Point Railroad.—4, 4. Appomattox River.—5. Fort Walthal.—6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6. Union lines.—7, 7, 7. Rebel lines.—8. Petersburg.—9. Reams Station.—10. Weldon Railroad.—11, 11, 11, 11. Richmond and Petersburg Railroad.—12. Lynchburg Railroad, connecting with the Danville Railroad at Burkesville.—13. Deep Bottom.—14. Canal at Dutch Gap.—15. Farrar's Island.—16. Rebel Gun-boats above this point.—17. Fort Darling.—18. Danville Railroad.—19. Richmond.—20. Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad.—22, 23, 24, 25, 26. Roads leading out of Richmond.—27. The Cuckahominy.—28. Malvern Hill.—30. Butler's Base.—31. Jones's Neck.—9. Norfolk Railroad.

ISOMETRIC VIEW OF GENERAL GRANT'S VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

WATER-SPOUT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND.

We illustrate on this page an incident which recently occurred in Albemarle Sound, North Carolina, near a portion of the Federal fleet.

On the afternoon of August 3 a heavy water-spout was observed forming in the vicinity of the fleet. The weather being stormy, and several others having been seen during the day, no immediate concern was manifested regarding it; but as it soon attained such gigantic proportions as to exceed any thing ever before witnessed, serious fears were entertained for the safety of the tugs and other small craft of the fleet. After taking a circuitous route among the vessels, fortunately without encountering any, it struck out for the land, the water boiling and foaming beneath it, and being apparently lifted to a great height. On reaching the shore it immediately burst, discharging what appeared like a solid body of water of immense volume. The accompanying sketch was made by an officer of the *Shamrock* immediately after the occurrence. During the performance of this irregular drama by old Neptune the *Shamrock*, *Otsego*, and *Tacony* were near at hand, while the Union sailors were silent but by no means uninterested spectators.

GRAND WATER-SPOUT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND, AUGUST 3, 1864.

FARRAGUT'S VICTORY.

We give on this page, and on pages 584 and 585, illustrations of FARRAGUT'S recent victory in Mobile Bay. The sketch accompanying this description represents the shot and shell which were extracted from the sides of the *Brooklyn* after her engagement with Fort Morgan and the ram *Tennessee*, August 5, 1864. The cut at the foot of this page gives a view of the sinking Monitor *Tecumseh*. While FARRAGUT was making his entrance into Mobile Bay past Fort Morgan, the *Tecumseh*, proceeding on the left of the fleet, struck upon a torpedo and went down. The infernal machine exploded almost directly under the Monitor, whose side was lifted six feet above the water, when she settled so rapidly that only five of her crew, who tumbled out through her port-holes, escaped. The Monitors, in a casualty of this nature, appear to be perfect traps, out of which there are no loop-holes of escape except the port-holes. The *Tecumseh* sank at the beginning of the action.

The conflict with the rebel ram *Tennessee*, illustrated on page 585, was the most spirited naval engagement of the war; it is only rivalled in interest by the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, early in 1862. After the rebel gun-boat *Selma* had surrendered, and the *Morgan* and *Gaines* been driven under the guns of Fort Morgan, FARRAGUT ordered the whole Federal fleet to engage the *Tennessee*, and to close upon her as rapidly as possible. The order was none too quickly given, as the ram was uninjured by our fire, and in the rear of our fleet, threatening seriously to interrupt our progress.

At the time of the engagement FARRAGUT was passing the water batteries under Fort Morgan. The fire of all the vessels seemed to have no effect on the ram. When the order was given to run her down, the *Monongahela*, *Lackawanna*, and *Brooklyn* all butted against her, "and they might as well," says our correspondent, "have butted against the Crow's Nest on the Hudson!" The Monitors appear to have forced the ram to surrender; they made the splinters fly inside of the heavy iron and wooden armor of the *Tennessee*. The *Manhattan* sent a solid 15-inch shell through her side at a distance of twenty-five yards. The *Chickasaw*, also, did splendidly with her 11-inch guns. The *Winnebago* was less rapid in her movements. Probably the chief causes of the surrender of the ram were the wounding of Admiral BUCHANAN and the injury done to her rudder chains. The length of the vessel was 200 feet, her breadth 48. Her draught is 14 feet 8 inches.

SHOT AND SHELL EXTRACTED FROM THE "BROOKLYN" AUGUST 5, 1864. [SKETCHED BY SCHELL.]

The following description of the ram is given by a correspondent of the *Tribune*:

"In form the varies from the old *Merrimac*, though evidently a modification of that unfortunate and short-lived craft.

"Her armor consists of two and a half inch iron, in bars eight inches wide, crossing each other, and bolted down with one and three-quarter inch bolts, making five inches of solid iron. This again is backed by two feet of solid oak throughout the entire portion of the boat above the water-line, and extending some feet even below that. From her forward casemates forward, including her pilot-house, an additional inch of iron is given her, making six inches of plating, and an additional foot, making three feet of wooden backing at this part of the boat.

"Her gun-room, if that is the proper term to use, occupies about two-thirds of her length, and is constructed with a flat top, composed of two and a half by eight-inch iron bars, crossed and bolted together, forming a close lattice-work above her gunners, and affording ventilation while in action. The sides are inclined like those of the old *Merrimac*, and, as before stated, are composed of five inches of iron plating, backed with two feet of solid oak backing, through which, in the fight with our fleet, no ball succeeded in piercing. Her ports, of which there are two on ei-

DESTRUCTION OF THE MONITOR "TECUMSEH" BY A REBEL TORPEDO, IN MOBILE BAY, AUGUST 5, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.]

their side, and one fore and aft, are closed by means of iron shutters, which revolve upon a pivot in the centre of one side, and are worked by means of a cog-wheel on the inside in a very simple and expeditious manner. They are liable, however, to derangement, and in the engagement with our fleet two were actually so deranged as to prevent their being opened, while a third, the after one, was shot away entirely, the pivot on which it revolved being broken off, and it was thought that that the frequency of shell entered which wounded the rebel Admiral, as he was standing directly opposite, prevented its clear away some splinters with which it had been filled.

The two sketches given on page 581 illustrate in detail the conflict between Farragut's fleet and the rebel gun-boats. One of these gives the portion of the conflict with the ram, in which the *Richmond* most prominently participated. The other illustrates the fight between the *Metacomet* and the *Selma*, resulting in the surrender of the latter with 16 men, 18 of whom had been killed, and 22 wounded.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She hid her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair;
For tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill:
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race
All over her pretty, pink-colored face,
Till, nodding and laughing, she tied them in
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest finch'es tossing plume
All over the pallid cheek of the perfect girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid.
As tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O Western Wind! do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?—
To play such pranks do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
When he so gladly aided her
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin.

O Ellery Vane! you little thought
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lane to walk with you
After the sun had fired the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLV.

HIGH SCHOOL OF MORSEMANSHIP.

RANELAGH! Ranelagh! Are you quite sure! Ranelagh? Is the word no misprint, no clerical error? I think I hear the judicious critic ask this question as he reads the last chapter of my story, scratching his ear meanwhile. Then, he may haply fling the book by altogether. Ranelagh! A place to exercise human patience! Had I said White Conduit House, that might have been barely tolerable. But Ranelagh! Why, that was a place whither Grace Darling went when she was a beau, and the Miss Gunnings when they were belles. It was altogether an eighteenth-century place, devoted to powdered wigs, hoops, pocket, patches, brocaded sacks, clocked hose, high-heeled shoes, fans, smallswords, cocked hats, and clouded canes. The great-grandmothers went to Ranelagh in sedan-chairs, and attended by little black boys. A certain Mrs. Amelia Booth, wife of a captain in a marching regiment, and known to a certain Mr. Henry Fielding) capped there one night, more than a hundred years ago, in company with a clerical gentleman who had a few words during the evening with a British nobleman.

To which end, that I know well all about, and that there is reason in the roasting of eggs. The place was renowned to which Mr. Pilgrims repaired, after dining or sup with Park Lane, shall be Ranelagh, if you please. This is an age in which the exercise of severe discrimination in literature is necessary. Your contemporaries will forgive every thing but the naming of names. You may write and say the things which is not; but beware of giving utterance to that which *is*. You know that the Memoirs of the candid Tallyrand are not to be published until the year 1900; years have elapsed from the period of his lamented death. Some few of the contemporaries of Charles Surface, who might be recognizable, are still alive; and the candid creature could be discreet, even in the tomb. For a similar reason, the place I have in my mind's eye shall be Ranelagh. There are numbers of ladies and gentlemen still extant, and flourishing like green bay-trees, who have heard the chimes at midnight in Ranelagh's leafy orchards, and have occasionally taken slightly more lobster-salad than was good for them in those recesses. So, let the place I have in my eye be Ranelagh; though, if you choose to get a private Act of Parliament, or the Royal Permission, or a License from the Herald's College, or to exercise your own sweet will, there is nothing to prevent your calling it Tivoli, or Marlebone, or Spring Gardens.

Besides, did not a gentleman, a few pages since, make the profoundly philosophical, if not entirely original remark, that there was a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth. How many Ponleys were there? There may have been Ranelagh and Ranelaghs. All were not necessarily patronized by Horace Walpole and the Misses Gunning. Is there not a London in Middlesex, and a London in Canada? A Bologne in the department of the Seine, and a Boulogne in the department of the Pas de Calais? An Aix in Savoy, an Aix in Provence, and an Aix in Rhenish Prussia? An Alexandria in the land of Egypt, and an Alexandria in the State of Virginia?

At all events, all the Ranelaghs are gone by this time—your Ranelagh and my Ranelagh. Yes: the pleasant place with the 1,000 lights, the thousand additional lamps are fled, and the garlands of flowers, real and artificial, are dead. The jubilee statues have entered on dust and their primitive gypsum; the trees have been cut down: their very roots grubbed up. Bricks and mortar invade the once verdant expanse of the Ramilies ground. No more balloons ascend from that Campus Martius. There are wire-cellars where once the lime-light artists and oxallerier where once the panoramas of Moscow raised its cupolas of painted canvas, profusely festooned with wych and cranberry, to the starlit sky. Pulled down, laid waste, and laid out in streets: such has been the fate of Ranelagh. Its present desolation of beds, scaffold-poles, and places where rubbish may be shot, seems even more dreadful than the late entire quadrangular silence. Somebody Else—that ruthless and immovable Somebody Else—has got hold of Ranelagh, and turned it to other uses. Alas! it, under its new aspect, be profitable to Somebody? It is certain that Ranelagh, as Ranelagh, never did pay Somebody.

Is it necessary to shed a few sympathetic tears over the parterres, the fountains, the umbrageous alleys, the labyrinths, the orchestras, the supper-arbors, the long ball-room—over the orchestra with its shell-shaped sounding-board, and the little lamps in front, where you promenaded the creaming stout in brown jugs which might once have been Toby Philpots, and have lived in the vale? I should say it were a little absurd, unfortunately, there is no time to weep. The Pilgrims and Madame Ernestine, professor of the high school of horsemanship, are waiting. Let others mourn the fiddlers who were wont to wear the cocked-hats: the tipsy, fraudulent waiters, always changing and always passive: the masters of the ceremonies, humble disciples of the school of the immortal S——: the money-takers: the gipsy fortune-tellers, and the prophetic hermit. They were all worthy folk, no doubt, but have disappeared. So have the petrified fish at five guineas each; the hot rolls, so thin that it resembled the leaves of some fatty sensitive plant, and curled into shrinking convolutions when you touched it; the rich punch, so called from its fumes inflicting on you next morning the worst tortures of the Tower of London and the Spanish Inquisition; and that remarkable rose -pink Champagne which never went round more than once, and never cost less than half a guinea a bottle.

It was M-Varicty, who, as Tom Tuttlehell correctly observed, had hit upon the notable device of opening Ranelagh in the morning, at a shilling a head. The experiment was disastrous—very expensive ended, in the long run, at Ranelagh in consequence. The economy movement was not destitute of a certain brilliancy. Tom Tuttlehell and M-Variety made much good sport at the beginning of the winter season. He had made up many parties, and Tuttlehell was one of them. He had interested himself with editors, and affably accepted at a supper of the elite of intellect held to inaugurate the new periodical skeeing, *The Cat's Paw*, the exception of the capitalist in the wine trade, who was losing his weekly hundreds in backing the manager of Drury Lane. Thomas Tuttlehell was M-Variety's dearest friend.

The manager was standing at the waterwicket, keeping, as was his custom, a sharp look-out both on the pay-place and the free-list box, as the party from the Pilgrims Club alighted from their cabs. Tuttlehell hailed him in many cordial pressures of the hand he bestowed on Tom, and how many sweeping bows he favored his illustrious friend with. M-Variety was a man in a chronic state of bankruptcy, but who constantly arose, smiling and cheerful, as though refused by all the world. Indeed, he was perhaps, a debtor who was so much beloved by his creditors. Those to whom he owed most money generally the most kind to him and refresh. It was the opinion of the capitalist in the wine trade—an opinion frequently expressed to be signed the weekly bill—that a man could be a good crying after spilt milk; that a man could not eat his cake and have it; that you could not always be turning over a new leaf many times a year; and that there was a deal of meat in the old saying, that the most fantastic capitalist would exclaim, "if Ranelagh was to be swallowed up by an earthquake next Saturday night, the world would owe Bobus's bill about the ruins (as patronized by royalty) to be sent in three o'clock in the afternoon and nine o'clock at night, cash in advance, before ever you saw me. He is a man of spirit, Sir, is Mac." So the capitalist went on signing checks and seeding in cases upon cases of the rose-pink Champagne.

M-Variety always looked after his small liabilities, and let the large ones take care of themselves. He who would owe much, and yet live undisturbed, should always pay his washer-woman. It is astonishing when you owe a man thirty-seven thousand pounds to find how eager he is to ask you to dinner, and to lend you another three thousand when he has made up his round sum. Mac always paid his small people. He never treated his underlings to an empty treasury. The ghost walked regularly at Ranelagh at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, however spare the promenaders on Friday night might have been. Thus it came about that the small folks loved M-Variety, and that the master-carpenter—to whom he had presented a silver mug—took for his exertions in getting up the fire-work scaffolding for the panorama of Moscow—declared, with tears in his eyes, that the emperor was a tyrant and no better than a serf, and paid for, and that if timber ever ran short in the gardens, he'd cut down Besbey Park (at the risk of transportation for life) sooner than the governor should want it. And finally, as Mac, whether it was hail, rain, or sunshine with him, always entertained a genius of old pensioners, and took great care of an old grandmother (who considered him the brightest genius of any age) and two orphan nieces, somewhere in Hertfordshire, and was not, perhaps, on the whole, such a bad sort of a fellow.

"Tip-toppers?" whispered the manager to his friend, as he bustled officiously in advance of his guests.

"The very first," Thomas returned. "An earl, a baron, and a foreign count: no end of a swell. The conceited puppy," he added, musingly, to conceive that any slightly imaginative eulogium on Edgar Greyfaunt. It was a harmless peculiarity of our friend that he always gave his aristocratic acquaintances a step in rank. Thus, if you were a captain, he spoke of you as colonel; if you were an archdeacon, he made you a bishop.

"Sure, I'm very much obliged to you Tom," said our M-Variety. "Come and chop on Sunday?"

"Thanks. Can't promise, but we'll see."

"Well, I know you will if some one swell doesn't turn up. This way, gentlemen. You're just in time for the circus. Just a goin' to begin, in the slovenly."

"Who is this Madame Ernestine, Mr. M-Variety?" asked Sir William Long, quitting Lord Milton's arm to walk with the manager.

"Famous French equestrian, my lord. Just arrived from Paris. Turned all the people's heads there. Sir Lumley Greenbridge's wife—"

"I am Sir William Long," the baronet said, quietly, "and should be very much obliged if you would tell me any thing definite about this Madame Ernestine. I am very curious, indeed, to learn."

The manager indulged in a subdued—a very subdued—whistle. He glanced at the baronet's face, and saw that it wore an expression of earnest curiosity.

"Well, she ain't young, Sir William," he made answer.

"If she be the person I mean she must be forty years of age, or thereabout."

"You may bet your money on *that* horse, Sir William," interposed Tom Tuttlehell. "You'll excuse my familiarity, but I've always found the swells most affable. His Grace the Duke of Bogshire—here you are—owe me a week, thanks to my friend Tom Tuttlehell. Invaluable fellow, Tom. His grace wanted to drive his open-head drag in the Imperial lake, but I was obliged to refuse him, for fear of accidents, and the newspapers, and that sort of thing. Ah! and you've been a hard life now to me, Lord, and what a manager has to put up with. Those licensing m. gistrates are enough to worry one into the grave. Only think. That stupid old Sergeant Timberlake, the chairman, was nearly giving a casting vote against our shop, on the ground that we encouraged immoral, and that cold-blooded lamb, Lord Milton, actually voted lamb-like to drinking."

"Believe in my sympathy, Mr. M-Variety," said this Madame Ernestine, now. Not my that she is not young?"

"She's no chicken, and that's a fact; but this is, of course, strictly entre nous. Ladies in her profession are never supposed to grow old."

"Is she handsome?"

"Makes up uncommonly well at night: doesn't spare the 'slap,' you know, the red and white," responded Mr. M-Variety, diplomatically.

"Can you tell me any thing more about her? I have a particular reason for inquiring, far beyond any impertinent curiosity."

"All communications strictly confidential, Sir William," said the manager, bowing. "William, though it's against my rules. My standing orders to my stage-door keeper, when any persons ask questions by parties—and many have been asked by the very first in the land—about the ladies and gentlemen of the company, is to tell 'em that I'm not bothered with 'em. Now, to tell you the honest truth about Madame Ernestine, she's about the most mysterious party I ever knew, and I've had a few mysterious parties in my time, Sir William."

"I have no doubt of it, Mr. M-Variety; pray proceed."

"I can't make out whether she's a Frenchwoman or an Englishwoman. She speaks one language as well as the other. She comes in as a trooper and drinks like a fish, which ain't very uncommon in the horse-riding profession; but then she goes herself all sorts of fine-lady airs, and treats you as if you were a dog-mat. She says she was born in Switzerland, which was Englishman, who is dead, and that she is a lady in her own right. My treasurer, Van Post, won't believe it, and you'd find it rather hard to meet with a sharper customer than Billy Van Post. "If she's a lady,' says he, 'why don't she go to her relations?'"

"Is she talented?"

"Clever as Old Scratch, to whom, I think, she's first cousin. But, to tell you the honest truth, Sir William, she's too old for the kick-out business. At her time of life the swells don't care about seeing her jump through the hoops. It's time for her to cover up her ankles, Sir William. Tom Tuttlehell told her so, and she offered to knock him down for it; but we got her to listen to reason at last. You see, Tom found her out for me in Paris, and I pay him a handsome salary."

"But does it pay you to do so?"

"That's just it, Sir William. You'd hardly credit it, but it does pay uncommon well. That ingenious fellow, Tom Tuttlehell, put me up to the dodge of the high school of horsemanship which he knew was at Paris, and as he says, he's as clever as lying," pursued the candid Mr. M-Variety; "and it ain't far off from lying, any way."

"What can this mean?" Ranelagh asked himself.

"Just this: You've got a lady rider that's clever—first-rate, mind, but passy. Well, you just put her on a ridiculous flat and a side-hat, and you give her a trained horse and a sidesaddle, and she makes him go through all kind of capers to slow music, and the audience they go half wild with excitement. It's a new thing, Sir William, and tickles 'em. The British public are very capricious, and have got tired of the Three Graces on one horse, and the Swiss Shepherdess on her milk-white steed, and such like.

"And the high-school horse?"

"Perfection, Sir William. When first dug out Madame Ernestine in Paris she was very low down in the world, going round the fairs, I have heard say, as a posture-girl on a mermaid, or a giantess, or something not worth five-and-twenty bob a week, at all events. She was quite broke-in, Tom, and paid for having her to rehearse a play with the brandy-bottle. Well, Tom saw there was something in her, and that she was exactly the kind of thing we were looking for business, and he managed to pick up a horse from an Italian fellow that kept a wax-work show—Venti something his name was; and the horse and the madame have turned me in a pretty penny since I opened. I wish every thing else in the gardens had turned out as profitably," M-Variety added, with a half-sigh.

"And the madame, as you call her, is a success?"

"Draws tremendously. As I warned you, she's no great shakes as to youth or good looks: but for pluck, and general 'go,' she's a first-rate woman," the manager continued, confidentially, "may be considered a Ripper. Fear! She doesn't know what fear is. Five-barred gates! She'd take the wall of the King's Bench Prison, cheveux de frise and all, and leap over the Surrey Hills into Epsom. She's a Ripper, Sir William, and nothing but a Ripper."

"Is she alone—I mean, does she live alone?"

"Yes and no. Her husband's dead, she says. That I told you. The wax-work Italian says he's her uncle, but he's abroad. She has a French woman and the three children here. When she's broken the old one's head with a waterjug. Barring that, I think she's alone. Stay, there's a lady and that fine boy with her —a niece, or cousin, or dependent of some kind, though Billy Van Post, my treasurer, will have it that she's the madame's illegitimate. A quiet little girl she is, and would be pretty if she wasn't so thin and pale. Like a little ghost she is. The madame's a devil of a temper. Twice I've been obliged to go bail for her good behavior at Southwark Police Court with the and the water-jug and her dressers have fallen out."

"It is the countess," thought Sir William Long. "Poor little girl!" To Mr. M-Variety he went on, abstractedly: "It is pretty, very pretty, indeed."

The conversation to which I have striven to give coherent sequence had in reality been made up of disjointed fragments strewn about by the voluble M-Variety as they wandered through the gardens. Long before its close they had entered the wooden pavilion fitted up as a circus, and occupied a private box in front of the row's private box. Here Lord Carlton, after expressing to Tom Tuttlehell his opinion that M-Variety was worthy of patronage, and fellow, went placidly to sleep. Tom, who was one of the most placable of creatures, and had quite forgotten Edgar Greyfaunt's unmannerly slight, would have been very happy to entertain the young man with a lively description of the surrounding and company connected with Ranelagh; but the sultan chose to continue supercilliously silky, and Tom, seeing that he was merely wasting his breath, slipped out of the box and had a walk round the gardens, where he found numbers of people who fully appreciated and cheerfully patronized by his condescending to talk to them.

Sir William Long was too much engaged with his own thoughts to notice the departure of Tom, or of the polite manager, who, when Tom quitted the box, had gone to the door to look-ing at the audience in the hope, and with the expectation, that they were looking at and admiring him.—Sir William Long had ample scope to think. The memories came rushing over him. In the desert of a misspent life two or three oases started up. His remembrance went back to dinner at Greenwich, to a little timid girl who fell pretty and made playful love to, to kiss had primed her for the first waltz. How many years had passed since that dinner, and yet how many hundreds of times he had re-

culled it; how vividly he could recall its salient incidents now! Why? It was but an ordinary tavern festival. It had been at scores of similar revelries, in company as good, as bad, or as indifferent, since. There had been nothing in the tavern of the common. Nothing but that child who had sat by his side. And what was she to him: to him, a gentleman of wealth, title, and ancient descent? If she lived, and were indeed this Ernestine's dependent, she could scarcely be a woman even now, and he was worn and grizzled. Why should he thought-dream it again and again, to the childish playmate—the playmate but of an hour—whom he had kissed in the tavern of the common.

"Here is the high school of horsemanship," remarked Mr. Greyfaunt. "What a dreadful old hard-mouthed Bucephalus-habit to be sure! who looks like Queen Boadicea addressing the ancient Britons."

The four Shepherdess had whirled round the arena on her milk-white steed, scattering artificial flowers out of a kind of decorated umbrella, and, using gratuities of unlimited tan into the eyes of the groomlings. The Three Graces, in very short skirts, and somewhat fat fleshings, had likewise made the circuit of the ring on their solitary steed. The clown had uttered his usual dreary wittisms; and his colleague, with a deadly foe, a French gymnaste, attired in garments of pasti-colored fine, had tied himself into several knots, grimaced between his teeth, knocked the back of his head against the small of his back and uttered the customary ejaculation of "Lo, la!" to the immense delight of the audience. French grotesques were novelties in those days, and the mountebank in question was exceedingly popular.

The legitimate British clown stood apart, watching the success of his alien competitor with intense disgust.

"That fit for a Hilingfish king, is it?" muttered the Britisher. "Wot's the use o' me a-goin' to the 'ouse of Guelph, that's to go down at Windsor Castle before the royal family and the nobility and gentry. It's enough to make a feller go to the 'ouse of Brunswick, or return Methody patron at once. I'd rather be a barker to a show-shop in the Cut than demean myself like this."

Here the volatile foreigner, whose head was turned by success, and who was plainly presuming on his popularity, came up to the British friend with his tongue out and "I say, minhere—" The clown, whose cockscomb was out of joint, answered to him by the back of, or attempt a little harder than he would have done to an English colleague, and grumbling, "I'll punch your head for the frowsers, if I don't," submitted to be touched up by the riding-master's whip, to thrust his hands into the pockets of his spangled pants, turn in his toes, make a grimace, and to propound, for the seventeen hundredth time, one of the seventeen conundrums he had carefully studied from a text-book, bought at the stall, as the outset of his professional career.

I think it is subsequently to the performance of Herr Mooney, the spangled contortionist, who achieved such fame through his elegance, and to swallow himself, that the celebrated trick act of the Young Straggler, from the Imperial Circus Samaritand, took place. Something that appear, you recollect, as a British sailor, from which, by continual flinging off his outer garments into the ring, he was successively transformed into a parish beadle, Punch, a Scottish Highlander, Massaroni the Brigand, the Emperor Napoleon, and Cupid, God of Love. It was just after Straggler's second recall, amidst thunders of applause at the close of his performance, that the bond, which had been constantly repeating, times and again, those good old jogtrot airs traditional in all circuses I have ever seen all over the world, and which seemed to have been expressly composed for horses to canter to, addressed itself to a very slow and almost lugubrious performance. And then the heavy curtain, which veiled the entrance to the circus from the stables were drawn aside, the barriers were thrown open, and Madame Ernestine, in a splendid velvet riding-habit, a shining beaver, a silver-gray veil, and waving an ivory-mounted whip, made her appearance on her celebrated trained steed—a magnificent chestnut mare.

The high school of horsemanship required some taste to appreciate. At first the performing it bored you somewhat. A long time elapsed before it seemed to be coming to any thing. The first time some of the trained dressed rehearsed the belief that she had got a stone in her foot, and was making sundry buttonless efforts by ways to start it, and to pave the impediment out. Then she slowly backed on to the edges of the ring among the orchestral paraphernalia, causing the wind instruments in the lower rows to shriek. After that she reared up, until her fore-hoofs seemed in dangerous proximity to the chandeliers, and her long sweeping tail lay almost on a level with the dust of the arena. Then she curveted sideways; then she went through a series of dignified steps, now approaching a gavotte, and now offering some resemblance to the measure de la cour. And then the musicians struck up a livelier strain, and the trained steed began to prance and to canter. The canter broke into a gallop, interspersed with sudden checks, which threw you, with renewed gallop, with desperate plunges, and which concluded with a terrific high-flying leap over the barriers. The audience shouted applause. The grooms clambered on to the barriers, and held up between them a scarf breast high. The trained steed took it easily, and bounded back into the ring. And then the music became soft and solemn and subdued again, and the docile creature subsided into gentle amblings, and almost imperceptible gambades. Such was the high school of horsemanship. Such was the high school of horsemanship, as the scarf went left out; but it still culminates in a sensation.

Sir William Lone cared very little for the high school of horsemanship; but he never took his eyes off the horsewoman. She rode wonderfully well. She was evidently very powerful of hand, and had complete command (the which she exercised sparingly) over her horse; but her seat—it means were at the same time replete with grace. She flinched not, she faltered not when her charger was cavorting on a bare bolster-cloth of the centre of gravity. She and the horse seemed one. She must have been Lycus's sister.

She was, more certainly, the countess who once used to live at the Hotel Rataplan, the once fashionable lady who had dined at Cutwig & Co.'s, and had left the child at the Maresnest's. She was the lady of the Three Roses.

Yes," William said to himself, "it was she." Woefully changed in many respects she was; by no means younger, she had by many years the old traits; there was the old manner; and, at the heat and height of her horse-tricks, when the animal she was exercising reared, and the circle at topmost speed, there were audible, above the sibilant slash of the whip on the poor beast's flank, the same shrill tones by which she strove to him to still further rapidity. And there were the same tones which William Long had heard years ago, when the impetuous woman was angry or excited.

She had more than reached middle age, for, by her features, it was not to be said that her beauty. Beneath the paint and powder they must have been swollen or haggard, flushed or pallow. You could not tell. But, by the gas-light, the precise nature of the change which had come over her, or how she would look by day, was carefully studied by the stores to excite the admiration of his alien competitor.

"That fit for a Hilingfish king, is it?" muttered the Britisher. "Wot's the use o' me a-goin' to go down at Windsor Castle before the royal family and the nobility and gentry. It's enough to make a feller go to the 'ouse of Brunswick, or return Methody patron at once. I'd rather be a barker to a show-shop in the Cut than demean myself like this."

Here the volatile foreigner, whose head was turned by success, and who was plainly presuming on his popularity, came up to the British friend with his tongue out and "I say, minhere—" The clown, whose cockscomb was out of joint, answered to him by the back of, or attempt a little harder than he would have done to an English colleague, and grumbling, "I'll punch your head for the frowsers, if I don't," submitted to be touched up by the riding-master's whip, to thrust his hands into the pockets of his spangled pants, turn in his toes, make a grimace, and to propound, for the seventeen hundredth time, one of the seventeen conundrums he had carefully studied from a text-book, bought at the stall, as the outset of his professional career.

I think it is subsequently to the performance of Herr Mooney, the spangled contortionist, who achieved such fame through his elegance, and to swallow himself, that the celebrated trick act of the Young Straggler, from the Imperial Circus Samaritand, took place. Something that appear, you recollect, as a British sailor, from which, by continual flinging off his outer garments into the ring, he was successively transformed into a parish beadle, Punch, a Scottish Highlander, Massaroni the Brigand, the Emperor Napoleon, and Cupid, God of Love. It was just after Straggler's second recall, amidst thunders of applause at the close of his performance, that the bond, which had been constantly repeating, times and again, those good old jogtrot airs traditional in all circuses I have ever seen all over the world, and which seemed to have been expressly composed for horses to canter to, addressed itself to a very slow and almost lugubrious performance. And then the heavy curtain, which veiled the entrance to the circus from the stables were drawn aside, the barriers were thrown open, and Madame Ernestine, in a splendid velvet riding-habit, a shining beaver, a silver-gray veil, and waving an ivory-mounted whip, made her appearance on her celebrated trained steed—a magnificent chestnut mare.

The high school of horsemanship required some taste to appreciate. At first the performing it bored you somewhat. A long time elapsed before it seemed to be coming to any thing. The first time some of the trained dressed rehearsed the belief that she had got a stone in her foot, and was making sundry buttonless efforts by ways to start it, and to pave the impediment out. Then she slowly backed on to the edges of the ring among the orchestral paraphernalia, causing the wind instruments in the lower rows to shriek. After that she reared up, until her fore-hoofs seemed in dangerous proximity to the chandeliers, and her long sweeping tail lay almost on a level with the dust of the arena. Then she curveted sideways; then she went through a series of dignified steps, now approaching a gavotte, and now offering some resemblance to the measure de la cour. And then the musicians struck up a livelier strain, and the trained steed began to prance and to canter. The canter broke into a gallop, interspersed with sudden checks, which threw you, with renewed gallop, with desperate plunges, and which concluded with a terrific high-flying leap over the barriers. The audience shouted applause. The grooms clambered on to the barriers, and held up between them a scarf breast high. The trained steed took it easily, and bounded back into the ring. And then the music became soft and solemn and subdued again, and the docile creature subsided into gentle amblings, and almost imperceptible gambades. Such was the high school of horsemanship, as the scarf went left out; but it still culminates in a sensation.

Sir William Long cared very little for the high school of horsemanship; but he never took his eyes off the horsewoman. She rode wonderfully well. She was evidently very powerful of hand, and had complete command (the which she exercised sparingly) over her horse; but her seat—its means were at the same time replete with grace. She flinched not, she faltered not when her charger was cavorting on a bare bolster-cloth of the centre of gravity. She and the horse seemed one. She must have been Lycus's sister.

She was, more certainly, the countess who once used to live at the Hotel Rataplan, the once fashionable lady who had dined at Cutwig & Co.'s, and had left the child at the Maresnest's. She was the lady of the Three Roses.

Yes," William said to himself, "it was she." Woefully changed in many respects she was; by no means younger, she had by many years the old traits; there was the old manner; and, at the heat and height of her horse-tricks, when the animal she was exercising reared, and the circle at topmost speed, there were audible, above the sibilant slash of the whip on the poor beast's flank, the same shrill tones by which she strove to him still further rapidity. And there were the same tones which William Long had heard years ago, when the impetuous woman was angry or excited.

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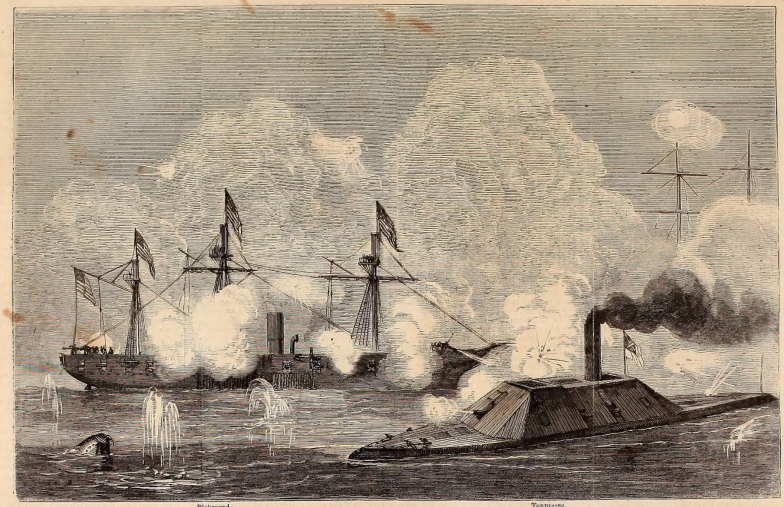


THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "RICHMOND" ENGAGING THE REBEL RAM "TENNESSEE," AUGUST 5, 1864.—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

voice was that I heard in your dressing-room? Had you not a child—a daughter—years ago? She must be grown up by this time."

The countess made him an ironical courtesy. "Merci du compliment, monseigneur," she sneered. "Yes, I know well enough that I am growing old. Du reste, let me inform you that I am not in the habit of bringing my fille de chambre"—she laid, perhaps intentionally, a stronger emphasis on the word "fille" than on those which followed—"and that if you will be good enough to take care of your own affairs, I shall have much pleasure in attending to mine. I come alone or not at all. Am I understood?"

"Perfectly. Brava! you are quite the old countess—I beg pardon, the young countess—we used to know and call Semiramis. Come alone, if such is your will. Now, good-by until after the fire-works."

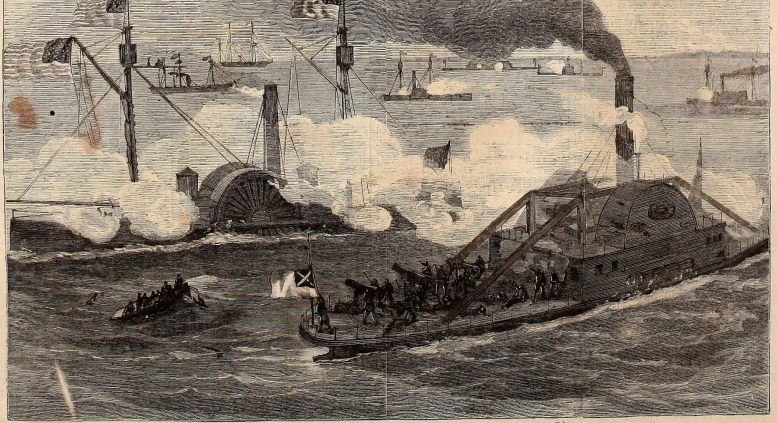
He was retiring, when she recalled him.

"Stop, mauvais sujet," she cried, "have you got a billet de cent francs about you par hasard? I want to buy some gloves.

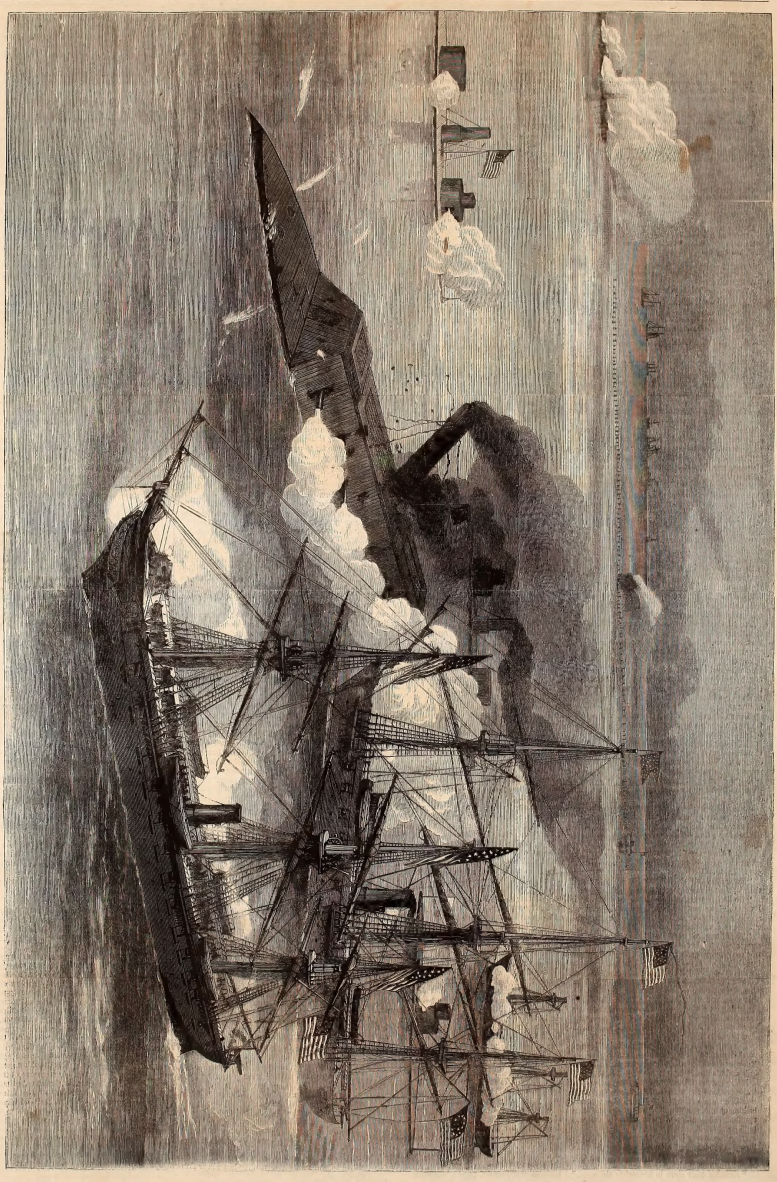
Sir William laughed. "You will scarcely find the Burlington Arcade at South Lambeth," he said, as searching in his waistcoat-pocket he brought out some loose sovereigns and dropped them into the woman's outstretched hand. She just nodded her thanks, and going into her room shut the door. The performances in the circus were over, and the work-people were turning off the gas. The baronet had some difficulty in groping his way to the door.

"She has not changed a bit, save in looks," he soliloquized; "what a devouring harpy it is, to be sure! If ever the horse-leech had a fourth daughter the countess must have been the one. How hungry she used to be in the old days after money!"

Madame Ernestine, on her part, was also soliloquizing. "Ah! I am Semiramis, am I? Ah! I am asked to supper because it is thought I have a daughter. Ah! pieces of gold are flung to me with a taunt, like pennies to a beggar. Little devil"—she said this savagely, and not to herself. "Thou art sticking pins into me on purpose. Quick, my pink dress; quick, or I shall strangle thee!"



THE REBEL GUN-BOAT "SELMA" SURRENDERING TO THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "METACOMET."—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 582.]



FARRAGUT'S VICTORY IN MOBILE BAY—THE CAPTURE OF THE REBEL RAM "TENNESSEE."—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE PAGE 581.]

FARRAGUT.

Hits is a heritage of deathless fame
That shall grow brighter with each rolling year;
On History's page shall live no grander name,
None that his countrymen will hold more dear.

Hail to the Viking, he whose praise is heard
Borne from our lips on every wandering breeze!
His name to-day is as a household word;
Hail to the greatest sailor on the seas!

Oh never through all time shall he forget
His last brave deed, now told by every lip,
When on the mizzen, 'mid a storm of shot,
Lashed in the rigging of his stanch old ship!

Give ear, ye winds, that lift the deeds's sander,
Give ear, ye breezes, that wander far away;
Bear the great Viking's fame to farthest lands,
Tell how he passed the forts in Mobile Bay.

Oh, what to him the battle's roar and crash,
Or what his ears the cannon's fiery breath,
Though round him, in his place, at every flash,
Shrieked the fierce iron messenger of Death!

His is a heart that knows no thought of fear,
No dread of Death amid the battle's strife:
His noble ken scarce knows what fear is,
Than say ties which wed him unto life.

Such stuff are heroes made of—when they die
The nation mourns, such man as for a friend;
And in a nobler Pantheon, filled high,
Transcends of voices in one anthem blend.

Long may he live to hear us speak his praise!
Our children's children shall be taught his name,
That through the growth of undiscovered days
Shall shine upon the rooster-roll of fame!

LOU VENESTRE.

THE softened splendor of an April sunset was streaming across a southern landscape as Lou Venestre, leaving her mettlesome steed sharply, and then holding the rein with a little but firm and assured hand, let him climb over a space that left her small and slight figure far behind.

Her dark eyes flashing with excitement and eagerness, and her black curls floating back in jolly contrast to the mowy plumes of her riding-hat, the girl was just such a bright and sparkling picture as one likes to look upon in that misty sunset glory.

Scarcely pausing for a little darkey to throw open the avenue gate, she entered through it, and by the very steps of her father's house, where several gentlemen stood talking earnestly. There reining him in so suddenly that he almost fell upon his haunches, she called out—

"Gentlemen, have you forgotten how to hurrah? Sumter is ours!" And she lifted her plumed hat, waving it.

Before they could respond, her horse—already so restive as to almost defy control—had caught the gleam of the floating feathers, and, mad with fright, wheeled and, in spite of all her efforts to restrain him, shot off at a rapid angle down the ascent upon whose summit the house stood.

The gentlemen sprung and the negroes ran in all directions. Lou, finding her self powerless, her strength was failing her, and the reins were slipping through her little fingers, when a strong hand fell upon his bridle, and clucked the frightened animal so quickly and so firmly as to leave him trembling in every muscle. In another instant she stood upon the ground, a little whitefaced, but in no danger of fainting. Lou Venestre was not one of that sort.

Berrian Knowles, catching the direction she was taking, had darted at a thought across the garden, and intercepted her.

They were at some distance from the house, and the others, taking the route they did, had not yet come up. While he waited for Miss Venestre to recover her some what shaken equanimity, Knowles, letting the horse find his own way back, stood with his arms folded and his gray eyes fixed upon the distance.

He looked young—a sharp, clear-cut face, though decided as it was handsome, with a nervous mobility just now about the mouth, and a kindling light in the keen eyes that belied the carelessness of his attitude.

Miss Venestre was herself very shortly; enough so, at any rate, to say, with a slight impatience, yet feelingly—

"You have saved my life, Berrian, and you stand there as though it was the commonest of incidents."

"Do I?" he said, in much I did, you know. And I was thinking how much more unmanageable a steed than yours our unhappy South had just mounted. Did you hear anything from Sumter?"

"That Sumter is ours?" said the girl, a sudden, eager glow upon her beautiful face. "Mr. Nugent told me; I was coming from town. The news came by telegraph. It is flashing the length of the land by this time. May it strike as much consternation to cowardly Northern hearts as it does exultation to ours. Gentlemen"—for the rest had come up by this time, and were listening to the excited girl, forgetting in their eagerness to congratulate her upon her safety—"Gentlemen, shall we have that cheer now?" And again the white plumes waved over her head.

The gentlemen responded in an excited and somewhat clamorous fashion, in which, however, Berrian Knowles did not join, but stood apart with his brow knit and his lip curling.

Miss Venestre turned hurriah with the rest, which, enthusiastic as she was, one might have expected. Her lips were smiling; but though she was not looking at him, she was conscious of the half contemptuous observation of young Knowles, and was saying to herself,

"He has never been the same since that six months at the North. I dare say now, judging me by his pet Northern standard, he considers my conduct highly unfeminine."

"Knowles don't seem to appreciate the news," said one of the gentlemen, glancing toward Berrian. "Why, man, this blow virtually makes an independent nation of us. It's the inauguration of such days as the South never saw—a glorious victory."

"One hundred men against ten thousand!—you may call that a glorious victory, *I* don't," said Berrian Knowles, bluntly.

There was more commotion in the ranks of the others as he spoke, and Miss Venestre's face flushed, but as the argument seemed about to leap into stormy words, she lightly led the way to the house, her hand within her father's arm.

Berrian did not follow at once. His blood was hot, and he waited, coming finally to the door, only to say good-night to Lou.

Miss Venestre was not in the room. The gentlemen were talking excitedly, and Knowles was quite sure he caught an echo of his own name as he crossed the hall. He hesitated, then made his bow, and with a hand familiarly on his shoulder urged him toward the others, saying,

"I have been defending you, Knowles, but I'm glad you've come now to speak for yourself. These gentlemen have some of them been trying to persuade me you're not sound on Southern rights—eh?"

The young man's eyes glowed wide and bright.

"Who says that?" he asked.

"There, didn't I tell you so?" said Venestre, sound and stanch. Of course he'll stand by us."

Berrian knows colored. He looked at him a moment, simply that he might not speak too excitedly to Lou's father.

together, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, as I fancied myself 'wagging my pow i' the pu'pit,' as Burns says. Besides, the *peccavis* is on my side now, for litigation is flourishing here.—The following superscription to a letter tickled amazingly the clerks of our post-office the other day:

"I sweit at the dove your curse purvue,
Les nought your speed restrain,
Until you reach Mar Lee Harry,
In Newfield, State of Maine."

I NEVER think of poor FITZ-JAMES O'Brien without recalling the touching letter which he wrote the morning before he was committed to the asylumfor his right arm, which resulted in his death. He had been a brave officer, and he met his death as bravely as he could. In one of his little poems, which he gave me many months before he joined the army, but which was mislaid among some other manuscripts until a little while ago. It is now for the first time published, from his neat and legible manuscript. To my conception the lines are exceedingly graceful and spirited:

TO A CAPTIVE SEA-GULL.

Bird of the wild far-sweeping wing
Why art thou here?
Who chained thee thus, thou Ocean-King,
To exile dark and drear?

Thy home is where the free winds sing,
And the tumbler-tones of billows ring
Through crystal caves rocked with fear!

Did not thy proud heart burst—
Thou reckless rider of the stormy main—
When o'er thy unsullied plumage first
Was flung Man's chain?

Oh! thou whose infancy was nursed
Mid all the freedom of the skies,
How could thy spirit grips
Life o'er again?

Tempests were at thy birth, and the white waves
Sprang up rejoicing round thy rugged home
And as a baby, from deep-mouthed caves
Wild ocean-songs sound come,
Bathed in the breakers' foam,
Rocked midst the storm on the swelling sea.
Never was wild bird's infancy
More bright or free!

No more—sad prophecy—ah! never more
Will joy of thine unbind thy frozen heart.
The unreposing ocean and dark shore,
The giant cliffs—the cavern's hollow roar,
Now of thy prison life form no part,
All prisoned, pining, wretched as thou art!
Existence is a waste. Thy soul lies dead.
The strong wing thy wing have melted there,
Drooped is that glorious head,
Stained is that bosom once to pure and fair—
Dimmed is that proud bright eye.
Thy home is the bleak sea—
Better thy last breath had been sighed
Where all was free.
Better that death-wounds were triumphantly
Swept o'er thy pride,
Than to a louse existence thus to cling,
And hear the wild winds mock at thy unlifted wing!

CAN any reader tell me who is the author of the subjoined pregnant sentences? In consideration of thought and felicity of expression I have seldom seen their equal:

"Death is continually walking the rounds of a great city, and sooner or later stops at every man's door. But, after all, the shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better; and the longest life is too short if it do not."

THERE is something exceedingly *soft sayings*, not to say positively ludicrous, in the illustrations which are sometimes made use of by good and faithful ministers of the public administration. The reason of this I take to be the enthusiasm of the moment—a sort of bewildering conflict of the mind for the immediate and forcible pointing of a moral.

The following instance in this kind, although not clerical, was related to me by a friend, who was both an eye and ear witness of the scene.

The subject of the "utterance" was a delinquent who had "backslided" three times within a twelvemonth. He had been a friend of humanity and forgiving temper in the congregation, who was anxious that he should be reinstated in the church with which he was related.

In the course of his remarks he made these observations:

"Brethren, you remember the parable of the barren fig-tree, which our blessed Saviour spared one year more. Let us pray about him, and 'hoe' around the roots of the tree?' Our erring brother here is an epitome, as it were, of the barren fig-tree. He has backslidden three times. He has cumbered the ground space, the world and the things thereof; but he is now penitent, and means to be, and I have no doubt *will* be, a good man. I hope he will be. He will be received again on probation. Suppose he *has* been heretofore a barren fig-tree? Let us try him one year more. Let us dig about him, and lay on manure, and so bring him up to the full stature of a perfect man."

This eloquent advocacy restored the backslider, nor hoe he since, in a single instance, said my informant, "gone out of the way."

ONCE upon a time "John Phœnix" (the late Lieutenant Captain Derby) was going up to Sacramento from San Francisco, and it so chanced that two steamers, running side by side, were engaged in racing. When these boats had been running for about sixty miles, "tight and tight, and nip and tuck," passengers gathered in knots about the deck, discussing the comparative speed of the two steamers.

"Do you think the other boat has gained upon us within the last fifty miles?"

"I think she has, somewhat, although I can't hardly tell how much. But, as I said before, I think she *has* gained."

"Well, how much do you *think* she has gained?"

"I may be wrong, as I have not lately accustomed myself to 'average' distances; but I *think* that within the last fifty miles she has gained about *an inch!*"

The several knots of passengers speedily dispersed upon hearing this remark, except that Mr. John laughed in his sleeve at the sudden manner in which he had discomfited the persistent inquisitors.

A little characteristic specimen of Phœnix's love of fun occurred at West Point, on the occasion of a lecture upon Astronomy. The lecturer was in the habit of assuming that all his students were totally ignorant of the very first principles of any particular branch of science which he might be discussing. It happened, on a certain occasion, that the lecturing upon the *Moon*, and Phœnix, who was at the head of his class, with two or three others, determined to balk the Professor in his style of teaching. So he began:

"Gentlemen, our lecture this evening is upon the *Moon*; one of the most interesting subjects," etc., etc.

"You have all seen the moon?"

"Yes," said Phœnix, "I have never seen it."

"What!" said the Professor; "never have seen the moon?"

"No," the first members of the class declared they had never seen that planet, and persisted in the expression of their perfect ignorance of its character.

The "premises" of the Professor were removed, his "bare-line" was gone, and he collapsed into utter confusion.

WHALING AT THE CAPE DE VERDES.

LIFE in a group of islands on the coast of Africa, between the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn. The monotony of our everyday life is sometimes broken by incidents that cause more or less excitement and interest among our not very extensive community of Europeans—such as the arrival of the mail steamer and the receipt of news from home, which is no slight pleasure to Englishmen living abroad. Sometimes we are visited by Uncle Sam's new man of war, with the stripes and the bloomshouts of the Confederate cruisers. Once we were favored by a flying visit from a Confederate cruiser who made his appearance one morning in our offing; but as we had a Northerner at anchor in our harbor at the time the would-be visitor merely peeped at us from the offing, and finding that he was her stern as she stood away again to sea. We are not so far off the coast but that at times we hear curious tales of the buccaneering doings of battles round and about the European settlements between them and the Europeans; and we occasionally see curious things in the guerilla way on the main-land. Now and then we are visited by travelers who have lived much among the negroes, and have gone out in quest of the gorilla, or have once seen a skull said to have once been the property of a real living specimen of that tribe. We have heard exciting stories, extraordinary escapes, narrow expeditions, the capture of slaving vessels with their human freights through the vigilance of her Majesty's ships. But as my object in writing this is to entertain whiling expedition in which I once took a part I will proceed to give some account of it.

It was a fine summer's day; the thermometer stood at about 80° in the shade, a moderate breeze blew over the red-colored land and blue-colored waters of our bay, when I left my bed and breakfasted, and was looking out from our verandah on the bay, with its dazzling sandy beach which extends round its border, when I noticed most favorable and convenient position for the purpose. Directly afterward several boats were seen to put off into the bay, rowing with more energy than is customary among them, for at the best they are on most occasions the reverse of energetic. The boats pulled, and in a direct course for the leeward side of our bay, instead of following the usual track parallel by boats passing and repassing within the harbor. My curiosity was raised to a high pitch to know the cause of so much confusion; but the surprise was quickly removed from my mind when I perceived, floating very placidly on the surface of the water, an immense long black-colored object, which I at once knew to be a whale. The boats were soon then playing with their young, or "calves," as they are called, during the visits which they make to our waters during the months of winter between January and July. Presently I saw the foremost boat had reached the whale, which we conjectured was either dead or fatally wounded, being a boat to approach so near without appearing to move. On looking again through my glass I noticed that the boat was actually made fast to the monster, and that several other boats which had reached the scene of action had followed on to the first boat, and that the whole *corrige* was now proceeding at a very slow, funeral-like pace through the water with the whale in tow astern.

I proceeded to the landing-place, and not being able to resist the temptation of joining in what offered to be an exciting expedition, I pushed into a boat that then happened to be leaving for the general rendezvous. On reaching the scene of action I found that the whale was moored loosely in two or three places, and that in its side was sticking a harpoon. The boats were now being towed along after the whale, being made fast to it by the piece of line joined to the harpoon in its side. The whale was about sixty feet long, and was much exhausted, and still quite *hors de combat*. The boats continued to arrive from the shore and from the ships in the harbor until about fifteen to eighteen were assembled round the whale, who continued to behave most unofficiously. We formed a motley throng, and looked every inch the assemblage I anticipated that we were composed of Englishmen, Americans, Portuguese, Germans, and our natives, making up together quite a Babel of languages. Soon a grand attack was commenced; the whale began to move along "owly as the boats closed around on all sides. Cow-hars, boat-hooks, long knives, and a hatchet formed our arms, and away we hacked and slashed, cutting holes in the body, and then inserting the cross-bars and working them to open and deepen the holes thus formed. The whale appeared to take but little notice of our doings, and after taking two or three turns in the shallow water of the bay commenced to make for the bay, make off to sea, moving along rather faster, at about three or four miles an hour. Most of the boats now fastened on, one after the other, in order not to have so much rowing to do, while two of the natives mounted on the whale's back to work away with the cross-bars. The whale appeared not to like fun, for the whale now gave a plunge and dived down; the natives' bars were first seen floating, and then as the whale descended, on the surface they were rescued by the boats around. Soon afterward up came the whale itself, and spouted out a column of water that rose to about the height of ten or twelve feet, and happened to be blown over a boat containing two German captains, who were much disgusted with the unpleasant odor of the water.

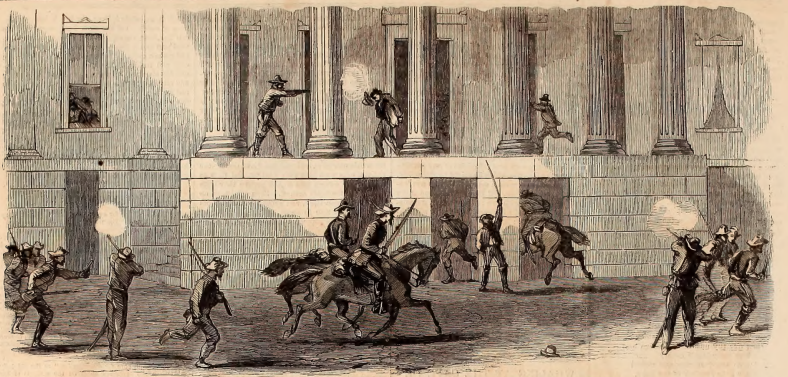
We were now fast approaching the mouth of the bay; the sea began to rough on, and we began to think of our return. Hereupon, on we went, the natives crying out now and again that the whale was coming up to breathe, as twice it dived down, and as whales are known to go down and remain swimming under water, when well, for as long a period as an hour, and frequently when harpooned by the whalers, considerable apprehension was manifested, and knives were ready to cut the short rope with which the first boat in case our whale should have an idea of making a prolonged stay below; but it appeared unable to stay a long time, probably the first operation: its stay did not exceed half a minute, the longest time that it was under water. An Englishman in one of the boats inserted an oar in the animal's mouth as it swam along, in a vain attempt to reach its throat, and so to dispatch it; but the whale proceeded ahead, not appearing to notice this movement. On we advanced, the whale appearing not to be any nearer its dissolution in consequence of our grand combined attack on it. We had now gained three miles from the landing-place. Several boats now returned to shore, others remained and continued the chase. The sea was now very rough, the whale could come up to be. come better acquainted with it by occasionally sending the crest of a wave into our boat.

The operation of cutting and hacking the whale were now principally given up, through the sea running so high as not to allow of much execution being done, the natives still insisting that the whale would not live much longer. We, the lookers on, were now anxiously hoping that it might soon die as we knew that it was proceeding for an indefinite period to sea. Just at this moment a whaling boat hove in sight, which was a source of satisfaction to us. After a hurried meeting to kill the whale, and after having boiled up the blubber to give five barrels of oil to the natives; the natives held out for more, and, therefore refused to give more, until the whalers, seeing that the whale would not be killed by the natives according to the plan pursued by them, after another twenty-four hours, when it would probably be some eighty miles away, and also fearful of losing the whole, agreed to let in charge of it, they decided to kill it, which they did most unmurrily. In went the long lances wielded by the whalers, and in a few minutes a high spout stream of blood once or twice, and the whalers soon became the victors. The natives returned to shore, and the whalers stood away their prize to their vessel, which awaited them off the coast of our island in a small bay. Now commenced our return to shore, which we reached at dark, we had all to take a turn at the oars, for our men were fagged. Those of us not accustomed to rowing fared badly, and were glad to see the welcome arrival ashore, for the shape of blisters on the hands and drenched garments, that we had formed part of the expedition: and thus arrived ashore without any mishap.

We afterward heard from the master of the whaling vessel that the harpoon that was found stuck in the whale's side was fired by the inscription of a whaling vessel that was engaged in fishing for whales at an island some sixty miles off, consequently our whale must have traversed that distance (and more, for probably it did not come direct from the island in our bay. We also heard that it yielded upward 22 tuns, or 440 gallons, instead of about 50 barrels, which it would probably have yielded had it been originally captured in good health, instead of being badly wounded and ill.

The whale was one of a species called by the whalers Humpbacks, and sometimes Blackfish, and yield, on the average, about 40 or 50 barrels, or 2000 to 2500 gallons per every full-grown fish. The Humpbacks are usually accompanied by females (or male whales), from the fact that the cows are more frequently met with near land than the bulls, as they frequent the shallow inlets, and the coast generally, to play with their calves (or young); and the whalers, making an island or other similar place a rendezvous, wait for the harpoon to appear in smooth water than in rough water, or where there is a heavy sea running.

The plan generally adopted by the whalers in harpooning the whales in our waters, which is during the breeding season, is thus: When the whales, which generally go in "schools" of from two to six, are playing with their young in the smooth water of the bay,

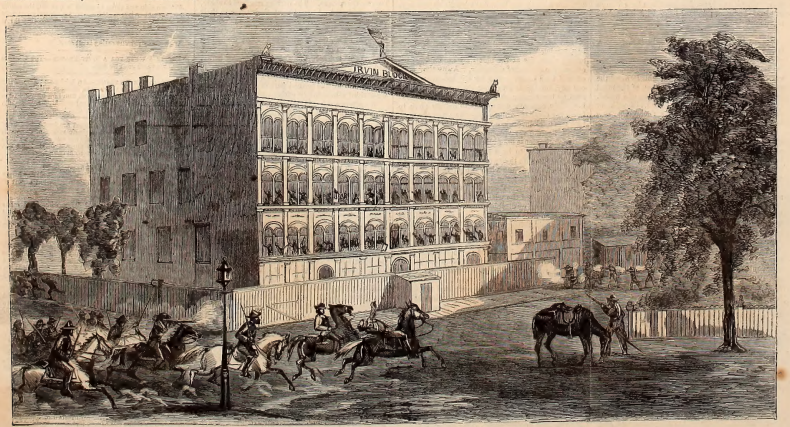


FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS—THE REBELS AT THE GAYOSO HOUSE.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSBURY.]

FORREST'S RAID.

ON Monday, August 22, the rebel General FORREST made a daring raid into Memphis, Tennessee, which is illustrated in the accompanying sketches. The expedition was commanded by FORREST in person, and consisted of portions of eight or nine cavalry regiments, mostly from Tennessee, and numbering from 1200 to 2000 strong. Arriving at Beal Street, the rebels divided off in several squads and struck for the Gayoso House, Hospitals, Irving Block, and General WASHBURNE'S head-quarters on Union Street. The latter was first visited by a force of about two hundred, under Lieutenant-Colonel JESSE FORREST, who entered and found it deserted, the General and his staff having but a moment before escaped. Jesse captured the General's over-coat, and started for the Gayoso House with his valiant horsemen, who rode right into the office of the hotel in search of General HURLBURT, who had also escaped. A portion of the rebel force then proceeded to break open Irving Prison, in order to release the prisoners there confined.—But the guard resisted them, and was assisted by the fortunate arrival at the right moment of the Eighth Iowa regiment. About 6 A.M. the rebels left the town, finding it growing too hot for them, having accomplished the capture of 200 citizens and about 100 horses, and having butchered all the negroes they could find in in the streets. There was little plundering; indeed the rebels had orders not to dismount under penalty of being shot. The rebels suffered heavily. Their object appears to have been the capture of Generals WASHBURNE and HURLBURT.

FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS—ESCAPE OF GENERAL WASHBURNE.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSBURY.]



FORREST'S RAID INTO MEMPHIS—REBEL ATTACK ON THE IRVING PRISON.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE H. ELLSBURY.]

MAJOR-GENERAL WRIGHT AND STAFF.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

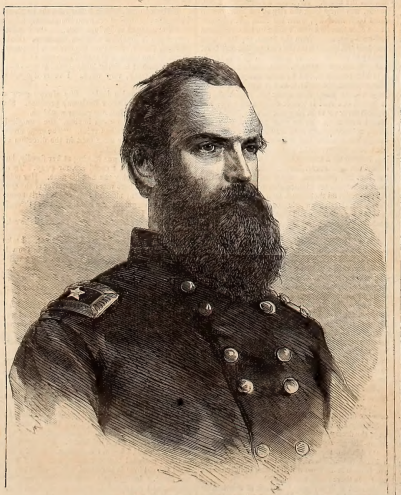
GENERAL WRIGHT AND STAFF.

We give above portraits of General WRIGHT and Staff. General HORATIO GATES WRIGHT, a native of Connecticut, became a Cadet at West Point in 1837, and graduated with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Engineers in 1841. He was appointed as Acting Assistant Professor of Engineering in that Academy in 1842, a position which he occupied for a year, when he was made Assistant Professor. In February, 1848, he was promoted to be First Lieutenant in the regular army. He entered the war at the beginning, and was given the rank of a Brigadier-General. He was one of the most efficient of the general officers connected with the Port Royal expedition; and in March, 1862, he was engaged in the capture of Fernandina, Florida. Having been promoted to a Major-Generalship he was, in August, 1862, assigned to the command of the Department of Ohio. Upon the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac General WRIGHT's Division was made the First Division, the Sixth Corps, under General SEDGWICK. When SEDGWICK was killed in May General WRIGHT succeeded to the command of the Corps.

GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY, whose portrait we give on this page, is a native of Pennsylvania. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of ROBERTS's Pennsylvania Regiment of Volunteers in the Mexican war. He was in command of this regiment in the battle of Chapultepec, and was wounded in the action. Notwithstanding this he resumed the command that same day in the attack of De Belen gate. He was elevated to the rank of a Colonel November 3, 1847. The next year he was appointed Postmaster of San Francisco.

General GEARY entered the present war as Colonel of the Twenty-Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment. In the latter part of 1861, his regiment, attached to General BANKS's command, was posted in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry on the Upper Potomac. Here GEARY was engaged in some pretty rough encounters with bodies of armed rebels, from five hundred to a thousand strong. In March, 1861, we find him Acting Brigadier-General at Leesburg. During M'CLELLAN's peninsular campaign GEARY was stationed with his brigade in the vicinity of White Plains, Virginia. It was about this time that he received his commission as Brigadier-General, commanding the First Brigade of the Second Division of the old Second Corps. This brigade GEARY led in the terrible battle of Cedar Mountain, where he received his second wound. Afterward GEARY's command, together with WILLIAMS's and GREEN's, constituted the Twelfth Corps. This corps in the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863, held the extreme right. GEARY's command was transferred to Ten-



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY.

FRANCIS MULLER, THE MURDERER OF MR. RIGGS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLARKE.—SEE FIRST PAGE.]

nesse last winter, and has been covered with glory in a series of battles extending from the storming of Lookout Mountain to the late severe conflicts about Atlanta.

INS AND OUTS.

I WALKED hurriedly away from our village post-office, for the rain was beginning to fall sharply. I had a letter in my pocket for Squire Brinkley's daughter. The old gentleman had given it me in charge, being "afeared none of the Squire's folks would be down that night."

I had not been at the Brinkleys since Henderson Reese went away to Boston. Which of the daughters of Necessities let me say. Is the Squire's door?

I could not by the glimmering lamp-posts that the address on the envelope was not in Mr. Reese's handwriting. Little wonder that many a young man had been engaged—Henderson Reese and I. I was proud, trifling, and passionate, sparring with impatience the control he would have exercised. One day, under the shadows of the old apple-trees down by the brook, after some bitter, unjust words of mine, we parted. During the winter I did not go to singing-school. Mr. Reese did; and there were blents to tell me how he was keeping company with Squire Brinkley's daughter.

Just before he went away to Boston, to be in business with his uncle, the whole village rang with the engagement between Henderson Reese and Maggie Brinkley.

Miss Scudder, with her thin nose and pocked chin, made it her business to come up to Aunt Elvira's to tell me of it. I was washing tea-cups. As soon as I saw her picking her way through our kitchen-garden, I knew what was in it. A knife-and-fork-ivy-native of the hindles of a couple of the tea-cups, and before she had passed the turnip-bed I was ready for her. She came hurrying into our kitchen. Aunt Elvira was up stairs making beds. I wiped a chair for her, and before she could seat herself I said,

"So the Squire's daughter is engaged to one of my old lovers, Miss Scudder. Well, I guess he's as fine a fellow as ever walked the village green."

The spinster looked aghast.

"How can you, Miss Malen!" she said, elevating the pinked chin, the thin nostrils resembling a spread eagle. "Now do tell! Why, law me! don't you feel dreadful? Not a bit, hey? Why all the villagers are saying you will be a-spoiling your eyes crying for him'....

Almost on this word I went down the lane leading to the Squire's house. I entered by the kitchen door, for it was open a crack, and my shoes were muddy.

The Squire and his wife dozed over the dying embers.

"Here is a letter for Maggie," raising my voice to arouse them.

Squire Brinkley rubbed his eyes vigorously with his hard knuckles, and poked the old tabby cat from his knee.

"Why, bless me, Permelia, wake up! it's Miss Malen Dole. Have you been long, wife? It's Maggie's letter."

Mrs. Brinkley took off her spectacles like one in a dream, wiped them on her apron, and slowly adjusting them, looked at me, only as yet half awake.

"Did you say a letter, Magdalen? Who'd for?" asked the Squire. "From Boston? Then it's for Maggie, sure. Thain't none of Reese's writin' though; half an eye tells me that. Maggie orter be in. She just stepped in to one of the neighbors's one of the children was down with scarlet fever."

The garden-gate swung to with a sharp click. Mrs. Brinkley went toward the door to meet her daughter.

Maggie came in, a shawl over her head, her curls streaming, and bright with the night-rain. Her all lighted on the letter in her father's hand first thing. Her face became quite pale. She glanced nervously at me. Then she said out quite distinctly,

"Magdalen's brought you a letter. Tain't Reese's writin.' Seems to me one orter come along from him. I thought he'd write; he's writ nigh a month, ain't it?" said the Squire.

Maggie turned quietly toward the light, and tore open the letter.

"Don't go, Magdalen," her father said. "Wait a bit, and I'll see you home with a lantern."

My hand was upon the door-latch. Maggie was looking toward us: the letter had fluttered to the floor.

"He is dead. A stranger writes."

She said it quite simply, but her face was pale as a snow-drift. The pretty sparkle of her life seemed suddenly gone.

I don't think any of us for the moment quite took in what she said. She was so very quiet in her manner, but when she stretched out her arms toward her mother and uttered, "Mamma, mamma, I am so weary," we all three sprang, as though the lightning of God had smitten us.

Through that night we watched by her bedside. She did not speak or notice any of us, but kept her face turned to the wall. We could see that her eyes grew darker and brighter, and that a fever burned fiercely in her cheek.

At daybreak I stole out and went home. Aunt Elvira was up and nervous about my absence. I talked so fast that she only partially understood anything when I hurried away again to Squire Brinkley's house.

Maggie was delirious.

"It came on soon after you went out, Magdalen," half sobbed Mrs. Brinkley. "For a spell she was just as quiet as a mouse, not even a move of one of her little hands; and when the doctor put his finger on her wrist to feel of her pulse, she began to struggle and moan, and then burst right out in this frantic way."

Maggie was talking rapidly, still unconnected sentences.

Mrs. Brinkley covered her face with her apron and cried softly.

Dr. Bullson, the family physician, bent anxiously over Maggie and forced a liquid through her clenched teeth. "The medicine will soothe her presently," he said, in a comforting voice, turning to Mrs. Brinkley.

"Permelia," whispered the Squire to his wife, "hain't Magdalen better take a leetle rest? Consider Jane Maria has come to help. Magdalen looks dreadful white and shaky."

I found Jane Maria in tears in the long sitting-room. She came hastily toward me and grasped my hand.

I whispered that she was wanted in the sick room.

She looked thankful that there was something for her to do. "Poor Cousin Maggie," Miss Magdalen!" She broke down then, and just touching my cold cheek with her quivering lips hurried away.

I did not see Maggie again for days. Two weeks passed, three. A change, but not an improvement, was all the information I could gain. No one was allowed access to the house. Jane Maria was not visible even at the well or at a window. Miss Scudder canvassed the matter until the sight of her grew intolerable.

The first week in August came. One morning I waylaid Dr. Bullson, as he came over the fields from the Brinkleys, and pleaded hard that he would give me some definite information respecting Maggie.

"We hope she will be better soon," was all he would say at first.

I urged the matter passionately. He wavered. Breathlessly I waited for him to speak, but he did not. Silently he turned with me and retraced his steps to Squire Brinkley's house. We entered by the front door noiselessly. He stood for a moment, running his eye over the garden.

"Can you call Miss Magdalen, any little thing—a flower even, or a branch of leaves, which was a favorite with Maggie," he asked, musingly.

I drew from my belt a freshly-picked bunch of wild flowers, holding them up without speaking.

"Yes, yes! will you take them up to Jane her room, she is alone and quiet now, give them to her and call her by her name in a quiet, natural tone of voice."

My blood seemed turning to ice, a thousand fears took hold of me.

Dr. Bullson laid his strong hand upon my shoulder.

"That letter containing the news of Henderson Reese's decease was too great a shock for her brain. She lost her reason. It is not a hopeless case by any means. Her mind will be restored to her as suddenly as she was bereft of it. If you will be strong and cool during the interview, which I will allow you now, you may prove of great assistance."

"I am cool," I whispered.

He led the way quietly.

A soft, dim light shone on our ears. I shuddered, for the sound came from Maggie's chamber.

Dr. Bullson scanned my face gravely.

"Go," he said, pointing with his finger at the door. "You will be brave and calm. I can quite trust you, Miss Magdalen. I read your mother's spirit in your eyes."

I went.

Maggie was crouched in one corner of the little bedroom. As I closed the door she raised her head with the quick motion of a bird and stared fixedly at me. A flush of pleasure stole over me as I met that dull, unmeaning gaze.

I picked these pretty purple blooms in the June. "It's words, Maggie. I laid them on myself."

Slowly she raised herself to her full height, and, without removing her vacant eyes from my face, came creeping toward me. Down on my knees I sank, lips apart. One step more and I could feel her hot breath upon my cheek.

Thank God! I was not recoil from her. I threw one arm lightly around her slight form, and called her Maggie, dear Maggie.

Under the blue lavender-under the green boughs where the green leaves throw their shadows," she said, looking at me piteously.

I nuzzled my head with my hand and drew her head gradually to my bosom. It rested there quietly. I watched the heavy lids droop slowly over the dull blue eyes, and myself to bear her weight, which pressed heavier and heavier.

Scarcely daring to breathe for fear of awakening her I took her up cautiously in my arms and laid her down upon her bed.

Mrs. Brinkley's mock eyes overflowed, and her thin, sallow cheek flushed gratefully, when I went to find her, and told her that Maggie was sleeping as sweetly as a babe. She took both of my hands and pressed them, but could not speak.

Dr. Bullson had been waiting for me. Mrs. Brinkley went to her daughter's room.

"You will let Magdalen see my daughter every day?" she pleaded, in a choked voice.

Once more he came forward, and pressed my hands before going to watch beside her child's bed.

Dr. Bullson brought me the news that Maggie's mind was now as one drinks some, and then I told him all that transpired in Maggie's chamber.

When I called faintly, Maggie looked at me. "You need some rest yourself, Miss Magdalen. Go home now. To-morrow you may come again."

"And Maggie?" I faltered.

"If this sleep should prove a long, unbroken one, all may go well."

We stood shutting up the house for the night—Auntie and I—when a breathless lad darted along the peach orchard, whistling sharply to attract our attention.

"Miss Bold! Miss Bold! be that you, Miss Magdalen?" He sprang impatiently upon the piazza.

"Maggie I thought I should be too late," he panted, "so I made a short cut of it through the brook meadow, and up your orchard."

"Golly! such a run though! I set every thing squawking and hollering. Here's a scrap of paper Miss Jane Maria gin me to gin you, Miss Magdalen. It's a note to Miss Ally, ain't it? Short cut sticks now, 'cause I'm late in doing up the chores round the barn-yard."

"A note from Jane Maria this time of the night!" jerked out Aunt Elvira, contemptuously. "Some of her hoarding-school airs, I'll warrant."

"Somebody has arrived. Is in this very house. Oh, Magdalen, do come quickly!" it ran.

"Auntie," I began. A numbness was creeping over my heart—words failed me.

"Well," she dryly responded.

Mechanically I stretched out the note to her. She would not touch it, but glanced it over as I held it.

"Just as I thought," she exclaimed, with warmth. "Some of that Boston-bred timidity. A poor, wayfaring man wants, I suppose, a mouthful of something to eat, and a corner in the barn to lay his head in for the night. Squire Brinkley and Permelia are asleep, maybe. The saints know they need a little rest after such constant tending of their daughter; and that silly girl, instead of putting before the man a platter of broken victuals, and showing him a place in the barn where he can sleep, must needs bounce upon you in this hideous style. How sensible folks, like Squire Brinkley and his wife, can rear such fool of a girl round their house is more than I can understand. Don't dawdle, Magdalen. Shut the blinds."

I did as soon as enough. I had needed something to rouse me, and drive off the dead numbness at my heart. Nothing could have done it so effectually as one of Aunt Elvira's domestic things. Whether directed at myself or somebody else it mattered little; the effect was the same.

Jane Maria met me at the well, in her cousin's yard.

"I saw you coming down the road, and came out to meet you, for fear you would be dripping back-et, and forced upon me a cup of cold water.

"Magdalen! Magdalen! can you guess?" she exclaimed, in a low, tremulous whisper, as I drank the water. Her very lips were white. She clasped her hands excitedly.

I was not prepared to give the particulars of Mr. Reese's death, I answered.

"My God!" she exclaimed; "then you don't know that Henderson Reese lives—is in our house this very minute."

She made a hasty step forward, and then her arms almost fell to her side. "And I was so full for you suddenly," she muttered. "I have killed her!"

But I put her away from me with sudden strength. My eyes devoured her face. "Go on," I articulated; "tell me more."

"Yes, yes, I will; only don't look at me in that way, Magdalen, I shall die pleaded. "I was the only one up in the house when he came, excepting little Dickey, who was late in doing up his outdoor work. I was in the Brunz back, and I was fearful he would awaken Maggie, who has slept easily since you were here this morning. I went out to still the noise, and him jumping about a gentleman, as though he was at his wit's end for joy. When I came nearer, I screamed louder at what then I thought to be a ghost, for I thought it was Henderson Reese's ghost. He was standing there, right under those blue boughs; but do, Magdalen, come in and see for yourself—makes me creep all over to see it shining on your white face."

"And he lives! he lives!" I said, grasping at her arm.

"Yes, Magdalen; now please don't stare at me so. You see he was at a boarding-house, and was taken down with cholera. Mrs. Cook, the landlady, called a doctor at once. He pronounced it cholera. The rest of the boarders got into a panic and left the house. Reese's room-mate, a Mr. Lucan, was away from the city at the time, but he came back next day, when the Irish girl told him at the door that Reese had come in, his own things had been sent away from the house, for Mr. Reese was dead and buried with the cholera, and only Mrs. Cook and Biddy to the house. This Mr. Lucan had seen Maggie's picture. Mr. Reese had shown it to him one night, and he knew the name of the village where she resided, and it was he who had penned those hasty lines about Mr. Reese's death. It turned out that it was only cholera after all, but typhoid fever set in in its worst form. Mrs. Cook nursed him as though he were her own flesh and blood. Mr. Lucan still feeling toward him, although his sickness had broken up her house, and she a lone widow. She was in market one morning, looking for a nurse for him, when she almost ran against Mr. Lucan. She stopped to tell him that Mr. Reese was better, and begged him to recommend one. In all traces of fever had not disappeared, and there could be no danger of infection. Mr. Lucan grew pale as a cloth, such sorrow-ful recognition of him it came out how the panic-stricken Irish girl had misinformed him, and what he had written to Miss Brinkley in consequence. It was a long, long time for him, when she almost ran against Mr. Lucan. She stopped to tell him that Mr. Reese was better, and begged him to recommend one. In all traces of fever had not disappeared, and there could be no danger of infection. Mr. Lucan grew pale as a cloth, such sorrow

things. My manner toward her unconsciously softened. Before there had been a dearth of sympathy; now a bond existed.

The October winds blew with fitful eagerness. Maggie was regaining strength and elasticity of body. Her mind was perfectly clear. Mr. Reese had said he should not leave her yet; he would wait until November. They came to see me sometimes, and I went there too. Matters went on smoothly enough until one day.

I had been after a rare Eastern lily which Mrs. Brinkley had promised me.

"You like high colors, Magdalen," she said, tapping a pot which held a scarlet geranium. "I shall add this to the flight."

Mr. Reese stood listlessly by the window, watching the falling leaves, waiting for Maggie to ride with him. Maggie stood before the glass opposite me, putting on her hat. As Mrs. Brinkley spoke Henderson Reese turned from the window, and breaking off a full cluster of the rich scarlet blossoms, laid them against my cheek.

"You are so pale this autumn," he commented. "Am I?"

"I hope you are well," he continued in a grave voice.

"Perfectly, thank you." I turned away, for Maggie was all ready to go.

Mrs. Brinkley went to the window to see them drive off.

"Come into the orchard, Magdalen," the Squire called out to me, plenty of fruit there. I should like to send some to Miss Elvira. You must select it."

Dickey was filling up a basket. Suddenly he ceased whistling, and looked toward the road.

"What's ailed them hack?" he exclaimed.

I followed his glance.

Maggie beckoned to me from the low carriage.

"You must come with us," she said. "Yes, Magdalen, I insist. You must. Dickey can carry the fruit and flowers home for her, can't he, mamma?"

"Certainly, my love," said Mrs. Brinkley, smiling kindly at us from the doorway.

I was sorely puzzled by Maggie's manner. Still I hesitated, thinking home duties. Maggie made a gesture of entreaty. Her pretty lips had grown quite pale.

I sprang in.

"Let us drive to the Darlington grove," she said. Mr. Reese turned and looked at her. "You are in a strange mood this morning, Maggie," he said, smiling.

She averted her face, and sank back wearily in the carriage, not speaking again until we stopped under a fine growth of beeches.

She sprang out first, and walked swiftly over the brown crisp leaves.

Mr. Reese waited to fasten the horses. When he joined us, I could see that Maggie was obliged to lean against the tall trees for support. Her eyes still sent upon the misty hills miles away.

"What are you dreaming about darling?"

She started, and shrank, as though his words had hurt her. A bright color dyed her cheek, and vanished. A few eager steps brought her close to his side.

"I have never quite filled your heart," she began, rapidly—her eyelids steady, and her voice a flame. "I am sorry, but I did those blossoms against Magdalen's cheek, a little while ago, I read the truth. We are all wrong just now; Magdalen, you, and I. I love each other still—and—please God—I will not stand between you two."

"Hear me," she continued, as Mr. Reese would have interrupted.

"God God! I will not, Maggie," he broke out, vehemently, "never, never have I loved even Magdalen Reid as I do *you* at this moment!"

"At this moment," she repeated, softly, with a strange look of record upon her face.

Mr. Reese caught her convulsively to his breast. "God help me to become worthy of the love of this noble woman. Maggie—my treasure—dearer than life itself!"....

They were married in November. Mr. Reese would not be put off. He took her with him to Boston.

Aunt Elvira and I still live at the little cottage. Miss Sandie grew out that Doctor Rollston is to marry the meek little dressmaker over the way.

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GREAT God of Battles, lift we unto Thee
A people's voice in gratitude and praise,
Thou, who unsearchable in all Thy ways,
Ordainest victory.

To Thee we bow, lend unto us Thine ear,
Clothe us, O Lord! with thy protecting power,
And unto us in this our thankful hour,
Great God in Heaven, draw near!

Bend down upon us Thine all-seeing eyes,
Thou who in ages past Thy throne didst set
With myriad stars, and see our altars wet
With blood of sacrifice!

Reach unto us, O God! Thy bounteous hand,
Full of all blessings with the closing year,
And scatter like the good seed far and near,
Throughout our bleeding land!

Forgive our foes, restore to them their sight,
Who in blind wrath unsheathed the civil sword,
And in Thy boundless mercy, O good Lord!
Reveal to them the light!

Forgive our sins—so were we taught to pray—
Cleanse us from guilt; allay our many troubles;
Wipe from the people's eyes the scalding tears,
O turn our night to day!

Announce Thy coming, Lord! show us that sign
Seen in the prophet's vision long ago,
How long, O Lord! from out the press must flow
The nation's blood-red wine?

Give unto them, the rulers of our land,
A love of right, of justice, and of Right:
May they be upright in Thine own pure sight:
Give each a firm right hand!

Let War, and Pestilence, and Famine cease
From off the earth! O Great God! set in this world here,
Ere yet the Christmas chimes sound sweet and clear,
The voice of Christ say "Peace!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864.

THE SIMPLE ISSUE.

THE Presidential election turns upon a question as simple as it is momentous. Shall the American people relinquish the effort to maintain the authority of their Government, or shall they persist? That is the question, and it has but two sides. Whoever believes that the Union and Government should be unconditionally maintained will vote for LINCOLN and JOHNSON, all others will vote for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON.

The Chicago Convention resolved "that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, * * * * justice, humanity, liberty and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities with a view to an ultimate Convention of all the States, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States." In other words, the slave-system having risen in insurrection against the American people, they are to confer themselves conquerors and to believe that justice, humanity, and liberty require that slavery should have increased existence. That is the platform of GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

The Baltimore Convention resolved "that it is the highest duty of every American citizen to maintain against all their enemies the integrity of the Union and the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States; and that, laying aside all differences and political opinions, we pledge ourselves as Union men, animated by a common sentiment and aiming at a common object, to do every thing in our power to aid the Government in quelling by force of arms the rebellion now raging against its authority, and in bringing to the punishment due to their crimes the rebels and traitors arrayed against it." In other words, the American people have not failed, and do not intend to fail, in the conflict with the insurrection of Slavery. Justice, humanity, and liberty require not that it shall be strengthened, but that it shall be destroyed by every constitutional means. That is the platform of ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Which has the true ring? Which speaks the resolution of a great and brave people, and which the base submission of a cowed and craven nation? Which is the spirit of BANCROFT and SAMPSON, of PERRY and DECATUR, of Gettysburg and Vicksburg, of the Weldon Railroad, Mobile, and Atlanta, of GRANT, FARRAGUT, and SHERMAN; and which that of BENEDICT ARNOLD, whose treacherous heart told the same people in 1780, after four years of war, that their Government was a tyranny that defied the land with blood, and that *he*, BENEDICT ARNOLD, wished to lead Americans to peace?

GENERAL SHERMAN.

THE victory at Atlanta crowns one of the most daring and extraordinary military campaigns in history. "Since the 1st of May," quietly says General SHERMAN on the 3d of September, "we have been in one constant battle or skirmish, and need rest." A glance at the map shows what these words mean. It shows the points from which he moved and that which he has gained; the first was long considered impregnable, and became ours a year ago: the second was held by the rebels as scarcely less precious than Richmond, and is now lost to them. But these great results have been attained only by great sagacity, the most incessant labor, and invincible bravery. The steady advance by direct assault and masterly flanking of unassailable points; the protection of an enormous line of communications; the safe crossing of rapid rivers; the pushing on energy to his fortified bags; the repulse of all his fierce assaults, and the final severing of his army, with his defeat and flight with an army that can not but be terribly demoralized—all prove that when we have at last learned to make war, and that at the West, as in the East, we have "a great captain."

It was mainly to General SHERMAN, said General GRANT in his report of the battle at Shiloh, that I owe the victory. At Vicksburg he was the right hand of the Lieutenant-General; and at Atlanta he fulfills the highest expectation of his senior and the gladdest hopes of his country. The fall of Atlanta is a confirmation, in thunder-tones, of the noble words written in January, 1861, to the Governor of Louisiana, when he was Superintendent of the State Military Academy, and began to see the inherent infirmity of the Union and war were at hand. That letter, recently republished, has the clear ring of its late dispatches. General SHERMAN knew that war was coming. He knew that secession would be war, and that the war would be vast and terrible. With the prescience of genius he said when in command in Kentucky, "We need not be panicked thousand men;" and the Secretary of War at that time thought him crazy, and relieved him of his command out of regard to his disordered wits.

But surely we may rejoice that we have emerged from the dark days of doubt and inefficiency. Surely we may offer thanksgiving that the great armies of the American Union are now commanded by leaders who are not only the most skilful, daring, rapid, tenacious of soldiers—whom neither hot nor cold guns appall—but also men who are devoted in every fibre of their frames and drop of their blood to the faith that the experiment of war to restore the Union is not a failure, and that no other effort for an immediate cessation of hostilities should be made by the loyal American people except renewed and overwhelming vigor in the war to confirm the absolute supremacy of the Government.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEWS FROM SHERMAN.

THERE is not a man who did not feel that M'CLELLAN's chances were diminished by the glad tidings from Atlanta; nor any one who does not know that if SHERMAN had been defeated, the friends of the Chicago candidate would have felt surer of his success. When people acknowledge that if SHERMAN had been nominated General M'CLELLAN did at Chicago, that "the experiment of war" to maintain the Government and restore the Union is a "failure," how can they be glad of the news of victory and vital victory which belies their theory? No unconditional Union man could have asked a more significant commentary upon the true character of the Chicago movement. For suppose the great M'CLELLAN nutification meeting had taken place upon the Saturday the news of SHERMAN's glorious victory was received, like a soaking storm it would have fallen upon an assembly whose cardinal principle is a "denial that triumphant success can be made the cessation of hostilities!" SHERMAN has done more, in his capture of Atlanta, for a cessation of hostilities than VALLANDIGHAM and his Convention could do in twenty months of abuse of the Administration and of the war.

If the American people were craven; if they were so utterly humiliated and prostrated that they could hear of the success of our soldiers only with abject regret; if they were really willing to surrender the victory of their Government and laws at last for the wretched mockery of a cessation of hostilities!" SHERMAN has done more, in his capture of Atlanta, for a cessation of hostilities than VALLANDIGHAM and his Convention could do in twenty months of abuse of the Administration and of the war.

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"CONSERVATIVE" ARGUMENTS

THE "Conservative" campaign has opened in a perfectly characteristic manner. At the meeting of exultation in the Park, on the evening that the news was received, one of the orators of the party who are so anxious that the laws shall be respected and personal rights secured, urged his "Conservative" friends

"... to form 'White-boy' clubs in every ward, and protect the freedom of the ballot. If there should be opposition to the freedom of election, he hoped they would call all who opposed them from pen the right of the poor man, and he was elected GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, he would hold the white man above ABE LINCOLN and his nigger."

* * * * *

"Once a poor man could walk the streets free and speak his mind, but under the rule of that ignoramus, ABE LINCOLN, he was afraid to speak, gentlemen, that you are the Government, and not that scoundrel at Washington.

* * * * *

"Will you desert the brave of South Manhattan, whom ABE LINCOLN has sought to degrade, that he might make you and I lower than his niggers? (Cries no, no.) No. God tells you that you have your honest face tell me you won't. When you meet your Abolition friends in the street don't look upon them with scornful eye, as old ANE and his crew have done (for I hold old ANE to-day to be a bigger coward than even JEFF DAVIS.)"

Of course where such things are openly said in public meetings it is evident that free speech has been totally abolished; as when an Iowa paper calls the draft "a bloody monster," it is clear that a free press has ceased to exist.

These "Conservative" speeches in favor of the election of General M'CLELLAN have been promptly endorsed by the "Conservative" papers, one of which says:

"We will strip from ABRAHAM LINCOLN the false garb of humanity in which he has long clothed himself, and show up, among other things, the infamy—yes, that's the word, infamy—of the WHITE HOUSE. If necessity requires, we will add Lincoln's photographs, in this city and elsewhere, to attest the truth of what we say. We have no fears to meet with publishers or booksellers on account of ABE LINCOLN'S advent, but fostered there, because of the disgrace it would bring upon so many innocent persons."

Here is that freedom from personality and decorous discussion of principles which are always sure to be found in the mouths and on the pens of the "Conservative" party, and this is the most obvious and natural course of those who wish to go on their knees to rebels and ask upon what terms they will allow this Government to be carried on. "Conservatism" naturally calls JEFFERSON DAVIS "President DAVIS," and the President of the United States a scoundrel, traitor, and ignoramus, because it hates the cause represented by one and loves that of the other. Are not these "Conservative" arguments and appeals such as every unhearted American citizen sees to be most welcome to every enemy of the Union and the Union party? Are they not those which only resource is an appeal to the basest passions of the most ignorant and brutal men, very likely to save the dignity and honor of this nation?

DOUBTS REMOVED.

IF any one had been in doubt of the real significance of the policy which General M'CLELLAN represents in this canvass, he was relieved by reading the New York *Daily News* on the day after the nomination. That paper is the Northern organ of the rebellion, whose policy on the North is "peace." A "peace man" is well understood to be a friend of the "Confederacy," and the "peace" organ says: "We accept the platform adopted by the Convention as a great triumph for the peace party.... The nominees of the Chicago Convention stand committed to a course that is undisguisedly and unequivocally traced in accordance with the popular sentiment of opposition to the war." The *News* will support General M'CLELLAN because he stands upon a "peace" platform, and by the side of GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who is the man of all men whom the *News* would have nominated, because he is "a consistent champion" of the "peace" sentiment.

Does any man, however friendly he may have been in his judgment of General M'CLELLAN, believe that the New York *Daily News* has at heart the true honor and dignity or the permanent, because just, peace of the country? Can such a man forget that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM moved to make M'CLELLAN a nominal unanimous? General M'CLELLAN was nominated by a peace convention, and though he were the most resolute member in the country, if he were elected he could not escape the influence of the party which elects him. No voter who wishes the war vigorously prosecuted until the rebels are to be beaten will vote for General M'CLELLAN, because he knows that he is the candidate of those who wish to stop and ask the rebels what they will do. Every person who is for war in the land will vote for M'CLELLAN, and his election would be a sign of the popular will that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities.

That is *the* policy which he can not escape, should he be elected; and no one who does not favor that policy can honestly vote for him.

ON A LATE LOUD NOISE

THE loud buzz and hum and clatter of the Chicago Convention, and of the M'CLELLAN ratification meetings, might induce a heedless observer to believe that they truly represented the opinion of the American people. But that was all supposed we had been deprived of our liberties without knowing it, and had yielded to a tyrannical despotism which we believed that we were maintaining our own lawful Government. Such a chatter about despotism and despots might make an observer imagine that the universal desire of the country is to put down a great conspiracy is striving to overthrow the Government, but that the Government has the unbalancing effrontery not to yield to its assailants. The noise of the politicians at Chicago, contrasted with the settled patriotism of the American people, recalls the famous figure of BURKE: "Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chirk, while thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, it is not to be imagined that these who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that, of course, they are many in number; or that, even if they are more than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour."

AN EVIDENT TRUTH.

THE Copperheads, who insist that this war is a war waged by the President for the sake of emancipation, now assert that he is pledged to continue it for that purpose even after the submission of the rebels. But when the rebels have submitted against whom can war be carried on? It is useless to speculate, to affirm or deny that the President will or will not continue the war after the rebel submission—simply because he can not.

The war is prosecuted for the maintenance of the Union and Government. When the rebels, by yielding, submit to the Constitution and all laws and executive acts in accordance with it. Whether the emancipation proclamation so accords is a question which the President has himself left for the Supreme Court.

It is impossible honestly to mistake the President's position upon the Slavery question. His letters to Mr. GREELEY and to Mr. HODGES, and his various messages and speeches express it as plainly as words can. "I am naturally anti-slavery," he writes to Mr. HODGES. "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I can not remember when I did not so think and feel. And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling.

.....And I ever that to this day I have done no official act in mere deference to my abstract judgment and feeling on slavery."

So in the manifest—"To whom it may concern"—the President states what he understand to be the conditions upon which the permanent peace is possible. In that paper he takes the initiative, and says that whoever is authorized by a power which can control the rebel armies

to make a proposition embracing the integrity of the Union and the abandonment of slavery will be heard. There is no bar in this, no limit. He does not say that no other proposition upon the same authority will be heard. But to end all moaning diplomacy and intrigue he frankly states the terms upon which, in his estimation, the American people can have peace.

But peace is always at the discretion of the rebels. When they lay down their arms and return to obedience to the laws the rebellion ends. Or course the Government must decide when fit to call that the rebels have laid down their arms, and it will take good care not to be betrayed by any false pretenses. But it can not fight without an enemy. And when the rebels leave the constitutionality of the executive acts where the President leaves it, to the Supreme Court, there will be peace, which will be long or short as the Court sustains or annuls the Proclamation.

But the purpose of the rebel leaders is much more earnest than Copperhead doctors believe; and they will yield when they are conquered, not before.

A SLANDER EXPOSED.

NEWSPAPERS have a bad habit of reporting what they wish to have believed as upon unquestionable authority, and it is often impossible to trace the most injurious and false statements made in this way. But General "BLIND" SMITH has lately effectually exposed this trick, and in a manner which is of the greatest service. One of the slakest and most hackneyed charges against the President is the assertion that he constantly interferes with military movements, and is the moving cause of all mishaps and disasters in the field. Even General GRANT'S campaign in the Wilderness was declared at that if he succeeded it would be on account of the President, but if he failed it would be because the President had meddled with his plans. When General BUTLER'S movements were apparently less vigorous than his friends desired, knowing all the intentions of the campaign, thought they ought to be, we were told that such were the consequences of the President's insisting upon retaining civilians in military commands.

In order to damage the Union cause a story of this kind was lately told, in which the name of General SMITH was used. The General immediately wrote a letter, in which he says:

"In your issue of the 24th is a statement from Washington which demands notice from me, especially as it is produced by the remark that it is given upon 'authority which may be regarded beyond contradiction.' The writer states that upon my return to the front I called upon General GRANT, paying my first duty, and then proceeds to say

"'Upon this General GRANT produced an order or letter of instruction from the President for the withdrawal of General BUTLER in full field command, from which he had been relieved by order of the Secretary of War, Mr. LINCOLN adding to General GRANT substantially as follows: Having retained General BUTLER in his former command as a favor before the Secretary of War left to order, you will oblige me, personally, by exerting yourself to avoid all cause of difference or irritation with Major-General BUTLER, at least until after next election.'

"I had two interview with General GRANT after my return, at which no one was present but ourselves. At these interviews no order or letter of instructions of any description from the President was produced by General GRANT, nor did he state or intimate that he had received such order."

The General proceeds to correct some other misrepresentations of his conduct and that of General GRANT at the same interview.

This unqualified contradiction of an incessant slander disposes of all the brood.

A VISIT TO THE PRESIDENT.

THE *Grant County Herald*, a Wisconsin paper, contains the following letter from Judge JOHN J. MILLER, giving an account of a recent interview with President LINCOLN, of the Soldiers' Retreat near Washington:

"WM. ELE-GORMAN RANDALL and Judge MILLER" entered a neat, pleasant room, and found Mr. LINCOLN alone in the centre. Directly opposed from an adjoining apartment a tall, stout-built, fine-looking man, apparently forty-ward, his gait astride, rapid, and strolling, ample modern-standing over with whiskers, and Brierian arms, with a face radiant with intelligence and manliness.

"The Governor addressed him: 'Mr. President, this is my friend and partner, Judge MILLER, from Wisconsin.'

"'I am glad to see my friends from Wisconsin; they were the banner State in the Union.'

"'I could not leave the city, Mr. President, without hearing words of truth and wisdom from you. Upon you, as the representative of the loyal people, depends, in a great degree, the existence of our Government and the future of America.' [Profound attention by political sages.

"'Mr. President,' said Governor RANDALL, 'why can't you vote everybody a pay bounty for a furlough? It would reinvigorate you.'

"'Ah,' said President, 'two or three weeks would do us no good. I can not fly from my thoughts—my anxieties in the great country fellows me wherever I go. I don't talk it is painful to my feelings to talk. Then, I am not free from interruption, but I can not but feel that the cares of one of this great nation will be relieved in November. There is no programme offered by any wing of the Democratic party but that must result in the permanent destruction of the Union.'

"But, Mr. President,' said General MCCLELLAN is in favor of crushing the rebellion by force. He will be the Democratic candidate.'

"'Sir,' said the President, 'the slightest knowledge of arithmetic will prove to any man that the rebel armies can not be destroyed with Democratic strategy. It would sacrifice all the white men of the North to do it. There are now in the service of the United States near two hundred thousand able-bodied colored men, most of them under arms defending and acquiring Union territory. The Democratic strategy demands that these forces be disbanded, and that the musters be conciliated by restoring them to slavery. Then, the white men who now are prisoners to escape, are to be converted into our enemies to fill the vain hope of pleasing the guerrilla-cuff of their masters. We shall have to fight two nations instead of one.

"'You can not conciliate the South if you guarantee to them ultimate success: and the experience of the present war proves their success is inevitable if you fling the conquering hero of millions of black men into their side of the scale. Will you give our enemies such military advantages as finance armies, and then depend on ceasing, flattery, and concession to get them back into the Union? Abandon all the posts now garrisoned by black men; take 200,000 men from our side and put them in the battle-field or com-field against us, and we would be compelled to abandon the war in three weeks.

"'We have to hold territory in indemnt and sickly places; where are the Democrats to do this? It was a free fight, and the field must be won. The arguments put down this rebellion by fighting against both master and slave fight down the rebellion before victory is possible.

"'There have been men base enough to propose to me to arrange matters on the basis of Jeff Davis and Alex Stinkes, and thus win the respect of the masters they fought. Should I do so I should deserve to be damned in this and eternity. I am not capable of such a act. I suffer with friend and foe. My enemies pretend I am now carrying on this war for party purposes. I expect to be as long as I am President it shall be carried on for the sole purpose of restoration. My duty forbids me not to attempt to the restoration of the Union. I will abide the issue.'

"I saw that the President was a severe joker, but a man of deep convictions, of abiding faith in justice, truth, and Providence. He was a statesman, not a politician, not an ontologist. As he warmed with his theme his mind grew to the magnitude of his body. I felt I was in the presence of the great statesman of the age, and that these huge Athanasian shoulders were fit to bear the weight of mightiest measures. He was honest, honest, republican simplicity, his guiding sympathy for those who should hold their own labor as the most sacred inheritance of self in his concern for its welfare, could not but inspire me with confidence that he was Heaven's instrument to conduct his people through this sea of blood to a Canaan of peace and freedom.

J. T. MILLER."

"PEACE MEN."

WHY do you fret, O cowardly North!
When we are your masters still?
We'll count the votes that you are long
On the summit of Bunker Hill."
For three long years have we met the foe—
We drive them before us still;
Yet they do claim slaves up in the North,
Though not upon Bunker Hill.

We've talked of the black men trodden down
Death in the hot fields of cane,
But oh! (shame on the dastard race!)
Those Northern slaves are white.

Our Southern brothers have the like
The lash and the chain controls,
But these white men are master's heels,
And freely offer their souls.

You may seek on the battle-field in vain
For these white slaves of the South—
They dare not follow our brave boys there
No more to be enslaved—
They dare not share in such noble toil,
Though not upon Bunker Hill.
So they cower themselves with the Quaker garb,
And lastily cry for peace.

When the roll of honor that Fame prepares
Is held in the great world's gaze,
And men shall read the glorious deeds
Of the heroes of these great days,
We shall see the cowards of Freedom's host
As the pages we unfold,
Traced with the lasting pen of truth
In letters of infamy.

And Fame has another book in press
For the world to read some day,
Of those who their country's cause forsook,
And fled from their duty away.
Of those who would aid a traitorous crew
To deluge the land with gore—
They sought the dark cave of infamy's foes,
And peace shall be theirs no more!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SHERIDAN'S MOVEMENTS.

THE interest in the military movements now centres upon General Sheridan. His army has an important mission to accomplish, and the Government expects him to conflict with Early's army. The rebels are aware of this, and it is for this reason that a strong Confederate force is still kept in the valley. It was thought a few days ago that Early had withdrawn from Richmond. Both Sheridan's advance develope the enemy in full force north of Winchester. On Saturday, September 3, Crook's command, together with the Nineteenth and Sixth Corps advanced to Berryville. The engagement of cavalry which occurred between the Twenty-third and Thirty-sixth Ohio, on the right, was severe and bloody. The latter were repulsed.

THE CAPTURE OF ATLANTA.

A dispatch was received, September 4, by the War Department from General Sherman, dated September 2, announcing the capture of Atlanta. The rebels evacuated the army from Atlanta during the last week of August, and transferred it to the south side of the West Point road, from which an advance was made upon the Macon Road in the afternoon of September 1. The rebels in force on the road near Jonesborough on the right; another under Schofield, Thomas, and McPherson, in the centre, and Blair, on the third column, under Thomas, pushed up to the road at Jonesboro by the centre. A part of the rebel force entered Jonesborough was thus cut off from the main force at Atlanta. The General-in-chief commanded that, who had intrenched himself on the road north of Jonesborough, but was compelled to evacuate. The rebels advanced upon the road, and destroyed it between Jonesborough and Rough and Ready; and on the 1st of September Jefferson C. Davis, commanding the Fourteenth Corps, attacked and carried the rebel works at Jonesborough, capturing 10 guns and 1000 prisoners. The defeated rebels moved south to Lovejoy's Station, and Sherman, on the 2d, occupied Atlanta. After up the magazines at Atlanta, and evacuated that important position last night. Our troops are now engaged in pursuing General Slocum, commanding the Twentieth Corps, having been sent to capture his last train of about 1200, and says, "We have possession of over 500 rebel dead, 200 wounded, and over 1000 well."

A later dispatch from General Sherman states that the enemy destroyed seven locomotives and eighty-one cars loaded with ammunition, small-arms and stores, and left fourteen pieces of artillery, most of them unspiked, and a large number of small-arms. A large number of deserters were coming into our lines.

The defeat of McCook and the capture of Stoneman completely destroyed General Sherman's cavalry force, and taking advantage of this weakness, Wheeler, Forrest, and Morgan appear to have formed a junction for the purpose of destroying the railroad between Chattanooga and Nashville. Hitherto General Sherman has found it unlikely to take care of these raiders, who will only be able to effect a temporary injury.

DEFEAT AND DEATH OF JOHN MORGAN.

General Gillem, commanding a body of Union troops in East Tennessee, has achieved another victory over John Morgan and his guerillas on the 6th inst. Morgan's force at Greenville was surprised, Morgan was killed, his staff and one piece of artillery captured, and his force dispersed, with a loss of between 10 and 12 men.

CAPTURE OF FORT MORGAN.

FORT MORGAN surrendered August 23 with a garrison of six hundred men, seventeen guns, Flags and two Colors. Sixty guns were taken, but these had been spiked by the rebels, although not rendered useless. Sewage arranged their vessels and batteries so as to invest the fort on three sides, leaving open only a railway by the entire that it was impossible for the enemy to work his guns. The bombardment commenced on the morning of the 22d and continued all day. In the evening a shell exploded in the magazine and set on fire. The next day at 2 P.M. the fort surrendered.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

On Wednesday, August 31, the Chicago Convention nominated General GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN as the Democratic candidate for President, and the Hon. George H. Pendleton for Vice-President. In the first ballot 202½ votes, Guthrie stood ahead of Pendleton on the first ballot, receiving 65 votes, and Pendleton received 54. On the second ballot all the other candidates were withdrawn, and Pendleton received 174 votes, and on the third unanimous was made unanimous. The Convention received itself into a permanent body, and General Seymour was appointed chairman of the Committee to tender the nomination to General McClellan.

THE DRAFT IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE War Department has credited New York city with 18,449 men under the call of the 18th April, 1861, to February 24, 1864. There was a surplus over the last draft of 1,127. Jersey City, together with the town of Hoboken and 1616 recruits enlisted under the last call, making 2,743. The quota assigned to the 4th is 2,134, leaving a balance in favor of the Government of 1114 men. There will therefore be no draft in this city.

CAPTURE OF THE "GEORGIA."

By a telegram dated London, August 25, we learn that the United States Steamer *Georgia* had captured the rebel privateer *Georgia* twenty miles off Lisbon. At the time of her capture she was under the British flag.

THE VERMONT ELECTION.

VERMONT, in her election on the 6th inst., carried the Union ticket by a largely-increased majority as compared with that of 1863.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

THE Spanish Government has issued more stringent regulations in regard to vessels entering within the jurisdictional waters of Cuba and Porto Rico. These vessels are now required to hoist their flags. Her Catholic Majesty's Minister to the Netherlands has left the Queen, in bringing the preceding dispositions to the knowledge of our Government, has declared that the Cabinet at Washington will find in the measures adopted a fresh proof of the sincere friendship which the Queen entertains for the American nation.

The chief topic of interest in England is the British fete. The ceremony of laying a corner-stone for a monument of Cobden, in Dublin, has excited the indignation of the Belfast Orangemen, who have broken out in the most outrageous manner against the Catholics. The riot commenced in burning O'Connell in effigy, and proceeded immediately to open violence and bloodshed, and became so powerful at length that it required a military force to put it down.

The *Evening Star* of Berlin discusses in a very elated tone the Danish-German war. It considers Germany to be between Prussia and Austria. It exclaims: "No more Olmütz, no more of Austrian influence in Germany and Austrian flags shall float side by side. The silliness of the Western Powers in trying to keep Denmark in the power and public right of Europe, has become so silent and mute that one might say that the diplomatic relations of Europe are completely routed. It is not at London or at Paris, but at Vienna and at Berlin, that the destinies of Europe are now decided."

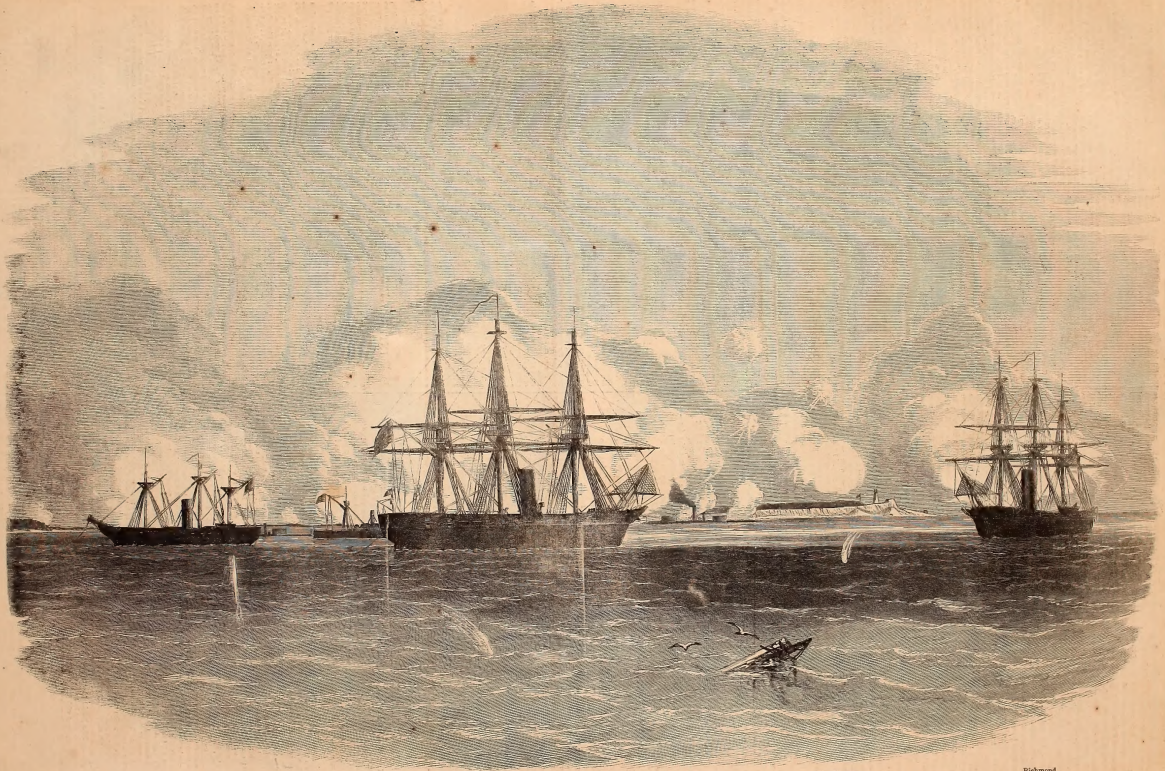
INTERESTING ITEMS.

AN instance of the danger of too hasty interments lately occurred at Vienna. The lady's niece, in the establishment of the Brothers of Charity in that capital, the bell of the dead-room of which is fitted with a chain from which the attendants proceeding to the place to ascertain the cause he was engaged in the case of the vigorous ringing. men pulling the bell-rope. He was removed immediately to the hall of the dead, and is now perfectly well.

DR. ——'s friends had long been desirous to engage him to sit to Sir Joshua Reynolds for his picture, but he could never be induced to do so, but declared that it should be done at the expense of others, and thinking the idea a joke he left it to them. The gentlemen of the party indeed to comply, chiefly to oblige those, the expense of which was to be defrayed by them. Every one, and was very anxious to be permitted to make an engraving from the picture when finished. The present picture is a bad sitter, and had not been able to satisfy himself with his likeness, and therefore declined to sit. Sometime after he vanced, Hoarse fell into a train of thought in the attitude in which he is represented in the picture, and when he awoke, without saying a word, turned the canvas upside down, and began to work at the other side, which was free of the former figure, and so proceeded to lay on over the former picture, the head of which, when next opened to the walls of the Council Chamber of the Royal College of Surgeons.

The practice of eating at night by candle-light is one of the day is generally considered a very bad one. Nevertheless it is actually necessary in the present state of society. Habit exercises the greatest influence over us. A gentleman, who has been in the practice of taking food at a certain hour of the day or evening, while in good health, feel hungry at that hour. Indeed, it sometimes happens that when accustomed to dine at a certain hour, and that has been long accustomed, and infirmity has frequently been forced to abandon the habit of taking a meal, he will, quietly dinner, which, with most people, is the chief meal of the day.

The phrenological school, Fowler's disciples, are the most precise and positive in their opinions. They hold that mind is analogous to friendship, blue to love, as suggested by blue eyes and the azure sky. A bunch of violets would, therefore, tell a lady's sweetheart that friendship is all he has a right to expect. Yellow is paternity or maternity; it is the yellow ray of the spectrum which causes the germ to shoot. Red figures ambition; indigo, the spirit of truth;



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLEET BOMBARDING FORT MORGAN, AUGUST 22, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 598.]

REAR-ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

We publish on this page a portrait of Rear-Admiral DAVID G. FARRAGUT, the victor of New Orleans and Mobile. He was born in Knoxville, Tennessee, about 1803. A sailor from his ninth year, when he became a midshipman, under Commodore PORTER, on the *Essex*, he was present at the battle of Valparaiso. At thirteen he was placed in command of a prize-vessel; and at the close of the war of 1812 he was sent to school, and thence into the navy. He then married a Southern lady, and settled in Norfolk, Virginia. When the Expedition against New Orleans was resolved upon FARRAGUT was selected as its commander. He entered the Mississippi River, passing forts Philip and Jackson March 24, 1862, and the next day took possession of New Orleans. He took an important part in the reduction of Port Hudson, and his late achievements in Mobile Bay have made him the first naval hero of the age.

REAR-ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT, U.S.N.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PETERSBURG.

THE view of PETERSBURG given below is taken from the Richmond side of the Appomattox. The railway bridge across the Appomattox is seen toward the left, and a large factory beyond. The river is navigable only below the bridge, as there are rapids above. Petersburg is contemporary with Richmond, both cities having been laid out in 1733, and having continued to be rivals in commerce, until Richmond acquired a special importance by being made the capital of the State. The population of Petersburg was about 12,000 before the war. It had six churches, several large cotton and tobacco factories, and was a place of considerable trade, exporting flour, cotton, and tobacco. As early as 1645 a fort, called Fort Henry, was erected at the falls of the Appomattox, on the point where Petersburg now stands, for the defense of the neighborhood against the Nottoways and other Indian tribes. Soon after this, PETER JONES, one of the first settlers of Virginia, established there a trade with the Indians. The place where he fixed himself was precisely where the two principal streets now meet, and was in consequence called Peter's Point, but the name was afterward changed to Petersburg. Two suburbs have since been incorporated with the city, one called Pocahontas and another Blandford, at which latter place are the ruins of an old church, and which, being on high ground toward the southern side of the town, must now be much exposed to the Federal fire.

Petersburg was occupied at one time by the British troops in the Revolutionary War. Then approached by the same route now adopted by the Federal Generals—namely, by way of James River to City Point, where an army was landed, under General PHILLIPS, in 1781, and marched into the city. While General PHILLIPS lay ill of a bilious fever at Bolingbroke House, the Americans, under General LAFAYETTE, commanded the town from Archer's Hill, so that poor General PHILLIPS—of whom JEFFERSON said, "he is the proudest man of the proudest nation upon earth"—was conveyed to the cellar for safety, where he exclaimed, "Won't they let me die in peace?" However, not the cannon-ball but the fever terminated his existence, and he was buried in Blandford churchyard. One week later Lord CORNWALLIS entered the town from Wilmington, on the south, by the same line on which the Federals are now threatening the town; and his Lordship fixed his headquarters at Bolingbroke House.

VIEW OF PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE APPOMATTOX.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MORGAN.

WE give on page 596 an illustration representing the commencement of the BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MORGAN by the army under GRANGER, and by FARRAGUT's fleet. The action commenced at daylight, August 22. The practice was excellent, almost every shell bursting in the fort. The *Richmond*, *Brooklyn*, *Lackawanna*, *Octorara*, and Monitors commenced the bombardment on the part of the navy, shortly after the three batteries opened. All the vessels except the *Octorara* and the Monitors lay off and used only their Parrott rifles. The action continued all day on the 22d. A conflagration raged in the fort all night, and at 2 P.M. on the 23d the fort surrendered. Next to Fortress Monroe Fort Morgan was considered the strongest work on the Southern coast.

GEN. GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN.

GEORGE BENTON M'CLELLAN, the Democratic candidate for President, whose portrait we give on pages 600 and 601, was born in Philadelphia December 3, 1826, and is now thirty-eight years of age. His father was an eminent physician and surgeon, and was professor in a medical institute of that city. Hardly had the infant been born before the distinguished surgeon announced the event to his pupils. Scales, it is said, were brought from the neighboring grocer to weigh the child. All the weights were placed in one dish and the baby in the other, but the child moved not. The doctor threw in his watch, keys, lancets, etc.; but GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN still overweighed them all. Heavier weights were added, but the string broke, leaving the opposite balance still unmoved.

At the age of fifteen he entered the University of Pennsylvania. Three years later he entered the Military Academy at West Point. From this institution he graduated with high honors in the summer of 1846; was assigned to duty with a company of engineers, and before the close of the year was ordered into actual service on the line of the Rio Grande. We were then at war with Mexico, and the battle of Monterey had just been fought when Lieutenant M'CLELLAN reached his post. In January, 1847, he was ordered to Tampico to help in the organization of SCOTT's army. On the staff of Joseph M'CLELLAN and BEAUREGARD, HEINTZELMAN and MAGRUDER, KEARNEY and PILLOW, SEDGWICK and RENO, REYNOLDS and LEROY JOHNSTON and JOSEPH HOOKER, GRANT and LEE fought side by side and for a common cause. Now these couples stand separated, meeting in the stern and bitter antagonism of civil war.

At the battle of Contreras M'CLELLAN was bevetted First Lieutenant of Engineers for gallant and meritorious conduct; for similar conduct at Molino del Rey he was offered the brevet of Captain, but declined it, and declared that it was not due to him; but he earned the distinction in the storming of Chapultepec.

In June, 1848, Captain M'CLELLAN was ordered to West Point, where he remained three years in command of a company of sappers and miners; then he was removed to Fort Delaware to superintend the construction of the works, and the next year he joined the expedition which was then organizing to explore the territory of the Red River under the command of Colonel MARCY, whose daughter M'CLELLAN afterward married. Promoted to a First Lieutenancy in the First Cavalry in 1855, M'CLELLAN, together with Major DELAFIELD and Major MONTHEAL, attended a committee appointed by JEFFERSON DAVIS, then Secretary of War, to proceed to Europe for the purpose of studying the war of the Crimea. In 1857, at the request of the Emperor, he published a report of the armies of Europe, and then resigned his commission in the army.

Having successively occupied the situations of Engineer and Vice-President of the Illinois Central Railroad, he was, in 1862, elected President of the Eastern division of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, when he removed to Cincinnati. Shortly afterward civil war broke out, and GEORGE DENNISON, of Ohio, appointed M'CLELLAN a Major General of Volunteers to command the contingent of that State, consisting of thirteen regiments.

M'CLELLAN's subsequent military history is familiar to the country. His rapid and successful campaign in Western Virginia; his labors after the dispiriting reverse at Bull Run in the organization and discipline of a great and efficient army; his appointment to the chief command in November, 1861; his disastrous Peninsular campaign—which has elicited more discussion, political and military, than any other topic of the war; his high position from command, his restoration to the command after Pope's defeat, and his important victories at South Mountain and Antietam, where in six weeks afterward, his second deposition;—these successive events form General M'CLELLAN's military career, though many of them emphasized in a great deal of mystery, are before the people.

General M'CLELLAN's next appearance is as the candidate of the Democratic party for the Presidency. The platform of the party which nominated him is said to embody a peace-and-compromise platform. It declares explicitly in favor of an immediate armistice, which will restore to the rebels all which they have lost, and which will leave the question of States which it advocates results in Union or not it still declares for peace. It says distinctly: "The experiment of restoring the Union by war has proved a failure." M'CLELLAN's exposition of his own views in his West Point speech is just as explicit in the opposite direction. He says:

"To efface the insult offered to our flag, to secure ourselves from the fate of the divided Republics of Italy and South America, to preserve our Government from destruction, to enforce its just power and laws, to maintain our very existence as a nation, these were the causes which impelled us to draw the sword. Rebellion against a Government like ours, which contains the means of self-adjustment and of gentle remedy for evils, should never be confounded with a revolution against despotic power which refuses redress of wrongs. Such a rebellion can only be justified upon ethical grounds, and the only alternatives for our choice are its suppression or the destruction of our nationality. At such a time as this, and in such a struggle, political partisanship should be merged in a true and severe patriotism, which thinks only of the good of the whole country. It was in this cause and with these motives that so many of our comrades have given their lives, and to this we are all personally pledged in all honor and loyalty. Shall such devotion as that of the soldier dead be of no avail? Shall it be said in after-ages that we locked on the vigor of our youth and the flower of our age? Shall all these noble lives freely given we hesitated and failed to keep steadily in our sight the end for which they fell, to bleed, and give or lose, true hearts than this?"

Holding these views, it is not surprising that GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN has it in his power to-day, by a bold and Jacksonian announcement of them, and by a complete repudiation of the Chicago platform, to wield a larger influence in favor of the Union and of a lasting peace than is in the power of any other single man. But this position would, without much doubt, insure his succession to the Presidency is a minor matter; but it is of infinite consequence that the country should know that whether GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN or ABRAHAM LINCOLN be President of the United States there shall be no concessions made to armed rebellion, and there shall have laid down their arms and sued for peace.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

We give on pages 604 and 605 sketches illustrating General GRANT's campaign. The view of CAMPS BEYOND CHANCELLORSVILLE is located just above Dutch Gap at the bend of the river. This bend is commanded by the rebel batteries at the Howlett House, and it is to avoid these that FARRAGUT has been cutting a canal across FARRAR's island, around which the river bends. Admiral LEE has sunk obstructions at this point to prevent the approach of the rebel fleet down the river.

On the same page we give a sketch of GENERAL WARREN'S HEADQUARTERS at the Weldon Railroad, on the WELDON RAILROAD, August 27. The Fourth Wards made the attack on the Fifth Corps. Another sketch on page 605 gives a view of FORT HELL, on WARREN's old line before he transferred his corps to the Weldon Road line.

PICTURES.

I.

A silver thread among the hills,
Gleaming down the hollows;
A babbling brook among the fills,
In sunny recesses it rises:
A broad stream flowing through the plain,
In the land of the fruitful West:
A river rolling to the main,
Bearing navies on its breast:
And the great broad sea with its thousand shores.

II.

An infant, with a tinkling toy,
In its mother's bosom fondled:
A chubby, bright-eyed, radiant boy,
On his father's knee dandled:
A youth in learning's eager chase,
While Truth's broad scroll's unfurl'd:
A man with anxious, careful face,
Bent 'neath the load of the world:
And Death's great sea with its silent shores.

BEN'S BEAVER.

A FRONTIER settler in the woods of Canada has need for a team of oxen, and he has none, poor lad. We had been five years on our Canadian farm, and we had "a frame house" as fairly fitted for two families as two flies. Four rooms above for each other, a two dwellings joining in a semi-detached villa. My eldest brother had the wife of his choice and two fine boys. We had three boys in corn, grass, fruit, and kitchen garden. This conquest of the woods made the two brothers next to the eldest very independent. They were both a wealthy couple. I remember when Walter, the eldest, now eighteen, said to my father, "Give John and me ten shillings each to buy oxen, and we will work a team for each of you. We will give you a receipt in full for our inheritance."

And we may well do so, if you have your health and can fetch your food from home for a while," said my mother.

The next week, that the two boys started, each with an axe and a knapsack, for a place called Hungry Hollow, which was fifteen miles further east of our home. The tract of land, comprising a fine waterfall, had been bought by a man named Burgess, and he intended to build a flour-mill on his own name; but he lisped and called himself Thuggs, and other folks called him what he called himself, and because he had a great many acres of a very lovely valley which is now a beautiful and prosperous village, long ago emancipated from forest trees, bears, bearers, blackened stumps, and its bad name.

On the mill-stream, where now stand the mills of my city victorious, Thuggs had built a sawpit and a box-trap. He was a baby beaver, or he might have known better than to intrude into the small room that became his prison when the door was open. The colony of beavers that had built near where the saw-mill now stands had been fastened out of their house, and all shot, by my brother, while they were trying to get in at their own doors. They were not worth the skins, for the rats would then brought a very high price. Not one was left alive except baby Brownie, who was given to Ben by reason of his youth and his tameness. He had went over to see the beavers' house, built of small trees, or saplings, which they cut down with their chisel-like front teeth, and floated into position in the water. The dam, as well formed as if man had built it, the warm dry rooms of the dwelling with their soft lining, the treasures of bark and hallowed roots for food in winter, all were wonderful to me. The boys had watched them at work for some days in the early summer mornings. Having shot them, they had seen them cut down saplings to repair damage purposely done to their dam. They had floated these to the place where they were wanted, and then, lifting the stick upon the fore-leg, as a man carries a burden on his arm, they had put it in its place, very much after the manner of a monkey. Many have said that the beaver carries burdens on his tail, and that he uses it as a trowel. My brothers were not able to verify these assertions. They were of opinion that though the tail may be used sometimes to beat the animal, like a fifth leg, or to hammer their work into place, yet that it is not used as a trowel or a raft. Perhaps the time they followed them was not long enough to see them.

I took notes of Brownie for a long time, and he soon grew to be a big beaver and very tame. He was one of the most powerful and affectionate pets in the world, and, though he ate bark and bulbous roots readily, his favorite food was bread and milk; if it was warm-milk it was a special and delightful treat.

One of our neighbors was remarkably fortunate in finding horses that had gone astray. On being asked for the secret of his sagacity and luck, he said: "I always leave myself a horse, and think of what I would want if I was one, and where I would go to get it." If I could fancy myself a beaver, I might hope to explain the habits and the doings of Benjy. He loved my brother so dearly, that Alice (my brother's wife) was almost jealous of him. It was impossible for them to separate or hide from him. On one occasion Ben left home to go to Plattsburg and Whitehall, on Lake Champlain. This lake is nearly one hundred miles long, and has many charming boat landings on both sides; being at its widest not above six miles across. The beaver was left at home, but when Ben got up to his room at the St. Alban's Hotel, he was met by Brownie, who showed no signs of fatigue, and indulged in the most extravagant expressions of joy. Ben rewarded his attention with a dish of bread and milk, of which he ate about one half, and then laid himself to sleep on his master's feet, and changed to his master's feet when my brother was in bed. In the morning Ben missed him, and the remaining portion of the bread and milk. "Brownie has gone home," said Ben to himself. That night he staid at Plattsburg, on the other side of the lake, and he retired to his room, after taking supper in the ordinary dining-room, there he found Brownie on his valise again. Again there was a hearty meeting, and an eager consumption of bread and milk and sweet-apples. This time there was none left for breakfast. Still Brownie disappeared early, and set out by Ben resolved that ball was he again visible. It is to be noted that in all the distance traveled by this beaver, from our home, three miles from Brooks and a small creek took him to St. Alban's, and after that he had the lake. The beaver is a poor traveler on land, and does better in the water by day. Much of the work of beaver colonies is done in the night. But Brownie followed his master by day, and made the same speed as the best walker, and always knew where land. The animal has powerful means of water locomotion in the hind feet; his tail he uses as a rudder.

Who or what told Brownie that Ben was to land at Whitehall I can not know, but there he was, ready to pay his respects to his master's pocket for the sake of a sweet-apple.

My sister Alice, some years after, when she married Ben to reform him of his passion for four-footed pets by furnishing substitutes; but he went on the principle of "the more the merrier," and kept dogs, cats, only he read babies and bevers instead of celestial beings. I remember Mrs. Ben's rueful expression of face as she saw the first baby. "Oh dear! Brownie is a nuisance. He has built a dam in the parlor, of the fire-irons and fender and a music-stool. He has made a beaver-house of them at the back of it with two ottomans, and lined them with the leaves of my last music-book. And then he spoke to me, dried to knock-apple, and I had to get up for his master's possession. But he is welcome to them now, for who would eat them after he has messed them over! Indeed, Ben, he is a nuisance."

"We are all nuisances sometimes," said Ben, "beavers, babies, and grown men and women."

"Ah! but Brownie can't speak for herself and Brownie, and not for me and the babies, Ben," said Alice, laughing.

"Look at him!" said my brother, as Brownie combed himself with the claws of his hind foot, chasing his tail and scratching as a cat or a dog. We all did look at him, and we all forgave his mischief, and admired his neatness, sagacity, and affection. All the world loves the pets and favorites when they serve or amuse sufficiently to pay their way.

The end of poor Brownie was tragic, and no settler in Canada has been more sincerely mourned. To this day a tender sadness fills my heart when I think of him. He was killed by a hunter for a wild beaver, when the hunter was on an excursion with my brother in the backwoods. He was shot, brought home to us, and had it stuffed, and to this day it is kept as a parlor ornament in my brother's Canadian house.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YANKEE has invented a new and cheap plan for lodging. One of his lodgers remonstrated, but when such a hearty meal—the mesmerized being satisfied from sympathy.

An old gentleman who has paid some attention to small matters, says he always watches with much interest the manner in which a young man ties his cravat to see if he is falling and drawing rooms of the hotels at the sun-side at this season of the year. "If you see a lady arise enter and depart a little in advance of their husbands, be sure that you will see a gentleman offer attention'ons. If, on the contrary, the husbands take the lead, you may rest assured they take the lead in every thing else."

A young minister, in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times, "The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a good woman came to see him, with something in her apron. She said to the minister, "Sir, I have brought you a present of a fine one; and as he said 'the common tares did not agree with him,' he had sent him some of the very best kidneys."

Hope is the dream of those who are awake.

The Dayton *Journal* states that Fernando Wood in a fine fenzy, during his speech made recently in that city, said that if by offering up his own life he could stop the bloodshed that is now afflicting the country, he would cheerfully do so. An appreciative Irishman in the crowd earnestly responded—"It wod be mighty cheap."

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning. After telling of his companions were lost by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone saved, "And how did you escape from dat?" asked one of his hearers. "I did not go in the pote," was the Dutchman's pald reply.

A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his cowardliness. "I owe you nothing," said the nullified young man. "So far from having nothing," replied the other, "you owe me all you had never been born. I should at this moment be the author of your existence."

"How far is it to Taunton?" asked a countryman, who was walking exactly the wrong way to reach that town. "Your twenty-four miles, honored sir," said the lad he asked, "if you go the way you are going now; about a mile if you turn round."

"I was never on intimate terms with the princess," said a burglar who was used as Queen's evidence against Fagin. "But you were sometimes," replied the judge, "when he was robbing a house to drink a gentleman's champagne and go to bed with his sister, without having a card of thanks on the dining-room table. He brought distinction on the profession."

When is the mother of a large family like a ship at sea?—When she's upset by a squall.

Why is there no occasion for a finis-player to go to Germany?—Because he can stay at home and breathe a German air.

The clergyman who "came to a head" in his discourses was much disappointed to find no brains in it.

"I can't say I admire your style of acting," said a landlady to a strolling player when she caught him stealing the spoons.

Boys can head often play the game of pitch and toss. "Even at six, my children."

NATIONAL CONSUMERS.—To keep a *Spectator's Lyre* fresh properly is considered to be the Art of *Ledger-de-Main*.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said John, with a sigh, As he met a neighbor of a temperance bent.
"Quite out, Sir, indeed," said her maid in reply,
"For she drank every drop of it last night."

An Irish gentleman, parting with a lazy servant-woman, was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was hard to handle? "Handle, is it?" said she, "I'd as soon be, sir, not at all; she'll frequently be knocked down sided by the very side of it."

"Sir," said a barber to an attorney who was pending his head, "you have not an ill thing in the discovery region." The lawyer, pronouncing the place good, dispensed with the operation, and told the man to send word he had to pay office I'll return the three and fourpence."

A merchant his labor will often discard,
If he finds a fault in his clerk;
But a clerk—and its case is uncommonly hard—
Will continue to work though it finds a fault in his master.

A certain young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country sportsmen, of a considerable degree of eccentricity, to go out shooting, and in a tone of voice sufficient to catch the attention of the whole company. "Sir," replied he laggard that he declined to such extreme old age?" To which question the clergyman replied, "Perhaps they would do pigeon."

Franklin was once asked, "What is the use of your discovery of atmospheric electricity?" The philosopher answered the question by asnking, "What is the use of a new-born infant?"

A painter who was well acquainted with the dire effects of a bad lot had written him some money, he called a lawsuit, and another who had lost one. He painted the former with a dirt, and the latter with a shirt.

Coleman, the dramatist, was asked if he knew Theodore Hook. "No," replied the wit; "*Hook* and *Eye* are old associates."

A gentleman asked a friend, in a very knowing manner, "Pray, did you ever see a cat-fish?" "No," was the response, "but I've seen a rope-walk."

"Well, neighbor, what's the news this morning?" said a neighbor to a friend. "Why, there just bought a stock of flour for a poor woman." "Just like you! Whom have you made so happy by your charity this time?" "My wife."

"What's in your mind let no one know,
Nor to a friend reveal it;
For when your friend becomes your foe,
He'll use it well to steal it."

"The British Empire, Sir," exclaimed an orator, "it cuts on which the sun never sets." "And one," replied a listener, "on which it never rises, just laughs a stock of flour for a poor woman." "Just like you! Whom have you made so happy by your charity this time?" "My wife."

Some persons can neither stir hand nor foot without making it clear they are thinking of themselves, and laying little things by for exhibition.

A scholar having fallen into the hands of robbers was fastened to a tree, and left so nearly a whole day, till one passing by inquired, "Sir, why are you there?" "I suppose I must be false, which saith that the *tide* certainly for no man."

A lady, whose fondness for generous living had given her a flushed face and ruddened nose, consulted Dr. Sangrado. "Madam," replied the doctor, after she exclaimed, "Where, in the name of wonder, Doctor, did I get that red nose?" "Out of the decanter, madam," replied the Doctor.

A traveler, when asked whether in his youth he had gone through college, was in the habit of saying that it was a small village between Wigan and Preston.

A gentleman at a musical party asked a friend, in a whisper, "Is that performer playing the violin or scraping the music." "*Between the bars*," replied the friend.

A traveler relating his adventures, told the company that the natives of a certain island in the South Seas had a singular way of saluting each other. "Instead of shaking hands, as we do, they rub noses." "Ah, indeed!" said he, "I've run, and they *run after* us."

MRS. Bray relates the following of a Devonshire physician, who, having been called to see a patient in a fever of whist: One evening, in the midst of a deal, the doctor fell fast asleep in his chair, overpowered with the company. Was he alive or dead? At length he showed signs of life, and, rehearing the last feed him which had possessed him at the moment he fell into the fit, he exclaimed, "*What is trumps?*"

MR. Smith passed a pork shop the other day.—Mr. Smith whistled. The moment he did this every sausage in a string fell flat. As a note to this we would remark that the day before he lost a Newfoundland dog that weighed sixty-eight pounds.

An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him *standing behind a tree*.

MAP SHOWING THE ENTIRE FIELD OF OPERATIONS UNDER GRANT, SHERMAN, AND FARRAGUT.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

SEASONABLE WORDS.

"And a word spoken in season, how good it is."

A gentle to a little child
In kindly accents given,
Lest we with angry words should blight
The lily buds of heaven.

A loving to the bright-haired boy,
Upon whose sunny face
A brave and noble beauty sets,
Its purest seal of grace.

A tender to the blue-eyed bride,
Who from the mother nest
Flies to the wooing land of a love,
Warm fluttering at her breast.

A portion to the wayward youth,
The lark by tempests tossed
Oft comes to harbor, while the ship
Lens tempest-tried be lost!

A cheery for the white-haired man,
The frost upon his brow
May hide as warm a heart as thine,
Though winter crowns it now.

A timely to the wearied soul,
Beneath life's noonday sun;
That fainting sinks upon its way,
Ere yet the goal be won.

Good words, three words, good *deeds*, kind *deeds*;
Oh! 'tis a glorious part
To shed upon our fellow-man
The sunshine of the heart.

Then, though the chain that binds us here
By Death's wide be riven,
Its golden links shall join again
God—benitfied in heaven!

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA

CHAPTER XLVI.
LILY'S NEW LIFE.

A BREATH of her old life had blown on the faded cheek of the horse-riding countess. The boon companions of by-gone times, the opportunity for looking lazy-tongs, and laughing dissolvent, had returned once more. She painted and decked herself with a will; for she knew how select were her audiences, and how easy was of their plaudits. To think that she—who had been the leader of that kind of fashion which fashionable writers are ashamed to own, and to follow, and bow down before with servile reverence—should have been but an hour ago doomed to caper on a wooden horse for the amusement of an amphitheatre full of plebeians, admitted for sixpence in addition to the ordinary price of entrance to the Cirque! To think that on a very long since her worldly estate should have been even more debased, and that, raddled and tattooed, and with feathers on her head, she should have been shown, as a mock savage, for a few hards, on the boards of a French booth!

So the evening is gone to her support, and the horses are safe in their stables. The last Roman candle has smouldered out, and very ghastly and gallow-like in the moonlight looks the iron frame-work of the fire-works. A faint odor of burning yet lingers about them, and the night breeze stirs shreds of cartridge-paper, half consumed to cinder, which have fallen in the thickets of Ranelagh. You might fancy that there was some huge Place de Grève, where criminals had been broken on the Catherine-wheel, or hanged upon gibbets, and their bodies afterward given up to the flames. But it was only the corpse of Pleasure that had thus been burned to ashes.

The countess came to her temper, the perishows and fiddling-tents are shut up, and Ranelagh is left to darkness, to the night watchman; and to Lily Flora.

Lily did not live in the gardens, but she and her—well, her guardian, her protectress, her mistress, for they were generally the last to leave the place. The countess was generally so much exhausted by her exertions in the high school of horsemanship as to require a long period of rest in her dressing-room before she went home. Sometimes restoratives stronger than eau-de-Cologne had to be administered before she felt strong enough to retire to her domicile. The countess was—and to say so truly—not under her use of stimulants. As she had attained middle age, as her husband was dead, and she had no particular character to speak of, it may not be indiscreet to avow, once for all, that she was in the habit of taking a great deal too much brandy-and-water. She said it did her good. The doctor said it did her harm; but, at any rate, she took it.—Could. It did not improve her temper. Her fun waggish at the best of times, it now bordered very closely on the fiendish. Her powers of tongue were by no means diminished; yet she seemed to distrust them, and her abusive eloquence was by no means rarely backed up by blows. She was frequently provoked into striking those who offended her; and who could avoid giving offense to that terrible countess? I have heard that the children of the man who makes birch-brooms have usually a bad time of it; and there is considerable risk in residing with a lady of violent temper addicted to drinking, of equestrian pursuits, and part of whose necessary equipment is a riding-whip.

Lily often thought of that dreadful night in Paris, when the Italian met her in the Elysian Fields. Was its judgment on her for running away, she wondered, that her imaginary evasion had been followed by so dire a bondage? Perhaps. Her terror had been so excessive, her despair so great, that it was only in a dim and fragmentary manner that she could recall the incidents of her capture. She had fainted somewhere, that she knew. On returning to consciousness she had found herself in a filthy little room, stretched on a wretched mattress laid upon the floor. The Italian was crouched on a stool by the fire-place, smoking, and a toothless ragged old woman was gathering over some evil-smelling mess in a pipkin on the hearth. The room was seemingly Signor Ventimillon's studio; for, about, were a number of unfinished wax torses, some with wigs and some without, some horrid in hirsute adornments in the way of whiskers and mustachios, and some bare and grinning like corpses. Arms, legs, hands, and feet, appertaining to celebrated characters in ancient and modern history, littered a row of shelves and a rough deal table, together with certain pots full of color, and bits of lace and tinsel. A faint odor of garlic, even more than of cooking than that of the stew in the old woman's pipkin, pervaded the hovel.

There came from an inner room a woman with her hair hanging over her shoulders, a half-washed face—for fantastic streaks of paint were still visible on her cheeks and forehead—and an old petticoat and shawl hastily thrown over a theatrical tinsel and flounced dress. Tarnished sandals were plainly visible beneath her dress. She held in one hand a flaring tallow-candle, and in the other a glass of cognac liquor.

She knelt down by the side of the still half-fainting girl, and held the glass to her lips.

"Drink!" she said, in English; "you want it this instant. It will do you good. Drink! or I'll strangle you."

Lily could not but obey. The strangely-accoutred woman looked so fierce and spoke so sternly. She swallowed a mouthful of the liquid, which was nauseous to the taste, and scorching to her throat, and was, indeed, brandy mingled with water. After a short time she felt better, though dizzy.

"And so I have found you at last, little runaway," the woman went on. "I could have sworn it was you in the booth. Your dark hypocritical little eyes of yours at once. Ah! I have had a fine chase after you, cunning little fox as you are. Where have you been all these years, you crocodile? Come, confess. Let me know all about it. Speak, or I beat you."

Nervous and shattered as she was, Lily could at first give scarcely a coherent reply to the question with which the woman appeared to have overwhelmed her. Though she had a vague and alarmed dread of whom she might be, she was not prepared for the fact of Mrs. Bunny's identity. rogate her. In fact, she could only tremble and palpitate like a little bird fresh caught in the hand of a strong man.

The woman made her drink more of the liquid. Lily pleaded that it nearly choked her, and turned her head away from the glass. Whereupon, though it seemed to set her brain on fire, she really felt stronger for it, and, after a time, could speak. The woman was, in fact, somewhat soothed by asking her if she remembered Miss Bunny-castle's school at Stockwell, the dinner at Greenwich, the steamer, and the journey to Paris, the Pension Marcassin. Yes: Lily remembered all these. What next? the woman asked, threatningly. Well, she had been living at the residence with Madame de Kergolay: all save her love for Edgar Greyfaunt.

Why had the husband of the lady who had been so kind to her? Lily experienced much difficulty in explaining that part of the matter. How could she tell this woman bits of glass lacked the hard and bitter truth. The woman would not believe that she had found herself in the Champs Elysees by accident. She had run away, she said: of that she was certain. Lily, blushing and addressing herself entirely to Mrs. Bunny herself. Why had she fled? The woman asked her again and again, in tones which each time became more menacing, with her clenched right hand at last, and might have brought it down heavily (for she had been partaking freely of the stimulant which she had found herself in the hands of the Italian, and found benefit in it), but the Italian muttered something from his stool, and she desisted. The girl sought to pacify her. She tried to explain to her protectress that she had been ungrateful to her benefactress, that she had lost her affection, and that she saw nothing before her but sudden flight.

"Ungrateful! I can well believe that. To whom had thou not been ungrateful, little spawn of evil? Ungrateful to me! Ungrateful to the same story—ingratitude, ingratitude!"

Anyway she, the Wild Woman, had done a great deal at one time to earn a return of gratitude!

"Then is some man at the bottom of this," she said at last, rising as if wearied with further cross-questioning. "Thou art just the age to make a fool of thyself for the sake of some pair of blonde whiskers. Never mind, little one; we will wait. Sooner or later, by fair means or by foul, we will have the secret out of thee."

She let her be at last, and the girl sank into a long deep slumber. Waking toward morning, she found that the sorry Signor, half tipsy, and that she might never wake again, once more sank into sleep. Excitement, fatigue, and the liquor they had made her swallow had been more than opatos to her.

She was kept close prisoner in the hovel the whole of that day and the whole of the next. The fetes still continued, and her tyrant was called upon to enact, during at least sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, the part she was so admirably qualified to fill: that of the Wild Woman. Lily used to look upon it in the morning with a curiosity that was mingled with terror as she arrayed herself for the monstrosity of the day. It was as a mummer's dress. How soiled and faded the fleshings were! How frayed at the wrists and armpits! How they bulged into ugly creases at the knees and elbows! How splay-footed the sandals looked, how coarse and garish the embroidery! She had no time to pink her fleshings, but rubbed powdered vermilion into the parts that were discolored, just as she rubbed it into her face. There were patches of the latter, however, that required orpiment, and cerose, and bismuth, and ochre, and chrome yellow to be laid on in gorgeous streaks, and half-moons, and dabs. Was she not a Wild Woman of the Prairies? Before she daubed on her war-paint she would anoint her face and hands with a tallow-candle.

"No cold cream for me now, little angel," she would say, with a horrible leer, to the wondering girl. "Watch well what I am doing. It will soon be thy turn to paint and dress, and woe betide thee if thou makest blunders. Observe, the candle first; the tallow, c'est du suif, de chez l'epicier, tout de bon. And I, who have covered myself with pearl powder—la vraie perles d'Orient—who have basked in eau-de-Cologne and milk of almonds, and who have found, when I have done dressing, the bouquet left for me at the door of my loge by the duke or the ambassador's envoy, the bouquet with a diamond ring in a bodice. 'Ore non! c'est a crever de rage!"

Then she would drink a little brandy, and a little more, and more, and console herself, and begin to sing.

When she was fully accounted in all her paint, and all her feathers, and spangles, and tawdry, twopenny splendors, she would, after surveying herself in a broken bit of looking-glass, come forward to Lily and pose and grimace before her with the great wooden club and foil paperscovered knitchet that went to make up her paraphernalia.

"Am I handsome, à cette heure? Am I graceful? Am I majestic? Am I La Belle Zigueza, who has turned so many hearts?" she would cry, ironically.

Lily did not know what answer to return.

"You say nothing. You despise your maman protectress. Ah! you disdain me, do you, Mademoiselle la Comtesse Barone—Princess de Kergolay—Mademoiselle la Marquise de Carabas—Quatre sous? We will soon take your pride down. Quick, trolley. Down—je-me-oui is gentille. Give me some brandy, do you hear?"

Lily poured out for her into a glass that was without a foot some of the poison the woman liked so well.

"Ah! that is good," she would say, drawing a long breath. "Ca tue à la longue, mais ca donne de courage—de courage!" And then she would throw back her long hair, now coarse and ropy from inculture, and flecked with gray. "A bientôt, my pretty one. Vive la joie! Vive la rug-rug! Dire que j'ai été une mîadi—la femme d'un gentilhomme. C'etait de la crane bete de jeune homme. Coquin que je suis! Apour mari. Yes, he was a scoundrel, but he was a gentleman, and I was his wife. I used to ride in a carriage and go to the opera with ostrich feathers in my head. I used to wear diamonds. Look at my hands now, you wolf cub!"

Rude work had spread the muscles, swollen the knuckles, roughened the skin, and covered the backs with hard knots like unto the roots of trees. They had once been handsome hands; but they were discolored now, and chapped and washed by cosmetics, under mockery of her former state, she still had her fingers covered with rings; but they were paltry baubles, not worth the coin some of the bits of glass backed with tinsel and set in hoops of brass, which left green stains upon her flesh.

She would sit there at night, tired, dusty, perspiring, the ruddle on her face muddled into one cloudy morass, and more than half intoxicated. The Italian's favorite mark would come with her, and he who wore the suit of armor. There was another knight, too, a bilateral knight, backed fellow with a heavy fringe of black whiskers beneath his chin, and a huge fur cap and velvet pelisse trimmed with white mice, marmots, hurdy-gurdies, and Savoyard boys. He went by the name of "Lorgano di Barbaria," and was other. Lily was one of his dancing children the second day, a wobegone little object from Chamberg, aged about eleven, very wasted and small, and with a consumptive cough, and crouched down in a corner, cuddling a diminutive monkey, who was, as to his upper parts, clothed in the same way as the master, in a scarlet regime, and, as to his lower, after that of the Sultana Scheherazade, as seen in illustrations of the Arabian Nights. And of the same family the wobegone little boy from Chambery seemed passionately fond.

While the girl and the Wild Woman were wrangling over their brandy and tobacco and dominoes Lily ventured to approach the little monkey with a crust in his hand a piece of bread, the remnant of her coarse repast.

The Wild Woman saw the action. "Young robber," she cried out. "Attends, je vais te donner une tripée. Ah! I have the double six." But the monkey took no notice of Lily's patronage of the Savoyard.

The girl was very glad. She made the boy feel, and was glad to see that he first of all took care of the monkey, whom he addressed as Cupidon, and whose white teeth were soon chattering over a piece of crust. Lily, growing bolder, stroked the long lean paw of the ape, and even mustered up enough courage to scratch his bullet head. He resented this liberty somewhat, and might have bitten the girl, but for a warning cuz at his chain on the part of his master. Then he continued his domestic life, and the life of the Savoyard's friendly but uncleanly shirt, there to dwell in passive dreams, perhaps, of its primitive fleas, and the happy days when he hung on to the limbs of trees by his prehensile tail, watching his great uncle as he had cocoa-nuts at the head of the intrusive traveler. Still absorbed as he was in the pleasures of warmth and rest from labor, Lily could see his little bright eyes twinklingly watching her from under the waistcoat of the Alpine boy.

"Where do you dance?" asked the Savoyard.

"Dance?" quoth Lily, opening her eyes.

"Harve I see you with a tambourine and red shoes, doing the Inforcati?"

Lily told him, gently, that it must be some other girl.

"How much did your padrona give for you? My padrone said six hundred francs for Victore Emmanuele [the names of all Savoyards are either Victor Emanuel, Charles Albert, or Charles John]. My father bought two cows and six goats with my price, and will of Cogne himself, the blood-sucker, who had lent him money to raise his crop. Does your padrona beat you? My master used me up with a chain. Lucky the boy from Genoa, who died, tried to poison Gorgano' in his petit verre. When they washed him for burial his body was all blue."

They were a curious trio—the girl, the Savoyard, and the ape.

On the morning of the third day the Wild Woman came to Lily's bedside, and said, "Marsh!" The girl had nothing to pack up, and still wore the modest little bonnet and shawl she had had on when she ran away from Madame de Kergolay. The Wild Woman had discovered her locket, and, not without tears and entreaties on Lily's part, had wrenched it away from her, and had nothing now that belonged to her in the world, and was Quite Alone.

The Wild Woman's traveling dress was a faded tarlatan gown, and a more faded scarlet shawl, with a bonnet inconceivably battered. She did not fail to remark, however, as she bade Lily array herself, that she had been for the habit of wearing velvets and cashmeres, and a bird of paradise plumes in her bonnet. And then she waved, and took in little marriage.

The Italian wax-work man, who was either the Wild Woman's husband, or some relative, must, had he known it, have been a fool to be of the party. He was not so very ill-conditioned a fellow, and was passing kind to Lily, never failing to compliment, and, if not to caress, to interfere if the woman offered to strike her. The Wild Woman's temper, especially toward evening, when she had partaken more generously of cognac, was very uncertain; and there was no knowing when the blows might begin to fall.

They went by means of a steamer down with the wax-work and the scenery and appointments of the Wild Woman (for the latter was a joint concern, and Ventimillon appeared to be proprietor of them both), to a place called Pontoise, France by distance, and famous as near as for Dijon. They halted by night at mean inns, where sometimes they obtained a couple of beds—sometimes a mattress and sometimes not. And the countess—that is to say, the Wild Woman—camped out in a barn. The toothless old woman had been left in charge of the booth as the quey in Paris, but Lily had always, however small and miserable it might be, a room to herself. The Wild Woman never failed, likewise, in the precaution of taking away Lily's clothes, and the candle, and locking the door after her, when she retired for the night.

The girl fell into a state of semi-lassitude and apathy. She did not seem to care much what became of her. She had lost her locket. Her horizon was bounded on all sides by the Wild Woman and the Italian, and beyond them she could discern nothing. She was not especially desirous to die; but she was not particularly anxious about living. She was not even acutely unhappy. She was quite subservient and resigned: only numbed, and chilled, and torpid.

There were fairs on the road; and at some of these the Wild Woman gave her performance, and Signor Ventimillon exhibited his wax-work. On these occasions Lily was always carefully locked in her room, and got neither dinner nor supper. But when she returned at night, the woman not very sober, now grumbling, now chuckling over the receipts of the day and evening.

It was at a place called St. Esprit, and when Lily had been locked up many hours on a hot August afternoon and night, that Lily—just that kind of loneliness when you begin to hear strange noises that have no foundation save in your imagination—heard a big cough over the wax-work, and, though terrified at the miserable auberge the party had put up at, came into the room. "I have got something for you," she said, triumphantly.

The country girl had two red elbows and a face like a mountain, little pig's eyes, and matted hair whose roots were within an inch and a half of her eyebrows. She brought with her a bottle of wine, and, seemingly, was not unaccustomed to the use of garlic as a condiment with her meals.

"I have key, little one," she continued, "and something else, too. Attapez." And from beneath her apron she drew forth a mighty slice of bread covered with blackberry jam.

Lily was really hungry, and only too glad to eat the bread and jam. She had scarcely declivered it, when the girl whose face was like a tomato said—

"Why don't you run away? I would, if I were you. I know those wretches treat you cruelly. I have heard them abusing you at night, after I have gone to bed. Cruel, impetite. I have got fifteen francs saved up to buy me a garden cress. Put my hirvoire will give me another. I am sure if he is obliged to sell himself as a substitute in the conscription so do so. Take my fifteen francs, and run away from these bad people."

But rather was Lily to run now?

Lily heard the good-natured country girl out, and thanked her for her bread and jam, but she bade her take back the key, lest she should get herself into trouble, and told her that she had no thoughts of running away. No one meant to treat her unkindly, she said, and, if she was unhappy, it was her own fault. She was, in truth, too weary to fly. She did not care much what became of her. The first hour of captivity was very awful; you rage and scream, and feel as though you could hang yourself to your dungeon bars, or dash your brains out against the walls; but days, weeks, months, years pass, and at last you hear your durance with a dull apathy that is well-nigh utter indifference. It does not so much matter. A year the more or a year the less does not count. At last, when Lily knew the cell door is opened, and you are told that you are free, you are in no very great hurry to move. Her nurse had mentioned here to stay; she should you not stay here a little longer? Prisoners have been known to memorialize their jailer to be allowed to stop, when their time-bell has arrived, and at last they have had to be turned out of the prison by force. There are times when you might leave Gondomar and his enses dawning suffering. The victim sleeps at the stake. I have heard of a convict who committed suicide because the end of his term was rapidly approaching; but I think you might trust a hundred convicts with razors to shave themselves every day for a year without them of them cutting their throats.

Lily was not in chains, and her window was not barred; but she was a captive nevertheless. She had resigned herself to it, and waited submissively enough for what was to come next.

The hostess of the tavern where they lived at Dijon treated her meals after the first few days she suspected the good nature of her servant girl. The Wild Woman had told her that Lily was a notorious apprentice, abstracted a sent on not learning to dance on the tight-rope, and inveterately addicted to running away. The hostess, who was much to do with the public banks in her time (her husband had been a paillasse, and her eldest son was a ventriloquist, while her youngest daughter would of all have fully believed this story, and looked upon Lily as a very atrocious young criminal indeed.

"If you are determined to run away," she would say, "my faith, I would arrange you. You should learn to dance as the bears do. Ya petite rebelle va! Ecrais sa tete a la musique d'un bon martinet. I'd lay a strap about you, that's all!"

Lily did not think it worth while to bandy words with this woman, who was stupid and violent, and given to rubbing too much rouge.

"Sulky young baboon," the hostess would continue, shaking her forefinger at her. "At thy age, too. Almost a woman. And not very bad-looking, either," she added, in an under-tone to herself. "Dost thou know what will come to you for running away? The police will get hold of thee, and thou wilt be sent to prison, abolument comme une coureuse. Is it so very fine, then, to shake one on the toes? Bah! when I was half thy age my father made me swallow a Turkish cimiter and the sabre of a cuirassier; and before I was twelve I was practicing the back somersault on a spring board into a pond of water, to prevent breaking my bones when I fell."

A fortnight elapsed before the Wild Woman came back; but she retained radiant. They had been to Paris; to the fair of Saint Cloud Rouge. Ventimilloni had run over to Geneva, where, in those days, and may be, for aught I know, to this day, there is a public gaming-table. Luck was in his favor, and the Italian had won heavily from Indeed Napoleon. He had come back to Lyons, dressed up the Wild Woman in satin and velvet, bought her a bonnet with a bird of paradise plume in it, covered her neck and neck with cheap jewelry, and taken her over to Geneva. Luck had gone against him there, and with a very few Napoleons remaining from his winnings, he was prepared mood-ily to return to the place whence he came, and take to the two-horse business again. But the Wild Woman—Madame la Comtesse in future, if you please—had been experiencing the smiles of fortune, while on the unhappy Ventimilloni she had so suddenly scowled. Madame had not ventured any thing beyond a few five-franc pieces on the red or the black; but she had won an old, a very old acquaintance at Geneva. Whence it arose that she returned to Dijon radiant.

"Up, paresseuse!" she cried to Lily. "Up, and get your maid together. We are going back to England and to life."

The girl, who passed most of her time now crouching listlessly in a corner, regarded this command as a literal one, and stood up in obedience to it. Madame seemed to recollect that the rags she had spoken of were already gotten together, and that Lily had no others.

"Did ever one see such a tatterdemalion?" she grumbled. "I must go to a revendeuse à la toilette, and get her some clothes to travel in."

Lily was locked up for the last time; but within an hour madame came back with a fat old woman who had a limp and the appearance of whose splay, slowly crawling feet, in their roomy black list slippers, looked like a pair of turtle in mourning for their brethren who had been made by cruel ejicures into soup. The fat old woman carried a big bundle beneath each arm, and Lily was speedily equipped in some faded but decent second-hand garments. The countess sat by, inspecting the proceedings, and tapping the floor impatiently with her parasol. It was the second time, Lily remembered, that she had so been fitted out under inspection. The last time it was by Cowley & Co.

Ten days afterward they were in London. The Italian staid behind. He seemed to bear separation from the Wild Woman—the countess, I mean—with great equanimity. She had for him, and had had always, the haughty and insolent indifference we feel for a person whose grade is beneath ours, but who is useful to us. Even for her brother she had treated the wax-work man du haut en bas.

"When I pay you a visit in London, my empress, the Italian had remarked, showing his white teeth, "you will have some macaroni for your Angelo, your Angelino, your Angelotto—is it not so?"

"That depends," she answered, tossing her head. "Can you let me have any more money?"

"Not a halfpenny, my dove. I have spent millions as there are in my name. I have but four Louis d'or left, and I must have crowded houses at the show for a fortnight, or I shall starve."

"That is your affair."

"Yes, my affair, that is my affair"—and the Italian showed his teeth again—"what a pity I did not put you on a pair of pastboard wings, and make you fly instead of a Wild Woman! Well, I am not angry with you. Donna è mobile. When you are tired of England, and have had enough of living upon too many potatoes (you are too fond of cognac, my Zenobia), you will be glad enough to come back to Master Angelo, and grate the cheese for his macaroni."

"I hope not."

"Yes you will. Till then, farewell. Take care of the Poverina"—this was Lily, and he patted her, gently smiling the while—"and keep your hands off her. England is a good country, though the sun never shines there, and there are lots of police. Ah, there, there, la Giustizia never interferes with you, unless your passport is out of order."

"I shall do what I like with my own."

"Precisely. Don't ill-treat your cat, or your dog, or whatever else is your own, then. Go, and be happy. Don't make me jealous with those eyes out, if you can help it. What is his name? Il Signor Toutlecilo—what is it? Dio mio! what a barbarous name for a man!"

"His name is no business of yours. Tu m'embêtes, Ventimilloni. Que cela finisse!"

And so parted. The Italian was never a loving vagabond, not over-scrupulous as to morality; but he was a good-natured kind of fellow, and, when he showed his white teeth, looked quite amiable.

This is how Lily came back to England, and became acquainted with Ranelagh. She had become the attendant, the dresser, the drudge, the life-saver, the Lily of Mr. Ranelagh's friend Ernestine, the lady who was creating so great a sensation in the high school of horsemanship.

OUR LOST BOY.

"My dear, I assure you I have not the least idea where he is."

"I told this to Mrs. Dobb on her return at ten o'clock at night. You see, cousin Bob drove up to the house just after tea, and invited my wife to go for a ride behind his hays. Bob drives a fast and handsome span of bays, and a ride behind them is a treat she is always delighted to enjoy, particularly as I do not keep horses myself. Keep a cow, but she is not good to either ride or drive. It is a pleasing trait in my wife's character, that she always allows me to permission before going to ride with Bob. On this occasion she said:

"James, Bob is going to drive me out to the Grove and back. I shall be gone long."

"All right, my dear. I permit you."

"Oh, thank you, I'm sure! Permit!"

And then she went.

I was left in sole charge of the house and the four little Dobbs. Bridget had gone for a walk with one of her cousins, of which she has a number, and I instructed the children in the matter of behavior, and then entered my study and went to writing. I am writing a book of those babies again until about last nine. Then I shut up my study and went to look after them. I found little Susie curled up on a sofa in the parlor, fast asleep. Sallie had gone to bed, and tucked herself nicely in with her boots on. Neil was on the ball-stairs, sleeping like a top. And Fred was—

I hunted the house all over, from cellar to garret, and found every body but Fred. Search as I would, I did not know where Fred was. So when Mrs. Dobb came home, that is what I told her.

"James, do you want to frighten me to death?"

"No, my dear; that would be too horrible."

"Then where is that boy?"

"I give you my word I don't know."

"Why, where can he be go?"

"My dear, if I knew where he went I should go after him immediately."

"Oh, dear! was there ever such a man? And I have just got home alive, after being run over by the cars."

"You don't tell me! Are you hurt much?"

"Well, we just escaped. The locomotive came so close to us that it took my breath away, and Bob had to put his arm around me to keep me from swooning."

"Revel expedient!"

"And he said I trembled like a leaf. And now I come home only to find that you have lost our boy, and to be frightened to death again."

"Now, my dear, you are too severe. I lost the boy? I didn't lose him."

"Then I ask you again, where is he?"

"I'll go and find him."

"Find him!" said my wife, with a perceptible accent of incredulity. "We shall never find him this night."

Nevertheless I lit a cigar, exchanged my slippers for boots, put on my coat and hat, and set out in the night to beat the neighborhood.

I walked around the square, examining the gutters carefully, and looking over fences into people's door-yards, but I found nothing but a large number of dogs, which barked at me as if I were a burglar.

Turning under a street-lamp, I saw two female figures approaching, and grasped my stick to be prepared for the worst. They proved to be Mrs. Dobb and Bridget.

"Can't you find him?" said my wife, in tremulous tones.

"Why no, my dear, I haven't found him yet, but I dare say I shall."

"James, what makes you be so calm?"

"James, what's the use in fidgeting?"

"And that darling child may be floating in the river, with his poor little face turned up to the stars, and his father talks about fidgeting!"

"You horrify me, Susan. I will go right down to the river and look about it."

I walked off sobbing.

It was a long walk to the river, and smoking is favorable to thought, so before I got to the water's edge I had concluded that there was little probability Fred would be found there. What should he go to the river for? However, I stood on the dock and looked up and down the stream, but I could see nothing floating.

A man came off a canal-boat near by, and I asked him if he had seen a little boy around there without any cap on.

"Boy, yes," he said; "I have. How old a boy was it you wanted, Sir?"

"Oh, about six or seven years old," I replied. "I never can remember those children's ages exactly. My wife says if I had a thousand children I couldn't remember their ages; and I dare say I couldn't. "How was this little boy dressed that you saw?" I continued.

"I didn't notice partic'lar. He was purty rugged. He axed me for some cold wittles, and I gave him in charge. If I'd only knowed y' wanted 'im!"

"Then he isn't stopped?"

"Oh, your boy! Have y' lost your boy, Sir?"

"Yes, he's got away somewhere. I was afraid he might have fallen in the river."

"Prapa he have. A many boys git drownded in the river."

"Good Heavens! I hope not."

"Oh, but they do! Now I think of it, my old woman said she heard something about a boy in a barrel. You know a bit might a have fell in that way."

You can not conceive with what a cheerful sprightliness the wretch advanced this proposition.

"I'll tell you what it is," said I; "if you'll get a boat, and row up and down the river and look, I'll give you ten dollars if you find him."

"Ten dollars! Is that a fact?"

"So much the better."

"I tell you what," said the man, "if you don't mind givin' me a dollar afore I start, I'll git a best and make a hunt for that. I wouldn't care to go otherwise."

I gave him a dollar, and saw him set out in a leaky boat which required a deal of preliminary bailing-out and paddling to last I saw of him.

After waiting a long time on the dock I went on the canal-boat and put my head in at the cabin door. There was a fellow burning on a table, but nobody was there. Descending into the cabin, I took a card from my pocket, and sat down to write a word of information to the man against his return with the lost boy, when I was startled by a loud scream close at my back. Turning, I beheld a feminine head at the cabin door, and two eyes glaring at me as if I were a ghost.

"Don't be alarmed, my good woman. I wished to leave a note for your husband, who is out looking for my boy."

"Where's yer boy?"

"I don't know where he is. He's lost. Your husband is out on the river in a boat looking for him."

"Drownded?"

"I hope not. Your husband spoke of your bearing a splash in the water, or a cry of distress, a little while ago, and—"

"That his gas. I hain't heard nothin'."

"Why, he told me you did."

"He's gittin' back. He much d'ye pay 'im?"

"I paid him a dollar."

"That's enough."

"Enough for what?"

"For a lie. He's gone down the river t' drink yer health."

"You don't mean to say—"

"Yes I do. You may's well go home."

And home I went.

"Have you found him?" asked my wife, her pale face greeting me at the door.

"No, my dear, not yet. I didn't know but he had come home. What time is it?"

"It's after eleven; and eh! where is that poor child?"

"I'll go out again, dear;" and I started, with a weary sigh.

"James!" called my wife.

"Well, what is it?"

"Hadn't you better take the dinner-bell, and rouse up the neighbors? Who knows but he has gone in somewhere and gone to bed?"

"Fudge!"

"How can you be so heartless as to say fudge at such a time as this?"

And Mrs. Dobb began to cry.

There, I knew it. It is my great to cry Susan. I said fudge, but of course I didn't exactly mean it. But don't you know that if our boy was at any of the neighbors' they would send him home?"

"Well, I don't know what harm there would be in just ringing the dinner-bell."

"I shouldn't want any body to go ringing bells, through the streets after *I* was shed, Susan."

"They might well ring bells if they had lost their children," persisted my wife.

"Well, I'll go to the police-station and set the police after him. They'll find him easily enough, and bring him home in the morning. You go to bed and don't worry."

"Oh, James, how can you be so calm I never can understand! But you don't love your children as their mother does. I shall not sleep a wink till I find that poor boy again."

"Well, good-night, dear. I'll be back in an hour or so."

And off I went, with a fresh cigar.

Confound the boy, he should have such a lecture as he would remember, when I got him again—straying off in the night in this way, and making his poor father tramp the town after him.

Wherever I saw a light—in drinking saloons and so on—I stuck my head in and inquired if they had seen a stray boy. I got all sorts of replies, and in one place a bibulous young gentleman invited me to "come up and drink on it" but I didn't find my lost lamb.

At the police-station I left a description of my boy: blue eyes, curly hair, six or seven years old, tow'l waist, drab pants embroidered around the bottom, and blue-and-white plaid sack-coat. I received the assurance that lost children almost always turned up all right in the morning, and that my boy should be brought home as soon as discovered.

My wife was still up when I got home.

"Have you found him?"

"No, my dear—I give him up."

"James!"

But I've set a policeman after him—a big fellow—six feet at least—big as two of me. He'll find him."

After which confident statement I began to undress myself.

"Are you going to bed?" asked *my* wife.

"Why, of course I am. I'm sleepy."

"Was there ever such a man?" groaned Mrs. Dobb.

I went to bed. I could not coax Mrs. Dobb to do likewise. Ah, how refreshing the soft couch was! I thought I had been a little hasty, and had become quite oblivious of worldly cares, when that unhappy woman came into the room, lamp in hand.

"James!"

"Eh! What now?"

"What time did you say Freddie went out?"

"I said I didn't know, my dear."

"What were you doing?"

"I was writing all the evening."

"What time did you take tea?"

"When I got through writing; about half past nine."

"Did you search the house?"

"Yes, dear, I searched it all over. And now I'm sleepy. Good-night."

"Did you look down cellar?"

"Yes; I looked every where."

"Did you look in the barrel?"

"In the barrel? No. What's the use? He couldn't get in there. The door's fast."

But nothing would do but I must get out of bed now, and go and overhaul the barn. I did; and I looked through all the outhouses, but there was no boy.

"Let's search the house again, James."

"Why, what's the use? I have. And I dare say you will have searched it."

"Of course we have. Do you suppose we could sit here idle? But I *want* go over the house again. It will help pass away the time, and I can't sleep."

"I can pass the time very comfortably asleep, my dear," I said, with a heavy yawn.

"Oh, you can do any thing! I believe you could sleep if it was judgment-day."

"I very likely might, Susan, if I was as sleepy as I am to-night."

Of course you know we went over the house again. We inspected the wood-pile, and we looked under the sofa and bed. We examined the closets, and we opened all the trunks. We overhauled the pantry, and we looked under the library, where a cat could hardly get to sleep.

"James, I want to know where you were when that boy went away?"

"Why, I told you I was in my study, writing."

"Go in and show me."

"Oh, vexation! Won't you ever let me go to bed?"

I went into the study, and sat down at my round table.

"There!" said I. "Here is where I sat. The lukstand was here; the lamp was here: the dictionary was under this leg, and the other foot was stretched under the table—so!"

Ah!

My naked foot touched a soft lump under the table. I looked under. There he was. Curled up on the floor, fast asleep.

"Come out here, you rascal!" said I; and I drew him forth, rubbing his little eyes with his two little fists.

"Oh, you darling, darling child!" burst forth my wife, in ecstasy, as she folded him in her arms; "where have you been?"

"My dear, that's superfluous! He's been under the table, clearly enough."

"Be quiet, James."

Crawled under there in one of his sly moods, I suppose, to give papa a surprise, and dropped asleep. I hadn't scrutinized the unconscious."

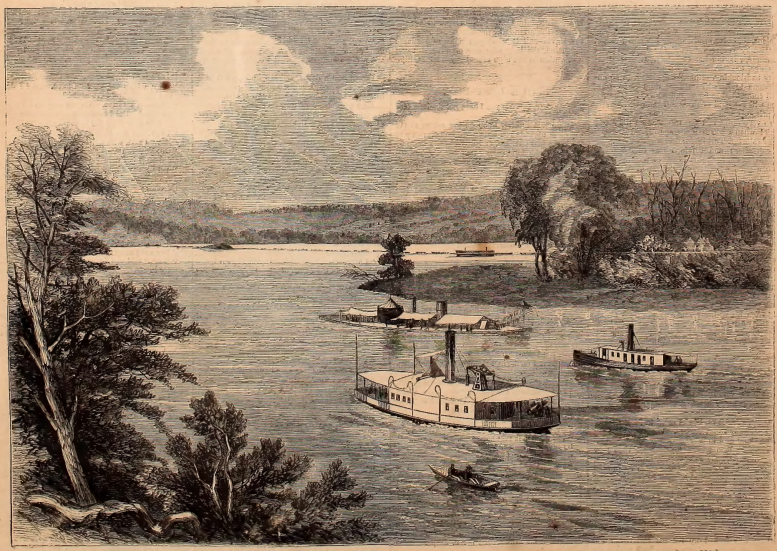
"The dear child!"

"And has been snoozing away like a little pig while I have been ransacking the town, raising lemen, invoking policemen, and all but ringing dinner-bell, my dear."

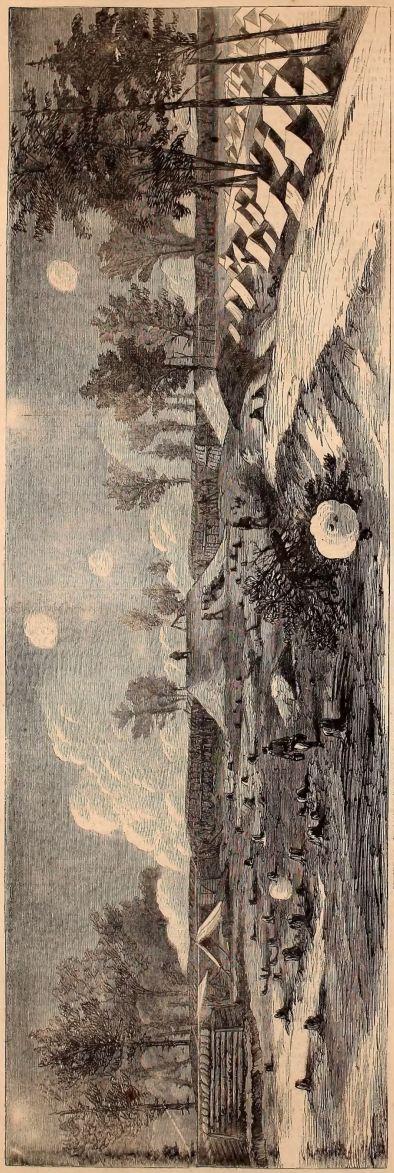
"And good enough for you," said Mrs. Dobb. "I will take bette. care of my children next time. I go out for a ride with cousin Bob."

"Oh, confound cousin Bob!"

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—WARREN'S HEAD-QUARTERS ON THE WELDON ROAD, AUGUST 27, 1864.—SKETCHED BY G. W. WEBB.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



VIEW OF THE JAMES RIVER AND THE BEND AROUND FARRAR'S ISLAND, ABOVE DUTCH GAP.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 598.]



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—FORT HELL, ON GENERAL WARREN'S FORMER LINE.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 596.]

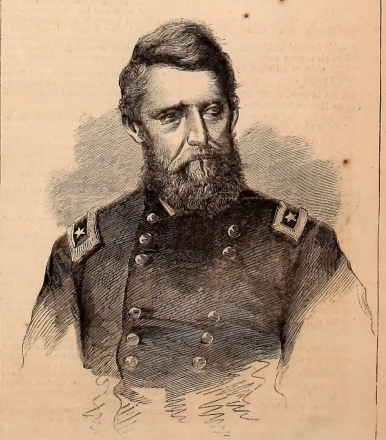
HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency, whose portrait we give on this page, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, July, 1825. He was elected a member of the State Senate of Ohio in 1854 and 1855, and was the subsequent year chosen as representative of his district in Congress, and has held that position ever since. Personally Mr. PENDLETON is a man of pleasant manners, and has always been popular with his associates. His sentiments are in perfect harmony with the principles of the Chicago Platform. Unlike Cox and other representatives of his party, PENDLETON is sincere in his political faith.

GENERAL JEFF C. DAVIS.

WE give below a portrait of General JEFFERSON C. DAVIS, who lately distinguished himself in the battle of Jonesborough, Georgia. He was a native of Indiana, and graduated from West Point with the rank of Second Lieutenant of the First Artillery, June 17, 1847. In February, 1852, he received a First Lieutenancy. He was one of the officers under Major ANDERSON'S command at Fort Sumter. It was General DAVIS who, in September, 1862, shot General NELSON at the Galt House in Louisville. General NELSON had insulted DAVIS, and the latter was acquitted of the murder. He was at this time a Brigadier-General. He has en-



GENERAL JEFFERSON C. DAVIS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

joined the war as Colonel of the Twenty-second Indiana Volunteers. In March, 1862, while yet a Colonel, he was given a Major-General's command, and took an important part in the spring campaign in the Missouri Department, which culminated in the battle at Pea Ridge. He commanded a portion of General BELL'S army in the Kentucky campaign against General BRAGG; early in 1863 he occupied Shelbyville, Tennessee. In General GRANT'S Western campaign he took an active and prominent part; and in the Atlanta campaign he has deserved an honorable mention. When General PALMER resigned he assumed the command of the Fourteenth Corps, and it was in the exercise of this command that he fought the late decisive battle of Jonesborough.

A GALLANT EXPLOIT.

We give on our first page this week an illustration of one of those brave actions which have conferred distinction and honor upon our private soldiers, but which have most frequently passed without any an occasional record. At the battle of Ezra Church HARRY DAVIS, a soldier belonging to the Forty-sixth Ohio regiment, advanced far to the front under the fire of rebel batteries, and reaching over the breast-works of the enemy, grasped the colors of the "Thirteenth Tennessee from the hands of the rebel standard-bearer and brought them off as a trophy. Two weeks ago we gave the portrait of Captain DAVIS, who had distinguished himself thus by a gallant action; and we deem it proper that the private soldier also should receive the merit due to his bravery.

THE REFUGEE.

A FRIEND and I were strolling down
The gay and crowded street,
When with a pale and sad-eyed one
It was our chance to meet.

My friend had bowed to ladies fair,
Who passed and were forgot;
He bowed to her, and on his cheek
I saw a crimson spot.

And yet it was no flush of shame
Upon his cheek that burned;
His look was soon as sad as hers;
To look at her I turned.

Her years they might have been two score,
Her step was sad and slow;
Not sorrow-bowed—but that pace
At which all mourners go.

Though poor, around her yet these was
That nameless grace, which says,
Even to careless passers by,
"I have seen better days."

Tell me," said I, "why you, who wear
A soldier's name and sword,
Cannot meet one who passed us by—
Passed us without a word."

His eyes flashed flame. "My blood," he said,
"It near to madness stirs
To meet that sad, that patient one,
And think what wrongs are hers.

"Two years ago—alas, how changed!—
A fond, proud wife was she,
And mother, too, of three fair sons—
Three fairer could not be.

"Her noble husband to his flag
And to his country true,
Was foully slain, at midnight, by
A cruel traitor crew.

"Slain, not in open, manly fight;
But on his own hearth-stone
She saw his life blood ebb away,
And heard his dying groan.

"She heard the troopers' curses deep
Re-echo through the hall;
She saw the lurid flames spread fast,
She saw the roof-tree fall.

"When morning came, half crazed she stood
Then shrieked and—not long,
Gazing with tearless eye upon
A mass of whitened bone;

"All that was left of him whose love
Had made her life so sweet
Now mingled with the ashes of
Her home now at her feet."

"But where were they, her noble boys,
In this her hour of woe?"
"Ah! they had sought the battle-field
Ere fell this fearful blow.

"Two were with Grant when Vicksburg fell."
"The other, where was he?"
"Another flag above him waved
At Richmond, under Lee.

"And him she mourns as worse than dead,
For in this deadly strife
He battles on the side of those
Who took his father's life.

"Bright-eyed, glad-hearted, once she dwelt
In lovely Tennessee;
Slow-paced, sad-eyed, sad-hearted now,
She's here a Refugee."

THE WOMAN IN BROWN.

"MONEY! More money? Mrs. Wilde, I am perfectly astonished!".

"It isn't for myself, Eugene," faltered the timid little wife, flushing up to the roots of her hair; "but the ladies in the church are trying to make up a little sum for the poor soldiers in hospital, and—"

"Twen-ty-five dol-lars!" slowly enunciated Mr. Wilde, as if every syllable were a hundred-pound weight held up by the unfortunate lips. "For the soldiers! Do I pay taxes, Mrs. Wilde, or do I not? Are my resources drawn upon by the Government, every day in the year, or are they not, for this very object? I am not made of gold, Mrs. Wilde, whatever you may think; I assure you that it is only by the practice of the most rigid economy that I am able at the year's end to bring my expenses within my annual income. Besides, I very cordially disapprove of these outside charities. It's Government's business to provide for the sick soldiers; I can't afford to pay the debts of the whole War Department; and what's more, I won't!"

Eustace Wilde was standing in front of a garetclear coal-fire, on the hearth-rug, buttoning up his gloves for the daily down-town jaunt that opened his day's business, a handsome, stylish-looking man, with a silky black mustache and a pretty figure, attired in garments that fitted him as only Broadway suits can fit; while Maggie, his wife, sat before the centre-table pouring over some bills of dry goods, with deep lines cuffs, and a little white collar tied with moire-colored ribbon. She had a very crowd face, puckered, as it were, about her hair and bright hazel eyes, in whose translucent depths there lurked just a gleam of piquant fire: but somehow there was a weary, care-worn look about the delicately-moulded features, a tired droop of the lashes and a dark ring under the eyes that made one instinctively remember Martha's words of old, "burdened with many cares."

She took up her little porte-monnaie with a disappointed look, and threw it in the pocket of her thick silk apron.

"What shall I tell the Committee, Eustace?"

"Tell them, Mrs. Wilde," said her husband, dogmatically, "that at the present scale of prices economy is the duty of us all. The soldiers will, I have no doubt, be cared for by the proper authorities. I must decline to subscribe. You observe, my dear," he added, glancing at a bank-note that lay on the shining damask table-cloth, "that I have already placed housekeeping funds for the week at your disposal. I must beg of you to use proper discretion in its expenditure."

"Five dollars is not enough, Eustace," said Mrs. Wilde, with a stolid courage born of desperation.

"Not *e-nough*?"

Maggie raised her eyebrows a little impatiently.

"If you think, Eustace dear, that you can buy the butcher, settle the baker's account and the iceman's bill, and then leave enough for daily marketing expenses, I should like to have you try your home and take charge of the finances yourself—that's all!"

"My dear, you must purchase cheaper articles."

"But, Eustace, you know how fastidious you are about your meals."

"That has nothing to do with the question," said Mr. Wilde, a little shortly. "We must economize, my dear—we must, indeed."

Maggie Wilde colored, and bit her lip. Economize!—when she had sat through all the sunshiny hours of yesterday over a very wash-basket mending little dresses, and darning tiny socks, and retrimming her own bonnet to save unnecessary expenditure. Economize!—when she wore her old shawl, and made over her old dresses, and heard the children's shoes down to dispense with a governess's salary! Poor Maggie! It was rather hard to be accused of extravagance under these circumstances. A quick answer trembled on her lip, but she forced back the angry words, and answered in a subdued tone:

"Indeed, I try not to be extravagant, Eustace."

"But you *must* be, my dear, or else where is the name of economy gone does all the money go? I never get any thing."

"Don't you?"

"Never, my dear—never. I spend upon it the scraps which I can somewhere in the knockings, but would be much better to devote your energies to domestic economy than to running about collecting money for the soldiers—*cry* mostly for the sake. And, moreover, I can not very well let you have any more this morning; my funds are running decidedly low."

"You had fifty dollars in that pocket-book the day before yesterday," said Maggie, quietly, "and I have used not ten of it."

"Ten? you must have had more than ten."

"Not a cent," said Maggie, firmly.

"The coal bill. I paid the coal bill out of it, and that was twenty, you remember, Mrs. Wilde," said Eustace, lamphooly.

"Then where are the other twenty dollars?"

Mr. Wilde twisted himself a little, as though his pearl-colored cravat-pin were troubling him.

"Business, my dear; you can't be expected to understand any thing about business matters."

"But what particular business?" persisted his wife.

"Maggie," said Mr. Wilde, solemnly, "this isn't to the purpose at all. A woman's mind isn't adapted to comprehend business relations; she should confine herself to one point—viz., economy. Reduce your expenses; bring every thing within the narrowest possible outlay. I think it would be a very good plan, my dear, to keep a little account of your daily disbursements, and I could glance over it every night, and check off any little items that struck me as clearly superfluous."

Maggie's dark eyes began to sparkle ominously; she played nervously with the golden circle of her wedding-ring.

"You would find no items of that description, Mr. Wilde."

"You think not, I have no doubt; but women seldom understand the nicer distinctions of economy, my—"

But Mrs. Maggie rose quietly to her feet, and walked out of the room, slamming the door behind her with a good deal of vehemence. The slender thread of her patience had been strained to its utmost tension, and had snapped asunder at last.

She sat down, and—of course—cried heartily.

"And I was so sure of that money for the poor soldiers," she thought, between the bright drops. "It seems cruel to ask him to give them, when they are doing and enduring so much for us! I can not brook this—I *must* not! Eustace has harped quite long enough on this particular string—I must be put an end to! There *is* some difference between pinching parsimony and judicious economy. O Aunt Sophia! I wonder if you don't help you out of this perplexity you deserve to sink into a mere household drudge, whose ideals shall be gold, silver, and copper!"

How haughtily the red arch of her lips curved! how shadowy the brown eyes glittered through their moisture! Beware, Mr. Eustace Wilde—your wife will be a match for you yet, although you have taken her from the ranks of a mantuche, and the superb consciousness of manhood, while she—is nothing but a woman!

"Maggie dear!" Mrs. Wilde, coming into the kitchen where her Milesian cook was chopping spices for some elaborate made-dish wherein the lady-mistress greatly delighted, "will you lend me your old bonnet and cloak to-morrow?"

Bridget stared in open-mouthed amazement.

"Sure, and ain't the ladies ashamed ye be after wantin' 'em? They're not decent for the likes o' you."

"Never mind; I wish to borrow them for a particular purpose, and will return them dess also, if you will lend it."

"You're welcome as flowers in May, ma'am," said honest puzzled Bridget; "but it's a queer it they'll be for you, darned, an' patched, an' faded."

But Mrs. Wilde only laughed.

The rain was pattering fiercely against the breakfast-room window the next morning as Eustace Wilde sauntered slowly in, but Maggie's chair was empty.

"Where's your mistress, Mary?" he asked the waitress.

"She's breakfastin' with the childer, Sir. Master Charlie's got the toothache, and won't be quiet without his mother, Sir."

"Maggie spoils those children," thought Mr. Wilde, shrugging his shoulders. Breakfast was rather a disagreeable meal to his wife's bright face opposite to him, and he did not linger long over it.

"A black day," he soliloquized as he opened his umbrella, and stepped out into the rain and wind. "It's a good thing the stages run only a block off."

He took his seat, unfolding the morning paper, all unconscious of a closely-veiled female figure, veiled and wrapped in a coarse brown cloak, who entered the stage at the next corner. Nor did he observe that a dripping bundle at the same street-door he pulled the check-string to alight.

As he entered the covered stairway leading to his office, in a massive marble building, a shuffle-looking man advanced to meet him.

"Look here, Wilde, I've been waiting here these fifteen minutes to see you on a piece of a hurry too."

"I am a little behind time this morning," said Eustace, shaking the rain-drops in a dingy shower from his umbrella. "Come up to the office, Hall."

"I can't; I haven't a minute to stay. I just came round to see if you could pay that little bill."

"What bill?"

"Why, your share of the supper at D——'s, and the ride afterwards."

"Oh! yes—yes. Well, how much is it?"

"Only a trifle—eight dollars."

Mr. Wilde hurriedly drew his pocket-book and placed one or two bills in his companion's hand.

"That's right, I believe. A very unpleasant day. Good-morning."

He ran briskly up the long flight of stairs, two steps at a time, while the shabby woman, who had been standing just outside the threshold during this colloquy, as if waiting for somebody, came into the vestibule to escape the driving rain.

"Give us a cent for a very nicest cigars—tip-top!" bawled Jemmy Stokes, the office-boy, diving into the tobacco-store next door. "Quick! you have to in a hurry, Mr. Wilde? that ain't much for a good article. I say, you might give me one for myself, I always get Mr. Wilde's cigars here."

"Take it, then, and get along with yourself," said the man of smoke. "What can I do for you, mem?"

A penny-worth of Scotch snuff;" that was all the shabby woman in the faded brown cloak wanted. The tobacco-store, the dingy well by were sparkled—the must have been very fond of Scotch snuff!

The big bell of the City Hall was booming the first iron strokes of twelve as Mr. Wilde stood once more in the vestibule preparing to open his umbrella.

"Going to dinner, Martin?" he asked, as another legal luminary rattled down the stairs.

"Yes, I suppose I shall have time to think of such a thing," returned Mr. Martin.

"They have some capital turtle soup round the corner," said Wilde. "Come round with me, and try it, will you?"

Mr. Martin would certainly; he was not in the habit of declining such invitations, and the two set forth in high spirits. While close behind them glided the woman in brown.

The waiter looked a little surprised as the shabby apparition crept in and took her seat at one end of the long table where Eustace Wilde and his friend, Mr. Martin, had snugly established themselves; but waiters in a down-town restaurant soon cease to be surprised at any thing, and he came briskly forward to take her order.

"Cup o' tea, m'm—rye, m'm. Dry toast and sandwich—stylish, m'm?"

Rather an abstemious meal compared with the dainty fare in which her neighbors were indulging—turtle soup, with flakes of unctuous green fat floating on the surface, roasted woodcocks, garnished with rich amber jelly, a bottle of rose-red claret to finish off with, and a basket of black Hamburg grapes, arranged with superb late peaches.

"Beg your pardon, m'm—you've got the wrong check—this 'ere's yourn!" ejaculated the waiter, as the woman in brown took up the check stamped "66."

She laid it quietly down again: she had discovered all she wanted to know, and moved out of the restaurant as noiselessly as she had entered.

"It's very strange!" said Eustace Wilde, thoughtfully.

"What's strange?" inquired his friend, detaching a black-purple berry from the bunch of grapes on his plate.

"That woman who has just gone out in the faded cloak—did you observe what a delicate white hand she had?"

"She didn't look like one of the white-handed kind," observed Martin, carelessly.

"No; and that's what struck me as being so singular."

And with that Mr. Wilde dismissed the subject from his mind.

Meanwhile the little brown phantom sped swiftly down the next street, fluttered up the long flight of marble stairs, and tapped softly at the door of Eustace Wilde's area office.

"Come in."

Jemmy Stokes was sitting on the corner of the table cutting his initials neatly on the green morocco cover—an operation which he called "keeping office." He looked up rather disdainfully.

"Is—is Mr. Wilde in?"

"Gone to dinner," said Jemmy, laconically. "Be back in twenty minutes. Take care, ma'am—your wet dress'll spoil Mr. Wilde's new office-chair. That'll do, old 'un, if you please!"

"The old one" was a handsome arm-chair whose green leather cushions were scarcely defaced; the "new one" was a superb affair of black walnut and crimson rops, with a movable desk attached to the arm.

"Is that style of chair very expensive?" asked Maggie, meekly, suctioning her head toward it.

"Guess it is!" returned Mr. Stokes, with laudable pride. "Let me see; the bill's here somewhere; it only came this morning. Oh! here it is. Forty-five dollars that 'ere chair cost!"

As the visitor made no comment Jemmy applied himself once more to the cut of the letter S on the morocco leather cover, secretly wondering what loneliness that rusty female could have with the fashionable lawyer his master, while the penetrating eyes under the faded look hit all the object and little accessories of the luxurious office.

Click! click! came a pair of knuckles against the door-panel. Jemmy started like a lightning. Is it was only a half-grown boy, the very counterpart of Mr. James Stokes.

"Here! the books your boss ordered, and the bill."

"Jest you leave 'em," said Jemmy; "Mr. Wilde'll send the money round this afternoon. How much?"

"Twelve dollars fifty cents."

It was a handsome illustrated edition of a popular author, but the visitor dared not linger to look at it. Something something about "rolling again," she withdrew, much to Jemmy Stokes's relief. Nor was she too precipitate in her movements; for as she turned into Broadway her cloak brushed against Eustace Wilde's broadcloth garments.

She hailed a passing stage with one finger of the little white hand that was so incongruous to her rusty dress and misshapen bonnet.

"Quite enough for one day," said the brown phantom to herself as she stood on tiptoe in the stage. "I'll have a little settlement with my host to-night that shall astonish him—rather!"

And she laughed until the shapes danced over her cheeks, all alone by herself in the stage, and circles of drenched idlers ran and driving rain.

She was sitting at her work-table, the brown hair shining like bands of satin, and the neat figure attired in a black silk dress trimmed with delicate bugles, when Eustace came in that night. The table was set in the middle of the room, forming a pretty picture with its bright cut glass and silver chins, and the urn steamed merrily on the tray.

"This looks comfortable," said Eustace Wilde, throwing himself into an easy-chair; "it's a dreary night outside."

"Is it?" said Maggie, innocently.

"My dear, you haven't any idea how dreary," said Mr. Wilde. "That's one of your feminine advantages; we men are forced to battle with the world in all weathers!"

Mrs. Wilde took her seat at the tea-table without remark, but her lips twitched a little at the corners.

"Eustace," she said, when her husband had lighted his evening cigar, and was just taking up an unopened *Harper*, "I am ready for you to look over my day's housekeeping accounts."

"Ah, very right," said he, approvingly, glancing his eye down the column of petty items. "Bread —vegetables—starch—steaks—total, one dollar, sixty cents. Don't you think, my dear, that we might economize by Bridget's making our bread instead of buying it?"

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Wilde, smiling. "And now, Eustace, suppose we make a little estimate of your day's expenses?"

Mr. Wilde started at his wife, as if he thought her slightly demented.

"What for?"

"Oh, just to compare our ideas of economy."

"Nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all."

"But I don't remember—I couldn't tell!"

"Perhaps I can assist your memory a little, Sir. For your share of the supper at D——'s and the ride afterward, you paid eight dollars—a package of cigars, ten—a dinner of turtle soup, claret, etc., six. Your two office-shillings—very splendid certainly —was forty-five—your illustrated edition of ——'s

werks, twelve dollars and a-half. That amounts, I believe, to eighty-one dollars and fifty cents. Don't think, my dear, you might economize a little?"

Eustace Wilde turned scarlet from his skirt collar to the roots of his hair. Had there been such a thing as a convenient chasm in the floor he must certainly have sunk into it.

"Maggie! are you a witch?"

"No, dear, I am only a woman."

"How the deuce did you know?"

"I found out," said Maggie, quietly; "I must confess that I had no idea how very expensive business was."

Eustace moved uneasily in his seat.

"I give it up, Maggie," he said; "I'll own you have me there. Be merciful, little woman, and don't show your whiskers. But I do wish I knew how you heard of it."

Maggie smiled. "If this is a specimen of every day's expenses, it's no wonder you can not spare any money for the Soldier's Fund, or——"

"*Don't*, Maggie!" he pleaded, hurriedly drawing out his purse, and placing it in her hands, "take what you wish, my dear."

"I'll be moderate," said Mrs. Maggie: "I suppose you would like to subscribe at least fifty dollars for the sick soldiers."

"Just whatever you please, my dear," said Eustace, with a grimace.

And from that day to this, whenever Maggie Wilde wants any extra funds, she has but to hint at "daily expenses" and Eustace's pocket-book flies open as if by magic, although he has never yet discovered how she found it out.

The Committee was agreeably surprised at Mr. Wilde's liberality in the matter of the Soldier's Fund; but then the Committee was ignorant of the marvelous victory achieved by the Woman in Brown.

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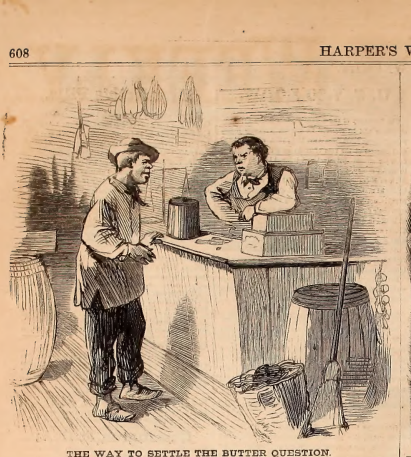

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"One of Many."

A Soldier's letter to Professor Holloway. The following letter is among the last received from the Army of God's Land. *It is only one among hundreds of grateful letters which are kept on file* at the United States Agency for the sale of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, 80 Maiden Lane, New York.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., *January 31st, 1864.*

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I am very respectfully yours,

E. T. MCLEAREN,
94 Minn. Vols., Head-Quarters 3d Division 14th Army Corps, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 404.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

FAIRLY WON.

BRAVE Sherman! here, to many a soul,
Those glorious words of thine,
"Atlanta's ours, and fairly won."
Come like a draught of wine.
The doubting spirit gains new faith,
And echoes back, "Right nobly done,
Atlanta's ours, and fairly won."

The nation's heart bents quick to hear
The double deadly blow,
Striking at once the rebel armed
And the secret traitor foe.
Bright shines again the Northern sun,
"Atlanta's ours, and fairly won."

Let this for ages be our cry,
In battle or in civil strife,
Whether with pen, or word, or sword,
We fight the fight of life.
We'll hand it down from sire to son,
"The victory's ours, and fairly won."

In coming years, when smiling fields
And sheaves of yellow grain,
When Commerce, Arts, and Industry
Surround us once again,
May we proclaim with head erect,
Fearful of naught, denied by none,
That "Peace is ours, and fairly won."

PEACE THROUGH VICTORY.

UPON pages 616 and 617 we print another picture by THOMAS NAST, who drew "Compromise with the South." Like that it tells its own story—Peace comes by victory, not by submission, nor by "an immediate cessation of hostilities." The triumph of the people over their enemies is the dawn of universal peace; the prison doors are opened and the captives go free; they close only upon traitors who have struck at the national heart. The soldier and sailor return to the loved ones who welcome them from a field of victory and honor, not of "armistice" and armed truce; the slave raises his head as a man; and wide-waving plenty and ripening summer overspreads the land, while in his solemn joy the patriot beholds in imagination every part of the land united, happy, and free. Our friend the artist has already shown us in all its abject woe what compromise means. He now reveals the radiant form of Peace by the steady prosecution of the war, by Victory, Union, and Liberty.

The admirable picture by MR. NAST in the *Weekly* of September 3 is an unanswerable argument. There will be no better in the campaign. The following stirring letter from a soldier is one expression of the universal satisfaction of loyal men with its simple truthfulness. The earnest protest of our correspondent against the craven platform at Chicago is the voice of the army. He and all his companions in arms need have no fear that their country will desert them, or believe, while a single rebel remains in the field, that "the experiment of war has failed."

HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY, WEST VIRGINIA,
September, 1864.

Editor Harper's Weekly:

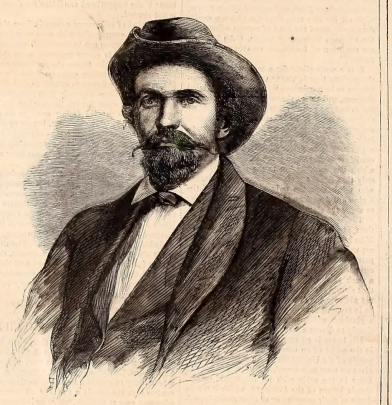
God bless you for the high and noble patriotism and loyalty of your sheet!

I can not restrain the exclamation that comes up from my heart on looking at your splendidly-designed engraving in the number for September 3 of "*Compromise with the South.*" I hope it will stir the blood of every Northern heart, as it fires that of every soldier who has fought through these terrible three years of slaughter begun by the fratricidal and murderous South. It would be *impossible* to depict more perfectly and feelingly what "Compromise with the South" means.

Allow me to say that as one but a *soldier*, who has suffered and bled at the hands of those vile traitors, can fully appreciate your noble picture. It deserves to be hung in a frame of gold on the walls of every household in the North. Oh, that those cowards at the North who desire "peace at any price" could be kept with one spark of the high and self-sacrificing spirit that animates the army! We who risk most and suffer most by the war desire no *peace till every black and crime-stained traitor heart is crushed in the dust, and every soul of future treason and rebellion annihilated.*

Accept the assurance that the army appreciates and honors you for the grand loyalty that your paper has always exhibited. YOURS OVER, in upholding the old flag.

A SOLDIER OF THE REPUBLIC.



THE LATE REBEL GENERAL JOHN MORGAN.

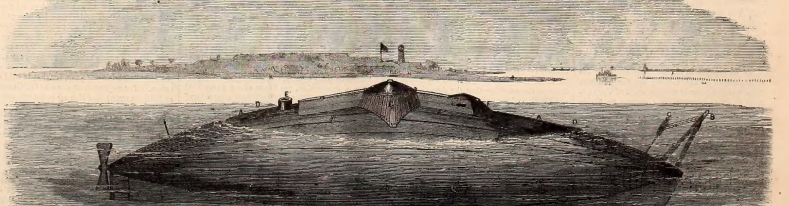
JOHN MORGAN.

THE late rebel General JOHN MORGAN, the most noted guerrilla leader of this war, was a native of Kentucky. When the war broke out he was a planter with considerable means; but he left his plantation and joined the Confederate army, when he was attached to General HARDEE's division. After the capture of Nashville by the Federals, in the spring of 1862, he was left by General JOHNSTON on the opposite side of the Cumberland, to watch the movements of BUELL's army. He did not, however, confine himself to regular operations of this nature, but gathered about him a set of adventurous young Kentuckians, whom he led in a series of predatory operations against railroads, supply-trains, and loyal citizens.

In the summer of 1863 MORGAN made a raid into Ohio, which terminated in his capture. With 28 of his command he was placed in the Ohio Penitentiary. He afterward escaped by means of a tunnel, and was promoted to a brigadier-generalship. The following are the incidents of his capture and death: MORGAN was on a reconnoissance near Greenville, in East Tennessee, September 4, and was lodging at an inviting house near the village. This house happened to be the residence of Mrs. WILLIAMS, whose husband is an officer on General BURNSIDE's staff. When MORGAN was asleep MRS. WILLIAMS procured a horse, rode fifteen miles, and returned with a company of Union soldiers. As they arrived at the house MORGAN had just awoke. He drew his revolver and undertook to escape, when he was fired upon and killed.

THE REBEL TORPEDO BOAT.

WE give below a sketch of the rebel torpedo boat which was designed to do so much injury to FARRAGUT's fleet. FARRAGUT, while outside of the Bay, was in continual expectation of a visit from this boat, of which he had accurate information. She attempted to get out, but lost her reckoning, and the adventurers on board becoming frightened, dropped their torpedo, as it impeded their progress, and made their way back into the Bay again. After that, rough weather delayed the proposed expedition, and at last it was found that the boiler was not trust-worthy. She was sent to the city for a new one. Returning to Fort Morgan the new boiler exploded, killing the three men who managed her and sinking the vessel. The boat was made of wood, covered with sheathing of one-fourth inch iron. Her length was 36 feet, and her diameter 7 feet. The boat will be repaired for the use of the Federal fleet.



A, A. Dead Light.—B. Torpedo Projector.—C. Crank in elevating or lowering the Torpedo.—D, D. Ejects.—E. Smoke-stack.—F, F. Sight holes for Pilot or Helmsman.—G. Covering of Steam-drum.

REBEL TORPEDO BOAT.—[DRAWN BY R. WEIR, UNITED STATES NAVY.]

THE SITUATION.

Slow fades the summer in the leaf,
With steady pace the autumn comes,
And still our thundering pulses time
With bugle-note and roll of drums.

Still waves our starry flag on high
Its greeting to the broad blue dome,
And still we gather 'neath its folds
In spits of treacherous foes at home.

We heed no offerings of a Peace
That clouds the honor of our land;
Our hands will never yield the sword
Till firmly based the Right shall stand.

The giant cataract echoed loud
The calm reply our ruler gave:
"Restore the Union of the States
And then the fetters of the slave!"

Ah, not till then may battle cease,
Though thick the rain of blood and tears;
This sacred baptism of fire
Must purify the stains of years.

It was by blood the land was bought,
The precious blood which patriots give
To win the birth-right of mankind;
It is through blood that we shall live.

As Abraham, known in days of old,
Offered up Isaac in God's eyes;
Our land, the mother of us all,
Offers her sons a SACRIFICE.

On Southern slopes their graves are green,
No war-cloud ever their tranquil sleep;
Theirs is a rest forever sealed,
Whether the Nation smile or weep.

Oh, let it not be all in vain
That these have died! The smoke-stained sky
Is ringing with the cry of "Peace!"
And men proclaim the end is nigh.

Oh, God of battles, hear our prayer
Above this wild and stormy din,
And grant that ere the leaves shall fall
Freedom and Peace be ushered in!

TO —.

NAY, not so, dearest! Look into my eyes,
Giving the search its clearest, amplest range;
Look in my heart, and see if there arise
In all its palpitations, new or strange,
One pulse of doubt, or smallest sign of change!
We have come hence the common road along,
And earn the common lot: for we have seen
Some lights go out, and darkness fill the way,
And even then, our hearts so full of song,
Sang to each other, as we passed between
The storm and cloud-drifts of the waiting day.
Think you such love could its dear object wrong?
I have the answer as I give thee mine;
Yet all I can bestow, how mean compared with thine!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

M'CLELLAN'S LETTER.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN may be a good rider, but it requires an extraordinary exercise of the skill of the most accomplished equestrian simultaneously to ride two horses going different ways. The chance is that he will fall between the two. His letter of acceptance is a worthy conclusion to the ignominious performance at Chicago. It is confused and verbose: wanting both the manly directness of the soldier and the moral conviction of the patriot.

He begins by saying that the nomination was "unsought," and that the Convention knew it. If it did, it had a monopoly of the knowledge; for if there has been one fact perfectly evident in our late history, it is that General M'CLELLAN, from the time he was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, has under careful advice and management, been aiming at this nomination. His remark is entirely superfluous, and shakes at the very beginning the confidence of every reader.

He announces in almost every sentence his devoted love of the Union; but the platform upon which he stands was the work of VALLANDIGHAM, who proposed in Congress to divide the Union into quarters.

He declares that the war ought to have been prosecuted only to maintain the Union. No man knows better than he that it never has been prosecuted for any other purpose, nor has any authorized person ever announced any other. When General M'CLELLAN bagged the entire Legislature of Maryland it was done to maintain the Union. When his friend VALLANDIGHAM was arrested it was for the same purpose. When the emancipation proclamation was issued it was to the same result.

He says that if the war had been waged for the Union only—and not, for instance, against the Maryland Legislature—"the work of reconciliation would have been easy." Easy! After Bull Run, for instance! This sentence is ludicrous, as showing General M'CLELLAN'S profound ignorance of the causes and scope of this war; an ignorance manifested in every political paper he has ever issued, including his letter favoring Judge WOODWARD'S election in Pennsylvania, an event openly desired by the rebels.

He says that when "our present adversaries"—meaning the rebels—clearly want peace "upon the basis of the Union," they ought to have it. Yes, and they will have it. The only basis of peace is the Constitution. When the rebels submit to that, they will have peace of course. Nobody ever said otherwise, except those who nominated General M'CLELLAN.

He says:

> "We should exhaust all the resources of statesmanship practised by civilized nations, and fought by the traditions of the American people, consistent with the honor and interests of the country to secure such peace, re-establish the Union, and guarantee for the future the constitutional rights of every State. The Union is the one condition of peace—we ask no more.
>
> * * *
>
> "If a frank, earnest, and persistent effort to obtain those objects should fail, the responsibility for ulterior consequences will fall upon those who remain in arms against the Union. But the Union must be preserved at all hazards."

The Government of the United States, with the aid of Generals GRANT and SHERMAN, and SHERIDAN and CANBY, and Admirals FARRAGUT, PORTER, and Captain WINSLOW, is making exactly that frank, earnest, and persistent effort for peace. The President is preserving the Union at all hazards. Why, then, does General M'CLELLAN oppose him? Why does he not assist those frank and earnest efforts? Or, after all his fine talk, does the Chicago candidate really mean the kind of earnest efforts that the Chicago Convention meant, "An immediate cessation of hostilities, or other peaceable means?"

It is a sorry plight for a man who once held the position that M'CLELLAN did in public confidence to be nominated by the party of national disgrace, and then exhaust his ingenuity in trying to feign so as not to appear to be aware of their opinion. If he is conscious that he does not represent their views, why not say so manfully. To accept their nomination upon so plain a platform is to declare himself, as he is, the candidate of those who made it, and of the party which has no objection to the Union provided only that Southern slaveholders control it. But who think that the only real enemies of the Union are American citizens who are unwilling to allow the slaveholders to overrule the laws.

The Chicago political platform is a far worse than his military. As usual, he is too late. If he had instantly kicked over the platform the act would have been manly. Even now the manly patriotism that would have helped him in the estimation of all honest citizens. But to devote a week to the vain effort of saying something that should appease one party and conciliate and not alienate the other, and while he seemed to be in favor of the war yet to agree to stand upon a platform which, practically, opposes it, was simply to devote a week to his own defeat.

His letter is an attempt at political juggling in the midst of an earnest war. But the loyal people of the United States were not to be fooled. It gives an uncertain sound. They will weigh this letter in the scale with all the frank, manly, simple letters of the President, which leave no doubt of their meaning or of their author's position, and the juggling letter will be found wanting. They will compare it with the calm and earnest letters of General GRANT and SHERMAN and SEYMOUR and HAZEN and LOGAN, and will leave its writer among those whom of all American citizens he has chosen for friends, those for whose success the rebel chieftains pray.

THE STATE NOMINATIONS.

THE Union State nominations have been made. RUBEN E. FENTON of Chautauqua is the candidate for Governor, and THOMAS G. ALVORD of Onondaga for Lieutenant-Governor. Both those gentlemen are Free-Soil Democrats and both are unconditional Union men. They are not in favor of an armistice to ask Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS upon what terms he will agree that the Government of the United States to continue. They are not in favor of sending word to SHERMAN and FARRAGUT, to CANBY and SHERIDAN, with the message that the Union, that the war is a failure. They are not in favor of declaring that General GRANT is whipped because he holds the Weldon Railroad. They are not in favor of the assertion that the American people are lily-livered cowards, and unable to maintain their own government. Every man in the State who agrees with them will of course work and vote for them.

The resolutions of the Convention repeat those at Baltimore, and as before, for the issue throughout the country is substantially the same. The Governor of New York must be a man heartily in accord with the Administration, and sincerely desirous of the welfare of the country. The present Governor of the State is a magistrate dear to the rebel heart. He is a magistrate who does not hesitate to charge the responsibility of the rebellion upon the loyal States and people. He is a magistrate who declared publicly that if the Union could not be saved without emancipation the Union should be dissolved. Finally, he is the magistrate who calls the worst criminals "my friends," and who was President of the Convention which proposes to submit to the rebels. This is not the kind of chief magistrate that New York requires at this time. That officer must believe in the fundamental American doctrine of equal rights and fair play; in an unconditional Union; in the submission of armed rebels to the Constitution and the laws; in the national supremacy.

Mr. FENTON and Mr. ALVORD are unswervingly true to these cardinal points; while the extent and duration of their public services have given them each large experience and a wide familiarity with men and affairs.

Every national success in the field strengthens the Union ticket in the State as it does in the country. Is there any argument enough for every honest patriot? Principles need no explanation when the triumph of the national arms confirm them. That fact alone shows those principles to be national and the candidates who represent them to be men who agree with GRANT and FARRAGUT, with SHERMAN and PORTER, and with the vast majority of the American people.

COPPERHEAD THREATS.

THAT to their belief that the American people are conquered by the rebels, and are craven enough to ask for terms, the Copperhead orators and papers hope to frighten those people still more by threatening them with civil war at home if the Copperhead candidate for President is not elected.

This kind of talk comes naturally from those who wish to compromise with men who began civil war four years ago because their candidate was defeated. It comes naturally from those who believe that the States are sovereign powers, and that, therefore, citizens of the United States can not be forced to submit to their Government. It comes naturally from those whose reliance is not upon the intelligence but the ignorance of the people; from those who do not prevail by reasonable argument, but by appeals to the basest passions. It comes naturally from a "Conservatism" which burns orphan asylums and massacres men because they are poor and defenceless.

But those gentry sadly deceive themselves if they suppose the loyal people of this country are so deeply sunken in degradation as to surrender their right of liberty, freely to say threats of this kind. It is precisely because the Copperheads are capable of using such menaces in a political contest that they will find themselves excluded from power by the people. For there is not a fool in the land who does not see, that, if they threaten violence when they find themselves in the minority, there is no enormity of which they might not be guilty if they found themselves actually in the majority.

THE CHICAGO PEACE-RECIPE.

THE Chicago Doctors tell us that, since it is proved we are beaten, we must ask the victors for an armistice, with a view to "an ultimate Convention." But upon what terms are the rebels likely to grant an armistice to those who confess that the war is a failure? When one adversary says to another, whom he is throttling while his knee is on his breast, "There, I see I can not whip you, now let's stop and talk"—what happens? The man who is under knows perfectly well that his only chance is to get his feet. So he has only to say, "Take your hand out of my throat, and your knee off my breast, and we'll see about it."

That is the first step. We must recall our armies and navies. The enemy frankly says that before we ask him. The armistice and immediate cessation of hostilities means the withdrawal of our forces. Are we sunk to that?

But if we are, if we go so far, what is the next step? "An ultimate Convention," reply the Chicago Doctors. But a convention for what? If it is proposed to change the Constitution, no convention is lawful which is not summoned by two-thirds of all the States, and they can not summon it but by taking the oath to the Constitution. There is no need of our offering an "immediate cessation of hostilities" to effect this result. The moment that the rebels lay down their arms and return to their loyalty, and constitutionally propose a convention, we know of no party that will oppose it. But this "ultimate convention" is no method of settling the rebellion, because the rebellion must be settled before the Convention is possible.

Now the real meaning of this talk about "an ultimate convention" is apparent enough from a remark in one of the most violent M'CLELLAN papers, that "we could not expect the South to come to a convention pledged in advance to accept the result." In other words, "if the South," or the rebels, having taken an oath of fidelity to the Union so as to be able to hold a convention at all, really prefer themselves, and plunge into fresh war if they did not like the action of the convention. And the paper which makes this extraordinary statement also assumes that both sides would come into the Convention armed! In other words, that GRANT, FARRAGUT, and SHERMAN should remain just where they are, but should refrain from further demonstrations until the rebels had decided what terms they would offer us, and we had accepted or rejected them!

To any such ridiculous suggestion DAVIS would, of course, reply, "If you men of Chicago believe what you say, that you can not do what you have undertaken to do, take away your armies. You concede that the experiment of war has failed, and, therefore, whatever happens, you have no farther need of soldiers." When we had done what he commanded he would add: "And now you want a convention. Well for I To restore the Union which I spit upon, and which you confess you can't maintain by arms? Do you think I am going to give to bankrupt what I would not give to conquerors, and, yield to M'CLELLAN'S palaver what I refused to FARRAGUT'S batteries? We rebels fought to dissolve the Union. You fought to retain it. You confess yourselves beaten. Do you suppose we love the Union any more dearly because you have shed our blood and desolated our lands? We despise the lot of you, and especially those who insist upon licking the boots that kick them." And so "not being pledged in advance to accept the result," but being pledged exactly not to accept it, JEFF DAVIS and Company would depart to their own place.

This is the peace-recipe of the Chicago Doctors. Are faithful citizens of the United States ready for such tragical tomfoolery? This is what one of his sycophants calls "the strangely mature statesmanship" of General M'CLELLAN. Would not statesmanship a little less "strange" serve our purpose at this juncture? Is not the practice of DAVID GRAHAM, SHERMAN, FARRAGUT, SHERIDAN, PORTER, and CANBY somewhat more consistent with the character and purposes of the loyal American people than this of DOCTOR M'CLELLAN and VALLANDIGHAM, and the Chicago school?

"CONSERVATIVE" RIBALDRY.

IF any of our readers are really wondering which is the "Conservative" party in this election; which candidates a peaceable, thoughtful, self-respecting citizen ought to vote for, let him look over the following list of epithets applied to the Constitutional President of the United States by the men who obstreperously vociferate that they are "Conservative." Is this the spirit of that wise Conservatism which every good citizen respects? Is there any partisan ribaldry so disgusting since the *Aurora* bespattered General WASHINGTON with invective? These are the terms applied by the friends of General M'CLELLAN to the President:

> **Filthy Story-Teller, Ignoramus Abe, Despot, Old Scoundrel, Big Secessionist, Perjurer, Liar, Robber, Thief, Swindler, Braggart, Boaster, Buffoon, Fiend, Usurper, Butcher, Monster, Land-Pirate, A Long, Lean, Lank, Lazy, Lawless, Cowardly, High-Cheeked-Boned Spavined Rail-Splitting Stallion.**

IF the party whose orators and papers incessantly speak of the President of the United States in such terms, a party to which the Government of this country should be intrusted?

THE CHICAGO KEY-NOTE.

A DR. ALLEN recently said at a meeting of the "Democratic" club in Washington that we must let the rebels go, if we could not agree upon the terms of their return. DR. ALLEN is probably a young man. AMOS KENDALL is not. AMOS KENDALL is old enough to have been Postmaster-General thirty years ago, and to have authorized the robbing of the mails. (Instructions to the Postmaster at Charleston in 1835.) AMOS KENDALL is old enough to know that all things should not be said at all times; and that if you are trying to drive pigs to Kilkarney you must insist that they are going to Cork. So AMOS KENDALL, who presided at the meeting which nominated M'CLELLAN, remarked to the young man substantially: "Don't say that. That is what the minions of the despot LINCOLN wish us to say, for that is bald disunion. *Let us first elect our men* (M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON), *and then we can do whatever is practicable.*"

THIS says one of the most belligerent "peace" papers, "gives the true key-note to the Democratic music." Of course it does, for the tune is disunion.

THE SOLDIERS' VIEW.

THE New York Secretary of State has sent the blank ballots to the army for the New York soldiers. Those soldiers will not be likely to forget that the Union candidate for Governor of the State, RUBEN E. FENTON, is the able and efficient and devoted Chairman of the National Committee for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers. He does not believe, nor has he ever believed, that the war was a failure, and that the imperial State ought to ask pardon of rebels; nor that the triumphs of SHERMAN, and FARRAGUT, and the deadly grip of GRANT, are reasons for asking "an immediate cessation of hostilities."

"AT ALL HAZARDS."

GENERAL MCCLELLAN, in accepting the nomination of a Convention which says that the war has failed and that there must be an immediate cessation of hostilities to arrange a peace, declares, with a fine flourish, that the Union must be preserved at all hazards. His friend, HOWARD STEVENS, the President of the Convention, differs from him. Mr. STEVENS says that if the Union can be preserved only by emancipation, then to save Slavery the Union must go.

YET MR. STEVENS will vote for GENERAL MCCLELLAN. Does not that fact give us a glimpse behind the scenes?

MR. STEVENS further says that the candidate is the representative of principles. Of what principles? Clearly of those who nominated him.

Will every Union man weigh these facts?

A SHOT FROM FARRAGUT.

In his dispatch to Commodore PALMER, at New Orleans, Admiral FARRAGUT says: "Congratulate the Gulf squad commanding.... *Nothing could have been more harmonious than our combined operations. We had no ambition to excel each other but in the destruction of the enemy's works.*"

Are not these timely words for dissatisfied Union men to ponder? Ought we to have any other object than the destruction of the enemy's works at Chicago and elsewhere, and the defeat of all their Generals commanding?

THE PRESIDENT.

THE great service that the President has done for this country and for civilization has been often considered in these columns. But we commend to the careful attention of our readers the following thoughtful little essay, which foretells what we believe will be the verdict of history:

When a ship, after a long and tedious voyage, is met by head-winds and unfavorable currents as the shoreby approaches her destination, a feeling of disappointment and dependency takes possession of the passengers and the crew, and each one attributes to the officers in charge the inevitable and necessary delays and discouragements to which they are exposed. Instead of looking forward to the near and certain land to which they are bound they turn their eyes restlessly backward, and persuade themselves that all the trouble to the port and to the end are owing to the monotony delay from which they are suffering, and which have avoided had a different course been pursued in some previous part of the voyage. A few days, however, usually suffice to change all this. The long wished-for land is sighted, certainty takes the place of disappointed hopes, and they feel with mortification and regret that they have been the victims of a reference every hour and thought has been devoted to their welfare, and for a length of time which, though long, and with a prosperous voyage, to the end of their journey. Long after every trace of the hardships of the voyage from their minds they remember and long to recall the unreasonable and unjust accusations that a moment of impatience caused them to utter toward one to whom their safe return home was in so large a measure due.

In just such a situation do we find ourselves at the present time. The voyage is nearly over; we can almost feel the land-breeze wafting over the waters, and see the white fluttering ground as; our charts and our observations all give us assurance that we are near the end of our journey; but because we can not see the land and put our feet upon it, we are disposed to be anxious and captious, and to lay blame on the officers and Virginian leader. We are not reasonably and more just. Let us remember how upright and courageous our President has been in the dark and stormy days we have passed through. How manfully and persistently he has met disaster and defeat, always hopeful and always calm in the midst of this grandest and direst trials.

It is not of so great importance to Mr. LINCOLN's future fame that he should or should not be elected President for another term. His great record is written, and can never be effaced. But it is first needful we say for the sake of our great trouble, and, let us hope, free forever from the invidious fame of the traitor. But when both sides in this war history and tradition repeat beside every fireside in the land the trials and the dangers and the sufferings of the most faithful and noble veteran, then it will be said: "And he, too, never faltered: he marched with us side by side: he believed in the cause as many desperately, but he gave his support and untiring and resolute as We and he worked together with all their might to preserve the Union at the cost from our national honor; and if we deserve any credit for the part we took in restoring our land to the arts of peace and justice, he with us shall ever receive a common share."

This is a fame which no station or absence of station can add to or diminish. His work, like that of the most obscure soldier who fought his hard fight and died at Gettysburg or Antietam, has been done, and faithfully done, and out of such acts destiny or providence can create its honor. Faithful and consecrated to the service of his country, he mistrusts, though it were as nameless to this day as any one of the unknown who sleep in our hospitals, will live, theirs, he went in the heart of every true American to whom the homeless hardships of the land keep up the tradition of a good citizen. So manly and modest a character, so faithful to every trust reposed in him and so generous, with a sagacity so eminent, and exercised with so much intelligence and such an absence of guile that his strongest opponent and those of every party have no an atom with as to see him rejected in the position of influence he has occupied for some months past.

The discontinuance of power does not imply with him cessation of duty. To his successor, whoever he may be, and whenever he may come, we can only say, "Walk in honesty in the steps we have set, and you can not, and you will not in the end, fail of the support of all loyal men. Think as much of the humblest soldier as of the most distinguished general; be at all to be the servant of the people citizen as to three of the most importunate suitor; be slow to come to a decision, and slower to change from it; dare to be unpopular in the performance of imperative duty; act on a single of calm confidence and religious trust in the hour of gloom and despondency; and you, like him, shall have it written on your tombstone and on the heart of the whole free countryman: He, too, was true to be an American citizen.

It is not our duties in these lines to urge the merits of party considerations or of partisan success. Our appeal is to higher and nobler motives. Let us strive to recall and to cherish the remembrance of his long and faithful services, with gratitude with all the highest and best purposes which have actuated our country in the great and earnest struggle in which we are engaged. Let us aim to imitate his unfaltering tenacity of purpose in the attainment for our country of a permanent Union and liberty, worthy of the traditions into which we were born; that, indeed, the question of who is to be our next President will be one which we need not consider with solicitude; while by such thoughts and such purposes we shall have done all that in us lies to help the people are able to bestow upon one who has earned so great a claim upon our respect and our gratitude.

G. C. W.

WANTED, A LITTLE GOOD SENSE.

ANOTHER friend writes: "The party that went for peace at Chicago has gone to pieces at Atlanta. But the want of practical good sense on the part of some of our friends pains me. The real question at issue is so plain that the importance of solving it correctly so immense, that I am surprised after at the confusion of mind and the utter perversion of the state assumed by those who are most deeply interested in the result. Even if MR. LINCOLN were not, as I believe, the best candidate, is he now the only possible one for the Union party? and surely, such being the case, personal preferences should be entirely suppressed by the disposable evil to which their indulgence may lead."

A WORD IN SEASON.

GENERAL DIX has written the following letter to MR. WARD HUNT, who had asked to be allowed to use the General's name as a candidate for Governor of New York:

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,
NEW YORK CITY, *Sept. 8, 1864.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have the highest opinion of the 3d instant, and thank you for your kind suggestion. I have no desire whatever for the nomination for Governor it it were tendered to me. I am not, for that reason, the less earnest in my desire that all the power which under the Government in its efforts to put down the rebellion—an object to be effected, in my judgment, by a steady and unwavering prosecution of the war.

"I am, my dear Sir, truly yours,
"JOHN A. DIX."

General DIX favors "a steady and unwavering prosecution of the war," not "an immediate cessation of hostilities."

THE VOICE OF "A MAN."

HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, for the last four years representative in Congress from the Chicago District, recently withdrew as a candidate for re-election in consequence of a strong contest among the Union men. His wife is dignified and manly letter, concluding as follows, in words and in a spirit which we commend to the whole of the Union ranks who are disposed to indulge their personal grief:

"In my judgment the next ninety days will decide the fate of our country. Disgusted with the war for many he, it will really be a contest between war for liberty and the Union and a humiliating peace. It will be a contest between patriotism and selfishness between statesmanship and between brute loyalty and sympathy with traitors. I need scarcely tell my friends that in this struggle for MR. LINCOLN will not be lessened, and that I shall labor, as heretofore, for the triumph of the principles and the restoration of the Union on the basis of liberty to all."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THE armies of the Potomac and James in any period of the war been so favorably situated as they are to-day. Not only is the morale of the troops higher than it ever has army rendered, by the judicious disposition of the Federal forces in Virginia and Maryland, but the forces themselves with reinforcements poured every day by thousands into the Federal armies, while every day increases the diminution of the rebel armies both by desertion and the incessant attrition of war, the territory of our national Government over this shameful rebellion can not be far distant. According to the rebel papers the rebel armies increase by desertions amount to one regiment per day. Every rebel prisoner tells the fact of desertion, and tells it with every increasing ratio the number of these desertions. General Grant, in order to prevent the escape of rebel troops, has issued a proclamation assuring them that they would be compelled to enter the Federal service, but would receive free transportation to any point within our lines. The proclamation has produced the desired effect, and there is the disposition on the part of the Chicago Democratic party to use it to the disadvantage of the national Government.

GRANT AND SHERIDAN.

There is no important information from the Army of the Potomac. There is every reason to believe that LEE's army is behind his intrenchments at Richmond and Petersburg in the lowest possible limit in order to render Early master of the situation in the valley of Virginia. The only striking advantage of this depletion in his immediate front, however, is that he has been enabled to send off to Early a reinforced treachery. At the same time the Federal army in the Valley was receiving reinforcements, but early has was obliged to take the defensive. At one time we have seen, he is threatening Washington; at another he is said that Early is reinforcing LEE; but in neither case is there any serious fear. The movement of troops to and fro on the 22 there has been no action of importance in the Valley. On the 19th there was a cavalry skirmish between advance trains of 30 wagons, filled with wounded.

SHERIDAN'S DISPATCH.

The following letter from General Sherman gives the details of the capture of ATLANTA, *September* 1.

"GENERAL: I have the honor, pursuant to your letter of the War Department had been fully advised, I left the Twentieth Corps at the Chattahoochee river, and with the Fourteenth and Twenty-third moved from the right, beginning some considerable strike at the rear of the enemy's position. On reaching South, reached the West Point Railroad near Fairburn on the 27th, and began destroying it for miles at a time, and on the 28th struck and effectually broke the Macon Railroad near Jonesborough, and 10½ miles south and Rough and Ready. The enemy attacked that night with the Army of the Tennessee, and were completely beaten. On the 30th, after destroying the railroad, I pushed the left of the line entirely to the railroad above, between Rough and Ready and Jonesborough.

"The enemy, finding that I had destroyed the railroad in his rear, and that I was between him and Atlanta, with the Army of the Tennessee, and turned on the enemy at Jonesborough, attacked him and his lines, and carried them, capturing one brigade General Govan's and 12 guns, and driving eight more and much plunder. Night alone prevented our capturing all of Hardee's corps, which escaped south that night.

"That same night, Hood, in Atlanta, finding all his railroads broken and in our possession, blew up his ammunition, seven locomotives and eighty cars, and evacuated Atlanta, which, on the next day, September 2, was occupied by the corps left for that purpose, Major-General Slocum commanding, following the retreating rebel army to near Lovejoy's station, thirty miles south of Atlanta, when, finding his enemy intrenched, I concluded it would not 'pay' to assault as we already had the great object of the campaign, viz., Atlanta, accomplished army gradually and leisurely returned to Atlanta; and it is now encamped eight miles each side of the city, and to-morrow will move to the camps appointed. I am now writing at Atlanta, at which point I can convey in regard to our future action.

"We have as the result of this quick, and, as I think, well-executed movement, 20 guns, over 3000 prisoners, and have buried over 400 rebel dead, and left at least as wounded; they could not be removed.

"The rebels have lost in the series of important city of Atlanta and stores, at least 500 dead, 2500 wounded, and 4000 prisoners, a total of the aggregate loss will not fall 7000.

"If that is not success, I don't know what is.

(Signed) "SHERMAN, Major-General."

It was Hardee's corps, consisting of Cleburne's, Cheatham's and Cleburne's commands, which fought the battle of Jonesborough on the 31st. Pettus's and General Gist's Anderson, Patton, and Cummings were wounded. The capture of Atlanta renders useless any of the rebel attempts on Sherman's communications.

FARRAGUT.

During the siege of Mobile, and up to the surrender of Fort Morgan, about the 23d, we have in all was one ship sunk by a torpedo, one burned through infraction of orders, and one lost from the same cause. Several of whom were killed or drowning or the fire of the enemy. On the other hand, we took from the rebels 1464 prisoners, and from the surrenders of the enemy, forced them to burn the gun-boat *Gaines*, and the iron-clad *Tuscaloosa*, and destroy the construction. Three forts, with one hundred guns of heavy calibre, and large quantities of ordnance and ammunition rendered to us.

The rebel gun-boat *Morgan* escaped to Mobile, and the gun-boat *Florida* was blown up to prevent her falling into our hands. The rebel iron-clad ram *Tennessee* surrendered more than any other vessel; Commander J. R. Mudsay lost his left arm. The day after the surrender of Admiral Fort Morgan a torpedo was accidentally exploded in the breach, killing the wife of the gunner of the ram. Lieutenant, killed two of General Granger's men, and took off both arms of one of General Granger's men.

The pilot of the *Hartford* was wounded. Admiral Buchanan was dying when the surrender to here his ram. Commander Murphy of the *Selma* was wounded and doing well. Commander Craven, Executive of the rebel ram *Tennessee* was in the hospital at Pensacola. The executive officer of the *Tennessee*, Lieutenant Read, is a prisoner on the United States frigate *Potomac*.

THE STATE CONVENTION.

The Union State Convention met at Syracuse on the 7th of September. Hon. Reuben E. Fenton was nominated for Governor, and Thurlow Weed, Lieutenant-Governor, for Lieutenant-Governor. Horace Greeley and Preston King were appointed Electors at large.

THE ELECTION IN MAINE.

The election in Maine September 12 resulted in the choice of Governor, Congressmen, and Electors by a majority. The Union majority is 20,000, a large gain upon that of last year.

ITEMS.

Brigadier-General J. E. Mower has been promoted to a Major-Generalship.

The Government has no apprehension of difficulty with England or France on account of the pirate Alabama, notwithstanding she had been sold to Portugal. It is a well-settled principle of international maritime law, that belligerents vessels shall not be transferred from neutral ports during hostilities, except by public auction.

At the municipal election in Baltimore, September 6, the Union ticket received a large majority, electing every candidate in every Ward.

The Democratic State Convention of Illinois was held in Springfield September 6. Hon. James C. Robinson was nominated for Governor, and Hon. Gustavus Koerner, for Lieutenant-Governor.

Lieutenant-Colonel Egan, Fourteenth New York, has been appointed Brigadier-General for bravery in the field, on General Grant's recommendation.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE OLD STYLE AND THE NEW.—The year used to be reckoned to contain 365 days 6 hours; but, strictly speaking, they were only 365 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes, and 12 seconds. In 1582 there were eleven days over, and by Act of Parliament, in the reign of George II., they were struck out, and the true motion made to agree. The new style is called the Gregorian, from Gregory, who was Pope of Rome, and the old style the Julian, from JULIUS CÆSAR, who established it as the year 1582, when the change was made, was in the 17th century of the 19th, and ten days were dropped. The Russians adopted the new system in the 18th, and the colonies of Russia, making the style, as it were, and hence the expression "dating by the year, or by-year." A by-year is a year that divides equally by four, and, consequently, in the present year is a by-year, when any leaden who feel disposed to do so may propose, and have the right to "pop the question." In England, until 1752, we began the year at the vernal equinox. It make about the year with those of other nations, between January and Lady-day. The Jews reckon from the 1st of January, 5728 the bottom date being that from January the 1st, 1868 the upper from the vernal equinox, March 25. The Russians still adhere to the old style.

Joy is of itself worth something, if only that it creates out something to give to those who are heavy hearted and sinks into nothingness.

How much evil arises from sheer opinions of their own works according to their time of life is illustrated by the following anecdote: A gentleman was in the habit of voted to poetry. His house was on fire, and to rouse his guests he exclaimed, "Arise, arise!" He succeeded in rescue his manuscripts, but ten years after he condemned to flames the very poems which he had risked his life to preserve.

THE following anecdote furnishes a good suggestion to clergymen who are troubled with sleepy or inattentive audiences: At a public meeting held at Antwerp a few years ago, a preacher was asked to pray. The request received with such clamor by some of the persons that he could not obtain a hearing. He accordingly left the room, produced a pack of cards, and asked one of his neighbors to join him in a game of piquet, which he commenced. This humorous expedient had the effect of instantaneously obtaining his audience.

THE Montreal *Herald* describes a horrible scene which was recently witnessed in Canada. On the occasion of the execution of BOUCHER, the wretch, the terrors spreading with great rapidity. The priest endeavored to prevent them from leaving the church, but in vain. The panic was difficulty received. The women could not be restrained, and they fled, shrieking with terror. The priest implored: "*Mon Dieu, aucune sauve! aucune sauve!*" To crowd was impossible. Men, women, and children who were spectators of the scene fell on their knees, praying the Almighty to pity her.

On the topmost step of a fragile ladder were the feet of the Rev. M. Barnabe, with head erect to meet her God, imploring the poor creature to prepare to meet her God. Then, at the foot of the ladder, the dying creature the last consolation of the Church. "Give it war-cousin," she said, "to my husband and to the poor girl left back to be mother heart-broken." But neither of these were seen or heard from the scaffold. Confusion, as doubt, ensued, every one fled, and three women had been crushed for destroying a newly-born infant.

TOBACCO became fashionable through Sir Walter Raleigh, but by the curious he took in smoking it privately it is clear he did not with to have the custom imitated. But sitting one day with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called for some small-beer. The fellow coming into the room threw all the liquor into his master's face, and running down stairs called out, "Help! help! Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out at his mouth and nose."

ANECDOTE, peregrinary fairs are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind.

YOUNGUN, in his "Diver Anything," gave the following hints to persons who are too tenderly inclined to gun-fishing: "In the first place, if a dead the trout soon perceives, and will have nothing to do with it, but if you can make it to be copietion. Cut up a trout, and throw it in small pieces. Time, not less than two hours, is enough to do this. Blow midge-like going into a second and stomach ten thousand and tainters, you find this to be the best bait. If you are to take your fly or minnow out of the water and then return to the same hole, and bait him, and need a million more of flies and small fish, each life as precious as your own. But the shrouds of a trout of three pounds has upon his neck ten cetacean than at the first, as the fish exited it this time with great precision, and you can run and be landed with the first bait—hooks, gut, worms, and all—hanging to his gills.

THE murder of Mr. Briggs on the Great Northern Railway by Rush, and the manner to have escaped, English people over-nervous. A few days ago a Duke was travelling by train, and, after proceeding some little distance, when at an intervening station another passenger got in. In a hurry. He sounded all his powerful lungs that he was one passenger in the carriage than he called out pretty loudly, "Guard, guard, guard!" On the train, however, started immediately, and the stranger dropped into his seat, looking very unpleasantly surprised, and stared at length to say, "It's rather an awkward thing travelling alone with a man with a pistol." The Duke, whose fresh and open countenance might satisfy the most suspicious, reprimanded the man, but did not leave the attention of it for fairly might, and replied, good-naturedly, "Well, if you are not afraid of me I am not afraid of you."

MANY live, though their stream is loaded with sand and turbid with alluvial waste, drop a few golden grains of wisdom as they flow.

THE latest discovery in portraiture is an invention styled by the patentee the "Casket or Crystal Cube Miniature," by which a small picture of your face is seen in the centre most of the photographic art, seen looking, with a strange living reality, from out of the solid block of crystal, every feature standing out in so perfect relief as though chiseled by the hand of a sculptor.

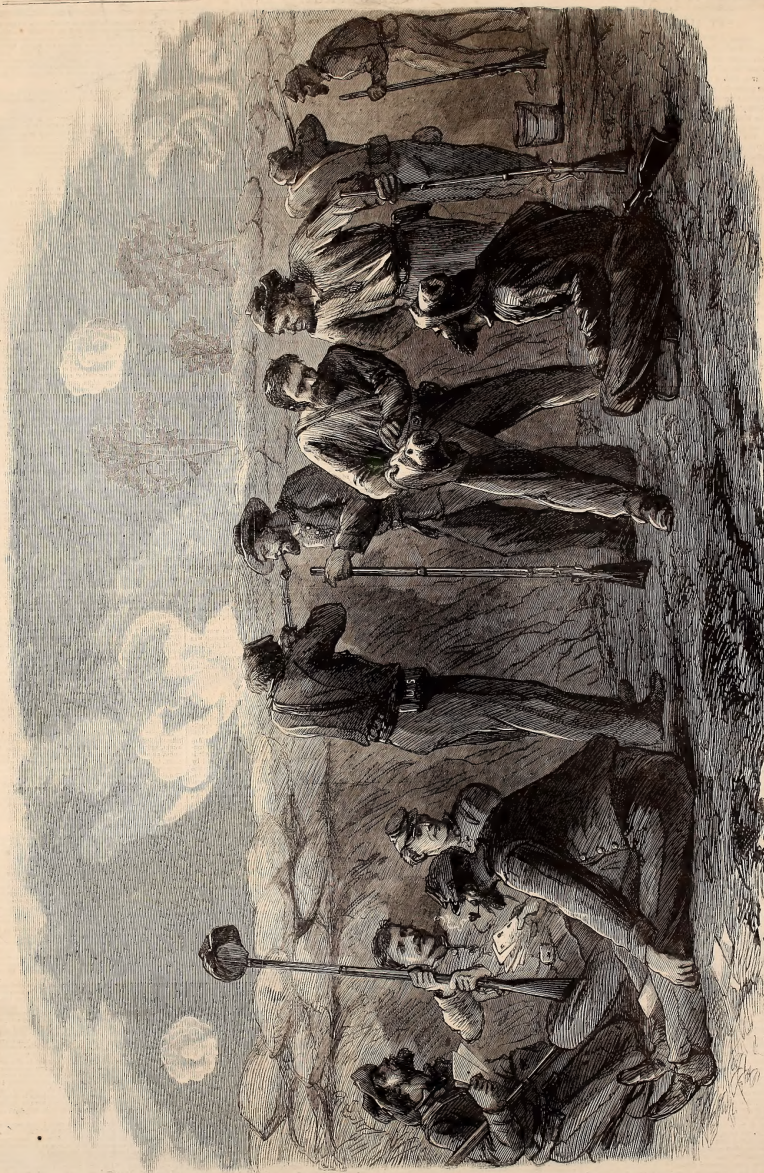
WE have frequently heard of the power of the imagination, but the following instance, which is related in the *Times*, affords a novel illustration: A respectable-dressed man of about fifty called on a man at St. Etienne, and said, "I am a doctor, and, as I am very much in want of money, I have followed the recommendation and took the remedy, which consisted of a large dose of arsenic, and I succeeded, but, instead of being cured I find I am poisoned, and I have been told that you have had the remedy before me." Yes, Sir," continued the speaker, with great violence, "I am poisoned, and I have come to tell you that you shall die before me." The man, on hearing this, fell back in his chair he exclaimed, "I am going to have another—I am dying!" and he died. The man had taken arsenic and found that he was dead. A post-mortem examination proved that the man had died from disease of the pyloric muscles, brought on by violent emotion produced by a diseased imagination. No trace of arsenic was found. The whole powder was analyzed, and turned out to be not arsenic, but bicarbonate of soda, a perfectly harmless substance.

THE poet Milton's house in Barbican, England, is to be removed for railway purposes. MR. DIXON, foreman of the jury, in the inquest held on the body, made observations to know, previous to the demolition of Milton's house in Barbican, that Gresham College had been removed and which deserves a better fate than to be carried away as rubbish. The old school-room, and study over the garden, and, in the new parish church, the room above these apartments, were partly destroyed. The only sense of pleasure from this is still on the ground, where there may be more to interest the lovers of objects of this kind than in the area of ancient collection of the utter removal of every atom from the premises, I shall be happy to have any party having an interest in the memory of Milton."

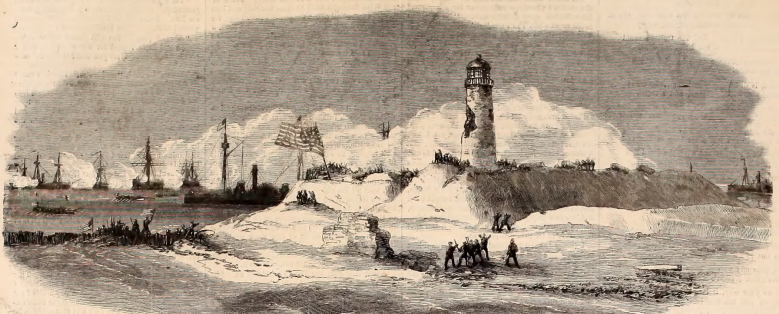
A correspondent of the London *Athenæum*, writing from Naples, says: "Among the most interesting of the discoveries lately made in Pompeii: "Just two years and a fortnight ago, on the good [illegible] morning, during a visit to Pompeii, the disinterment of a baker's oven, with its full complement of implements and contents, eighteen hundred years ago, when they were done destroyed by the overflowing boiling lava, was in the end morror which he was fated never to see. In my present visit I first entered the oven, and found it in perfect, hardly less curious, of another of the elements of human life, with its bread ready-made, with its loaves in its fresh and sparkling as when, on the day of the great catastrophe, they were taken out of the oven of the vitals which lay in the supply for the last meal of the doomed family. The oven is still in a house which has been lately very recently excavated, and in which have been discovered many objects of interest, among which is a bronze lamp of exterior, of which I shall have occasion to speak later. The well is 30 feet deep, and 3 feet in depth, and retains about fifteen feet of water.

Among the relics of a bakery preserved in the local museum is one which throws a curious light on the domestic arrangements of the Romans. It is the bread of the time of one of the dishes which were retrially in process of preparation, and which was found in the oven of Diomed. Upon the cooking-stove in the kitchen was found a stewing hall filled with eggs, and in the bottom appeared an indurated mass, which Signor Fiorelli rightly conjectured to have been the remains of some of the viands which lay within the pan, and which, although long since decomposed, had left a deposit impression on the consolidated ashes. Acting upon this happy thought, he applied in this instance the process of injection with plaster of Paris so successfully adopted in reproducing that painfully life-like group of human figures preserved with such perfect delicacy in one of your former numbers; and the result has fully justified his anticipations. The mould was found to be a fracture of a young pig, which was being stewed for the family dinner at the very moment when they were surprised by the stroke of doom.

In connection with this curious relic I may mention the discovery of the skeleton of a horse, which, together with two other skeletons of horses found some years ago, has, through the anatomical skill of one of the Members of the Royal Family, been carefully put together, and placed in one of the rooms. I have had the curiosity to examine the skeleton of this noble animal with much attention, and find that the animal was just five years old at the time of the destruction of the city. All these horses were small-sized, but of great shape, and I am confident I can see in Southern Italy."



GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG.



FORT MORGAN JUST AFTER THE SURRENDER, AUGUST 23, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE SLATER.]

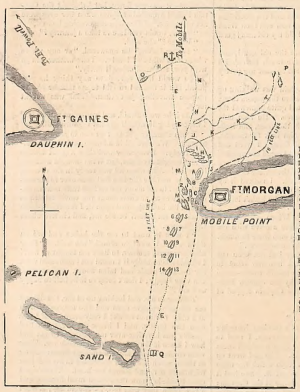
FARRAGUT OFF MOBILE.

We give on this page sketches of Fort Morgan, the Light-house at Fort Morgan, the United States steamer *Brooklyn*, and the plan of the battle in Mobile Bay. The latter is official, as it is the plan which our artist drew for Admiral FARRAGUT.

The view of Fort Morgan dates just after its surrender. The principal feature of this sketch, as also of those representing the light-house and the *Brooklyn*, is the illustration given of the effects of the battle. If our ordnance wrought havoc in the fort and battered the sides of the light-house in the bombardment of August 22, the fire of Fort Morgan also, in the action on August 5, left its mark upon the vessels of our fleet. Of this the plan of the *Brooklyn*, given in the accompanying sketch, is a good illustration. The *Brooklyn* being the leading ship in the action of course suffered especially. She was struck fifty-nine times in hull, spars, and rigging. She was hulled thirty-five times, and her mainmast was shot through four times. She was also considerably cut up in the port-side. Some shot-holes are so situated as not to be shown. Admiral FARRAGUT, being on board of the *Brooklyn* a few days ago, remarked that he had never seen a ship so much cut up before. The other vessels were injured in proportion to their relative exposure.

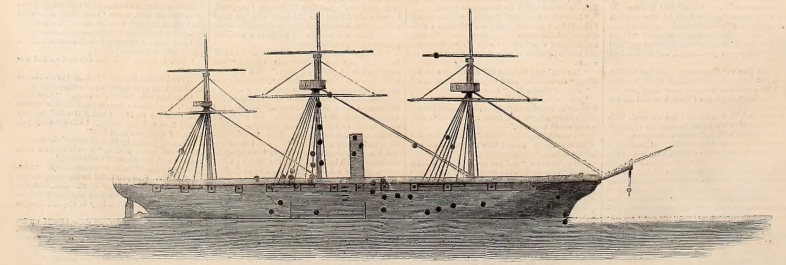
THE "BRANDYWINE."

We give on page 620 a sketch by JAMES S. CRANAY, illustrating the destruction of the receiving-ship *Brandywine* by fire at Norfolk Sept. 3, 1864. At 2½ A.M. the alarm was given by the guard to the officer on deck. In a short time the entire hold was a mass of flames. The decks were burned through in several places before the men could be got up with their hammocks. No lives were lost. The destruction of the ship was complete, and none of her stores were saved. The fire is supposed to have originated in some cotton waste brought down a few days previously by the *Newbern*. This combustible matter communicating with oil and turpentine needed only a spark to ignite, and once on fire it was impossible to save the vessel. The *Brandywine* was an old line-of-battle ship. She was the vessel which carried LAFAYETTE back to his native country on his second return. She was one of the relics of olden time, now rapidly passing away to give place to the new order of affairs. The loss to the Government, with the stores, amounts to over a million of dollars. There are rumors that the ship was set on fire by the crew, but these are without foundation. The fire broke out in the forehold, and as there was a vigilant guard it was no doubt an accident.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF AUGUST 5, 1864

LIGHT-HOUSE AT FORT MORGAN.—[SKETCHED BY GEORGE SLATER.]



THE "BROOKLYN," SHOWING THE SHOTS RECEIVED ON HER STARBOARD SIDE DURING THE ENGAGEMENT OF AUGUST 5, 1864.

PEACE.

[SUGGESTED BY MR. NAST'S PICTURE, "COMPROMISE WITH THE SOUTH."]

Is this your Peace? Lo! the traitor's treat
Is over the grave of our hallowed dead.

The patriot shrinks with a burning cheek
From his loathsome clasp, but dares not speak.

Our flag is dishonored, and rent, and torn;
Is made a by-word, a scoff, and a scorn.

The sword is broken, and Liberty weeps
O'er the blood-stained soil where her last hope sleeps.

The slave bends low again to his chain,
And looks to the North for help in vain;

While the air glows red with the hurtful fire
That flames on the Nation's funeral pyre.

Well may we gaze, with a crimson brow—
Is this such a blessing, think ye now?

Is Peace, when it comes in *such* a guise,
So fair that it dazzles your eager eyes?

Is it for this, with the rabble rout,
Ye strain your throats to raise the shout?

If so, pass on; ye were born for slaves;
Born but to fill dishonored graves.

If so, pass on; ye can have no part
In the great Nation's steadfast heart;

Pass on your way, it is not for you
To dwell 'mid the free-born and the true—

It is not for you to claim a share
When our shout of victory rends the air.

Pass on; it is most that you should stand
With suppliant look and "cap in hand;"

Or, stooping, lay in the dust your mouth
At the feet of the tyrants of the South.

We, too, would have Peace; but it must be
When our flag shall float from sea to sea;

When its folds shall kiss the morning skies
Wherever our mountain peaks arise;

When there is no rood of our native sod
That can be called a foeman's trod;

When the winds that sweep from the Southern main
Shall bring to our ears no clank of chain;

But rivers and forests shall sing to the sea
The chiming anthems of the free.

WINA.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

THAT'S her grave yonder, Miss. The clover is so strong, as you can smell it then you can't see the name, and perhaps— Ah, well! She was my only daughter, Miss, and such a pretty creature! Where she got her fair hair I could not tell; for I'd been a plain woman all my life, and her father, God bless him! was but a hard-working, poor mechanic when we married, after waiting years and years for the hopes of better times.

But our girl was a beauty, and might have been the richest lady in the land for all you could tell looking at her. She had such wee white hands and tiny feet, and a waist you could span with your two hands, and pretty golden hair that shone so in the sun, and soft black eyes, and the color in her cheeks came and went as the dimples did. 'Twasn't only mother's eyes that saw her beauty. I've seen folks turn to look after her in the street many a time, Miss. We never had another child to love, and, perhaps, we loved her better for that. Our minister says I lost her because she was my idol; but to a poor body like me it seems hard to think the love God puts into our hearts can be any way wrong. Most people, to my thinking, love too little instead of too much; but I how I did love my Wina! Edwina was her real name. When she was born a pretty young lady that I did fine words for, and one she used to be fond of, would call her Wina, and Miss Edwina Mallow sent her over a handsome cradle, and a piece of beautiful coral lops for her sleeves, that very week. Wasn't I proud of my ... ! It makes me young again to think of it.

I said to my Tom: "Tom," said I, "the girl must have some education: and I'd like to think she was better than the lot I had. Her like is for this country, and my girl may marry any one." "I hope she'll not marry so as to look down on us," said Tom. "Keep your place, say I, and be thankful for it."

You see Tom was English-born, and English idiots; but I long brought up here couldn't quite stand his notions of keeping your place, nor see why one wasn't as good as t'other, if he had but the money.

Money we hadn't to lay by; but we made both ends meet, and Wina grew so sent her to school, and she learned well, and was a credit to us.

I wanted her to study the piano; but Tom said— and he was right—we couldn't afford it then, and in where was the good— at night—it was Wina's fifteenth birth-day I remember—Miss Edwina Mallow came over. She brought a ribbon for Wina and some work for me. She was going to be married, and to go away somewhere across the ocean with her husband, who was a foreigner, and scarcely spoke English to be understood. Though she knew his language, I believe; and I had made most of her wedding things except her dress. She wasn't young by that time—quite thirty, I should say; but she was a handsome lady, and they all said Wina looked like her. She kissed my girl, and paid her a deal about being married herself soon; and I told her how sorry I was that Wina couldn't learn to play.

"Her father would have her taught," I said; "but she couldn't practice—we'll never have a piano." Miss Mallow gave a little sigh. "No one will touch mine when I'm gone," she said. "Mother will miss it. I tell you what, Mrs. Brent, Wina may go there and practice. Mother will let her do it for my sake; and she likes Wina very much also, and would be glad to oblige her." That put an end to all difficulties, and my Tom let Wina take lessons; and when she was sixteen our girl was pushing to be proud of it. She could sing and play and dance, and dressed so beautifully, cutting all her things herself; and such a waist as she had! I'd laced her nicely all her life, for I wanted her to be genteel in all matters. Poor Tom used to scold —men will be queer about these things, you know. Ah dear! he died in the Christmas time, and it almost broke my heart, for he'd been good to me, and I had never said an angry word to him from the first thing I took my comfort in me seeing how well Wina looked in black.

By that time Tom had bought our little house, paying for it bit by bit, you know; and I could work and so could Wina. She made dresses and bonnets, and that nearly supported us when Tom died; for I furnished as well as I could, and put out a bill that they were to let to single gentlemen.

I thought Lord help me! that my Wina might make a match that way as Burridge's daughter did; but I said nothing to her. The bill had been up three days, after tea, that evening I sat at the door; and when I opened it there stood a handsome soldierly gentleman, who asked about the rooms and went up to look at them.

He liked them very well, or said he did, and made no difficulty about the terms. But wanted breakfast. He paid well, I thought, and could hardly wait until he was gone to tell Wina. She, poor thing! was pleased and half frightened; and we sat up all night finishing dresses for Wina to wear next day, she looked so well in blue.

Captain Walters—that was his name, and he was dark, and had a dark mustache, Miss, but not any one so handsome or so stylish out of a fashionplate, and that's the truth. He admired Wina, as I knew he would, and I was pleased, and she was so proud and pleased with what I thought I saw.

Now and then I wondered how he came to fancy such a plain place as ours, and with such a deal of money, gold by the handful and rolls of banknotes, and he gave Wina so many presents—jewelry, and books, and flowers, and even miniature. It was a regular courtship before he had been there six months. Respectful to me he was too, plain, uneducated body though I knew I was, and I said if they were a little sly or so, and now and then I caught him kissing her, or his arm about her waist, "why, poor young thing! what harm? I said her." Lovers always do so. I think I never saw any one so pretty as he was to my girl. He was fair, and had dark but half a yard if you measured it, and the bright cheeks! Her breath was very short, and she had a pain in her side sometimes; but I was never frightened with such a color, I knew she must be well.

One day she came to me blushing and beautiful, and she said, "Ma," said she, "I'll tell you a secret, only don't scold." "I'll not, pet," said I. Says she, "Ma, he's never told me or asked me, Wina, before." "No," said I, "you didn't." "But I did," says she. "And, ma, he only came here to bid me good-by before he went away." "Is he gone so?" "But how did you know him?" says I. "Oh," says she, with her bright head down on my knee, so that I couldn't see her face, "I met him at my practice on Miss Edwina's piano. He was there sometimes visiting old Mrs. Mallow. She called him Harry—and—and—and he knew me with me twice when it was dark. Are you angry, ma?"

I wasn't, and I said so; and she went away to brush her curls, for she was to sing that night at the opera that night—the Captain I mean—I know the richest lady there booked no better. I could see he liked my darling better than all, and I was sure I believe it still. You may talk and deceive, but your eyes can't lie. And if he didn't speak as soon as I thought he would, why what did that mean? Wina's life have fine ways, and I was but a poor mechanic's wife and didn't understand them.

So he went that very night all blushes, and I knelt down at my feet, and cried and trembled. And when I begged and prayed of her to say what I felt, she just put her head on my knee, and her wedding finger was a ring. They'd been out so quickly I never noticed any thing, and were married still, and my girl had been Captain Walters's wife three days. I felt a little hurt, for they might have told me; but she was my child, and I forgave and set between us and talked me into a good humor.

"Now Wina's mother," he said, "don't be angry. I had to have this done in a hurry, for I must go on duty and all that sort of thing; for—for—" Then he coughed, and wiped his lips with his handkerchief. And looked troubled, as though he couldn't think of words.

"You see," said he, after full ten minutes by the clock, "our marriage must be kept quiet just now."

"It must?" says I. "Pray why?"

"Oh," says he, "for both our sakes. You see I have a rich relation who is very fond of me, and one of his discovering it he'd leave me out of his will, which would be a pity."

"Well," said I, "But they'll find out that Wina is married. I can't hide that; such a secret is hard to keep."

"It is," said he, "and you couldn't keep it here. You and Wina must go to a little house I have access to for over and above our wages, and no one will see you there. You can make some excuse for going, don't say where, and for a month or two we'll live quietly. No one will know who we are up there."

Wina seemed contented, and I had no right to interfere. I thought, poor silly creature that I was, I had the certificate in my pocket, and she wore her wedding-ring. I told many a fib about our reasons for going, and sold the furniture, and let the house. And we went, and Wina had a few pounds of furniture I never saw out of a shop before! and birds, and flowers, and two black servants that spoke a foreign tongue, and a French maid! Think of my Wina having a maid to dress her hair and lace her! I forgot all about the secret before long; for I did not see any of the old neighbors, and the few we met called Wina Mrs. Walters, as she should be called. They were only folks we dealt with. The Captain said we would keep no company until that relative—the queer old Californian, who objected to Wina because she wasn't rich—should be out of the way. He was very ill; and that, the Captain said, was partly the reason he didn't like to vex him—besides the will.

I wanted it to be all over—and yet it seemed so wicked, though I didn't know him, to hope the poor old gentleman might die. Wina was very happy, though now and then the Captain was obliged to be away what you called "recruiting" with his sick relation, he said. He lingered a great while for any one as bad as he was; and at last the Captain said he seemed to be getting better. I did so long for the time to come when I might go back and tell all the old people I knew, and tell them what a match Wina had made! He never would let either of us go to New York—or, for the matter of that, into the street; the garden gates if he knew of. And so six months passed, and the time came when we began to stitch at fine work again, as though for our living. Such little things, my dear, and we covered them with embroidery. The Captain sent pieces of the finest cambric down.

About that time Wina's French maid left us. She was going to be married. Her sweet-heart had come over from France to find her; and as she took her leave she told me she knew a young woman, a friend of hers from her own country, who wanted a place like that. She could dress hair, and do all the old, she told me, and spoke English, and had been dismissed only because the lady was going to Europe, and she did not want to travel.

I thought of Wina's dress, as she always did, and he said, "Suit yourself, my dear;" and the maid came down next day. She was a tall young woman, with a dreadful squint, and shabby black eyes. I never liked her, I hardly knew why. She took airs over me, as though she knew I had not lived in high, though I was mistress's mother to Wina. The Captain was away when she came, and he had written to us that his uncle was very ill indeed, and that he must stay until it was over; so she had to see him for more than a fortnight. He returned in the night unexpectedly, and the first words he said were, "Our travels are almost over, little dear!" and then he kissed her.

I heard them talking softly for hours; while I sat in my own room and felt as if the pride I'd take in telling my story to Mrs. Mallow and the Burridges at our place to go to bet; and now and then Wina would laugh quite merrily! It did my old heart good to hear her.

For though I felt quite sure that the Captain was honest, and, I could, in spite of much for some never seen, and who was so set against my pretty Edwina.

One next morning the Captain was walking up and down the garden hours before the papers came. He seemed eager for news, and quite snatched the *Herald* from the servant's hands. He read only one line, and threw it down in the grass, and looked as I never had seen him look for months. Something pleased him; but though I went and looked over the paper afterward I could see nothing that could have made him so troubled down at a place where there was an account of the sailing of a vessel—the *Mariposa*, it was called. I noticed it by the red circle I set for the boats and sailing-vessel notices, they were still folded up; he hadn't looked at them.

At breakfast-time he said to Wina:

"Darling, I want you to take a drive with me to-day. We'll go to S——, and stop there to lunch. I've a letter to write, and I'll be ready yet."

Wina looked pleased. They had not been out much together, and she went into her room to dress. Besides, I knew she hadn't many clothes to dress her hair; and I sat by the window knitting. In a moment or so the Captain tapped at the door.

"May I come in?" he said.

And Wina answered, "Yes."

So he walked in, and I heard a careless, lounging way of walking that was very stylish, I used to think, and threw himself on a lounge behind them all. Wina and he talked. I mean. The girl went on brushing until she needed a comb which lay upon the table, and I got up to reach it. But there was in her hand when I saw her glance at the Captain; and then such a start! and down came the comb—in bits and rivers of tears upon the floor, and shivered to pieces there. And then, frightened, I supposed, by what she'd done, the girl stood with her hand over her eyes, looking as though she had no power.

The Captain was upon his knees in a moment, picking up the bright pieces.

"You are nervous, my darling, I'm afraid," he said to Wina: and my darling said, kindly, "You couldn't help it, Rosalie, I know." But the Captain's face was white, as though he were very angry at the accident, before he left the room.

Rosalie did not seem to get over her fright easily. She dressed Wina so awkwardly that she sent her away, and finished hurriedly herself. But when she came to put on her bonnet she wanted something that I could oblige her with. The girl didn't know it, I'm sure, and I went out to call her; but I could not find her. She wasn't in the house; but as I passed the window I looked out into the garden I heard voices, and there on the path below stood Captain Walters and Rosalie.

They were both excited; but he seemed to be keeping down his fright or anger, or both, while she grew wavy to hers.

The first words I heard were these, and he said them:

"Rosalie, be sensible. I'll double your wages. You'll find it to your interest, indeed you will; only hold your tongue, and stay."

The French girl answered her foot.

"Stay! I am not so bad as you!" she cried. "I shall go, Monsieur, and quick-come."

"I'm not afraid," he said. "The *Mariposa* sailed yesterday. Come, you'll lose a good place, and it's too late. Am I the first young fellow that—who wanted to shake off the leading-strings?"

"A good place!" the girl hissed between her teeth. "I have regard for my character, and I love my mistress. Hear you that? *I love my mistress!*"

"Come," he said, "no heroics. Here's a stiver for a tenderer conscience than yours ever was, Rosalie." And I saw him put a dozen gold pieces into her hand. And hang them back! But though they had stung her, and they hit him on his breast, and went jingling down upon the path and into the flower-beds under the trees.

And I fell a trembling, and sat down in a chair by the window I was close. The Captain came in in a minute. He saw I had seen and heard, and he said:

"Provoking! That girl has lived with my uncle's wife. She'll let the cat out of the bag. An obstinate creature, beyond even a bribe."

"I thought your uncle was dead," said I.

"He may be by this time," said the Captain. "If not, he'll alter his will. Don't tell Wina: there's good news."

He looked as though he were telling lies. But it seemed likely enough, and he hurried Wina off to drive, and they were gone all day; and meanwhile the French girl packed some things in a basket, and left the house without a word to me. That was my first fright. The very first uneasiness I ever had came into my head that day while I sat alone, and I could not tell why they came there except because it seemed so very out of a-day, and had no personal interest in the matter, should dare to be so indignant because a gentleman had married against his uncle's will. I wondered whether (such things do happen, you know) he ever had owed me made love to the French girl, so that she was jealous.

I never had passed such a day. I'll believe in clairvoyants forever, for I spent the whole of it seeing set to rover over the house all day, and I could only understand that danger and grief were hovering over my Wina, and that a blight was coming to her happy life. How I didn't see, but I was sure of it, though I kept saying to myself, "Silly old thing; you're worse than a baby!" more than a few.

They came home at tea time, and she was as merry as a child. They didn't mind me, and she sat on his knee on the porch, and sang to him. She had a grand piano in the parlor, but she never went near it that night.

Maybe it was my fancy, but I thought the Captain looked troubled at times when her eyes were not upon him. Late on in the evening he said,

"Wina, would you like to take a journey?"

"Where?" she said.

"Oh! that," he answered, "or any where where it is wild and lonely. Your mother can go with you, and we'll enjoy it finely."

She said she agreed to any thing he proposed, but it seemed so odd to me that he should propose traveling just then. She was not fit for it.

"As if he were afraid, and wanted to run away," I kept saying to myself against my own will.

It was strange; but he was in such a hurry to start. We were all in a bustle packing and getting ready. Every now and then a great twinge of fear caught my heart, but Wina looked so happy, bless her! And when all was ready in the evening next day, and the Captain had gone over to the railroad depot to see about the baggage-train and marching—he was as anxious about the earliest train as though life had depended upon it, I remember—she came and sat herself beside me, and chatted about the journey.

"I used to want to see the Rockies, and sail on them when I was a girl," she said. "How kind you were, mother, to have me taught so well! I should feel so badly if I could not understand what my husband should talk about. Dear mother, I'm very happy; I don't deserve to be half so happy as I am!"

Talking to me, and looking up at me, she did not see the garden-gate open and two figures walk in as I did. I did not speak: I only heard and I had seen two ghosts, and I knew the great cloud of trouble was bursting over my darling at last; and how I knew it was that he only knew very well. They were coming closer, and I seemingly frozen staring at them, when Wina saw something in my face that frightened her and turned her head. They stood close beside her now the French maid Rosalie, and a tall, plain lady near forty, I should say, dressed in a gray travelling dress.

My dear arose, and made a little welcoming courtesy to the tall lady, whom I took, thinking of what the Captain had said, to be his uncle's wife; but took no notice of her pretty bow, but turned to the French girl and asked a question in a low voice, and the young woman answered aloud:

"Yes, Madame, it is the vile and wicked woman."

My girl flushed scarlet. She looked at the French maid with her eyes sparkling like diamonds.

"Insolent creature!" she cried. "How dare you?" What has he done to you? Is this because you were not paid? If you had asked me you should have had your money. I was out when you went. I think you must be—"

Then, frightened by the bold eyes of the woman, she shrunk away, and I think Mrs. Charles were Wina's name by my husband would come."

"Her husband!" said the Frenchwoman. Listened, but not frightened, she trusted him so entirely. "You are mad," she said. "I do not know who you are, Madame, but I do not believe that my husband will never allow any one to insult me. He will be here soon. I am not unprotected, as you may think. I am not a child to be made to

believe any foolish story. You are either an impostor or insane, but I am not afraid of you."

The strange lady looked at my dearest with her strange gray eyes, that seemed to pierce you through.

"I thought you very bad," she said. "Now I think that you may be better, and he worse than I believed. If you are married to him, he has deceived us both."

"If"—my darling uttered the word with a look I shall never forget—"if I am married! I wish he would come; I wish he would come. Mother, send that wicked woman away."

The tall lady looked at the French girl. "Rosalie," she said, "you were wrong; this lady is as much to be pitied as myself. The man who calls himself my husband, Captain Charles Walters, has been mine five years. I beg you to shame and to my sorrow. He is a scoundrel, a base, miserable villain."

My girl sat clung closer to me—only said again, "Mother, send that wicked woman away;" and just then footsteps came up the path, and Captain Walters was at the door.

Oh, I knew by his look, by his start, that she had spoken truly when she called him a villain.

My Wina stretched her arms toward him. She gave a little cry—"Charles, Charles, that wicked woman! Oh, tell me she does not speak the truth? I know it, but tell her so. Say she is mad, or an impostor. Send her away, Charles!"

But when she saw that he did not come toward her, that he stood like a whipped dog, for that he was, looking at both those women from under his black brows, my girl turned pale, and would have fallen if I had not caught her by the arms. Yet, sweet creature! she said again, in her faltering voice, trying to believe in him until the last, she loved him so—

"Oh, I know it is false, Charles! I know there is no word of truth in all the wicked story!"

I can't remember quite all. I was sick and giddy, and my heart was one great pain. Only I know the lady stood before him, reproaching him in such words that they must have burned into his soul.

And she said, "I know long ago that you only married me for my money; but having that, was it not enough to neglect me without going so far as this, and making that girl suffer also? And did not blame her now. She only trusted in you as I did once."

He turned on her then, maddened, I suppose, by the knowledge that she had him in her power, and could punish him by the law. She had said something of that sort, divorce, I know, and through my heart bled for my darling: I could not help pitying her. It was not her fault, poor lady! that she was not handsome: not that he never loved her: was shame to him. But he spoke as though it was, and these words I remember:

"Because I had my debts and my poverty I sold myself to you; but I love this girl, and I have made her mine, and you shall not part us, for she loves me."

Then before I could stop him he had caught my Wina to his heart, fainting and cold as she was, and kissed her on the red cheek, and then turned and laid her back in my old arms, and was off and over the garden-paling and away in an instant.

Then I began to tell lady.

"Go!—you have killed her! Let that satisfy you! She shall never see him again if I can help it—Go!"

And the tall lady bent down her head, the hair all streaked with gray before its time, and in a moment knelt there at my Wina's side.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said. "I am very miserable, and I thought you so guilty. He was my husband, and I loved him once!"

And with that she went away, and I heard her moaning, over and over again, "I loved him once! I loved him once!" like one quite dazed.

You didn't think she could live through it, did you? I was a prisoner of habitudes myself, and know you'll find the slender flower-stems in your garden broken. That night, after twelve, there came a ring at door of the north tower, and weeping, and I opened it. Captain Walters stood without, white and trembling. "Let me see her, mother!" he said. "Let me see her and ask her pardon!" He could do no harm by looking; and as for speaking, my poor girl was in no danger of listening to him yet. I opened the door of my room and beckoned to him, and he went in.

There she lay on my bed, and I had dressed her in her wedding clothes, and all her golden hair was brushed and curled, and on her bosom lay the baby—a girl—which no weeper could mistake for it, and had only cried one minute—sixty seconds, instead of sixty years, like me. They were at rest together. He was very bad: but I can't forget his wild, awful cry he gave when he saw that sight.

"She is dead!—dead—dead—dead! That woman has killed her!"

"No, Captain Walters," I answered, "you have killed her; and you have used the poor plain lady worse even than the pretty darling."

And I was so calm, you would not have thought my heart was breaking. I seemed frozen, and sat all. But he was on the floor, kneeling, and praying for her life, that good, poor, poor, lamb! blaspheming, weeping. Oh it was an awful night!—an awful, awful thing to look upon and listen to!

He staid there until the funeral was over; and near the grave, all through the service, a man stood watching him. When it was over—but pin hand upon the fellow's shoulder, and unbuckling his own coat showed something glittering on his breast. Then they walked away together, and I've never seen the Captain since.

Years and years I used to blame myself, twenty it was all my fault: for if I'd never been so proud of my girl, and had her taught to play; she'd never have met the Captain, and if I'd been wiser and more watchful she would not have married him. And the doctor told me too she never could have lived, for all that lacing had done her harm; and these old hands have drawn the hoes tight many a time, I was so proud of her little waist—my beauty! But now I try to hope God will forgive me, as an old foolish thing that meant no harm, and only didn't know the right, and that I'll meet my Wina some day in heaven. And as I was telling you, Miss—as you'll see if you put back the clever—that was why we only put her pet name, Wina, on the stone there, and couldn't write after it, "Wife of Captain Charles Walters."

THE OCEAN WAIF.

BEAR the crested billows
On the sunset shore,
Making visceful music
With their troubled roar.

Curls of wave are sporting
O'er the glinting sand,
Bearing ocean treasures
To adorn the strand.

Corals from the sea-cave,
Where the mermaid dwells;
Wreaths of floating seaweed,
Pearls and gleaming shells.

And the playful eddies
Kiss the shore in glee:
But their sweetest murmur
Of sadness from the sea;

For a waif of ocean
Hath been drifted there,
Bringing from the storm-ship
Tidings of despair.

'Tis the mournful record
Of a crew's farewell,
Written while the thunder
Peal'd their parting knell.

Trembling fingers wrote it
'Mid the tempest's din;
Tearful eyes will read it
In the stricken home!

Loving winds have fann'd it
O'er the restless tide—
May the pitying angel
Travel by its side!

JOHN WAGGONER'S RECRUIT.

IF it's bragging, Sir, here goes for a brag! I'm going to put it in print.

I am a plain man in most respects, but in one respect I am a little peculiar. In respect to keeping sober under circumstances that make other men drunk, I never met my match. The vicious monarch the Temperance Society is opposed to has no terrors for John Waggoner. I presume you may have heard of that fire-eating Secretary who called me "a man his name?—who used to boast in Washington before the war that he was "born insensible to fear." He met me in the editorial office and smiled. He wasn't an awful liar—that's my opinion of *him*. Whether I was "born insensible" to fear of "King Alcby, the all-powerful," I don't pretend to say. Any rate it's a fact that liquor can't fuddle me a bit —not a bit. But, bless your heart, *that* I never thought a boast, a matter. I've got a well-built down at the farm that will hold more liquor than any man I ever saw.

When I was in the army I was a teetotaler *in* principle. Every man has his own bit of influence in this world, and I never could see any reason for mine to have it to say that he drank because John Waggoner drank. I don't believe whisky makes people brave, you understand, but makes them reckless. A good soldier takes care of himself—that's my experience. He don't go to war to be killed; he goes for glory, and for the country, and look out for Number One all the same, is my motto.

If I don't hate a mean man I am not acquainted with my own strength of mind. I was a boy it has always been a source of pleasure to me to kick a mean man—morally or physically—whenever the good Lord sent me the opportunity. Let me see a mean man mean men in my day. I have seen a man who was so mean that he abused his wife till she got a divorce from him, and then tried to get her to be his mistress. But in my humble opinion—I've been a soldier, Sir, and faced my country's foes under fire—that's no measure style of man; that's than the fellow who tries to make dirty money by dealing in substitutes.

I read the papers pretty carefully, and don't skip the advertisements. I have got a deal of good out of advertisements at different times. Last week I read an advertisement of a substitute-broker named Miggs, in the city. Plenty others like him there were, to be sure, but my way of dealing with a swindle is to pick out one of the swindlers and give him a handling. I picked out Miggs, and went to town to see what the prospect might be for handling him.

The first man I met was Jo Smith, and I told him I'd got a little job to do, and wanted his help. Jo knows me.

"All right," says he. "What is it, John?"

"Do you know a chap named Miggs?"

"Substitute swindler?" says he.

"Yes. I do."

"Guess I do! He's been trying to get me to sell myself to him cheap."

"For a sub?"

"Yes."

"You don't say! Come, this is just the talk! Find me Miggs, will you? I'm a substitute."

"Poh! You ain't going to let any of these dirty sharks gobble you up and make a hundred dollars out of you. Are you, John?"

"He won't make *more* than that out of me, any how. All I ask of you is to set him on. Tell him you're a sub-broker, and I'm his man. I will be."

"Oh, I see! John; you're a good egg. Here's my hand."

He went straight off, and I waited on the corner for him. Pretty soon he came back with Miggs—a lean chap with sore eyes and a twitchy face. He was dressed in a shiny broadcloth suit, and wore a blue vest with regulation buttons. *Our* buttons!—I could have knocked him down for that.

"Mr. Miggs," said Jo, "let me introduce my friend John Waggoner, from the country. I want you to show him the elephant, Miggs. Mr. Miggs knows the city like a book, John. He'll take care of you. Come round to my house to-morrow and I'll be more at leisure. I am on to-day."

Jo went off, and left Miggs and I standing on the corner. He looked at me as much as to say, "You're my game, country!" *Oh, am I?* thought I; but I looked peaceful.

"Smith a friend of yours, ain't he?" piped Miggs.

"Yes," said I, "he's well enough; but he's too darned particular for me. He won't never drink with a feller, and if there's any thing I like, it ain't tea—ha! ha!"

"He! he! he!" squeaked the sore-eyed substitute, "that's a good one. Eh! But, I say—let's have something."

Broker had got his cue as well as I. He was going to get me drunk as fast as possible. No doubt his time was precious.

We drank. Broker took a very light nip, I noticed. I let him do it—that time.

I warmed up with my liquor wonderful quick, you understand! and as we went right off into another saloon and drank again, I took Miggs's glass when he had dribbled a little whisky into it, and said I,

"Look 'ere! That ain't the way you drink with your friends, is it, Miggs, old chap? Here, let me fill her up for you."

And I filled her up, and watched Miggs drink her, too. He tried to laugh it off, but he made a wry face over her.

"What do you think about the war, Mr. Waggoner?" said Miggs after that. He was for getting me to business.

"War's a big thing on ice," said I. "*Big* thing! Come up and take something."

"Sully" was the word I poured out for Miggs, who began to eye me anxiously. To encourage him, I said,

"Miggs—hic!—old boy, I b'lieve I can lick Deff Jarvis or any other man. I b'lieve you an' I could, anyhow."

"Of course you could," said Miggs, who began to feel perceptibly better. "I tell you what, Waggoner, live half a notion to enlist myself."

"Sully" was the word. "Come up and drink."

Miggs made a wry face again as I poured out his gin, but he had to drink it. After which he grew decidedly patriotic and fiery.

"Say, Miggs—hic!—iggs," said I, "if you'll list for a Major-General, I'll list for a—hic!—high private. Let's go."

"Do it!" said Miggs, and he hiccoughed in earnest. "Do it! Recruiting office right 'cross way here. Come on!"

"Le's drink first," said I; and that one did the business. Miggs was as drunk as a fool. I took him over to the recruiting office and enlisted him in Uncle Abraham's army.

I can recall there's no one mighty mean man wearing the army blue, and that man is John Waggoner's recruit.

INDEPENDENCE DAY IN LIBEY PRISON.

I WAS brought up to regard the celebration of Independence Day as the imperative duty of every American whether he could do on that day as he or my younger days, when enthusiasm flushed all my life, I exercised my prerogative in the very fullest degree, exulting heart and soul into the spirit of the day, attending always the inevitable militia muster, and spending my few dimes in the purchase of the numerous incentives to fun on the occasion; namely, small beer, cakes, and the choicest peppermints. In later years I have been debarred from the latter practice; and when, on the Fourth of July, 1863, I found myself, a loyal Union soldier, in Libey Prison, I was more than ever driven over by propriety to commemorate the event which gave us the nation that traitors are trying to destroy.

There were a few hundreds of us in that Castle of Despair when that anniversary of our Independence dawned upon our torn and bleeding hand. Many of us had been in prison for weeks, and had grown sadly weary of the dreadful monotony of our prison-life. What could better relieve that monotony than a grand celebration to hurl defiance in their very faces, and preach the gospel of Liberty right in their strong-holds. We were not long in holding our preparatory. Speakers were selected, a reader procured, and every thing arranged, when suddenly it occurred to us that we had no flag. That was for a time a terrible damper to our enthusiasm. Who ever heard of a Fourth of July celebration without a flag? No one might as well attempt to have a wedding without a bride as to commemorate Independence Day without the Stars and Stripes to illuminate it! We must have a flag. But where to get it—that was a difficulty not easily overcome. One of the men suggested that we could borrow one from the rebels; they had several about the building, all hanging upside down; but the suggestion was not seconded. We wouldn't ask even the base, low, mean traitors who were dwelling all in their power to blot out its stars. Our perplexity was for a time, as you may conceive, very great: but Yankee ingenuity brought us relief at last. One of the men, we found, had a blue shirt, which, a white one being also found, he promptly gave up; these we tore into strips, and so manufactured a flag—a rough one, to be sure, but one that symbolized, and this was the main point, the color under which we had fought. The field was blue; the stripes and stars were white; we had only to think of the battle-fields from which we had come to fancy there was more of red than of either.

At last we were ready to hang our flag. So all the men, except Chaplain McCabe, Caleb Reed, myself, and two others, left the room while it was elevated to its position. We wanted to put it high up the wall so that it would hang in graceful folds over the chairman's head. It was a difficult thing to do, but Captain Reed accomplished it; he was one of Grant's Western boys, and you know Grant's men go just where they please. Well, when the flag was hung we opened the door and called in the men. You should have seen them as they came in—their faces were like pictures. As each entered his eyes caught sight of the flag, and merely a glance; a deep look of affection shone out from every eye and flushed every face, even the saddest and the palest. Many manacles clanked upon them and upon us all as we looked upon that poor remnant-blanket of our country's flag—memories of battles fought and victories won, of blood-like streaming folds; of sufferings, sacrifices, wounds, imprisonments—suffered for its sake; of comrades fallen never to rise at any morning-call again. We recited many things in that day of misfortune; but there wasn't any time for which we could have more devoutly thanked God than for the sight of the dear old flag, and the recollections it awakened as we stood there with faces upturned and brilliant.

Presently, every thing having been arranged, the exercises commenced. First there was a prayer; then the Declaration was read from an old dilapidated copy; and then the chairman of our prison organization delivered an address, cautioning us first not to applaud if any thing pleased us, lest the guard might come in and interrupt us. It was hard, as the brave young fellow—he was a Massachusetts Captain, only twenty-five years of age, and had fought gallantly on many fields—it was hard as he talked to us of duty, of the value of our imperiled Union, of the glorious future which would result if it this rebellion should be put down, not to give expression to our feelings in vehement demonstrations; but prudence required that it should be so, and we refrained. With all our care and caution, however, we did not escape detection. Probably our unusual quiet had something suspicious in it; at any rate, just as the chairman closed his address a rebel officer appeared, and, looking around the room, announced, "By order of the Colonel commanding this fuss must be stopped." That was nothing more than we expected; but some of us were not disposed to submit in silence. Colonel Streight—you have heard of him—stepped up to the rebel officer, and in a voice that had something of a tremble about in it, "Do I understand you to say that we can't celebrate the Fourth of July here?" "Yes; you can't." "Why not?" "Because" "Then you celebrate the Fourth of July down here for a long time; in South Carolina it hasn't been heard of since 1826." "We know that, Colonel; they did it in the old Declaration of Independence in the present condition of their society—it would put odd notions into the heads of their slaves, and, maybe, produce uncomfortable results.

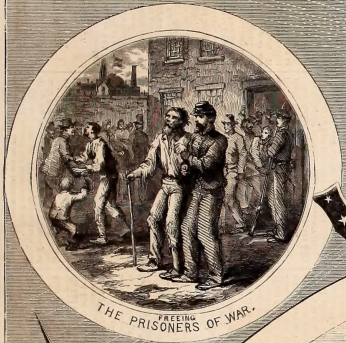
Of course, we saw that we were going to have trouble, and made order for a volley when Streight was said; then the rebel, looking up, saw our flag; and, I think I never saw a man look at a flag so long and intently as he did at that. It seemed as if he couldn't take his eyes from it; probably some thought of the crime he had committed in fighting against the cause of which it was the symbol kept his gaze riveted there. But he found voice at last to say, "That flag must come down." Col. Cox imagine how that command deepened our indignation. A soldier of Grant's army, captured in battle, cannot even speak as thought; and with faces pale with rage, eyes blood-shot, and lips firmly set, approached the rebel: "Let any man touch that flag if he dares," he said, in a voice made for death. To me he was a hero, standing there royally in the face of near peril. There was the rebel officer, with his guard; a dozen bayonets were pointed at the flag; but the brave boy knew they would think no more of killing him where he stood than you would think of brushing off a fly from your hand; but the rebel did not even so much as ruffle his placid, resolute purpose. He didn't expect, of course, to keep the whole Southern Confederacy from touching the flag; but he did mean that none of us should do it, and backed up his attempt at its protection with a look that conveyed to each of us equal certain blows. Presently the officer repeated the command, "Take down that flag!" To me the sound of a voice of a rebel that insulted fellow standing there with defiance on his face. A third time the command was given; and then Streight, who had disappeared a moment before, self the offensive flag, which he did with great difficulty, every soul of us wishing as he clambered up, and that he might fall—well, that he might fall to get down again in safety.

Some days after. Should the celebration go on? That was the question we had to answer, and that we debated for five mortal hours—in that time making enough spread-eagle speeches to serve a dozen New England villages, if equally distributed, on any ordinary Fourth of July.

A few days after that a friend of mine, living in Richmond, got letters to the Libey. I had heard that Vicksburg was taken, and asked him if it was true. He denied it, and went away, declaring that it could never be. But a day or two after, Johnston's dispatches, announcing the fall of the strong-hold, were published, and, of course, all Richmond knew of it. Next prison doors, filling us all with rejoicing. Our day a rebel officer came in. He asked, "What day is it?" "The Fourth of July," we said. "The Fourth of July," he answered. "What time of day was it?" He told us, and lo! it was just about the time our meeting was held; while the rebel officer was pulling down our flag, Grant was lifting up the starry banner over the roofs of Vicksburg! You should have heard us cheer as that fact dawned upon us; we saw that we hadn't had such a big Fourth of July after all; and had the whole rebel army stood in the prison gates with shotted guns we would have cheered *them* for Grant and the Flag! May God guard it forever!

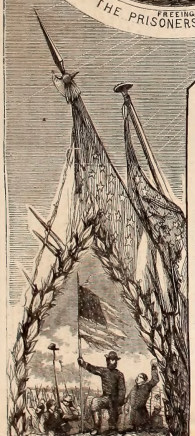
VICTORY WILL BRING US PEACE.
Th. Nast.
HONOR TO THE BRAVE
THE UNION FOR EVER.
THE TRAITORS.
NO MORE SLAVERY.

THE BLESSINGS OF VICTORY.



FREEING THE PRISONERS OF WAR.

THE VETERAN'S WELCOME.



QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLVII.

RANELAGH WITH THE LIGHTS OUT.

It was close on one o'clock in the morning, after the countess had gone to supper with her friends, that Lily had packed up sort of my tyrant's effects as she ordinarily took home with her, and was ready to go home herself.

She knew the way to the Gardens, and from the Gardens, just as an imprisoned antelope in a menagerie may know its inner lair and its outer paddock, and has been where the ugly-keepers stand to give it crumbs of cake. Beyond this there was a vasty void, only there was no visitors at the gate to give cakes to Lily.

They lived in a front parlor and bedroom, in a little one-story house in a by-street, close to the river-side. There was a scrap of garden in front, full of very big oleanders and sunflowers. The brass plate, too, which proclaimed that here was an academy for young ladies and gentlemen by Mr. Kafooze, seemed nearly as big as the little green door to which it was screwed. It was a tidy little house, in a tidy little street, only, as all the inhabitants did their washing at home, a small, rather too strongly pronounced, of soap-suds and damp linen, and the washing generally, hung about it, morning, noon, and night. All the little men had big beer mugs upon them. Mr. Kafooze's academy was flanked on one side by a lady who brought people into the world, and on the other by one who fought—at that ball, assisted them out of it, even to robbing them for their journey; and, on the other, by a dancing-master, who taught from Oriental climes, who gave himself out simply as "Fung-pan, Chinese," as though the bare fact of that being his name and nation were amply sufficient to satisfy any purpose of legitimate curiosity. Fung-pan dressed in the European manner, and, unless he were going to the watercress-hill, carried even parted with that celestial appendage. His smooth, India-rubber face, twinkling black eyes, and oleaginous manner had made him very popular with the fair sex. He had even contrived to court, in pigeon-English, the widow of a retired pastry-cook with a small annuity, and, to the great scandal of some of the more orthodox Christian district, Mrs. Biff, formerly of the King of Prussia, licensed to sell ale, had become Mrs. Fung-yau. Fung, however, was married to nobody else's wife; it is true that he was accused of burning fire-works at sunset, facing half a bushel of periwinkles to his pos in the back garden, and of the evening of his honey-moon; but he kept his head high, paid his way, and exerted respect from the neighborhood. Some said, that he swept a crossing, and Chinese costume, for a living; others, that he went round the country swallowing molten sealing-wax, and produced globes full of gold fish from his stomach; a third party would have it that he assisted behind the counter of a tea-dealer in Leadenhall Street; while a fourth insisted that he was an interpreter at a water-side police-court. I think, myself, that Fung-yau was a shoeblack down in the docks, where, even before he had arrived, a rice-fed, pigtailed coolie on board an East Indiaman.

The landlord of Lily's hall his lantern up to Lily's face as she glided past him toward the water-gate of Ranelagh.

"Good night, miss."

"Good night, Mr. Buckleshaw!"

"Have my great-coat, miss? It's wounds cold. I don't mind it."

"Thank you, no, Mr. Buckleshaw. I am well wrapped up. Good-night again."

"It's a sin and a shame to send that poor young gal home at all hours o' night," grumbled the night-watchman, who was an old soldier, and testy and kind-hearted, as old soldiers usually are. "It's a burning shame, and so je is. Them furriners don't seem to care a brass farthing for becomes of their own flesh and blood. Such muck, too, as they live upon! The young gal ain't a furriner, though, I wonder what that she-devil, who's sending the people crazy with her rough-riding, got hold of her. Well, it isn't no business of mine. And the night-watchman lighted another pipe, and addressed himself once more to the not very interesting task of crunching, with heavy footsteps, the frozen gravel.

The policemen on the beat knew Lily quite well, and more than one cheery "Good-night, miss!" greeted her as she passed them. There was one gallant constable who, when he happened to be on night-duty, always insisted on seeing her to the door of her street, which happened to be within the limits of his beat. While thus occupied—for Lily would not regard him, he was so civil and obliging—they passed the night inspector himself, in a short cape, and carrying a bamboo cane, and followed by a discreet sergeant.

The inspector stopped. The discreet sergeant, who was of a somewhat suspicious nature, carried his bull's-eye full on Lily, shook his head, and whistled as loudly as the rules of discipline and his respect for his superior officer would permit him to do.

"At your old tricks again, Drippan," the inspector muttered, severely. "Who is this young woman?"

Lily was terribly frightened. Drippan, however, who was the gallant constable, hastened to explain. Fortunately the inspector had on more than one occasion patronized Drippan with his wife and family, and had seen Lily waiving for Madame Ernestine at the stage-door of the circus. He was quite satisfied with Constable Drippan's tale, and was even good enough to tell Lily that, if she liked, a constable should escort her, so far as the boundaries of his beat permitted, toward her home every night.

The next time Mr. Drippan met her he cleared up the mystery of the inspector's severity at their first meeting.

"He's got hennemies, miss," he explained, "hennemies has he sworn to 'ave my 'art's-blood, let alone rewenging my good name, and reporting on me at the station when I ain't done nothin'. I should be Hinspector Drippan but for those hennemies."

Lily said she was very sorry.

"Well you may be," pursued this victim of malevolence. "I've been draw from beat to beat in a way that's 'ardly fair, and 'ave frequently 'ave bin passed agin me, and I've been put hunder stoppages for nothink as all."

Lily felt that she was very grieved, but was still somewhat puzzled to learn what his sorrow really was.

"I 'ave bin," he continued, in a dark whisper, "a perlicman in Grosvenor Square. I was huniversally respected and moved in the first families. It was just arter I 'ad a pitiful row russmaid as kep' company with a Fiend in Hinman Shape in the Life-Guards. She spit on me, and the co—when had his three years year—lost her situation. Vy did the hinspector've me up before the commissioners and play old Gooseberry with me? Because I 'ave jealous. Because I had put his nose outer joint, Ha!"

He paused, as though for sympathy, but Lily, not knowing precisely what to say, went on.

"They'll do it again now, I'm a-known at ted-quarters, and they'd as soon promote the fireman's dog as me. Hi 'ain a paryaw among my brother perlicemen, I 'ave. Hand Hi'll never do the dose when on duty? Let 'em prove their words. They see I runs arter the gals. They're a blighted lot. They've sent me down to this jolly old South Lambeth, where there's nothink but cads, costermongers, and fried fish. Hi has applied for a transfer exasperatin' way, and hit this sort o' thing's to go on, Hi'm blowed hif Hi don't write to the *Weekly Expositor*."

I am ashamed to confess that little Lily—who, having had her own pennies do ecur, should have learned sympathy for the misfortunes of—was not very forcibly impressed by this lamentable tale. I am afraid, indeed, that she was once or twice very near laughing at the end of it; but little matter for mirth she had now. The gallant but unfortunate Drippan did not fail to mark her drooping eyelids, and, before that night he offered to escort her no more; nay, once meeting her at her own street corner he pretended not to know her, and walked majestically, with measured tones, the injurious words, "Move on!" But Lily often met the inspector, and he had always a kind word for her.

She dared not go to bed, this night of the supper, until she had seen Madame safely home; she had lighted a candle and unpacked the bundle she had brought from Ranelagh, sat down in the little parlor, and, with a trembling hand, per was the only literary matter at hand, and she had read it through at least twice before dawn the beginning of the week. She also addressed herself again, and most industriously, to its perusal, going through all the advertisements of the splendid concerts, balls, and fêtes, the little free beer-shops, the eligible openings in the chandlery line, the unequaled tobacconists', stationery, and barber shops, wondering whether they all found purchasers, and whether it took six months or twelve for their lucky purchasers to realize handsome fortunes. And then she attacked the page devoted to theatricals, and read how Ranelagh was highly in the resort of the highest nobility; how she adpers

ian fellow won at the trente et quarante, you wouldn't have had a shoe to your foot."

"I have nothing to do with what I was yesterday. It is enough for me to think of what am to-day, and what I may be to-morrow." Spoken like a brave and consistent countess.

"At least," ven. nirated Tom, "you might remember that I got you a good engagement, and, as an old friend, am at least entitled to a little consideration."

"A fig for your engagements," the woman cried, snapping her fingers; "a fig for the miserable tea rounds a week which your master, M'Varicty, gives me. Dix livres sterling. Je me mouche avec ces gages-là!"

"You were strong enough to get them when I offered the engagement to you at Lyons, and lent you the money to come over to England."

"I might have been. It is a very long ago. In the century before last, I think. Chantez-moi quelque chose de nouveau."

"It was this very summer," grumbled Tom.

"A fig for last summer! a fig for my old friends. Je m'en fiche!" the woman cried. "I have found other old friends—and superb ones, too. I have been in the mud long enough. Now I am about to revenge myself."

"Then I suppose you don't want to see me any more. I wish you a very good-night. Tom was going away in a dudgeon.

On the contrary, the countess condescended to explain, "I want to see you every day. You can be useful to me, Jonfle Tuttlechel. Allons, sovons mais, mon vieux. Tapez la."

She held out her hand in a scornful manner to Mr. Tuttlechel, who took it, and seemed somewhat stiffly, for he was still but ill-pleased and was going, when the countess started up and pushed herself between him and the door.

"No, we are not going to part like that," she cried, half sarcastically, and half caressingly. "I'm in a strong mood, brave. You must continue to serve me. I want you here to-morrow morning. I want to talk to you before ces mes, sieurs arrivent. Nous verrons—we—shall see. I would say—Saturday? Have they not promised to so all? Am I not to dine with them, there? Ah, bien—at the Gardens? Allons, donnez-moi la patte."

She had still, though haggard and riddled, a rolping kind of manner about her which was not ineffective. Tom gave her his hand this time in perfect amity, and, promising to be with her again before noon, took his leave.

He had been slyly examining Lily while parleying with the countess. "By Jove! what a pretty little thing," quoth Thomas Tuttlechel, Esquire, as he put Mr. Kafooze's brass plate between himself and the parlor. "What a pity she should have such an old tigress for a mother. Clever woman, though. Fiendishly clever. In her day, must have fairly fallen off, though. I suppose the little one is her daughter. I wonder what Billy Long's game is. He's sown his wild oats; yet there's a sly lot, these swells, when it's up to something. He said to-night's meeting was as good as a thousand pounds to him. I wish he'd give me a few hundred on account. Hégh-ho! C-a-b!" And Tom Tuttlechel hailed a four-wheeler, and was driven home to bed.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

DREAMLAND.

IT was a very long time since the girl had dreamed. How could she dream, who had no time. Her life had been wakeful, and hard, and cruel. She had been bedded on no soft pillow; dandled to sleep in no loving arms. Every day around her had been awake, and watchful to strike at her. Tranquil slumbers and bright visions she had just tasted of, here and there, and for a moment; but they had been rudely broken, and intervals of long years rolled between. Sometimes, as a quiet and well-remembered little child, the plaything of the school at Stockwell, she had dreamed, nestling in the soothing shadow of her mother's honeysuckle bower, while she had certainly dreamed for a whole afternoon at the Greenwich dinner, and for a whole day at Carter Lodge. A bright and blissful dream had been her sojourn at Madame de Kergolay's; but the waking up only seemed the rather and more painful. Since she had grasped somewhat the sway of the horrible woman, who, in her paint and out of her paint, on the boards and off the boards, was by turns wild, and vulgar, and intolerable, she had forgotten what it was to dream, or rather she had been as one walking in her sleep, with eyes wide open and unconscious. So she might have gone on, to find herself at last a dull, stupefied, apathetic drudge, too crushed and listless to be discontented. But this was not to be. A great change was fated to come over her. She was to dream again, and, for a time, delightfully.

The change began on the very morning after the notable supper of the countess with her old friends. She ceased suddenly to trent Lily in the same manner as heretofore. She was no longer harsh, peevish, impatient with her. She had her old temper on countess; but when she found that she was losing, or the rather, on the point of losing, by way to her temper, would bite her lips, and stamp her foot, and crisp her fingers, until the fit had passed off. Her self-control was wonderful. Lily was astounded at it; and Mr. Kafooze, at first puzzled, was ultimately led to ascribe the alteration to the conjunction of some more favorable planets in the horoscope. The cardinal point in the mild, although somewhat muddled, philosophy of the little old schoolmaster was neither to praise nor to censure his fellow-creatures for any thing. If things went badly, he bowed to the fiat of the stars; and if they went well, he thanked the stars for it. Perhaps, all things considered, our night have a worse system of philosophy than the Kafoozian.

They had visitors in the humble little sitting-room the morrow of the supper. The curiosity of the street was all ago when the distinguished visitors arrived. They came in private carriages —in a Brougham and pair and a carbriolet. The tiger attached to the latter vehicle, a youth of rosy countenance and redundant whiskers, descended into Mr. Kafooze's garden, plucked two roses, stuck one of the flowers in his horse's buttonhole, and the other in his own, remounted, and then gave himself up to whistling, not defiantly, but with an air of cheerful superiority to his position. Lily and both Lambeth in particular.

Fung-yan, Chinese, who happened to be at home at the time (he always returned at noon to lunch on liver and bacon, rice, and bottled stout), came out to his front door, and surveyed the scene with his never-failing smile. So as his three hundred million prototypes simper as they cross the bridge on the willow pattern plate, the little tea-dealer, in his queue, surrounded by flowery gardens and early pagodas, on the grocers' chests. Most of the inhabitants of the street, however, were of opinion that the visit had something to do with a projected railway, the proximate driving of which through their quiet street, and consequent demolition of their dwellings, kept them in a chronic state of apprehension; and the ladies of the neighborhood nige shook their heads, and opined that it was no business of theirs, but that some people had no sense of decency left in their composition, and ly foreign horse-riders. It was enough to make decent Christian people—having paid rates and taxes for years to the parish—to have Jezebels most respectable—believe the world was coming to an end, and to cause the bones of their (the Christian bodies') grand-parents to turn in their graves.

Meanwhile the visitors, quite unconscious of these conflicting sentiments, were being shown into the little parlor. School was just breaking up as they passed through the passage, and, during the process of reception, the pupils and pupilars of Mr. Kafooze played with much zest at being a double-knock, at being a gentleman in a white hat, at being a cabman, at being a fat, crimmed eye-glass, and, in particular, at being carriages and horses.

Lily felt much flurried, but not unkindly, into the back bedroom when the double-knock announced the arrival of the illustrious party. They were five in number. They were the Virginias, plus one; and the additional person was Mr. M'Varicty.

"What do you want here?" was the countess's agreeable salutation to her director (she could not be expected to every body); "do you want to raise my salary?"

"Don't mind if I do," returned the enterprising manager. "Your salary's a consideration. I wish every body else did as well; but the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, you remember, the Swedish fellow who spoke with a ring-in-his-throat at Rosherville, and, as a child, was exhibited as the phenomenon with the words Princess Charlotte of Wales visible on the outside of his stomach. On the other, Leopold of Sacobble—supposed to mean Saxe Coburg—from whom I expected great things, has come a cropper awfully. The confounded idiot has had the measles; and now he's got over them, he's getting quite fat and good-looking."

The countess had only heard the first few words of his remarks. Long before the monologue was ended she had commenced a low conversation of her more aristocratic guests. How heartily she despised M'Variety in her secret self! What a vulgar creature! how insufferably under-bred follow he was! But the rest? Ah, they were true gentlemen—fine, affable, and easy, and gracious. Was Miller Carlton, M.P., a grand manner—and a kind one too, for all his haughty bearing? And Long Bellew? And Edgar Greyfaust, the Sultan Greyfaust, perfumed, and curled, and oiled, like a gorgeous Circassian in the Turkish bath, with his braided selisse and a sealskin waistcoat. "Il a fait grand seigneur, celui-là," she muttered. "C'est un bien joli garçon. Et Lord Tom Parcels. C'est peut-être un milord qui a fâné longtemps sur le Boulevard de Gand." And to Edgar she was especially gracious.

On Thomas Tuttlebell, even, she smiled; but she took occasion to whisper to him:

"Are you coming to-this morning, false mo So you still bear malice?"

"Not a bit," returned Thomas, in the same low tone; "you gave me a devil of a headache last night; snow-balls and red-hot flat-irons, by way of a change, were nothing to it. However, I'm all right now. I'll be with you come the morning; but we were up late, and I was tired to death." Although Thomas was one of the most obliging of mortals, he was by no means capable of what was due to his dignity, and did not like to be taken in cheap.

"As you please," the countess rejoined, turning away. "We will have our confidential talk another time." However settled she might have been by Thomas's apparent neglect, she took care (for good reasons of her own, doubtless) not to show any hostility, and was assiduously civil to him. "Messieurs," she continued, "can I offer you any thing? The wines of South Lambeth are, I am afraid, not of the premiers crûs—the first vintages; but, if you desired it, the neighborhood should be scoured for pipes of claret-cup and sherry-cobbler. Will you smoke, Messieurs? Illumine your cigars, by all means. I will not do you the injustice to suppose that I could offer you any so good as those which are in your cases."

The gentlemen hastened to disclaim any wish to put the delicacies of the house to the test, and she recovered herself willing to tolerate, and assured her that her conversation was already sufficiently delightful without any extraneous aids. By-and-by Sir William Long gently suggested that she had made them, overnight, a certain promise.

"Ah," she returned, with seeming carelessness, "I know—my little girl. I promised to introduce her to you, did I not? It was a venturesome pledge on my part. Vous êtes par trop gentilshommes, mes amis, for such assignations. However, you shall see that I can keep my word. Do you really wish to see the child?" She is but a little girl as yet, and is very timid and awkward."

"If she is half as charming as her mamma," Lord Carlton observed, gallantly, "she must be charming indeed."

"Flatterer! How do you know that I am her mamma? Ai-je l'air d'une mère, moi?" The high woman assumed herself as she spoke. She was really beginning to imagine that she was young again. "But you shall see her. Excuse me for a few moments, and I will present her to you. You are sure that I can not offer you any thing?"

"Don't think you can," put in plain-speaking Mr. M'Variety. "Don't very likely these gents could drink the kind of stuff you would be likely to get from the public house in the corner. If I'd only thought of it, now, I'd have brought a bottle of Champagne in his lordship's carriage."

"With his lordship's permission," Mr. Tuttlebell gently hinted, "I will be the host to-day."

"With nobody's permission but my own, Mr. Tom Tooly," the manager, who was quick of comprehension, rejoined.

Thomas looked discomposed, and his lordship laughed. Mr. M'Variety's bluntness rather astonished him also; but it could evidently never be alleged against the enterprising manager that he was an adulator of the great. He was fond of calling all of the "tigerpots," as he called them, made much of them, and treated them with great liberality and hospitality; but he never failed to let them feel who was master. He had often been known to swear at a lord who got in a carpenter's way behind the scenes; but he could also be very civil with him: he was also very good-humoredly respectful. He was quite as affable and quiz as hospitable in the luxury of his dressing-room contracted for the train-oil to supply the lamps of Ranelagh, the inspector of police, and the tradesmen who manufactured pasteboard for the refreshment-room.

Madame Ernestine went through the next two rooms, and spoke Thomas rather a hard time of it until her return. That unlucky observation about his lordship's pension brought on Thomas a fit of fretting and fuming. The Greyfaust was secretly delighted that the harmless client had been put down. Mr. M'Variety hastened, however, to smooth Thomas's ruffled plumes.

"A right good fellow is Tom," he observed; "only he's got a bee in his bonnet about you, and isn't wanted. Never mind, Tom; if I've hurt your feelings, I'm sorry for it."

Tom Tuttlebell was soon mollified to be angry with any human being for more than five seconds at a time; and he was assuring M'Variety of his perfect forgiveness, and did do nothing willingly to wound his feelings, when the countess entered the parlor.

She brought Lily with her. She had some wonderly grace and ingenuity left, this Wild Woman, and, during the few minutes she had been absent, had contrived to add ribbons and scraps of lace about the girl's dress, which made her look quite smart. She was very pale, poor little Lily; but the flush of surprise and trusting eyes were beautiful.

"Merciful Heaven!" cried the baronet, starting up. "She's not a bit changed. It's only the dear little girl we saw at Greenwich grown into a woman."

Lily had grown paler and paler. Flashes of crimson came, transient, across the deadly whiteness of her face. But she trembled all over, and stretched forth her hands before her as though her sight were failing her, and she was going to fall. Edgar Greyfaust she gave a look-cry, staggered, and would have fallen, but that the countess caught her in her arms.

"I thought so," she muttered between her teeth.

She bore her into the bedroom, poured water on; bandaged and stopped her forehead with shaded her hands. The girl soon revived. The countess bade her lie on the bed and keep quiet, and she would see that no one came to disturb her little imp," she muttered again, as she passed the sitting-room. "Ah, I thought so, I thought so! You couldn't keep away from me, little Lenth."

She found her visitors in great perturbation at the untoward occurrence.

"It is nothing," she explained. "I told you. She is a mere child, and has hitherto lived in virtuous retirement." She said this with a grin. "She was startled at the sight of so many strangers, but she is already recovered, and will soon be herself again. I was just as timid at her age." And she was quite well again. You are pleasant to look upon when she grinned. She strove to engage her guests in conversation; but it manifestly flagged. She saw their eyes continually directed toward the closed door, and she knew that curiosity was at work. She would keep the bedroom once or twice, and came out saying that the patient was better, but too much frightened to receive strangers again. And at last, with great amiability, but sufficient plainness, she told them that she had a rehearsal at the Gardens, and must beg them to excuse her until dinner.

"That's a crammer," whispered the enterprising manager to Thomas Tuttlebell; "there's not so much as a donkey rehearsing at our shop this morning." Whether his interpretation of the moment happened to be a play-house, an Italian Opera, a garden, a circus, a giant, a dwarf, a concert-room, a chapel, or a wild-beast show, Mr. M'Variety always alluded to it as a shop.

"I suppose somebody's gone wrong," said Tom, in a return whisper, "and she wants to get rid of us. We'd better be off, Mac."

There was clearly nothing left but for the visitors to go. The countess's face was wreathed with smiles; but there was no mistaking the gesture with which she showed them the door. She bade them adieu until dinner, which was to take place, it was arranged, at some hotel in the West End. Mr. M'Variety was to be of the party, and the manager whispered, as he passed out, that he had a proposition to make of a nature which might not be wholly displeasing to her. "Decidedly," she thought, "he means to raise my salary." Her views, however, were too ambitious just then to be satisfied with a mere two or three pounds added to her weekly stipend.

His lordship's Brougham would call for her at six o'clock. That was clearly as it should be, and another triumph. She was evidently resuming her proper station.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A PRACTITIONER being asked by his patient why he put so many ingredients into his prescriptions, is said to have answered more facetiously than philosophically, "in order that the disease may take which it likes best."

AN OLD STORY SPOILED.—A contemporary relates a wonderful anecdote about a boy who, for the sake of confidence of her chickens, and killed the cow with one blow of her bill." This statement is very remarkable. To make the story perfectly genuine the hen should be a cock, and the cow a bull.

DRILL FOR SINGLE VOLUNTEERS.

Fall In.—Let every man assemble at virtuous young woman on the first opportunity you may have.

Attention!—Look at the object of your affections respectfully.

Right Face.—Popping the question, like a man, not like a coward.

Quick March.—To her parents, and ask their consent.

Right About Face.—If you fail to the church, and begin the revries of holy matrimony.

Halt.—Look serious seriously for a few moments; then determine to devote yourself entirely to your wife.

Right About Face.—From the time that you frequented when single, and prefer your own home.

Advance.—Along the path of your young life, hand-out walking together, and don't let her walk three or four yards behind the street.

Break Off.—Billiard playing, betting, and staying out at night, if you wish to have a happy home.

"I wish you wouldn't give such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer who had an offensive smell. "I will again time," he added, "if you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

OLD SPANISH PROVERBS.

God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself.

Smoke, rainfall, and a troublesome wife, make a man run out of doors.

Every one is a fool but from knowing the truth.

Leave a dog and scratch taker in the middle of the street.

Take your wife's first advice, not her second.

Valuing for a thing before which never was fruit.

"Do you see this stick, Sir?" said a very stupid acquaintance to Sydney Smith; "this stick has been all round the world, Sir." "Has it, indeed?" said the remorseless sybaryt, "and yet it is only a stick?"

A one-legged miller is at once miller and lopper.

An elephant is a powerful animal, but the smallest dog can lick him.

In a country theatre there were only seven persons in the boxes one night. The pit was crowded, and the miserable acting of a performer, and bleated him energetically; whereupon the manager brought his company on the stage and *encored* the villain.

Many people's charities, like the brooks, are scantiest when most needed.

Better have no dumplings in the family than make them of the apples of discord.

"I have a place for every thing, and you ought to know it," said a father to his son, who was reading for, bit bottle-jack after his wife was in bed. "Yes," said she, "and I wish to know where you keep your late hours, but I don't."

"Isn't it strange," remarked a lady, "that the Mint Sauce is so green?" "Not at all," was the reply; "their father was a grocer."

"Do you enjoy going to church now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington. "Why, Sir, I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning, and dress myself, and hear a populous minister dispense with the Gospel."

Drive your cattle on the ice if you want cowslips in the winter.

Get too many suits brought for you by the lawyer, and you will get too much to you by the tailor.

NOT A BAD MOTTO.—For the "Special Safety Matches" which ignite only on the box, we suggest the inscription, "Strike for Home and Fire."

Why ought dentists to be feged cricketers?—Because they are adepts at "drawing the stumps."

At a dinner-party one of the guests used his knife inappropriately at table. At length a waiter advised: "Here you board of poor L——'s end affin'? I see him at a ber-ginning of his career, and he always used to 'ang on by the knife, and—" "Good Heavens!" interposed one of the ladies present, "do let us be out like Christians." He answered the rubber, "he did not cut his throat with his knife, Miss, as you expected he would, for he actually put it up to his mouth."

When is a steamship like a very exciting man?—When she's a screw.

Mrs. Partington makes Shakspeare say, "Sweet are the uses of advertisements."

THE QUESTION OF THE TIMES.—"To be or not to be?"

At no time of life should a man give up the thought of enjoying the society of women. "In youth," says Lord Bacon, "men are our mistresses, at a riper age our companions, in old age our nurses, and in all ages our friends."

"Of what trade is a clergyman at a wedding?—A Joiner.

"Boy, turn it to fool," as the boatman said when he was carving some poultry to market.

REUBEN E. FENTON.

HON. REUBEN E. FENTON, the Union candidate for Governor of New York, was born in Carroll, Chautauqua County, New York, July 4, 1815. His father was one of the pioneers of Western New York, and one of the most enterprising of those who changed the wilds of the "Holland Purchase" into that beautiful and rich agricultural district west of the Genesee River. He worked upon his father's farm until fifteen years of age, attending school during the winter months in the log schoolhouse. He attended the College Hill Academy, near Cincinnati, Ohio, and the Fredonia Academy, New York; and subsequently read law to qualify himself for business. Before reaching his majority he engaged in mercantile pursuits; and in 1840 he began, in a small way, on the head waters of the Alleghany, the manufacture and transportation of lumber down that and the Ohio rivers. He was entirely successful, and amassed a fortune at thirty years of age. After holding several town and county offices, in 1852, although a Democrat, such was his popularity that he defeated the Whig candidate for Congress in the then 33d District (which was Whig usually by 3000 majority) by 56 majority, and was a member of the Committee on Commerce. In 1854 he was defeated in the "K. N." tornado. In 1856 he was unanimously nominated as the Republican candidate, and elected to Congress by 5000 majority. In 1858, 1860, and in 1862 he was re-elected to Congress by average majorities of over 7000 votes. In the Thirty-seventh Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Claims, one of great labor, and requiring vigilance, discretion, and honesty. In the present Congress he is a member of the Committee of Ways and Means.

In his private as well as public life he has been uniformly successful. Kind and encouraging in manner and action, many young men owe prosperous positions to his unselfish aid. No man in Congress has been more uniformly devoted to the care and interests of the New York soldiers than Mr. FENTON. His time, his pen, his personal influence, and his liberal purse have been generously bestowed to alleviate, protect, and promote New York soldiers. He has been for a considerable time the President of the New York Soldiers' Relief Association.

MR. FENTON is in the prime of life; he has a commanding appearance. As a public speaker he is fluent, effective, and eloquent. But his success is attributed to untiring vigilance and personal attention to all the details of business, private or public. There are few men possessed of such suavity of manners combined with so great executive talent as Mr. FENTON.

HON. REUBEN E. FENTON, THE UNION CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

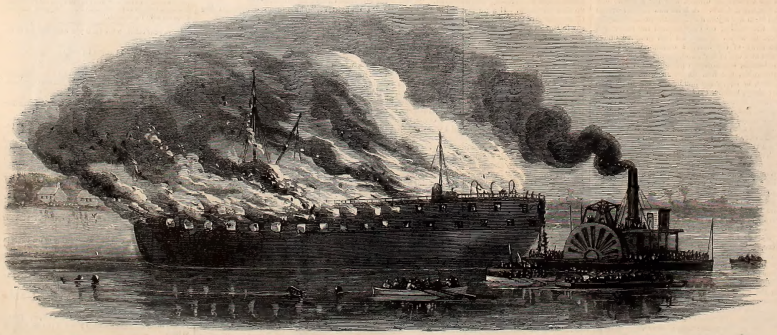
FOR some years past —and the present season has not differed in this respect from its modern predecessors—the edicts of the *Mode* have been issued during the summer excursion period. This is easily explained, from the circumstance that it has now become the general fashion to pass the hot months at the sea-side or at watering-places, where ladies are under very slight restraint as to the style of their costume, and can, without being subject to disagreeable remark, temporarily adopt any innovation, not to say eccentricity, which the taste of their mothers may suggest. Of all these bold innovations a few sometimes remain, and, once approved, become the mode for a certain time. Thus it was at the watering-places during the present season that the high bonnets recently worn received their *coup de canonat*; and the smallest of small bonnets, having obtained the official approbation of competent judges at Vichy, at Trouville, at Honfleur, and other fashionable resorts, will in all probability reign triumphant for some time to come. We have even seen some that scarcely cover the occiput, merely ornamented in front and on the scarcely perceptible back edge with drooping flowers, instead of the tour-de-tête and bavelet, which are now frequently abandoned. But it must be observed that such chapeaux, although met with in the best houses, are not yet general.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Green silk dress, deeply vandyked, each tooth being ornamented with rich white guipure. The casaque is adjusted to the waist, and is of the same color as the dress and similarly trimmed. White crape bonnet, small in size, and provided simply with a bouillonné of tulle in the place of the bavelet.

Fig. 2. *Sea-side Dress for a Young Lady.*—Light gray poplin robe and pardessus, all the ornaments being in black silk with long fringe. The chapeau is the chapeau Windsor, and is almost concealed by an aigrette and a large depending feather. The bottines are laced in front; the stockings are of the same color as the dress.

Fig. 3. *Carriage Dress.*—White muslin robe over sea-green silk slip. Rich lace fichu, surmounted by a ruching of green silk. The casaque is of green silk, trimmed with deep lace of like quality with that on the skirt. Bonnet of white tulle, ornamented with grass, and with a rose (sometimes replaced by a butterfly) in the tour-de-tête. A large sea-green bow surmounts the back hair or catogan instead of the usual curtain.

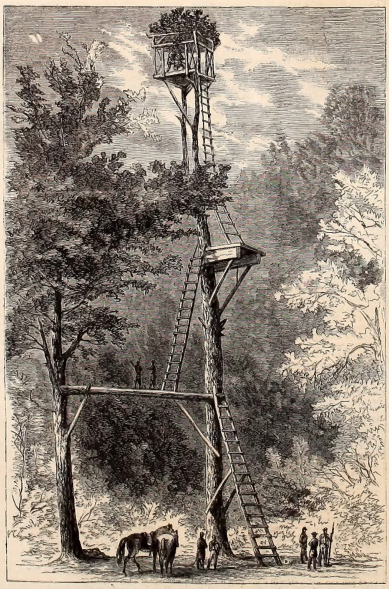


BURNING OF THE RECEIVING-SHIP "BRANDYWINE," AS SEEN FROM THE GOSPORT NAVY-YARD, VIRGINIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY JAMES S. CONANT.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1864.

CROW'S-NEST SIGNAL-STATION.

IN the sketch given below the reader will get a very good idea of the manner in which signal-stations are constructed. In an opening in the forest, on an elevation, some strong, lofty tree is selected. At the top of a ladder a scaffolding is placed; upon this scaffolding another ladder rests, and so on till the summit is reached. Here in the top of the tree a platform is built, affording a commodious look-out.



CROW'S-NEST SIGNAL STATION.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.

THE accompanying portrait is a very exact reproduction of a daguerreotype taken by Mr. BRADY of this city, who assures us that its original was no other than Private MILES O'REILLY, formerly of the 47th Regiment New York Volunteer Infantry, but now serving as a re-enlisted veteran in some regiment belonging to the Irish brigade. Mr. BRADY says that, in spite of every remonstrance he could offer, Private MILES insisted on "bein' sot for his picture" in a coat borrowed for the occasion from some friendly field officer of his regiment —the reason he assigned for not appearing in his proper uniform being, that he wanted the picture for his sweet-heart, and therefore it must be "lookin' the partiest he knew how."

Not wishing to cast any doubt upon Mr. BRADY'S statement, we can only say that the annexed portrait does not at all tally with the elaborate personal description of Private MILES given in that veracious chronicle of passing events, the New York *Herald*. We therefore append the pen-and-ink sketch and biography of the "Bard of the 10th Army Corps," as we find it reproduced in "MILES O'REILLY, HIS BOOK"—leaving such of our readers as may be curious in this kind of controversy to decide the authenticity of the portrait for themselves.

From the *Herald*'s stenographic report of the interview between his Excellency the President, the foreign diplomatic body, the members of Mr. LINCOLN'S Cabinet, and Private MILES O'REILLY, held at the White House on last Thanksgiving-day, we make the subjoined extract; and, without expressing any decided opinion ourselves, the matter is now remitted to the consideration and judgment of an enlightened public.

"Private O'REILLY is a brawny, large-boned, rather good-looking young Milesian, with curly reddish hair, gray eyes, one of which has a blemish upon it, high cheek bones, a cocked nose, square lower jaws, and the usual strong type of Irish forehead—the perceptive bumps, immediately above the eyes, being extremely prominent. A more good-humored or radiantly expressive face it is impossible to conceive. The whole countenance beams with a candor and unreserve equal to that of a mealy potato which has burst its skin or jacket by too rapid boiling. He stands about six feet three inches, is broad-chested, barrel-bodied, firm on his pins, and with sinewy, knotted fists of a hardness and heaviness seldom equaled. On the whole, he reminds one very much of Ensign O'DOHERTY'S ideal picture of the Milesian hero:

> "One of his eyes was bottle-green,
> And the other eye was out, my dear;
> And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
> Were more than two feet about, my dear!
> O, the lump of an Irishman,
> The nasty, ugly Irishman,
> The great he-ogre, with his wonderful brogue,
> The leathering wreak of an Irishman.

"Private O'REILLY says that he was born at a place they call Ouldcastle, in Ireland; that he picked up what little of the humanities and rudiments he possesses under one Father THOMAS MAGUIRE, of Cavan—'him that was O'CONNELL'S friind, rest their sowl;' and he is emphatic in declaring that he and seventeen of his O'REILLY cousins, sixty-

PRIVATE MILES O'REILLY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

four MURPHY cousins, thirty-seven KELLY cousins, twenty-three LANIGAN cousins, together with a small army of other Milesians—all his own blood relations, many of them now in the service, and all decent boys—would be both proud and happy to enlist or re-enlist, for twenty years or the war, if his Reverence's Excellency the President would only oblige them 'the laste mite in life' by declaring war against England. He is of opinion that no excuse is ever needed for going to war; but only think if any were, it might be found in the recent Canadian-rebel conspiracy to release our prisoners of war, now in camp on Johnson's Island."

We can not dismiss PRIVATE MILES from consideration in any manner more appropriate than by giving one of the many which first brought him into notice, and which may now be heard sung to the air of "Jamie's on the Stormy Sea!" at many of the camp-fires of various regiments. He called it his

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.

"COMRADES linked in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Brothers ever let us be!
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But, whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

"Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers may more to be—
And, if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers will we die!

"By communion of the banner—
Battle-scarred but victor banner,
By the baptism of the banner,
Brothers of one church are we!
Creed nor faction can divide us,
Race nor tongue can ever divide us,
Still, whatever fate betide us,
Brothers of the heart are we!"

THE REVENGE OF A GODDESS.

THROUGH the dewy thicket, out into the patch of silver moonlight, on to the silent wood, paced the picket-guard, humming a love-song between his teeth, and thinking of bright eyes far away, of honeyed words and velvet lips, of a true heart and a plighted faith all his own, when he should return to claim them.

Like enough this very minute she's looking at the moon shining down so bright, and thinking about him.

Seth Bryant never finished the sentence thus begun, for the same air-wave that brought his own words to him, brought also a step or two farther, prostrate at Seth Bryant's feet, and clung about his knees.

"What is it? Who are you?" exclaimed he, trying to withdraw from that convulsive clasp.

The woman struggled for speech, but from her laboring throat only a dry gasp came only a moan, half of anguish, half of exhaustion.

Seth looked at her in the moonlight, and read her story at a glance. Numb face upturned to his. A life of toil, of misery, of hopelessness, had written its monogram upon every one of the coarse features, but there was a figure that should have been in its prime, and intensified to terrible pathos the natural misery expressible of the negro's eyes, her only point of beauty. She was apparently about thirty years of age.

"You're a fugitive slave," said Seth Bryant, at last.

Before the woman could reply the renewed sound of crashing timber and triumphing footsteps announced that a third person was about to appear upon the scene.

The negro woman shrank together, and uttered a gasping cry as she clung more closely to the Union soldier.

"Save me, mas'r! Oh, for de Lord's sake, don' let him git me!" panted she.

"Let go—let go of me this minute!" returned Bryant, somewhat roughly, as he too shrank away from the desperate arms clinging about him.

"Who goes there?" challenged he again, as soon as he could command his piece.

"A friend! A good Union man! You needn't be scared of me," returned a rough voice, as a man parted the bushes and emerged into the moonlight glade.

"Halt, friend, and give the countersign!" returned the sentinel, covering the friend's gleaming right eye with the "sight" of his piece.

"I don't know the countersign, nor I don't want any thing to do with you," retorted the man, in a huff. "All I'm after is that wench of mine that's trying to hide away in them bushes. You ain't going to hinder my coming for enough to stop your lines to grab her, are you?"

He advanced as he spoke a step or two, and the woman, abandoning the futile effort at concealment, rushed once more to the feet of the sentinel, and clung there, moaning.

"O mas'r! oh, for de Lord's sake don' let him git me! O mas'r, tink it 'twas you own mudder or sister! Oh, good Lord, help me dis time! Turn your bressed face ob us dat's 'shuin, an' help a poo, mis'able creter dat ain't got no one but you and dis good Yankee sojer to look to."

"Halt where you are!" ordered Bryant, sternly, his musket still aimed at the intruder's head.

"Another step and I'll fire. Now, tell me who you are, and who this woman is?"

"My name? Thomas Bellew, and I live about ten mile below here. I'm a good Union man as there is in Old Virginny. I'll stump any one to say I'm not. But that 'ere black 'ooman's my wench Juno, and she's runned away, trying to git to the North, I reckon. I got track of her last night, and come up to look for her, and I've got her up in an old shanty down here a piece, and had just got a grip of her when she slipped through my fingers, and got for the woods with me after her. I come up with her just here, and all by chance, I expect, she slipped you, and thought you was going to help her. But your father's name isn't Juno, running off niggers, I've heard say, especially when they belong to good Union men like me."

"No, Colonel Sawyer don't want them to come into camp, and if you're a Union man as you say, I suppose he'll give up the slave if you was to go to him about it," said Bryant, thoughtfully.

"Of course he would, and as long as she's here, and I'm here, she's simply a good way off my duty. It just the same thing to let me grab her, and be off without any more to do?" argued Thomas Bellew, pressingly.

"Well, I suppose it is," assented the picket-guard, uneasily, as he glanced down at the face of the agony-stricken negro at his feet.

"I don't know as I've any right to let you come within the lines though," added he, hesitatingly.

"Why, I won't walk a step, mister, I'll stay right out of your sight. All I want is my own, and you say yourself that your Kunnel would give the gal to me."

"Very well, take her, and begone," said Bryant, sharply, as he once more disengaged those white arms from the Union coat, and pushed the negro to the other end of the glade.

Not so quickly though but that he heard the savage and brutal the brutal kick, with which the planter took possession of his slave; not so quickly but that his ears were pierced and his heart wrung through with a long, low woman-wail full of despairing anguish.

When he turned round he was alone. Only the white moonlight filled the little glade, only the song of the whip-poor-will broke the midnight stillness; but to Seth Bryant's excited imagination there still showed a dark anguished face and form, that night-bird's mournful voice repeated always that passionate cry, "O Lord, help me! O Lord, help me!"

"And what would Mary think after all she said about just this?" asked the young man's heart, as he paced on mechanically with his musket. Mary went back to the night, three months ago, when he had hid his betrothed good-by, and heard her last prayers and vows uttered amid the sobs of parting. The old question, the old sorrow had come upon between them even then; for Mary Gifford had been a slave-holder's daughter, and abolitionism was in its widest sense, for every human being in her native land.

Seth Bryant came of another stock and another creed; and while enlisting himself a soldier of the Union against the rebellion, he had spared no pains to convince Mary that slavery was not the sin to whom he spoke, that he in nowise pledged himself to fight against the very root and corner-stone of the rebellion.

But at least he would never, could never, take part in the cruel treachery of returning a fugitive slave to bondage; in these same distinctions between cause and effect, should have fled to him for safety. Mary would understand and trust her hand in his, her eyes resting upon his, with a look of anxious doubt.

"Should I not return his horse, his ox, nay, his very child, if it thus escaped, and he came to demand it of me?" asked Seth, sturdily.

"God has given me a gift that will reckon with him for its training. God, too, has given men dominion over the beasts of the field; but God never gave man to beast, to be a thing lower than even the very beasts," said Mary, earnestly.

Seth, however, had no mind for such discussion on the eve of a long parting, and Mary's gentle face with swimming blue eyes, eloquent in their loving sorrow, or these coarser, darker, stronger features, and wild wild eyes, with the fire of a fiercer passion with swimming blue eyes, eloquent in their loving sorrow, or these coarser, darker, stronger features, and wild wild eyes, with the fire of a fiercer passion quish of a vain appeal. Nor had daylight the power to lay these phantoms, but rather seemed to increase their luminous forms. Seth was relieved from duty by day, and night by night, they kept Seth Bryant company until he had tuning or deliberately or recklessly, and became a heavy and moody man.

Suddenly upon this dreary dream came a sharp change. The rattle of musketry, the heavy boom of cannon, the fierce cry of onset, and Seth Bryant found himself fighting madly in the foremost ranks of his noble Massachusetts regiment, and for a moment forgot to wonder what was done to that woman called Juno by the brute who carried her away, and what God and Mary Gifford would say to his agency in the matter.

Then came the repulse, the terrible struggle for honor and life, of a handful of men, crushed between a legion of pitiless enemies and the precipice with a river at its base.

Of all the bloody battle-fields where this civil war has left its footsteps, of all the God's Acres consecrated by the heart's blood of its martyrs, of all the terrible blunders where hundreds of true, brave men have been offered up in vain expiation of one man's folly or treachery, there is to my mind none so pregnant with bitter interest, with pathetic heroism, as this battle of Ball's Bluff. Let those whose nearest and dearest perished there for naught say if my words are not sooth.

Seth Bryant, cruelly wounded in the very last of the struggle, staggered to the verge of the steep cliff and there lay motionless for hour, choosing rather to lie beneath the waters already turbid with the blood of his comrades than to fall alive into the hands of an enemy whose barbarous treatment of their prisoners hung over throw a darker shade over the shameful annals of their treason.

But he was not then to die. Floating some distance down the stream he drifted at last into a tangle of reeds, osier-willows, and thick-set river plants, and lay there motionless for hours, not daring even to intensify his condition to either side. Drifting in presently, so that his head and shoulders lay between the reeds, while the water, softly lapping his wounded arm and breast, soothed the fever of his wounds, the poor fellow fell asleep, and dreamed of home and Mary, and the old mill-dam where they had sat while he told her how well he loved her. But just as Mary's head drooped lower and lower toward his breast a dark hand rose from the water at their feet, and thrusting Mary aside touched him over the heart, and the touch was of molten iron. With a gurgling cry Seth awoke. The hand was gone, and so was the dark phantom-face that had just begun to stop itself beneath the water, but the sting remained, the cruel, burning thrill that seemed scorching the very blood within his heart. He was alone, left exposed to the sun, now that the rapid current had washed its plaything higher upon the shore, almost out of its own reach.

With a sigh of pain, breathless sigh, and then Seth, slowly recovering his recollection, drew himself carefully out of the water, and rising to his feet tried to ascertain where he might be.

It was no easy task. Far away upon the opposite shore burned fires and lights that might be those of the Union army, but might as well be those of the enemy; for the wounded man had no means of judging in the darkness to which bank of the river he had drifted, and his wounds were fast becoming so painful as to deprive him of the full use of his native coolness and acumen.

Leaving the river-side he climbed a long steep bank, and then crossing a highway and traversing some fields, plunged into a wood of considerable extent, with a vague intention of remaining there until he should feel able to reconnoitre his position thoroughly and learn what were his chances for rejoining his regiment.

Creeping cautiously along—for he foreboded that he was on the enemy's ground—the fugitive presently found himself in an open space among the trees, and as he traced its boundaries by the dim starlight did not fail to see that similar phantoms suddenly rose up and claimed him as their own. The place was so like that one upon the opposite shore where a few hours before he had turned coldly from that woman pleading to him for help in her mortal agony, had seen her hurried away with his consent to fiendish tortures whose secrets are only fully known to the Judge and Rewarder of all men.

And now it was he who was the fugitive; he who fled, wounded and dying, from the ruthless foe, who, as they had misused their power over their bondslaves, would and had misused it over their captives captured in fair, honorable warfare by slaveholding until they had come to feel that strength and dominion are the weapons of the tyrant, instead of the Godlike attributes of those who are thus endowed that they may humbly imitate God in their bearing to their fellow-men.

With a wailing cry Seth Bryant sank upon the ground and hid his face in the wet grass.

"God has found me out. This is judgment!" he sobbed, "and I deserve that poor creature knew it."

A slight sound at his side startled him—a step, a movement as of some one stooping close over him; a hand upon his shoulder. He turned hastily, and found a face within a few inches of his own.

He thought in his feverish remorse it was the phantom, in a more visible shape, come to exult over him.

"It is Juno," murmured he—"Juno. She was a queen, wasn't she?—as a goddess, and they killed her; hurried her away, and then whipped her till the ground was as red with her blood as that place where the Captain lay to-day. Juno! Where is Mary, Juno? Why did you call her down to the mill-dam? You're glad enough to see me here now, aren't you, Mary? No, it was Juno that I gave up to the hunter. Don't you hear they call them, Juno, they? I wonder if they're hunting me? Hark! They're coming now! I hear them!"

He sprang to his feet, and stood glaring around in a frenzy of delirious rage and terror. Then his fevered brain reeled, the dark wood and the dim sky blended with one another, and he fell heavily to the earth.

At the first words he had spoken the dark, silent woman whom he addressed as Juno had started to her feet and uttered a cry; but carefully avoided any other motive detained her to listen to his wild mutterings; and now, as he lay silent and motionless for a few minutes, she

Private Bryant was now utterly insensible, and it was only by a prodigious effort that the feeble old man, with Juno's help, lifted him from the bed and carried him to the fire-place, where they laid him flat upon his back, and Juno having entered the kindling-place first, received the head and shoulders and dragged, while Quashy pushed, until the six feet of senseless clay known as Seth Bryant lay at last upon a rude bed of straw and leaves, across the rod of the open room.

The torch now placed in the chimney-corner threw a broad glare into the recess, and showed, in strong flickering lights and shadows, the little crypt scarcely more than six feet in diameter, its walls and roof lined with pine saplings, and its few rude pieces of furniture. It showed, too, the straight soldierly form, and the death-white face of the wounded man, contrasting so vividly with the black skin and negro shape of his strange nurses as they stripped away the covering from his chest and arm, the better to examine his wounds. Upon the heart lay a picture, the photographed likeness of a young girl. Both negroes glanced at it, and Juno laying it carefully aside, said:

"Dat's Mary. De pore boy!"

"Don' see how he hurt it in he heart wid dat ere pieter a lyin' right on it, for ole Massa nuddar use man to wise nor def," muttered Quashy, bitterly.

"Pears like he forgot dat time dat we was both women," said Juno.

"Hark, gal! What dat? Hosses' feet, shoo as I'm on ole sinner, an' stoppin' here."

"Go out! Quick, hurry, Quashy! Get the stone and brush back 'fore dey come in, or we're all gone togedder!"

Whereupon whispering these directions, Juno pushed the old man out of the cavern, and tugged with all her might at the slab that should cover the entrance. But, in vain, it had become jammed in some way, and would not stir, not even when Quashy upon the other side applied all his strength and experience to the effort. And already the cave blow upon the door showed that the intruders were determined to enter.

"Pile up de brush in front, an' take away de torch. Hurry, for de Lord's sake, ole man, an' hole her out you's a comin'!"

"Comin', mas'r, comin' soon's I get de ole trowsers on," piped the shrill voice of the old man upon the instant, and with nervous hands he heaped back the brush high above the opening, and swept into the fire-place the bits scattered over the floor. This done, he took the torch in his right and hurriedly opened the door. Two officers on horseback, followed by a couple of orderlies, all in the rebel uniform, visited cautiously.

"Well, old stupid, why couldn't you open soon-er? What are you about with a light at this time of night?" asked the elder of the officers, dismounting as he spoke, and coming into the cabin. One sharp glance around showed him, as he thought, the whole interior of the bare four walls, and his eyes returned to the stolid face of the old negro, who stood staring at him in well-feigned stupidity.

"What makes you up at this time of night, I say, boy?" reiterated the officer, sharply.

"Leave you know, mas'r."

"But you had a light, you old fool, and that was what made us stop. It's near midnight, did you know it?"

"Laws no, mas'r. I doesn' know noffin," mumbled Quashy. "I kep' a pity knot burnin' for company like, mas'r. Here's ben sich an awful lonesomage ober dere all day. I 'spects the Yankees has done come now for sartain. Pore ole nig couldn' stand a war. Was 'fraid you was de Yankees, mas'r, when you knock."

"No, we ain't the Yankees, boy, but we'd like to get hold of some of those that are skulking in this wood. If any come here, uncle, and ask for help, let them in, and hide them up safe, while you fodder your horses, and get and give information. You'll get paid well; and here's a dollar to put you in mind of what I say."

"Comp. Bellows," called the officer outside, who had not yet spoken. "Don't waste any more time over that old idiot. He don't know enough to do to either party. Come on."

"Very well. Remember, uncle, what I have told you."

"Sartain, mas'r. I'll 'member. 'Night, mas'r."

"Good-night, boy."

And Captain Bellows, after one more sharp glance about the place, withdrew, little guessing how near he had been to a double revenge, little guessing that a moment so fatal as almost to be alone, alone separated him from that defenseless woman, and that trembling woman, who, at the first tones of his voice, had fallen to the ground and lay there as helpless in her terror as the hare who sees the hound darting upon her.

When Quashy, after listening for the last audible hoof-beat of the retreating horses, drew near the fire-place and whispered her name, it was only by a terrible effort that Juno was able to answer him; only in the lowest of murmurs that she dared to reply to his question whether she needed more help with a helpless man; then Quashy, exhausted by his unwonted vigils, extinguished his torch, and crept back to bed, leaving Juno to watch and pray the long night through.

Three long weeks did that devoted woman voluntarily imprison herself in that gloomy crypt, patiently nursing and attending the man who, when she had left at his feet for more than life, had coldly refused and repulsed her.

When Seth recovered his consciousness, and learned the manner of his escape from death and the identity of his rescuer and protector, he said little, but thought very much, and felt still more; and if ever a man was in this life "born again" that man was Seth Bryant, when he once more stood erect beneath God's heaven a man able to defend himself and her who had cared for him in his extremity; for to be sobered from drink and to know Christ that did not include Juno with himself.

At last the opportunity came, and after bidding good-by to old Quashy with the promise of future reward—a promise faithfully and amply redeemed —Bryant once more threaded the forest paths beneath the blackness of night with Juno for a guide.

They reached the river bank; they found the little skiff and faithful boatman awaiting them; they crossed the river whose waters had run red but three short weeks before with patriot blood; they reached in safety the opposite shore, and stepping upon soil guarded by the banner of the republic Seth Bryant felt himself once more a freeman and a soldier—felt that at last he might begin his life-long repayment and atonement to the humble, despised friend who stood beside him so unconscious of the debt.

A short furlough was easily obtained for one so sorely wounded as Bryant proved and that he had been, and a few days later saw him traveling North with Juno by his side where it was permitted, with him for her protector, to seek and find her sister to associate with her whiter-skinned brothers and sisters.

A year arrived in Massachusetts; so they came to Mary Gifford's home; and to her care and guardianship was Juno confided before even the son sought his mother's presence or his father's home.

"It is to you that I bring the first-fruits of my repentance, Mary, for it is against your teachings that I sinned," said the lover; and Mary cared not to hide from "mild-eyed Juno's" gaze the close, kind kiss and fond embrace that repaid the offering.

And here we must leave the kind little gallant company against the doomed city whose downfall its bravest leader has decreed and will accomplish, his wife and children patiently for the end, and her handmaid Juno adds her prayers to those of her mistress for the master's safe return.

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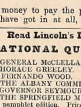

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 405.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"RALLY ROUND THE FLAG."

THIS week we print, on pages 632 and 633, another picture which shows at a glance the position of the Union men in this contest. The constitutional standard-bearer, who through good report and evil report has held the flag of the country aloft and triumphant, is represented surrounded by his gallant fellow-citizens of the army and navy, who on land and sea have maintained the honor and integrity of the nation. Neither he nor they ask for "an immediate cessation of hostilities"—neither he nor they are ignorant of the great price of constant sacrifice of every kind that must be paid for the final victory of the people over their enemies; of loyal men over traitors; of the great mass of men who live by their own labor over a privileged class that call weakmen "mud-sills;" the triumph of the true Democracy over the only aristocracy in the land.

"Soldiers," said the President a few days since to a returning regiment, "I thank you in behalf of the country for the services you have rendered. . . . The war is for the perpetuation of the principle of equal rights to all. In this Government the sober and industrious have an equal chance. I occupy the White House now; but there is an equal chance that your father's son may be as fortunate as my father's son."

These are the words of a true Democrat and honest man, sprung from the people, and conscious that he is upholding their cause against traitorous enemies every where. "This is your war," he says: "Boys, rally round your Flag!"

GEN. WARREN EXTENDING HIS LINES.

THE sketch which we give on this page is one which illustrates an operation continually going on on General GRANT'S extreme left. According to the rebel journals the Lieutenant-General is slowly pushing westward from the Weldon Railroad; as he moves in this direction he fortifies his extended line. The scene given in the sketch relates especially to General WARREN'S front. The work of fortifying goes on at night, to avoid exposure to the enemy's fire.

THE U. S. TORPEDO-BOAT "NEW ERA."

ON September 8, at Fairhaven, Connecticut, was launched the torpedo-boat *New Era*, of which we give a sketch on page 636. It is the first boat of the kind worthy of notice. She is a wooden vessel, seventy-five feet long, twenty feet beam, and seven feet depth of hold. She is securely built, her heavy beams being supported by hanging knees bolted and fastened, and is to receive an armor plating sufficient to make her shot and shell proof. Her engine has a cylinder eighteen inches in diameter, with eighteen inches stroke of piston, and works a screw capable of propelling the vessel at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The boiler furnishes the steam for the main engine as well as for the auxiliary engines, which work the submerging pumps, and the mechanism by which the torpedo arm places the torpedo beneath the ship. Forward of the boiler is the steering wheel, and then comes the torpedo-machine. It requires twelve men to man the vessel. The following is the method in which the torpedo-machine operates: As the vessel advances toward her victim a torpedo, varying in charge from sixty to two hundred pounds of powder, is placed in a basket-like contrivance, attached to a long rod. The torpedo is capped, and the hammer which is to explode it is secured, and every thing being in readiness, the large working box is closed, the gate at the bow of the vessel is raised; the water then rushes in until it is filled. The machine is now set in motion, and a long iron arm carries the basket containing the torpedo out from the vessel, and, closing up to the enemy, by means of a rod within this arm, the torpedo is released from its receptacle and is deposited in the water in just such a position as allows it to float up against the bottom of the vessel intended to be destroyed. The machinery still keeps on revolving, and the same motion which caused the arm to run out brings it back; the vessel in the mean time backs out of the way of the vessel intended to be sunk, and at the moment fixed upon the hammer falls, the cap is exploded, and the work is done. The basket may be again charged and the process repeated. The invention of this ingenious machine, by Chief-Engineer W. W. WOOD, U.S.N., introduces a new era in submarine warfare.

GENERAL WARREN EXTENDING AND FORTIFYING HIS LINES ACROSS THE WELDON RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

SOLDIERS' HYMN.

THERE is a land where strife shall cease,
Where arms shall clash no more;
Where all is calm content and peace;
Lord, bring us to that shore!

In the rough tent, in the wild tent,
In the marches by the way,
Be thou the soldier's comforter,
His strength, his staff, his stay.

About the graves of good men gone
Make the grass to shine;
Our armies lead to victory on,
And make their victories thine.

In the rough tent, in the wild tent,
In the marches by the way,
Be thou the soldier's comforter,
His strength, his staff, his stay.

And when we've done with life's events,
When the dark shadows fall,
Help us, O Lord, to strike our tents
For the last march of all.

To the sad tent, to the sick tent,
To the dying tent, come down,
And gem the rough wood of the cross
With the blossoms of the crown.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

THE CHICAGO CANDIDATE.

THE patriotism of the American people regards with such instant scorn and indignation the craven platform of the M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON party that the managers are now painfully struggling to separate the candidates from the Convention and platform. So far as regards Mr. PENDLETON this effort is hopeless. He is as plainly and fully upon the record as Mr. VALLANDIGHAM. His political philosophy precisely that of CALHOUN and JEFFERSON DAVIS. He is a Union man of the school of BERRIEN and YANCEY, and of no other. No "Union" capital can be made out of Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON. He is therefore passed by, and M'CLELLAN'S letter is offered as "a good enough" platform until after the election.

"My face is my fortune, Sir, she said." His letter is his platform, we are told. That would have been a more plausible deception if the party which is to support him had not already declared what he is to do. The representatives of that party from all parts of the country, and fresh from their constituents, met at Chicago and deliberately proclaimed their opinions and their policy; and as the New York *Herald*, the earliest supporter of M'CLELLAN, and other "Copperheads are the law-makers of the Democratic party"—if the meeting at Chicago is to be allowed to usurp that name.

But the letter itself does not deny the assertion of the platform that the war is a failure; on the contrary, it substantially repeats it, by saying that the country has no result from our victories. It does not reject the effort for an immediate cessation of hostilities; it says merely that when it shall be probable, whether by means of such an effort or otherwise, that the rebels are ready for peace upon the basis of the Union, then—they may return to their obedience to the Government? Not at all; but then and then we will proceed to consider upon what terms they are to obey. Is not the Constitution enough? If so, why does he not say so? Having taken arms against the Government, are the rebels to be bribed to lay them down by the promise of a change in the Constitution? That is to grant the success of the rebellion. It is the surrender made at Chicago, and it is repeated in M'CLELLAN'S vague phrases about "exhausting all the resources of statesmanship."

No man can make this letter bear any juggling intention. It talks of "the Union at all hazards," but so the Chicago platform declares Union to be the means and object of the party. But *what* Union is meant? Is it Union under the Constitution of the United States, or the Montgomery Constitution? HORATIO SEYMOUR says the last is the best. Senator HUNTER, of Virginia, told a member of the Peace Congress in 1861 that all the Northern States except New England would accept the Montgomery Constitution. M'CLELLAN knows perfectly well the intended policy of the men who are his supporters, and they have purposely left this loop-hole in their letter.

But after this fine flourish about Union, what does the letter end in? In the acceptance of the nomination offered by the framers and supporters of the platform, and by falling into line with Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON a frank disunionist. To know the real significance of this campaign, therefore, and the true position of the candidates, we are to ascertain the views and intentions of their supporters.

The organ of M'CLELLAN in New York, which informs a sympathetic world that it "loves" him, says that when he accepted the nomination he, of course, accepted *the* platform.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a VALLANDIGHAM paper, says that M'CLELLAN "stands on the platform erected by the Convention as far as it goes, and adds another," which, "under his administration would never be required for use."

The Chicago *Times*, one of the most virulent submission sheets in the country, says: "He accepts the trust and with it all the conditions named."

The Boston *Courier*, which declares the war infamous, unscrupulously advocates the election of M'CLELLAN.

Mr. VALLANDIGHAM says that while M'CLELLAN will adhere to the Union (Mr. V. himself proposes to divide it into quarters), yet "he is committed to peace, and he is a gentleman, and will carry out every pledge made—he is committed to resort to peaceable instrumentalities to accomplish that purpose." Mr. V. made the Chicago platform, seconded the nomination of M'CLELLAN, has read his letter, and, as the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says, will "cordially support and vote for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON."

Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, who, as Mayor of New York, regretted that he could not send arms to the rebels to shoot loyal men with, says that he shall give all his influence and weight to the election of M'CLELLAN, and that his letter declares for compromise.

Mr. BOND, of Pennsylvania, said, at Chicago, that "if they wanted the war to go on, then they should support LINCOLN." But he, BOND, of Pennsylvania, as a peace man, was in favor of M'CLELLAN.

"Capt." KOONTZ, of Pittsburg, remarked that "if Democrats catch LINCOLN'S b——y astrap among them they will cut him to shred—d threads, that's all. It is the duty of every American to vote for a peace candidate.....I—a Democrat and his regular followed!—I should like to see the noble GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN as President; and that great Democrat, HORATIO SEYMOUR, should be Secretary of State." The "Capt." we hope, stopped soon at the LINCOLN despotism" which suppresses free speech.

Mr. PERRINE, after some indecent remarks disparaging Mr. LINCOLN and extolling JEFFERSON DAVIS, asked that "the people shall bow down to the will of the people, and they will have willed for them B. M'CLELLAN shall be nominated and elected."

"Capt." ISAIAH RYNDERS said: "We are one and all for peace.....my first choice is HORATIO SEYMOUR."

A Memphis "gentleman" gave his voice for peace, and invoked the election of the gallant M'CLELLAN.

Mr. "Sunset" COX declared "the war a failure," and supported M'CLELLAN.

HORATIO SEYMOUR, the President of the following Convention, says that "part of the Government "to coerce States;" that is, to enforce the laws; and said in Wisconsin that the Chicago candidate was the representative of the principles of those who nominated him.

The resolutions of the State Conventions of the party during the year, as in Maine, Kentucky, Illinois, and elsewhere, are all in the key of the Chicago platform.

These are the men and the influences which went to Chicago, declared the war a failure, called for submission to the rebellion, and nominated M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON. These are the men upon whose support PENDLETON and M'CLELLAN rely. Because they are willing to take the popular wrath, M'CLELLAN strikes a fine attitude and shouts, "The Union at all hazards!" in the honest sense of the word. What says his party—what say his backers and supporters? "Wait till we elect our man," says shrewd old ANDY KENDALL, "and then we can do what we please."

Is it to such men in such a crisis that the people of the United States are likely to intrust the Government of the United States? What is merely a fool-hardy experiment upon the intelligence of the American people.

GEN. SHERMAN ON "A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES."

IT is refreshing to turn from the shame of the Chicago confession of rebel invincibility and the dastardly national submission of the Democracy to the noble order of General SHERMAN congratulating his troops. It has the manly ring of all his words and all his acts. It is modest, clear, vigorous, and full of the spirit of generous pride in the great achievements of his trained and heroic soldiers. A brief history of the unbroken continuity of successful campaigning, of the patience and skill of the enemy, a word of heart-felt honor and sorrow for the fallen, naturally culminate in an expression of the profoundest faith in the grand old cause to which every true heart is devoted.

Let all faithful Americans who are not willing to see their country humiliated and ruined, and its Government overthrown by the arms or the arts of rebels, compare the following passages from General SHERMAN'S order and from Messrs. VALLANDIGHAM'S and SEYMOUR'S platform, for whose candidates our votes are asked. The M'CLELAN-PENDLETON resolution says:

"This Convention does explicitly declare as the sense of the American people that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war....immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities."

Hear now a declaration of the sense of the American soldier:

"This completed the grand task which had been assigned us by our Government, and your General again repeats his personal and official thanks to all the officers and men composing this army, for the indomitable courage and perseverance which alone could give success. We have beaten the enemy on every ground he has chosen, and have wrested from him his own Gate City, where was located his foundries, arsenals, and work-shops, deemed secure on account of their distance from our base, and the seemingly impregnable obstacles intervening. Nothing is impossible to an army like this, determined to vindicate a Government which has risen wherever our flag has once floated, and is resolved to maintain them at any and all cost."

Upon the first platform stand M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, VALLANDIGHAM and the WOODS, FRANKLIN PIERCE and HORATIO SEYMOUR. Upon the last stand LINCOLN and JOHNSON, GRANT and SHERMAN, SHERIDAN and CANBY, FARRAGUT and PORTER. With which of these, American citizens, are the honor, dignity, and peace of the nation most secure?

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. PENDLETON B. M'CLELLAN.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN, the candidate of "an immediate cessation of hostilities" and "peaceable methods" with rebels who defy the Government, and slaughter and torture loyal citizens and soldiers, stands arm-in-arm upon the Chicago Platform with Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON. If you vote for the one you vote for the other. It is but a choice figure with two faces. The one turned North is called GEORGE B. The one turned South is called GEORGE H. GEORGE B., in a military coat, says, "The Union at all hazards!" GEORGE H., with the CALHOUN starch in his cravat, asks, "Now, Sir, what force of arms can compel a State to obedience?" Saying that which her State Government, supported by the sentiment of her people, is determined to persist in doing?"

"The Union at all hazards!" shouts the military GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, heroically for six months into the mouths of Quaker guns. "No, no, no," votes the civil GEORGE H. against all the bills to support by military authority of the Government. At Antietam GEORGE B. gives LEE a day to draw off his army from destruction. In Washington GEORGE H. votes that it is not the duty of the people to overcome the rebellion, and that the seceding States should be allowed to go with assurances of distinguished consideration.

Which is it? Who is it? What is it? If a man votes for the Chicago nominees does he really believe that he is voting against the rebellion? What do the candidates think he is to vote for? In the universal confusion he can be perfectly sure of one thing only, and that is, that he is voting exactly as JEFF DAVIS and the rebels wish him to vote. "Hurrah for M'CLEL'N and PEN'TON!" shouted an estimable "Conservative" voter, whose wits were bewildered either with wine or with the hopeless Chicago fog. "I mean for M'CHELAN and P'LENTON! No, that ain't it. Hurrah, I say, for M'KENNEL and PEL'TON!" The poor fellow got further from the mark at every attempt, until he finally gave it up in despair, exclaiming, "Oh! d—a such a mixed up mess! Hurrah for JEFF DAVIS!"

THE SIMPLE QUESTION.

IF lanterns voted and rockets argued—if shouts carried an election, and a New York crowd in Union Square were the same thing people at the ballot-box, Mr. PENDLETON and General M'CLELLAN ought to be contented. Possibly the illumination of the meeting in Union Square a week since may have been bright enough to be visible at several miles distance. But dazzling as it was, we can assure our friends outside the city that it did not observe in the least the plain question before the country.

There are but two candidates and two platforms. Every voter will support one or the other. Every voter wishes the unconditional maintenance of the Government will vote for LINCOLN and JOHNSON; while all who have the faith in the power of the Government to sustain itself—all who think that the "Confederacy" should be recognized—all who hold that a State is "sovereign," and may leave the National Government and the other States, but must not itself be "coerced"—all who intend that the national debt shall be repudiated—all who believe that the war is and ought to be a failure, and that there should be an immediate cessation of hostilities, will vote for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON.

We do not think those citizens who honestly mean the absolute maintenance of the Government will not vote for PENDLETON and M'CLELLAN—but in what company will they find themselves?

The hope of the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON managers is to carry the State of New York by securing the Chicago candidates an immense majority in the city. That they will have a majority here nobody doubts. But does any body doubt that the same city would cast a hearty majority to-morrow to make peace on JEFFERSON DAVIS's terms? Can the majority of such a city be considered a Union majority? Can the candidates who will unquestionably receive it be considered in good faith Union candidates, especially when one of them frankly says that the Government has no right to maintain itself by force, and that if we can not conciliate the rebels we must "let the seceding States depart in peace?"

All the colored lanterns in the country, all the denunciation of the President of the United States as a bloody monster, a usurper, an ape, a joker, and a buffoon, can not blind the common sense of the American people to the issue.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

AT the late M'CLELLAN meeting in the city of New York, Mr. BIDDLE, of Philadelphia, formerly President of the Keystone Club, said that

"If Mr. LINCOLN remained in office under the plea of military necessity, when 'Little Mac' was legally elected the next President, the people must use force to install into their chief magistrate."

Mr. W. J. ROSE said

"That if any unfair means were used by the Administration to hold power under any plea but justice, then the people must show their mights and power in enforcing their claims."

Governor PARKER said that the speech of Mr. SEWARD at Auburn

"Conveyed a threat that, in case Mr. LINCOLN should be defeated at the polls, he would resort to the means generally adopted by despots, and endeavor to perpetuate his reign by the force of the bayonet."

Mr. JOHN KELLY said:

"Let no effort be wanting, and in the way of the people at the ballot-box. It was done once before—let it not be done again."

Mr. John M'KEON said:

"There men are determined to exercise their rights at the ballot-box, and will the Administration dare to bring military power to bear upon you?"

Mr. A. OAKEY HALL said:

"There is yet a more dangerous kind of tactics which our opponents hold in reserve. It is that which threatens with bayonets and cannon those with bullets, and we have that to fear in the elections."

Judge CONSTOCK said:

"The power has been laid upon the free suffrages of the people; yet if the people be defrauded by military intervention of the rebels, the people must and will take GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN in their arms, and carry him to the Presidency."

From whom does this kind of talk come? From the supporters of the only party members of which have ever resisted by force the result of a constitutional election. From the late political allies and the present apologists of JEFFERSON DAVIS and the rebels.

For what purpose is it used? To give occasion and excuse when the result of the election if the Government shall take measures to prevent fraud at the polls.

These fiery and foolish orators should remember that their late friends the rebels at the South, and themselves at the North, tried to carry the last Presidential election by the same kind of threats. They menaced the people with civil war then if they did not submit to the dictation of DAVIS and YANCEY and TOOMBS, and allow BRECKINRIDGE to be elected; and the people of every free State in the land spurned them and their threats.

They believe these people to be now thoroughly cowed and craven, and utterly whipped in by DAVIS and his crew, and a fiery crash the whip once more, and threaten fire and slaughter if M'CLELLAN is not elected. Well, do Vermont and Maine proceed to be very quiet indeed and do the gentlemen suppose that threats which could not intimidate a people actually rusty with peace and general of war, are likely to appall the same people when for four years they have been trained to war and are still in arms? These orators will discover, as the rebels are fast learning, that the people of the United States do not intend to be Mexicanized; and that politicians merely betray the frantic desperation of their cause when they conduct a Presidential canvass by bloody threats instead of arguments.

"A SOURCE OF FEAR AND DREAD."

MR. AUGUST BELMONT, Chairman of the National "Democratic" Committee—the gentleman at whose house, as was published in the newspapers at the time, an Englishman was allowed to wear a rebel badge without reproof from the host—a gentleman of such uncertain loyalty that there was long and serious opposition to placing his name upon the Committee of the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair, and a gentleman known as an ostentatious partisan of General M'CLELLAN—said at the last meeting in Union Square, as reported in the papers, "that the nomination of General M'CLELLAN (and of course his companion PENDLETON) was a source of fear and dread to the Southern leaders."

Let us see if it is.

M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON are the candidates of the party which calls itself "Democratic." The nomination of M'CLELLAN was seconded by Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, who has been the faithful friend of the rebels, and the steady apologist of the rebellion. Every man who has

been conspicuous for resisting every measure necessary for carrying on the war loudly electioneers for him. The presumption therefore is, that the rebels would not feel very sore or greatly aggrieved by his nomination. And, despite the assurance of MR. BELMONT, they do not. Speaking of MR. LINCOLN'S possible defeat the Richmond *Examiner* says:

"A new party will succeed to power, which will sheathe the sword and hold out the olive branch."

Again:

"If the Administration fails the war will fail....believe me, a war abandoned by you—emphatically, the war failed to subdue the South; and because the inference will be irresistible that the war could be re-instituted by a war administration in the full vigor of Federal resources, can not be by a *peace administration* reasonably to power after those resources had been materially reduced."

Again:

"The Democratic party would have been forever obliged to General Brown if he had managed to hold Atlanta for another fortnight."

The Atlanta *Register*, speaking of the Chicago party several months since, says:

"Meanwhile if they will use the ballot-box against MR. LINCOLN, while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other."

Even before the Chicago Convention had declared for submission to the rebellion the Richmond *Examiner* said:

"A Democratic victory at the North would be a subject of much gratification."

Again:

"In one way, and one way only, can we influence the result, but that is the most potential method. It is by making some quick and fierce blows now, both by hand and sea."

In other words, national defeat and humiliation insures the success of the Chicago party. An army letter in the New York *Herald* says:

"MR. BRADY is now making outside the stockade bad frequent conversations with rebel officers..... The prevailing belief is that the Democrats will elect a President that will help us."

The *Examiner* of the 8th September says:

"Every defeat of LINCOLN'S forces....inures to the advantage of PENDLETON.... The failure of the South, more powerful in the shock of battle than when throwing her undisciplined in an electoral college, will be cast in favor of MCCLELLAN by this indirect yet efficacious means."

These are but a few of the words of the Southern leaders. Do such expressions show, as MR. BELMONT declares, that those leaders "fear and dread" the success of the Chicago candidates? "Here and there are to be found," says a leading rebel journal, "MR. PIERCE, our Wises, BRIGHAM, ONE WOOD, and two SEYMOURS like the five just men in Sodom." Well, these five just men eminently support PENDLETON and MCCLELLAN, and for that matter, MR. BELMONT gravely says that the rebels "fear and dread" their success. But if the success of PENDLETON, VALLANDIGHAM, WOOD, MCCLELLAN, and SEYMOURS, inspires "fear and dread" among the rebels, what will be their emotions at that of LINCOLN, GRANT, JOHNSON, SHERIDAN, FARRAGUT, and SHERMAN?

SHERIDAN AND THE SHENANDOAH.

GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN and his gallant officers and men do not seem anxious for "an immediate cessation of hostilities." They are of the opinion of General DIX, that if you would pull down the American flag, or resists with arms the American Government, he is to be shot upon the spot: and is not to be bimewed with under the shade of olive branches. We can assure the brave boys in the Shenandoah Valley that they made a whole country happy on Tuesday the 6th September, when the news of their victory came—a whole country except those who, two years ago, invoked the interference of England, and who now, in company with the British Embassy, are in despair over our national successes.

But the great multitude of loyal American citizens have fought the fight through in Maryland and the Army of the Shenandoah, while they and their children will forever hold in sacred remembrance the good honor the heroic SHERIDAN and his companions, who have fought their last fight, and have died that their country may live. Peace to the soldiers' memory! A regenerated nation will build their monuments.

The importance of the Shenandoah victory will be soon perceived. It shuts up the Richmond authorities, by disposal of the forces that was able to send to protect it. He must, therefore, either send another force to dispute SHERIDAN'S advance to Lynchburg—or he must come out and give GRANT battle—or he must evacuate Virginia. The genius of GRANT is once more illustrated by his chosen General, and we hope that SHERIDAN will do with Winchester what SHERMAN is doing with Atlanta, make it a fortified base of operations.

There is no need of pointing the moral of this victory. Every body felt it when the news came. There is a party and there are candidates whose chances of success were diminished by it, and will be further diminished by every victory of our arms; a party and candidates whose chances would be increased if news came that FARRAGUT had been defeated before Mobile Bay, and SHERMAN from Atlanta, and SHERIDAN from Winchester, and that GRANT had been driven to the James. Are those the party and the candidates which the American people will delight to honor? They will answer for themselves on the 8th of November

THE TWO DROMIOS.

ON Saturday, September 17, the Honorable ROBERT C. WINTHROP addressed a letter in two ways refused to associate with Senator WILSON of Massachusetts, came all the way to New York to strike hands and sit upon the same platform with the Honorable FERDINAND WOOD and Citizen ISAIAH RYNDERS of New York. MR. WINTHROP made a speech for MCCLELLAN and PENDLETON, and kicked at the letter of acceptance. MR. WINTHROP and MR. WOOD will together for MCCLELLAN and PENDLETON. Which is which, and who is who? Is it MR. WINTHROP or MR. WOOD who would determine the policy of their candidates if they could be elected?

How can MR. WINTHROP seriously believe that he serves the Union better by voting for MR. PENDLETON, an avowed disunionist and peace-at-any-price man, than by voting for friend MR. EDWARD EVERETT serves it by voting for ANDREW JOHNSON? MR. WINTHROP by his presumptuous dishonesty deserts DANIEL WEBSTER for JOHN C. CALHOUN.

"PEACE."

WE invite thoughtful citizens to ponder these words of MR. JOHN MCKEON, an ardent "peace" supporter of the PENDLETON-MCCLELLAN nomination. MR. MCKEON is a gentleman per excellence, there will be a bloody revolution North and West.

Who will make it? The friends of the successful candidates, or the friends of "peace" who import carbines and pistols to resist the Government, who regret that they can not send arms to the rebels in Atlanta, Mobile, and who vote for MCCLELLAN and PENDLETON?

We are, then, to understand, from past experience and from present threats, that the Chicago party does not elect its candidates, it will take up arms. The Chicago party thus proclaims itself to be the Mexican party. To that the platform invites citizens who wish to stand upon? DR. JOHN MCKEON forgets that the days of Plantation rule are past. The American people will not submit to be ruled by a party that came into voting for submission to JEFFERSON DAVIS, WIGFALL, & Co. by any such crack of the whip as this. YANCEY frayed out the snapper of that whip when he made his speech in Montgomery four years ago.

CAMPAIGN PICTURES.

THE large picture in this paper of the soldiers and sailors rallying around the flag in the hands of the Constitutional standard-bearer is an argument which no man can escape. The striking illustration of the simple issue of this election could any Union Club hang upon its walls? What more convincing document could any Committee circulate?

And so with MR. NAST'S "Compromise with the South," published in the Weekly of September 24. It has all the force of a political publication, for it shows at a glance exactly what the Chicago party believes to be the condition of the country. It is the true Democratic estimate upon the principles which the Chicago candidates represent, and which, we believe, the people will repel with as overwhelming and just an indignation as they did the rebel shot at Sumter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SHERIDAN'S VICTORY.

GENERAL GRANT'S visit to Sheridan was of so small importance, being the prelude to one of the most important and successful victories of the war, that we shall not dwell on the weeks, keeping hold of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, which was occupied by our troops. Sheridan would hardly immediately apparent the moment that he should move. The rebels were posted in a strong position. At the latter point on Sunday, the 18th, Averill's division of cavalry was engaged with Rosser's and Lomax's division of Early's army. Gordon was driven back from the west of Winchester, and Early's whole command had now offered; he immediately broke camp and determined to fight a decisive battle. Sheridan massed his forces in front and Berryville pike, with his entire command, including Crook's corps, on Wednesday morning, the 21st, at 3 o'clock in the morning from the encampment near Summit Point and Charlestown. The battle commenced at daylight, and about 8 o'clock, on the 19th, Wilson's cavalry crossed in advance of Crook's corps, and drove the rebels back upon the Winchester side. The Sixth Corps was the first across and waited for no bridge, but waded through the shallow ford. This delay gave Early time to form his line of battle with his left resting on the Valley turnpike and Middletown, and his right on Cedar Creek, with Ramseur, Gordon, and Rodes, and Ramseur. On the arrival of the Sixth Corps Sheridan formed his line to the extent of three miles, which had been formed in a position to resist Sheridan's advance. On the left the rebel army extended through and with artillery in position, had a great advantage, and for about two hours the Union army suffered considerable losses, and was driven back a short distance and in some confusion. The rebel army was elated with the success, and the artillery got in position, and the line reformed and the artillery got in position, and after an obstinate fight the last position was regained. Crook's advance, the right, and the two armies of the South brought up to confronted each other in full strength, so Averill's command, with Custer's, Merritt's, and one division of Crook's came about north of the main attack, and struck on the right. Custer, Merritt, Averill, Wilson, and Crook had formed on Sheridan's right and rear. The rebel army was driven back and broken and routed after a tremendous artillery fire; and shortly after this advance of the cavalry and Crook's corps the infantry leaders in an impetuous charge which broke the ranks of the rebel army. In this charge between seven and eight hundred prisoners were taken.

The enemy routed and in confusion fled toward Winchester, through which and beyond they were pursued by their victorious cavalry. The rebel loss is roughly estimated at between 4000 and 5000 killed and wounded, and 5000 captured. The rebel Generals Rhodes and Wharton are reported killed, and Generals Bradley T. Johnson, Ramseur, Pegram, and Gordon wounded. Fifteen battle-flags were captured and five guns. The Federal loss is recorded as follows: Generals killed in Crook's Devil's Russell, First Division, sixth Corps. General McIntosh, Third Brigade, Second Division, was wounded, also General Upton of Sixth Corps.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

From the extracts below it seems there is little to record. On the 16th the rebels captured about 2500 head of cattle from Kautz's command, which they were intended for the army on the north bank of the James. Grugg's cavalry on the 18th pursued, but failed to recover the stolen property.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

Sherman's army is concentrated at Atlanta. The city is to be made a grand military post. All the inhabitants, except a few families, have been sent away, and a few of us days, commencing September 14, has been established to protect the boundary of the city. Sherman's original army is now brought down to its troop September 8:

Special Correspondence of the New York Herald.

IN THE FIELD, ATLANTA, GA., *Sept. 8, 1864.*

Special Field Orders, No. 68.

The officers and soldiers of the armies of the Cumberland, Tennessee, and Georgia are hereby tendered the thanks of the Nation through its President and Commander-in-Chief, for the determination early for his services has been with you from the beginning, and who intrusts you for the future with the care of his country and for their intelligence, fidelity, and courage displayed in the campaign of Atlanta.

On the first of May our armies were lying in partisan, extending from Ringgold to Rocky Face, and my army lay behind his rocky-faced barrier at Dalton, proud, defiant, and confident. We had lost none since Chickamauga to recover from his discomfiture on the Mission Ridge, with his ranks filled, and a new commander-in-chief, second to none of the Confederacy in reputation for skill, sagacity, and confidence. All was in one our armies assumed life and action, and appeared before Dalton. Johnston's army, reinforced by the remains of Polk's, and the rebel army only escaped by the rapidity of its retreat. Resaca, Kingston, Cassville with which we have fossilize, and which were strategic to us. Again he took position at Allatoona Pass, and we pressed by a circuit toward Dallas and subsequent movement to Acworth, we gained the Etowah River. Then followed a wonderful battles about Kenesaw, and the escape of the enemy across the Chattahoochee.

The crossing of the Chattahoochee and breaking of the Atlanta line will be historically canonized by us, and will be studied as an example in the art of war. At this time both of our grand armies were concentrated with their old and skillful commander, and selected one more bold and skillful, and the rebel army was defeated, badly and rapidly, on the 20th of July, fell on our right flank, and struck our rear. Again on the 22d we attack our extreme left, and was severely punished; and finally, on the 28th, we repulsed the attempt on our right, and that time must have been satisfied, for since then we have had undisputed possession of the road slowly and gradually drew our lines from Atlanta, feeling for the flanks of the enemy, and on the 31st of August struck another a piece of importance. We must concede to our enemy the right to fight on the defensive, and to us that of last he made the mistake we had waited for so long, and was his own ruin. Then we stripped the road to the rail. Instantly our cavalry was on his only remaining road, the Macon road, and the infantry built a parapet, and Atlanta fell into our possession as the fruit of well-conceived and executed plan of the indomitable energy, perseverance which since only could crown success.

We have taken from the enemy all ground he has chosen, and have wrested from him *his own God's City*, which was regarded by Southern chivalry as the very citadel of their country. Let us not be unmindful of their distance from our base and the tremendous obstacles we have had to overcome. *Nothing* is impossible to an army like this, determination, courage, and endurance which has right to victory our flag has once floated, and is resolved to maintain them to say and all ours.

In our campaign many, yes, very many of our noble officers and men have preceded us to our common destination, the grave; but they have left the memory of deeds on which a nation can build a proud future. M'Pherson, Harker, M'Cook, and others dear to us all, are now but standing their sentinels on our minds that should each more closely together the living, who have to complete the task which they have begun so far in better fortune. I ask all to continue, so they have to well begun, the culmination of success. The enemy must have vanished our own and other countries. Courage, patience, obedience to law, and fraternity toward our fellow-soldiers, confidence fidelity to our trusts and good feeling among each other: each trust in the other, and all in the presence of Almighty God, and it will then require no prophet to foretell the result. It is for us to make sure that the victories we have purified by the fires of war, and worthy of its great foundation—Liberty and Union.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding.

The following dispatch was received by Grant on General Sherman in answer to the latter's dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta:

CITY POINT, VA., *Sept. 4, 1864—P. M.*

Major-General Sherman:

I have just received your dispatch announcing the capture of Atlanta. In honor of your great victory I have ordered a salute to be fired this afternoon from every battery bearing upon the enemy. The salute will be fired within an hour from this point rejoicing.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

THE MEXICANS AT BROWNSVILLE.

A somewhat exaggerated account of the war took place lately on the Rio Grande. September 6 the Imperialists attacked Brownsville, Texas. They were met in the battle by General Cortinas and severely repulsed. The French and Austrian consuls at Matamoras, Brownsville's opposite the Matamoras in Texas, and was held by a Confederate force under General Slaughter, who crossed the river to operate against Cortinas in the rear. Cortinas, disposing of his French prisoners, sent them across into the Confederate and drove them to Brownsville: pursuing them across the river, he occupied Brownsville and erected the United States colors.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention met September 21 at Albany and nominated Horatio Seymour for Governor, and FRANCIS KERNAN for Lieutenant-Governor. The resolutions strongly indorsed the Chicago platform and the candidates of the Chicago Convention.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SOUTH AMERICA.

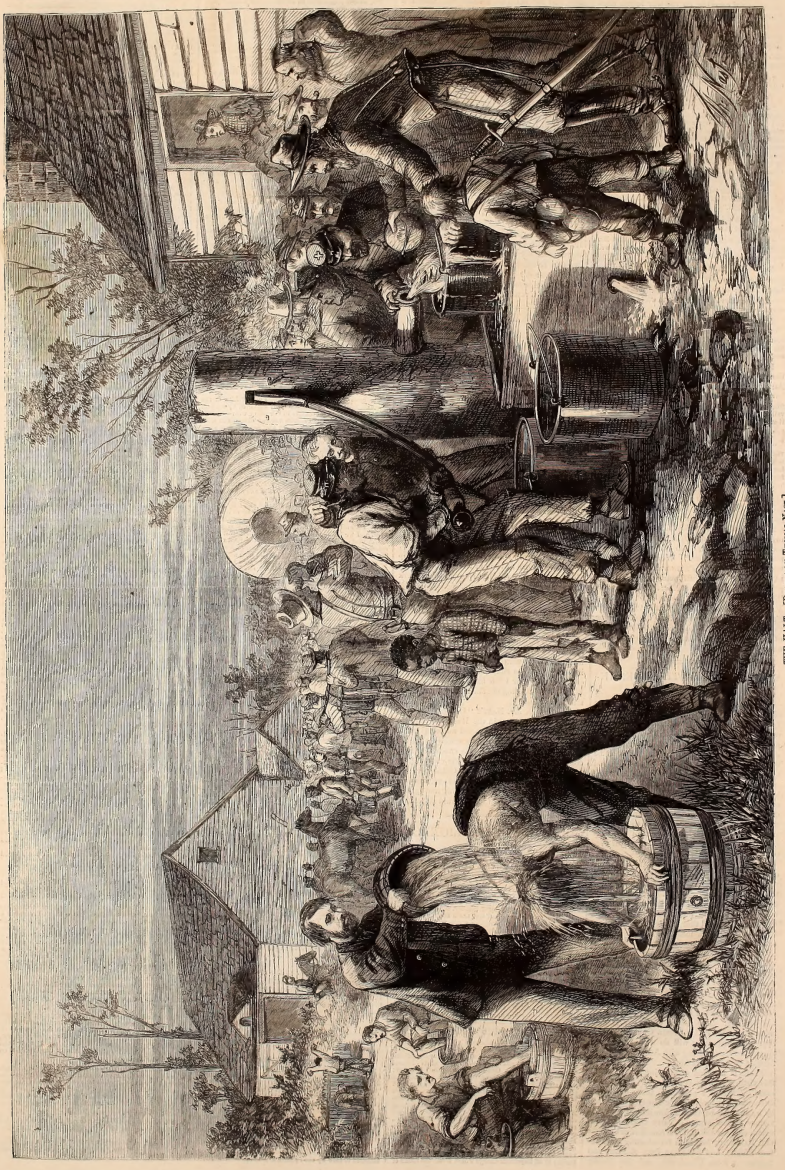
THE revolutionary movement in Ecuador against the Government of President Garcia, Moreno, and General Flores, appears to be the head of the insurgent forces of the province seem to fall revolt. The fact that the Spanish Government intends to hold the Chincha Islands till Peru has complied with her demands in relation to the Spanish claims, and the consequent failure of the recent attempt to poison and rule its Minister of his dispatches to the Spanish Government to Peru the belligerent relations. The Peruvian Secretary of State rejects the proposition of Spain as a circular to its diplomatic agents abroad, but there are indications that the Government will not be able to maintain its ground. A plan had been matured to blow up the Spanish flagship.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

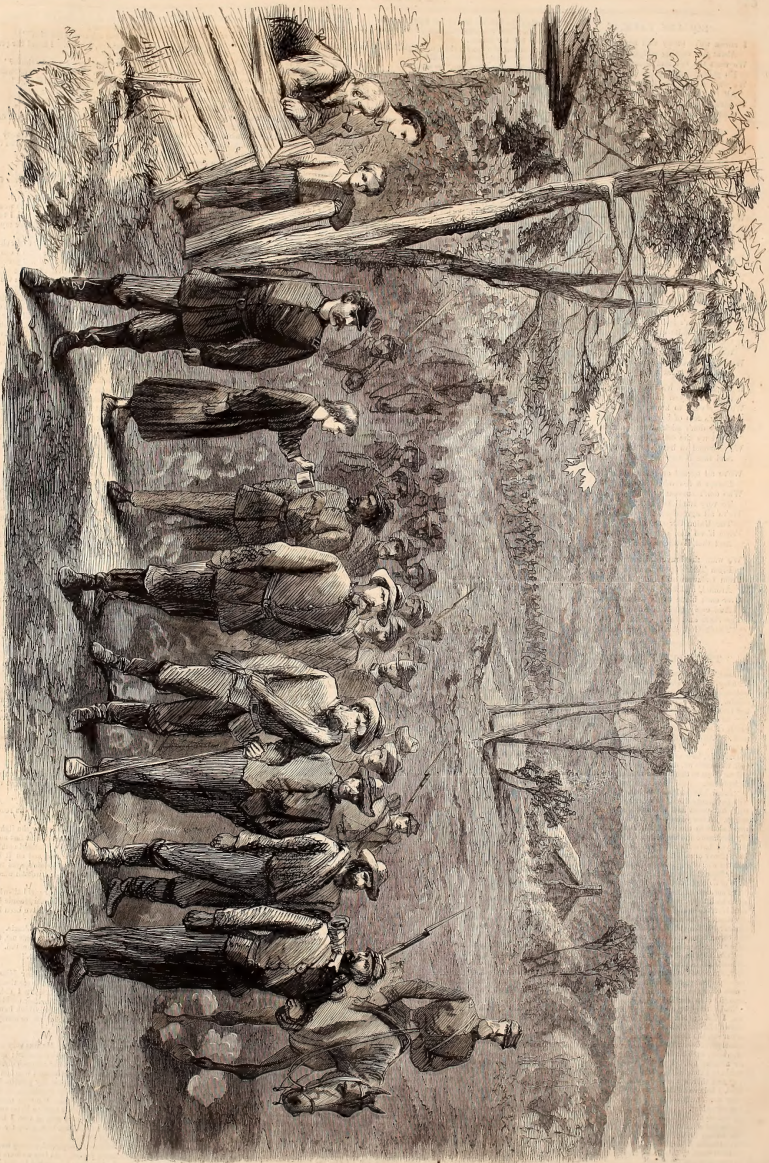
IN the October number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, just published, Miss Harriet Prescott has contributed one of her most powerful stories, "MR. GIDEON'S WAY." It has unusual dramatic force; the painting is, as it always should be, made subordinate to the movement of the story. It is possible that some of our readers will think the severe sufferings of MR. Considine and her little ones overdrawn. But this will not seem so to those who remember the severity of last winter in the West. The following incident in the same story, with the effect which occurred on Saturday, January 5, is the feature of the Prescott's day. What was seen about to occurred during the night, in a house just outside the northern boundary of the city of Atlanta. A poor woman, whose husband was killed in the war, lived there with her four boys, the youngest five years old and the eldest nine. The woman went into the city on Saturday to make purchases, leaving the children to play in the house. The eldest boy, who was the only remaining child at the time, was left in charge of the house. Carrying the baby in his arms, the eldest brother awoke he found the room filled with smoke, and the little house in flames. He hurried with cold he ran down the stairs, and built a fire against the side of a trunk that stood in the hall, and then he remembered. The fire had caught and burned a hole in the trunk, another in the floor, and had set fire to a portion of the bedclothes. The fire was out, and the stranger arrived in time to save the house, but too late to save life.

MR. DELISLE once observed a fly only so large as a grain of sand, which ran three inches in half a second, and in that proportion to the enormous magnitude of about 140 forty steps. If a man were to be able to run so fast in proportion to his size, he would easily run round the globe, he would in the course of a minute have run upward of 1000 miles. He would far surpass the fastest railway engines, or the famous "Seven League Boots" in the nursery tale. He would be able to visit the moon or any other animal whatever. The flea can leap two hundred times as far as itself—no one can do better. Some spiders can leap a couple of feet upon their prey.

A few years ago a young man was engaged between Hans Steinman and Marguerite Blankes. There was an disparity in their fortunes. Hans was a poor boy, and Marguerite's father a baker. Unhappily the latter, from imprudent speculations, became bankrupt, and was sent to Dreisbaln, who being unable to get the money he to him. Hans, who had agreed Hiring for Marguerite's hand, to cancel the debt, provided the girl's father would break off his engagement with Hans, and give his consent to say



THE HALT.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS NAST.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S VICTORY.—REBEL PRISONERS BEING CONDUCTED TO ATLANTA FROM JONESBOROUGH.—[See Page 628.]

SQUARE TALK.

I think we're pretty well agreed
About this coming struggle;
We want the fair and square thing done,
No politicians' juggle.
We want a man who'll be all that—
All that with heart and hand,
To give us back the Union;
And that is where we stand.

We want the best that's made, we do,
Expense 's of no account;
Just let us have the proper thing,
And draw for the amount.
We want the Union back again,
Each inch of lake and land;
The old stars, and nothing less;
And that is where we stand.

We want the right—the rightest man—
We do not care a fig
Whether he's a Black Republican,
Blue Democrat, or Whig:
He may be purple Carmelite,
Or yellow Ampraznd;
We want the Union back again,
And that is where we stand.

A good square 'peace ain't bad to take,
And war is rather rough;
Of one we ain't had much of late,
Of t'other quite enough.
If Union can be pieced, you know,
Well! peace it right away;
We want the Union back again,
And that is what we say.

If peace don't prove the proper game,
Well, then, bullet out;
We only want to know, you know—
There's lots of boys about.
If honor don't stick strong enough,
We'll try the effex of steel.
We're bound to have the Union,
And that is how we feel.

We're all agreed on this one point,
Except a few old traitors,
Who don't amount at best, you know,
To very small potaters.
We're all agreed on this one point,
The Union and square.
Peace if we can, war if we must,
And that is where we are.

We want the brave old flag to wave
From Texas up to Maine,
From Delaware to Golden Gate,
Around, and back again,
Over each blade of grass that grows,
And every grain of sand,
The Stars and Stripes, and Union,
Thank God, for these we stand!

THE LITTLE DOCTOR.

JESSIE RYE was twenty-three. The sun of that birthday had just risen, and she stood before her looking-glass, fastening in her ears and about her slender throat and dainty wrists the pearls which had been her uncle's gift the night before.

"An old maid!" muttered Jessie, between those pearls of teeth which rivaled the gems about her neck. "An old maid? I think not, Uncle Walter; I think not." And again she laughed, gleefully.

Presently, however, she grew a little graver; she took the pearls off, dropped them into their nest, and sat down to think over her uncle's words of the night before.

"Jessie," he had said to her, "to-morrow you will be twenty-three. You are young and pretty still; but youth and woman's beauty are fleeting things. And you and you'll find yourself an old maid alone in the world, for I can not live long. My threescore and ten years are upon me even now, and you have a rather relentless ox earth. You have plenty of suitors, child; and I wish I could see you the wife of some good man before I die. Make your choice this year, and give your old uncle the hope of living to bless you on your wedding-day."

"Poor dear uncle!" sighed Jessie, as the words came back to her memory. "He is worth a host of sad lovers to me. I enjoy my freedom yet. Make my choice! He may be right after all. Make my choice? What should I choose, I wonder?" Then she began to count dreamily, touching the rosy tips of her right-hand fingers to those of her left.

"Charlie Wier—but he is a mere coxcomb, though as handsome as man well can be; Edward Burr—a poet, a musician, and hideously selfish. Vivian Garnet—too young, no man should be less than five years older than his wife; Colonel Grey—too old, though we are fascinating, his daughter says he is not. Alfred Earle—passable; young Moreland—he adores me. I know; Mr. Ashley Honeywell—I haven't known him long, but certainly he surpasses any one of our set, the richest, the most elegant, every way accomplished—such a fine Roman profile, such dark, blue eyes, such a soldierly bearing. And I believe he admires me. I wish I were sure of it. He would be a conquest worth the trouble. Heigh-ho!

"And there's the little Doctor; bless his bold head, I believe he thinks me perfection. How his color rises and his breath comes fast and short when I speak to him. A smile makes him happy; if I am distant he grows mournful.

She had absolutely drawn a pretty note-book from her bureau drawer as she spoke and had made a list: Charlie Wier, Edward Burr, Vivian Garnet, Colonel Grey, Alfred Earle, Guy Moreland, Ashley Honeywell, and Dr. Oliver.

"One of these I must choose ere the year is out," she said; "and don't flatter yourself that it will be you, Dr. Oliver."

Putting the last touches to her toilet she went down stairs, and breakfast not being ready, sauntered out into the garden.

There among the flowers she found a gentleman looking very closely at some geraniums.

"Good-morning, Miss Rue," he said.

"Good-morning, Doctor," she replied. "You are out early."

"I came hoping to see you. I have a favor to ask, Miss Rue."

"A favor?"

"Yes. You know my little bachelor dwelling boasts no garden, will you let me pick a bouquet here every morning at this hour? I should be very much obliged."

"Certainly, Doctor. Will you have one now? You might have helped yourself and welcome; lend me your knife." And the soldierly hands were busy among the roses, violets, and golden crocus. The bouquet arranged she bound it deftly with soft green grass, and handed it to the Doctor with a smile which she knew would make his heart beat.

"Thank you," he said. "You are very, very kind," and the bright eyes glanced behind the glasses. He walked beside her now in the garden-path—an upright, rather fine, broad-shouldered figure; but not tall, with a good, kind face, and a prematurely bald crown, about which the black curls clustered like a priest's tonsure, quietly listening while she chatted. Half an hour he spent loitering in the garden gate, and she went in laughing.

"A transparent ruse," she said. He wants to see me often—Dr. Oliver, Dr. Oliver; and Jessie Rue's cheeks were rosy as she sat down at the breakfast-table with her old uncle and chatted of the quiet life of the Eastwoods that night, and where she expected to meet Ashley Honeywell.

Ashley was at the party. Dr. Oliver was there also—in a corner, talking politics with the old grandfather; but not after supper did he find an opportunity to approach Jessie. She saw him making his way through a sea of crinoline—now and then treading on a bouncer or a train—but making no approbation of a chair vacated for a moment by Mr. Honeywell, was not gracious. He did not take it, but leaned over her chair.

"Miss Rue," he said, "may I have the pleasure of escorting you home to-night?" His voice had a pleading tone in it.

And Jessie heard it, but she answered,

"Thank you, Doctor, but I'm engaged;" and told a white lie when she said at the moment, for she only guessed that Ashley Honeywell would ask to see her home. Yet her heart smote her when she heard the sudden disappointed sigh that the little Doctor's broad chest, and saw him in the distance a few moments afterward looking sad.

At last I speak to him kindly," she said, but he gave her no opportunity; for ten minutes after he had slipped away, and would have been homeward were it not for a short cut across the common.

Ashley Honeywell did what she expected that night. He went home with her, and held them on a last hand in a sweet air of sentiment in them. In a delicious sort of fever she dropped to sleep after peeping through closed shutters for a glimpse of the night among the moonlit road; but, strange to say, she dreamed all night of Dr. Oliver. Over and over again she said cruel things to her tortured away from her with that sigh—such a heart-felt one.

In the morning she was up betimes, and, brushing her bright hair as she sang in her warbler's voice per before the glass, heard some one whistling in the garden. At that she peeped through the curtain last night—Doctor Oliver plucking his bouquet. She called down to him,

"Good-morning!"

He answered her with a bow and smile.

"You shall have one of these geraniums on my window-sill if you will," she said; "my own pet flowers." And she pulled the sash and threw it down.

Dr. Oliver caught, kissed, and put it in his button-hole. This homage from the man lowest on her list pleased the coquette very much as now him take his departure, with many backward glances at her window, she murmured,

"So you do, so you do. I believe were you as handsome as some one I know I could take pity on you."

The evening before a party was given at which Jessie was present and to which she and three of them to go on horseback—May Eastwood, her sister Rose, Jessie, young Moreland, Alfred Earle, and Ashley Honeywell.

May and Rose and their escorts came merrily riding up to the door, and found Jessie in the garden for a few moments. But since the night of the party there had been a change in his manner. It was not Jessie's fault, for she had been lover-like in demonstrations.

Ashley Honeywell, the handsome and aristocratic, looked at her shrine, as I every girl who knew her envied her. Jessie Rue should have been contented, but she was not. Jessie indeed, when the Doctor had gone away with his flowers in his hand, not once looking back, she found herself standing outside the open window in her eyes and a pang of mortification at her heart. Awakening to the consciousness of this she stamped her small foot sorgirly.

"Why should I feel hurt that he cares nothing for me now?" she said. "Let him admire that girl of the cottage if he will. He is nothing to me."

When next she went to the little cottage she found the shutters closed, and the old woman opened the door very softly.

"Good-morning, Miss," she said. "My young lady will be glad to see you. She's been very low-spirited, I think. Mebbe she will die yet." And tears came into the old creature's eyes.

Jessie's thoughts flew to the Doctor. He must have suffered much in the fear of losing his betrothed. For Jessie had resolved upon this state of things. She went into the little bedroom, and there, with the little hands, thinner than ever, folded on the white counterpane, lay Wendeline. She looked at Jessie with a smile, and put up her lips to kiss her.

"I thought I should never see you again," she said. "I am so glad to meet you once more. Do you think I shall die?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"

"Jane thinks so, I know. I heard her praying God to spare me."

"And your friend—what does he think?"

"I do not know. Does it not seem strange to you that any one should not mind dying?"

"Oh yes."

"I do not, Miss Jessie."

"You—so lovely, so young, so—"

Beloved was on Jessie's tongue, but she did not utter it.

"I am young—at least I am not twenty yet—but life is not a happy thing to me. You do not know what trouble I have had."

"You have lost your parents?"

"Yes, yes, yes."

The girl shuddered all over and hid her face in both her hands.

"I have been very wicked," she said. "Oh! Miss Jessie, if you knew all, perhaps you would not love me. But I think I am dying, and I beg you to come again. Next time I will tell you my story. You are religious, are you not?"

"Not as I should be; but I belong to the church."

"Then you can tell me more than I can think for myself. I can not believe God will pardon me; yet they say He is very merciful to sinners."

Jessie put back the golden curls from the white forehead.

"I can not be very wicked, Wendeline," she said. "You are too pretty—too much like a child."

"Pretty!" The girl shuddered all over as she repeated the word. "Oh, Miss Jessie, I wish I had been born with an ugly face. I'd rather have been black, like dear old Jane. I have been a curse to me to be pretty as I know I am."

Soothing her, half-fancying her delirious, Jessie sat beside the girl for hours. When they parted she promised to return in a few days.

The next day it rained, and the next, then came riding parties, fishing parties, boating parties—a round of pleasure. At last came Jessie's birthday, and a regular evening party.

Laughter and mirth and music filled the house.

The Doctor was there; but in the early part of the evening a boy came running to say that Squire Walker of the Bend had fallen down in a fit, and he left them.

The silver tongue of the time-piece on the mantle had counted two when Jessie left the crowded parlors and stepped out upon the porch. She was not in a merry mood, and longed to be alone for a few moments. As she stood there she saw in the moonlight a strange crooked form half-running, half-hobbling toward the house. It entered the garden gate, and came forward her, and while she was wondering whether it were witch or brownie it flung back an old black hood, and revealed the face of the mulatto Jane.

"Oh, Miss!" she cried, "can you tell me where Dr. Oliver is? They told me he was over here. Oh, you do know the young lady Miss Wendeline thinks so much of; she's dying, Miss, I'm afraid, and there's only a child of ten with her. Oh, call the Doctor, Miss!"

"Dr. Oliver is not here," said Jessie. "He has been, but he has gone. Do you know Squire Walker's place?"

"Oh yes, Miss."

"You'll find him there, and I will go to Wendeline."

"God bless you, Miss!"

He was a man of few words, and only asked, when the gig was ready, "Shall I get my cost, Miss? This here is my stable jacket."

"No; time is a very thing just now." And in a moment they were whirling along the road at full speed.

Far in the distance Jessie saw the light in the cottage window, and her heart beat fast as she entered the little room. A rough bed of straw in ragged garments lay by the bed, and on it lay poor Wendeline. The moment Jessie's eyes rested on her face she knew that the old woman was right—her hour was numbered.

"You have come," the poor girl half-whispered. "I am so thankful. Send little Maggie home. I want to talk with you. They have been here. I saw them."

"Who have been here?" asked Jessie.

"Mother and father—one sat beside me, the other stood just there at the foot of the bed. Mother smiled; but father looked so stern."

"It was a dream," said Jessie.

"No; I was awake. Oh, dear Miss Jessie! you do not know why I feared to see them. I did so wrong! I broke their hearts, I did, indeed, when I left them. Father and mother could not parcked girl that I was! I left home to die—to die in sin, and on her death-bed, think how I must have sinned! They wanted me to marry Cousin Oliver—"

Jessie started.

"My parents, I mean. He was very good; but so shy, and I knew that my parents knew me, but did not love me; and he was so much older. I ran away one night with a gentleman who had fallen in love with me, and of whom my parents knew nothing. But he was very handsome, and said he could not live without me. We were married, and went to Europe. I wrote many a letter to mother; they never forgave me; and, at last, I heard that they were both dead, and that grief for my disobedience killed them.

"That made me low-spirited, and my husband began to care less for me. At last one day I heard he had devoted himself to a beautiful Italian lady, and I grew jealous. I reproached him, saying that his wife deserved his respect if not his love, and he told

me the awful truth; our marriage was a false one. I was a poor degraded creature. I think my heart broke then. Still, alone with him in a strange land, what could I do? So I lived with him still. Sometimes he was kind, sometimes cruel. At last he said we would return to America.

"We went on board of the ship together late at night. In the morning I found myself far upon the ocean, and alone. Ashley had gone to the shore again in a boat, while I thought him on deck. He left a note and some money.

"He was tired of me, he said, and I of him, and it was best to part.

"I was very ill after that—delirious, I believe, but it was over. Ashley Honeywell and I would never meet again."

"Ashley Honeywell?" gasped Jessie.

"Yes, that was his name. Oh, Miss Jessie, do you know him?"

"I do," said Jessie, and her cheek was whiter than that of the dying girl.

"What next?"

"We came to America, and I was alone in New York city. My money, save and scrape it as I would, lasted but a little while. Then the woman I had boarded with turned me into the streets. It was my nineteenth birthday. That night I went down to a lonely dock meaning to drown myself. As I stood there ready for the leap a hand came upon my shoulder:

"'I have been watching you ten minutes,' he said. 'My poor woman, you are mad just now. Stop; think!'

"I turned and saw the face of my Cousin Oliver. It brought back home memories and my heart burst in tears, and was saved from the great sin of suicide. At last he knew me.

"'Cousin Geraldine,' he cried, 'how have you come to this?'

"So I told him my sad story, and he was very kind and good. He took care of me, and a few days after brought me here to live with old Dame, who had been my nurse, and who loved me dearly. Since that he has been so kind to me I have wanted for nothing. God will bless him I am sure; I do, I will pray for dying breath; but oh, what a strange thing a human heart! I can never banish my love for Ashley Honeywell, who was so cruel to me. I should not have seen him had I lived, but as you know him—oh, Miss Jessie, will you write to him and say 'Wendeline is dead,' only that perhaps he will grieve for me a little?"

"I promise," said pale Jessie.

The dying girl fell back upon her pillow, and then either girl prayed beside her, until a step upon the floor of the outer room told that the Doctor was there.

Old Jane, sobbing for her darling, knelt at the foot of the rude cot. And beside the dying bed Jessie Rue and Dr. Oliver met each other.

Wendeline seemed past speaking now.

She put one soft white hand in Dr. Oliver's, the other still in Jessie's. And the lids drooped over the blue eyes.

So she lay, motionless as a statue, for many moments, but at last she moved in a whisper:

"God bless you, Cousin Oliver!" and the Doctor, hearing it, bent lower. "Jessie, remember tell Ashley Wendeline is dead." And with those words the spirit met the waiting angels.

The old woman burst into a wild moaning wail. The Doctor looked away to his little niece, and Jessie only seemed unmoved. She walked to the window and sat down, and looking out upon the cold moonlit road thought of the story she had heard, of the broken heart and of its cruel idol.

In a little while the Doctor came to her. She had spent John home with the carriage to explain her absence.

"Shall I see you home?" he said. This time she answered "No."

Alone together, her hand upon his arm, nothing near save the chirping crickets in the hedges. By-and-by he asked:

"She was a fair flower to die in life's summer. Do you know the story?"

"She told me all, I think. You have been very good to her."

"Only a brute could have done it him, and he."

He had taken off his hat and,carried it in his hand; the moonlight shone upon the noble forehead and the back curls, circled by the tender and black curls. Jessie did not look upon it as she had looked once. That seemed a very handsome man who walked beside her.

His next words made her heart stand still.

"I may say good-by to-night, I think," he said. "After my poor little cousin's funeral I shall leave the place. I shall hardly return to it."

"This is a sudden determination," said Jessie; she did not know what to say. She could hardly speak at all.

"No," he answered, "I have thought of it for months. But I knew my cousin must die, and I for her only friend in the world."

"We shall miss you," said Jessie.

"No," said the Doctor; "I am not one to be much missed."

She walked on again. Suddenly he turned toward her, standing still, and clutching her arm.

"Oh, Jessie Rue," he said, in a low, passionate voice—"Jessie Rue, do you think I can stay here to see the only girl I ever loved in all my life wedded to another—one who is not worthy of her—one whom I know to be a villain? I loved you better than any earthly thing, Jessie Rue, and I can not stay here to go mad."

His meaning was so different from his usual one that it frightened Jessie. She could only clasp her hands and look at him as he went on:

"Ah, Jessie, he is handsomer than I, more pleasing, richer—above me in all outward seeming; but I have loved you as he never will, for I know his base, bad heart."

Then she found courage to speak.

"To whom do you allude?"

"To whom but to Ashley Honeywell, your betrothed husband."

"I am not betrothed to him."

"Thank God for that!"

"I never will be."

"Jessie!"

His face changed—he bent over her.

"Oh, Jessie, I am mad now, I think! Jessie Rue, look at me. Jessie, speak, I go?"

And she answered, "No, Dr. Oliver."

Then in the moonlight their lips met, and he caught her to his heart.

They were the only mourners save old Jane at the poor girl's grave. Hand in hand they stood within the churchyard when all was over, when clattering past the gate went a handsome horseman. He paused and looked at the two for a moment, and then rode on with a flushed face. Ashley Honeywell, passing so near the grave of the girl whose dying thoughts were of him. That night a little note was brought to him from Jessie, and reading it he knew that Wendeline was dead.

Jessie Rue had made her choice.

At Christmas time they were married. Old Jane came from her little cottage to live with them as a servant, and Jessie was very good to her for dear Wendeline's sake. And never in all her life had she cause to repent of the day on which she married the man love on in her first fair admirer—the man whom all above she had loved best, even while ignorant of her own heart.

And Ashley Honeywell—there came a time to him, long years after, when dissipation had made him penniless, and he, a broken-hearted, friendless, wretched man, was tempted to Canada during the road, that coming to the lonely grave-yard, he lay down before a little stone with "Wendeline" upon it, and wept for the one true love he would have been true to him. And lying there, the snow began to fall, and covered him with a white shroud, so that when spring came, and the grass was moist with dew again, there were but a handful of bones to bury by pure chance at the foot of Wendeline's grave.

PUSS BURBANK'S ENEMY.

"How now, Wallance, speculating on to-morrow's chances, eh?"

Captain Dana threw himself lazily down on the grass beside his friend, and began to whistle softly.

"I should not be surprised if to-morrow's chances came to the," said Wallance St. Cloud, dolefully. "I suspect the enemy are nearer than we think—not a difficult thing for him to be biding away somewhere down there. But let us not put the subject of my speculations. Did you know, Dana, I spent two years in this vicinity once. Every thing looks as natural to me as the day I left and learned my letters in would. Do you see that hill yonder, the bluest crested one, lower than the others?"

Dana looked and nodded.

"I staid just at the foot of that—the other side though—two years. I was the present, rich, old-fashioned, big-roomed farm-house, with the oddest little maiden presiding over it. I should like to know what became of her. She wasn't a sweet-heart, Dana, so you needn't laugh; I was only a lad then, too. My mother left me there for the air; she fancied I was consumptive. Perhaps I had, and to ill sometimes, I remember, and this little girl took care of me. Such a demure little puss, you know, and, by-the-way, they called her Puss, too; it's a fashion they have in these Southern families. There's always a 'Puss' among the children, and I never heard her called any thing else but Puss Burbank."

"There's a Burbank a rebel colonel, isn't there?" interjected Dana.

"It can't be Puss's father—no, of course not. He was an old man in those days—broken with drink—treated the child shamefully sometimes, and petted her ridiculously at others. I'd give a month's pay to see the little thing again, if he hasn't killed her in one of his drunken rages. Why the deuce don't you look—well—not more than eight, I should think, and the cutest little thing for me like a regular grandmother. She liked me wonderfully; clung to me as though she would never let me go the morning I left; and when I found I was sick, I left her in a kind of swoon. Children have such fancies occasionally, you know. I promised to go back and see her sometime, but I never went."

"She's probably dead or married before this time," said Dana.

"Possibly," St. Cloud said, with a half sigh "but it seems to me as though I could find her right there in the old house yet, poor patient little Puss! I don't know why I should remember her as I always meant to. There, Dana! didn't I tell you?" as a shell suddenly came screaming toward the line from the plain below. It fell short though, and the two young men sprang up the bank, the long roll sounded, men flew to arms; it was a battle.

Puss, she wasn't dead or married, or gone away from the very roof that young St. Cloud had lain ill under years before. I dare say she had grown some, but she was a little thing yet; and if she had looked womanly when she was a child, she looked strangely childlike now after the lapse of years. There is an expression of countenance natural to some women that is always childlike; and, curiously enough, it is often accompanied by the utmost meek patience and meekness under great calamity.

A little earlier than St. Cloud and Dana were talking of her Puss sat in the low doorway of the farm-house sewing. Short, low dropping curls clustered against her faintly-coloured cheek, and deep sorrowful lines tinged the downcast pitiful eyelids. As she now and then cast expectant yet shrinking glances down the path she had that the serious brightness of a startled child. Puss wasn't thinking of the impending battle. Living in a very secluded and by-place, she caught only vague rumours of it. She thought of the war sometimes; often perhaps; but she was full of her own troubles, poor Puss! and the conflict off yonder had not yet deadened with its roar the clamor of this other—a vital one, too, in her own home. Her home: a plain and bare enough one, but with some little comfort it had to her little hands, that never ceased trying to brighten it—never wearied of caring for the old man, whose sole housekeeper she had been since her mother died, more than ten years now. She was older than St. Cloud thought.

He had visited Burbank broken with drink when he knew him, but there had been vitality enough left in him to drag through these years since, getting more broken and worse with drink, and leading Puss such a life as is not easily described.

Puss never murmured though, and when her mother's relatives would have removed her from his control, she always said, in her little quiet, unanswerable way, "I promised mother, you know, and he's all I've got besides," and staid.

Burbank was afraid of her leaving him; and after one of those visits he used to hang about her in a pitiful kind of gratitude, half maudlin as it was, used to make her heart overflow with loving tenderness toward him.

She should never be sorry, that she should not for staying with her old father. She'd get her reward some of these days; and one might be told her what it was to be.

There was to be, told, and—curse man who when Burbank had of late formed a drunken intimacy. That he led her father into even deeper excesses than he would seek himself Puss was very sure, and aside from his natural repulsiveness, that made him hateful to her. She shuddered at his very presence, but ordered that her father entertain and be receive him as her future husband. This she utterly refused to do; but, emboldened by the old man's encouragement, and the girl's helplessness, the ruffian continued to persecute her with his loathsome suit. Poor Puss! Her mother's friends had been poor, and of that part of the country; she and her father lived very isolated lives, and she had nobody but God and herself to look to for protection from this brutal, unscrupulous villain. Burbank in his drunken dotage was capable of perpetrating.

Suddenly, as she sat sewing, she heard the approaching steps of her father and this man, who was always with him now, and shrunk within the house. The two sat down to the meal that waited them, and Puss, after waiting upon them, retreated to the window and resumed her sewing, betraying unconsciously to herself herself likewise, a coarse flattery. While they were eating the first sullen boom, boom of the attacking cannon sounded, and the two men looked up.

"That means business, and sooner'n I reckoned on," said Mallory, and while Burbank lingered in the doorway he turned toward near Puss.

She drew back from his two near vicinity, not speaking, however.

"See you here, my girl," said he, "I was goin' to fix this yer matter of ours sheer to-day, et it hadn't a been for this fight comin' on. I'm goin' to hev a hand in that now, but when I come back I shan't stand no more trifflin'."

Puss only shrank a little till he touched her round the waist, and then she said, in her low, abiding sense meant-to-be conciliatory words.

She rose trembling then, calling "Father!" in an agony.

Burbank did not hear. He was already bidding his adversary; and with a brutal chuckle the ruffian bent toward her again.

Quick as a flash Puss struck him with her little hand sewing, and, throwing sharply there across the eyes, and as he recoiled involuntarily, blinded by the smart, she leaped through the door, like some scared creature, and bounded up the hillside with such frantically swift feet that the fellow, after the first rush, gave up the chase.

Puss never paused till she stood at the top of the hill which commanded the far-away battle-field, whose din by this time was shaking the very earth. Then a fascination that was awallowed every other fear, she stood watching the lurid flash and rolling smoke clouds, nor turned away till she saw by the flying columns that Northern hearts had won the day. Then she crept fearful and stealthily back to the house.

But no one was there, nor seemed to have been all day. Her sewing lay just as she had dropped it, and the door was wide. No one came near the house all night, and she sat and watched; not even her old father; and in the morning she went out, white and tired, to look for him.

Not stopping, as on similar occasions before, to look for him, asleep perhaps among the fastnesses of the hills, she went straight on, running, sometimes, to yesterday's battle-field.

A little way out upon the plain, past sights that left her lips bloodless, though here had not been the heat of the fight, some one called her name. It was a young officer who lay near, half crushed under the body of his dead horse.

With a strangely throbbing heart the girl approached him.

He had recognized her, and not much wonder, she had changed so little; but it was somewhat singular that she knew him through the blood and dust and pain—knew him before she had seen him. Some women hold some faces in their hearts forever though, and defy time or aught to put the memory past recognition.

"Oh Vally!" she said, clasping her hands. It was what she went to call him.

He smiled faintly. "I'm not much hurt, if only some one would lift this carcass off me. I've got something in my shoulder that won't let me help myself."

Tears blinding her, Puss tried with her own little hands, but of course in vain.

An unbidden corner up soon, however, and released St. Cloud from that incubus. As they lifted him in he held her hand and looked toward her. "Come and see me, Puss, won't you?"

With a gasping sob the girl turned toward the officer in charge.

"Where are you going to take them?" she asked. "Is it far?"

"About three miles."

Puss glanced at the ambulance, containing now as many of the poor wounded fellows as it could accommodate, and then thought of the long ride before they could be at rest almost stifled her utterance.

"I live up there," she said, eagerly, "not near a mile. I'll take care of them all, if you'll let me, and as many more as you choose to bring."

The officer hesitated, glancing at the young pale face; perhaps some red-lape scraped weazel him; but if so, he risked it, ordering the ambulance in the direction indicated.

"If going over the field have you seen an old, quite an old man?" Puss asked, in a low and strickened voice, as they were moving off.

The officer understood. "Poor child! yes, he said, gently. "He lies over there, just beyond that rise of ground." And as Puss, catching her breath, turned away, he spoke in a low voice to two of the men, who followed her.

The poor old man was dead.

A little whiter faced, but quiet, Puss followed dreamily after the men as they lifted and bore the body between them.

The day's happening was not yet done. Taking, a little different route than that by which she had come, they found a man frightfully torn with wounds, and howling in agony. Puss knew him—it was Mallory—and stopped.

She had no time to hand on. When the man saw her he entreated piteously that she would call it back; that she would bring him water; that she would not leave him there to die alone.

Fear and shuddering lost in pity, Puss promised to stay by him in his mad terror and agony till other help came. She brought him water, and sitting beside him, holding it to his lips.

"Be merry! Words can not tell how she had feared him; but he could not hurt her now; and with her hand upon him, pitiful and forgiving, he knew it.

Puss made a capital nurse. Her patients thrived as so others did.

Vallance suspected from stray gleanings something of what her life had been all those years; but she never liked to talk of it, and he never knew how or from whom she became dying moments Dana had soothed that day. She kept that memory, so connected with her dead father, to herself. Nobody should hear it from her. But something of her long pain broke into her voice when one day after Vallance was almost well, and had been talking in low, cheerful strong words to her, she crept into his arms, crying,

"I wanted you so long, Vally—I wanted you so!"

"I know it, my darling! God forgive me for not coming sooner! But now I want somebody. Can I, Puss?"

He knew, but he liked to hear her tender, timid whisper, "Yes."

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

I.

DISENCHANTED.

An! you may blush, my sweet Anne,
Cast your eyelids bashfully down!
Do you think it matters to me any more
Whether you smile or you frown?

Knowing what I know, Anne,
Knowing you wonder if I doubt
The inference to be drawn from a smile,
That is next of kin to a pout?

Pshaw! Am I yet a boy,
To be caught by a pretty face?
To see "threads of gold" in a flaxen curl?
Take a "Missy" girl for a Grace?

I am disenchanted now;
I can drop the mask, if you will:
Or, stay—there are other fools in the world
To be caught, if you wear it still!

Men were made for your sport,
Else what use to be fair?
"The only flats whom you can fall in love:"
Take care, my lady, take care!

Your heart may be found at home
When "the right man" knocks at the gate;
You may get your share of spurious coin—
Tis one of the tricks of Fate.

That a girl who can "think it *you*"
With a score to play loose and fast,
Sets the net too often in sight of the bird,
And gets trapped herself at last!

II.

FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

You call me "a heartless jilt"—
"A pitiless, vain coquette!"
But here is another and truer way
Of looking at it yet!

Say that I trifled a while:—
Do you, in your vain conceit,
Think every girl who jests with a man
Is to throw herself at his feet?

Well—we were both in fault—
I, that I drew you on,
For the foolish love of an idle hour,
To mock and to smile upon;

You, that your folly mistook
A "will-o-the-wisp" for a star;
See, if a woman but look for eyes,
How often all these young men are!

What! would you have me say
The little words "I love?"
Would you have me utter a Yea for a Nay,
Then throw you off like a glove?

Be or to break at once
A chain that your folly made!
Than to linger on in sight of the man,
Th. find yourself in the snare.

Let us part with our foolish dream,
Since we can not lovers be;
Go you your way, as a true man should,
And never look back on me!

Rally round the Flag, boys!
Rally once again;
There are traitors in the camp, boys,
And pirates on the main:
There are rebels in the front, boys,
And foes across the sea,
Who hate the proud republican
And scoff at you and me.

Rally round the Flag, boys!
Rally in your might!
Let the nations see how freemen
Can battle for the right;
Make the throbbing mountains echo
With the thunder of your tread;
With music sweet of martial feet
Salute our gallant dead.

Rally round the Flag, boys!
Rally with a cheer;
For all you love and cherish most,
For all that hold you dear,
Defend the brave old banner,
Unsullied from the earth—
Within its folds enshrined it holds
All that this life is worth.

Then rally round the Flag, boys!
Rally, rally still!
Rally from the valley,
And rally from the hill;
Rally from the ship, boys,
And rally from the plow;
Now or never is the word—
Never! failing now.

REMINISCENT.

A cottage white, near a winding stream,
Quite hidden by trees from the sunlight's gleam;
A field near by, on a sloping hill,
Where the violet grew, and the daffodill
A little girl and boy at play,
Whiling the summer hours away.

One had darksome auburn hair;
Both were young and both were fair;
One a boy not quite eleven,
One a girl of summers seven;
There upon the grassy lawn
They'd play till twilight's hour from dawn.

Months passed by, and soon came years,
Fraught to many hearts with tears;
The girl to womanhood had grown;
The boy claimed man's estate his own;
Both had lived to learn that life
With care as well as joy is rife.

* * * *

A cottage white, near a winding stream—
Yet not the same as in youth's bright dream—
Is the home where dwells a man and wife,
With not a cloud to bedim their life;
And by their side, with a curly head,
A baby sleeps in a trundle-bed.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AGAIN THE SULTAN.

It must have been at least a thousand years ago that the countess was the ruddiest and drunkest Will-o'-the-wisp who used to go about the fairs and exhibit herself to the bumpkins at so many hards a head. She had always been a lady of fashion—of the very highest fashion. Of course. Yet for all that, when the visitors had taken their departure, she sent out Mr. Kafooze's handsomest niece for a little brandy, the which that meek young person, who was her servitor and half governess, brought in from the adjacent public house, with a corner of her ink-stained apron thrown over the bottle.

It may here be not inappropriately remarked that, as Mr. M'Variety was following in the wake of his illustrious visitors, he met little Mr. Kafooze in the passage, and that, in the most affable manner, he immediately smote the schoolmaster on the shoulder, and inflicted a playful blow with one of his fists. "What the dickens brings you here, my moon-raker?" was the inquiry of the manager of Ranelagh.

"Why, I'm Mr. M'Variety." The little man replied, rubbing his hands together with somewhat of an uneasy expression of countenance.

"Live here! Why, I thought you didn't live any where, unless it was in the moon."

"There's my name on the door-plate, Mr. M'Variety. I keep a school. I keep a little school to eke out a livelihood. Times are very hard, and I don't get much of a salary at the Gardens, as you know, Sir, although I've been there these five-and-twenty years."

"Those five hundred years, you mean. And so you keep a school? What a rum 'un you are, to be sure! Find it pay? Eh! my noble star-gazer?"

"Pretty well, Mr. M'Variety; only you'll oblige me by not calling it a mention it. It really very important that you shouldn't mention it. It might do me harm with the parents. You see, Sir, that this is a very pious neighborhood, and party-feeling runs dreadfully high. I might lose all my pupils if it were known that I had any engagement—you understand—that I had any thing to do with the Gardens. Parents are so very prejudiced, you know; and people who grumble at the sight of a toy half a guinea a quarter make as much fuss about it as if they were sending their young ones to the University of Oxford."

"All right, my Trojan. By-by, Kafooze." And Mr. M'Variety walked away. "Queer little customer that," he mused. "I wish I ever have thought of his keeping a school and teaching the young idea how to shoot! I wonder if he tells the young 'uns any thing about the sun. He's a good deal more than three pairs cracked is Kafooze's school. He'll up to his business, and is as worthy a little soul as ever breathed. Curious, now, that man believes in all the humbug he's paid for every shilling a week, and looks down people's throats. He believes in it as strongly as if he got twenty pounds a week. He's not a bad sort, and is worth every penny of his sal to me. Egad! I'll put him down for a snuff-box some of these fine days."

It was one of the most amiable traits in Mr. M'Variety's character to be continually presenting snuff-boxes to the persons in his employ. There was scarcely a carpenter, a scene-painter, a property-man, a lamplighter, or a fiddler in his service, who had not been to some period or another gratified with one of those tokens of the manager's esteem and confidence. Mr. M'Variety purchased them cheap at the pawnbroker's, and with the old inscriptions burnished out (for it frequently happened that they had done service previously as gifts to deserving employes) they looked quite beautiful. Indeed, it was rumored that, in this manner, the manager had often to buy his own testimonials back again. Times had never been so hard with Mr. M'Variety as to render it impossible for him to dispense at least two sets of these snuff-boxes in the course of a season. Once, when business was dreadfully bad, he had been forced to come down to tortoise-shell; but the pull up of a good benefit was speedily the means of the precious metal asserting its accustomed sway.

A remarkable interview took place in the afternoon between the countess and Lily. The former had told her that she was to dine out that evening with some gentlemen—the gentlemen she had seen that forenoon, in fact—and bade her get on her bonnet and shawl. They would take a cab, she said, to the other side of the water, and purchase some articles of dress; for the countess to be a very grand one, and she wished Lily to appear as smart as herself.

To the countess's astonishment—to her simulated astonishment, rather—the girl cast herself at her feet, and with passionate entreaties begged to be allowed to remain at home. And, again, she implored not to ask her the reason of her reluctance to attend the dinner. She would rather be beaten, locked up, starved, than confess that reason.

She was sincere; although, Heaven knows, she was interceding in her own despite, and uttering untruths against herself. She had seen Edgar. She saw him: handsome, happy, and splendid. She would have given the world to be allowed to speak to him, to look full in the eyes, to touch his kid-gloved hand. To sit by his side at dinner, to be in his company a whole evening, to listen to his voice, to see him eat and drink, would have been to her ineffable bliss. But she dared not confront it. It would be happiness nothing only to be destruction and her death. If she saw him again she must once more fly, once more bury herself. She felt that she loved him more than ever, and that to go reins to her love was to court ruin and invite despair.

And Edgar Greyfaunt! Had he seen her? Had he recognized her when she swooned? Yes; she saliva's eye had encountered his as she sat on the horse-rider's little drudge. He had felt flattered and gratified when he was aware of the influence his presence had exercised on her. He was gratified, but not grateful. The girl's fainting away was naturally the subject of conversation among the guests after they had left the house. Sir William Long was driving Greyfaunt in his cabriolet to town; and the subject did not long remain a secret to the knee something of the "little party" who had been so suddenly the means of breaking up the interview with the countess.

"I think I've made something like an impression in that quarter," he remarked, with an intimate leering wink.

Sir William Long repressed his first impulse, which I am afraid was to lift up the cab apron and fling Edgar Greyfaunt headlong out of the big wheels upon the freshly macadamized pavement of the Westminster Bridge Road.

"Indeed," he rejoined, biting his lip. "I was not aware that you had ever seen Madame Peterstyn's interesting family."

"Madame Anybody's daughter," the young man went on, carelessly. "She must be a kind of foundling, I fancy. The little party and I are old friends."

"Old friends?"

"Yes. My aunt, Madame de Kergolay, picked her up from some snuffy old priest in Paris, whose niece she was said to be. You understand. A priest's niece. Nothing of relationship that. The aunt never turns up, somehow. Stop, I think the little party was at some school where I was in training for. Yes, by my aunt, who was always picking up waifs and strays of some sort—it didn't much matter whether they were puppies, dogs, or children, or china monsters—took a great fancy to this little Lily. Yes; that was her name."

Sir William Long's face flushed, and another and stronger impulse: to shorten his whip and lay the lash heavily across the shoulders of the Sultan Greyfaunt; but he controlled himself again, and observed,

"A very pretty name, I think, Mr. Greyfaunt?"

"Not so pretty as Leopoldine. I knew a little woman by the name of Leopoldine Du Bois Joye, what a little devil she was! She used to live in the Rue de Seine. Well, Madame de Kergolay grew quite fond of our little party. She turned out badly, however."

"Turned out badly, Mr. Greyfaunt? What do you mean?" Sir William's voice quivered as he spoke. He was very nearly saying, "What the devil do you mean?"

"Why, she gave my aunt a great deal of trouble. She used to say that she was shocked ingly hysterical and deceitful. One day she gave the little party a horrible fright by singing, whereupon, her monkey being up, Miss Lily bolted."

"Do you mean to say that the poor friendless young creature ran away?"

"That's the fact. Unfortunate Miss Bailey, and all the rest of it, though she didn't hang herself in her garters. I'm afraid that the real state of the case was, that Lily had become smitten with your humble servant. I'm sure I couldn't help it. It was no fault of mine that she took to love me. I'm sure I was a very very soft-hearted old lady, was very much cut up when she found that the bird had flown. Would have been glad to have had her back to get her back. But it was no use; they couldn't find the least trace of her; and now she turns up in the company of that horrible old hoxwelling woman. Faugh! how she smells of brandy! How, in the name of all that's wonderful, she and Lily came together, passes my comprehension."

"It is indeed wonderful; but am I to understand, Mr. Greyfaunt, that it is your intention to continue to pay your attentions to this young lady?"

"How danced solemn and formal you are, to be sure! But you're rather out in your reckoning. In the first place, it's rather stretching a point to call the little party a young lady. Persons of gentle blood are usually chary as to how they apply that appellation. You and I are men of old family, and don't sow the names of 'lady' and 'gentleman' broadcast."

"Indeed! What would you call this unfortunate child—this young woman—then? I have every reason to believe that she is the daughter of the Madame Ernestine, and she, I know positively, is the widow of an English gentleman of very good family indeed."

"You astonish me. I shouldn't have thought she had ever gone higher in the marriage line than a dancing-master. However, we will call the little party whatever you please. I ordinarily speak of this description of persons as 'the little party,' as I have no paying attentions to her you are again slightly in error. I never paid her any. It was all on the other side of the bridge. She was the natural sinner. The little party took a fancy to me, and for that you will, I hope, agree I am not to blame. I don't think I have had ten minutes' continuous conversation with her. There is time, nevertheless, to improve the acquaintance. Ah! here we are in Whitehall. I have a call to make at the Foreign Office. Thank you for the lift. Au revoir until dinner-time."

"And it is for this senseless, brainless puppy that Lily has made herself miserable!" Sir William Long muttered, as he drove furiously away. "Confound the fellow's coxcomb, I should have liked to twist his neck!"

CHAPTER L.

THE COTTAGE.

The proposition made by Mr. M'Variety to the countess that evening, at dinner (a repast, by-the-way, which was not present, as it essentially satisfactory to that lady. It was of a duplex nature. First it had reference to the augmentation of Mrs. Kafooze's weekly stipend; and, sundry pounds and shillings being added thereto, the countess vouchsafed to express her opinion that Mr. M'Variety was "an hon enfant," and exceptionally free from the vice of stinginess, inherent, if she were to be believed, to the managerial race.

"You needn't give me credit for too much generosity," the candid manager observed, in return for the countess's somewhat profuse expressions of gratitude, "even when I tell you that your sal can go on, if you like, all the winter. The concert-room will never say thing like it, and I must shut up very soon, or, by Jove, I shall be shut up myself; but that will have nothing to do with your engagement. I mean to come out with a bang next spring, so you can be practicing something stunning in the high school way between this and next Easter. Open or shut, you'll find the ghost walk very Saturday as liberal, dear boy, as ever, and if ever you want a fiver on account, you'll find Billy Van Post always ready to honor your I O U. Sounds very liberal, don't it? But I needn't imagine, for all that, that I'm one of the Brothers Cheerybyle. The fact is, countess, that what suits your book suits my book, and we'll talk all about it."

As he spoke, Mr. M'Variety slapped, per chance involuntarily, his waistcoat-pocket. Of course Kafooze's nephew, not being a clairvoyant, could not see, through the well-shrunken tweed and glazed calico lining of that garment, a neatly-folded document of a dull gray hue, which, had it been opened, would have proved to be a check, the amount of which has nothing to do with the "little party," but is the work of M'Variety, Esq., or bearer, by a person signing himself William Long. But, morally, Madame Ernestine had the key to the secret, and could see through a millstone or a plaid waistcoat as well as her neighbors; and she understood the enterprising manager perfectly well when he hinted that it was not through any spontaneous intuition of munificence, but for divers reasons well known to himself, that he proposed to pay long fee engagement on terms so exceedingly liberal.

"And, while we're talking business," continued the manager, "I don't see why you should go on working so confoundedly on the desert as in that poky little hole where I found you this morning. Old Fooslum"—it was by this irreverent name that Mr. M'Variety called the Duke of the Planets—"is a very good sort of a card; but he's a desperate slow coach; has been ain't much longer at the horse-trap, and there isn't an inch of style about him."

"Who is this Monsieur Kafooze?" the countess asked of Mr. M'Variety quickly on the departure of Mr. Kafooze's nephew, with his mooms, and his stars, and his other imperti-nences."

"Poor old Fooslum. There's no harm about him. How sharp you do take one up, to be sure! Monsieur Kafooze is right to let luggings, and he is a little cracked, as long as he don't hire any body, if he likes. I was quite staggered this morning to find out what he was in the day-time."

"And what is he at night? A clown, a manager, a lamplighter, a fiddler, a pouseur de cornemuse?"

"That's tellings. Ask me no questions, and you shall hear no lies. Billy Van Post's got him down in the pay list, and he draws his sal pretty regular. That's all we've any of us any right to know. It ain't much, but he's worth his salt to me and more. However, it isn't about old Fooslum that we're talking. His shabby little rattletrap of a place ain't good enough for you and missy to live in, let alone receiving your friends. You want some place more stylish—something slap up."

"I don't want to live in town," the countess returned. "I can not afford to keep a carriage —there were days when I kept two—and in eight days I should be ruined in cabs."

"Don't want you to be ruined in any thing. Don't want you to live at the West End. You'd be getting into some devilry there. Why don't you come to the Cottage, you and missy?"

"The Cottage, where is that?"

"Don't you know that queer old crib behind the ball-room. Two hundred years old, they say it is. I think it is a thousand. There's a good many rats, and a ghost or two, but it's very comfortable. I'll tell you what, Brooks, it won't cost you a penny for rent or taxes, and old Sally Burn—that's the Ranelagh housekeeper, you know—who's been there ever since the time of Gog and Magog, will see that you're all right and comfortable."

The countess was nothing loth.

"But," she said, as though making terms, "I shall be able to see all my friends there, Monsieur Mac?"

"The whole boiling of 'em. Tom, Dick, and Harry. Lords and ladies—beautifully you please."

"An bout du compte, elle me va, votre offre. I accept it," she answered, simply.

"Try, and I don't grin. You'll be as jolly as a sand-boy there, and if you want a nice little supper as often as ever you like, the kitchen's open for you, and I don't give a French shag-cock six pounds a week for nothing. What an extravagant rascal he is to be sure! That fellow would fry his grandmother in the best Spring butter at one-and-sevenpence a pound, if Billy Van Post did not keep a sharp look-out after him."

The bargain, then, was concluded. It suited the Van Post in every way. She wanted an oasis in the midst of a desert, a solitude where none but her intimates could hear her, and where she could be as strange and uproarious as she pleased. She was calmed and cribbed in the Little South Lambeth Street, with the schoolmaster and his nieces, and the widow on one side, and the nurse on the other. "Va pour la chaumière," she cried, joyously. The Cottage was christened, and, something Bohemian, something uncivilized, like herself.

The removal was soon effected. They had no packages. Mrs. Wardrobe could be easily conveyed in a peck measure. The girl was sorry, nevertheless, to leave the little old schoolmaster and his kind-hearted niece. Her mother, indeed, cried very bitterly on the day of the lodger's departure, and, as she wound her arms round Lily, frequently complained that she had now nothing worth living for. It touched Lily to find that there was, after all, some one to like her, although Mrs. Kafooze was a drunken hag and troubled with bunions.

Mr. Kafooze was sorry too—very sorry. He had more than once that he did not like the turn affairs were taking, and that some one must interfere to put a stop to it. The same to him so. But the celestial bodies, vouchsafing him no further information, he was forced to assume a look expressive of contentment, and to mutter that it was no business of his, and that he had no right to interfere. He kept very carefully out of the way of the countess, whom he was honestly afraid, sending for the rent by Rhodope, and requesting his late lodger—in a three-cornered note, which he folded round in round hand—to do him the extreme favor of returning the latch-key. But he stole a quiet opportunity to bid Lily good-by on the kitchen stairs.

"It isn't a Kathleen Mavourneen farewell, after all," he whispered; "for one don't take up one, and it won't be forever. The stars tell me so. I shall see you often, my dear, much oftener than you'll see me. But one don't take up practice of me, unless there's something very particular. I'm nobody, but I'm always about. God bless you, and beware of the genteelfolks!"

SUCCOTASH.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

WILL you do me the honor to sit up at the table and try another dish of my? *Literary Succotash?* You understand me: I make the mixture myself, and (although different, I hope, from the contents of Macbeth's witches' caldron) yet "stab and good," notwithstanding.

"CONSIDERATE" AND "CONSCIENTIOUS" MEN.

I was thinking, this lovely September morning, in the cool shade of my desolate thoughts upon this twin theme; and, as I collated my thinkings, I came to this conclusion, that while a conscientious man always does (as he considers) certainly is not *always so*; but that, on the other hand, a considerate man is always *both* considerate and conscientious.

I have an illustration in point. I "seem to think."

There are many of our "metropolitan fellow-citizens," as Mr. Fernando Wood would call them, who are in the habit of passing the walkers down Broadway (which in twenty years from this date will have become one of the most splendid and costly thoroughfares in the world—an avenue of marble and granite —incrustable edifices of varied and tasteful architecture)—many of these, I say, we see, who will remember the *bazaar* of Mr. Hart, at the corner of Cortland Street and Broadway, west side, upper corner. Let the reader remember most of most of our townsmen as they traversed the great boulevard, going up or coming down; and as the proprietor was a very popular man in his manners, and his establishment an *omnium gatherum* both of "men and things," his snug place was, at the time, quite a "head-quarters" of town news.

Thus much for a brief "prologue to a swelling act."

It was my custom also, at that period—my office at that time being a little below Mr. Hart's, in Broadway—to stop frequently at his place and have

a chat with him. I had been absent, however, for two or three weeks, with a few congenial friends, among the trout-streams of Sullivan and Orange counties (O! Catskill and Mongaup! would I were luring "the speckled" from your swirling, murmuring, bubbling, sunny and shady bosoms to-day!), and it was a week or more after my return when, walking down Broadway one lovely morning, I overtook my friend, Mr. Hart, a few paces from his store, walking slowly between two friends.

"How are you to-day?" I said, as usual, whenever we encountered each other; but he looked pale and sad, and did not instantly respond; so I added at once, "but I am afraid you are ill; you don't look at all well?"

"Have you heard of my terrible accident?" he asked.

I explained that I had been out of town for several days, and since my return had been very busy, and had therefore had no time to call at his store.

He, upon this, parted his frock-coat in front, and directed my attention to a protuberance above his right groin, to the extent, I should say, of a medium-sized cucumber.

"About two months ago," said he, "in walking down to the store in the morning, I happened to step upon a piece of banana-skin, slipped my foot, and fell suddenly to the pavement. I got up in a moment, and felt no pain, but only a little awkwardness at the ridiculous figure I cut and the laughter of the passers-by.

"The next day, however, I became sensible of a dull, heavy sensation in my right groin, and that night, on examination, I found exuding from an almost imperceptible orifice a whitish fluid. This continued to increase, day after day, with additional pain, and as it issued is ossified—*darned to base*—until it has reached the enormous size you see. It not awful to think of?

"To-morrow morning Dr.—— and Dr. ——[two of our most distinguished surgeons] are to perform the operation of excision, which I'm told is not a very painful one; at any rate, I am willing to undergo almost any thing to have it cut off."

Two days afterward, as we passed the bazar, we saw that it was closed, and the black and white crape upon the shutters and the following announcement explained the reason:

"*Closed in consequence of the death of the proprietor.*"

Mr. Hart had died under the operation!*

And this incident brings us to the illustration of a "*Consolation Man*," who, if he had preceded Mr. Hart on the fatal morning of his fall, would have saved him from that and the terrible catastrophe which ensued.

We were walking in the same street one day with the late Mr. Abbott Lawrence, and remarked to a merry now and then he would pause, and with his cane knock from off the pavement a peach-skin or some other slippery rind of its kind, saying, at the same time,

"Lewis, whenever you see any thing like that lying on the walk, pick it into the street—it may save many an accident—perhaps a human life."

Here was a Considerate Man.

It was the same spirit of considerateness which prompted him, he afterward said, never to notice any bodily infirmity in persons whom he met; to pass on the right side, or sit on the right side of a rail-car, of any one afflicted, for instance, with those painful blood-red "marks," forms of grape-shot-wounds, etc., which so often seem to disfigure the human countenance. And we may add that it was the same spirit which prompted him to invent the chairs which have prevented, since then, the achings of thousands upon thousands of little children's backs in the Public Schools; and how to say that would keep clean and neat their books, so that daily use might not render them distasteful in their externals.

We have never forgotten the first two lessons as above imparted by a Considerate Man.

We shall speak, it may be, of the Conscientious Man hereafter.

* Few of my city readers but will remember the case of Mr. Halsey, father of three opulent and well-known metropolitan merchants, who slipped upon a piece of orange-peel, and was so seriously injured that he was compelled to keep his apartment for *fifteen years!* A very active old gentleman too, who suffered only from this terrible casualty.

VERY PELLIC WHITEWASHING.

"In the days of some time ago," when one of the publishers of this journal was Honorable Lord Mayor of Gotham, a most amusing scene was enacted in front of the City Hall, of which there are two *original* witnesses, the very first who saw its commencement.

The late Charles M. Leupp (so long the near and prominent neighbor of the publishers hereof, in the adjoining "Brick") was crossing the City Hall Park, in company with "the present writer," one summer morning about eleven o'clock. We had been "delightful company" all the way as far as Printing: "*Here* is an article of apple which we can put to you at a penny;" but those in front would not be afforded under three cents, for they are of a very superior quality," etc., etc.

Well, as we neared the City Hall we beheld and lo! a great blue-breeched black man, with a pail of lime-water and a whitewash-brush in his hand, was belabaring the southern basement-story of that beautiful edifice (of brown stone, as every body knows) with his *plastic* fluid. He hadn't given more than four or five "dabs" with his broad splasher (the stains remained there for years, and may be faintly seen there now for ought I know) when Leupp asked him

"What are you doing *that* for?"

"Gosh! to whitewash de basement all in front."

"Who told you to do it?"

"Dare was a man on de corner over dar who hired me to do it last night. He give me two dollars and a 'all to begin; and he's gwine to git me

twenty dollars when I finish de job. Take me 'bout a week, I reckon."

By this time several people had gathered round, and the news had been carried in to the Mayor's office that "a big nigger outside was *whitewashing the City Hall!*"

His Honor came out, and, looking with wonderment through his gold spectacles, saw that it was even so, and ordered the sable artist to "hold up."

"Can't do it, massa; it's a 'big job,' and I've been part paid: goin' to have some every day tel I get twenty dollars."

And on went another spattering splash with his broad "instrument," while he smoothed down the part laid with professional pride.

After a while "necessity was laid upon him," and he was compelled to desist; not without much remonstrance.

"What's any body's business of I *do de job*, and do it good as I kin? I told de man I would, an' I *mighter!* He said it was a dirty place, outside and in, and wanted cleanin' out!"

Some wag of a partisan, who "belonged on the other side," had collected the paper fellow in a thicket of "cleansing the Augean stable;" and much spoil did the commencement of the operation create in the minds of all the looking Tadmi.

Leupp never forgot this scene "to his dying day," and he could describe it better than any other one human eye saw, or the eloquence of the spectator, his disregard of remonstrance, and his disdain for the laughter which was echoing from the by-standers who were witnessing his labors—O! it was very funny!

SPEAKING OF Mr. Leupp, it may truly be said that no man more thoroughly appreciated "a good thing." Whether that I could ever relate him here describe a scene which he once witnessed at Bloomer's old celebrated Hotel in Canandaigua!

Bloomer was a great entity at that time in the western part of the State of New York, and were not frequently seen even in its loveliest village; but Bloomer, who always *would* have his look of "a crook, every luxury upon his table which could be obtained in the markets of New York, one day had consigned to him some delicacies, which he then thus attractively presented upon his "full-spread board," where to some of his guests there was a relish—relish, especially, a generous old fellow from the neighboring "country," who asked:

"Mr. Blossom, what's them red critters with the big claws?"

"Those are *lobsters*, Mr. Blank, a very great luxury. Try a piece of one with a little of that fruit to manage at first, but when you come to the *juice* you'll say you never tasted any thing more delicious!"

His guests laughed, for they "understood" Blossom, and while he was waiting to dress one of the *crustacea*, he drew off a *claw*, and presented it to his country friend.

The man had but two teeth in his cadaverous jaws, but he took the claw, and began its mastication and manipulate it.

"It's rather *hard*, Mr. Blossom," said he, the blank-ness of disappointment upon his wrinkled forehead.

"Yes: I *told* you so," said Blossom; "but when you get to the *juice* as I said, you'll admit that you have been repaid for your trouble."

By industriously and steadily established a hole, a fact which was made apparent to his host by the old fellow's manifest satisfaction.

"How do you like it now?" asked Blossom.

"Wa'al, it's pretty tough eatin'; but I kinder like the *pith* on't."

But as Blossom began to crack the lobsters' claws and shell, and extract the "*pith* on 'em," and the laugh ran from one end of the table to the other, "*the pith* and by *that*," the victim saw the *pith* of the *joke*.

TOPOGRAPHY AND PATRIOTISM.

WHATEVER strengthens our local attachments is favorable both to individual and national character. There is a saying and a wise one, the connection between *Topography* and *Patriotism*. What do you think our soldiers, fighting for this very sentiment for a united country and undivided homes, North and South—think of it? If the one is desecrated, will not the other be jeoparded, if not destroyed? Show me a man who "cares not where for one place than another," and I will show you in that same person one who loves nothing but himself. Beware of those who "care not where they live." Such have no hold on a human being whose affections are without a tap-root.

GOOD COOKING AND PIETY.

I DON'T think "Sam Slick" himself, shrewd and sharpened old trumpet as he is, ever gave vent, in his inimitable way, to a more irrefragable truth than is contained in this short sentence from "Adam Bede?"

"I've nothin' to say agin her piety, my dear, but when you've got a wife you like her to cook ye victuals. When a man comes in tired and hungry, pretty won't feed him, I reckon. I called in one day when she was bakin' her Tremain dinner, and I could see the potatoes was as watery as water. It is right enough to be spiritual—I'm up to envy to them—but *I like my victuals done*. I don't see as any body 'ull go to heaven any sooner for not digestin' their dinner; providin' they don't die the sooner, as perhaps Mr. Tremain will, poor man!"

It is a rare thing to find *proper names* introduced into verse with ease and effect; but you gave, Messrs. Editors, in a late number of the *Weekly*, a very happy illustration of the "way to do it" in the equally caustic and facile lines of Professor Lowell, of Cambridge. Dr. Maginn, of *Blackwood's Magazine*, excelled in this kind. Do you remember his tread burlesque "poem" of

"A lady who once lived in Leith,
A lady very stylish, indeed,
Who, for whose coil of hir teeth,
Felt in love with an Irishman:

A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman,
A hairy, swearing, bumping, thumping,
Ramping, roaring Irishman.

"He came to a terrible name indeed,
Being TIMOTHY TRAVY MELLIGAN,
And whenever he finished his number of pawns,
He always wanted a fresh *legion*:

The boozy, bruising Irishman,
The bumbling Irishman,
The great he-rogue,
And the big swearing Irishman,
The fighting, rioting Irishman!"

About the breaking out of the present unhappy war, somebody (and I wish I knew his name, for he fully equals Hughey O'Doherty" of the "Noctes," in his way) wrote the following. Its satire is as pungent as its style is "humorous." Can only give a piece or four verses, but they will "tell the story:"

"Two Irishmen out of employ,
And out as the crow flies so easily,
Adrift in a grocery store,
Were smoking and talking it lazily:
The one was a "broth of a boy,"
Whose cheek-bones turned out and turned in sp'ile,
His name it was Mickey M'Finnigan,
The other was Mr. M'Flannigan.

"'Bad luck to the rebels,' says Pat,
'For kicking up all this botheration;
They call themselves gintlemen, too,
While principle seems to be money and robbery:
Now if it's gentale for to stale,
And take all your creditors in agin,
I'm glad I'm no gintleman born'—
'Your're right, Sir,' says Mr. M'Finnigan.

"'The nagur States wanted a row,
And they got it, bedad, they've got it in;
They've chosen a bed that is hard,
However they strive to make it thin;
Now if it's the nagurs they mane,
By "chivalry," then it's a sin agin
To fight for a nagur, I'm sure, I think;'
'Your right, Sir,' says Mr. M'Finnigan.

"'There's never an Irishman born,
From Malone to the end of Secessiondom,
But longs for a chance
To fight for this country in Hasiendom:
And so if our Government would try
With a treacherous friendship to sin agin,
They'll be all up in the air at once;'
'Your're right, Sir!' said Mr. M'Finnigan."

This is very far from being an easy style, as any one will find who may try to adopt it.

"I was over at Greenwood the other day," writes a friend, "and while traversing the multitudinous avenues and lanes of that most beautiful City of the rather than 'City of the Dead,' I could not help but think of that expressive sentence you quoted in your last number, 'Death is continually waking' the sounds of a great city, and sooner or later steps at every man's door.' For each of the two hundred thousand human beings here, thought I, 'Death has stopped at some door in yonder smoky metropolis, from which I hear but the solemn silence, like the distant under-tone of Niagara, you can hear the subdued din of "multitudes of men commercing"—the ever-busy hum of mankind."

Yes: two hundred thousand shells of men and women repose in Greenwood, who but a little while ago were thinking, feeling, scheming, "getting gain," or giving life and grace to society in yonder city. Yet I remember Greenwood when as yet not many persons had been buried in its lovely grounds.

Major Douglas, a graduate of West Point, who had an office at No. 5 Wall Street, started this great enterprise, and he was the grounds. I was then among some fifty representatives of the daily, weekly, and monthly New York press, who, at the invitation of the Major, visited the place for the first time; and although at that period only the difficult "points" and paths had been marked out, the grounds and views were quite as beautiful as they now are.

The lunch was "debouched," I remember, upon the banks of "Sylvan Water," and while we were doing justice to the sandwiches and the Champagne a big bird flew across and disappeared in the foliage. Then there ensued quite an animated discussion as to what manner of winged creature it was.

"It was a *heron*," said Charles F. Daniels, then associate-editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*.

"I think *not*," answered the present writer, affecting to misunderstand him. "It was not a *Scotch* herring, that is certain, nor a *red* herring."

The next morning, in an account of the visit to the future Greenwood, the *Courier* said that its contemporary of the *Times* became so obtuse in observation over the lunch that he couldn't tell a *hawk* from a *Scotch herring!*

There was not much to be won at the hands of the witty C. F. Daniels.

"Enough for the present."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THAT was a mean Dutchman, that Hans Karg. He left one morning Mathilda-looking daughter, who no more resembled him than a flower the root. "Hans, how is earth by you making?" inquired his friend from "Fatherland" asked a neighbor, one morning. "Py, I makes potatoes shows up de potatoes," answered Hans; "dat keeps dem from freezin'!"

FREEDOM OF THE CITY.—Coming to a "block" in the streets every ten minutes.

OLD CLOTHES, a great advocate of economy, and never lets an opportunity pass for commending this virtue. Not long ago he was speaking in favor of a couple of young men who were dandified, and remarked, "It don't cost them any thing for dress; each one wears out the other's old clothes!"

A gentleman at an inn being supplied with two candles which gave a very dim light, called to the waiter: "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of decent candles to see how these others burn!"

"Barber," said a former to his tonsor, "now don't change your mind to shave for half price." "Can't, Mr. Jones," said the man of razors; "I ought really to charge you double, for there's down farmers make much long fuss that I have twice the ground to go over."

DRILL FOR MARRIED VOLUNTEERS.

Fall In.—To your wife's widow; you'll find that you are a gainer by doing so.

Attention.—To the children pay a little.

Right Face.—Your husband, and follow it with all your energy.

Quick March.—To the call of duty, and never mind the consequences.

Halt.—When your wife points out to you that such and such a course is not the proper one.

Right about Face.—When you are invited by a "friend" to take another glass of wine, tell him that you've had sufficient.

Present Arms.—When your wife asks you to push the perambulator for her.

Break Off.—Attending the public house so much, and keep at home. You will be benefited by it physically, mentally, and socially.

Lanky and Joe H—— were neighbors, and, with the exception of an occasional quarrel, always lived in peace. Lanky was a man of the sort that requires just the proper dose of Lorby, whereupon he terminated his existence very suddenly; and when Joe appeared, he thought he deemed satisfaction or to avenge his death, Lanky sought to cause consequence by pleading ignorance. "If I had known that it was your dog," said he, "I wouldn't have touched a hair of his head; but on the fax is, he mistaked, with terrible earnestness, "I didn't know that he has any relation to you."

An old miser, who was notoriously parsimonious, being ill, was obliged reluctantly to consult a doctor. "What shall I do with my head?" said the old man. "It's so dizzy I seem to see double." The doctor wrote a prescription and retired. The prescription was thus: "When you see double you will find relief if you count your money."

A manufacturer has succeeded in making such an improvement in Britannia that it is asserted that it is asserted he is obliged to warrant them not silver.

A married woman can acquire nothing, the *proper tie* of marriage making all she has the *proper-ty* of her husband.

What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier?—One tars his ropes, the other pitches his tent.

"You say, Mr. Snooks, that you now plaintiff knew the house. Was you in it?" "Yes, Sir." "Do you know what caused the hosts?" "I'm not certin, Sir, but I think it was the fall of a two hundred." "That will do, Clerk, call the next witness."

"I should like to pay you off," as John Bull said to the National Debt.

"What plan," said an actor to another, "shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?" "Invite your creditors," was the reply gravely.

Why is type-setting beneficial to a nervous man?—Because he can compose himself.

Why is the letter t like your nose?—Because it goes before you do.

"Mr. Thump!" bawls Type, to a brother in trade, "The ministry are to be changed, it is said." "That's good," replied Mr. Thump, "I hope they would be With a thinking erratum." "What?" "Dele the c."

A gentleman has discovered an excellent way to disperse a crowd of idle boys. He offers to teach them the Decimals, and they instantly run away.

A merchant having been attacked by some thieves at five in the afternoon, said: "Gentlemen, you open shop very early in the day."

Booth, the tragedian, had a broken nose. A lady once remarked to him, "I like your acting, Mr. Booth; but, to be candid, I can't quite overlook your broken nose." "No wonder, madam," replied he, "the bridge is gone!"

A SCHOOLMASTER'S PROVERB.—The softer the head the harder the work—the harder the head the softer.

The man who was lately "struck with a new thought," has resolved to overlook the act, it being the first time, and there is little danger of a repetition of the offence.

Mrs. Partington wrote to know, if it were not intended that women should drive their husbands, why are they put through the bridal ceremony?

A mother admonishing her son as lad about seven years of age that he should never defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. The little urchin replied, "Then, mother, let's eat the remainder of the plum-pudding to-night."

An old maid, being at a loss for a pin-cushion, made use of a pin. In the following morning she found all the needles had tears in their eyes.

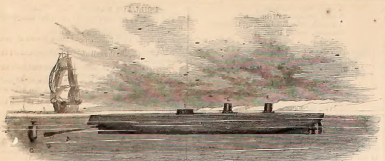
SNOW-DROP.—Nature's delicate announcement that she is coming out in full dress.

MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

IT is known that a monument is soon to be erected in Chicago to the memory of the lamented Stephen A. Douglas. We are enabled this week to present our readers with an accurate engraving of the monument, from a drawing made directly from the model by Mr. *Weekly*. In this we will be apparent to every eye, and no word of encomium for the artist is necessary from us.

The monument will be one hundred feet high, wrought in marble on a granite base. Through the arched and grated lower story of the shaft, and above the noble sarcophagus containing the remains of the departed Senator. Directly over it an eagle with outspread wings is sitting, a suitable emblem of mourning for a dead statesman. The four seated statues upon the pedestals at the corners of the base are designed to represent Illinois, as the right, holding a medallion portrait of Douglas; 2d, America, at the left, supporting a shield—the U. S. shield—in her left hand, and with tablet and pencil; and 4th, Fame, holding a wreath and a trumpet.

The bas-relief upon the sides of the column-supporting pedestal base are designed to represent in panorama the progress of American civilization, especially in the Western States—with which Mr. DOUGLAS was so peculiarly identified. That which is presented in the engraving represents the life of the untamed Indian, with a woman and papoose, and a hunter dragging a deer up to the door of a wigwam. Following this is a scene representing Agriculture and the first settling of the country —the settler's cabin and family, the plowing of the ground, and the felling of the forest. Then comes a view of Commerce and Science—with cadeuses, boxes and barrels of merchandise, locomotives, and the telegraph. The last relief is Education—with the



A. Armor.—B. Basket.—C. Torpedo.—D. Pilot-house.—E. Smoke-stack.—F. Ventilator.

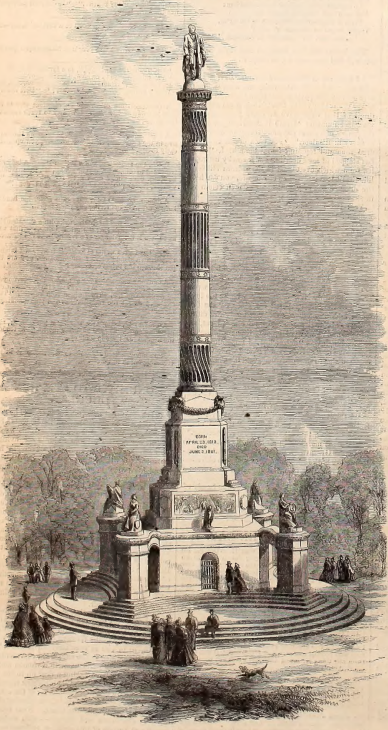
UNITED STATES TORPEDO BOAT "NEW ERA."

humble school-house, the church, and the National Capitol.

Wreaths, scrolls, etc., adorn the pedestal above, while higher towers the marble composite column, forty-two feet in height, and bearing stars, indicative of the States of the Union. The whole is surmounted by a colossal statue of DOUGLAS, standing upon a bronze globe, with his right hand upon the *fasces*—symbolical of the Union—and his left holding the Constitution.

The monument is well suited to the level character of the Illinois country, and in that regard follows a recognized principle in art and architecture among the ancients, hitherto too little regarded in America. The location of the monument will be upon the shore of Lake Michigan, in a beautiful grove in the southern suburbs of the city of Chicago, already consecrated as the resting-place of Senator DOUGLAS'S remains. From the various approaches to the city, by land or water, the tall shaft of the monument will be seen pricking the blue of the skies.

It has been erroneously reported throughout the country that the cost of the monument will be $500,000. It will cost, as estimated, only $50,000. In this place we think it proper also to correct a statement, which is being widely circulated by the press, to the effect that Mr. VOLK is a German. LEONARD WELLS VOLK was born at Wellstown, Hamilton County, New York, in 1828. His ancestors were among the first settlers of New York city—then New Amsterdam—which brings him in the eighth generation on this continent. He is American in his every sentiment, loyal to the core, thoroughly Western in his ideas of art, as well exemplified in this his last and one of his greatest works. He is also a relative of Mr. DOUGLAS by marriage, and has an earnest reverence for the memory of the departed STATESMAN. His work has been, in the deepest sense, a work of love.



MONUMENT TO STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ARMY DESTROYING THE MACON RAILROAD BETWEEN ROUGH AND READY AND JONESBOROUGH, GEORGIA.—[See next Page.]

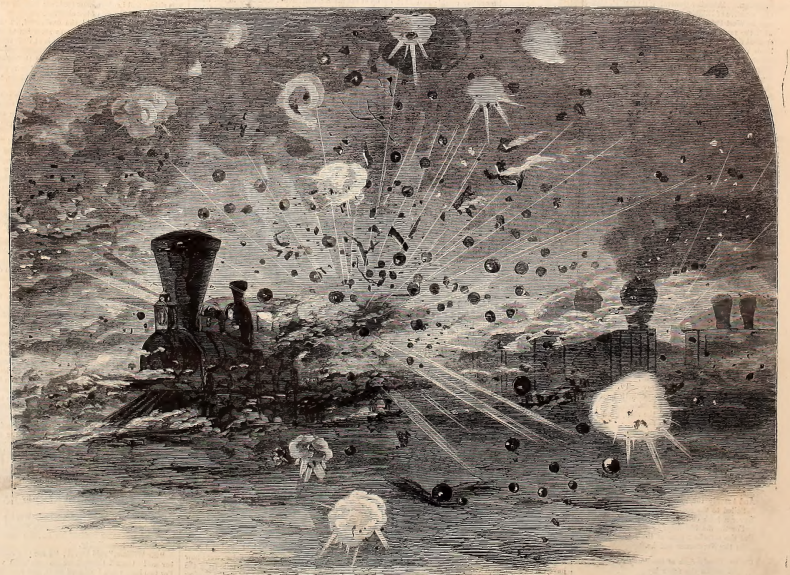
BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES D. MORGAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BISHOP.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM P. CARLIN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BISHOP.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S VICTORY.

WE give on pages 629, 636, and 637 Illustrations of General SHERMAN'S recent victory.

The sketch given on page 636 represents SHERMAN'S army tearing up and destroying the Macon railroad below Rough and Ready. SHERMAN had swung his whole army round upon this road, leaving only the Twentieth Corps to guard his depôts of supplies, and his line of communications across the Chattahoochie. Jeff C. DAVIS'S Corps held the extreme right of the army after it struck the Macon Road, and was therefore nearest Jonesborough, where the rebel HARDEE'S Corps was posted. The other Corps, the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth, commenced early in the morning of September 1 to tear up the railroad. "At eight o'clock," says the *Tribune* correspondent, "the whole of the Third Division, Twenty-third Corps, was strung out along the track, each regiment taking hold of



DESTRUCTION OF CARS BY GENERAL HOOD PREVIOUS TO THE EVACUATION OF ATLANTA, SEPTEMBER 1, 1864.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

what lay along their front and capsizing it with a crash sidelong into the ditch. In this manner several miles were thrown over in the course of two hours. The ties and rails were then separated, the ties piled up, and the rails laid crosswise upon the pile. Fire was then applied, and soon the whole track, as far as one could see, became one mass of seething, crackling, smoking pyramids of fire. Marching down the track General HANCOCK'S Division, under his own personal supervision, continued the work until there was nothing more left to be done or destroyed in the way of destruction. In the afternoon the Twenty-third Corps reached the army in front of Jonesborough."

Hardly half the content been decided at Jonesborough before Mud made preparations to evacuate Atlanta. The immense destruction of property which preceded the evacuation of the city is illustrated on page 637, especially the destruction of nearly a hundred cars loaded with Rebel ammunition which were set on fire, on the Augusta Railroad, one mile from the city. The scene is thus described in the correspondence above quoted:

"The detonation of the bursting shells shook the city to its foundations, and filled the air continually for the space of two hours with fragments and with the débris of the general wreck. The explosions were heard twenty-five miles from the city. Visiting this spot, I saw the naked trunks and axles of cars for near a half mile in extent, the ground for a long distance on both sides of the track covered over with the melted iron of the terrible agency which had been at work. A large locomotive had been thrown off the track at one end by the explosions. These locomotives are said to have been reserved for running order. Four field-guns were lying near the track in one place, and four others were in each other place. The latter had but recently been brought up for siege-guns. A considerable number of guns, which the Rebels could not take away in their hurried flight from the city were buried, and head-boards with lying epitaphs placed above them to persuade parties of old soldiers: 'General Sherman states the number of guns captured as 27; and 7 locomotives.'"

Another sketch on page 629 gives a view of the rebel prisoners as they appeared returning to Atlanta as prisoners of war. The party was under the care of the Hundred and Thirty-seventh Illinois regiment, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel LANGLEY. Among the prisoners was Brigadier-General Cockrell and several colonels, and other commissioned officers, mostly Kentuckians. They filled the road for a mile, and as they marched back to the city-which they had so long defended-they appeared to excite in those living near the city much curiosity and consternation. There people came out in force to see the procession, and not infrequently offered them Water and refreshments.

On page 636 are portraits of Brigadier-Generals CARLIN and MORGAN, who have taken part in the honors and hardships of SHERMAN'S victorious campaign. Brigadier-General WILLIAM P. CARLIN, a native of Illinois, entered the military academy at West Point in 1846, and graduated in 1850 with the rank of Second Lieutenant. He then entered the war as Colonel of the Thirty-eighth Illinois Volunteers. When JEFF THOMPSON was advancing into the interior of Missouri in August, 1861, Colonel CARLIN had command of three regiments, the Twenty-first, Thirty-third, and Thirty-eighth Illinois. In the battle of Fredericktown, fought October 21, this force was prominently engaged. General CARLIN commands the First division of 2C. DAVIS'S Corps, and was in the advance in the recent attack on Jonesborough. General MORGAN commands the Second division of the same Corps, and was also prominently engaged in the battle of Jonesborough.

THE FISHER.

THE wife in the cot is lonely
Since the father went away,
And the sun-baked child is hot
This many and many a day.
And the schools of mackerel come unscared
To the rocks of the inner bay.

The boat lies bottom upward
On the edge of the crawling tide,
And the tangled net is green and wet
In the slime and acrid weeds,
And grass through the alder hurdle shoots,
Where the salted fish was dried.

The autumn brings no bounty
And brings no wealthy Banks,
Though the fishers come to their winter home
With a thousand well-filled tanks;
And every village beckines craft
Has a golden cause for thanks.

The fisher said one spring-time,
"Good wife, I have set my sail
To the very coast for the northern mere
Of the iceberg, mist, and gale,
And my country has paid the shot, good wife,
Whenever I refused to fail—

"Paid for my sailor knowledge,
And the skill of my sturdy hand,
And blue on my arm as a sacred charm
Is the flag that guards the land.
The time has come to pay up the debt,
Though my life it may demand."

And bravely the loyal fisher
Sailed to the southern sea,
Never a doe or a bait he took
For the deathly fishery;
But the starboard man at the straining rope
In the Northerner was he.

On the bloody deck of the *Hartford*
Last month the fisher lay;
The azure charm pricked on his arm
Was striped with red that day:
And the debt of twenty years was paid
With a life in Mobile Bay.

THE ACROBAT'S REVENGE.

I.

THE sun was setting behind the hills of Malbon one June evening in the year 1845, when an acrobat with his wife was seen plodding along the road toward the next market-town.

They were weary and sad. The acrobat himself was a man about thirty, of dark complexion, with raven black hair curling over his forehead. His eyes were black and piercing, and there was something in his look which bespoke a nature above that of a mountebank.

His wife was some years younger, and carried an infant child at her breast. She, too, had the appearance of a person superior to her lot, and her face was exceedingly pale.

Their life was a hard one, but they bore it well. Nor, as yet, had all the hardships which poverty had brought them quelled their love, as the proverb has it, flying out of the window.

They were now journeying to the market-town of Malbon, and, as to-morrow would be market-day, Duval thought he might come in for a portion of the money that would be changing hands. But as it was very dusk when he and his wife should have stopper after their long day's journey, and a place to sleep in, he was anxious to earn a few pence either in the town or before entering it, and presently an opportunity arose by which, as he thought, he might do so.

Almost opposite to him, at two or three hundred yards distance, was the lodge and noble gateway of a gentleman's park. As Duval approached it he heard voices mentioning his name in the air—the voices of children making merry, with their light young hearts and their clear ringing laughter.

As he came nearer he perceived that there were the saw between twenty and thirty children, in holiday attire, playing upon the lawn before an old and ancient mansion which had belonged for ages to the family for many generations, and was now in the possession of Sir William Wardle, Bart. Duval knew it, and it was the birthday of his little daughter which the children were celebrating.

The acrobat's eyes kindled as he looked in at the bevy of holiday-makers. Here was a grand chance for him. Surely it would delight the children to see him climb his gallows-tree, or to see his wife throw them up and up, like the ever-springing stream of a fountain. Surely all the other wonderful things he could do would be hailed with delight by them. Surely the great and wealthy parents would pay handsomely for the amusement of the little ladies and the little gentlemen. Duval looked in at the merriment, then slowly pushed open the gate, and walked in toward the lawn, followed by his wife.

He had there been at once, but for one permission he could have asked he would have done so. But there was no one but the children themselves; and, therefore, although he was in the park, he knew that they would like to see some of his feats. The girl smilingly replied that they would; and all the little fairy, white-frocked children looked as wide as they could go. And so intent was the little audience in watching the acrobat, and so intent was Duval in catching his various balls, that none of them perceived that Sir William Wandus was approaching from the mansion, and stood looking on with surprised strides, and when within a few paces of Duval he called out to him, in a voice of thunder,

"Vagabond! what are you doing here?"

For a moment Duval stood astounded and dumb at this sudden interruption. He saw before him a well-known uniform other than himself, a shooting coat and boots, with a felt hat; narrow-shouldered; fair, with shaven lip and chin, but bushy whiskers of deep red, and eyes of a pale steely grey, large and bright; and his bearing that of an aristocrat, with a strong dash of the bully.

"Come, pack up your company, and begone!" said the baronet, seeing that Duval stood looking at him. But the acrobat had recovered his self-possession, and now said, with a low bow:

"I meant no offense, your Honor; nor to harm any one or any thing belonging to you. I saw the children at play, and thought I might perhaps if would please them to see my—"

"Oh, that's a very old story," said the baronet. "What children and gipsies prowl about gentlemen's parks we all know that their intentions are perfectly innocent!"

"Do you call me a thief, Sir?" demanded Duval, his dark cheek coloring and his eyes flashing fire.

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir William, his blood rushing into his face, and seeming for a moment as if red with rage; "do you think I would chat logic with a strolling vagabond like you? I said you to pack up and be off! Do so at once." And as the baronet uttered this command he raised the hand in which he held his whip, as if about to strike the acrobat.

Duval looked at him with a savage glare of his keen dark eyes, and slowly, as if with great reluctance, piling with suppressed rage, said—

"You had better not!"

"Duval" said his wife, gently pulling him by the sleeve, and in a tone of mingled pathos and humility, "never mind the gentleman. We shouldn't have come in without his leave. We humbly ask your pardon, Sir; come, Duval, let us go."

"Take your wife's advice, my man," said the game-keeper, "and don't come into gentlemen's parks no more till such times as you're specially invited. There, now, gather up your toggery and get out."

While Martha and the game-keeper had been speaking, Duval's eyes remained riveted on Sir William's. The baronet had dared to threaten him with a blow; with a blow of that whip with which he was wont to chastise his dogs. Duval would have died sooner than endure such a degradation, and he felt half-inclined to spring upon Sir William as it was, and try to obtain that vital grip of his to close fighting between man and man wealth and rank make no difference in pride of manhood or strength of limb. Sir William saw the fierce spirit that was struggling in the acrobat's breast. He felt that he could not beat the steely gaze he fixed on him, and that his proud and overbearing nature had met its match. His blood boiled with rage.

"Impudent villain!" he at last exclaimed, stamping on the ground, "do you dare to beard me, to browbeat me with your insolent look? Take that!" And lifting his arm he brought down his whip with a thud upon the acrobat's back that could be heard as far off as the lodge.

Mad with pain and rage, and with insult, Duval, with a tiger-spring, rushed at the baronet; and dearly would Sir William have paid for his rash act if the acrobat could only have had one blow at him, delivered with the prodigious strength of his muscular arm and terrible desperation. But as Duval rushed forward, Leo, one of the noblest hounds in Sir William's kennel, which had for some time watched the proceedings between master and beggar with grave, sedate face, sprang upon the acrobat and intercepted his attack. Meanwhile two undergame-keepers had entered. And Lady Wardle from her bedroom casement saw the struggle between the man and the dog, and wondered what it all could be about.

"Down, Leo, down!" cried Sir William, and the dog sprang away from the man and sat down by his master's side.

"Now pat him out," said the baronet, as he turned away and walked off toward the hall.

"It's no use attempting any more fun about it," said the good-natured game-keeper, as Duval sprang upon his feet, his face and hands covered with dust and blood. "Come, my man, be off in the lightest. Be advised and go your way quietly."

And Duval was advised, for more easily because of the appealing look his wife gave him as she quietly wiped the blood from his face. He slung his dress over one of his shoulders, and walked slowly toward the gate; he passed through it, closed it, and then pausing, he clenched his hand, and lifting it toward Heaven, cried out, in the agony of his heart,

"My God! I ask only this favor of thee—that I may one day be revenged!"

So he and his wife resumed their journey.

Presently a pony-chaise, driven by a lady, was heard behind them. They drew near to their side as the lady drew up; asked them, with slight agitation, the way to Natwich; then asked Martha whether she could tell her, and as it was a boy she looked at it, kissed it, dropped a sovereign into Martha's hands, and drove on. It was Lady Wandus.

II.

Two years passed, and a beautiful July by-gone found Sir William in a large and richly furnished drawing-room of a country mansion, every thing about which betokened the great wealth of its proprietor, who was at that time putting the finishing touches to a noble untilt, which every now and then looked up at his master, and gave a bark as if to ask what he could do for him. The baronet was not much the worse for the wear of the wealthy owner of Windus Park; for time had lavished on him all her favors—health, strength, wealth, a wife, a family, and two promising children. Well might Sir William be a proud man.

Suddenly the luxurious silence of the room was disturbed by a loud clamor in the hall, in which questions were heard rapidly put by some one in an agitated manner—"Where is my lady? Where is Sir William?" and the next moment Emily Carter, Lady Wandus's maid, rushed into the drawing-room.

Sir William and Lady Windus started up.

"What is the matter?" demanded the baronet.

"Oh, Sir William! oh, my lady!—oh, my dear good lady—"

And then Emily shrieked three or four times running, and, turning white as death, fell back into a chair in a fit.

"Heavens on earth!" exclaimed Sir William; "what is the meaning of all this? Chambers, do you know?"

"Only, Sir William," said Chambers, very slowly, and following the words with a provision which showed that she was resolved neither to under nor over state what she had heard from Emily; "only, Sir William, that Miss Emily Carter came to the door, as I were looking out on the lawn, and with a awful countenance, and every one knows what Emily's countenances are when Emily's in one of hers—"

"Confound it, woman! come to the point!" cried Sir William.

"So, Sir, she says to me," Chambers suddenly quickening her pace; "'the children,' says she, 'is the best, by—' says she 'Sir William [" says she; 'where's my lady?' And when I told her, Sir, where you and my lady was, she rushes in, and as my master Chambers that's all as Emily Carter said to me."

Though Chambers's information was neither copious nor distinct, it conveyed forcibly enough that the children were in danger, and that the boat had something to do with it.

His impatience to describe the ghastly line which spread over Sir William's face, as the thought flashed across his mind that his children had been drowned—"But he is dead!" seemed to realize the possibility of such a calamity when in stole the curate, with a soft step and a smiling face.

"There is no imminent danger," he said, at once. "There is yet half an hour, during which it is quite possible to save them. But lose not a moment in pushing a message to the horsback to the nearest fisherman, and bid him bring round his boat directly. It won't lend me one of your horses, I'll go myself."

Orders were given for the immediate saddling of a horse, and meanwhile Sir William learned from Mr. Ling that Master William had run his boat upon a sunken rock; that she had filled and gone down; and that the boy, with his sister, were now upon a point of rock a quarter of a mile from the shore, from which they were cut off by the flowing tide. In half an hour the time in which the boat would be a foot below water, and unless a boat could be procured by that time, they would be in peril.

In a few seconds more the saddled horse stood at the door. Mr. Ling mounted it and rode off.

By this time, however, Lady Windus was on her way down to the shore. The moment she heard of the boat she guessed all the rest.

The truth, however, was that Emily and Miss Jean had been sent out in the pony phaeton, under the charge of the page, for a drive; that William, seeing the equipage, ran his boat inshore; and that, as Emily declined to venture on account of her tendency to tide, and her dislike of sharks, he took his sister, if he (as was likely will and pleasure under his protection. The boat struck, filled, and went down; and, by the greatest good fortune, William, with Jean on his back, was able to reach the point of rock on which he now stood.

What were the feelings of Lady Windus when she reached the shore, and beheld her children on a small spot of rock, with the sea all round them—beneath them—was terrible. It is true—but with the tide flowing, and every minute covering a fresh portion of the rock on which her babes were standing.

But in vain did her mother's heart swell within her till it was nigh bursting, as she saw the little dimpled hands of her Jean stretched out toward her, and her lovely boy took off his cap and waved it cheeringly to her with a manly courage, which he drew from her own generous blood much more than from his sire.

But could nothing be done?

Sir William now appeared on the road which ran along the shore. He was followed by the game-keeper; by Emily Carter, who had recovered; by Sarah Chambers, who wished to see with her own eyes what the precise extent of the danger was; by the housekeeper, the stable-boy, and a rat-catcher who happened to be passing along the road at the time, and who was known to the boys by the love of the terrible which hings, pillosephers, high dames and low, rat-catchers, turnouts, and rat-catchers, share equally among them.

Well, was there no one there who could swim?

Unhappily Sir William could not, nor the game-keeper. Sarah Chambers said, if there was no one who could make the attempt, she herself would try it; but, when questioned as to powers as a swimmer, she replied that she could only float; and that even that feat she had never performed out of her bath.

The rat-catcher being applied to by Emily Carter, looked at that young person solemnly for several seconds, and then quietly closed his eyes, and thus addressed her:

"Young woman, do you see this here rat in this here cage?"

"Well?" demanded Emily, with much dignity.

"Then, unless none on you can swim furderer nor me, either in deeps or shallers, you'll never think ole happens, which I sees no promising sign on, I wouldn't give the life of this here rat for the life of them two children."

And the tide was rising. Smooth as glass—unruffled, unbroken, and smiling as a lake—the water was rising, and Lady Windus could see that already it was licking the feet of her children.

"Look here, Sir William!" she exclaimed, at the same time directing her husband's attention to the rock; "he lifts her up. The water is at their feet! Good God! we shall do nothing!"

Yes, it was true. The water was at their feet. William had raised Jean in his arms; and as he was a tall mother distinguished the heroism of action in them, he called out, though she couldn't hear him—

"All right, mamma; there's plenty of time yet." And surely it did seem so. The sea was flowing in. Often as the party on the shore turned their eyes in the direction in which Mr. Ling had ridden to procure a boat, there was nothing in sight.

Lady Windus had fainted. Sir William stood the picture of agony, looking at his children. Sarah Chambers, Emily, and the stable-boy wept around the old game-keeper, who assisted them in shedding a great many tears, but had nothing better to offer his young master and Miss Jean, though he avowed, and perhaps truly, that he was ready to die for them.

The rat-catcher had seated himself on a stone.

"Are those your children?" asked a man who stood at Sir William's side, but whose approach had not been noticed.

The baronet did not turn to look at the speaker. It was some one, indeed, before he had imagined that any one had addressed him; but when he did so, he replied, in a deep whisper of despair—

"They are."

The man's gaze was fixed upon the children. Sir William's was fixed upon him. He thought he remembered him, but he did, for the moment, recollect.

It was Duval!—Duval, who had prayed for vengeance as the sole favor for which he would trouble Heaven. It was Duval, at whose feet his wife could be said ever to have had one, all the miseries of life had knocked, and at whose hearth they had seated themselves—he did not dare, whom he had loved more than himself—Martha—did not she lie in her cold grave, with her baby by her side, in the same stranger's coffin? And now—what was left to Duval?—only to wait for death!

Nay, something more—to live for revenge!

For no time was made in appearance, the tide had risen six inches more, and now they saw the boy kneel down in the water, and look up as if he were praying. And only Duval could save him and his sister—only Duval. He alone, of all who stood there, could breast the flood for the boat, and take the girl on the rock and back again with the boy.

Why not tell Sir William so? Why not, indeed? Is not revenge sweet?

And still the tide was rising. Lady Windus, restored for a moment to consciousness, opened her eyes; but no sooner realized her position than she relapsed into insensibility.

"Sir William," said Duval; "I see you remember me! Once I thirsted for revenge upon you! For two long years I thirsted for it, and prayed for it. Heaven has sent it to me!"

A bright light shot from his eyes as he said this, and then he slowly walked down to within a few

paces of the water. He undressed; he waded into the sea till it came up to his breast, and then, throwing himself forward, struck out for the rock.

We shall not describe the joy with which the parents, who had watched in agonized suspense the acrobat's attempt to rescue their children, received them back into their arms. But while they were fondling them, David had dressed and slipped away. He had regained the road, and was pursuing his journey with a light step and a light heart, for he had had his reward.

No, not all of it. Sir William no sooner missed him than he set out in pursuit of him.

"Here," said he to the acrobat, when at last he came up with him, endeavoring to put a well-filled purse into David's hand. "You have saved my children, and are entitled—I say entitled—to a reward."

David drew back his hand.

"I have had it!" he exclaimed, darting a look of fierce and withering scorn at the baronet, and then, turning from him with an expression of contempt, pursued his journey.

And the proud baronet stood looking after him, rebuked and humbled.

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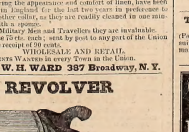

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MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 653.]

THE BAYONET CHARGE.

Nor a sound, not a breath,
All as silent as death,
As we stand on the steep in our bayonet's shine;
All is tumult below—
Stamping friend, surging foe;
But not a hair's-breadth moves our advanced line—
Waiting us grimly.

The battle-smoke rifts
From the valley, and drifts
Round the hill, where we stand like a girt for the world;
And a glimpse now and then
Through the billows of men,
In whose black boiling surge we are soon to be hurled—
Ready and dimly.

There's the word! Ready all!
See the serried points fall—
The grim horizontal—bright mid so hare!
Then the other word—Ho!
We are moving! Hurrah!
We swell the hurrah! prouder, we plunge in the glare—
Rushing to glory!

Down the hill, up the glen,
Over the dints of men,
Then on, with a cheer, to the roaring redoubt!
Why stumble so, Neal?
No answer. He's dead!
And there's Dutch Peter down, with his life leaping out,
Crimson and gory!

On! on! Do not think
Of single falling, but drink
Of the mad, living cataract-torrent of war!
On! on! let them feel
The cold vengeance of steel!
Catch the Captain—he's shot! Then catch—nothing more!
Forward forever!

Hurra! Here's the trench!
In and out of it! Wrench
From the jaws of the cannon the guerdon of Fame!
Charge! charge! with a yell,
Like the shriek of a shell—
Over the shako, on through the curtain of flame!
Back again! Never!

The rampart! The crowd—
It is ours! It is lost!
No—another dash now and the glacis is won!
Hurra! Hurra! Hurra!
Hew them down! Cut and thrust!
A T-o-g-e-t brave lads, for the rest work is done—
Victory! victory!

There's a ash in the night.
In the gold sun morning light,
I stand on the works, looking back there, with pain,
Where the death-doer of war
Stains the daisy's white star,
And God's broken image scatter the plain.
Hush! Do not speak to me!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

UNDER A WHOLE LINE.

THE divisions in the Union ranks are, as we have been always sure they would be, healed. Mr. FREMONT has withdrawn his name from the canvass in a letter far from magnanimous. Mr. COCHRANE has taken strong ground against the Chicago principles and candidates. But much more important is the fact that Mr. CHASE, Mr. WADE, and Mr. WINTER DAVIS have waived their differences with the Administration upon certain points of policy, and recognising that there are, and can be, but two parties in this contest, are devoting themselves earnestly to the triumph of the Union and the Government as represented by ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON.

This frank and hearty union for the sake of union is but one of the innumerable auguries of success which are every where revealing themselves. The doubt of a few weeks since has entirely disappeared. The uncertainty has been utterly dissipated by the Chicago Convention and its candidates—one of whom is an honest and sound secessionist, while the other looks for his support to the party which either justifies or excuses the rebellion.

Until the Chicago party made their platform, and nominations there was a chance, although not much hope, that they might take the path which any truly great leader would have seen to be the only possible way to success; and no doubt in the public mind a few weeks since arose from the uncertainty whether they would do this. If Lincoln had been nominated the Chicago Convention would not have been managed by the men who controlled it, nor would it have hoped to carry a Presidential election by appealing to national cowardice and relying upon national disgrace. The nomination of Mr. PENDLETON, an extreme State-Sovereignty man, was the work of JOHN C. CALHOUN over ANDREW JACKSON, of Nullification over Union; and in surrendering to the ghost of CALHOUN and the threats of South Carolina, the Chicago party, usurping the name of Democracy, surrendered the Nation, the Union, and the Government.

It was evident that the public mind would be relieved by the action of the Convention. If by any miracle it should pronounce for a more vigorous war, for the emancipation policy, as a ground of permanent peace, and nominate a man like General DIX, any loyal man, as we have before said, would feel that the canvass was only a generous rivalry of patriotism. Yet such an action as this was no more to be reasonably expected from a Convention officered and managed as the Chicago assembly was sure to be—and as it was—than fidelity to the Union was to be expected in DAVIS or TOOMBS. Still there were many who loved the Democratic name, and who hoped against hope. But when the Chicago party met, declared their principles, and nominated their candidates, the situation was so plain, the consequences of their success so palpable, that no man who did not believe DAVIS to be in the right could possibly support the Chicago action. It was a mere evident fact that all old Democrats who valued the Government more than party must vote for the candidates who represented the unconditional maintenance of the Government, while all old Republicans, however they might differ upon points of policy with the President, could not fail to see that either he must be re-elected or the Government would be overthrown.

It is not surprising, therefore, that M'CLELLAN'S and PENDLETON'S chances have been decreasing ever since they were nominated. The case is too plain. Nobody denies that there are men at the North who wish well to the rebellion —men who, with Mr. PENDLETON, deny the right of the Government to enforce the laws—men who would willingly raise a counter-revolution to secure the success of DAVIS and his confederates—and nobody denies that all such persons are ardent supporters of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON. But the mass of the American people do not wish well to the rebellion—they do believe that the Government has the right and the power to maintain itself, and they do not desire to counter-action to help DAVIS. And as they are now shut up to a choice between LINCOLN and JOHNSON and M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, seeing in the two first-named men whom the people at all parts of the country bitterly hate, and in the last two men whom the friends of the rebellion ardently support, they are in doubt no longer, and as sure as fate of victory as SHERIDAN was when he attacked EARLY.

CANT.

GENERAL SHERMAN is as terrible a fighter with the pen as with the sword; and it is an instructive commentary upon our progress in the art of war to compare the letter of the Hero of Atlanta with that of the other General SHERMAN at Port Royal in the beginning of the struggle.

The rebel Generals have canted throughout the conflict as lustily as the Northern Copperheads. From BEAUREGARD'S "Booty and Beauty" proclamation before the first Bull Run battle, down to HOOD'S charge of "studied and ungenerous cruelty," there has been a steady stream of cant from the mouths of the rebel civil chiefs and military leaders, as well as from all their friends at the North and in Europe.

The war has been described as "fratricidal," "sanguinary," "savage," "barbarous," and "of course it is." All war is. And how fearful, therefore, is their responsibility who begin it. The Copperhead orators and papers are very fond of this strain. If SHERIDAN gains a victory, or SHERMAN, or FARRAGUT, or GRANT, these people fall to shedding tears and bemoaning the families made wretched. Tears enough must indeed be shed, hearts broken, and homes desolated so long as the war lasts. Why, then, do not these canting Mawworms entreat their friends the public enemies to lay down their arms and give us peace? If the Copperhead heart is so wrung with the misery of wounded soldiers and widowed households, let it urge the deluded men who are resisting the Government which never harmed them to submit to the laws which they themselves helped to make.

When the haughty leaders of the rebels threatened the country before the attack on Sumter, when they declared that if they could not have their own way they would destroy the Government and dissolve the Union, why did not these plaintive Copperheads hiss them down, and recount the horrors of bloodshed they saw which were provoking? Instead of that they cried to the friends of the Union and the Constitution that if they did not submit to the menaces of those leaders, they, the Unionists, would be responsible for the bloodshed! That is to say, if you awake and find a ruffian with his hand at your wife's throat, *you* are guilty, if in the struggle she is hurt.

That is the contemptible cant which crops out in the Chicago platform, and in all the harangues and papers of the Chicago party. The war is shocking, they say, and ought to stop. Certainly it ought, and when those who began it choose to stop and disband, then the honorable the American people will fight them—spelling fight as SHERIDAN is reported to spell it, "F-i-g-h-t, kill"—until they do choose to stop.

General SHERMAN says to the Mayor of Atlanta what every true heart in the land confirms and approves: "War is cruelty and you can not refine it: and those who make war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out.....You might as well appeal against the thunder-storm as against these terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error and is perpetuated in pride.....Now that war comes home to you you feel very different—you deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent car-loads of soldiers and ammunition, and moulded shell and shot to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and dedicate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people who only asked to live in peace at their old homes and under the Government of their inheritance .....I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through Union and war, and I will therefore pursue it until it is obtained, or I perish, and early secure."

So in his reply to HOOD'S canting talk about "cruelty" General SHERMAN says: "Talk thus to the marines, but not to me, who have seen these things.....If we must be enemies, let us be men and fight it out as we propose to-day, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity."

Fighting is bad enough under any circumstances, but canting is a great deal worse.

A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER.

MR. JAMES GUTHRIE, one of the makers of the Chicago platform, asks, in a late speech in Indiana, "Who dares say that we shall not have peace upon the basis of the integrity of the Federal Union?"

Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, who, with General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, stands upon Mr. GUTHRIE'S platform, and for whom, as Vice-President of the United States, Mr. GUTHRIE intends to vote, is the man who dares to say it. Mr. PENDLETON says frankly: "If your differences are so great that you can not or will not reconcile them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace."

That is peace upon the basis of the dissolution of the Union. Mr. M'CLELLAN is answered by his own candidate.

NO ESCAPE.

THERE are some supporters of the Chicago nominations who say that it is unfair to charge them with practical disunionism. They declare that they are as good Union men as are to be found. They point to M'CLELLAN'S letter, and insist that it is a Union letter.

But these gentlemen will remember that BEAUREGARD called himself very loudly "a Union man" in 1860. His supporters were indignant if they were charged with want of fidelity to the Union; and they declared that they were, in fact, the only Unionist party.

So to claim to be a Union man is not enough. And if any voter sincerely believes that the Union ought to be and can be maintained, and the authority of the Government re-established over the whole country, and that the war should be prosecuted until that result is achieved, how can he consistently support a nomination which, to say the least, is only half-way for the Union? Suppose General M'CLELLAN could be separated from his supporters, and their leaders, and their platform: but their policy—which comprise all the disunion elements in the country—how can he be torn from his companion upon the ticket? Mr. ROBERT C. WINTHROP kicks over the platform—does he also kick over one of the candidates upon it? He knows, and every body knows, that General M'CLELLAN can not be voted for without PENDLETON. If M'CLELLAN should be elected and die—as Presidents HARRISON and TAYLOR did—then Mr. PENDLETON becomes President, and he will have been made so by the votes of Mr. WOOD, Mr. WINTHROP, Captain RYNDERS, and their friends. The President of the United States would then be a disunionist. But if Mr. LINCOLN be re-elected, and by his decease Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON should become President, there would be as true and loyal a Union man in the chair as if the President had lived.

How can any honorable Union man justify his course in giving such a risk as that of elevating Mr. PENDLETON to the Presidency? There is only one way, and that is by saying, "Oh! well, General M'CLELLAN isn't going to be elected; they will even be sure to be defeated; and if it should turn out that he was, how could any sincere Unionist ever excuse himself to his own heart for helping elect a President who believes that JEFFERSON DAVIS is perfectly right? Let Union men, whatever their personal preferences may be, ponder the following sentiments, and consider if they were not all *they must vote for one or the other of the speakers.*

In the Congress of 1860–'61 Mr. PENDLETON was a representative from Ohio, and Mr. JOHNSON a Senator from Tennessee. When the secession movement began Mr. PENDLETON in an elaborate speech said:

"It your differences are so great that you can not or will not reconcile them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace; let them establish their government and empire, and work out their destiny according to the wisdom which God has given them."

Mr. PENDLETON is, in fact, a disunionist of the extremest Calhoun school, and holds exactly the same views now as then. In the same session ANDREW JOHNSON said:

"I will not give up this Government that is now called an experiment, which some are prepared to abandon for a constitutional monarchy. No. I intend to stand by it, and I entreat every man throughout the nation, who is a patriot, and who has seen, and is compelled to admit the excess of this new experiment, to come forward not in heat, not in fanaticism, not in haste, not in precipitancy, but in deliberation, in full view of all that is before us, in the spirit of brotherly love and fraternal affection, and fully around the altar of our common country, and by the Constitution upon it as our last bulwark, and resort to our God and all that is sacred and holy, that the Constitution that he saved and the Union preserved."

Which of these two men—however blameless the character of each may be—would every true Union man wish to see President of the United States?

TO YOUR KNEES, YANKEES!

THE Richmond *Dispatch*, stung to fury by EARLY'S defeat, cries out:

"The Yankees are the most mercenary of God's creatures. If the ministry of our Saviour had been among them instead of the Jews, instead of lasting three years it would not have lasted three days. Some Yankee Judas would have sold him in less than half that time. And yet the Yankee lover his life better even than his interest; and when the universal nation finds that nothing but death is to be gotten by coming here, they will conclude that it was not pay, and will give it up. The best road to peace lies through the blood of the Yankees. The more we kill, the nearer we approach to peace."

This is precisely the view which the PENDLETON-M'CLELLAN Convention takes of the American people; and it proposes to those people to justify the view by surrendering their Government to such armed enemies. If they really were what the rebel paper says and the Chicago party believes, they would submit at once. But as they are not, they will say, "Yes, we are poor, but the ballot-box on the 8th of November, as forcibly as SHERIDAN, SHERMAN, FARRAGUT, and GRANT say it from their shotted guns.

NEWS QUESTIONS!

IT is in vain that General M'CLELLAN, in stepping upon the Chicago Platform and placing himself by the side of Mr. PENDLETON, says: "The Union at all hazards."

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he the candidate of all who repudiate the Union?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he the fellow-candidate of Mr. PENDLETON, who avowly thanked God that he "had never voted or given a dollar in support of the war, or in payment of abolition soldiers?"

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he the candidate of a Convention which declares the war a failure, calls for an immediate cessation of hostilities, and asks for a Convention to surrender the authority of the Government?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why has he accepted the Chicago nomination without a word of protest against its assumption that the war is a failure, and without a syllable of dissent from its base proposition to surrender the Government by treating with rebels and offering conditions of obedience to the law?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why is he supported by every advocate of State rights against the sovereignty of the Union?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why does HORATIO SEYMOUR support him, who says that if the Union can not be maintained without emancipation, the Union must go that Slavery may be saved?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why shall the rebel Senator SAULSBURY vote for Jackson, "*Our* (the rebel) hopes for an early peace are dependent entirely on the success of the Democratic party at the North in the approaching Presidential election?"

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why do the rebel-dissunion papers declare that "the influence of the South, more powerful in the shock of battle than when throwing our minority vote in an electoral college, will be cast in favor of M'CLELLAN?

If he is for the Union at all hazards, why does the news of Union victories decrease his chances of election?

A PLAIN TRUTH.

THE great light which has been shining in the Shenandoah Valley has illuminated the political situation as that it is impossible to misunderstand it. The Richmond *Examiner* says that "every defeat of LINCOLN'S forces insures the advantage of M'CLELLAN." The Charleston *Courier* says that the victory of the rebels "insures the success of M'CLELLAN; their failure insures his defeat." Have not the Richmond oracles thus illustrated the strict truth of these remarks? Have not the political friends and opponents of the Chicago candidate been equally aware that every thing depending the original protest of the national heart against the cowardly declaration that the war is a failure, and that we must hasten to implore terms of our victors? Have they not all equally known that the glad bulletins of SHERIDAN'S successes came like tidings of defeat to the Chicago decrying and disunion candidates?

Are the American people conquered? That is the question which the election decides. The friends of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON declare that they are; those of LINCOLN and JOHNSON insist that they are not. Therefore, if the tide of battle in the Shenandoah had turned against Union, the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON party would have said, "There! we told you so. It's no use trying. We are whipped, and we may as well own it at the polls as we did at Chicago." If to-morrow news should come that SHERMAN had been driven from Atlanta and GRANT from

Petersburg, the same party would exult in the rebel triumph, and see in the national humiliation and disaster the grounds of hope for their candidates. On the other hand, if Richmond should fall before November, would there be much doubt of the election of the Union candidates?

Facts like these tell the whole story. The cause and the candidates which are helped by the victories of GRANT and SHERIDAN, of SHERMAN and FARRAGUT, are the cause and candidates of the country. But the party whose prospects improve with the defeat of American soldiers and sailors is not the party that any loyal American heart supports.

TWO WAYS OF HEARING GOOD NEWS.

In the midst of a heroic and successful war to maintain the Government against traitors in arms a Major-General of the United States army accepts the nomination for the Presidency, offered him by a Convention in which every enemy of that Government was represented, and the leaders of which were fresh from interviews with foreign agents and rebel emissaries in Canada. This Major-General accepts the nomination of a Convention which, on the very day of its meeting at Atlanta, calls for an immediate cessation of hostilities, and just as SHERMAN in the Shenandoah Valley is hard to strike decisively, he will be a failure. The Major-General accepts, and has not a word of censure for such craven and un-AMERICAN sentiments as these, but has plenty to say of conciliation and statesmanship.

Yet on the very day when the electrified land thrilled with the glad tidings from SHERMAN, when every loyal heart was devoutly thanking God for victory, and overflowing in gratitude to the brave soldiers who had given it to us, this Major-General is exulted upon by a number of his fellow-citizens. There is scarcely a civilian in the land whose joy in the victory would not have leaped from his lips in exulting strains; but this Major-General, who had been forced by very fond of speaking of "my own army," and of "sharing the fate" of his soldiers, *did not utter a solitary word of sympathy or consolation for the army of the Shenandoah, and did not make the least allusion to the great victory.*

Why did he not? Because the crowd were his political friends, and he knew that such news was not welcome to them.

But there was another General that heard the news, and that was General-Commanding GRANT, his hearty congratulations to SHERIDAN and his men, and ordered a salute of a hundred shotted guns to be fired against the enemy's lines in honor of the tremendous victory.

And there was another crowd that heard the same news. It was the army before Petersburg. And the jubilant shouting that their comrades with such jubilant shouts that they were heard in Petersburg, and conveyed to the rebels the first news of their defeat.

Which was the Union crowd? Which means the Union at all hazards?

FROM PETERSBURG.

It is pleasant to know that our paper goes to the army, and that its sentiments are approved at the front. We can not be far wrong if the men who are pushing their fight for the cause send us back a cheer. We receive many letters of recognition, which have always a hearty welcome if we can not find room to print them. But here is one which is sure to interest our readers. It is from a cavalry private:

"NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *September*, 1864.

"*Editor Harper's Weekly:*

"SIR,—I am a soldier who has lost three years, and intend to be during the war. I read your paper, and as a soldier I sincerely thank you for the cause and sentiments it shows.

"During the last two months I stood picket every alternate day within 400 yards of the rebels, and have very frequently exchanged your Weekly for the Richmond journals. During that time I have read at least two in the day of their papers, and am conversant with their views of the war and of peace. During the last month I have discovered with at least 100 of their men recruiting difference between them and us. As a whole, they place little reliance on their own journals, and look to ours for the news, and, I must here say, sympathy. They have told me that they do not expect to whip us themselves, but expect their friends the Copperheads—*i. e.*, Democrats—to decide the contest in their favor at the right moment. I expect they mean next election.

"The Virginians are by far our strongest opponents. They rule the Confederacy; their Generals lead the armies. They are the men we want to catch. They think they are safe to whip the whole North alone. Their State has been completely devastated by our armies, and in consequence they have lost every thing. I can not say they are fine.

"North Carolina is a Conservative, lukewarm State, and wishes they were out of the war.

"South Carolinians are appalled at our resources, and think it is all up with them; still, as they were first in, they can't very well back out. If Atlanta and Mobile are taken the Georgians will not back water in a hurry either. Alabama ditto. Mississippi same. Now what is her chief formidable? Nothing but her last and her army.

"We soldiers are for no peace while a rebel lives. No compromise, no armistice; but we are for subjugation, confiscation, emancipation, and annihilation.

"The blood of the best of our land calls for this. Their children must and shall have a home in the land of their slayers.

"I shall cast my first vote this election, and it will be for an honest man, ABE LINCOLN.

"The Chicago platform, whoever he will be, will be either a traitor or will be governed by traitors.

"If SEYMOUR is a Democrat so is JEFF DAVIS; he wears all the Southern sentiments; or are all the rebel Generals; so was the man who shot my best friend. A Copperhead would say ANDREW JACKSON was a Democrat; but AMERICAN soldiers can see all seceders or rebels of any name; and if he was President he would have put the Governor of the mighty State of New York in Fort Lafayette, and so had a place, MORRIS CHANGO CONVERSMITH, as Bella Wilfer calls every picking at you.

"I don't say much of MCCLELLAN. The rebels think too much of him for me.

"We will vote for old ABE, and we are in earnest. If you were here at this moment and heard the shells bursting over your head, you would be.

"Perseverance, Mr. Editor. You will win, and we will. Then we will have a meeting—peace meeting."

CAMPAIGN PICTURES

We are glad to know that the pictures published in the *Weekly* are felt to be helpful in the good cause. From among the letters from all parts of the country approving them, we select one, hearty one from a Captain in the Michigan Cavalry:

"MR. EDITOR.—Allow me to suggest that those two excellent designs of Mr. THOMAS—"Compromise with the South" and "Blessings of Victory"—published in your Weekly, be offered to the public at cheaper paper, that they may be framed and hung up in every hotel, railroad depôt, and other places of general resort throughout the North, as being the most natural and powerful explanations of the issues to be settled by our armies and by the November election.

"I am here recovering from a wound received before Atlanta, and when I return to my regiment I shall carry with me those framed pictures. I think I can greatly promote truly loyal and superior paper circulate so generally in this State that they may see them before they return; but I shall make sure of it."

FROM ATLANTA.

A LETTER from an officer in SHERMAN'S army shows how firmly fixed its heart is upon unconditional surrender. It says that the army will regard that as to be bought by national dishonor and cowardice:

"ATLANTA, GEORGIA, *September* 11, 1864.

"Thanks for the copies of *Harper's Weekly* for some of the nameless heroes dead. It only remains now to give the same commander of the living and fighting down their arms, and humbly using pardon of JEFF DAVIS and his cohorts for the pain and grief caused them by our most unchristian-like conduct. Surrender! Why, what else can? Can't we have it?

"The Chicago platform proposition high with the President of the United States reading backward all his declarations in favor of the Union, and the resolutions of Conventions, in the words of hope and encouragement to the enslaved, every good and true sentiment which he has spoken as the head of a great nation, in the proclamations of emancipation, standing the scanner rescue and erase all the lines of hatred which he has fought in his Proclamation of Amnesty, dishonored waster of human life to his little place at Washington, and the Chicago platform will be trampled in the all the rest lay down their swords, tear off their coats of blue, and their badges of rank, and, clad in dingy butternut or dirty gray, return to their homes and their employments. Such compromise now commissions of a rank befitting those who have followed our flag, and who have fought that it might receive under the orders of those chivalric men who have striven with unparalleled success to put down the Republican on the ruins of the republic. Let the long procession close with the countless multitudes of those brave men who have fallen in the battles and the sieges and in the battle-field, returning cowed and despairing, and rugged and torn and bloody battle-flags, trailing in the dust, the torn banners dragged in the dust, the scorn and derision of the people and nations who for the past four years looked up to the peace which these soldiers had kept at the North by furnishing the living wall against the desolation of hostile armies.

"I can not believe that such an end to such an enlightened nation as this that our Chicago friends, if they succeed, have started on. The Democratic party presents a sad picture. Really that which has wakened the most anxiety in our minds of late is the fear that this campaign, now so happily ended, has not been the enemy in our rear but that in our rear. It was not so much the bullets of HOOD'S army as the gloomy gaze in opprobrium in the faces of those who were all trying, so many, to, at the cornice of life itself, to save the nation, even at the sacrifice of their own existing it, if so we must, so large a number, that they were the representatives of people belonging to the nation of which we too are a part, should be found who could to alienate that nation from us. I wonder if these men really know what they are about. It is a question that they want, now in the hour of our approaching triumph, to turn their bolts of opposition battery, and treat us as if we did not exist?

"This army is solid, and means that the nation shall be one. For the utterance at Chicago, so full of deceit, and lacking every thing in which any true American can take pride, we have the most supreme. I do not know but we shall yet be called upon to give the greatest proof of the devotion of the army to the nation. I again call again staking the lives of those brave men on the battlefield to save to them demented people the blessings which they have given to us. Now I think we must do it. In the war, that we should only have to do that for our Southern brethren, and now I think we must do it for the North likewise. Pray do not say thing like spathy, or indifference, or any thing of the kind. Pray do not give us the great object of all our struggles, and so imperil the future of the country and of humanity."

WESTERN ILLINOIS SANITARY FAIR.

WHILE the army and navy are pressing on in front, the soldiers and sailors are remembered at home. The Sanitary Fairs, which have already proved so great and efficient aid to the soldier in the field, are not yet at an end—nor, we hope, will they be while one soldier is exposed to wounds and sickness and danger. The *Western Illinois Sanitary Fair* will open on the 11th of October, at Quincy, Illinois, and appeals now to the sympathy and aid of the loyal people of the North in the West. The State of Illinois has contributed nearly 200,000 men to the army and navy, and, as the circular truly says:

"From Belmont to Mission Ridge, throughout the long list of battles and victories which have immortalized the career of that Great Captain whom our State has furnished to the chief command of the Army; from Resaca to Atlanta, along the route of the great Georgia campaign, which stands unrivaled in all the chronicles of war, and in the remote conflicts in Virginia and the States along the coast, the unconquerable fortitude of her sons has been forth to hurl back the legions of the enemy and secure victory for our arms."

Illinois soldiers stand by the Union; let the Union stand by the Illinois soldiers. The address of the General Agent, to whom contributions may be sent, is Colonel JAMES T. DUCKER, office of Miner's Central Railroad, 31 Nassau Street, New York.

GENERAL SEYMOUR.

IN speaking, a few weeks since, of General SEYMOUR'S admirable letter after his return from Charleston, we implied that his sympathies had been rather with the rebels than against it. We have received a letter from a friend of the General's, dated 'In the field, near Petersburg," for which we can not find room entirely, but most gladly insert what we can:

"EDITOR OF 'HARPER'S WEEKLY.'—You unintentionally do injustice to General SEYMOUR in your last editorial. You say, after referring to his capture and imprisonment, 'and could not, then or since, utter a word of reproach against the rebels, for he had no political sympathies against them.' Now, I know that General SEYMOUR has the same prejudices, if you call them such, against the rebels that all high-minded, chivalrous soldiers of the Union have, and his military record has had any political sympathies with them. Great injustice has been done to General SEYMOUR in asserting him of pro-slaveryism, and all that sort of thing. Because he bears the same name with a couple of gentlemen whose loyalty, to say the least, is of a very mild type, he has been supposed to be of the same politics, and one journal at least has asserted that he is their cousin. General SEYMOUR'S father is a venerable Methodist clergyman, of the Troy Conference, and the General has been brought up in the old-anti-slavery principles taught him in his boyhood.

"True it is that, by reason of his modesty, he has not always made his political opinions as public as his military ones, but the rebels need fight. He foresaw the war long before, and refused the Presidency of the Erie Railroad, Military Governorship which he had been elected, chiefly on that account. He comprehended the war at the very beginning. The day after he arrived in Washington he said that the President should at once call out 500,000 men, for we were going to have a great war.

"His letter has struck a chord responsive in every loyal heart in the army. We are neither going to submit to peace-men at home nor yield to Southern rebels. We intend to fight it out, and compel all rebels every where to lay down their arms.

"We shall vote for MR. LINCOLN—not because we care a fig about him personally, but because he is the honest, patriotic representative of the great principle that has actuated him especially dislike—his large assortment of political blackguards and traitors, for instance—but because we believe he is necessary to the Union.

"No man would be to ignominiously give up the contest. We find fault with him while we have been fighting, and during our blood in defending the country against traitors, but he has stood firm in the face of opposition and public ill, and hinder the draft and discourage enlistments, and scarcely any one has made organized resistance. But we are not on this account going to throw ourselves into the hands of those who take traitors into their councils, and honor them with seats in their cabinet, or to their party platform. God forbid that we should so stultify ourselves! God forbid that we should ever be so false to our country and to the brave dead, whose blood poured out here has made the most sacred ground—consecrated it to liberty and law forever!"

Our correspondent speaks warmly of the injustice which he thinks has been done to General SEYMOUR by not promoting him. We hope sincerely that his merit may be properly recognized; and meanwhile we are sure his friend who writes for us that the General has promoted himself to the honorable admiration and respect of every loyal American.

THE SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

We learn from the circular of Messrs. FISK and HATCH, bankers in New York, that this patriotic loan, of which we have already spoken at length, is being rapidly taken up. Its advantages are briefly that it pays a certain rate of interest, unaffected by the fluctuations in gold and larger than upon ordinary investments; it is convertible in three years into bonds precisely like the Five-Twenties now in such immense demand; it directly aids the Government in the most essentially enhances the value of all Government securities. There can be no investment more safe or more promising. The notes are issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1000, $5000.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

SHERIDAN'S victorious advance in the Shenandoah Valley have very much simplified General Grant's combinations for the defeat of General Lee's army and the capture of the rebel capital. The campaign in the West had virtually ended the day before the fall of Atlanta. Sherman's custom was heard in Early's rear. The first step taken by General GRANT, in the execution of his great campaign that May, was an attempt to put his army between Lee and Richmond. In this he failed of success. He then attempted to take Petersburg by assault, and failed in that also. He then began communications, and this also he failed. He then placed his left wing firmly on the Weldon Railroad, and was thus in effective process of the Virginia campaign. In order to appreciate the events of the two months after the occupation of the Weldon Road we need to glance at the other communications of the army with its base of supply. Of these there are four railroads which center Richmond, two, viz.; the Richmond and York River railroad, are now of no account; they drain a country already exhausted. But the Richmond and Danville railroad, which feeds the fertile valley of the Shenandoah, was of great importance. So also was the canal, contiguous to it, chiefly by Lee in keeping a strong force in the Valley. It was, indeed, a part of Early's mission to guard this communication; but a more important part of that mission was to cover the approach to Lynchburg. It was evident to Lee that one of the first things which Grant would attempt would be an advance on Lynchburg, and the same army would, in its advance, also completely destroy the Gordonsville railroad. The occupation of the Weldon Road by the safety of Lynchburg became absolutely essential to the maintenance of the only defensive position in Virginia. For Lynchburg was then the key to all the communications left to the rebel army. Once captured by the federal forces and made a military station, it could be held by a small army, and made the centre of a new system of operations on the west side of Richmond. The investment of the rebel capital would then be as complete as was that of Atlanta when Sherman transferred his army to a position on the Macon Road. There would then be but a single alternative to the evacuation of Richmond, and consequently of Virginia, viz., a glorious battle. To exult the result of a siege would be fatal to Lee's army. To defend Lynchburg, then, is to defend Richmond.

Sheridan's victories, therefore, occurring at just this time, simplify the system of operations against the Virginia capital.

These victories have put out of combat more than one half of Early's command, and have demoralized and paralyzed the other half. If Early is not heavily reinforced he himself will certainly be captured. But to reinforce Early is to weaken Lee's own army. He may, indeed, succeed in saving Lynchburg, but he will lose no more than to effect this that it will be at the risk of losing Richmond. An army on the defensive, strongly fortified, and holding an interior position, has great advantages. Early's position has been made stronger by numbers when it becomes necessary to resist approaches made from so many points as to render such defense impossible. Richmond and Petersburg are over twenty miles apart. The line of communication with Grant's army by the Weldon Road is over twenty miles long. Grant himself is separated from the north side of the James, and takes the Weldon Road. Lee's army, weak in numbers, is compact and strong in morale, deficient in strength and weakens its advantage of position by three long lines of defense. There can be no doubt, in view of these considerations, that the crisis of the war in Virginia is now at hand, and is indeed already nearly past.

FISHER'S HILL.

After driving Early's rebels through Winchester, September 19, Sheridan continued the pursuit. Two miles beyond Strasburg, Fisher's Hill, Early made a stand, and had put a fallen timber, with the divisions of Ramseur and Gordon attacked the rebel front while Crook moved to the left. At this time the Sixth Corps and Nineteenth Corps attacked in flank. Crook's magnificent charge overwhelmed every thing into disorder, and the position, which was considered almost impregnable, was carried. Sheridan's own account of the battle and the thousand prisoners were taken. The rested army pushed on down the Valley. Here the rebel force, consisting of the cavalry, small-arms, horsemen, and every other impediment to flight. Our men were captured in less than a thousand men. Kershaw's division of Longstreet's corps, which Early had detached to guard the communications, came up in time to take part in the battle, but too late to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Sheridan, therefore, fell back to Woodstock, having pursued the enemy all night.

Early was driven beyond Jackson Mountain without further resistance, and on Saturday night Sheridan had reached a point 12 miles south of New Market.

GOVERNOR BROWN'S PROCLAMATION.

The following proclamation by Governor Brown, of Georgia, calls on every man:

MILLEDGEVILLE, *Sept.* 30, 1864.

General J. E. Hood, Commanding Army of Tennessee:

GENERAL,—As the militia of the State were called out for the defense of Atlanta during the recent campaign, and which has terminated by the fall of the city into the hands of the enemy, and as many of them left their homes without preparation, expecting to be gone but a few weeks, who have remained in service over three months from the time in the trenches, justice requires that they be permitted, while the army reorganizes for the fall campaign, to return to their homes and look, for a time, after important interests, and prepare themselves for active service as may be required when another campaign commences against other important points in the State. I therefore hereby withdraw said organization from your command, in the hope that I shall be able to return it to you in large numbers and equal efficiency, when the interests of the public service require it. In this withdrawal I bid the brave to tender to you, General, my sincere thanks for your impartiality to the State troops, and for the attentions so many add kindness to me individually. With assurances of my high consideration and esteem,

I am, very respectfully, your humble servant,

JOSEPH E. BROWN.

RETIREMENT OF FREMONT AND COCHRANE.

September 22 General Fremont, in a letter to Mount. George L. Stearns and others, published above his name from the political contest for the sake of securing harmony in the ranks of the party. The day before Cochrane had adopted a similar course. It will be remembered that Fremont and Cochrane were Candidates of the Cleveland Convention for President and Vice-President.

FOREIGN NEWS.

NEWS FOR LORD PAM.

LORD PALMERSTON, in his attitude toward the Southern Independents and their cause, has been a constant admirer of secession in England, although he has steadfastly resisted the temptation to recognize it. Within the last year he invariably expressed the hope that the time would yet come for the subjugation of the rebellion. This hope was expressed in very sanguine terms in a speech lately delivered at Tiverton. The following is a correspondent's account of the manner in which the noble lord will sink into his roots on receipt

ORIGINAL NEWS.

of the news of Sherman's, Farragut's, and Sheridan's victories. He will doubtless consider the honorable gentleman that not only his time not yet come, but that it is long gain by.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, September 19, 1864.—[See Page 653.]

WHITEHALL STREET, ATLANTA GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY D. R. BROWN.—[SEE PAGE 653.]

WHITEHALL STREET (LOOKING EASTWARD), ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY D. R. BROWN.—[SEE PAGE 653.]

SONG OF THE PEACE REPUBLICAN.

I go in for Peace—yes, a Peace-man am I,
Of the deepest, the darkest, most permanent dye.
But an own-shall-ne'er-be-whipped kind of Peace is all both:
The Peace that I want is a Peace that will suit.
But some folks shout "Peace!" or "Stop the war!" or "Cry
Peace!"
Being fond as we glorious army and navy,
Who've guarded our banner from insults and stains,
With the sweat of their brows and the blood of their veins.
Now the Peace then folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And scheme for, and lie for,
And every thing else for but fight for and die for,
Is the Peace of a mouse with a cat;
And that's what's the matter with that.

No sound can rest content from this bygone, O aunt!
Or ripple from lap of an infant or woman,
Is as sweet as that sweetest word, Peace, to my ears,
When it isn't accompanied by Copperhead cheers.
Those cheers spoil the whole, for we know that the cry
Means dove—the dove emblem of Peace—in a pie.
Pharisees cry, "Give Lamb!" till the cry's hoarse,
Caring only for lamb when it's served with Mint sauce.
Now the things these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And pray for, and lie for,
Are plump little doves they get ready their pie for;
With a bunk that is tender and fat;
And that's what's the trouble with that.

I go in for Peace—yes, a Peace-man am I,
Every inch of my frame, and I'm sure of them high.
But olives, at times, have a worm in the boat;
And the vampire has you while sucking your blood.
All rest is not peace, though the pale ox tread the brush;
There's the slumber of life and the slumber of death:
There's the calmness of virtue, the silence of sin;
Disease driven out, and disease driven in.
Now the Peace these folks sigh for,
And curse for, and cry for,
And pray for, and lie for,
Is a Peace that we'd die of, not live for, nor die for.
That with pain we go bail with a snapping bet,
Otherwise known as a Peace Democrat;
And that, Brother Ben, 's what's the matter with that.

MY PUNISHMENT.

"Isn't it beautiful, George?"

"Well, it is rather pretty," I said, with a half-suppressed yawn.

"Now, George," she said, indignantly, "that is too bad. To be generous for once. Isn't it perfectly *lovely?*"

"Well, I suppose it is if you say so, my dear;" and I leaned back in my chair, and with closed eyes placidly emitted a dense volume of smoke from my lips.

It was six o'clock in the evening, dinner was over, and I had subsided into the comfortable tranquillity of my dressing-gown, slippers, and cigar. Alice had been busily occupying the afternoon, in several plethoric-looking bundles on the side-table testified; and now I must witness and share in the investigation of their contents.

So I listened while my wife commented on the texture of the linen intended for the bosoms of my new shirts.

She then produced a mysterious-looking package, which, divested of its paper covering, proved to be a very handsome black silk dress pattern. Alice looked so pretty as she stood before me—the bright fire-light shining on her sweet face—and it was all in a glow; and she was so enthusiastic in the praise of her last purchase, which she was holding up before my unappreciating eyes. She was not at all satisfied with the limited praise I bestowed upon it.

"How provoking you are! George Warden, do you hear? Do you think that cigar out of your mouth and come out of your smoke-clouds a little while! I never can get a word out of you when you once get to smoking. Now how much do you suppose I gave for this piece of silk?"

Mrs. Warden's husband opened his eyes and declared he'd no idea—his slightest idea! "Don't scold, now!" Mrs. W. was well aware that he knew little and cared less about the paraphernalia of a lady's toilet.

"Only fifty dollars for the pattern—not a cent more! It's well worth fifty-six; I've saved that much any how. And it's so rich and full, and will wear well, I am sure. Now don't you think it cheap?"

"Well, rather;" and I knocked the ashes from the tip of my cigar and prepared to resume my train of thoughts where Alice's voice aroused me again.

"But it isn't paid for yet," she was saying, hesitatingly. "I hadn't enough money with me, and I was afraid it would till to-morrow; I thought I had the chance; and I was sure you wouldn't care—just this once," she said, timidly, as if she wasn't so sure I wouldn't care at all.

I sat upright—all awake in a moment. If there is any thing I abhor it is the credit system—I mean where women are concerned. Positively, I think that my *wife* was going in debt for things, and getting into the habit of running up long bills at the dry-goods stores, more than I could meet. All the prophetic eye saw in the future visions of temptation, derangement, unhappiness, and perhaps pain—all resulting from those terrible bills! I had labored so hard to impress on her mind this one lesson, "Live within your means." And she thought she had disobeyed me on the first temptation made me very wrathful. The storm burst over her unconscious head.

"Alice, is it possible?—when I have told you repeatedly never, under any circumstances, to get any thing on credit, if you can possibly avoid it? I must say—"

"But, George, it is the first time I ever did so, and—"

"It must be the last! I hope I am not niggardly. I am willing to give you have all the money you need; but I will not consent to your running up big long bills at the stores. I could tell you how many men of my acquaintance have been ruined by their wives doing so. I tell you, Alice, you have no idea how a bill will run up before you know it. These little debts seem very insignificant until you put them all together. *Then* the aggregate is enormous. I did not think *my wife* would act in such direct opposition to my known wishes."

"But, George—" And the tears came into the brown eyes raised to mine.

What a wretch I was! Why couldn't I speak gladly to the poor darling, if I must tell her of her fault? But no; my heart was full of bitterness because she had disobeyed me, and then it always put me out of humor to see a woman cry.

"I don't want to hear any more about it. Take your dress away! I don't wish to look at it. I hope you will enjoy it, and the recollection that in buying it you disregarded my wishes will doubtless add much to your pleasure in wearing it."

I think this last cruel speech hurt her more than all the rest. It makes me furious against myself now when I think of it. But I had opened my heart to a venomous, satirical demon, and he sat there securely throned, defying all my efforts to expel him, and remaining with me for a long while he painted the harbored words which fell like poison-drops from my tongue. I had never spoken so to my wife before; I have never since.

I watched her as she crossed the room and sat down, away from me, in the recess of a window, with tear-drops glistening on her long lashes. And I longed to go and bring her back, and kiss away the remembrance of my harshness! But I did not. I don't know why I did not then, and I did not know what I was reading; I was only conscious of being very resourceful and very unhappy, when a timid, deferring voice broke in on me in my abstraction, and caused me to look up. She was standing before me, with the tears all dried on her pale face, and the grieved look plainer than ever in her soft eyes.

"I don't care about having the dress, George. I'll take it back to-morrow. I know they will allow me to return it; only please do not look so. I can bear any thing but that. I will take it back myself."

Did I fling down that hateful paper, and seat the trembling pleader on my knee, and kiss the poor pale face till it bloomed again? Alas! I did not. I whispered, "Forgiveness easily obtained is not much valued. Hold out only a little longer." And I did; and the opportunity which the wrath of worlds can not buy now!

I steeled my heart against those pleading tones. I said the proper things, and left the room to look from the upspringing tears, and then I said, coldly,

"No, you shall not do that. If there is any thing I hate, it is carrying a thing back after it has been taken. Now you've got it, keep it. I'll pay the bill when I go to town to-morrow." And that was all. Then I turned to the other side of the paper and appeared engrossed in a telegram from Washington. I could have cursed myself as I watched her move wearily back to the window, and sit down with her head pressed against the glass, looking so despairingly; and when one or two convulsive sobs, but half stifled, reached me I fairly started, and rustled the paper I held more.

Seven o'clock. Alice arose and moved across the room. She stopped a few moments before the mirror, and watched her own face in the glass—not exactly how she looked and was dressed. I never can forget it. I knew not then, as I gazed at her with intensity, that it was the last time I should see her with the current of life warming her veins and flushing her face! She wore a black dress. Her hair was always of a golden hue—off her pure complexion beautifully; high and plain, with no ornament but the delicate lace about the throat and neck. Now thick braids of her sweet hair lay on her head, and it suited her better than any coronet. And as she raised her hand to smooth the brown ripples about her forehead the sleeve fell back, and the prettiest round arm you ever saw gleamed out so bewitchingly. I was conscious of all this, and had dressed with so much taste on this particular evening. We were going out together to a birthday party given by a favorite cousin of hers; for which thought nothing could go right without "Cousin Alice" to superintend.

She put her hood and cloak, making a noise purposely to attract my attention; but I heard nothing. Then she came and stood before me while she was fixing on her gloves. I looked up inquiringly, not to speak; but I would not; and at last she said, timidly,

"We were going to Uncle William's to-night."

"Well?"

That was all I said. Then she went away looking very sad. Presently a white face peered in at the door.

"Carriage am ready, missus."

"George, are you going with me to-night?"

"No."

"I'm very sorry," she said, meekly; "but Nora will be so disappointed if I do not go; so I must go."

"Very well."

I had not look up till I heard the door close after her. Then I flung the paper aside with a muttered curse, and strode fiercely to the window. I watched her color fade and her eyes fill with tears, and then I came back to the fire, kicked over a stool, and kicked it again when it fell; flung the paper into the fire, which I poked down with the point of something more substantial on which to vent my fury, and then I sat down with my face in my hands and groaned bitterly through clenched teeth.

I was angry with my suffering, unoffending wife because she had gone and disobeyed me. I thought she ought to have staid at home and spoken her engagement to humor my absurd caprice, when she did not even know that I wished her to do so. I was also angry with myself for treating her in such a shameful manner. Never before in all my life had I felt so. Altogether, I was perfectly miserable.

While I sat there I unconsciously drew from my finger the ring I always wore there. I held it up, as I was often wont to do, and looked at the inscription within; and the words "*Grieve not the heart that loves thee*" flashed on my gaze—flashed into my heart with such painful vividness that I started and looked around to see who had uttered them. There was no one there. I was alone, and conquered by the talisman of the ring! "Grieve not the heart that loves thee." It was her gift. Those were the words she was wont to murmur, lying with closed eyes and white hands nestled in mine, and the dear head pillowed on my heart. Such the sweet refrain, breaking ever and anon from the fond lips. And I hushed their music into silence by the pressure of my own.

"Grieve not the heart that loves thee." It was her voice that spoke to me in the stillness of that lonely room. Oh! no other could have the power to thrill my soul with feelings such as I had then! Where was she then? Moving amidst the glare and glitter of the crowded ball-room? Oh! did I know how gladly she would leave that gaudy hour to take a last farewell, to breathe a parting benediction on my unworthy head!

That ring was her gift. She placed it on my finger the day after we were married; and I promised her solemnly, with her earnest brown eyes looking into mine, that I would never part with it in life or in death. As I sat there holding it in my hand sweet memories of old times flashed across my mind, like visitants from some far-off land of unshadowed peace. I thought of the time when I first asked her to be to my wife—child as she was. It was not so long ago—only four years; and they had been such pleasant ones! She was very young, was Alice, when I first brought her to my home—only seventeen; and I was twenty-three, and had already seen older in experience even than myself. Excitement from very early life to act and think for herself, I had assisted in the habit of dominating unconsciously; and Alice, with her tiny figure and her young face, was clinging, caressing one, never could think of but as a beautiful child, to be spoiled, and petted, and loved, and governed. Known known how I loved and cared for her? Yes; she had never before disobeyed me. Never before had she so wounded—not my love for her, but my pride of affection.

But my heart was softened now. I thought of all her caressing, pretty ways—how she had nursed me during a fever in the past fall—how she would bound into my arms when I came home every evening; and then I thought how dreary my home would be without her, and all the repressed tenderness of my nature welled up.

"Poor child!" I murmured, regretfully, "how I have made her cry! And I was harsh, God forgive me! Oh, that she were here now that I might take her to my heart and soothe her into forgetfulness, my poor wronged darling!"

I looked at the clock. The hands pointed to ten. She never staid out later.

"She will be here soon," I said, trustfully; and then I rang the bell, and had the fire replenished and the room arranged against her coming. I even let Bayside rub my boots to the bright blaze, and placed my own beside it; then I went to the window, and looked anxiously down the moonlit avenue. Not coming yet! I walked up the floor once or twice; and then, to beguile the tedious moments, entered into a mental inspection of the contents of her little work-basket which stood on a table. First, there was her tiny thimble and scissors, and threads of different colors; then I took up a small piece of flannel embroidered in various cabalistic design—which hat caused me to smile curiously, for I could not comprehend the meaning of so much work, all crowded on one small piece of stuff. But I dropped it quickly, for I heard the carriage coming up the avenue, and ran at the door as soon as it stopped, and opened it eagerly. My wife sat with her face turned from me, and quite hidden by the large wadded hood.

"Are you not very cold and tired, dear?" I said, my voice trembling with impatient tenderness as I extended my hand to assist her to rise; but there was no answer, and she remained quite still.

"Alice, love, are you ill? Do you not hear?"

Silent still! Then I thought she had fallen asleep, and took her hand to awaken her. And then an cold that I dropped it like a block.

"How cold you are, dear Alice! Are you ill?" And I leaned forward and pushed the hood from her face. It was not Alice! It was Cousin Alice—undoubtless it might have been carved in stone. The moonlight shone full upon it, and on the precious blue eyes, which were closed and glazed.

Dead! O God! No!

I would not allow myself to think of it. She had fainted, I said, and carried her swiftly into the house and laid her on the sofa. I knew nothing of the gathering crowd of terror-stricken servants around me, nothing of their horrified looks, or nothing for a time. Every thought, every faculty was concentrated in my anxiety for her. I knelt beside her, and chafed her hands and temples, and pressed my warm, living lips to the beautiful face, and tried to coax back the breath from death's cold breath of life. Vain! vain! She never looked on me or spoke to me again.

A hand was laid on my shoulder; a quiet, kindly voice bade me move aside a moment, and our grave, gray-haired family physician laid his fingers on the white wrist, and then his head on the still heart, and then, shaking his head sadly, turned away. I heard the words "Disease of the heart." That was all.

They left me alone with my dead at last. There in that room where I had seen her alive for the last time—where I had so wounded the dear heart which last throb was for me! The fire glowed as brightly as ever. There stood her piano, still open, with a favorite piece of music. There was her work-table with her little basket open at it, and the book she had been reading, with a bit of ribbon to mark the place! There on a table were the things she had bought that evening, together with the piece of silk which had caused so much grief! The apron she had worn was thrown carelessly over the chair which I had drawn up to the fire to be in readiness when she returned. She never came back to me. But instead of as if she had come in some terrible dream from which I can never awake.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SPORT WANTED.—"Short whist," says a descendant of Mrs. Battle, whose opinions on the game are very generally known, "is a robber, where two out of four are hard-up players, unable to settle their losses. This is very 'short whist.'" "Long whist," adds the excellent matron, "is Mr. Beattie's constant excuse for coming home from his Club at four o'clock in the morning."

A badly-boned-up Emerald Islander, in response to the inquiry, "Where have you been?" said, "Down to Mrs. Mulrooney's wake, and an illigant time we had of it. Nothing eatable in fifteen minutes; only one whole nose left in the house, and that belonged to the tay-kettle."

HOW TO MAKE A WATCH KEEP TIME.—Never wind it up, it will then keep the same time all the year round.

A new novel by the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton is announced with the title of Is She Wise or Otherwise. The question that she has solved a great social problem! for, of course, life in the equator must be the best circles. The question, nature of the circle, if it is all on the square, will astonish the eages.

BOY. "Please, Sir, tell me the time?"
CROSSY OLD GENT. "Yes, Sir—bedtime!"

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—George Elizabeth was recently deprived of her personal appearance. She has assumed to herself the title of "Head of the Church," in the New Orleans Bulletin, who suggests that, instead of this title, her Majesty should have that of "The Vase."

WORTH KNOWING.—Tell not your secrets in a confidid it but thousands of cans.

We have a specimen of the Celtic race in our kitchen, says a correspondent, whose partiality for funerals, wakes, and other enjoyments of the repressed sort of that nationality, is frequently manifested in a very ludicrous manner. She asked to-day if she might keep company with a countryman. On her return I asked if she had enjoyed herself. "Faith, ma'am," she said "she," and it was as good as a funeral all the time."

Why is an unwelcome visitor like a shady tree?—Because we are glad when he leaves.

"John, did you leave Mr. Jones's umbrella at his house?" "No, ma, I left it at Mr. Brown's." "And why did you not? Didn't I tell you to?" "Yes, ma," said John; "but didn't you tell me all along while ago to keep company with Mary Day, and what better thing can I keep than an umbrella?"

"PRAY, Mr. Lubricks, why do you whip your children so often?" "Why, Mrs. Worthy, I like to feel their enlightenment. I never whipped one of them in my life that they did not acknowledge it made them smart."

Certain coquettes, gayly dressed, thickly powdered, and well ronged, being at a ball in Paris, asked a foreigner present how he was pleased with the French ladies. "Ladies," he replied with great naïveté, "I'm no judge of paintings."

Some one says that going to law is mighty cold business, for all you ever get is but just-ice, and sometimes you don't even that.

While walking with a friend, a gentleman accidentally stepped upon a lady's trailing dress; she turned with a towering look, and the young gentleman said: "With his usual urbanity he replied, "I am sorry, madam, very sorry, indeed, madam; really I didn't know that I was within a quarter of a mile of you!"

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and then perhaps can't get out at all.

A young gentleman with an inquiring mind wishes to be enlightened as the following: If books are, as the poets tell them, the most joyous things in Nature, what are they most frequently about?

"Where are you going?" said Sabsyn to an acquaintance. "To see a friend." "Well, I'll go with you, for I never saw one yet."

Why are young ladies like arrows?—Because they are all in a quiver when the beaus come.

When is a clock on the stairs dangerous?—When it runs down.

All that is necessary for the enjoyment of sausages at breakfast is *confidence*.

EPIGRAM.

A watch lost in a tavern! That's a crime;
Then see how men by drinking lose their time.
The reason lies in this: the more we drink,
The less we reason why the watch should stay.

You say the key hung out, and you had'n lock it!
Then will not be kept private? Oh, indeed!

Henceforth, if you will keep your watch, this do,
Pocket your watch, and watch your pocket, too.

A lady who went to consult Mr. Abernethy began describing the symptoms of which she was ill, but he soon checked. Among other things she said, "Whenever I lift up my head I get so terribly." "Why, then, ma'am," answered Mr. A., "you are a great fool for doing so!"

HAIRDRESSER'S MOTTO.—Two heads of hair are better than one.

When a man's face turns as yellow as a guinea, he has a rich complexion.

"No matter how often you may fall into the river," said an old toper, "you won't drown if your head swims."

A rich upstart once asked a poor person if he had any idea of the word pedigree arising from it. I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man," was the reply.

An Irish lawyer, famed for cross-examining, was on one occasion completely silenced by a horse-dealer. "Pray, sir," said he, "can you tell me a very honest man?" "I can't say, sir," replied the witness; "for, saving your honor, I think it the most dishonest profession."

A robber who was being led to the gallows saw a crowd of people running on before. "Don't be in such a hurry," said he to them. "I can assure you nothing will be done without me."

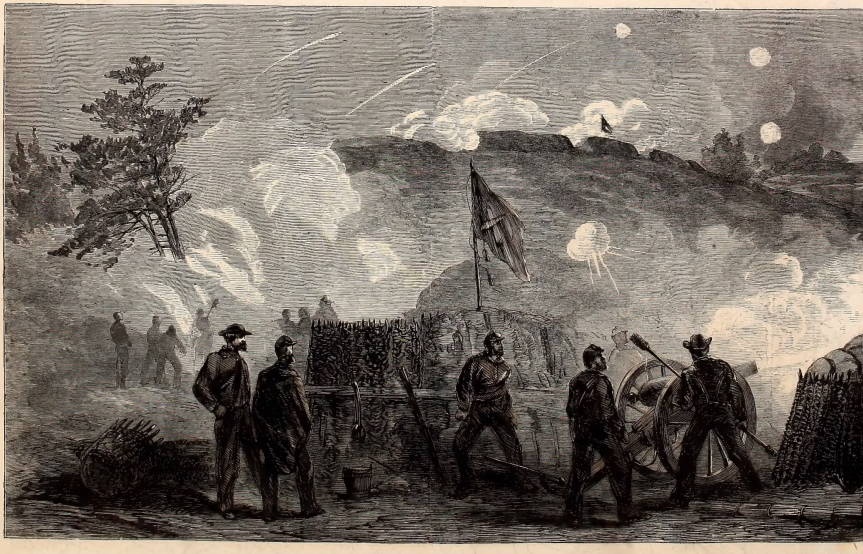
The label "MCN——" was writing a letter from an old fashioned country house, when a friend asked him he was cutting at defiance the laws of orthography and grammar. "Why," he said with a look of triumph, "I defied obedient!" but how can a man write grammar with a pen like this?

"Zounds, fellow!" exclaimed a choleric old gentleman to a very phlegmatic watter-of-fact person, "I shall go out of my skin." "Well, you won't have far to go," said the p! ...natic man.

A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, and coming up the stream from the place where she fell in. The by-standers asked him if he was mad—he could not have come against the stream. The man answered, "No, she was shameless and contrary in her life and no doubt she was the same at her death."

MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN, SHOWING THE THEATRE OF GENERAL GRANT'S COMBINATIONS.

THE GREAT CATTLE RAID AT HARRISON'S LANDING,



MIDNIGHT BEFORE PETERSBURG.—S

EPTEMBER 16, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

ETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

"NO REST."

Too soon, too soon does the sun ascend from the east at morning,
Too long he lingers at eve by his crimson gates in the west;
Proud of his kingly light, and the ruddy robes of his splendor
While under his eye of fire, I wait and long for rest.
Rest for the busy hand and the ever-aching brain;
Rest for the beating heart that has lost its spring in vain:
So soon the long day dawns, so slow the wing her flight,
While the weary sons of toil are faint for the bliss of night.

Rest! But when night has come and slumber is still denied,
When the hush must still be bury, the hand not idle for aye,
And the pleasant sounds of peace to the toiler, heavy-eyed,
Mock him with restless longings for joys he would fain forget.
Ah! then does he cry by night—O night! more than a night of gloom,
For the hour of toil returns when the Sabbath of night is done.

Let slumber a little longer on these dull eyes he pressed,
Grant to thy child—I plead the precious boon of Rest!"

And the Father majestic answers: "In this a time to be idle,
When thy hand is striving to banish the error that she deplores:
When, calm in a steadfast faith, she celebrates her bridal
With the whole host of war, and—not over a few short hours?
O, pause not now on the way, nor faint till the task be done;
No rest, no peace, no joy while the battle is not won.
Cry not the Sabbaths now, but aid with a willing hand,
And soon the Sabbath of peace shall dawn over all the land."

The sweet thoughts like my heart as the sweet lips of a bride
Fall on her husband's brow, and I wake to toil again:
Up, up! my hands, my heart! Away on the heavy tide!
No Rest for me till the dawn of freedom from death and pain.
Welcome again the morn and the slow-winged hours of toil!
I shall use my life and hope for the peace of my native soil.
I long no more for night; my pillow shall not be pressed
Till the hand of my life and love is welcomed to a holy Rest.

CHRISTY ANDREWS.

Low kitchen walls, but white as drifted snow, with the spring sunshine flinging amber glories across their whitewashedness, a singing kettle on the hearth, and a white-spread table waiting.

Something else waited also. Rocking softly to and fro in her easy-chair, her head thrown back, so that you could see the round white throat with its ruffled circlet, the firm little chin, the serious, thoughtful eyes, Christy Andrews waiting for the husband of three months to come in from the fields to his tea.

"That's a mighty smart husband o' yourn, Christy," said a stout, dumpy-looking woman, in a rusty black dress, who sat near the window, fanning herself in time eying the temptingly spread table; "they ain't another farmer in the county I reckon that's got his crop in this week. Your like some folks always is ahead o' their work, and the rest is always a letting their work get ahead o' them. Pears like, too, that in this yer western country every thing comes so easy that the farmers think they hain't got nothin' to do; and crops does come a'most with lookin' at 'em. Ain't you none afeard, Christy, that Stephen'll take it into his head to volunteer?"

Christy had scarcely seemed to hear the good lady before. At this she drew a flushed face into the room that half rose as it was, heralded with eager light her words.

"I shouldn't say a word, if he wanted to go," she said, almost passionately—"I shouldn't say a word, if it killed me to see him go. Will Lyle and all the old flag treated so—our old flag—I wish I was a man long enough to strike a blow for it."

Stephen Andrews, standing just outside, where he had stopped at sound of Christy's ringing tones, lingered still a moment; but she did not speak again, and he cut short a somewhat prosy speech of Mrs. Dunn's as he entered the room, with no sign upon his manly face of having heard his wife, and saying gently to that lady, protectingly, "Let me up his hat and prepare for tea. Christy's little hands trembled some as she poured and passed the tea, and once or twice when her eyes met Stephen's casually, hers lingered questioningly. Her keen and loving intuitions perceived a slight change in him, and however she had just expressed herself, a vague apprehension troubled her.

Stephen did not evade her look, he even smiled back at her; but her eyes were struggling with mistiness all sea-time. In the softly golden twilight—sweetest of all to come unto lovers as it had to that breezy prairie-land—when Christy had put away the little tea-table, and Mrs. Dunn had gone, and Christy had on the low rocking, looking away across the rustling grass to where the sun had just sunk among green billows, Stephen came and stood beside her with an arm about the round, firm waist, and the young wife clasped her hands across his strong shoulder and drooped her face pensively beside them.

Vaguely she felt what was coming—vaguely.

"We're very nicely fixed here, aren't we, little girl?" Stephen said, in a low voice; "we've got not nicely fixed!" And then, quoting something Mrs. Dunn had said about Christy's housekeeping, he added, lightly, "I wish you understood farming as well as you do housekeeping!"

"Do you?" said Christy, lifting her large eyes to his face. What she read there chained her glance.

"Yes," Stephen said, caressing the little face with his hand, bending his own to it, and speaking low to hide the tremor in his voice. "You could see to the farm then while I am gone."

"Gone? Oh, Stephen!"

He drew her close within his arms, very agitated himself, for he realized what it was he was about to do, and she was but a three-months' wife—the one woman of all the world to him, the one love of his life.

"You will be brave, dear, I know. I have been wanting to say this some time, but I was afraid to tell you till this afternoon. I heard what you said to Mr. Dunn, and that grew decisive."

Christy lay very still in his arms for a little, and then she lifted her head and kissed him, whispering, "I'll be brave, dear; I promise you that. You go than I should be happy in having you stay; but—but—you know, Stephen, you're all I've got."

"I know, child," and he kissed her. After a long silence, which neither broke for fear of betraying too much agitation to the other, Stephen said, wishing to break the current of too sad thought,

"I feel anxious about the farm, Christy. I've got everything ready, it was always safest to do it; pity to have it all run down, as it is almost sure to do."

Ever ready to second him, Christy said, in the same tone,

"I think I'll learn to be a farmer, Stephen, by the time you come back. I'll have every thing going to do, you know, and—"

Tears filled her eyes in an overwhelming tide; but she would not let him see them, and stopped speaking when her voice began to tremble.

Stephen, however, was thinking about his farm, and did not notice.

"Yes," he went on, "I should feel easier if I knew of good hands to leave the farm with. I've got it mostly planted now, and I'd let any good man take it on shares, and give him a good bargain too. But the fact is, there's a set of men about taking farms that way don't, the most of 'em, know any more about farming than you do. There's that lot of orphans, now—if it could be left under care of, I candidly believe there wouldn't be such another yield in the State. It's coming up splendidly, and I never had my heart more set upon any thing than I have on that cane."

Christy let him talk on, stimulating him with a word now and then—Stephen was an enthusiast about farming—but all the while she was thinking how short a time it might be now before his strong arm would cease to clasp her.

Stephen's father lived in an adjoining county. One morning, a few days after Stephen had decided to volunteer, the old man presented himself at his son's house.

"Is this true, Stephen?" he questioned. "I hear you are going to volunteer."

"Yes, father, I was coming over to tell you and mother myself, as soon as I could get," Stephen answered, gravely, while Christy nearly burned her face to a crisp looking in the oven after the pies which she could not see for the tears that blinded her in a sudden rush.

"Well, it's best maybe," said Mr. Andrews, reckless as to how much he was up to; but what's goin' to come of the farm, and what's Christy goin' to do? If I was her, I wouldn't let you go a step."

The conversation between the old man and Christy was rushing out, when Stephen stopped her, and drew her reluctantly toward his father.

Christy thinks you ought to leave the farm in she or the farm," he said.

Mr. Andrews glanced at the red little face and the trembling eyelids.

"Yes," he said, "the women are crazier than the men, I b'lieve, and the men crazy enough just enough. There's plenty to go without you, Stephen, and you just married, and nobody to leave the farm with."

"I'm just the sort of man they need most, father, not so young, strong and hardy. Christy and I think it's right, and so I'm going. I thought may-be you'd look after the farm, and I'd leave it with Christy, if Caleb or Rob, now, would take it on shares."

Caleb and Rob both volunteered yesterday; and it takes all my authority and his mother's entreaties to keep Jack from goin' the same road, young as he is. Those two boys of mine, they hain't got no hangs to Jack, and she was terrible took about on Christy's account to hear that you was thinking of this sort of thing. I'll look after the farm, of course, but I'm old, you know, and I've got my own crops to see after. I don't know how I'll manage with Caleb and Rob gone."

"Never mind, there'll be some way. Whose regiment are the boys in? I ought to be in the same one."

"Denning's like to be their Colonel, Thirty-fifth Regiment; and it looks like it, I reckon. You'll be to git, Stephen, I'd like you to be with the boys."

"I'll go over this afternoon, and call on Townsend as I go. He's looking of Townsend to take the farm if you couldn't."

This afternoon! Christy's fevered face grew suddenly white and chill; every thing seemed to whirl about her.

Mr. Andrews saw, and exclaimed, almost impatiently, "Townsend's a better farmer than you're wanted, Stephen, and attend to your own business!"

"I think I'm wanted now, father." And then, seeing Christy's white face, "It's only to volunteer, you know, child; the regiment won't leave for months yet, and I'll be back before the boys' Caleb and Rob."

"Yes," Christy said, catching her breath.

Stephen volunteered that afternoon, but Townsend couldn't take the farm; and nobody was found to take it up on the shares Stephen had offered. He promised to do what he could, and Stephen had to leave it so. A sore thing it was to him too, for next to his wife and his country that farm occupied the largest place in Stephen Andrews's thoughts.

Poor little Christy! She had coaxed a reluctant consent from Stephen to stay in their own little home while he was gone, and his sister Sarah was coming to live with her. But she thought, then and always after to her dying day, the pain of his absence, and the fear that haunted her about him, could scarcely be endured long.

Stephen was gone. Warm, cheery letters, and had much to say about the farm. It worried him yet. They had tried a great deal to find some one to take it, but nobody was to be found. It was too late in the season; and meanwhile Stephen's hitherto carefully-tended fields missed him terribly. Mr. Andrews and Jack had done something, and now and then Christy had succeeded in hiring a man for a day or two, but the farm looked badly.

"I hate to tell him how things are, Sarah," said Christy, as she sat with Stephen's last letter open before her, and a pen in her hand preparatory to answering it. "He insists upon knowing just how every thing looks, and it's discouraging to have to tell him how it is."

She sat thoughtful a long time; Sarah, who was elderly and talkative, keeping up a glib dissertation on ways and means, none of which were practicable.

"I've heard Stephen say that if he wanted any thing done really, it was always safest to do it himself."

It was not easy to tell by this speech exactly in what channel Christy's thoughts were running; but presently she said aloud,

"Sarah, I believe I can do it myself. I'm not strong like Stephen; but I know how things ought to be done almost as well as he does. The farm needs a head more than any thing else. That stupid Fritz used to work well enough with Stephen to watch him, and I almost know I could plow corn. Andy Johnson—that little fellow, you know, Sarah, that was here a few months last year—hoed potato plants—he can't be stronger than I am, and he plows corn by the acre. Then there's the sorghum; and the cane-patch—I'm at first, you know—practice for a man's hands any how. Andy and I could do that much, and then I'll tell Stephen that I've got somebody at last to take the farm—somebody that knows how, too. It will relieve his heart of one care anyhow."

And she forthwith wrote precisely that, despite Sarah's demurring and astounded expostulations.

Mr. Andrews was having a busy time, and did not happen to come over to see them for about ten days, so that Christy had an opportunity to put her project in execution, despite of the probability of success before receiving his remonstrances.

They were loud and long when they came; but Christy had a loving, pleading way, and a little sharp firm, and then she had a coaxing way of her own; and in the end the good old farmer grumblingly promised to keep her secret and let her have her way.

No one was to tell Stephen who had taken the farm; and Christy, in her letters upon the subject, was singularly neglectful about giving names till he gave up asking.

"She is out at it, sure enough," Mr. Andrews muttered to himself every time he came to the farm, though he was fain to confess that so far she had done well enough.

It was hard work—literal hard work—physically and mentally. Her little hands grew brown with toil, and the young head ached with weariness and anxiety. She worked early and late, overtaxing herself through her intense scarcely conscious of it, she was so eager. Fritz worked better under her eye than under Stephen's even, and after a while he brought a great overgrown Dutch brother of his to work with him. Little Andy came to help as long as the corn needed plowing, and Christy herself, after the early weeds, learned to plow too.

The sorghum was the most troublesome of any thing; but Christy would not suffer it to be neglected. Stephen knew the know much pride Stephen always had in it.

It was hard work—harder romance nor poetry in Love-in-a-mist thought of Stephen. She accomplished nothing by any romantic sleight of hand. It was what I tell you, literal hard work, not poetical nonsense, that is important. Her Stephen depended upon the profits accruing from the farm to pay off a small debt yet upon it, and he was to be relieved from his brother-in-law's pay. Being a private, that was not much. Hard work of head and hands, but not of heart. Even the cane and the sorghum—how many of you ever saw a field of the Chinese sugar-cane rustling its slender, graceful leaves in the wind?—the long, lance-like leaves in a constant quiver, the tall arrowy canes bending and swaying, plant as willows, and the heavy heads, like those of broom corn, but tasseled, nodding, nodding—that field of sorghum was the comfort of Christy's lonesome, tired life. She never looked at it without a thrill, it reminded her so much of Stephen. Just so tall and straight, and supple of limb was he; and if suddenly one of those weapon-like leaves—they sometimes—had fallen upon that field and felled those green and serried ranks, I think Christy would have taken it as an omen almost, though she wasn't superstitious.

Meanwhile Stephen's regiment, ordered to the Eastern Department, had already been in active service. Possibly it was incessant occupation only that kept Christy's senses from forsaking her in the anxious months of the bloody battles of Bull Run. News came at last—all three of the brothers were alive and unharmed. August, and the first week in September, passed safely, and then a long silence—an awful suspense, strangely unbroken by news of any of the three—and then, news.

Caleb and Rob were wounded, and Stephen—a comrade home on a sick furlough brought the word, and as the stunned from Christy when he tried to tell her of her husband's fate.

"He is dead," she said, in cold, still tones, a white little creature with a set face and mouth.

"Not dead," the man answered; "but I have heard him say that death would have been better than to be blind."

"Blind!" Christy covered her pale face with her hands and crept quietly away, thanking God for her husband's life. Blind! Had she not sight, and was not she his—oh! all his, God granting; but "poor, poor Stephen!"

The first terrible lightning from the deadly missiles flying round him one day in the hottest of the fight had flashed blindness upon Stephen Andrews's eyes. Some days, hours, even, were not; but he was better of them now, and was coming home in a few days. Christy went to meet him, putting tender arms about him, and crying upon his neck, "Never to leave me again, my darling." And then she led him home, the great, strong man, like a chained eagle, but already in her sweet and loving presence he felt it less.

At home—and he had not said a word about the farm. Christy would not speak, for she was afraid of hurting him. He could not see what she had done, not even the sorghum lot, and she always looked at it through tears now. How could he but pictured his surprise when he came to know that it was only his little Christy that had taken the farm from his hands and had imagined to herself the stare and look of surprise, and then the loving, loving chiding she should get! And now—now he would have no any of it never more. Well, God was good still; God knew better than she what was best for her and Stephen.

Stephen said little. He was moody and taciturn, with a hard, unreconciled expression upon his face that reminded Christy constantly of what the man said about his wishing that death had smote him rather than blindness, and it hurt her somehow terribly to have him feel so. She could never be thankful enough that his life was spared her, and that she was able to be what she was to him. He did not know yet what she was capable of being to him.

One day Stephen, stumblingly, and with a more despairing look than usual, asked some questions about the farm. The night drew him on to talk of it, and finally coaxed him out, telling him how every thing looked in such apt phrase that it might have been Stephen's eyes that looked like seeing it. His face only hardened. She led him among the breezy, silken rustle of the sugar-cane, and told him how she had taken the farm, and that it was then, with her face upon his shoulder as in the old time, she tried to comfort and soften him with loving talk.

He seemed to listen, but he said little in reply; and she noticed that his hands were hard clenched upon the chair-arms; he seemed to sunder himself all his strong muscular frame as with a sort of rage at the strength and stature that was yet so impotent.

Poor little Christy! Her heart ached and ached to see him so, and all the while she talked the tears were slowly gathering in her eyes, and falling one by one. How should he know it though?

Meanwhile, a cloud scarcely larger than a man's hand at first, had grown, and, almost before Christy became conscious of its presence, had overspread the heavens. An awful hush suddenly filled the air, and then, with a fearful, distinct, hissing sound, yet an indescribable suggestion of sound—a panting of the very atmosphere.

Christy knew well what these signs foretold, and turned at once toward the house. They had scarcely gone ten steps, however, before, with a swirl and a whirl, like some immense and winged destruction, it was upon them—a true Western tornado.

Imagine a body of wind impassable as a wall of fire, sweeping with the seeming swiftness of lightning, and yet slowly, marking its track in the ruins of homesteads that have crumbled before it like dust, breaking great strong trees short off at the base, and flinging the wrecks long huge timbers, and launching them like Titanic bolts through the air. Imagine thunder, like the crash of all the elements, and lightning like the flash of their meeting—imagine crash and blinding glare, and mighty wind all in one, and so swift that while you said, "Let us flee!" it was upon you, and you have some idea of one of those tornadoes that have in late years so desolated portions of Illinois and some other Western States.

Stephen had sufficient self-possession to drop instantly to the ground, and feel his wife fall beside him. Almost in the same moment she was torn from him by the wind, and he called after her vainly. The roar of the storm, and a wet rush that was like hail upon him like a tide-wave meeting breakers.

Almost saddened, between his impotence and an awful dread, Stephen endeavored to rise, but due to his feet, but was instantly dashed again to the ground by the wind, and with a force that left him for a few minutes senseless.

The storm spent itself, however, in that first rage, and by the time he could rise again to his unsteady feet, comparative lull had come. Clearing his way, he moved on, calling frantically at every step. What he suffered in those moments no one can know. It is possible to tell of many human instances of awful and swift destruction in these tornadoes storms; and, when after what seemed to him hours of search, he still received no reply to his calls, he groaned aloud.

"Oh, Stephen! can you safe?"

She had come up from the ground right there at his side. Some missile of the many filling the air had struck her on the head, and the blood was dried and shed dashed upon her, and caused that unconsciousness from which she had only then roused. It was she, then, who had found him, and it was she, then, upon clasped her once more to him, after those moments which had seemed ages of darkness and agony, Christy's head upon his shoulder, and sobbed out:

He was still silent, as, drenched with the rain that was yet falling in torrents, they turned again toward the house, and it was left for Christy to him with a nervous clasp, and his face wore an expression that had not been upon it before since he came home.

Their house, as by a miracle, was unharmed; but, looking from the doorway, the extent of the destruction had swept over the farm. Acres of corn that this morning had waited in green and golden splendor for the sun-kissed fields look now like mere wet threshing-floor. The sorghum, to use Christy's own simile, was as though a gigantic flail-iron had been dropped suddenly upon it; every cane was down, and the field looked as though strewn with rushes. She could not help catching her breath with consternation.

To her surprise Stephen bent quickly toward her, just as he used to do in the old times at any sign from her, but as he had not done of late. He had felt too bitter and unreconciled to his own fate to scarce be grateful even for her.

"What is it, Christy?" he asked.

Wondering, she told him; and then gradually it came out how she had busied herself during his absence.

He could scarce believe her, but he comprehended at last; and when, her tongue once loosed on the subject, she went on in her own wise little way to tell him, first, what a summer it had been, and then to speculate on the ways and means for soonest remedying the mischief which the storm had done, perhaps the homely heroism that was manifested under all the discouraging circumstances that surrounded her—and he nimbered himself among those—touched him, in his sensitive state, more than any thing else could.

Holding her suddenly in his arms he poured forth all the pent-up emotion of the weeks of the day just dying gloriously now, after the storm. Standing in the red glory of that sunset the two took up the burden of life again, resolved cheerfully to bear it to the end, thankful to bear it together, and happier, perhaps, in each other than though *suffering* had not so tried them.

The corn and sugar-cane were saved with little waste; Christy was eyes and Stephen hands, and both had head; and they have worked so together ever since. And that is how Christy Andrews came to be a farmer.

GOOD-BY; GOD BE WITH THEE!

GOOD-NIGHT, the day is paling,
The sun will set in rain,
And I—by heart is failing,
And weakening with pain.

And thou—the tears will rise, love,
What dare I say of thee?
I gaze into thine eyes, love,
As though they were the sea;

Unsatisfied, unweary,
I look into their deep,
Till even vision dreary
Are safely laid to sleep;

And not our parting sorrow,
Not even coward fear,
Can make me feel the morrow,
While still I linger here.

Ten years—they must be ended
Some time before we die,
What hope and anguish blended,
Seem breath, beneath thy sigh.

Ah! dear one, did I bid thee
Be calm and bear the pain?
God-by, love, God be with thee,
And bring me back again!

TIT FOR TAT.

I WAS coming one morning into the city. I had the carriage to myself for some distance; then a little man got in who at once attracted my attention by the peculiarity of his dress, appearance, and manner. He was in evening dress, every thing about him, from the silk-faced dress-coat to the patent leather boots, being bran-new. A fact of which he was far from being unconscious; each of his garments, in its turn, attracted his notice and approving smile.

The only thing about him that violated evening etiquette was his head—a head, so to speak, negligently arranged *à la* Byron under a rolling collar.

From this I augured that he was a poet, for fashion-collars were by no means so common then as now; the fashion prescribing terrific gills, which, in short-necked men, endangered the safety of their whiskers or ears. My surmise was confirmed by his long hair, its natural tendency to curl being combated by the copious exhibition of grease, and probably by curling-irons also.

Further reasons, he was somewhat against my theory: instead of being slim and pale, with eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," it was round, dumpling-like, and rosy; his little eyes deeply set in tunnels of fat, which, as he chuckled from time to time, were half closed by his rising cheeks, and presented to view a mere slit; his nose short, turned up, and garnished at the tip with a tuft of sandy hair; his mouth expansive, and his teeth very good: fortunately, as he showed them all, not even concealing the wisdom teeth, which were not quite come down.

He was well made, what there was of him; he was not much above five feet high, rather disposed to *embonpoint*.

In his button-hole he wore a magnificent white camellia, which, I regret to say, I, myself, coveted, and determined to possess, by fair means if possible, if not, foul.

This flower, too, attracted much of his attention; he bestowed frequent glances upon it, muttering what I conceived to be poetry, inspired by the purity and delicacy of the flower.

I was considering how I might best commence a conversation which would acquire me the good graces of this gentleman, and ultimately make me the possessor of the camellia, when he saved me the trouble of breaking the ice by saying,

"Candidly, Sir, what do you think of my tailor?"

I replied that I had not the advantage of knowing him, a circumstance which I regretted the more, as his work showed him to be a man of no common ability; I added, that he was fortunate in having a client whose figure and air would set off garments, even though fabricated with less consummate skill.

He tried to look modestly unconscious, and said,

"And who, Sir, may this client be with the *disgrace* figure and air? As you say that you do not know my tailor, I might almost fancy that some of the flattering observations were addressed to me; but my figure, though not deformed, is small, that is to say, rather below than above the average size; and as for my air, though I flatter myself that I possess some of that *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes men like you and me from the vulgar herd, still neither my figure nor air is worthy of the very glowing eulogium which you have bestowed upon them."

"No, Sir, really," he added, Sir, really!" and he chuckled, blinked his eyes, and cast glances on his little round limbs of more than parental fondness.

I perceived that he was not insensible to flattery, and did not despair of obtaining the camellia by fair means.

"I should apologize," said I, "if so personal a remark; it slipped from me unconsciously: but you must have heard it frequently from the lips and seen it in the eyes of the ladies, for I am sure you are insensible to their witcheries; I see that in your eye, nay, that camellia in your button-hole proves you to be the happy Benedict or the lucky-eyed lover."

"How did you find that out? You must know something about me; you might have guessed that I was in love; but how did you find out the color of her eyes?"

"Well, I did not know positively. As though it likely, most in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that you, who have blue eyes, should be enslaved by black ones. Was I right?"

"Well, I can hardly say; I trust you may be right, but the fact is, I have never seen the lady's eyes."

"Never seen her eyes! Ah, I see: a mysterious courtship, truly poetic, veiled lady, gentle voice, little hands, never lets her face be seen peeping from concealment, fairy form, taper ankles, little tiddly-iddly feet."

"Sir," said he, grasping my hand, "we are kindred spirits—you have felt the divine afflatus—you have struck the wild harp, and burst into the inspiring melody of song. We are poets, Sir, we are poets. Were it not a breach of confidence she has reposed in me, I would tell you the history of our loves, our songs, our words and deeds."

"You forget that so long as you conceal the lady's name there can be no breach of confidence. She is the wife of Cæsar: let Cæsar govern her."

"Not X; I shall have to repeat her name often in the course of my narrative; she would then become double, triple, or even quadruple X, and she is not stout."

"Well, then, let Y represent her; it is a slender and graceful letter."

"Good, let Y, for the moment, represent, unwittingly, the name of my adored charmer. I am a poet, Sir, as you have already perceived, and have altogether unknown to the public; in the 'Poets' Corner of the *Waverly Repository* *very* *many* *communications* *are* *perennial*? You may have some of my contributions to that journal signed 'Beta.' I will just repeat my 'Ode to the Morning':—

"Pray don't take the trouble; I know the poem by heart, and recited it only last week to D——at the Adelphi Club. Just now I am burning with impatience to hear your story."

"You have read my poem then: I had scarcely ventured to hope that the sweet effusings of my muse had penetrated so far as New York."

"Why, my dear Sir, there are six copies of the Waverly *Repository* in the club-room regularly, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them; yet no one reads any part of it but the 'Poets' Corner.'"

"Not *Waverly Herald*, Waverly *Repository*. Well, I'll go on with my story. One evening I had just finished my 'Invitations to Heaven,' and had taken down the volume of Keats, when Mary entered. The last feeble flicker of twilight was about to give way to the solemn darkness of night. There was a holy stillness, a sweet calm, which seemed designed to soften the heart, to prepare it for gentle impressions. Mary sat down by my side, and her *love-story* is a garden. There roses should vie with geraniums, the graceful woodbine should twine round the trellis-work of the rustic arbor, and Mary be in the pride of her virgin purity; but I regret to say it is planted with potatoes.

"In this garden there are two gates, one by which lends to one of them, and repeating a beautiful stanza of my own composition. (I never read the works of other poets, lest I unconsciously steal of thought.) As I was going down this path I chanced to look toward the other gate: a fairy form was passing there. I will not attempt to describe the beauties of that glorious vision. I rushed straight across the garden in chase; but the potato patch tripped me up, and I fell under my lady's feet, and was incapacitated for further pursuit. I limped back to the other, and met the clerk.

"'What is that divine creature who has just left your office?'

"'Mary,' said he, grinning: 'she is a contributor to our "Poets' Corner."'

"'She is a poetess, then—I knew it must be so. What is her surname?'

"'Won't do,' said the clerk, with his tongue in his cheek; 'she wishes to remain *incog.*'

"Rebuffed by my friend, I went back to my couch, but not to sleep. That vision still haunted me; I thought of the white hand, the raven locks, the velvet ankle, the lily-like form, and the fairy feet. The evening did I lie in wait before the office in hopes of again meeting her, but in vain. Things went on so for a month, and I grew pale and thin. I lost all my appetite diminished, and I lost nearly two pounds in weight, and was a happy inspiration came upon me. I would pour out my heart in poetry, I would tell my love in the 'Poets' Corner' of the Waverly *Repository*, and in this manner she would read it: the sympathy which exists between kindred minds would tell her that she was the object addressed. I wrote the lines called 'A Gracious Twilight Vision.' Never in my most inspired moments had I so successfully portrayed the inward workings of the tender passion; for I then only imagined them, now I felt them. I will just repeat you those lines."

"Pray don't, Sir; I remember them well."

"I felt sure that she to whom they were addressed would read them, and reply; and I was not deceived. The next time I went to the office the clerk said, 'There is a letter here meant for you, I suppose.' It was directed, '—— Esq., contributor to the "Poets' Corner" of the Waverly *Repository*.' The dear girl evidently did not understand Greek, and by the similarity of sound was led into this very pardonable mistake. It showed she wasn't a blue-stocking, and I rejoiced at it.

"To make a long story short, we commenced a correspondence, but have never met; but this day she has given me a rendezvous at Pursell's, the pastry-cook, in Broadway. It is in honor of this occasion that I wear for the first time those garments, the fitting of which you so justly admire."

"And Mrs. Camellia," I suggested, "don't you think that a budding rose would be more appropriate of your rising hopes? If so, I think I could manage to get you one."

"By no means; I should have told you that in our signal for recognition: we are each to wear a white camellia over the heart."

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is the only difficult one! *Facile est descensus Averni*. I had, like Camilla,* suggested, "don't you think that a budding rose would be more appropriate of your rising hopes?" If so, I think I could manage to get you one."

If such a thought could have entered my head in our signal for recognition: we are each to wear a white camellia over the heart."

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is the only difficult one! *Facile est descensus Averni*. I had, like Camilla,* suggested, and resolving to obtain it by fair means, if possible. I now resolved to resort to the foulest means. I necessarily, in my profession, am not a little versed in the various modes of disguise, and to use it as a decoy to obtain the other white camellia now in the possession of the poetess of Waverly. To what a principle will lead the white camellia when barrying me!

As it was essential to prove his identity in the coming rendezvous, it was evidently useless to try to persuade him to give it to me; my only chance was to steal it, and this I resolved to do.

Calling his attention to some objects on the roadside, I dexterously severed the stalk with a tap from my cane, and slipped the flower into my pocket unperceived.

I then said that, though I had read and learned by heart his contributions to "Poets' Corner in the Waverly *Repository*, it would still be a treat to hear some of these *chefs-d'œuvre* repeated by the author.

He needed no pressing. Without once thinking of his camellia, he favored me with an uninterrupted stream of poetry till our arrival at the city. I then took a hasty leave of him, jumped into a cab, and, transferring the camellia from my pocket to my button-hole, drove to Pursell's to complete my conquest.

We soon arrived there. Being in a capital humor, I was about to give the cabman a double fare. But what! money is that I tired my pockets one after another: no purse; the cabman began to eye me suspiciously.

"My good man," said I, "I find that I have lost my purse, but my pectuniaries is a sufficient guarantee for the payment of your fare. Come with me, the St. Nicholas. I have a friend there who will lend me some money." The cabman saw the justice of this reasoning, and drove to the St. Nicholas, where my friend received me with open arms, and placed his purse at my disposal.

The poetess was not an exquisite one for me, for not only was my purse gone, but my watch and a valuable gold snuff-box. It appeared that the card and I had attracted the similar designs, and while my ambition extended no further than white camellias, he had a weakness for articles of value and greenbacks.

It is needless to add that I did not return to Pursell's to complete my conquest, nor have I ever again met my friend the poet.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A GERMAN, who was awarded of Europe and had come to America, mixed spectacles so greatly that he grew blind suddenly. "I am blind," he said, "because my eyes are not even sparrows," he said, and returned to Germany. "I AM BLIND," he wrote home, "I ask no one in a country where the police pour every thing out into the street," and wrote no more.

Sparrows are among the most common birds, and are repeated several times. The absence of sparrows repelled him here, the presence of sparrows repulsed him there. How to found peace at last it is difficult to say. Great efforts are now being made to introduce sparrows into America, for their great value has been recognized.

CHARLES EDAN, the noted burglar, visiting the United States, was detected in the act of picking the pocket of a Wall-street broker. Opposite to him at the table there sat a lady, who, with commendable tact, drew him into conversation, and at last called on the host to present him to her. "Mr. Edan, Mr. Edan, allow me to present Mr. Edan," by drinking wine together, when the stranger, with much unpretentiousness replied, "I say you is the biggest liar last night." Keen, feeling, but unnaturally, that a compliment was intended, he bowed, and said, "Thank you." "Yes, Sir," continued the other, in a slow, almost jubilant tone, "I have been confined a dozen in Richard's cell, as the last Mr. Cooke." Another pause, in which Christie Edan's triumph was complete, and he responded, "Indeed!"

"Yes, Sir. Cooke, Sir, was better than your father; and your father, Sir, was better than you."

The following, from W. H. Diadrich's *Life in Java* gives an idea of Japanese marriages:

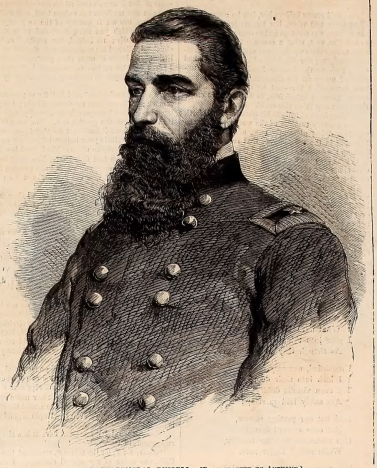
"I questioned Bontang concerning Japanese weddings and courtings, and was surprised to learn that the man and woman in Japan do not see each other before marriage, according to the rites of the Mohammedan creed, they had been introduced to each by a whole week. The bridegroom sees as yet only young through a probational period, which, in the case of the rich bridegroom, is sometimes the only opportunity that separation sometimes continues three months. Should the bridegroom not return home in that very afternoon in the presence of a number of friends invited for the occasion, the whole affair immediately ceases to exist. When feel is set before them, it is the duty of the young man to partake of some before all the others, and then on merrily till midnight, when the bridegroom rises to take his departure, and the bride follows him, and nothing further. When he has sent her comfortably home, he returns to his own residence, where he receives the congratulations; after which, retiring with the bride, he is left alone to see his bride home till the middle of the next day."

The Dauphin appears to find much romance in the recent marriage of Belle Boyd to Lieutenant Samuel Harding, an officer of the U. S. Army, at Carleton, Canada West, province of Connecticut. The marriage took place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, London.

"The lady, who is about the same age as the bridegroom, was the daughter of General Boyd, of the army of the Southern States, who lately expired in prison, having been made prisoner at the battle of Bull Run. The lady's early life of the most eventful and romantic feature. Her father, who passed very much of his time in Europe, bestowed the cause of Southern independence, was soon imbued with the enthusiasm which fired the rank of Gaul. Her daughter, the bride, enthusiastically embraced the same cause. Before she was in her teens she would accompany him throughout his campaign with the celebrated 'Stonewall' Jackson, and on two occasions, heroically, as a modern Joan of Arc, led on the troops to battle; she was, however, on a skirmish captured, and made prisoner, and conveyed to Washington, where she was imprisoned. Here she remained 13 months, when she was exchanged for General Cochrane, who had been made prisoner by the Confederates. On her return to the South she went on board the *Greyhound*, a blockade-runner, which was then captured by the Federal steamer *Connecticut* while running the blockade. Lieutenant Harding was sent on board the *Greyhound* as a prize-master, with his young bravine as a prisoner. The acquaintance which then formally became enhanced and ended together from the ship, and found their way back to country, the bride having succeeded in vividly drawing her lover from his allegiance to the United States Navy, and entering the Confederate service for the South. But to the intention of Lieutenant Harding with his bride to Canada, and carrying at the act of application, to run the blockade, and enter the service of the Southern States. The marriage, it is said, was celebrated with éclat, being attended to the brilliantest and two or three lady friends. In the bridegroom being attended by a number of American gentlemen connected with the South."

An Englishman, being recently "doing" Scotland, was ambitious to tell his friends on going home that he had scaled Goatfell without a guide. Against this project a "parky" western Cockney who knew not the mountain-tops out of Snowdonia visitors, earnestly sought to dissuade him for obvious reasons. All was urgent, however, in vain. He convinced the stranger of the utter impossibility of not accompanied with a guide, and that the ascent was only remarkable objects in it. "For instance," said he, "a little way up there is a stone, called the Cat's Cradle, which I endeavor to imitate.—See instance," a happy thought suggested itself on the spur of the moment, "there is a stone, and a strange thing connected with it is that if any one lands upon it he can hear no sound, however loud." "Indeed!" said the Cockney. "Try her," said the Highlander. He stood himself upon the hero of Bothwell Bridge mounted the boulder, and Donald put his mouth into all the grotesque shapes which an accomplished Gaelic gutturals requires and presupposes—dyby at the same time he was speaking. The Cockney, supposing he was calling loudly, vowed he could not hear a word. "Still, you understand the principle," said Donald, and he endeavor to imitate."

CHARGE OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS ON THE REBEL WORKS AT JONESBOROUGH.—[See next Page.]

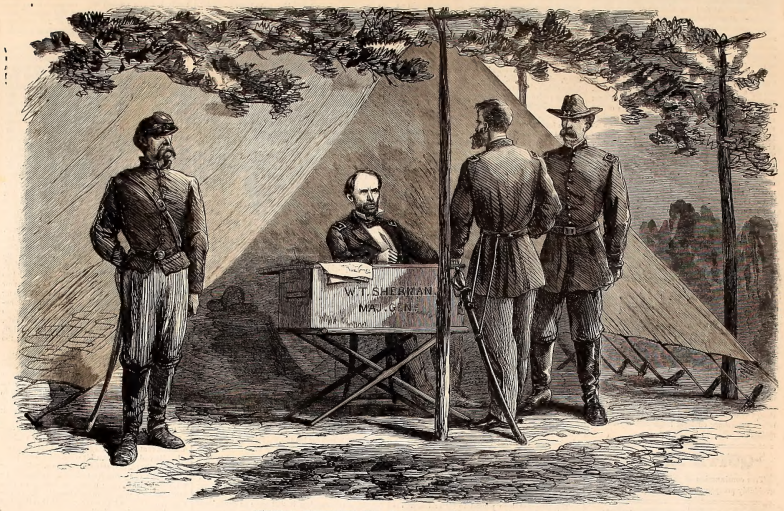


THE LATE GENERAL RUSSELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

GENERAL RUSSELL.

THE late Brigadier-General DAVID A. RUSSELL, whose portrait we give above, was born in Washington County, New York. He entered the West Point Military Academy at an early age, graduating in July, 1845. He entered the army as Captain in the Fourth infantry, and until 1855 was engaged in operations on the Pacific coast. As Colonel of the Seventh Massachusetts he entered upon the present conflict, participating in the Peninsular campaign. For distinguished services in the battle of Williamsburg he was made a Brevet Major, and soon afterward a full Major in the Eighth infantry. When General BURNSIDE became commander of the army RUSSELL had been nominated for a Brigadier-Generalship, and the appointment was confirmed March, 1863. In the attack on Fredericksburg his brigade was engaged, and also in the battle of Gettysburg. It was in November, 1863, that General RUSSELL took command of the First Division of the Sixth (SEDGWICK'S) Corps. With this command he was engaged in the battles of the Wilderness, and lately in the important and decisive battles in the Shenandoah Valley. In the battle of September 19 he was killed. General RUSSELL united to the accomplishments of a soldier the courtesy of a gentleman. He was noble in stature, heroic in action, and was beloved by his command.

THE LATE COLONEL GROWER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICKS.—[See next Page.]



GENERAL SHERMAN'S FLY.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

COLONEL GROWER.

THE late Colonel GROWER, whose portrait is given on page 652, and who was killed in the recent battle of Jonesborough, was a native of Brooklyn, New York. At the beginning of the war he held a responsible position in the Metropolitan Bank of this city; but his patriotism induced him to enter the ranks of the Seventeenth New York Volunteers, under Colonel LANSING. From Captain he was soon promoted to Major, and finally from Major to Colonel. After the term of the regiment expired he reorganized it, and was sent to the West. He had been severely wounded, yet he entered upon the new campaign under General SHERMAN with all his original enthusiasm. When his regiment was ordered to Decatur, Alabama, after SHERMAN'S expedition into Mississippi last winter, he commanded a brigade. In August, 1864, his command was ordered to the front, and formed part of the storming party which carried the enemy's works at Jonesborough. It was here, while leading his command in a spirited onset, that he was killed. Although only twenty-five years of age his rapid promotion indicated rare soldierly ability, which would have doubtless met still higher awards of honor had his life been spared. He has received, however, the highest award which the soldier ever asks, that of dying on the battle-field while fighting for his country's honor.

VIEW OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE "GEORGIA."

WE give on this page a sketch of the Confederate Privateer *Georgia*, which was captured by Captain WYTHECOMBE, of the United States frigate *Niagara*, August 24, 1864. The *Georgia* is a screw steamer. Since it was employed as a belligerent vessel in the destruction of American commerce it has been sold to Mr. E. BATES, a ship-owner of Liverpool. Mr. BATES having purchased the ship she was chartered by the Portuguese Government to convey passengers between Lisbon and the African coast of the West Indies. She had been dismantled for this purpose, and was under orders from Lisbon, sailing under the British flag at the time of her capture by Captain WYTHECOMBE. The crew of the *Georgia* was landed at Dover, and the vessel itself sent to this country for the purpose of adjudication in a prize court.

ATLANTA.

WE give on this page, and on pages 645 and 652, sketches of ATLANTA and the BATTLE OF JONESBOROUGH, together with a picture of GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS at Atlanta and a sketch of his FLY.

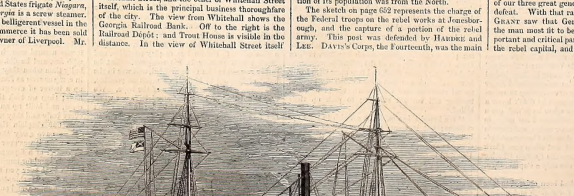
The two views of Atlanta given on page 645 represent different portions of the city, one of them being a view of the city as the spectator stands on Whitehall Street, and the other of Whitehall Street itself, which is the principal business thoroughfare of the city. The view from Whitehall shows the Georgia Railroad Bank. Off to the right is the Railroad Depôt: and Trout House is visible in the distance. In the view of Whitehall Street itself the large corner building is one now used by the Twenty-third Corps as a hospital; it was formerly used by the rebel army as a signal-station. Atlanta has long been considered one of the principal centres of refinement in the South. A good proportion of its population was from the North.

The sketch on page 652 represents the charge of the Federal troops on the rebel works at Jonesborough, and the capture of a portion of the rebel army. This post was defended by HARDEE and LEE. DAVIS'S Corps, the Fourteenth, was the main force engaged in the attack. Generals CARLIN and MORGAN, whose portraits we gave last week, led the advance.

The two engravings on this page relate to General SHERMAN personally. One of them gives a view of the General's Head-quarters; the other represents him sitting at his "Fly," engaged in correspondence or other details of an official character.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

WE give on our first page a portrait of General PHILIP SHERIDAN, whose recent victories in the Valley of the Shenandoah have given us a foretaste of the glorious prospect awaiting the country of victory and peace. General SHERIDAN was born in Ohio in 1831 of Irish parentage. He graduated at West Point in 1853, with the rank of Brevet Second-Lieutenant, First Infantry. After two years' service at Fort Duncan, Texas, he was engaged in surveys in California for the Pacific Railroad, and was afterward one of the most prominent officers engaged in the adjustment of difficulties with the Indians in that vicinity. March 14, 1861, he was promoted to a Captaincy, and in the subsequent year became commander of the Second Brigade of the Cavalry Division of the Army of the Mississippi. After his victory over the rebel General CHALMERS before Corinth he was promoted to the grade of a Brigadier-General, and in BUELL'S advance upon BRAGG commanded the Eleventh Division of the Army of the Ohio. For distinguished service in the battle of Stone River he was appointed a Major-General December 31, 1862. Robust and energetic, yet skillful and cautious, he is one of our three great generals who has never met with defeat. With that rare instinct which never fails, GRANT saw that General PHILIP SHERIDAN was the man most fit to be intrusted with the most important and critical part of his combinations against the rebel capital, and appointed him to command the Middle Military Division of his army. The victories gained by SHERIDAN over EARLY in the week commencing September 19 are more important in their bearings than any series of operations since the war commenced.



THE PRIVATEER "GEORGIA," CAPTURED BY THE "NIAGARA," AUGUST 24, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY MR. KILLEEN.]

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

THE engraving on page 644 illustrates one of the most spirited actions, and certainly the most imposing spectacle of this war. It will be remembered that SHERIDAN, after having got the Sixth Corps across the Opequan, was compelled to wait full two hours for the arrival of the Nineteenth, and as a consequence of this to form an entirely new plan

of battle in the face of an enemy already prepared and in line. At first the advantage appeared to rest with EARLY, whose fierce cannonade broke SHERIDAN'S first line, and threatened to disturb his second. But this state of affairs changed as soon as the Federal artillery got in position. The line of battle was re-formed, and the conflict opened in terrible earnest. The two opposing armies were at some points not more than two hundred yards apart. The slaughter is described to have been terrible; but the advantage rested now with SHERIDAN'S advancing columns. At a critical point in the battle the cavalry charge was heard above the din of the strife and the shouts of the contending armies; then followed the charge, led by such officers as MERRITT and CUSTER and TORBERT, upon the enemy's right. This decided the fortunes of the day. The movement was in accordance with Sheridan's deep-laid plan, and besides being the most magnificent spectacles was also a most wonderful success. "The unbroken columns of EARLY's cavalry mand," says the *Tribune* correspondent, "were forced to give way, and break before the fierce onslaught which our cavalry made upon them, who, with sabre in hand, rode them down, cutting them right and left, capturing 721 privates and non-commissioned officers, with nine battle-flags and two guns." This was fought and won the battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864.

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

THE two sketches on pages 648 and 649 relate to General GRANT'S campaign. The ground-plan is made by the relief cavalry under General HAUPTON on the 10th of September, though not published for a great importance, yet it must be confessed, a very mortifying incident of the campaign. About 2500 horses were captured. These cattle were intended for the army north of the James especially, and were captured at Harrison's Landing. The attack was very bold, and in such force that our guards could make no efficient resistance. A force was immediately dispatched under GREGG to pursue the enemy "ride," but in such force that it overtook them. The other sketch represents the two armies before Petersburg engaged in an artillery duel at midnight.

QUITE ALONE.

THE continuation of this Serial Story is unavoidably postponed until this day fortnight.

COLONEL CHARLEY'S WIFE.

"YES, they are a splendid pair! There's no discount on that. There ain't a braver man in the Army of the Potomac than Colonel Charley; and as for 'Mother Jane,' as the boys call her (because you see she's *like* a mother to us although she's only a chick in our company), I wouldn't be one of the nerves a fighting man for a husband, for she's just the gamest woman that ever *I* see. Tell you what, if you follow us when we start for the front, and see the pulled a party of us Forty-ninth boys out of the fightest place ever *I* was in (and that's saying something, too), you'll just take your oath that she'd *ought* to be a soldier's wife.

Sergeant Blake was conveying a squad of new recruits for the Forty-ninth. They were to join the Rifles of the Army of the Potomac, and were making their last halt before joining the regiment at Falmouth. The sergeant had his horse, and, unwarmly by a noble-looking officer, who rode up while they were selling coffee, accompanied by a handsome woman with a pleasant brown face and short, thick, black curls, which made a glossy fringe for a bewitching little jockey-hat, with a broad, scarlet feather, held in place by a silver eagle, gave her a military air charmingly in keeping with the martial surroundings. The lady had also addressed the Sergeant with great cordiality, while the officer, whose shoulder-straps marked him as a Colonel, addressed a laughing "Glad to see you, my lads!" to the admiring squad.

"Sergeant," said one of the men, as the subjects of the foregoing remarks cantered off, the lady with her spirited bay mare with the greatest ease and grace, "would you mind telling us the story?"

"Well, I don't know if I do. I'll tell you fellows what *you* may have to come to some day yourselves, and it'll teach you the value of keeping a stiff upper lip when you are hard pushed." And the Sergeant took up an easy position against the trunk of a huge tree, and began to fill their pipes and gathered around him to hear his story.

"Well, you see, Colonel Charley was only a Captain then; that's the work away I began, and I'm not upon his shoulders. Little Williams ('Matches,' the boys used to call him, because his legs looked like a couple of matches, who was appointed to me because he was first cousin or something to somebody that had influence, although he didn't know a rammel from a ramrod when he joined) was made a bit shortly after the circumstance I am going to tell you about that he had better resign, and Captain Charley got his place, and then the Lieutenancy fell to me, and I took to soldiering, and when poor Clark got his finish at Chancellorsville Captain Charley got to be Colonel. But he was only a Captain then, as I told ye.

"You see, the Captain had been ordered to take two companies of the old Forty-ninth and make a reconnaissance down the railroad (I didn't tell you that we were then holding one of the bloody forts), for it was said that a gang of Mosby's men had been seen in the neighborhood, and it was thought they were trying to cut the road. We scouted for about six miles down without seeing a sign of a grayback, and had about made up our minds it was a false alarm. About three o'clock in the afternoon we turned and started for camp. We had just halted to rest a bit at a spring that ran out of the side-hill, where the railroad makes a deep cut through a very narrow ledge, when we heard half a dozen shots in our rear, followed by a loud yell, and then Gus Lynch, one of our fellows who had lagged a little behind, came riding 'round the point of the hill as if the old boy had kicked him. Gus sung out as he came up, 'Look out boys, Mosby is after us full chisel!'

"We had barely time to obey Captain Charley's order to fix bayonets and form when the first of the ragamuffins hove in sight around the curve. There were about two hundred of 'em all told, and some dirty, sheep-stealin' looking rascals they were. They didn't charge on us right away, as we expected, but pulled up when they got in sight, probably not knowing how strong we were.

"Now in numbers they greatly overmatched us, for we had only about four hundred men all told, and we had much the best of them in our position. If we had expected them we couldn't have picked out a stronger place to make a stiff fight. Captain Charley saw this at a glance. It was, of course, impossible for us to retreat, for they, being mounted, could have ridden down on us in a minute. But we could hold the cut easy enough.

"You see the cut was narrow—just about enough for the track—and was back wood fence with three was a pretty deep drain-way running across the line between us and the rebs, which was uncovered, and about fifteen feet deep. It was easy enough to cross it on the trussels, but it was a stumper for a horse. Our rear was open, but we knew well enough that they couldn't get at us there without dismounting or riding several miles around, for the side of the ledge they were on was like a house-roof, and as it was an ugly trap, after all; for if they couldn't get in, we couldn't get out; and if they could hold us there until night it would be all up with us, for they to swarm up the bank and pop us over from the top, while we couldn't get a sight at them at all. But we stood and made the best of it, and made up our minds to trust in Providence, and to charge them five graybacks for every blue-jacket they knocked over.

"And let me tell you, boys," said the Sergeant, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "that this trust in Providence and the bayonet is the best sort of humbug, as you'll find out when you get under fire. A soldier may get kind of reckless and devil-may-care sometimes, and often looking for death is the way and escaping; but you may be sure that few men go in where the bullets fly, and the bullets begin to whistle blood-thirsty devils, and their comrades are struck down right and left, without feeling that they are in the hands of a merciful God. In such moments as mades, there are no truer prayers spoken than those which go out from soldiers' hearts, though they may not see a movement of the close-shut lips along the lines of battle."

The Sergeant here paused to fill and light his pipe, while a solemn look fell over the faces that stood around him, and more than one emphatic "That's so!" and "Thrue for you!" went up from the vetterans of the corps.

"Well," resumed the Sergeant, "as I was saying, Mosby's men had a bad job before 'em; worse, a good deal, than we had behind us, for we had good hill-hour before they undertook to disturb us, although a couple of the dirty critters did ride to within the range of our guns. It was impossible for a shot or two sent them to the right-about in quick time. If it was possible to get a message to our order, for we only had ten rounds apiece, so although we might have picked off some of 'em as they stood, we must hold our fire for closer quarters.

"By-and-by we could see that they were getting ready for a charge; so it was certain they didn't know anything of the fight in the cut, or they would have been business to have charged with that in front of 'em. They came on first at a slow trot in single file, riding one after the other in the form of a count of the narrow track. Captain Charley had, before this, picked out ten of his best shots, boys that could hold the sights on a rifle-barrel at a hundred yards. This detail he now moved to the front, and on the further side of the gully. As they neared close the rest of us were to fire by file,' says the Cap, 'Men, count from right to left, *one, two, three*, and so on.' They counted up to ten. Now when these fellows reached us on the curve they will be out of line, and I want every one of you to cover his man. Number one, fire at number *one* the second, and so on; and when I give the word pelt the scoundrels.' So there our fellows stood, ten men in a straight line.

"Well, when they got within about three hundred yards of us they set up one of their devilish yells, and came on at the charge. They thought they could stampede us; but we belonged to the Army of the Potomac,' said the Sergeant, with a proud glance at his two companions.

"As soon as they got well strung out around the curve Captain Charley sung out, 'Fire!' and those ten pieces crashed as one piece of artillery. Then I'm a living sinner, six of the Johnnies were tumbled off their horses dead, and two more were badly hurt. *Text* always counts for *ten*. They thought they'd struck a regular hornet's nest, and were in a panic in no time, turning tail without stopping to pick up their killed.

"We hoped this would put a finish to their operations; but it seems they were determined to have one more crack at us, for they rallied, and showed us a trick that I never saw before, although I've read of something like it in accounts of Indian fights. It was a pretty 'cute dodge, and if it hadn't been for the ditch in front of us it would have fetched us among 'em. They came on in the same order as they did before, but, just as they got fairly on the wind around the turn, we heard their officer yell out some order, and every man in a body down went every man's head and the best part of his body behind his horse, so that they were pretty well covered by the necks of the animals. The thing was done so sudden and unexpected that it threw our fellows off their sight; and, although two or three horses were badly hurt, not a man, so far as we could judge, was hit.

"Of course there was no time to pick out another detail. The men were ordered to load and fire, and the orders were to fire at the word, the front rank to fire and kneel, the second rank the same, and so on. Captain Charley kept the men in front of the ditch as long as it was safe, and then gave them the order to fall back, the ranks opening to let them pass to the rear. They all came off safe but one, Reuben Banks, who was shot dead by the rebel Captain. Well, of course as soon as our fellows jumped back the rebs saw the ditch, and the foremost of 'em pulled up sharp with a loud yell. But those in the rear came tearing on, and in a second the cut was jammed full with men and horses and coming men—and such caroling I never heard before nor since. It seemed to me that every one in Dixie and Hades was our chance, and the way we pelted 'em with cold lead was a caution. Twen'ty-five minutes between the whistle and the whiz was running like beans. Our fellows gave three rousing cheers as they went off; and felt good just then for any number of graybacks Mosby could send against us.

"We now thought, most of us, that we had whipped them off for good and all, and wondered why Captain Charley didn't give us the order to fall in and march to camp, for we were by this time about used up and as hungry as wolves. But he was wiser than we were. He knew very well that they had got their *wind* up, and that they would hang on to us now for revenge. The moment we marched out of that cut we were doomed—our only safety was in that gully, and we must by all means prevent what we were in.

"But it was certain that *something* must be done and very quickly. Our camp was only three miles off by the road, and if we were sure that our offering must have been heard, and would bring out a rescue party; but Captain Charley thought that as much time had been spent up in the cut as would prevent its reaching any distance, and the result proved that he was right. A man might be sent round the top of the hill, but it was probable he could slip off without being seen by the Johnnies. But the best he could do he couldn't get to camp and a relief-party out to us less than two hours, and it was now five o'clock. By seven it would be dark, and our flints would be fixed. Captain Charley was familiar with Mosby's men, for he had often scouted over it, and he knew that a short cut along the top of the hill would carry a man to our lines in half an hour. It would be of it was a fellow of couldn't get away without the rebs sighting him, and he would be sure to be shot for it sure, and there's just a big bit hill to get over.

"Now, boys, there never was but a brave fellow in that party of ours, or a coward, and yet for a full minute there wasn't a foot budged. I tell you what, it's one thing to face death in company with other good men and true, and *t'other* is a wicked sight fat thing to brace a man's-heart—but when you are asked to cut loose from your comrades and make a report of yourself for sure, and don't know how many bullets, it's no use talking; not many men *would* do it. But there was a good deal more than the nerves' papers about 'gallant actions' and 'daring deeds' of individuals; but I tell you, boys—and it's no disgrace to any man to own to it—there's little in it just as precious to a soldier as to any man, and he is no more eager to expose himself in cold blood to the danger of death than any man on the narrow powder. I've seen things done *in action* that you would talk about as long as you live; but in a fight I hold that a man is not himself. There is a kind of intoxication in the smell of burnt powder, the banging of the guns, the shout and tumult around, and, more than all, the sight of *power* that is given over a man in the mere handling and sighting of that cold, hard thing that can *kill*—that carry men on to do things that, in spite almost of themselves.

"But I must get on with my story. As I was a saying, at first not a man budged; but just as we all began to feel so cruelly ashamed of ourselves that I think we'd another minute we should have been ready to fight for the honour of going, out steps a young fellow belonging to Company H, and said it was ready to go.

"This lad was called Mark Wilson. He was a fine, good-looking chap, who had never been considered of much account by his companions, for the truth was that the boys suspected that he considered himself too genteel to be a soldier. Camp is a poor place for a man's gentility, and Mark wasn't popular in his company. But he rather seemed to like to be avoided, and was in the habit of keeping himself as much as possible, and never joining in the sports of the boys. We all noticed that he never got any letters nor wrote any; never spoke of home or friends; in fact, didn't seem to have any, or any body to care for him. Sometimes the boys would be curious, and try to bring him 'out,' but never got any satisfaction; and, to be candid, when they pressed him pretty hard he actually burst out crying. The theory about him was that he was some rich man's son who had run away from home, and was too proud to let his father find him out.

"Well, when Mark stepped out, I suppose at least a score of vets jumped to the front and wanted to go, but, to every body's surprise, Mark wouldn't back down. He insisted that, as he was first to volunteer, it was his right to go. The Cap says to him: 'Well, Mark, you're a plucky boy, and you certainly shall go if you wish it; but it seems to me you had better let me pick out a stronger and tougher man.' But the little chap wouldn't yield. He said, 'No, Captain. If I am killed I have nobody to grieve for me; and I suppose I am the only one in the regiment that can be best spared.' The poor little fellow looked as if he was going to cry, and some of us felt like crying too.

"Well, Mark,' said Captain Charley, 'go you shall; but you mustn't say you haven't got any friends. A brave boy like you will make friends every where, and if we come out of this safe you shall never want a friend as long as Charley Hewing is alive.'

"There was a tree growing out of the side of the cut just a little ways back, and its top reached above the top of the bank. Captain Charley gave Mark a few directions, and handed him his revolver, and told him to be off as quick as he could. We all of us stared to see Mark, as the Captain put out his hand to shake hands, seize it and press it to his heart, and kiss it, turning as red at the same time as a ripe strawberry. Then the little fellow ran to the tree, climbed it like a monkey, and jumped off on to the bank. Captain Charley, after a couple of minutes, couldn't keep quiet any longer, as he shinned up the tree too to take observations. 'They haven't seen him yet,' he sung out to us below. 'Ah! there comes the rear of the scoundrels up the bank, and put after him. By George! the boy runs like a deer. He has got a fine start too; but one of the graybacks on the rise has got the longest legs, and gains on him. There, the leading man halts and fires his carbine. Curse it, he's hit; he's down. No, he only tripped, or fell on purpose. He's up and off again. But Long Legs is coming to close quarters. Ha! Mark wheels and gives Mr. Reb a taste of his revolver; number two. By Jove, he has tumbled him! And he don't get up. He passes by it done for, thank God! Now they have come up and stopped. The Captain now said nothing for another minute, and then he flung down his cap with a yell of exultation. There was a reward or two, and then the cavalry skedaddled in every direction. Several were killed and wounded, and about twenty taken prisoners. We got back to camp in high spirits about eight o'clock.

"And now, boys, I come to the most curious part of the story. As soon as we got in Captain Charley was told that Mark was in the hospital badly wounded. He had been brought in when the fight began, but the lad, half breaking his left arm badly: but the plucky chap had kept right on, although he hadn't dared to tell us the minute he got into Captain Charley's message to the Colonel. And when they came to dress his arm they found that they had a woman on their hands!

"Sho!" "You don't say so!" "Holy Mother!" "Sob!" "Bully gal!" A chorus of ejaculations of astonishment broke from the many-bloodied group as the Sergeant came to this *denouement*.

"Yes, a woman; and, what's more, dead in love with Captain Charley. You see I happened to get the story from Jake Downing, who was nursing in the hospital at the time. It seems that when she came to, and found she was fixed so she couldn't fit to break any one's heart, and begged them not to expose her, and, above all, not to tell Captain Hewing. They comforted her the best way they could as they could, and promised to keep her secret for her. Before we got in she was delirious from the pain and excitement. It was while she was out of her head this way that they found out that she thought so much of the Captain. When he came in the surgeon thought best to speak of his commendation to give him a hint of how matters stood, and he had the girl taken to a private house in the neighborhood, and nursed until she got well. He came out that she was the daughter of a farmer in Erie County, New York, and that her name was a perfect she-devil. Jane—for that was her name—and a brother, a little younger than herself, left the day of capture, and finally the boy came to grief, and, was shot at Pea Ridge. The girl then had nobody left to care for, but she stood her step-mother's bad treatment as long as she could, until one night the old termagant beat her like a dog for what she called her 'impudence,' and actually shut her up in an outhouse, and kept her there all night. The next night Jane dressed herself in a suit of her brother's clothes, cut off her hair, and slipping out of the house, ran away. She got into the Forty-ninth I never heard, but I know she *did* serve with us two years, and we never suspected her. Well, the upshot was that when Captain Charley found the plucky little girl had taken a fancy to him, and no human power could get her away from him when he found, too, that she was, when her natural self, a right pretty girl, and a *good* girl, too, it was natural enough that he should fall in love with *her*, and he did. It was quite a lively time when they got married, which they did in camp as soon as the regiment settled down. We had up a bower of evergreens, and made it gay with flags; then we took the drums of the regimental band and got a keg of rum, and had a regular frolic; and every body said they never saw a handsomer couple than our chaplain tied that day. Old General Grant gave away the bride, and he gave her a buss when it was over that the boys swore was like the crack of a 6-pounder rifle. Then we had the brigade band for music, and the jolliest spread and dance that ever you saw. We had lots of ladies down from Washington, and several officers' wives and daughters, and our Jane was just as much of a lady as any o' 'em.

"That was Colonel Charley and his wife you saw a bit ago. They've got a nice place near Alexandria, and it's a regular soldiers' hotel. No fellow in the Union blue ever passes there without being hailed to stop in; and if one of the Forty-ninth gets astray in that neighborhood his own mother couldn't use him better than does Mother Jane. She can't keep away from camp long, though; and her boy, the pet of the regiment, has learned to keep under fire. The boys would rather see her pretty face than the paymaster's any day. Fall in! March!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Songs,

By Charles Carroll Sawyer,

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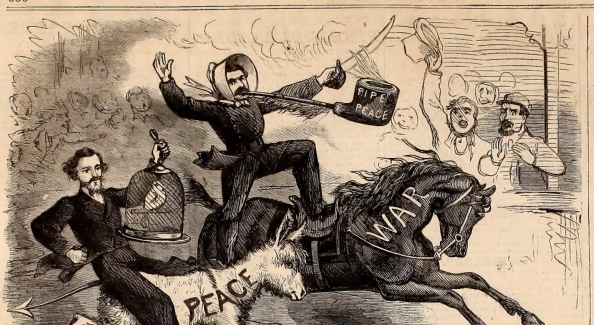

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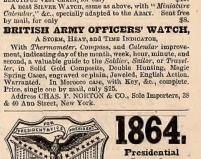

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. VIII.—No. 407.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HUNT AND DUANE.

We give on this page sketches of Brigadier-General HUNT and Major DUANE, the former Chief of Artillery, and the latter Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac. Both are soldiers of the first class. HENRY J. HUNT entered the Military Academy at West Point from Ohio in 1835. He graduated with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Artillery. In 1846 he was appointed First Lieutenant. He commanded a section of DUNCAN'S Battery in the Valley of Mexico. For meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco he was raised by brevet to the rank of Captain, and subsequently to that of Major. At El Molino he was wounded. JAMES C. DUANE graduated from West Point in 1844 with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Engineers. The responsible position held by General HUNT and Major DUANE is sufficient testimony to their worth and soldierly ability. The siege operations of General GRANT'S campaign — which, although they do not attract public attention, are yet of the greatest importance—have been principally conducted by these officers.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

On page 669 we give two sketches of SHERIDAN'S great conflict with EARLY in the Valley. One of these represents the Sixth Corps in action after crossing the Opequan. The general engagement commenced a little after noon. The Sixth Corps was commanded by Major-General WRIGHT, who succeeds the gallant SEDGWICK. In the Valley this corps did not forget its old record under its former commander. The other sketch relates to a later period in the day, when the rebels had already given way before the impetuous charge of CROOK and TORBERT. In their retreat from the Opequan the rebels fell back upon Winchester in great confusion. In order to cover the town, or at least to check SHERIDAN'S advance, their right flank was drawn in at an angle with the principal line. RUSSELL'S division is in the front in this the final charge of the battle. The brave commander has been killed, and General UPTON commands in his stead. The retreat soon became a rout, and the rebel army was pushed back through the streets of Winchester. General UPTON was slightly wounded.

GENERAL HUNT AND MAJOR DUANE, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY AND CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

THE personal character of the President is the rock upon which the Opposition is wrecked. It dashes against him and his administration, hissing and venomous, but falls back again baffled. From the day when every rebel press in wait to assassinate him in Baltimore, through all the mad hate of the rebel press to the last malignant sneer of Copperhead Conservatism and foreign jealousy, the popular confidence in the unswerving fidelity and purity of purpose of the President has smiled the storm to scorn.

The rebel charge against the Administration, thundered in every key, is its despotism. It is incessantly asserted that personal liberty is destroyed, that original rights are annihilated, that we are all the cowering, shivering subjects of the bloody Emperor ABRAHAM, who brings us all to our knees by pointing to one of the innumerable bastiles which shadow the land; all of us, except ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED VALLANDIGHAM, and JOHN HAMPDEN WOOD, and WILLIAM DELL GOUVERNEUR, and PATRICK HENRY LOVE, and GEORGE WASHINGTON SEYMOUR, who bravely withstand the tyrant for the sake of justice and human rights. But with these exceptions, we are all groaning under the most intolerable tyranny, from which there is no hope of deliverance but by intrusting the Government to the hands of these heroes.

This is doubtless a cunning line of attack in the confusion and doubt of civil war. Indifference is always willing to see any Administration overthrown. Cowardice is always glad to end hostilities with the enemy by exciting hatred of the Government; and party-spirit, in every form, plays the dangerous game of seeking political power by tampering with national existence. But nothing balks such an attack so readily as personal qualities which no calumny can reach. The public is mad with the lust of political power in this country does not hesitate to declare that the President is deliberately prolonging the war as a political game, that every act of his is performed solely with reference to his re-election; that if EARLY should return and overturn Lincoln, if GRANT should retire from Petersburg and SHERMAN from Atlanta, it would be because the President took care that they should not have men enough, and in every way thwarted and perplexed their plans. Yet the same party declares the war both wicked and a failure. It entreats, by its leaders, the interference of British influence, and it receives British sympathy, while it opposes the draft. And when you ask them how the President can send men to the Generals if men are not raised, they reply that it is no wonder he can not raise them for such a wicked war.

But these frantic efforts are vain. The profound confidence of the great mass of the people in the President is unshaken. It is simply impossible to make them believe, after their experience of his patient fidelity to the Union, that he is a monstrous despot and political gambler. The American people, we are very sure, are firmly persuaded that Mr. VALLANDIGHAM does not love the Union more than Mr. LINCOLN; that Mr. WOOD is not truer to popular rights; nor GOVERNOR SEYMOUR, whose "friends" are the remote relations of the public peace and the mad assassins of the poor and defenseless, more faithful to the Constitution than the President of the United States. The conservative power and influence of pure and lofty personal character, in a time of great national peril, was never more signally illustrated than in the official career of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE BRITISH LION CHEERS FOR CHICAGO.

THE London *Times* bursts into a shout of enthusiastic delight at the nomination of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, and the principles which they have been selected to represent.

We have always insisted, says the *Times*, that the North could not subdue the South, and the proof is the Chicago Convention and its nominations.

After three years of tremendous effort the American confess themselves conquered, shouts the *Times*, and the proof is the Chicago Convention and its nominations.

They are forced to try to conciliate and compromise, sneers the *Times*, and the proof is that the Chicago Convention has nominated a General who first discovered that his countrymen were whipped.

Will not the cost the South back again? replies the *Times*. No, it is simply impossible, replies the *Times*, to its own question; victors are not in the habit of receiving terms from the vanquished. Conquerors dictate their own terms, says the *Times*, and the Southern leaders are not such fools as to relinquish what they have proved their ability to hold.

We understand, says the *Times*, the Chicago talk about Union. It is a tub to the whale. We do not wonder the Convention shrank from blurting out the truth that the South must go free. But that is the meaning at the platform and the nominations. The Chicago leaders know that what they confess can not be done by force will not be accomplished by persuasion. Palaver must always prevail, not follow, powder. The United States of America are gone, exults the *Times*. They have split, scattered, and sunk to the bottom. We always knew they would. They were an insolent, upstart republic, mesuring British ideas. Their success would have taken from us our commercial sceptre. It would have been a fatal blow at our precious aristocratic system. It would have stimulated the hopes of our poorest classes, and have made them suspect that they were not born to slave. It would have encouraged the laboring man every where. Thank Heaven that danger is past. The United States have ceased to be pieces, and are gone utterly to ruin and destruction. *Laus Deo!* Hurrah for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON!

Here are the two thanks of the Chicago moment. First, the rebel papers and orators had already told us that their only hope for success lay in the Convention and its action; and now our bitterest most malignant British enemies are perfectly satisfied with the Chicago proceedings.

Two years ago the men who control be Chicago party, and who have now made its platform and nominations, went to the British minister and asked for British interference in our war. The honor of the country is something unknown to them. To secure their return to political power they would humble the United States at the feet of England or France. Last year they would allow the Union to be dissolved, according to their candidate, Mr. PENDLETON, who says we have no right or power to help ourselves. They would yield the authority of the Government to a rebellion, and confess its overthrow by treason. They would make the name of the United States a theme of open contempt. And therefore the rebels look to them as their last hope—and therefore the English Tories and all our foreign enemies cheer for their platform and candidates.

Is that a cheer in which the faithful American citizen—civilian, soldier, or sailor—can unite? Are the cause and the devotion which are acceptable to rebels at home and to enemies abroad the cause and the candidates of the true American people?

TO AN HONEST DOUBTER.

THAT the whole Chicago movement is, what the London *Times* calls it, a disposition to surrender to the rebellion, and to make peace upon such terms as the rebels will grant, is perfectly understood by the great mass of intelligent voters. But there are some who still honestly think that as Union men they can as properly vote for the Chicago nominations as for LINCOLN and JOHNSON.

Now such men will not deny that Mr. PENDLETON frankly avows, that whenever any State is dissatisfied and wishes to leave the Union she ought to be allowed to go. In other words, that the Union exists at the pleasure of any single State, that Kentucky and Maryland or Delaware and no stronger, and that the credit of the Union is measured by that of the smallest State in it. In Mr. PENDLETON'S view we are a league of thirty-five sovereign States, no one of which has any authority over any other; and the duty of a citizen of the League to its Government may be shown by the way in which he the State in which he lives. Will any Union man seriously say that if these views are correct there is, in any true view, a Government of the United States, or a Union in any national sense?

Yet these are the honest opinions of Mr. PENDLETON, who consequently and properly holds that the war is a crime, and he has therefore always consistently spoken against it, and voted against it. How then can any man, who sertionally believes that the Union can not ought to be maintained against all armed attack, honestly vote for Mr. PENDLETON when he knows his position?

For the purposes of the election General M'CLELLAN and Mr. PENDLETON are one. You can not vote for one without voting for both. And why do they stand together? Simply because the men who made the platform, and who would, if the Chicago ticket were successful, control the policy of the party, agree with Mr. PENDLETON; and being sure of him, of the platform, and of the great body of the voters, are cunning enough to shake General M'CLELLAN in the eyes of Union men as a decoy.

But would any such Union man as we speak of and to, believe that this paper were thoroughly and in good faith devoted to the Union if it supported a ticket composed of ABRAHAM LINCOLN for President and of VALLANDIGHAM for Vice-President? Would any such man not at once say: "If Mr. LINCOLN were a true Union man he could not accept the nomination of men who call for surrender to rebels, and who nominate VALLANDIGHAM as his substitute in case of death."

What he would justly say to us we say to him. The antecedents of the men who have nominated M'CLELLAN—their openly-expressed views at the Convention—their platform, which is the official manifesto of the party—their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, a frank disunionist and artisan of absolute State sovereignty —M'CLELLAN'S acceptance of their nomination and of his fellow-nominee, without a word of dissent from the principles announced or the least censure of the humiliating policy proposed —all these things combined must prove to every fair-minded man that when he votes for the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON electors he votes to commit the country and the Union to the measures made the Chicago platform, for whose success the rebels pray, and in the hope of whose triumph every foreign foe of the American Union rejoices.

REBEL TERRORISM.

IN "Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove," a little work by WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, an Arkansas refugee, sold by him in Cincinnati, and sent upon receipt of a dollar, we have another tale of the terrible sufferings of the Union men at the South.

In the plain talks of Mr. F. W. SUMNER, of Texas, describing his personal experience, we have another picture of the thrilling and heart-sickening scenes of the same tragedy.

No speeches or documents seem to us so searching and instructive as such books and talks. They reveal the true spirit of the society which has generated this rebellion. They show how utterly human nature is imbruted by slavery. The systematic division of persons into the Slave States, as we have all long known, was a loud assertion that nothing was so divine and human as personal slavery. When the war began it was assumed that, as secession took place in the interest of slavery, whoever was true to the Union was false to slavery. To betray the least regard for the country, therefore —to be suspected even of a secret love for it—was the chiefest of crimes, visited with the prompted penalty of death.

The terrorism of the French Revolution, the daily culling of the roll of victims at the *Conciergerie* and the Temple, the universal dread and desolation, were not more appalling than the wholesale slaughter of Southern Unionists. Mr. SUMNER tells us of his best neighbors hung in groups; of their wives who, dressing in women's clothes, dragged a woman suspected of fidelity to the Union away from her home and her children, and hung her upon a neighboring tree, while her little children shrieked all day beneath her corpse. Mr. SUMNER himself, flying by night, was overtaken, and for ten months was confined in a cell twelve feet square.

His testimony is that of one out of a thousand witnesses. Men and women of every position in life, who know the condition of the slaveholding society before the war, find their experience confirmed by these sad and suffering witnesses. Honor and humanity die in the heart of a people who will tolerate among them no one who is not an abject devotee of their brutal deity. And it is to such men—these murderers of their fellow-citizens who dare to love their country, who hang innocent women before their children's eyes, and who are fighting for an infernal expansion of the system which degrades them—that the Chicago leaders propose that the victorious American people shall surrender by voting for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON.

The "Conservatives" who burn orphan-asylums, and massacre men, women, and children because they are poor and friendless, will naturally vote for the candidates of the policy which proposes to let the assassins of Union women dictate the terms of Union. But every brave and generous citizen, every man who is true to the Union and its Government, will vote and work for the policy which proposes by force of arms to reduce these criminals to entire obedience to the Government and to the penalty of the law.

"BLURTING."

MR. C. GODFREY GUNTHER is an ardent supporter of the Chicago Platform. He also presided at the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON meeting in Union Square. He is also Mayor of the City of New York. Now when it is proposed that American citizens shall illuminate their houses in honor of glorious victories over the national enemies lately won by American soldiers and sailors, this wary supporter of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON forbids it.

Some of the Copperhead journals are alarmed. They think that the residents of their meetings refuse to rejoice over Union victories it will be suspected that the Chicago party is indifferent to the Union. So they blame Mayor GUNTHER a little. But it is the Mayor's position. And why do they stand together? Simply because the men who made the platform, and who would, if the Chicago ticket were successful, control the policy of the party, agree with Mr. PENDLETON; and being sure of him, of the platform, and of the great body of the voters, are cunning enough to shake General M'CLELLAN in the eyes of Union men as a decoy.

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What he would justly say to us we say to him. The antecedents of the men who have nominated M'CLELLAN—their openly-expressed views at the Convention—their platform, which with Mayor GUNTHER, to vote for Mr. PENDLETON and General M'CLELLAN.

Mayor GUNTHER is one of the men who, in the words of the London *Times*, "blurt out" exactly what his party means.

THE LONDON-CHICAGO VIEW.

THE effect of the late Union victories upon the prospects of the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON nominations are accurately described in the New York correspondence of the London *Herald*. The foreign enemies of the United States agree with their Copperheads and Mayor GUNTHER, the President of the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON ratification meeting, that the successes of GRANT and SHERIDAN, of FARRAGUT and SHERMAN, are not matters of rejoicing. Are these persons, who regret the victories won by the valor of United States soldiers and sailors, those to whom the United States Government can safely be intrusted? The correspondent of the London *Herald* says:

"There is no doubt that the friends of General M'CLELLAN, recently nominated for the Presidency, regret the late Federal successes as downright disasters. . . . Hence the Democrats make no secret of their discouragement and dismay at these chance evidences of vitality in the Union armies."

"THE CHICAGO PLATFORM."

WE publish to-day, in MR. NAST'S illustration of the Chicago Platform, one of the most overwhelming and convincing speeches that can be made for the Union and its standard-bearers LINCOLN and JOHNSON. It represents the exact meaning of the Chicago resolutions, of which General M'CLELLAN and Mr. PENDLETON are the official representatives. It reveals the secret and express tendency of the whole policy of the party of surrender to rebellion, and compromise with treason. We do not undertake to describe or explain the picture, but we commend it to the thoughtful study of every patriot in the land.

We again suggest to Union committees and clubs that they can circulate no documents more effective than the series of political pictures and caricatures which have appeared in the late numbers of this paper. They can either procure quantities of the paper itself, or they can be furnished with electrotypes of the pictures to be printed and issued as they choose. Our hope and our purpose are simply to serve the cause of the Union, which is that of the country; for we believe with the old Continental Congress that the cause of the United States is the cause of human nature.

TWO MAYORS.

FOUR years ago there was a Mayor of the city of New York who regretted that DANIEL TOCOMB, one of the rebel chiefs, that he could not send him arms with which to kill loyal American citizens in battle.

ROBERT TOOMBS and his associates, having fought those citizens for four years, have been vanquished in a series of brilliant battles on sea and land, and another Mayor of New York refuses to rejoice in the national success.

The first-named Mayor was the Honorable FERNANDO WOOD; the second is the Honorable C. GODFREY GUNTHER. They are both "representative men," and both warmly support the Chicago Platform and advocate the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON nomination.

Are they the file-leaders whom the men who win the victories, and those who rejoice over them, are likely to choose?

DEATH OF CAPTAIN SPEKE.

THUS famous African explorer and discoverer of the source of the Nile, whose funeral of his Majesties was lately published, and has taken place among the most interesting works of African travel, his sudden and most sadly been the means of his own death. The local paper in England gives the following account of the circumstances:

"He had gone down to Bath to attend the meeting of the British Association, where his presence was expected with no ordinary interest. On Thursday morning he went out to shoot. In forcing a way through a hedge, with his gun upon his arm, the piece was touched by the twigs. It exploded, and the charge went through his heart, causing instantaneous death. How strangely and that a man who had been safe amongst so many, who had undergone and overcome so many perils of journeyings, of waters, of robbers, should come home to end his career thus miserably!"

SLANDER.

WE thank a discharged soldier in Vicksburg, who sends us his name, and asks us to refute a slander which he inclosee, for his kind regard for our good fame. But he must be satisfied to know that it is a slander. For we are too busily engaged in defending the country and civil order from the blows aimed at them, to have any time or wish to reject those intended for us. Our correspondent says that the slander is taken from one of the Copperhead papers.

"That trickle the minds of the gebels, disgust all loyal men, and raise the 4—l generally; that go in for VALLANDIGHAM, M'CLELLAN, and giving the South what even they have not had the impudence to ask for after the events of the last three years."

So we suppose; and the source of the slander shows its worth.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE NORTHWEST.

An officer in this army writes:

"I can not refrain from giving you an idea of the feeling existing in the army regarding the recent Chicago Convention. Curses not loud but deep greet the ear as the soldier tells of the traitors who talk of compromise, etc. But when your Heeley of the 3d made its appearance in our camp-mails many knew no bounds, and the members of this company (C) to a man requested their officers to petition President Lincoln to stop their pay, that they would fight to the last if he would only hang the traitors who talked of compromise. They did not want any more pay; if Uncle Sam had no money he could spend it for nothing; only no compromise. We did not begin the war, and have suffered too much by compromising with traitors when the infernal rebellion is tottering on its last legs. I have made it my general feeling in all conversations throughout Minnesota, and I cordially indorse them."

FROM THE ARMY BEFORE RICHMOND.

We quote from an officer's letter, dated "Near Petersburg, September 5."

"I speak for a majority in the army when I say, don't vote for him (McClellan). You could not do the army greater harm than by electing him. He is the last hook the rebels have to hang a hope on."

FROM THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

"A Big Stiff Soldier of the Shenandoah" writes as follows of Gen. Sheridan's picture, and adds some very agreeable remarks about the *Heeley*:

"The Blessings of Victory' have not come too soon; just in time to cheer the despondent and gloomy visitor of the Army of the Shenandoah. Nothing could better represent the feelings of the soldier—a glorious victory, and an honorable peace to follow shortly. The true soldier is brave and confident; while the weak, 'at home,' are despondent. The soldiers are proud of your noble paper, as it takes such high and bold stand for the 'Union now and forever,' and the integrity of our Government. All shout in the elegant shout!' You have won an enviable place in the hearts of the soldier. You are doing your duty as an editor, while the soldier is fighting in the field. Both we could say this of every editor in the land. But how different—while we are finding our 'battles,' many unlucky articles are penned against our cause and us. 'Shame' on such men, if we can call them souls!

"The soldier knows his friends at home; and *Harper's Weekly*, which has always defended him, receives the enthusiasm of the army. And he can never forget the *Heeley*, *friend in the time of trying hours of our republic.*

"God grant to us the means you deserve in the lasting for your country's good!

"The vote for McClellan in the army will be small; and Abraham Lincoln, 'the soldier's friend,' will be their administrative choice. The intelligent will vote *for him*, and victory will finally crown our patriotic efforts."

A WORD FROM THE NAVY.

The letter of an officer commanding in the waters of North Carolina gives a new view of the rebel conscription. It has now reached the women. The most adjutant of the gallant soldiers is not to fail to re-elect Lincoln shows that the cause and its representatives are well understood by the sailors as the soldiers:

"U. S. Gun-boat, Albemarle Sound,
North Carolina, ——.

"Enough to distress the enemy occasionally even here in the waters of the deepest State of South Carolina. I had a splendid time up at a little place called Columbia some two weeks ago. It averages about three a day of refugees that come off to us. Days and his followers are now about the whole country, taking men, horses, in fact every thing, and even stopping women and send them off to the hospitals to attend to their sick and wounded. We have always been under the impression there was some patriotism in them to attend to those things. I had a contraband woman to come on board, which proves the fact. She was conscripted because her husband joined the 'Yanks.'

"We are perfectly healthy here, excepting occasionally we are visited with a 'case' fever. You will see a great many thing some of these days unless I am mistaken. Keep the army full a little longer, and the rebellion will collapse. Nothing else will do. They are on their last legs; and *don't fail to re-elect* Lincoln."

GENERAL DIX'S POSITION.

The noble speech of General Dix at Saratoga is in the right key to order. "If any man wishes to leave the American flag, shoot him on the spot." He was received with three rousing cheers, and said, in response to a serenade:

"Fellow-citizens.—I am very thankful to you for the honor you have done me. As I arrived here last night, I was engaged in public business, and shall depart at an early hour in the morning, I know you will excuse me if I limit what I have to say to a simple acknowledgment of your kindness and courtesy.

"I will say one word, however, on the subject which has moved the heart of every loyal man—I mean the rebellion. It has arisen in a conviction from the experience that we can have no honorable peace until the insurgent armies are dispersed and the leaders of the rebellion expelled from the country. [Loud cheers.] Indeed, any discussion of hostilities would lead inevitably and directly to a recognition of the insurgent leaders; and when I say this, I need hardly add that I can have no part in any political movement of which the Chicago Platform is the basis. [Renewed cheering and applause.] No, fellow-citizens, the only hope of securing an honorable peace—a peace which shall restore the Union and the Constitution, is in a steady, persistent, and unremitting prosecution of the war with great vigor[sic]; and I believe the sentiment of every right-thinking man will soon bring him to this conviction.

"With these few remarks, and renewing the expression of my thanks for your kindness, I bid you all good-night."

BISHOP SIMPSON AND THE FLAG.

At the late session of the Pittsburg Annual Conference of the Methodist Church Bishop Simpson, one of the most eminent and apostolic divines, and most eloquent orators in the country, made a speech upon the four questions:

"Shall our Government be destroyed and swept from the earth? Can we be divided into two or more Governments? Shall we have a new form of Government? Is not the Nation to rise out of its present troubles better, more, and more powerful?

The effect of his discourse is described as very remarkable. Toward the close an eye-witness says:

"Laying his hands on the torn and bullet-riddled colors of the Seventy-first Ohio, he spoke of the brave soldier whose they had been baptized in blood, and described their bearing at some small parish of cause, filled with stars, but an angel had snatched from the heavenly canopy to set the stripe in blood. Here his description began a scene that Demosthenes might have envied. All over the vast assembly handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and before the speaker sat down the whole audience was on its feet in magic influence, and screamed, and shouted, and saluted, and stamped, and clapped, and wept, and laughed in a wild excitement. Colonel Mosby sprung to the top of a bench, and called for 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' which was sung, or rather shouted, until the audience dispersed, as it has to disperse."

THE NEW LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury announces that he will receive Proposals, until October 14, for forty millions of 5-20 Bonds. The 5-20s have always been so popular that a liberal premium is expected, and a considerable amount will probably be taken on foreign account. The 7-30 loan will not be interfered with, and remains the most convenient investment at par that is now in the market, while the "Proposals" may be desirable for banks and capitalists. The subscriptions to the 7-30s have already exceeded to over forty-five millions. Full particulars in relation to both these loans will be found in our advertising columns.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE KISS IN SCHOOL.

A district school not far away,
Mid Berkshire's hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys—
Some few intent on books and slates,
But more on future mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book—
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of blast
Let off in one tremendous kiss.
"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"With William Willish, if you please—
I there him Kith Thuthan Primthe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Either, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With downcast cheeks in guilt aflame,
Will hung his head with fear and shame,
And to that awful presence came,
A gawky, stolid, awkward lout,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
The theme was followed, "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school, to boot—
What will your mother say to that?"
"Twas she herself, Sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad—
But when Sarah Smith's pretty curls,
And whisper'd I was 'fraid of girls,
And darsn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, Sir, at all!
But up and kiss'd her on the spot;
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But somehow from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished I do!"

William Pitt Palmer.

A Love Letter.—"Och, Paddy! swate Paddy, if I was per daddy, I'd kill ye wid kissy intricity; if I was yer brother, and ye knew yer mother, I'd set ye down on her lady. To taste of yer breath, I wid starve me to death, and lay off me hoop skaight! So joost have a taste of yer arm on me waste, I'd barf at the masses of yer hair. Dear Paddy, be aisy, and don't be after bating—you'll find me both gintle and civil; our life we will spind in an illegant manner, and remain your own true love, Bid-

When Carter, the lion king, was exhibiting with Drayton, at Astley's, a manager, with whom Carter had made a bet, was to appear unexpectedly in the lion's private box. The bailiffs came to the stage-door, and asked for Carter. "Here's the gentleman," said Drayton; and when they reached the stage there sat Carter composedly in the grate of the East End, and very much in earnest. "There, Sir!" said Mr. Carter waiting for you, gentlemen," said Drayton; "I'll be with you in a minute." Carter, who was in the secret, pretended to obey, at the same time circling by a series of rapid movements round the bailiffs and manager. The bailiffs staggered back in terror, rolled over each other in their wild retreat down stairs, and nearly fainted before they reached the street.

The old theologian promises, with no little show of reason, that the Virgin Mary, at the reception of Mary, will rise on the last day as men, in order that no anger, or envy, or jealousy may exist in heaven.

What we Learn in Foreign Parts.—When last we were in Paris we strolled into the *Palais de Justice*, and soon found ourselves in the celebrated *Salle des Pas Perdus*. On inquiring, we discovered that the *Salle des Pas Perdus* was identical in a comparative sense with *Punch's Mary*; and we also learned that the *Pas Perdus* were in no way justified by the *Salle des Pas Perdus*. These facts were no less new than pleasing to us, and so accordingly we have made a note of them.

Marriage is love personified.

Books in these days are generally like some kind of trees —good many leaves and no fruit.

Different Ways of Traveling.—Man travels to expand his ideas. Woman expands herself by the manner of home she invariably takes with her—thereby only with the object of expanding her dresses.

An Irish wake a great *do* corpse.

ON A GENTLEMAN NAMED HEDDY.

In reading his name it may truly be said,
You will make that man *dy* if you cut off his *Hed*.

Why is a gentleman enjoying a cuscus, and refreshed by it, like a hunter who goes at a jump with a number of others?—Because he takes his cl(ass) with the rest.

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

"The Upper Ten Thousand."—The F—s and B—n Lodging House Bedrooms.

"So you are going to keep house, are you?" said an elderly maiden to a blushing bride. "Yes," was the reply. "Going to have a girl, I guess?" "Why, please to make me colored, and then responded that she "really didn't know whether it would be a girl or boy."

Domestic Convenience.—What's the difference between stony minutes and one of my sisters? Give it up, do you? —Why, most minutes are flints and the other's "*mer Ann*!"

Universal love is like a mitten which fits all hands alike, but is one closely: true affection is like a glove which fits one hand only, but it is tight to that one.

Marble is a hard substance, yet it takes a calf for hard lying.

The life-preservers most frequently used in the battlefield are long shots.

A cook may not have as many beils as Job, but then they are as big as kettles.

"How much do you ask for that goose?" inquired a connoisseur of a female fowl-woman. "Seven shillings for the two," was the answer. "But I only want one," said the customer. "I can't help it," said the woman; "I can't sell a goose all alone, can I?" To my own knowledge them 'ere geese have been together for more'n thirteen years, and I'm not the one to separate 'em now."

Somebody says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a widow in weeds.

A little fellow going to church for the first time, where the pews were very high, was asked, on coming out, what he did in church. He replied, "I went into a cupboard, and took a seat on the shelf."

We confess, says a contemporary, that poetry permits her votaries to indulge in all sorts of metaphorical ideas, but the limit is reached in the following:

"With eyes of fire majestically he rose,
And spoke with thunder from his double-barreled nose."

A drunken fellow got out of his calculation, and was doing in the street, when the bells roused him by their ringing at the hour. "Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen," cried he; "what's all this and time I ever knew it."

ON THE FOUR GEORGES.

George the First was always reckon'd
Vile—but viler George the Second;
And what shall be said of George third?"
Any god of George the Third!
But when George the Fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended!

A traveler who met a countryman in mourning made the observation that he had lately lost one of your friends. I no." "Yes, Zur," was the reply. "Was it a near or a distant relation?" "Well, purty distant—'bout twenty-four mile."

A man may declaim about religion without having much of it, for Satan's kingdom is also one's stomach is full of food because he talks with victuals in his mouth.

What is the difference between a person transfixed with amazement and a person in a fix? —The one is rooted to the spot, the other spotted to the root.

A Dundee journal circulates the following story: On one occasion a gentleman was driving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Longside, author of "Tullochgorum," to give him by way of thanks. "Oh, Sir, I hope that you and a' your family will be spared many years." "Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you, only you need not have just been so particular as to the time."

A gentleman awoke to hear a celebrated West-end preacher, found himself in a new pew and in a most unusual respectable. He watched the per-one's eyes looking very hard at him, and at last he began speculating his seats, and he thought to himself, "Oh, oh, a fee is expected!" So he put his hand in his pocket and held it persistingly between his two fingers, and it was not long before the fee was in the plate. Then the preacher beckoned into a seat, whereupon he slipped a half-penny into the plate and left the pew. Before the sitting disappointed the cane bowling round to him with a hymn-book, whispering, as he handed it to him, "You made a mistake, sir, you only gave me a half-penny." "All right," he answered. "I'll pay the rest."

The motto which was inserted under the arms of William, Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English throne was, "I will maintain." (I did not steal it, but I received it). This thing shown to Dean Swift he said, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."

Hopkins once lent Simpson, his next-door neighbor, on cabriolis, and having an urgent call to make on a wet night, Simpson asked Hopkins, "If I may go anywhere." "Can't have it," said Simpson. "Why? I want to go to the East End, and you know I'm a hornets: what am I to do on an umbrella?" "Do?" answered Simpson, parsing through the door, "why, go by the Tube."

Theodore Hook once observed a party of laborers drinking a well. "What are you about?" he inquired. "Beer-ing the well, Sir," was the reply. "Beering the well!" said he again, repeated Hook: "bailers, you're quite right; remember, I shall always be—Let alone."

Taking babes to church is rightly termed a crying sin.

A Jew who was condemned to be hanged was brought to the gallows, and was just on the point of being turned off, when he cried out, "Stop! stop! I have a secret to tell. I was expected he would instantly have quitted the cart, but as he had a fine estate in Yorkshire hanged; and being asked why he did not get about his business, he said, "He was afraid to run for fear of hanging with Mr. Roach for the other gentleman's clothes."

A Scotch clergyman preaching a drowsy sermon asked, "What is the price of earthly pleasure?" The deacon, a fat grocer, woke up hastily from a round sleep, and cried out, lustily, "Seven-and-sixpence a dozen!"

"Well, Sir," asked a noisy disputant, "don't you think that I have the mental any answer to your proposition?" "Yes, Sir," replied a listener, "you have—and e'en I should happen to fight with the Philistines I'll borrow your jaw-bone."

An affectionate fisherman once called in the 15th Regiment in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the 76th.

A comedian who had been almost lifted from his feet by the pressure at the funeral of a celebrated tragedian, ultimately reached the church-door. Having recovered his breath, which had been suspended in the office, he exclaimed: "And so this is the last we shall ever see of him! Poor fellow! he has drawn a full house, though, to the end."

An East-India Governor having died abroad, his body was put in strong waters to preserve it for interment in England. A sailor on board the ship being frequently drunk, the captain forbade the liquor, and locked up the ship, so that he has now any liquor. Shortly after the fellow appeared very drunk, and as he could not be obtained no one could guess. The captain resolved to find out, promising to forgive him if he told how he got the liquor. He replied, "After some hesitation he hicupped out, "Why, please to your honor, I tapped the Governor."

A boy being asked what was the plural of "penny," very promptly replied, "twopence."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

Sheridan has reaped the fruits of his great victories in the Valley. After the defeat of Early at Fisher's Hill, on the 22d of September, Sheridan pursued the flying rebels as far as Staunton. Early's rear-guard was overtaken 25 miles south of Winchester, at Mount Jackson. Here Sheridan's cavalry were engaged, and the rebels were continually giving themselves up. Taking the Keezletown road, Early reached the Valley on the night of the 24th. Sheridan captured 300 rebel wounded at Mount Jackson, and 1,200 prisoners and deserters on Fort Republic and Staunton. In the pursuit to Port Republic seventy-five wagons with four caissons were destroyed. Early's army reached Staunton on the 26th "and destroyed a large quantity of bridges, forage, caissons, rations, small-arms, hard-tack, flour, rebel-ships," etc. Proceeding to Waynesborough, the rebels burned all the bridges over the Virginia Central. Sheridan, seven miles of the track, and a large amount of property. Custer captured this day 200 more of Early's army had passed through the mountains to Gordonsville. Early's army, broken and disorganized, has fled entirely to Richmond, but as closely was Early pursued that Custer's cavalry were in sight of Charlottesville on Saturday. There will be rest to the rebels with the loss of the Valley. Sheridan's army has left Winchester, and the great body of Staunton was retained for the use of Early's army; while the last is the great granary of the Valley and the chief depend for Lee's army. He denies that the Nineteenth Corps was routed on the battle of Winchester.

General Grant's army is also in motion. On the 25th the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps crossed the James at Deep Bottom. Before daylight the Eighteenth Corps charged on to the Varina Road, drove in the rebel outpickets, and at a distance of eleven miles from Richmond encountered the first line of works of the enemy. Kautz Sheridan's Division, which was in the advance, moved right up to the entrenchments, shelling the fortifications and two other heavy guns. This being carried by assault, the rebels fled, leaving the troops in possession of the fortifications when he was put out of combat by a slight wound. The line established by the 18th corps was then massed, captured the entire works at this point, with 16 pieces of field artillery. Gregg's cavalry division, Heckman's and Stannard's, were engaged. General Burnside's corps was also engaged. A short distance beyond Paine's Colored Division operated with the Tenth Corps on the Kingsland Road, and was in the advance. The engagement occurred near the junction of the Kingsland and New Market Roads, a short distance from Richmond. Here a line of works was captured with considerable loss; and Birney advanced on the New Market Road direct to Richmond. The advance was checked at the junction of the Varina and New Market roads by the rebel forces at this point were attacked unsuccessfully. The loss in the general divisions was very great. Kautz's cavalry at one mean time made a reconnaissance as far as to the toll-gate, within three miles of Richmond. The rebel General Lee brought up Hoth, Hoke, Field, and Wilcox to reinforce Ewell. On the 29th o'clock p. m. the rebels, determined, made an attack on the Eighteenth Corps, whose right was turned, compelling it to fall back to its original line. Our left: Impetus at our front was broken.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Hood, at the last accounts, was intrenched on the West Point and Montgomery Railroad, twenty miles from Atlanta, and General Sherman had left Jonesboro' with the Macon Road. What Sherman's plan of future operations may be has not yet transpired.

In the mean time General Forrest is again raiding on Sherman's rear, with a force estimated at seven thousand men, with twenty guns. Advancing across the Tennessee river, he captured Athens, Alabama, on the 24th. He was surrounded by Colonel Campbell, after a fight of two hours, the surrendering of four guns. The rebel Forrest were captured who were on the way to reinforce Hood, and the rebels fled in confusion toward the Decatur Railroad. This road was considerably injured between Athens and Decatur. The rebels, in making a mandatory advanced on Pulaski, seventy-five miles south of Nashville, on the same road. Two regiments of infantry from Pulaski were posted at Ink River, and in destroying the Sulphur Spring Bridge. The Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad is in short distance east of this road. On the 25th the telegraph wires on the Nashville and Decatur road were in communication with Nashville. Rousseau on the 30th took the Nashville and Decatur road at Pulaski. No mention recorded, however, as Forrest withdrew toward the Chattanooga road, which Rousseau immediately took measures to guard.

INVASION OF MISSOURI.

Price is again moving into Missouri with a force estimated from ten to twenty thousand men. He has left the main portion of this force was at Fredericktown in the Arcadia Valley, and his object was great cattle and provisions, and it was thought that a raid was contemplated on St. Louis. Large bodies of militia were making preparations to meet the emergency, and General Mower is expected to move upon Price's rear from the south. The forces in the district of Central Missouri have been withdrawn from the railroad and are concentrating at Rolla. General Ewing, commanding at Pilot Knob, was nearly surrounded by Price's forces, but has been able to keep them off, of which have been repulsed. General Ewing has three regiments of cavalry and two batteries of artillery, and is drawing his force from Pilot Knob. Price was advancing on Rolla.

FOREIGN NEWS.

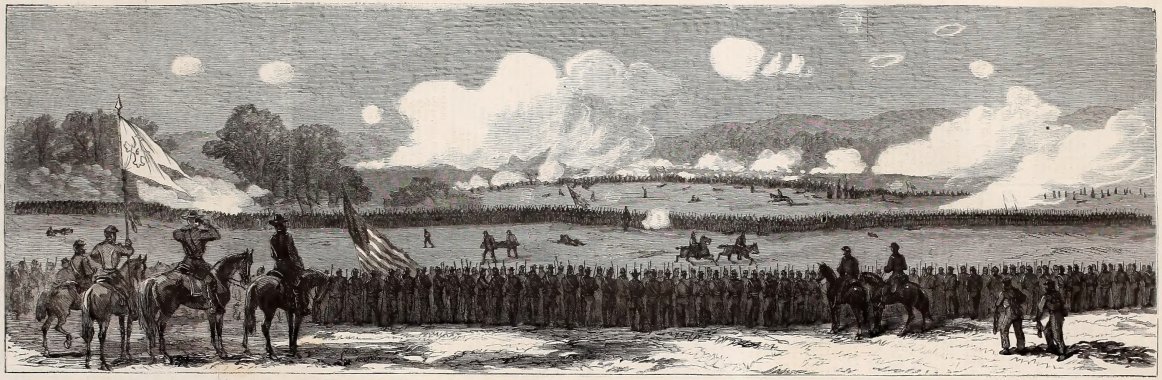
RUSSIA.

News has reached England of the fall of Atlanta, which the London *Times* says "may fairly be regarded as crowning with success the campaign of the southwestern army of the Union."

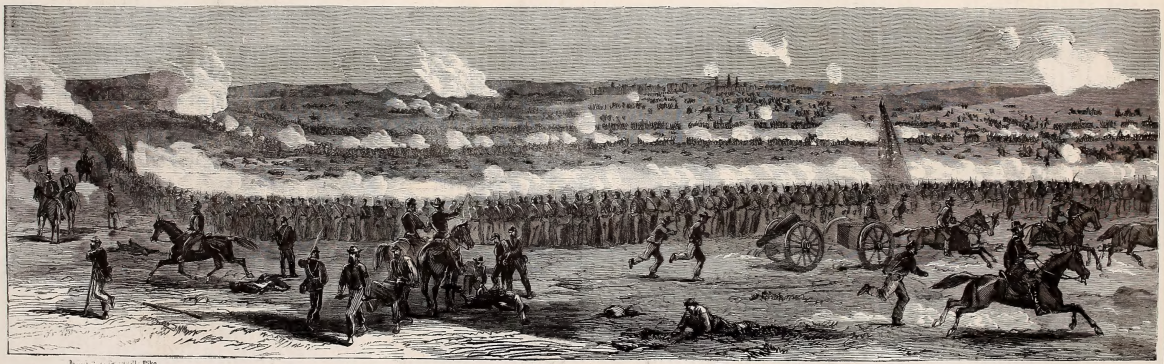
Muller, the alleged murderer of Mr. Briggs, has arrived in London. The excitement on the occasion was unprecedented in court annals.

A disastrous fire recently occurred in London, involving a loss of two millions and a half dollars.

The London gamblers have begun to wear a threatening aspect, in consequence of the refusal of Denmark to agree upon terms of peace. Sweden takes sides with Denmark.



THE SIXTH CORPS IN ACTION ON THE OPEQUAN, SEPTEMBER 19, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



EARLY'S ARMY FALLING BACK UPON WINCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 19, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

MAJOR-GENERAL E. O. C. ORD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

GENERALS BIRNEY AND ORD.

GENERALS BIRNEY and ORD, whose portraits are above given, command respectively the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps of BUTLER'S army. These officers had charge of the late operations north of the James River, in which Major-General ORD was wounded.

General DAVID B. BIRNEY was born in Alabama. He was the son of a rich planter, JAMES B. BIRNEY, who, although a Southerner by birth and a slaveholder, became a radical abolitionist. He carried his political creed into practice by coming to Ohio and emancipating his slaves. He was a Presidential candidate in 1844, when HENRY CLAY was the Whig nominee, and is said to have defeated the election of the latter by dividing the Whig party. CLAY and BIRNEY together had a popular majority of more than 24,000. General BIRNEY was doing business in Philadelphia when the present war began. In August, 1861, he took the field as Colonel of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers. From a Colonel BIRNEY was steadily promoted until he was appointed Major-General. He commanded a division in the Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac previous to assuming the command of the Tenth Corps.

Major-General E. O. C. ORD, a native of the District of Columbia, was a son of Lieutenant JAMES ORD. He graduated from West Point in 1839 with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Artillery. In September, 1850, he was promoted to a Captaincy. General ORD was attached to M'CALL'S division of the Army of the Potomac, commanding the Third Brigade. This division of M'CLELLAN'S army held the extreme right, and in the engagement at Drainsville, at the close of 1861, General ORD'S command acted a prominent part. General ORD was during the next year transferred to the West, where he held a command under General GRANT. He has proved himself a faithful and efficient officer, and has under him now "Baldy" SMITH'S old command. His wound, which is a slight one, was received on Thursday, September 28, while he was engaged in giving orders for an assault on fortifications still beyond those which he had captured at Chapin's Farm.

MAJOR-GENERALS CROOK AND TORBERT.

WE give below portraits of Generals CROOK and TORBERT, the most efficient cavalry officers under SHERIDAN.

Major-General GEORGE CROOK graduated at

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOSES, NASHVILLE, TENN.]

MAJOR-GENERAL TORBERT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

West Point in 1852 with the rank of brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry. He commanded a brigade, the Third of General Cox's Division, in the Kanawha Valley in the spring of 1862, holding at that time the rank of Colonel. May 23, 1862, Colonel Croxon was attacked by the rebel Colonel Heath. Troops from Ohio were principally engaged. The action was very severe, but Croxon gained a decisive victory. He here received a wound in the foot. He had spent the winter in disciplining the Thirtysixth Ohio regiment, and the result proved the efficiency of a military education. General Croxon took part in the battle of Antietam, his command being attached to the Ninth Army Corps, commanded by General Cox. Soon afterward he was appointed Brigadier-General, and sent to Tennessee. General T. A. Turnbull, a Major-General by brevet, was also engaged in the battle of Antietam as Colonel of the First New Jersey Volunteers. In this command, consisting of a brigade of New Jersey troops, won great distinction on that occasion. In the late victories in the Valley Major-General Torbert has contributed an important part.

THE BALLAD OF A ROSE.

My folded flower last Summer grew
Serenely in a Southern place;
Its heart was filled with peaceful dew,
The peaceful sunshine kiss'd its face.

Beside the threshold of a cot
It knew familiar household ties,
The Negro's beloved forget-me-not
To maidens' lips and children's eyes.

Bees climb'd about it; birds above
Sang in the flush'd year of the rose:
"Our new millennium of Love
Begins with every May it blows."

Warm cottage-windows murmured near
All music making home so sweet—
The mother's voice divinely dear,
The lisping tongues, the pattering feet.

Ah, little rose, another tide
On your dumb lips has waited long
(Since then your tender lips grew pale)—
Speak, darling; make your speech my song!

Another tale than cottage peace,
Than balmy quiet, hovering wings
Of humming-bird and honey-bees,
And Summer's breath of shining things.

Ah, little rose, your lips are mute:
Could Fancy give them words to-day,
Such histories would but sadly suit
Those lips that knew but Love and May!

You woke, one Sabbath, warm and sweet,
The fields were bright with dewy glow;
The sun made for the springing wheat
And spake, "Let all things lovelier grow!"

What answer rock'd the awaken'd earth,
Strange echo to that voice divine!
Before the battle's awful birth
The earth and heaven gave no sign.

The cannon thunder'd every where;
The bomb sprang howling from afar,
A coming earthquake born in air,
A winged hell, a bursting star!

And lo! about the sacred spot
Where late the doves of home would 'light,
Men red with battle falter'd not
Though others lay with faces white.

The lowly roof of Love, behold!
Is rent by hell and cannon-ball;
The rifles flame from casements old!
By bullets torn the roses fall!

Under the rose-tree where you grew,
A soldier, dying, look'd and saw
Your face, that only Sabbath knew,
With Heaven's love and Heaven's law.

He heard with ebbing blood and breath,
At your sweet chaste, the distant cease,
And in that earthquake-hour of Death
The cannon jar'd the bells of Peace.

For while he saw you, tender flower!
So peaceful in that troubled place,
A tenderer vision touch'd the hour
And fled its hate on his face.

A captain pluck'd you, in the roar
Of battle, o'er his comrade slain,
And through the fight your beauty bore
Bloodless upon the bloody plain.

Dear rose, within your folded leaves
I know what other memory lies;
I hear (or else my ear deceives)
Your wail of homesick longing rise:

"O happy Summer, lost to me!
O threshold, mine to guard no more!"
You yearn for visits of the bee
To rose's heart and cottage-door.

Rest in my book, O precious flower!
And seem—a whitening face above—
The witness in the battle-hour
Of Peace and Home, of God and Love!

A MAN'S MISTAKE.

I am afraid I can not make my heroine romantic. There are disqualifying circumstances, several of them. Her name—it should have been Constance, or Genevieve, or Madeline—it was plain Hannah. A good, respectable name; her mother had borne it, and her grandmother, and her great-grandmother. Good, conscientious women, all of them, doing their duty through life in the fear of God; but not such personages as novels and poems are written about. Then her home—if it could have been a stately stone mansion, a graceful villa, or even a white cottage overhung with vines, it would have figured better in a story; but, instead, it was a great, square, brick house, in a great, square yard in front, two immense, prosperous-looking barns on one side, and a thrifty vegetable garden on the other. The garden was behind the barns, the most economical color for painting buildings. He was right, perhaps, but what his farm-house gained in economy it certainly lost in picturesque effect. Last, but not least, Hannah Grant was not a beauty. Her hands were hard and brown; she had a tendency to vary cardinal of her complexion, and her hair was what the people round her called red. It was a shade to be more than ordinarily handsome, and I should call it auburn—but it was not black or brown, and Hannah was greatly exercised in mind thereat, and, in an early stage of her history, did her best to spoil it with pomatum, trying to make it look dark.

Give me credit for taking all the aforesaid disqualifying circumstances into account before I began, and hesitating to tell you the story of Hannah Grant lest you should not find her sufficiently interesting. But she was just one of the persons who do their work in this world as well as well; such a thoroughly genial, healthful nature that I thought it would do you good to sit down for a little while in her company. The people who have their best place in the world and are satisfied without trying to creep into their neighbor's are so rare. I do not think Hannah Grant had ever felt a moment's unnecessary discontent with her lot. She had a clear, strong mind, and saw things at their true valuation. She understood the worth and worthlessness of honest good sense and integrity, such as distinguished her parents, and appreciated the comfort and prosperity of her surroundings. When she was torn away to school for a year or two she did not take the fever after fashion, and "board" with friends; which seems almost as inevitable to girls in their teens as the measles and whooping-cough are to children. She came back to the farm-house as natural and unspoiled as she went away.

She did fall so far into the ways of young ladyhood as to read the sentimental books of the day, of course, her exact opposite. Bertha Mallory was born fine lady, reared like a hot-house flower, and developed into a loveliness as rare as it is valuable, perhaps, but as delicate and dainty. It was not strange that Hannah Grant admired her, for she had a keen and vivid sense of beauty, and Bertha was beautiful exceedingly. Hannah had been struck, from the first day she entered school, with that peculiar grace—the "style," as girls call it—in the exquisite small hands and feet; the haughty little head, with its hair of pale gold waving round it in such soft profusion; the calm, proud yet bright as the heart of a blush-rose; the long-lashed blue eyes so brightly, vividly blue, that they were like gems; the dainty mouth, with lips as red as a scarlet geranium flower. All this was heightened by that appropriateness of toilet and air without which even a diamond lacks lustre. Bertha had a genius for just one thing in the world, and that was dress. She had brought with her to school the idea of parents who lived but to indulge her fancies, to whom her caprices were law, she had never known the need of any other. Her every wish was a rule before every purchase, "How long will it last? Will it dye? Will it turn?"

She wore the daintiest muslins, the loveliest ribbons, the gayest little slippers; and every thing was so harmonious, so perfectly selected, that it seemed but the best-proved economy to be the purchasing instead of at all distracting attention from it.

It was certainly the strangest anomaly in the list of anomalous friendships that a violent intimacy should have sprung up between her and Hannah Grant. On Hannah's part it was natural, perhaps. Like most plain persons she worshiped beauty, and had for Bertha something of the devotion of a loyal courtier for a royal mistress. I think Bertha was attracted to Hannah precisely because Hannah was so unlike herself, and in the matter of dress, had no conflicting pretensions to beauty. She was a selfish little creature, too—profoundly selfish—and the generosity of Hannah's nature was convenient. She sang with a siren sweetness of voice that admirably simulated true feeling, and she danced like a fairy; but these were accomplishments ended. She hated study, and made Hannah write all her exercises and do all her sums, paying her with kisses and caresses. Of real love I do not believe she was capable; but she had a confirmed need of her friend's society, and a confiding in her, which both of them mistook for love.

Still, not even Bertha Mallory had power to subvert that strong, practical common sense of Hannah's, or give her a distaste for her home, and the life that awaited her. That "home" took, as I said, thoroughly unpoised. She took her right place in the household at once, and began relieving her mother of some light duties, leaving for father's accounts, and making herself necessary to every one. Of course she responded well to Miss Mallory. She wrote with weekly regularity, according to promise, good, cordial, loving letters, that must have come like a fresh breeze blowing from the hills into the perfumed, luxurious air of the rose-hung room where they were read. Bertha wrote quite punctually too. In her friend she was sure of an admiring auditor for all her triumphs, and her egotism was unsparingly prolix.

Hannah learned a new lesson that winter, sweeter and stranger than any that had gone before. She learned her: a woman, strong and faithful at heart, vigorously organized, and unspoiled by sentimental fancies, can love a good man. There was a powerful fascination about Paul Everdale, and others felt it besides herself. He had come to Ashford during her absence, and taken the place of the old minister who had preached there ever since she could remember; and of course he was a frequent visitor at Deacon Grant's.

It seemed strange, at first, that he should love Hannah. His nature was so much more ideal than hers—all his tendencies were romantic and poetical. He was just the man, you would have thought, to marry for beauty—to marry, perhaps and repent of it ever after. A man who knew would never have permanently satisfied him—yet you would have imagined his heart must be reached through his fancy. It seemed strange, at first, for his discernment, his keen appreciation of character, that he should have recognized Deacon Grant's true worth, and forgiven her want of the dainty grace, the symmetrical loveliness, which it was a part of his very nature to crave. It surprised her to find herself his choice as much as it could have surprised any one. But she repaid him by fondest and faithfullest love. Now, indeed, her letters grew full of hope and brightness. Joy sparkled in them, anticipation flooded them with promise. Next summer, she wrote, Bertha must visit her. She would take no denial. She should not be satisfied till she had introduced her to Mr. Everdale.

Can it be credited that these letters piqued Bertha—that in the midst of her "great possessions" she envied the poor man's one ewe lamb? Hannah had been for three years engaged—Hannah, in connection with whom she had never thought of lovers—more than a year. Many slave would have been if she had been questioned, to settle down by-and-by as a farmer's wife, and distinguish herself, perhaps, for brains and success in agricultural lore. It seemed unfitting, incongruous, that Hannah should be writing to her of this handsome, eloquent young man, with his elevated ideas, his poet's face, his chivalrous homage.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, "he has seen no one else, and is pitiably easy if he should be allowed to marry; and then wake up afterward to the knowledge that there are women in existence!"

She made up her mind to look into the affair herself. She could go in June, and spare six weeks or so before that time. She wrote a gracious letter to Hannah, accepting her invitation, and promising to dawn upon Ashford in the month of roses. Of course Hannah received it when she received it. She spent half the evening in talking to Mr. Everdale about Bertha's graces, and anticipating the delights of her visit.

That was a happy spring to Hannah Grant. She hunted May flowers with Paul Everdale, following the trail of that delicate fragrance through the spicy woods. She drew nearer to him day by day, understood him better, grew more necessary to him. If he began to comprehend that he had only vaguely guessed at first, the warmth of passion that lay so deep in her heart, the strength of loving that would make her indispensable to every act and duty of a man's life. There was an element of growth in her in which lay much of her attraction. He felt that himself, that his own heart was not done. She would climb to new heights. Standing beside her lover, he could see the steps to take if he would stand beside her next year.

When the first of June drew nigh preparations for getting rid of some of Miss Mallory's receptions. She and Hannah had been room-mates at school, and it seemed natural that they should be so still. The parlor-floor was cleared at once for the sake of the coming occupant. Her father was generous and prosperous, and her wishes were always so reasonable that they were never refused. When she was through, the cool-looking chamber, with its new carpet, the pretty, painted furniture, and the soft muslin curtains, was pretty enough even for dainty Bertha Mallory. In the parlor, too, Hannah had the good taste not to attempt any more than she could do well. Mosses and rosewood were be-yond her means, but creamy matting, and chairs of bamboo and cane, with vases full of flowers, and one or two engravings selected by Paul Everdale's critical taste, gave the room an aspect pleasant and home-like. Mr. Everdale had become so much interested in the coming visitor as his betrothed, and he went over to tea on the evening after her arrival in the great expectation.

She had come in the middle of the afternoon, and had returned with profuse demonstration Hannah's affectionate welcome. Her welcome she had made a charming toilet, and quite untouched by any of the soil and sun-burn of travel she went down with Hannah to the parlor, where her ribbons, to meet Mr. Everdale.

Red Hannah Grant, in spite of all apparent humility, an overweening self-esteem, a confidence in her own power little short of audacity, that she volunteered to enter into contrast with Bertha Mallory? Or was the confidence in him, her lover? Did love mean so much to her that she could not comprehend, and was unwilling of its being turned aside by any outside charms?

You comprehend at once that it will be the old story—that Bertha's beauty, like the beauty of a dream, her airs, her graces, her dainty toilets, will work woe. But at first Paul Everdale meant to be perfectly courteous. The very idea of fickleness would have been abhorrent to him. "Is thy servant a dog?" would have been his answer to any proposition of the kind. From the very first, he could not help seeing that fair was fair. There was a touching contrast between this dainty creature, ugly, and ruddy, hard of hands, and straightforward and self-reliant in manner. The contrast between the natures of the two girls was still wider, if he had but known it, but then it was not so apparent. Bertha's silken softness veiled skillfully her utterly selfish character, petty aims, narrow scope, and circumscribed powers. Hannah's great heart throbbed for all the world. She was ready to spend and be spent for suffering humanity every where. She was as unselfish as human nature can be—honest in her affections, strong of will, and vigorous of mind.

She had so much confidence in both her lover and her friend that it was a long time before any suspicion were awakened to the possibility that they might like each other too well. At first she threw them together with the most unguarded way. Not even for Bertha would she lay aside those domestic cares of which she had once lifted the burden from her mother's shoulders; and busy her host many quite a portion of every day. She thought it was in kind of Paul to come over and help her friend to pass away those hours which must otherwise have been solitary. She took a heart-felt pride in Bertha's accomplishments, and when she heard her singing to the guitar which she had brought with her, she would pause at her work to listen, and think, unconsciously, "He will see now that I have not praised her too much."

Bertha found the Reverend Paul Everdale quite worthy of her steel. She had seen no handsomer man in her own winter in society, and she had seen few who equaled him in grace and culture. Unconscientious as it must be confessed she was, she found something infinitely charming in his poetical temperament; in the grave sweetness of his nonsense, suggesting always something held in reserve. She had commenced with only the intention to flirt a little—perhaps to break a country-heart for pastime as she went to town—but in a week or two she found her own heart, or the sentimental vanity which did duty for one with her, seriously affected. Then with the uncontrolled willfulness which in weak natures like hers is often almost a passion she resolved that she would have her. That was not so hard as some of those which Sir Michael Scott set for his familiar spirit before he found that last awful one, at the end of all, I suppose, for Enemy and liars. She had for weapons her beauty, her wardrobe, her voice, her finished coquetry of manner, and in the lists against her was Hannah, unarmed and unskilful.

One by one she carried the outposts of her citadel. Day after day witnessed some wall fall down —some skirmish, successful on her side. She sang such love, sweet airs, sitting there on a foot-stool at his feet like an innocent child; she listened when he read to her with such sympathetic attention; she was so wistfully anxious to learn and profit with her hair rippling unadorned away from her low fore-head, and making her look placid as a Madonna; again, haughty as a fallen queen, and sometimes ordered above her brow that made her look regal, and putting on with it a queen's dignity and hauteur; yet again airy and laughing, chiding her lover's gravity, slipping through his fingers like a butterfly. It was not strange that he was bewildered; that he felt the old earth-like sliding away from beneath his feet, and dared no longer look his own soul in the face.

It was just at this stage that Hannah woke up to the meaning of affairs. The revelation flashed upon her suddenly. She read it in her eyes as they followed Bertha, perhaps; or heard it in the tremulous tones of his voice. She knew not how—she knew only that, whatever she had been blind to in the days, and only Heaven could understand how sharp was the pang when her eyes were opened. Suddenly as it came she commanded and she did her. She sat the evening through, scarcely more silent than usual. She even bore Paul Everdale's kiss which he went over and unconsciously cold kiss, born of habit and of duty—without wincing.

She was not less kind than usual in her manner to Bertha when they went up stairs. She helped her untie her bows, and untwist her gay ribbons, and when all was done put on her own night-dress quietly, and waited for her to go to sleep. When the regular breath, coming and going so softly, had assured her that it was safe, she got up again and lighted her light. Then she went and stood beside the bed, looking long at Bertha. Passionately as she loved her, she knew by name every dainty through her soul and strove to master her. Hatred shook her, revenge tempted her, lust of self-assertion and self-vindication rose in its strength and defied her. She set the light upon the table, and knelt down with her burden, seeking comfort from the throne of her supernatural heart. I think God heard her. He who fed the Israelites with manna in the wilderness could provide bread, to his children in the wilderness of life, a heavenly manna, and the soul that feeds thereon grows strong.

At last she arose, and again she left the light and stood over Bertha. How beautiful she was, with that faint pink flush on her cheeks, the scarlet lips parted, the golden hair, all unbraided, in a wrapping over the pillow! She looked to sweet and innocent, too, that her loveliness had in it something of profanity. Hannah felt the tears stealing to her eyes. She hated herself for the frantic jealousy she had been feeling. How could she have fallen into such a fit of the blind heart? How could he help loving such grace and beauty? Had not she, a woman, felt that wonderful power? Should she not dwell by Everdale's side, expect a man to look on it unmoved? As for Bertha, she blamed her least of all, for she could help loving Paul? She knelt once more and breathed another prayer, so utterly unselfish that I doubt if half the saints in the calendar ever did any thing so worthy of canonization—a prayer for them and their happiness together. I do not think she slept much that night. She could comprehend herself better now, but sternest duty could not bid her wear her crown of thorns joyfully.

She had meant at first to speak to Mr. Everdale the next day—to release him from all obligation to her, and leave him free to seek his happiness in his own way; but she began after a while to feel that this was not best. She could not release him without giving a reason for it; and how could she bear to seem jealous and suspicious—to accuse him of his defection? Better let things take their course.

So in the morning she went out, and as usual—set herself about her accustomed tasks, and tried not to

listen for the two voices that floated now and then to the roof of the parlor. Paul Everdale was drinking a Circean cup, of which the drops would be bitter enough at bottom, however the bubbles might sparkle on its surface. His nature was too noble to let him sin comfortably. He was troubled already by an accusing phantom that sometimes came between him and the siren-sweet face, or drowned in the clamor of its upbraidings the silvery voice. Bertha had cast enough to know that—to interpret aright his expression of devotion and coldness. It only stimulated her to a resolution more intense—a more passionate longing for triumph.

Things went on so until the very afternoon before she was to leave. That day was to decide so much. Such a crisis was feverishly self-accentuated. She thought her stake on the game was heavy, and she waited with frantic impatience to see whether she had won or lost. Mr. Everdale sat with her a while, talking about her going away; then, feeling his self-control failing him, he got up and went into the dining-room, where his landlord and family, busy about some household task. Going to her side, he said, out of his utter desperation and helplessness,

"Hannah, I need you. If you ever loved me, save me!"

There was courage and strength in her look. She put out her hand to him, and he grasped it with dizzying tenacity. I have seen a man whose arm could not swim cling so to a spar in the midst of deep waters.

"Yes," she said, "I will save you. I understand it all. You and Bertha love each other, and you have been feeling that the love was wicked. It is not. It is better that you could not help loving you, and I never should. I only wonder that with that poet's temperament of yours you ever thought of loving me at all. I must go away, and I could never have made you happy; and I am so thankful that Bertha came and brought us all to our senses before it was too late! Of course I should not marry you now, and you are free as though you had never seen me."

Her strength and courage deceived him. He thought she was not suffering—that, after all, they had both been deceiving themselves. Bertha had a desire to think this mailed him into judging too hastily.

"I was never half good enough for you, Hannah," he said, with that lip praise which means so little, and comes so easily on such occasions. "You will find some one some worthy, and I—"

"You have found Bertha," she said, turning away, and putting an end to the conversation; for she felt her strength failing her, and the hopes of her life.

Paul Everdale went back to Bertha. She was crying. She had not understood his leaving her, and she had feared all was lost, and so began, like girls like, to weep over her disappointment. And tears were as becoming to her as they are to most girls. She did not redden her nose and furrow her brow as they do those of ordinary mortals. The round drops just glittered on her long golden lashes, like the dew drops on a fringed gentian. Mr. Everdale took the dainty little creature in his arms.

"Let me comfort you, Bertha," he said, with a grand and passionate tenderness in his voice.

She drew herself away from him a little petulantly.

"No," she said, "you can not; you belong to Hannah. You went to her just now."

"But I belong to Hannah no longer. She would not have me. She has given me up. Child, do not torment me—love!"

Did any throb of compunction visit that girl's heart? Did she feel one momentary spasm of pity for the weak soul she had wrenched, among the ruins she had done her best to wreck? I think not. She crept, with that childish, caressing way she had, closer into his arms, nearer to his heart, and let her love in tones of such murmurous sweetness as intoxicated him still more. He called her by a thousand fond names, such as Hannah had never heard from his lips in the days when he loved her most. He thanked her, he praised her, he blessed her again and again.

Hannah left them to themselves that evening; but when Bertha went up stairs she found her, though the door was ajar, sitting in the dark. The girl's tact did not fail her. She knelt down at her friend's feet, and said, plaintively:

"Paul loves me, Hannah; but that can not make me happy if I have lost you. I loved you first. Don't you see, out of your heart, poor little me! whom you have loved so long."

Hannah was too generous to hear this appeal unmoved. She bent over and put her arms about the little figure, and stooping down she kissed the fatally beautiful face that had willed Paul Everdale's heart away.

"No, Bertha," she said; "I have loved you too well for that. I do not blame you or him. It was Fate."

They kissed each other when they parted the next morning, and said some fond words each of them—but no more, after that, any two could have been a week. Newport, of course, kept Bertha busy; and Hannah found tasks enough at home to employ herself with. I think she found more relief in those days that she was tired. The hotter the work the more welcome, so that it would keep her from thinking, and make her weary enough at night to win sleep.

Paul Everdale was not quite so happy as he had imagined Bertha's love would make him. He missed Hannah when he settled back into the old ways again. Bertha's empire over his senses had been absolute; but Hannah had drawn nearer, though he did not then know it, to that immortal part which must remember and love, suffer or enjoy eternally. He had been used to telling her all his thoughts, to sharing with her his keenest anticipations; and he found himself lonely and listless when the hour came on which he used to go to her. He tried to satisfy himself with the presence of a grimace face, with pale gold hair framing it in. He recalled and fondly lingered over every item of their daily loveliness. But it did not console him as it ought. Bertha's letters tantalized him a little. They were so full of the gayeties and triumphs of her Newport life that the expressions of affection they contained could not quite salve the wound they made. It was vexing to find that she could be so gay and happy away from him—could triumph in in other men's admiration. He did not like to think of her waiting, and polking, and flirting. It seemed to rob her image of half the charm which in the quiet days at Ashford.

When six weeks had gone by a letter came which he read through more than once, as if fearing himself to meet fervently the idea it dealt. It did not break his heart, but it wounded his pride cruelly. He folded it up at last, saying to himself:

"With what meanness he must be shall be measured to you again;" and went with it to Hannah.

He found her sitting alone in the parlor where he and Bertha had spent so many happy hours. He thought as he entered the quiet room that he had never done justice to her attractions. Even when he loved her best he had not realized them. She was now, standing .. moment in the door and looking at her, he saw something nobler in her face than any beauty of white prettiness. The sun stole into the window where she sat, and lighted up the massive braids of her auburn hair till it shone like a crown of reddish gold. Her eyes were earnest and honest; her features had a certain nobility in their expression which very few women possess. Paul Everdale deemed childish carelessness, and cleared up her complexion into those rich, warm tints that go with auburn hair and hazel eyes. She was not a woman to be a belle in a ball-room, but one whom having known well you could not easily forget—such a one as King Solomon may have said when he wrote of her whose price was above rubies. She would be a wife in whom the heart of her husband might safely trust—a mother whose children would inherit rare virtues, and whose influence would make their lives rich and worthy.

But she was no longer Paul Everdale's; so what to him was all he read in the good, serious face? He went up to her and said to her the letter:

"Read that, Hannah," he said. "You gave us to each other; you have a right to know what comes of it."

Puzzled a little by his manner, and by the strenuousness in his voice, Hannah took the letter, and read, as Bertha's art required, from the middle:

"Paul, I am engaged. I write the news abruptly, I know; but what can I say to soften it? I did love you dearly—I do love you dearly; but you are so cold, so fast I never thought about any thing else when we were together. What I got you to say, you know, I thought, I knew I was entitled—could any one be more so?—for a gentleman's coy, shy nature to be brought to the point down into such a life. I am not good enough for it. All my tastes and talents lie in another direction. I can shine in a ball-room—could act as the wife of a minister of any society. I began to realize that if married you should never succeed in the position you occupy now. Mr. Bruyn-Breck fell in love with me. He is rich, and a gentleman—could set me in a sphere where I could shine. He's dead live with him will be a life that just suits me; and I have written him that I will be his wife. I owe you will tell you that I love you best—that I would rather marry you if you were as poor as Lazarus, than him if he were rich, and I can not give up so much. Burn all my little notes, please. They are not worth sending back. Forgive me, and be very unhappy about it, for so Hannah, whom you will comfort you. She was always better than any one else.

"BERTHA."

When she had read the letter all through she handed it back. She hardly knew what comment to make, and Mr. Everdale looked annoyed strange and sarcastic. So she only said, gently,

"I don't see how she could have written it! I am very sorry for you."

"You should congratulate me instead. *I* am glad—thankful beyond expression for this release. She had misunderstood me, doubted my love, would have met its deserved punishment. I must be unsay the things about me that I was a wretch. Hannah, you are always better than any one else.

Hannah Grant had that generosity which is higher than any other. She was noble enough to forgive freely. But she could not have faith at once in a reaction so sudden. She remembered how she again trusted all. So she condemned him to a long probation, during which they should neither not speak to her one word of love. He and she were both to hold themselves free as if no such word as love existed between them. If, at the end of a year long by, if neither of them had formed any other ties, they should both know themselves better; and then would be time enough to settle their future.

He was obliged to be content with this, for it was the most he could win. She was resolved. She now knew her friendship—her love—better than a month long ago—but she was not a woman facile enough in acceptance to seize a heart flung back to her again.

In a few weeks she heard from Bertha—a letter full of triumph and self-congratulation, with a few penitential phrases, a good many coaxing, caressing sentences about their old love for each other, and an invitation to Hannah to come to New York, and be one of the bridesmaids at her approaching wedding. But though she urged the point with pertinacity Hannah had the good sense to refuse. She wrote Bertha kindly enough, but said that to these how out of place she would be at such a wedding, and was firmly prevailed upon. She invited Mr. and Mrs. Bruyn-Breck to visit her, however; and received a promise, which she did not suppose would be kept for the next summer.

Do you care to know how it all ended? Before the year was quite over Mr. Everdale's perseverance had succeeded in convincing Hannah of the strength and endurance of his love, and by the next midsummer she was again his betrothed wife. He did love her—he had never loved another half so well—loved her all the better that he had wandered away a while after a false idol. Having fed upon husks the bread of home was sweet.

Just after the renewal of their engagement came, quite unexpectedly, Mrs. Bruyn-Breck. Her husband brought her, and left her behind him for a visit. He was a handsome, self-indulgent, pleasure-loving man, who worshiped his wife's beauty, and indulged her whims as lavishly as he did his own.

And to Paul Everdale she had one more opportunity of measuring the two women. Every day while it lasted his wonder and self-contempt at his old infatuation grew stronger. Bertha's very beauty seemed insipid to him, now—her airs and graces had lost their power. Over his fancy, as over his heart, Hannah Grant had gained the direct woman. Forever Fate or Providence had been kind, and given a man an opportunity in this world to correct a grand mistake, retrieve a great error. Paul Everdale accepted his good fortune thankfully.

INTERESTING ITEMS

DEATH of the male sex is much more rapid than in the female. In Prussia, between the years 1849 to 1860, the total number of deaths among males throughout England and Wales was 1,000,000, while the double among females was only 409,059, giving an excess of male deaths in the three years of 15,941. The fact of females living on is not especially surprising, that the number of females in any country should nearly exceed the number of males. At the present time, in London, there are 996,600 females to 815,000 males, or about 181,000 females in excess. Coupled with this fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of females. In the year 1860 throughout England and Wales, between 1st July, 1859, and 30th June, 1860, 7,041 males aged 100 years and upward died, while in the same age, there died only 3854 females, leaving what is left of the 100 years old females in favor of the male sex of 1296.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS abandoned a fall of manna in Asia Minor. His ministers, M. Haldinger, state that he has received a portion of this manna, which fell with a shower of rain on the 12th of June, 1863, in the valley at the steppe of the Kurghis, and is often carried in those parts by the Tartar tribes called Kirghis. The manna, which are always perfectly detached, have much of the form and of a magnitude of a pea, and are found frequently to be attached to a stony support of granite, sand-stone, or clay. The manna is collected into flour and baked into bread, and is known among the Turks by the name of Kirghis Kebir. Analysis of the manna shows that it contains more than sixty-five per cent. of oxalate of lime, with a small quantity of vegetable matter.

"How stupid you look, always staring straight up into the air," cried one of the Dalesio's to the other, the sons of the Dalesio.

"Oh, no," we see the sun in his strength, and the glories of day, and the soft summer clouds, and the grand old mountains, and the beautiful trees, and—and—Dalesio," answered the Dalesio.

"That was all very well uttered by it, and all the field laughs at you," said the Butter-cup.

"I like to look at the sky," said the Dalesio.

"What poor, mean-looking things the Cockalanes are! I wish you liked to look at me," said the Butter-cup.

"Are they?" asked the Dalesio, in reply.

"Shocking! Do you not think the Dalesio's far handsomer than those clumsy Clover Blossoms—don't you think so?" asked the Butter-cup.

"Can't say, indeed," replied the Dalesio.

"At this hour, Dalesio, especially, they are dull, standing so tall and holding their heads so high; wouldn't you be ashamed of that, Dalesio?"

"Friends," said the Dalesio, "be advised: it may seem to you that I am idle, but it is not so; but it is a secret that if you would follow our example and do it, you would escape being stung by the bumble-bees, and be more happy cheaply, even at the cost of a stiff neck and a pitiful contempt."

"How wise I am!" cried the Finger-post to a Willow-stump by his side.

"Are you?" said the Willow.

"Am I?" indignantly retorted the Post. "Do you see my wisdom in my face, or in the great town, the city of it, and the distance from it, plainly written there?"

"No," said the Willow.

"Then you must acknowledge how superior I am to you. Why, I am a Finger-post!"

"True indeed," answered the Willow, "and learned in many things, so as to point the way to different towns you and me. You know the way to the city, I believe, and you have been there yourself, so you tell me, for you have stood there twenty years, and I don't see that you are a bit the wiser for your visit to the town. You don't profess to understand any thing about it."

"Impudent fellow!" said the Post. "I could tell you many things about the city, but it is beneath my dignity to converse with a Willow-stump. Be silent, sir!"

"Then you must acknowledge how superior I am to you. Why, I am a Willow

THE CHICAG

UNION P

RESOLVED,—THAT IN THE FUTURE, AS IN THE PAST, WE WILL ADHERE WITH UNSWERVING FIDELITY TO THE UNION UNDER THE CONSTITUTION, AS THE ONLY SOLID FOUNDATION OF OUR STRENGTH

SECURITY AND HAPPINESS AS A PEOPLE, AND AS A FRAME-WORK OF GOVERNMENT EQUALLY CONDUCIVE TO THE WELFARE AND PROSPERITY OF ALL THE STATES, BOTH NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN.

RESOLVED,—THAT THIS CONVENTION DOES EXPLICITLY DECLARE, AS THE SENSE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, THAT, AFTER FOUR YEARS OF FAILURE TO RESTORE THE UNION, BY THE EXPERI OF A WAR, DURING WHICH, UNDER THE PRETENSE OF A MILITARY NECESSITY OR POWER HIGHER THAN THE CONSTITUTION

THE CONSTITUTION ITSELF HAS BEEN DISREGARDED

PUBLIC LIBERTY AND PRIVATE RIGHT

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN

ALIKE TRODDEN DOWN, AND THE MATERIAL PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY ESSENTIALLY IMPAIRED. JUSTICE, HUMANITY, LIBERTY,

AND THE PUBLIC WELFARE, DEMAND THAT IMMEDIATE EFFORTS BE MADE FOR A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES WITH A VIEW TO AN ULTIMATE CONVENTION OF ALL THE STATES,

MEETING AT UNION SQUARE FOR PRESIDENT JEFF. DAVIS 1868.

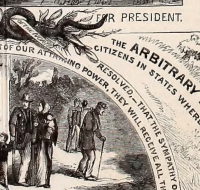
OR, OTHER PEACEABLE MEANS TO THE END THAT AT THE EARLIEST PRACTICABLE MOMENT PEACE MAY BE RESTORED ON THE BASIS OF THE FEDERAL UNION OF THE STATES.

GO PLATFORM.

AILURES.

ENT OF WAR

FOR PRESIDENT.



RESOLVED—THAT THE DIRECT INTERFERENCE OF THE MILITARY AUTHORITY OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE RECENT ELECTIONS HELD IN KENTUCKY, MARYLAND, MISSOURI AND DELAWARE, WAS A SHAMEFUL VIOLATION OF THE CONSTITUTION,

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE MUST BE TAKEN BY ALL THE LOYAL CITIZENS. THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.

THE REPETITION OF SUCH ACTS IN THE APPROACHING ELECTION WILL BE HELD AS REVOLUTIONARY, AND RESISTED WITH ALL THE MEANS AND POWER UNDER OUR CONTROL.

THE SONG OF THE BEGGAR.

I SIT all day in the crowded street,
Mid the sound of wheels and hurrying feet,
In the warm sunlight and the cruel sleet;
And very hard is this marble seat:

Hard and cold to the hearts of those,
Robed in laces and satin clothes,
Who pass me by as though I were stone.
A wonder it is that I have not grown
On the pavement here to a statue of bone,
For the wind to wail at and shriek and moan.

Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
Poverty makes the young look old!

From morning to noon, from noon to night;
And the broad bright day, and the wan gaslight;
Like a species of the children Herod
As they pass me by, till my aching sight
Grows dim with tears at the very thought
Of my own child—alas! how unlike I brought
Into this world of hunger and sin,
Dying at home! Oh the dreadful din
Of these busy streets! Will it never begin
To grow warmer? for my blood is thin.

Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
Poverty makes the young look old!

Oh mother! for so I judge you to be—
Pray turn not in silent scorn from me,
For I am a woman like unto thee;
But the poor are slaves, while the rich are free.
Sad it is to be so shut out

From human creatures round about.
Sweet lady! I know you young and fair;
But it seems an age since my trusty hair
Grew gray and thin from mute despair—
The still-born offspring of Want and Care.

Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
Poverty makes the young look old!

The dark night comes, and the city's hum
Fades by gentle turns on the heartless town;
On my hopeless woe they seem to frown
In their jewel-splendor, so like a crown.

Pity! Is such in vain I beg?
For a penny or a crust to chew;
The streets grow quiet, and colder the air;
And my heart grows faint as I mount the stair
To the dreary chamber, blank and bare,
And the starving child I bore with me there.

Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
Poverty makes the young look old!

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

I HAD my hand on Dr. Tillmann's door, and yet I hesitated to knock. I was house-surgeon of the great Petro-Paulovsky Hospital at St. Petersburg, of which that testy and punctilious old German was principal physician, and I carried with me my daily report of the cholera patients who had died during the night.

A moment ago I had been talking briskly enough to a group of students, and now I was standing like a timid boy at a schoolmaster's door. The fact was, I knew that old autocrat was jealous of me, and disliked me, and I detested him, and I tried as much as possible to avoid coming into contact with him. I had determined to resist and resent any indignity offered me, and yet I wished to avoid a quarrel, because I loved his dear pretty little daughter Olga. I was, moreover, on the morning of which I speak tired out both in mind and body; for I had been up the greater part of the night attending patients in a state of suffering from the terrible epidemic which was devastating the Russian capital. On my way to my own rooms to snatch an hour or two of sleep, I had stopped at Dr. Tillmann's door to deliver my official report. At that moment I would rather have been sleeping curses, tired as I was, than have confronted that intolerable old martinet, whom nothing could propitiate, and from whom no exertion of mine could extort a word of praise.

At last I knocked in a quick business-like way. There was a muttering, but no one answered. I knocked again. "Come in!" roared out the Doctor, in his dry mechanical voice. I entered. There he sat, at his bad set every morning for seven-and-twenty years at the same hour, the cheerless tower of a samovar boiling before him, and the tea-pot mounted above the burning charcoal on the little brazier stand. Before him lay the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, which he, a little nankeen-colored man in the blue official coat and blue bottoms, was perusing with a contemptuous air. Opposite sat Olga at the open window, for it was April time, tearing and feeding a pet green and crimson parrot. It was a scene just such as De Hooge loved to paint. The sunshine fell in blanched light on one side of the room and table, and in short golden squares upon the marqueterie of the floor. I bowed to her and to the implacable Doctor.

"Well, sir," said he, "your report."

I was about to hand it, when he said: "Read it."

I read it. "April 14, 1832. Number of patients received since yesterday: In the Peter ward, eighty-three; in the Catherine ward, seventy-four; in the Romanoff ward, ninety-two. Died during the night, forty-three."

"Oh, father, father, how terrible!" cried the Doctor's daughter; "Heaven has, indeed, sent the destroying angel among us. Do the poor people suffer much, Mr. Cambell? Oh, can I not help them?"

Do you think if I went to the wards I could encourage the nurses?"

Even I had never before seen Olga look so beautiful as she did then, when a high and generous impulse was stirring her heart to good.

"Miss Tillmann," I replied, "you must not expose yourself to danger. The nurses are zealous. They understand the people, and can bear those scenes of horror better than you could."

"Olga, attend to your parrot," said the old pedant, hardly able to practice your music; your master comes at eleven."

"I am afraid, Sir," I said, "the opium and calomel treatment does not save more than a third of our patients. Those who have been brought in this morning have been nearly all in a state of collapse, from which it has been, in most cases, impossible to recover them."

"A mere phase of the disease," said Dr. Tillmann; "that will soon pass away. Continue the opium and the calomel. We must have no absurd innovations in the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital. By-the-by," said he, a mischievous malice twinkling in his little beady eyes), "here is a letter in the *Journal* to-day puffing up some new Persian anti-cholera drug—the Sumbul, or jumble, or some such absurd name: a musk-root, that brings the dead to life, according to an Englishman's account. I really think these foreign quacks are getting more impudent than ever." (Here he suddenly twisted round in his chair, and fixed his weasel eyes on me.) "Mr. Campbell, did you ever hear of Sumbul?"

The blood rose to my face, and my cheek was turning red, as I replied, indign antly:

"No, Sir, I never did, and I hope never: nor will I endure, even from you, the name of foreign quack."

I am sure the angry tone in which I replied must have given Dr. Tillmann, for she bent down to the parrot, and I could see the color rise to her cheek.

Nothing could move the Doctor. "Oh, I only asked," he said. "No offense; but I know young men have a fine sense of the dignities. The third house-surgeon before you was mad about mesmerism, and was angry with me for ridiculing it. We had high words about it, down to the government, and his name was struck off the staff. Take a seat while I go into the next room and put on my other coat. I will then go with you to the wards."

All this time the insolent old disciplinarian had kept me standing, as if I had been a servant.

I bowed, and took a seat. I was too proud to plead fatigue, and so escape the odious duty imposed upon me by this narrow-minded fool of a Tyrtarchegrine. I had not dared to tell him that the letter he had questioned me about, though not inserted by me, was duly authenticated, and that a packet had been sent to the *Journal* by some imprudent and officious friend. It recorded some convincing proofs of the efficacy of the Persian remedy mentioned.

As the inner door closed on the Doctor, Olga's pale anxious face turned round toward me with a half-sorrowful reproachful look. I had offended her, and to accord me. I advanced toward her and raised her hand to my lips.

"Dear Dr. Campbell," she said, "I thank you from my heart for bearing with my father's harsh caprices. I know how hard it is for your high spirit to endure these rebukes. I fear there is danger; do tell me if it is true. I know you would not tell my father."

"Dear Olga," "this pestilence is not the worst danger we have to encounter. We hear this morning from the police that a report is in full circulation, a belief spreading among the peasants that we are poisoning the patients, and that they threaten to attack the hospital. On my way home yesterday I have written to the citadel to ask for a guard of soldiers. Olga, if danger comes—"

"I shall share it," cried she, "here is my father!" And she turned to talk to the parrot.

In the evening of the same day, entering the room occupied by the third year I was billed with a duty, as I arrived, and the porter of the hospital, Alexis, a good-natured thick-set fellow with an enormous head and cropped hair, ran to place me a seat in the centre of the assembly. The students gathered round me. The scape-grace of the hospital, Ivan Petrovitch Kalthofer, was the most ready. I was sure, who had been rash enough to send that letter about the new drug to the *Journal de St. Petersburg*.

Ivan, on hearing me laughingly ask him, put my arm. "Why, you rascal," said I, "it was you, then, who sent that letter to the *Journal*? It'll be the ruin of you."

Ivan, not the least disturbed, went on with a blustering speech about me and the new remedy. He was a little bright-eyed man, with pearl-buttoned gaiters and a white paletot.

At the end of the harangue, the drug, resembling a greenish root bruised together, was passed round among the students. Every one pinched a bit of and tasted it.

The noise of the door opening startled us. We looked round; it was Dr. Tillmann.

"So this is how my students spend their time," said the stern old man, "plotting mutiny, and proposing schemes that subvert all discipline! Away with this hypocrite to the wards!" Ivan, after his your denial of this morning, I am surprised at your want of ingenuousness. There, no outbreak! I am accustomed to the violent and fluctuations of youth."

The Doctor swept out of the room and slammed the door.

Next day the symptoms of subvenescence among the serfs became alarming. Many patients, who were stopped on their way to the hospital, the patients were taken out, the vehicles were bro' n up and the occupants left to perish where the ones turned loose. In the great hay-market only the hospital immense crowds assembled, shouting at the great entrance: "Let all those murderers the doctors!" The hay and wood sellers transacted no business, the quass and beer shops were unfrequented; even the tea and milk had, I observed, but few customers. None of the richer classes were seen; the people seemed determined to mischief. Such was the state of the public mind.

Once, and once only, as we passed one of the large windows in the first ward, I could not help detecting Dr. Tillmann's attention to those onlooking symptoms; but all the answer the Doctor would deign to give was:

"Our peasants are stupid pigs, but they will not dare to lift a finger against the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital. No! They would as soon set fire to the Cathedral. What could possibly be their motive? This fire will soon burn itself out." He would not discuss the matter with me, and we went round the beds with the students.

Having an hour or so to myself before the night-patients arrived, and there being now no signs of any more dangerous concourse in the hay-market, I stole to my own quiet room at the left wing of the hospital, near the anatomical museum, to complete my chemical experiments on the musk-root, before communicating my discovery to the chief physicians in London and Paris.

It was a beautiful April evening; the full moon shining through my window upon my retort, and my glass vials and scales gave the room the look of an alchemist's chamber, for its beams fell in squares, and lines, and wavering glimmers, on my open books, and my sancers of tests and acids. The white wall of the hospital garden below glanced as if it were solid silver. I was absorbed in the order of investigation, and had just put a few drops brane of the root with sulphuric acid, and it turned an intense purple. I was more and more certain now that new discovery was one of importance to the scientific world—one that would bring me fame and fortune. But how was I, an unknown man, kept in obscurity by a person superior, to make the discovery public? My proofs would have no weight in the eyes of prejudiced men disliking a novelty which superseded the remedies of their youth. I was not enthusiast enough to believe I had found a panacea, but I was sure that I had found a reliable aid to the cholera-fiend.

Pellican burst into the room with something in a tea-cup.

"Hurrah, Campbell!" he cried; "I've distilled the stuff as you wished me, and here it is. Rexnich and I have been at it ever since the last case of collapse was put into his bath."

In rushed Rexnich (an enthusiastic Saxon-haired Germon); two others, too. He had treated his solution with lime and muriate of soda, and the result had been a sediment consisting of gum, starch, and sugar. Another test I proposed we were seated, our three heads together, examining the precipitate with the true ardor of philanthropic discoverers.

We all laughed at Pellican. He was one of those quiet amiable dreamers, too negative in quality for any one to dislike. But Pellican was my great crony. He was a native of Russia, an impulsive, warm-hearted fellow, as eager at study as at pleasure, our best surgeon, our best billiard-player. One moment you saw him immersed in the laboratory, and next moment you would find him shouting and singing among a set of mad-players, and looming out of clouds of circling smoke.

We were well into our work, when, to my infinite chagrin, the door burst open, and in burst eight or ten medical students. There were Hungarians, Danes, Prussians, Americans — noisy, reckless, good-natured fellows, many varieties of costume. One of them, who had, perhaps, taken a little too much wine (in his laudable anxiety to escape the cholera), was acting on a concertina a fanciful selection of airs from the répertoire of the solitary Russian composer, Glinka.

"Here hospital. On my honor as usual!" cried Kalthofer, a Livonian.

"They'll kill themselves!" cried a young Prussian; "I know them well. Come, Pellican, make a second table at whist, here's Maslovitch and Holt man been cleaning us all out."

Pellican, always, had his good resolutions forgotten in a moment. He drew a pack of cards from his pocket, flapped them with a practiced hand, and made an arch over his head, and caught them as cleverly as a clever juggler.

"Not quite so much noise, old fellows!" said I "remember this is a terrible time, and we have our hands full. Besides, I have an hour's writing to do before I go round the wards. Come, troop! Or, if you must stay with the gestures of a dwarf or collecting his flock.

I was left alone with the students, who, though fresh students arrived, leading Alexis between them; he was pale, his coat was torn, he had a black eye, and his nose was bleeding.

"Hallo, young Hydrocephalus," said Pellican, "what's this? Look at him!"

"It's all your fault, you Alexis," said his conductors, thumping him on the back.

"They call me a spy," groaned Alexis.

"Who did it?" said I.

"Who? why the black people in the market-place. They took away the letters cart from me, and they broke my arm, and would have thrown me into the canal if one of them, a coachman, hadn't said he would be beat me to death. They had head to the poisoning doctors years ago, and they'll only thank us for killing him."

"Ah, you rascal!" cried Pellican, laughing unfeelingly till he grew quite red. "Come along, Alexis, and have a schnapps, and tell us the whole story. Come, Alexis, you're busy. Come along, mes garçons; I say you must. I've got some news for you. Look at Campbell!"

The students in the passage huddled back into the doorway, their faces looming through blue rings of smoke.

"Campbell in love!"

"In love?" they all broke out, like the Greek chorus.

"Yes, in love—in love with old Tillmann's daughter—but he has no chance. She smiles at me when never looks at him."

I rushed at my tormentor in a pretended rage; there was a shout of laughter, and the door closed on the noisy crew in the darkening flourish.

An hour afterward I entered Dr. Tillmann's room. Olga was not there, but there was her book and the new air in it to mark the place. The Doctor was at his desk, the paper on which was strongly illuminated by the yellow light thrown upon it by the glow of an Argand lamp, over the glass of which was placed a circular green shade. Half in light and half in shadow, just beyond the lamp, stood three glass jars containing specimens of enormous tarantulas and centipedes.

The Doctor looked as if I entered, and in the coldest manner possible acknowledged my presence.

I mentioned the report of Alexis, and the possibility of the hospital being attacked during the night. I requested to be allowed to send to the citadel for a company of the Preobrajensky regiment.

"How long, Sir, am I to be troubled with these absurd fears?" demanded the Doctor, suddenly. "Is it not enough that you deceive me, mock me, encourage your fellow-students to mutiny and insubordination? No, Sir, I will have no soldiers to guard the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital. I have seen too much of our peasantry to fear them."

"You do me a great injustice, Dr. Tillmann," I replied, "and but for one reason that I have I would not remain another day under your direction."

The Doctor's eyes turned with a look over one of the glass jars and shook it before me. "There is no reptile here," he said, "so full of poison as them art. But I don't think I have ever known that you have dared to administer to the patients of the Emperor's hospital your infamous drug?" No wonder the ignorant peasantry accuse us of poisoning the sick. I understand, Sir, also, your insolent allusion to my daughter: but be sure, Sir, she shall never become the wife of a beggarly adventurer. You see this letter" (here he pointed to a letter on the table); "it contains an order for your instant dismissal from the staff of the hospital. No words, Sir. Good-night! We shall see tomorrow who is master in this place."

I bowed and retired. I was paralyzed by Dr. Tillmann's threats. A cruel baud seemed snatching me from Olga, and hurling me into an abyss of obscurity, penury, and despair. When I was on the verge, too, of fame, happiness, and a great discovery!

Still I was young and persevering. I might still set myself right with the minister, obtain some fresh appointment, become still more near and win Olga. One thing I determined. I would send (on my own responsibility) for soldiers, so imminent seemed to me the danger in which I stood at the hospital. I wrote a hasty note to General Mouravieff, then in command of the citadel, seat it by Alexis, and remained in for the night.

My room was at so great a distance from the entrance, and was approached by so many long hurtrances, and no groans of the populace could reach me there, no shuffling sound of feet at the heavens the bodies to the dead-house distributed me. I ordered the main entrance of the building to be strictly barred before I went to my room. It was now on o'clock. I sat down at the candle, and, without undressing, threw myself on my bed and fell fast asleep.

I suppose I had been three hours when a roaring noise from the market-place awoke me. I sat up and listened. It was a deep surging sound, such as you may hear afar from the sea when a storm is growing. It was interrupted every now and then by a burst of shouts and an occasional scream.

Pellican rushed in to my room, followed by Maslovitch and a young English student.

"Quick! quick!" cried Campbell, "the peasants are attacking the doors, and threatening to kill every poisoning doctor they find."

"Pellican, go out the back way and try and bring some soldiers. Go to the main guard at the Winter Palace. I am afraid Alexis has turned traitor."

"No, Campbell," replied Pellican. "I don't go while there is danger. I stop with you. Dut comes, we must keep the door against them. Maslovitch, run through the wards and rouse all the fellows!"

Pellican and I hurried to the great entrance, against which some forty axes could be now heard ringing. We had not got down more than the lower corridor of the enormous building when a tremendous splintering crash, and a howl as of so many wolves, told us that the door was down. Every moment the roar of voices grew louder. We had reached the last passage leading to the great hall, when the door which ran to the left-hand side of the hall was burst in.

Save my father, save my father, Mr. Campbell!" cried Olga, wringing her hands. He tore himself from me and has gone among them."

I kissed her forehead, and, placing her in the arms of one of the nurses, ran with Pellican down the long flight of steps that led into the hall.

These were forty or fifty great bearded peasants standing in a group in the hall-broken down the door axes and shouting, as they faced an old porter and Dr. Tillmann with drawn swords.

"Dogs! murderers! pigs!" cried the infuriated old donkey; "advance one step further to defile the hospital the Emperor founded and you die. Back, you hogs!"

As he spoke he advanced and struck at the leading insurgents. The leaders fell back before the flashing ingorants. The leaders fell back before the flashing of the sword, and a rough butcher's man behind, his hands still red from the slaughter-house, struck him a blow with a cleaver on the arm, which sent it down from a pole-axe. By this time I and Pellican were surrounded by some twenty or thirty students, porters, and attendants, armed with bludgeons and sword-sticks. We bore down to the rescue, and driving the poor wretches back into the corridor, filled the hall in a minute. We instantly carried off the body of the wounded Doctor into the museum, which opened to the left of the hall, and as the chief entrance to the main wards and to the Doctor's apartments by though that room we agreed to make our first place of retreat, barricaded the door with chairs, forms, stools, and desks.

Fortunately our assailants, being chiefly bent on our murder, contented themselves for the present with attacking this entrance, and did not proceed, as they might have done, to seek the hospital and carry off the patients. Every minute's respite we obtained gave us hope of the arrival of the soldiers. It was a dark night, but by the light of the torches that some of the peasants carried we could see the seething mass of greasy black-bearded faces rolling and billowing under the window.

Our scheme of defense was soon carried out. The Doctor, who had received a superficial wound, was placed on a bed in a side-room under the care of Maslovitch, who was not of a combative nature.

When I went to see him and prescribe remedies I found Olga already at his side. She gave me a look of unspeakable gratitude, and held her hand out for me to kiss.

"Are we in danger?" she asked, in a low voice.

"We are in some danger, Olga, but Heaven will protect us. Pray for us!"

When I returned I found that Pellican had arranged his forces with great strategic skill up in the two iron galleries on either side of the barricaded door of the museum. We resolved to defend the door by moving bars of spirits and the heavy bones of skeletons upon every assailant that dared show his face over the threshold.

"Not a man must throw a bottle till I give the signal," cried Pellican from the second balcony, waving a large glass jar. "When I cry Academe! Harnisch throws; then the rest in turns. We must be cool, or we shall be dead men before the morning. All I wish is, that every glass was full of vitriol: then we'd mark the rascals. Never mind what wounds you inflict, for if we can only keep a whole side till the soldiers come the fellows will return to us to be cured."

There came a rush against the barricade, a crash of axes, and with shouts of "Give us up our children!" "Give us up our brothers!" "Tear the prisoners to pieces!" the crowd heaved down the door and rushed in, clambering over the shattered defenses.

Four or five of the more daring broke in pell-mell, and astonished to see no enemy drawn up to receive them, they paused for an instant to wait for their companions.

Pellican gave the word, and down came a shower of glass jars, thigh-bones, pestles and mortars, and other extremely missiles. Two of the assailants fell stunned; the others, bleeding and frightened, scrambled back into the hall.

Three times the assault was resumed, and three times our splintering rain of horrible pickles drove the serfs back, staggering, amazed, and wounded.

"Never mind," they cried from the hall; "wait till the morning; then we will kill every doctor in the hospital, and throw you all into the river."

The fourth assault was more furious than the three previous attacks. Reinforced by hundreds of maddened greasy-beards, the peasants rushed in in a solid phalanx, and, braving all our missiles, threatened to storm the staircase leading to the gallery by spite of all we could do. But at the moment a discharge of mouldery wax heard, and a mere handful of soldiers, pouring in a volley at the mob, divided through the hall with fixed bayonets, and were soon masters of the field. In five minutes more there was not an insurgent in the building, and we had again barricaded the main entrance and placed a guard there. It was Alexis who had brought the soldiers by a back-garden entrance of which the mob was ignorant.

"So far so good, Campbell," said Pellican, patting Alexis on the back. "Well done, old Cephalus! But it will still go hard with us at daybreak if we do not get further help. This time I *will* go."

I remonstrated with the brave fellow, but all in vain. In a few minutes Pellican had put on the greasy leather collars of Alexis, his heavy fishing-boots, and his lamb's-wool cap, and given him his dress. He pressed my hand as I went with him to the garden door.

"Good-by, Campbell!" he said. "If I don't come back be sure the dogs have got me; don't waste regrets on me; I am of no use to any one; only let my father know that I perished in trying to do some good. Adieu!" And he was lost in the darkness.

What a night that was! Spent partly with Olga watching the broken sleep of her father, who kept tossing in a fever of pain; partly in supplying the soldiers and students with refreshments; partly in reassuring the sick men in the ward, who expressed perfect reliance in our good faith, and who, as they died, died blessing us.

There was no further attack that night, but every now and then a threatening roar broke forth from our cruel besiegers. To-morrow, if no aid came, must bring death to us all. Oh! to think that inconceivable agony I watched the hands of the clock, from hour to hour, and still there came no tidings of Pellican, no sign of troops!

As the first curdling gray streaked the sky I left the roof where I had been watching, and went to Olga. She was not asleep, but she was on her knees. I kneeled beside her. "Dearest," I said, "our last on earth may be very short. Soon the madmen will soon advance to the attack. Tell me that you love me?"

She made no answer, but she placed her hand in mine, and we kneeled hand in hand in that solemn betrothal.

Already the axes were ringing at our barricade, when a distant shout spread and widened till it ran through the vast multitude. The axes ceased their blows, the great mob rolled and heaved and divided, leaving a road through the centre of the murderous place. There was a shatter of red and yellow rags, a glitter of spear-heads in the first sunlight, and an open carriage drawn by four gray horses dashed to the door. It was a single figure alone: the lancers, at his order, had retired into the outer street. He was in a plain military cloak, and wore no arms behind, but no star or order. The barricades of hay wagons fell away as he approached. He prayed and crossed himself before the sacred picture of the door, then stood up in the carriage and addressed the people. He was so near that we could hear his words.

"My children," he said, in his imperial manner, "you are misled. These good men, these good doctors, venture their lives for your good. Not a finger shall be laid upon them. This pestilence is sent from Heaven to punish some of our national sins. Kneel down and pray to God to remove the scourge, and to forgive you!"

I shall never again behold such a sight. In a moment the multitude, lately so fierce and so terrifying for blood, fell upon their knees, and every head was bowed. When they rose they slunk away like so many criminals, and some fifty of them surrendered themselves without a murmur to the lancers, who came riding slowly among them. As I was still watching the extraordinary scene Alexis pulled me by the arm, and up the steps rushed Pellican, and seized me by the hand.

"Hurrah, Campbell! Did not I manage it pretty well? I drove to the citadel when I left you last night, and, finding the old brute of a general would not believe my story, or send me any more troops, I took a carriage and three horses and rattled off to Sarskoi Selso, where, by the luck as in the world, one of the chamberlains whom I knew had arrived with a courier, to whom the riot had already been telegraphed, and now he's coming to see the hospital. Get along and meet him. Hurrah, Campbell, and all's well in our fortunes!"

I went to receive the Emperor, who was most gracious. He thanked us for our conduct during the night, and went through the wards. The only thing that puzzled him was Alexis, whom, in Pellican's dress, he took at first for one of the medical staff. Next day the minister wrote to me, by command of Nicholas, constituting me a codjutor of Dr. Tillmann, who, however, sank from his injuries within the week, and died soon after; but not before he had joined mine and Olga's hands, and begged my forgiveness.

Pellican married Miss Olga; nor was I long chief physician to the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital, you may be sure, before I made Ivan Pellican the house surgeon.

THE WORDS OF SCHNEIDER.*

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, JUNE, 1864.

WE had crossed the Rappahannock,
A hundred thousand strong,
We had fought and flanked the foe, boys,
And sent him to his den;
And of all who marched or skirmish'd,
Of all who worked or fought,
Not one of the living or the dead
That I left behind was forgot.

Than he now sleeping yonder,
Who challenged the foe at bay,
And stormed the rebel trench and the hill,
And failed to win the day.

He was nothing but a stripling,
And, boys, I knew him well:
And they told his friends who enlisted them,
I was near him when he fell.
As the men were getting ready,
With earnest voice he said,
"I am first the works to enter,
I lead, and am not led."
The line moved swift onward,
And SCHNEIDER led the way:
He did not seem the roaring gunn—
He talked with them by day!

His father lives over the ocean;
He'd one son dead before,
And th' shipping wrote the good old man
That this one was no more.
And the boy, I watched beside him,
With gibberish in his head,
But the words that passed his closing lips
Ring out for you and me:
I tried to do my duty
To my country and my God."
Oh men at home, he, but a boy,
For you this made he die.

More than this, my friends, he uttered;
It sounded like a psalm
And th' angel watching in the tent
Made every thing be calm.
"Now, dear chaplain," said the hero,
My friends will want to know
How I died; so tell 'em I have gone,
And was content to go;
And, chaplain, tell my comrades,
If the war should soon be drag,
I said to you, I say to them,

SEAND BY THE DEAD OLD FLAG!"

Will you hear me further, comrades,
Or have you heard enough?
No matter, Tom, the tears have come
From some of sterner stuff.
He'd a brother in the navy,
As brave, as true as he,
On the ocean fighting rebel crews
To make the ocean free.
"Now, chaplain, tell my brother,
Though the ocean roll between,
To closely cling to the dear old flag,
To JESUS AND HIS CROSS!"

Hearken to me still, my comrades:
Sometimes there comes to me
A dream of the happy future years,
And what is then to be:
Though it seems to mock me slowly,
God's day is drawing near,
When the rebel chiefs before th' world
Shall stand the judgment here.
This boy who died for freedom,
Though a private—nothing more—
Shall live in contrast with the men
That mankind will abhor!

Oh, ye nun who ne'er have spoken
A word for such as he,
Who are pledged to pray we in the battle
Die that you may be free—
And ye whom Lord has been taken,
And laid you know not where,
Let the words of this hero wake you
To watching and to prayer:
I have tried to do my duty
To my country and my God!—
O men, O Christians, rise and tread
The way this hero trod!

* Young Schneider, son of an American missionary in Syria, who fell in an assault on the enemy's works, June 15, 1864, and died a few days afterward. His words are quoted almost verbatim.

OUR ECONOMICAL SOIREE.

ECONOMY in household expenses has come to be the leading idea of terrestrial existence in the minds of Mrs. Dobb and myself. We calculate closely. We never did before since we were married that I can remember. But when butter costs at the rate of five cents a dab, and every thing else in proportion, housekeeping expenses become a serious matter.

I was thinking upon the announcement that there was a rise of three cents the pound on veal since the day before—musing and eating veal, at the breakfast-table, when Mrs. Dobb spoke:

"James, did you know to-day was Sallie's birthday?"

"Is it?" said I. "How old is she now?"

"She is six years old, and I have promised to hold a little party for her in the evening."

"Susan, will it cost any thing?"

"Why, but a trifle, James. Besides, Sallie has never had a birthday party, you know."

Sallie should not have her birthdays come so often, wife, in such times as these. How long is it since I bought her a self-operating locomotive for a birthday present?"

"That was Susie, my dear. It's perfectly distressing to me the way you do mix those children up."

"But what will this soirée cost us, Susan? You are forever promising economy at me, and I'd like you to practice it a little, and let me preach. It's more fun to preach. I like to preach, first-rate."

"Oh! there will have to be some nuts and apples bought."

"And some candy of course?"

"No—"

"What! A baby party, and no candy?"

"If you won't interrupt me at every word, James, I'll tell you. I have bought two quarts of molasses, and I am going to make the candy myself. *Now there's one* of my economical shifts. I never get candy at the store."

"But what a dashby job, Susan! Stretching candy sticks is a back-breaking up to."

"You didn't mind it when you were a young man, Mr. Dobb. Have you forgotten the candy parties we used to have at our house when I was a girl, James? Such glorious times as we used to have in that old kitchen? Why, it was at one of those candy parties that you paid me the first compliment I ever received from you."

"Ah! what was that?"

"You said I had the sweetest girl in the room."

"That was because you were daubed all over with molasses, my dear—as you'll be to-night again."

"I should think, James, that it would be a pleasure to you to revive, here in the city, the recollections of those days in the farm-house. Don't you remember those big hooks in the ceiling of the kitchen that you threw a great coil of candy over to stretch it by, and how Mary Howard helped you?"

"Ah, those were happy days!" I said, musingly, sipping my coffee.

"You enjoyed candy-making *then*, James."

"Yes, I was thinking of the present and economy. "I enjoyed a great many foolish things when I was young and innocent—courting, for instance."

"Well, *I* haven't lost my zest for simple pleasures," said Mrs. D., with enthusiasm. "I think it will be a real pleasure to make the candy. I had a thousand times rather make it than buy it."

"Which accounts for one of your economical shifts this time, my dear," my credit for. Eh, my dear?"

Mrs. Dobb looked daggers at me.

"Well, Susan, let's see what it will cost. What's molasses the pound now?"

"I paid sixty cents for two quarts."

"And apples?"

"A peck will supply the party; that will be sixty cents more."

"And say a dollar and a half for nuts. That makes three dollars and seventy cents. It will be a very economical party."

"I should say it would, Mr. Dobb."

"Can I, papa?" said Sallie, looking up at me, with her great blue eyes full of fun.

"Can you what, darling? Have the parlor? Why, of course you can, you little blessing!" And I helped her to another spoonful of gravy, out of the full fondness of a father's heart.

"Won't it be bully, Sis?" cried Fred from his side of the table.

How that boy does pick up the slang of this vicious age is astonishing! It's no use reproving him for it. "Fred will be boys," as a friend of mine once remarked when he sat down on a bent pin that his darling son had placed in his chair in a frolicsome moment.

"What a good papa he is!" whispered Sallie to her sister, across the table.

"Oh, he's gay!" slanged Fred.

I gave Sallie some more gravy.

"Do you like your papa?" put in Nellie.

"I like every thing good, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Because we're going to have all the girls kiss you to-night."

"They won't be big enough, Nell—not half. I prefer big girls to little ones."

"James!" said Mrs. Dobb, reprovingly.

"Oh, Mary Ann Smith is a great big girl!" said Nell, "and Miss Lord has been taken to the ground."

"Do they? That's encouraging. Is Mary Ann coming?"

"Yes; and two other big girls. They write compositions."

"Compositions! They must be getting very old."

Compositions are such a proof of maturity among these little bodies! Did you ever notice it?

"Bring up the nuts when you come to dinner, James," was my wife's parting injunction.

"All right, my dear."

I was detained down-town that afternoon later than usual, and when I came home in the evening I found the four little Dobbs sitting in solemn state in the parlor, awaiting the coming of the guests.

Shortly after the door-bell rang, and the children were in a high state of commotion. Sallie jumped down from the sofa and made a dash for the door, but suddenly recollecting herself, returned to her perch and smoothed her hands over her apron.

Dodger ushered into the parlor a string of seven boys of assorted sizes, who ranged themselves against the wall without saying a word. But there was any amount of subdued giggling among them.

The next arrival was a cluster of little girls, looking as sweet as June roses.

I went out to tea, and when I looked in again the room was filled with the neighbors' progeny, including Mary Ann Smith and the other big girls.

Such a staid conclave I never saw before in my life. There they all sat, as bashful as mice, never uttering a loud word, and scarcely daring to look each other in the face. It was vastly amusing to me to observe the conventional awe under which those boys, especially, labored; the very boys that had been saluting each other roughly in the street an hour before, perhaps pulling each other's hair. As sedate as deacons now.

The ice was broken in this way:

One of the big girls, by way of opening the ball, said to a youngster of some eight summers, named Joey Perry,

"It's a pleasant evening, Mr. Perry."

"Oh, how are you, Mister Perry?" burst forth our Fred, derisively, at the top of his voice.

And then such a broadside of laughter! In less time than it takes me to write it the youngsters were in a hubbub as noisy as the meeting had before been astute.

They played "Post-office," and "Cedar Swamp," and "Forfeits," and all that sort of games, whose principal feature is an abundance of kissing. I went into my study and began writing. The merry bursts of laughter came echoing to my ears, but they did not disturb me. I am a fond father.

One of the big girls came into my sugget presently, and approaching me on my feet, which she kneeled, pouting up at me a pair of ripe red lips.

"Who's this?" said I, laying down my pen.

"Can't you guess?" said Fred from the doorway, which was thronged with giggling little spectators. "She wants you to kiss her."

"Ah! that's it. My memory suddenly recalled the old-time game. "How many can I have?"

"Twenty!" "Thirty!" "A hundred!" cried a dozen voices.

"Well, I'll take three," said I, "and you may have the rest, Fred."

"Can't do it," slanged that hopeful, backing off.

The young lady struggled after the orthodox manner, handed kisses from quantities of boys to her sage ladies, and the children screamed with delight.

"Hold her, Mr. Dobb!"

"Kiss her, Mr. Dobb!"

"Rub her nose with your whiskers, papa."

That last was from Fred, who had numerous. We left them alone at last. I don't believe in old folks intruding too much on the enjoyment of the young people. They get along a great deal nicer by themselves. So Mrs. Dobb shut the parlor-door and left them alone, while I shut myself up in my study.

About half past nine I went out and found the little guests had gone.

Sallie was missing, but we presently found her on the stairs in the hall crying bitterly.

"Why, what's the matter with my bird?" said I, taking her in my arms.

She was loth to tell, but at last she sobbed out that Mary Ann Smith had snatched, and had in her six years pounded on her little back, in honor of birthday usage, till she was sore all over. Added to which she had had her best pantalette full of her dress and torn it in a shocking manner.

She was soothed and put to bed, and then I went to the parlor.

Oh, spectacle for an economical parent! My statuette of Senator Douglas—only a cast, but a gift from the sculptor—had been dragged out and stood in a corner, and its head broken short off. There was a hole scratch a foot long on the piano, and the music was one hideous daub of molasses candy from first to last. A lamp had been tipped over on the Brussels carpet and left a horrible grease-spot in the middle of the room. And, worst of all, some ambitious youngster had been at my painting, and had made a hole through the canvas and cut a choice landscape—an original Sontag, which I valued highly.

"Susan! Susan!" I cried, "behold the havoc of this economical soirée!"

Mrs. Dobb stood aghast at the spectacle.

"Can you estimate this damage calmly?" I asked. But Mrs. Dobb had no answer for me.

I got out a pencil and a piece of paper, and made a reckoning:

Bebeaded Douglas	$25
Mutilated Sontag	50
Molasses candy and other damages to piano and music	10
Ruined carpet	100

"A total, my dear, of $185."

"I think you are extravagant, James," said my wife. "A little Spalding's glue will put the statue's head in place."

"And you could tie a red ribbon around his neck to hide the crack, couldn't you, dear?" I said, in a tone of intense irony.

"As for the painting, seems to me you might mend it in some way, James, since you make those things yourself."

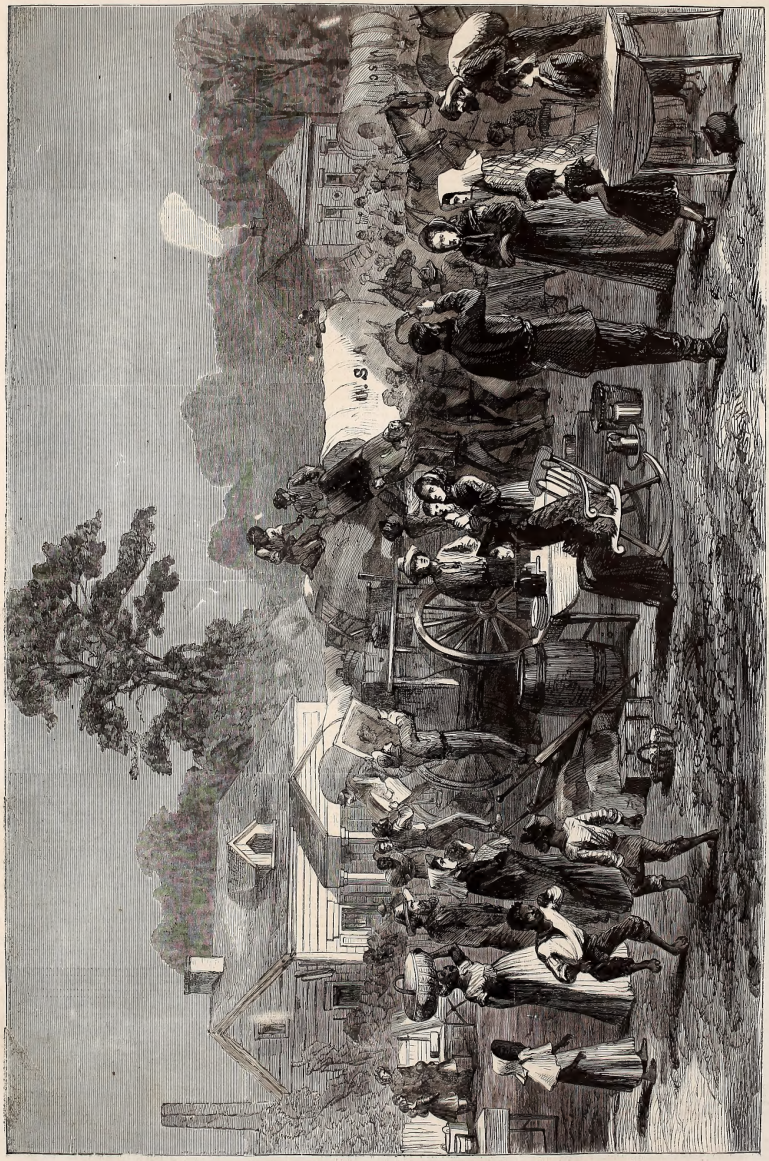
"Those things! That's a wife for an artist!"

"The piano and music I will see what I can do with; and as for the carpet, we can get a rug for the centre of the room, and the spot will never show."

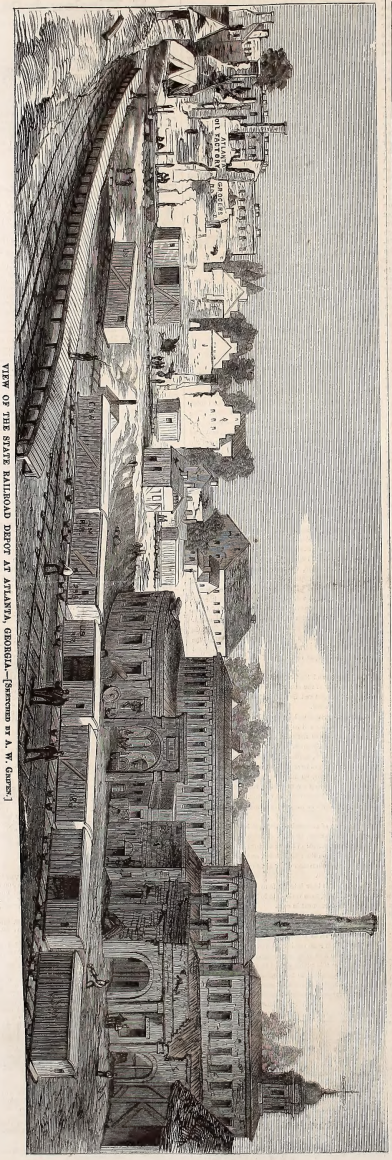
"Another expense, my dear."

"James, I have wanted a rug for that room this long time. For my part, I don't know as I'm very sorry. At least, it can't be helped now; and there are no more birthdays in the family this year."

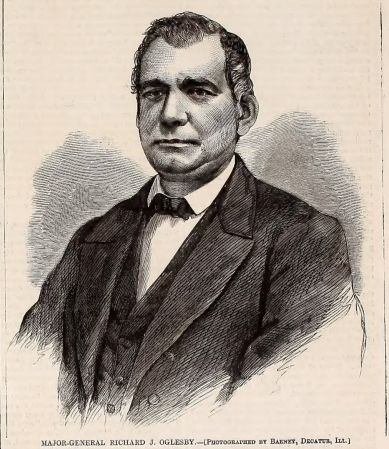
"Let us be thankful for that, then," said I.



REBELS MOVING SOUTH FROM ATLANTA.—Sketched by D. R. Brown.—[See next Page.]



VIEW OF THE STATE RAILROAD DEPOT AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. CAMPBELL.]



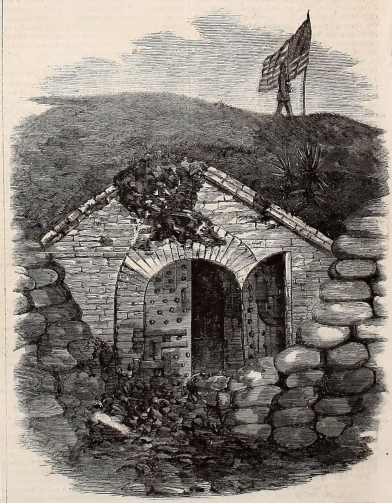
MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD J. OGLESBY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BARNES, DECATUR, ILL.]

VIEWS IN ATLANTA.

On this page and on page 668 we give two views in ATLANTA. The view on this page represents the State Railroad Dépôt and the surrounding district, showing the effect of SHERMAN'S bombardment previous to the evacuation of the city. The sketch given on page 668 represents the rebels in the act of moving south. When SHERMAN took possession he ordered all the citizens, loyal and disloyal, to leave the city, it being his intention to make Atlanta a strong military post. A truce of ten days was established between the two armies for carrying out the order.

GENERAL R. J. OGLESBY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL RICHARD J. OGLESBY was a lawyer of distinction in Decatur, Illinois, and a member of the State Senate when the war broke out. At the first signal he raised a regiment (the Eighth Illinois) for the three months' service, and with it was ordered to Cairo, where it formed part of the small force under General PRENTISS. He took an active part in the various minor operations inaugurated against the rebels on the Missouri and Kentucky shores; but it was not until General GRANT began his operations against the great rebel strong-holds on the Cumberland and Tennessee riv-



SALLY-PORT AT FORT MORGAN, MOBILE POINT, AFTER ITS SURRENDER, AUGUST 23, 1864.
[SKETCHED BY LIEUTENANT GEORGE SLATER.]

ers that Colonel Oglesby was enabled to display those native military qualities which made him one of the most admirable, distinguished, and beloved heroes and leaders of our Western army of volunteers. In February, 1862, he marched with his men from Cairo to the Tennessee River; and at the great initial victory of the war—the battle of Fort Donelson—where he commanded a brigade consisting of five regiments of Illinois infantry, two batteries, and a body of cavalry, he stood out prominently as one of the ablest, bravest, and coolest officers of the day, and as one of the most daring and dashing of officers among a body of men that never in the history of the world were surpassed for these qualities. His brigade was in M'Clernand's division, which was posted on our extreme right; and the accounts of the fierce and desperate conflict published at the time showed the splendid and effective work performed by Oglesby's brigade on Thursday, when he first met the rebels and forced them from two positions, until Saturday, when the whole rebel garrison surrendered. Of the second day before Donelson one of the correspondents writes: "I must admit that, riding along our lines on Friday, and witnessing the formidable field-works of the enemy (between five and six miles in extent) which reared themselves every where to the front of us, I feared that the task of reducing them would be, at the best, a matter of considerable time. But cold and hungry, and with garments stiff with frost, the soldiers were still hopeful and firm. The universal sentiment was, as bluff Colonel Oglesby expressed it, 'We can't have to take that fort, and we will take it.' Not that day, but the next, brought forth the glorious fruit of this resolute purpose." For his gallantry on this occasion Colonel Oglesby was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

On the subsequent advance of Grant's army up the Tennessee River, and as far as Pittsburg Landing, General Oglesby accompanied it with his brigade; and at the great battle of Shiloh, in April, he bore a distinguished part.

But we do not propose to recount all the services of our hero in the eventful summer of 1862.

At the battle and victory of Corinth, in October, General Oglesby was present in command of a division. It was at this memorable action that his military and manly qualities received their highest illustration; and it was here also that his services in the field ended. While in very truth "thick and fury of the battle, "glorious old Dick," as his soldiers called him, was shot through the chest, and was borne from the field in a condition that led to a report of his death—which mistake Mr. Russell has incorporated in his book on the American war. He was carried to his home in Illinois, where he was for nearly a year confined by his wound, which also permanently unfitted him for service.

General Oglesby now the Union candidate for Governor of Illinois, and on the second Tuesday of October will doubtless be elevated to the Chief Magistracy of that gallant and patriotic State.

Mr. "Bull Run" Russell, in the "North and South," gives a lively picture of Colonel Oglesby, "a man of fine manly goodness, simple-hearted, and real. He told me that he had begun life in the utmost obscurity; but that somehow or other he got into a lawsuit often, and then, by hard work every, by mother-wit and industry, notwithstanding a defective education, he had raised himself not only to independence, but to such a position that one thousand men had gathered at his call, and selected one who had never led a company in his life to be their Colonel. In fact, he is an excellent illustrator of the Western school, and made good, homely, telling speeches to his men. "I'm not as good as your Governors in the schools of Paris, nor am I equal to the Russian colonels I met at St. Petersburg,' said he; 'but I know I can do good straight fighting with my boys when I get a chance.'" We may add, that General Oglesby's subsequent career showed that this was no mere empty boast. He did indeed do "good straight fighting" with his boys when he got a chance, which was very soon.

The same writer subsequently describes a gathering of soldiers at Cairo to listen to patriotic speeches: "Oglesby was next summoned, and the tall, gaunt, good-humored old man stepped to the front, and with excellent tact and good sense, dished up in the Buncombe style, told them the time for mere speechifying had passed, joked it had lasted too long; and although it was said there was very little fighting when there was much talking, he believed that much talking was likely to lead to a great deal more fighting than any one desired to see between citizens of the United States of America, except their enemies, who, no doubt, were much better pleased to see Americans fighting each other than to see them engaged in any other employment."

These, though striking and sensible, are certainly hardly fair illustrations of General Oglesby's oratorical style; for the popular speeches he has delivered in Illinois during the present Gubernatorial campaign are not of the excitements of oratory and patriotic eloquence as the times have produced.

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

Lavater, in his work on Physiognomy, which created so great a sensation throughout Europe toward the end of the last century, makes a remark regarding the hereditary brilliancy of eyes in certain families, which is partly true and partly false. "When any extraordinary vivacity appears in the eyes of the mother," says the Swiss mystic, "there is almost a certainty that these eyes will become hereditary: for the imagination of the mother is delighted with nothing so much as the beauty of her own eyes."

The "extraordinary vivacity" of which Lavater speaks must proceed either from the hereditary qualities of the soul or from the special culture it has received: first in the ordinary world of sense and show, and then in the higher sphere of emotions and ideas. The mother who possesses true nobility of soul can not fail to give her children a portion of the rich inheritance she has derived from her ancestors; and this, no doubt, determines that strong individuality of features and expression by which certain families are characterized. As a general rule, however, far more depends upon the culture which the soul receives from parents and teachers than upon the frame in which it is lodged.

Emerson makes some notable remarks, in his "Conduct of Life," on the marvelous phenomena of the animal being, as it shows itself in the "window of the soul," which are well worthy of study.

"Eyes are bold in their wishes; cunning, longing here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen to keep a corner of a room; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come home, and go through all things, and yet in a moment of time.....The communication by the eye is, in the greater part, not subject to the control of the will. It is the least muscular of activity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self; and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful answer to the inhabitant in there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made; and the observer shall have to feel the stirring of owls and bats, and horned souls, where he looked for innocence and simplicity."

"It is a point of cunning," says Lord Bacon, "to wait upon him with whom you speak with your eye, as the Jesuits do often; for there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances; yet this would be done with a demure regard, not with a full countenance, as the Jesuits also do use." As the Jesuits are exceedingly cunning they naturally adopt this demure aspect for the purpose of concealing their own thoughts as closely as possible, while they are all the while trying to read the inmost soul of the person to whom they are talking. This is quite as bad as the reckless, roving expression of the eye which marks the American. The right course is to look the person with whom you are conversing full in the face, showing neither unmanly timidity nor undue boldness. The eye should have a steady look which Lord Bacon calls "a point of cunning" is the usual mark of a Jesuit, but it is not confined to the Jesuits. Indeed, the best book we can encounter a face of this description, where the cunning expression has been produced by other causes.

"The greatest hypocrite I ever met," says Hazlitt, "was a little demure, pretty, modest-looking girl, with eyes timidly cast upon the ground, and an air and an exclamation of the most circumstance that could lead to a suspicion of her true character was a cold, sullen, watery, glazed look about the eyes, which she bent on me as soon as I began to avoid all explanation with yours. I might have spied in their glittering, motionless surface the rocks and quicksands that awaited me. This, however, is only a one-sided view of the affair. What would Mr. Hazlitt have thought of a looking girl" have said about the expression of Hazlitt's own eyes? Had she been able to express her feelings in as free a manner as she might have had as repulsive a picture of him as he has drawn of her. Fatmore tells us that Hazlitt's eyes were dull and heavy, generally with a look of depression, "there was a furtive and, at times, a sinister look about them, as they glanced suspiciously from under their half-closed lids." This was certainly a very unpleasant impression to those that did not know him. And they were seldom directed frankly and fairly upon those of the man with whom you might read in them what was passing in his mind concerning you."

Perhaps we should have remembered the fundamental law which reigns through all physiognomical relations, that like begets like. If your eyes wear habitually suspicious or sinister expression, you may be sure that they will call forth a corresponding look in the eyes of the people with whom you come in contact. On the other hand, if your eyes have an open, frank, and cheerful expression, as if in good-natured sort they were ready to look you down, you will find most people responding to your hearty greeting in the same pleasant cordial dialect. Mirrored back from the eyes of others, the kind exercises over another through the eyes, in imparting whatever passion or feeling predominates at the moment. This is one of the most subtle and mysterious of our dual nature, but it is one to which we shall obtain the key when we have acquired that light given in unfailing measure to those who "really and truly, to "see ourselv as others see us."

Solomon warns us against familiarity with "him than hath an evil eye," for "as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The double-minded man can not help showing his real nature in the language of his eye. "Eat and drink, saith he to thee, but his heart is not with thee." Singleness of heart is the secret of hospitality if there is no hollowness in the eye. "My eye no sooner fixed upon his," says John Donne, "but through that perspective I could see the inward virtue of his heart." Sympathy would produce a reversion in my breast, and I soon found our hearts beat time to one another." How much of our enjoyment in social intercourse arises from such sympathy is well expressed by Emerson: "Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality if there be no *holiday* in the eye. How many furtive inclinations are betrayed by the eye though dissembled by the lips! A man comes to see if hospitality if there be no holiday

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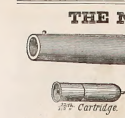

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 408.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER AFTER THE BATTLE OF SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—(SEE PAGE 684.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

"PEACE."

THAT the "peace" section of the Democratic party, the men whose friends are in arms against the government, intend to help their friends with arms, if they can, is a secret to nobody. That "peace" means riot, massacre, and war, just as "Conservatism" means anarchy, the experience of the last year has fully proved. The existence of associations the purpose of which is to resist the result of the election if opportunity offers, is beyond question. The Society of Knights of the Golden Circle, and all the other forms of conspiracy, are matters of public knowledge. All these associations are manned and managed by members of the Chicago party. All the threats of resisting the election now prevent, as they did four years ago, from members of the Chicago party. The Convention of that party resolves that "the direct interference of the military authority of the United States, in the approaching election has been unprecedented, and resisted with all the means and power under our control." All the speakers at the MACPEDNELTON Ratification Meeting in New York repeated this threat; and the Democratic Union Association resolved the other evening, "that a Presidential election effected through Maryland by a suppression of the press, and, by consequence, of the ballot-box, would be an act of revolutionary violence, not binding upon the people of the United States, under the Constitution, or in morals, or in conscience."

The Chicago party is the one under whose domination free speech and a free press and ballot have always been suppressed in half the country, and constantly threatened in the other. Its whole policy has been the maintenance of slavery, with which free speech and all other Republican and Democratic institutions are incompatible. Therefore nobody imagines that the Chicago party, as such, is any more solicitous for free speech now than ever before. But it is desperate. Even the men of the late Democratic party have left it just in the degree that it deserted its own principles. Its remainder is without a solitary leader of real power. It is in the hands of desperate demagogues and low neophytes. It is reduced to a minority, who still clutch the organization and call themselves by the old name. But the followers of CLEMENTIO VALLANDIGHAM, ROBERT C. WINTHROP, and FERNANDO WOOD, are not the great triumphant Democratic party of JEFFERSON, MADISON, and JACKSON.

The resolutions of which we are speaking are the formal announcement that, if the Democratic managers of the party can Mexicanize this country, they certainly will. For what is the military interference against which they protest, and which they declare to be just occasion of armed resistance? It is simply the care taken by the United States authorities that rebels shall not vote. It is the care taken that the Government shall not be put into the hands of JEFFERSON DAVIS and his coadjutors. Is it an arbitrary assumption of power to prevent traitors from voting? Is it a crime for which the Government may be justly overthrown that it forbids the bitterest enemies of the Government from controlling it? The Chicago party platform that "HARRY GILMORE" shall vote in Maryland. He is an open armed enemy of the United States; but he is a voter, says the Chicago doctrine, by the law of Maryland. The intention is plain. The military power of the rebellion being now on the way to destruction, the Chicago party hopes to restore the vigor of treason by giving to it civil ascendency.

Meanwhile GOVERNOR ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, has issued his proclamation, by which all free white men, citizens and soldiers, twenty-one years of age, citizens of the United States, and for six months before the election citizens of the State of Tennessee, duly registered, *and who take the most stringent oath of fidelity to the United States Government*, are admitted to vote, and all others are prohibited to vote or hold office.

Is this tyranny? We ask every citizen and soldier in the land, Is it a destruction of our liberties that neither JEFFERSON DAVIS nor ALEXANDER STEPHENS, nor BENJAMIN, nor WIGFALL, nor ROBERT LEE, nor HOOD, are to be allowed to vote for President until they shall have taken an oath of fidelity to the Union and Government? The Chicago party declares that it is. The Chicago party denounce such conduct as the destruction of liberty; and the Chicago party proclaims that such conduct justifies revolution.

And these are "Conservatives!" They went to Charleston four years ago, and said that if they could not rule they would ruin. They have been trying to do it ever since. By arms in the South and by arts in the North they have endeavored to destroy the Government. Pleading a sensitive regard for the Constitution, they have been in open sympathy with those who are warring upon it, and now declare that, in the midst of a fierce war, to require an oath of fidelity to it before voting is reason enough for rebellion. A people that have so patiently and heroically maintained a war during four years to defend their Government are not very likely to betray themselves upon the eve of victory by surrendering it to the friends of their enemies. If those friends decide to take up arms they will find the people ready. Four years have taught the American people that they must defend their Government from domestic enemies. They have had tolerable success thus far, and they will probably not yield to threats and traditions what they have refused to shot and shell.

PENNSYLVANIA.

WHEN the news of SHERIDAN'S victories in the Valley began to arrive, a month ago, a man standing in front of a newspaper bulletin, and reading the good tidings, looked very gloomy, and remarked to his melancholy neighbor, "If this sort of thing goes on, ABE LINCOLN will be re-elected." How did that gentleman look, we wonder, on Wednesday morning, when the news from Pennsylvania began to arrive? It was a continuation of "this sort of thing." It was the news of the glorious victory of those soldiers are doing in the field—defending the Union, the Government, and the Country. It was saying to BENJAMIN and JEFFERSON and SHERMAN and FARRAGUT, "You shall not fight for a nation that is unworthy your heroism." It was shouting to the brave boys in the field, with three cheers three, "Strike home, and you shall be supported!"

The contest in Pennsylvania was most earnest and intense. The Democratic managers had deserted all other points to concentrate upon the keystone of the arch. If they could only start that from its fidelity they hoped that the whole fabric would crumble. If they could persuade Pennsylvania to speak doubtfully for the Union in October, they were confident they could secure for the party a triumphant election in November. Beaten there they foresaw defeat every where. Consequently, no effort has been spared. Money in profusion, and the most reckless and desperate political trickery have been lavished upon the State. They have strained every nerve to draw Pennsylvania from the support of the American Idea and Government, and, by the blessing of God and her faithful people, the combined forces of TREASON, FRAUD, and Unconscious Slavery have signally and disastrously failed.

It is a State triumph, a national triumph, and a triumph of universal liberty and good government. It proclaims to the world that the inflexible resolution of the American people to maintain their Union and Government without compromise with rebellion and treason, asking the permission of traitors and foreign foes. All hail, Pennsylvania! As you are the keystone of the Union, so you have struck the key-note of the chorus of final victory. "We do *not* think the war a failure. We do *not* ask for an immediate cessation of hostilities. We do *not* believe the Government of the United States powerless, and surrender to armed treason the only hope of national safety," says Pennsylvania; and already the amen in gathering hosts will burst triumphantly from the popular heart on the eighth day of November.

OHIO.

THE State of VALLANDIGHAM, who advocates a division of the Union into four parts—the State of GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the Chicago State of GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, who thinks that the United States Government has no right to defend itself against treason and rebellion, because, legislating on the widest grants for Union, liberty, and law. She has declared against her recreant *sons*, and for the undivided country. She sustains ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and that Union-loving Chief Magistrate sustains FARRAGUT, the army and the navy of the United States.

Every true lover of his country and his kind has the right to rejoice over the noble result in Ohio, for it is another vindication of the American principle of popular government. It is another proof that in the very hour and crisis of a civil war the people can still calmly see their highest duty and faithfully perform it. The issues of the West has spoken, and the great and glorious family will echo her words in November.

INDIANA.

WE had not dared to hope for victory in Indiana; but our confidence lay in the strong sentiment of patriotism that the most doubtful of States disdains the imputation of uncertain fidelity, and stands by her gallant and noble MORTON.

As we survey the field of Tuesday's work, what is the natural feeling? After that of devout gratitude that the people have been so true to their highest interests, is it not a resolution that the whole country shall do what Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana have done? After Indiana, need we despair of little New Jersey, where our friends are so steadily and cheerily working? To the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, all Union-loving Americans owe a debt that they will not forget, and that they will discharge most satisfactorily to the brave men of those States by going in November and doing likewise.

THE GEORGIA PEACE PLATFORM.

THE Macon *Confederate Union* newspaper has an official account of the reply of Governor BROWN to the letter of the *ex inquiry* concerning the peace negotiations between him and General SHERMAN. Governor BROWN'S reply is long, but its substance is small. It is merely State sovereignty. If the United States want peace, says the Governor, let them confess that they are not the United States, and they can have it. Let them confess that their Government is destroyed, and that the Union is a foolish chimera—let them agree that every State may do exactly as it chooses—that the Constitution is a compact which any one of the parties may break at will—that the Union is a partnership at the pleasure of the partners; in a word, that WASHINGTON, HAMILTON, and MADISON knew nothing of the Constitution, but that MR. JOHN C. CALHOUN was its only true expounder—let the United States merely do this, let MR. LINCOLN proclaim an armistice, and then let every sovereign State decide for herself whether she will join the old or the new League, and we can have peace at once.

Governor BROWN adheres to the Chicago platform, and to the views of MR. PENDLETON, the Chicago candidate. These are precisely the political opinions of CALHOUN, of JEFFERSON DAVIS, and of GEORGE H. PENDLETON. "Just put it all on State Sovereignty, and upon that we intend to ask the country to vote for our Chicago candidates, who are to be the agents of our policy. The general issue, therefore, fairly stated by the President of the Chicago Convention, is LINCOLN, Liberty, and Union, or MACPENDLETON, Disunion, and Slavery. For that issue the American people are quite ready.

DAVIS'S LAST SPEECH AND CONFESSION.

THE late speech of JEFFERSON DAVIS is very significant. At first it seemed so evidently a cry of frantic desperation that it was doubtful whether President Lincoln's Chicago friends, or not, it is equally significant. If he really made it, it is the most pitiful veil of baffled treason. If it were forged by the Macon paper in which it appears, the object of the forgery could only have been to dispirit the rebels by the apparent despair of their chief, with the further purpose of lessening the submission by revealing the hopelessness of the rebellion.

But there seems no reason to doubt its authenticity. If JEFFERSON DAVIS did patiently make the speech; or something of which this is a general report. He doubtless called General BUTLER a beast, because MR. DAVIS is not choice in his epithets, and has been forced to feed at his loyal fellow-citizens as hyenas. Doubtless he spoke of General BUTLER as seeking, in his efforts to suppress the rebellion, "to enrich himself by intercourse with gentlemen;" although in what particular a Southern planter who sells bales and lives by the unpaid labor of men and babies and lives by the whips at pleasure, is more gentlemanly than a Northern lawyer or mechanic who lives by his own honest labor, MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS alone can show. Doubtless he said that "the end must be the defeat of our enemy," for JOHNSTON and HOOD had drawn SHERMAN into his lair at the way to Atlanta, and had because the rebellion holds hardly a quarter of the area with which it began; and because as DAVIS himself says immediately afterward, "You have not a million of men, you have eighteen and forty-five left." Doubtless he said, "The city of MACON is filled with stores, sick, and wounded." Doubtless he said that "thousands of our people are absent, most without leave." Doubtless, too, he added, "In Virginia the disparity in numbers is just as great as it is in Georgia." And doubtless the logical conclusion, he said, "Let no one despond. Let no one distrust; and remember if genius is the *beau-ideal*, hope is the reality."

There are those who have tried hard to form some heroic conception of JEFFERSON DAVIS, to represent him as a fine historical figure. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer, GLADSTONE, spoke of his "creating a nation." The rebel penny-a-liners for the British newspapers and for our own Copperhead journals have been very fond of comparing his "dignity" with MR. LINCOLN'S want of it. But where was ever seen the dignity of any chief who is the leader of a great and wicked enterprise? Where was ever heard such a shameful whine as this Macon speech? The Roman Catiline, DAVIS'S great exemplar, but less guilty than he, died sullen and gloomy upon the field. But this renegade American, this wretched traitor who has brought all the woes of war upon his country because he was defeated at an election, whimpers, "If one half the men now absent without leave will return to duty we can defeat the enemy. With that hope I am going to the f ont. I may not realize this hope, but I know ' ere are men there shall have brought upon our people its ruin, and upon our nation its shame, to what ground shall we be brought at last? *To that we should have accepted at the outset.*" What is that? Compromise. MR. JAMES S. THAYER, MR. SEYMOUR'S companion upon the Tweddle platform, said that the Southern States had a right to secede, and if the Government tried to prevent them it ought to be resisted by arms. MR. VALLANDIGHAM and all Dayton that he always knew it would come to compromise. MR. FERNANDO WOOD, two years ago, declared that the war could have no other result.

The issue, then, according to MR. SEYMOUR, supported by his friends of the Chicago Convention and MR. WOOD, is this: that the constitutional majority of the people have a right to govern, and ought to yield to threats and arms; that when a part of the citizens are dissatisfied with the result of an election, and resist it by force, they are to be allowed to have their way, and the majority and Government, not they, are to yield.

But again, on the 28th October, 1861, MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR made another speech, and once more stated the issue: "If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that Government which can not give them the protection guaranteed by its terms." That is to say, if some citizens to save slavery, abhorred of God and man, take up arms to resist the result of a constitutional election, and to destroy the Government and the nation, we must allow them both to be destroyed rather than touch slavery! The Union must be saved by force, but human slavery must and shall be preserved!

This is what lawyers call "the general issue," says MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR, and upon this we intend to ask the country to vote for our Chicago candidates, who are to be the agents of our policy. The general issue, therefore, fairly stated by the President of the Chicago Convention, is LINCOLN, Liberty, and Union, or MACPENDLETON, Disunion, and Slavery. For that issue the American people are quite ready.

THE GENERAL ISSUE.

MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR, the Governor of NEW YORK and the President of the Chicago Convention, made a speech after the nomination of his friend JEFFERSON DAVIS, he said:

"We think he [MACPENDLETON] is an able man too. But no matter—we intend to carry this election upon what lawyers call the general issue."

What, then, according to GOVERNOR SEYMOUR, is "the general issue?"

GENERAL LOGAN says that it is whether we shall prosecute the war until the rebels lay down their arms, or make immediate efforts for a cessation of hostilities and a compromise.

General LOGAN says that there are but two parties—those who support and encourage the rebels, and those who oppose them.

General BUTLER says that the Chicago candidates were nominated by a convention that sympathized with rebels, and whose platform was dictated by Southern traitors.

General BUTLER says that it is for the loyal men of the North to see to it that the rebellion does not end in the separation of the States, as desired by the Southern leaders, aided by the election of General MACPENDLETON and the Chicago platform.

These are authorities upon the real issue as weighty, perhaps, as MR. HORATIO SEYMOUR. But what says he? What, in his view, is the issue between us and the American people?

On the 31st of January, 1861, he made a speech in Albany—the Tweddle-Hall speech. It was enthusiastically applauded, and was published as a campaign document by the present Chicago party. A constitutional election had just ended. The party to which MR. SEYMOUR belonged, although it controlled the Legislature, spent for many years, had been removed from power by a constitutional majority of the people. A section of his party at the South had already seized the national property, and openly threatened the existence of the Union and of the Government. The simple question was, shall the authority of the Government be maintained, or surrendered to menace? "The condition of our affairs," said GOVERNOR SEYMOUR, "presents the most alarming crisis of compromise or civil war." He considers these alternatives, and then concludes: "When unnatural war

who have looked death in the face too often to despond now." Even the foot-pads of Houndsditch would be ready to ride gayly to the gallows with a nosegay in their button-holes. But they had merely eased travelers of their purses. This man who speaks at Macon has headed an insurrection which has saturated the land with innocent blood.

This is the man and this is the cause to which the Chicago Convention invites the American people to surrender, by voting for General MACPENDLETON. Let us stop fighting him, says the Convention. Let us abandon the resources of statesmanship, says General MACP.

Let us put down the rebellion! the American people will thunder on the 8th of November.

GENERAL DIX AND THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

GENERAL DIX has written a letter to a Union meeting in Philadelphia. It speaks very plainly of men and things, and shows in the clearest light his own patriotic fidelity. He says that there is but one question before the country—the steady prosecution of the war, or an immediate cessation of hostilities. The letter course General DIX believes, in common with all thoughtful men, would lead to a direct recognition of the independence of the insurgent States. The General does not say, what, however, he doubtless knows, that this is the instruction of the movement for an armistice. He adds, with inexorable logic:

"General MCCLELLAN, the candidate of the Chicago Convention, by force of his position, must be deemed to approve all the declarations with which he was presented by the majority of the Democratic Convention. Unfortunately, he is silent on the only question in regard to which the public desires to be informed. He does not say whether he is in favor of a cessation of hostilities—the measure assumed by those who nominated him as the basis for action in case of his election—or whether he is opposed to it. He does not mention the conditions, really fractions, in I am confident he would have done if he had taken counsel of his own hatbands instead of yielding to the suggestions of politicians. The Chicago Convention presented a distinct issue to the people. As the majority of the Convention have not accepted or repudiate it. He has done neither; and whatever influence may be drawn from his silence must be by War Democrats or the Peace Democrats must be deceived."

General DIX says in the plainest words that the Chicago nomination was a juggle. For he knows, as we all do, that the nomination of MCPENDLETON, and the fact that MCCLELLAN stands with it and by it, implies a platform of dissent from his known views and position, determines perfectly the character of the ticket and the leaders of those who support it. With the natural regret of a Democrat who remembers other days in which, as it seems to him, the party was true and not false to the national honor, he says of its Chicago platform and nominations: "In this injustice to the country, and to a great party identified with all that is honorable in our history, I can have no part. I can only mourn over the reproach which has been brought upon it, by its leaders."

There are thousands and thousands of Conservative men like General DIX who did not vote for MR. LINCOLN in 1860, and who, like him, can not vote for MR. LINCOLN'S opponent in 1864. We believe with him, and mark his concluding words:

"The only hope left us is in the patriotism and discretion of the people. The great body of the people of all parties who are facing the enemies of their country on the battle-field, with a heroism unsurpassed in any age, or who at home, amidst the prevailing tumult and disorder, are working out, in the quiet pursuits of their varied occupations, the material resources of the public defence and safety. When they shall send out fresh from their ourselves new men to represent them together for the same work that is most precious in government and society, there will be renewed hope and faith in our triumphant and impending exile and danger; bearing, in the mean time, as well as we can, the heavy burdens which have been cast upon us by the torrent of a century of political mismanagement and public misrule."

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

JOHN A. LOGAN, the intimate personal friend of SENATOR DOUGLAS, was a Democratic member of Congress in the secession winter of 1860-'61. When his political friends from the South began to talk of dividing the Union, LOGAN began to talk of assembling it. When they said that should set up for themselves, he answered, "If you resist the Government of the United States the people of the Northwest will hew their way through the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf." The Southern leaders began the war, and JOHN A. LOGAN, like Judge DOUGLAS, DANIEL S. DICK and BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, promptly, immediately into the service, and in the army, he, like them, has made a most enviable name. In all Senator's operations in Georgia there has been no more gallant and victorious soldier than JOHN A. LOGAN.

Lately a MACPENDLETON committee asked him to approve the Chicago platform. He wrote upon the back of his last order congratulating his troops upon the Union victories the words "*Excuse me*," and sent it by mail. General LOGAN says that at Atlanta he heard but one officer declare for MACPENDLETON; and that the great soldiers do not look for the election of a man who, according to the London *Times*, first discovered that his countrymen were whipped. To General LOGAN is now stumping Illinois for MR. LINCOLN. He makes the most eloquent and generous appeals to his old political friends. He says to them, and to all Americans who love the honor of their country:

"There are now only two parties—those who support and encourage the rebels, and those who oppose them. Honest men may be deluded with the Opposition, but the tendency of supporting the Chicago nominations is to strengthen the rebellion."

And again this patriot, who shows his faith by his works, says:

"I would as soon vote for JEFF DAVIS as PENDLETON; and I could not hesitate a moment as between candidates pledged to the Union, the Constitution, the laws and the vigorous prosecution of rebellion confronts the Government, and candidates who demand an immediate cessation of hostilities and peace on any terms."

Is General MACPENDLETON a better Democrat than General JOHN A. LOGAN?

A PEACE MAN.

IF there has been a more faithful servant of the rebellion any where than MR. LAZARUS M. POWELL, formerly from Kentucky—we know not, not in Richmond—we have not known him. This is the gentleman who accused the Administration of arbitrarily suppressing free speech; who grew patriotic over the Habeas Corpus, and then had gagged American citizens, and, in fact, fiercely vituperated the Government which had exercised unusual, but entirely constitutional, powers in the midst of civil war. When he sat down MR. HARLAN read from the journal of the Senate of last year a record of votes by MR. POWELL, which it appeared that this gentleman, so very sensitive to the suppression of free speech in the midst of civil war intended to aid the enemy, *deliberately voted against the resolution to expel a free speech, in time of profound peace, to citizens of the United States!*

This gentleman is, of course, shudders at the enormous crimes of the Administration, and supports the Chicago principles and candidates. MR. POWELL says, with the same frankness with which MR. PENDLETON declares that he is a shiftnationist, and has never voted a man or dollar for this abolition war:

"*As a peace man who has opposed this war from the beginning, never having voted a man or a dollar to carry it on, I never will accept the position of one opposing of the war or of the unjust and cruel manner in which it is* here that General MCCLELLAN," as the nominee of this Convention, should immediately, and he will have it—*say warm, hearty, cadaous support!*

INTERESTING ITEMS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS has been noted for a total forsaking fearing to make his readers weep. Sometimes the sobbing house in one of his novels ran so closely on an actual calamity of death as to excite the sympathetic critics declared he owed his inspiration to the "accident" column of the papers. He drew on real events for the pathetic. The publication strange in the minds of the readers of the September number of "The Mutual Friend." The very words which he puts into the mouth of the old woman who dreads the workhouse so strongly, so fervently, had a living presentment to the unhappily reported case of the unfortunate Mrs. Jeffreys, who, rather than lose her belle-en, stood in a pond to the hearts of its readers. Fact is not stranger or stronger than fiction: they are often so much alike, so fears with each other, and point to the present poor-law as the turn the knife in the wound of the heart.

In the Norwegian mines a singular and striking custom is observed in paying the weekly wages of the men there employed. On the Saturday evening, after the work of the evening to the inspector, who hears from each man the number of hours he has worked, and the number of days of the week past, computes the total given with his own hand in the book, and hands it to the man, who receives it on the miner, bids him term round, and writes in white chalk on his back the amount of his wages. The man, thus accounted, the mine has to go to the cashier, who further writes what he is owing a vet.

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A SINGULAR trial lately took place at Madrid. A robber was cited before the Police Court for having stolen a small cup of consecrated wine from the altar of a church and a votive offering on one of the numerous altars dedicated to that city by the Virgin. The robber at once explained that he and his family being in great distress, he had upon the altar of the Virgin of Atocha, and that while engaged in prayer and contemplation of the four millions' worth of jewels with which the Virgin is surrounded, he stopped, and, with a charming smile, handed him the golden cup. This explanation was received in the Court in profound silence, and the case handed over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who, it is to be hoped, will take however inconvenient the submission of the miracle might be, it would be a fine thing for the poor of the parish. They therefore gave the cup to the soldier, at the same time ordering the restoration of the future spread silver favors from images of any kind, and impressing him with the conviction that he was very lucky to escape without from him as a proof of his gratitude.

A NEW and powerful gun is added to the London Crystal Palace in the form of a "Pneumatic Railway." The application of atmospheric pressure to the propulsion of trains has long been a problem which speculative men of science have regarded as likely to be solved, and many years have been tried which have been more or less successful. The line at Crystal Palace, which is completed has been constructed six hundred yards in length, and along this a train of carriages is driven by the mere force of atmospheric pressure. A description of the mechanical details would be quite unintelligible to the non-professional, and not be satisfactory. Suffice it to say, that in this tunnel or tube, six hundred yards in length, a heavy train of cars is drawn along at a good speed, and sucked back at a similar speed by the force of atmospheric pressure, produced, it may be very valuable. Whether the result will be the supersession of steam by atmospheric pressure is a problem which time alone will show.

ROMAN MARRIAGES continue to multiply; the following is the latest. A Roman lady, the Countess of Francheschini, near Florence, having openly declared that the cure of his arm was long-standing disease was attributable to the miraculous influence of the Madonna, who, he asserted, had appeared to him in a dream, and ordered him to make a pilgrim, the rumor of this "miracle" attracted crowds of devout worshipers to the house of the Countess. The splendid dwelling, with forebands bared to the sun, the prostrate pilgrims and the fervent adoration of the Madonna's image, angels, saints, and even the Almighty himself. The author thought that the pilgrimage proposed by the Pope from the windows and substituted into a couple of deal boxes. The Countess and her son-in-law rights and duties, and the rents the pensioners even after the palace had been put up.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND.

The positions gained by Butler's and Meade's armies on the right and left flanks have been constantly maintained. The enemy has been compelled to assume the offensive, but in none of his attacks has he succeeded in gaining any advantage, while his loss has been greater than ours. The critics since Grant began to move may be summed up as follows:

Thursday, September 29, the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps crossed the James and advanced upon the outer defenses of Richmond, near Chaplin's Farm and at New Market Heights. Both positions were attacked the engagements especially in the unsuccessful attempt to carry Fort Gilmer and Laurel Hill.

On the same day Kautz, moving around to the right and up the Darbytown or Central Road, made an important reconnoissance, which disclosed the remarkable fact that the enemy had on that road no formidable defense until within four miles of Richmond. Indeed, Kautz, in his reconnoissance, passed even this line without resistance, and reached the tall-gate only two or three miles southeast of Richmond. Terry's (First) division of the Tenth Corps was sent, while the fight at Laurel Hill was going on, to the support of Kautz. At sunset this advanced column fell back again, the cavalry maintaining its position near the Central Road, on the extreme right. The various lines were strengthened, so that their gun-boats on the James commanded the advanced position in that direction. That line fortifications were erected and strengthened.

On Friday, the 30th, the enemy, strongly reinforced, attacked the position and attempted to break the Federal lines where the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps lay. Two assaults were made and repulsed. Here the rebel loss was large—about 1,500 men. Two stand of colors, 16 officers, were captured.

On Saturday it rained, and the state of the roads prevented any operations with infantry. But Terry and Kautz, on the right, pushed out to the left of the Central Road on another reconnoissance—a movement which was necessary to avoid spoken in their movement of the enemy.

It was evident that Lee would next attack on our extreme right, and so it proved. Two divisions confronting Butler's line at Chaplin's Farm were transferred to the Darbytown Road. On Friday, October 7, an attack was made upon Kautz's position early in the morning, and Kautz, in a force of four to five thousand men, and having less than two thousand, was compelled to fall back. In retiring he passed through swampy ground, and left behind him eight rebel pieces of artillery. Two were 20-pounder Parrotts, one Armstrong, and three Confederate guns. The rebels captured, and attacked Birney's line. On the right of this line was Terry's division, to which Kautz's troops were advanced a short distance to the right of their brestwork. Kautz was ordered to take up a defensive position behind Hoke and Field's lines in confusion, but their re-formed in spite and made a fierce attack, and were again repulsed. Throwing up some intrenchments the rebels passed further to the right of Fort Burnham's line. At this juncture Terry advanced upon their rear, and drawing them out of their position drove them from the field. The rebel loss, according to Butler's estimate, was 2,000. The Federal loss was about 1,000 men. Two rebel flags which had been yielded was more strongly held after the fight. Among the prisoners taken were Brigadier-General Gregg, of Texas, killed; and Brigadier-General Bratton severely wounded.

Monday advanced, September 30, and carried a fortified position on the Darbytown road, some distance to the left of Laurel Hill. The enemy then fell back on his intrenchments covering the Darbytown road. Butler's right was then advanced to the line followed the enemy up to the works. An attack was made, which was unsuccessful, and the rebels, making a counter-charge, penetrated between the Fifth and Tenth Corps, but were driven back with great slaughter.

On Saturday, October 1, an attack was made by the enemy on a portion of the Eighteenth Corps. The rebels were severely repulsed. On the same day Sheridan's great victory.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Not driven back, as he say reverse, but in obedience to General Grant's plans against Richmond, Sheridan is retreating down the Valley. On the 7th his column had reached Woodstock. Before retiring he had destroyed the mills and forts at Mount Jackson, and on the night of the moving back to this point (Woodstock) the whole country was fired by the rebels to the North Branch, and was made entirely untenable for a rebel army." We make the following extract from Sheridan's report:

"I have destroyed over two thousand barns filled with hay and forage, in addition to burning implements of every mills filled with flour and wheat; have driven in front of my column over four thousand head of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than three thousand sheep.

"This destruction embraces the Luray Valley and Little Fort Valley, as well as the main Valley.

"A large number of horses have been obtained, a proportion of which are fit for cavalry service.

"Lieutenant John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, on October 3. For this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned.

"Since I came into the Valley from Harper's Ferry every train, every mail party, and every ambulance, has been bushwhacked by the people, many of whom have themselves given paroles, which commanded my admiration in that Valley.

"The people here are getting sick of the war. Heretofore they have had no reason to complain, because they have been living in the greatest abundance.

A later dispatch, dated October 9, at Strasburg, gives information of the movement of Early's army, principally over on the Sth. Says Sheridan:

"On the 6th inst. Early's army was not followed up until his yesterday, when a large force of cavalry appeared on the Back Road, and, every available man was sent both by attacking the enemy. I became satisfied that it was only all the infantry of the Valley, as reported by Rosser, and directed Torbett to attack at daylight this morning, and he drove them out of the Valley. The attack was handsomely made. Custar, commanding the Third Cavalry Division, struck the back road, and Merritt, commanding the First Cavalry Division, on the Strasburg pike. The enemy's cavalry was driven in confusion, Custar captured six pieces of artillery with caisons, belonging to the Lomax division—artillery, forty-seven wagons, ambulances, etc. Among the wagons captured are the battle-flags and colors of the Valley, Rosser's division, and Colonel Pollard. The number of prisoners will be 1,500.

"The enemy after being charged by our gallant cavalry fled in confusion. They left Strasburg by our guns on the pump 25 miles through Mount Jackson, and across the north fork of the Shenandoah.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Hood having dispatched a large force to make a descent across the Tennessee somewhere on Sherman's rear, the latter sent General Thomas to attend to Forrest, taking upon himself the task of pursuing General Hood's flank movements. Forrest has been compelled to retreat from Decatur to Corinth, and Sherman's army marched by Sherman over the rebels in his rear at Allatoona. The battle which followed is described thus:

"I reached the Kenesaw Mountain October 6, but in order to bring my supplies by railroad the army halted. I had anticipated the attack, and had ordered from Rome General Corse with about 2,000 men. These arrived and reinforced the enemy losing some 200 dead, and more than 1,000 wounded and prisoners. Corse had about 600 in the aggregate. The enemy captured the small garrison of the block-house, and commanded the railroad seven miles of our railroad; but we have at Allatoona and Kenesaw an abundance of supplies. The enemy made our approach, has moved rapidly back to Dallas and Van Wert, and I have ordered Corse to return to the main Kingston or Rome. Atlanta is perfectly secure to us, and the enemy is destroying all that is worth."

THE INVASION OF MISSOURI.

Brigadier-General Blunt encountered at Bulla. We are able to give a detailed account of his defeat of Price Rock. He reached Cassville on September 28, and with a portion of his command undertook to intercept Shelby. Prices for supplies and ammunition. Blunt's force, which consisted of but 3,000 men, was surrounded on all sides by columns which consisted of 12,000. General Price attempted to advance on his rear, and was terribly beaten, but gaining the mountain sides, he compelled Blunt to evacuate. On the 29th to fight Ewing was surrounded, and same near being captured. He escaped, however, by the aid of forces sent to his assistance. On the 7th he rebels made a demonstration against Rolla, but this proved to be merely a feint to occupy our forces while they crossed the Osage River. On the 8th Price's army began to concentrate. Price's army is estimated at 30,000 strong, with from 16 to 18 pieces of artillery. On the 9th General Rosecrans arrived, and scouring command followed the rebels with about 5000 cavalry.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—THE BATTLE AT CHAPIN'S FARM, September 29, 1864.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 684.]

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.—THE REBEL ASSAULT AND ATTEMPT TO RECAPTURE FORT HARRISON, SEPTEMBER 29, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WARD.—[SEE PAGE 684.]

THE SONG OF AUTUMN.

I HAVE painted the woods, I have kindled the sky,
I have brightened the hills with a glance of mine eye;
I have scattered the fruits, I have gathered the corn,
And now from the earth must her verdure be torn.

Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

No more from the depth of the grove may be heard
The joy-hastened song of its fluttering bird;
I have passed o'er the branches that shelter him there,
And their quivering drapery is shaken by air.

Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

Fixed not the deer on yet sunny and long,
That your forms are still bright'ning, your fibres still strong?
To vigor and beauty, relentless am I—
There is nothing to young or too lovely to die.

Ye lingering flowers, ye leaves of the spray,
I summon ye all—away! away!

And I call on the winds that repose in the north,
To rend their wild voices in unison forth;
Let the harp of the tempest be dolefully strung—
There's a wail to be made, there's a dirge to be sung;
For the lingering flowers, the leaves of the spray,
They are doomed—they are dying away! away!

LITTLE BEN.

AMONG a year ago, more or less, a little old gentleman was walking in Fifth Avenue in the city of New York. He had a hooked nose with a pair of gold spectacles perched on the top of it, and a gray wig with a fine curl in the very middle of his forehead. His shirt was quite clean, but very much tumbled up at the wristbands. He walked with a cane, after a queer fashion which I will try to describe. He put the cane to the ground with a smart rap, then looked at it, with his bushy black eyebrows puckered together into what seemed a terrible frown, and took two short, quick steps. At the next two steps he would flourish the cane vigorously, making a figure 8 in the air, at the same time glancing upward, with all the fierceness absorbed out of his brows; and so on, up and down, rap and flourish, until he got to the end of his journey.

In passing he was crossing Eighteenth Street and making a tremendous 8 in the air with his cane, that his eye fell upon a little bit of a boy playing ball and with a small stone against the blank side-wall of one of the houses.

As for the little fellow had but two garments—ragged shirt with no buttons and only half a sleeve, and a pair of trowsers which were so large that the whole of the waist of a body could have been hidden in one leg of them. As it was, they were tied round his waist with a piece of twine, and rolled up in the legs. His poor little bare feet and ankles looked red and cold, as well as dirty; and it was very fortunate that he had such a shock of thick, tangled hair as his head, for that was all the hat or cap he owned.

But, spite of his rags and nakedness, he was happy as a lark. He was here and there like lightning, and counting out triumphantly every time he caught the stone, until, at the very moment the little old gentleman was passing, he made a miss, and away flew the stone over his head, and hit the old gentleman on the end of his hooked nose.

"Mercy on us!" he exclaimed, in a sharp, cracked voice, which sounded like a poppun.

"Where did that ball go to? hang it!" said the boy.

"What do you mean by knocking people's noses off in broad daylight?" cried the little old gentleman. "You'll come to the gallows if you go on in this way. Mercy on us!"

He rubbed his long hooked nose; while the boy pushing away the tangled yellow hair from his brow, looked up frightened; but when he saw a pair of gray, twinkling eyes bent down on him, and a kind smile on the old man's countenance, another smile broke out in his beautiful little face—a smile through all the dirt and neglect—and he said,

"I'm sorry I hit you. I didn't mean to. Let me clean your nose. Sir; there is no end dirty."

Then the little old gentleman saw that he had a small wooden box, with brushes and blacking; and looking close at it, the old-fashioned gentleman also said "Mercy on us!" again, like another poppun.

"Why, so they are dirty? To—be—sure! Then, what does he do but put up one of his feet on the box, and the next moment the boy was spitting on his brush and rubbing away for dear life.

"What's your name?" asked the little old gentleman presently.

"Ben," answered the child, looking up. "What's made you cry? I should come to the gallows? I ain't cheating."

"Well, to—be—sure. That was wrong in me. I shall buy you a ball. You mustn't be pounding people's houses with stones. It's wicked. Where do you live?"

"Down in Centre Street."

"Why do you come 'way up here It is ten miles at least."

"Cause the big boys beat me away from down town, and I must go where I can get some money for mother, you see, 'cause Bill is in prison."

"In prison? What for?"

"For likes you, for prigging."

"Mercy on us!" cried the little old gentleman. "What does that mean?"

"Stealing," said the child, in a low voice, looking down, and working very hard at the other shoe.

"Mercy on us!" came out this time more like a poppun than ever; and the little old gentleman was so shocked; then, after a moment, he drew a long breath, and said "to—be—sure;" and then he added, in a solemn tone, with all the twinkle gone out of his eyes—"But you're not a thief, are you?"

"O Lor, no! I don't never know enough for that."

"Poor little man!" said the old gentleman. "God grant you never may know enough. Are there any more of you?"

"Yes; my sister Fighting Bet. I hate her. She punches my head again the wall every chance she can get. She would burn a house down for ten-pence."

"Oh, oh! what do I hear?" said the little old gentleman. "It is dreadful!" Then seeing that his shoes were finished, and shining like jet, he put his hand in his pocket and took out first a ten-cent stamp. "That's to buy a ball," he said. Then bringing out a well-worn black pocket-book, he took from thence a dollar bill with a portrait of Mr. Chase on it, which some funny fellow had ornamented with an immense pair of mustaches, and handing that also to the ragged, barefooted child, told him to buy himself with it a pair of shoes.

"Why, you're crazy, ain't you?" exclaimed the boy, as soon as he could recover from the utter disgape of astonishment this munificent gift had caused.

"Really though, do you mean it?

"Mean it, my poor boy? To—be—sure; and—and—good-by."

He walked off, his under lip trembling, and the great frown coming deeper than ever as he brought his cane with a rap to the ground, while it did not clear away as well as usual with the next two steps, and the flourish of the figure of 8 in the air.

Before he had taken six steps little Ben sat down on his box. He drew in his breath with a long sigh; then another still longer, and then he broke into a furious passion of crying, smearing the great tears all over his face with his dirty brown hands, and sobbing as though his heart would break.

No one noticed him. Presently a cross-looking servant girl came out of a low area door in the side of the house with a pan of cool ashes. She saw little Ben sobbing, and she said to him in a shrill, yet little wretch; go 'long with you!" shaking her fist at him. Then, seeing that he did not move at once, she rushed at him, and cuffed his ears so hard that she knocked him quite over.

"You've killed him," cried a woman, who, catching up his box by the long strap, and swinging it round till it came with a sounding whack against her shoulder, gave chase to the fat cook of his speed, he did not stop until he was completely out of breath.

But what was the matter with the little old gentleman's eyes as he walked away? He twitched off his spectacles, and taking a large red silk pocket-handkerchief out of his pocket, wiped them, then, as if they were to blame, holding his cane straight out before him. Then he rubbed them again and again now, as if he was vexed about the state of his eyes, which were shining with a watery brightness that was very unusual and surprising; and then he exclaimed,

"Mercy on us! mercy on us! mercy on us!" three times to himself, as he had never known that the words did not sound this tune in the least like poppuns; and after he had blown his nose, and put on his spectacles, he turned his cane with a rap to the ground and a "To—be—sure."

Before little Ben went home he bought a nice India-rubber ball, for he had dropped the last bought in the air as he walked, singing, "My name it is Joe Rowers," at the top of his voice, for he had forgotten his tears in a very few minutes.

This boy was born in a cellar in the Five Points, amidst scenes of squalid poverty and all manner of wickedness.

Ben's parents were miserable people, who starved when they had no money, and who drank and sometimes with poisonous gin when they had chanced to earn or beg a few shillings.

Haggard, brutal-looking men and women live all around, and swarms of wretched children, screaming and fighting continually, fill the crooked, dirty streets of this dreadful locality. The houses, some of them quite large, are rotten and mouldering with age and decay. All manner of filth lies putrifying in the gutters, and the very air, which don't go and fro from one crazy den to another, are gaunt and hideous with famine.

No wonder that little Ben at eight years of age was a lean and shrunken child, between hard blows and slow starvation. What he earned was taken away from him every night by his father, or even by the bundle of straw that served him for a bed.

He rarely chanced one other pair of boots that does for which he was paid the same two cents. With it he went into a low eating-house and bought a slice of bread and meat, or a sausage. This he carefully stowed away in the pocket of the old pantaloons along with the precious dollar. Ben did not even know what a pocket-handkerchief was, because he meant to give it to his mother, whom the poor little fellow loved because once in a great while she kissed him.

On his way home he met half a dozen other bootblacks, who immediately set upon him in a body; pinching his ears, pulling his hair, calling him a sneak, regretting that he had no cap on his head so that they might snatch it off and toss it sky-high; ordering him to be informed what he was to be hung, as they wished to be present at the ceremony.

The tormented boy became crimsoned with fury, but fearing for his dollar, he shook his arms to defend his head and answered back not a word, till passing his chance he broke from them and ran for his life.

Presently he turned into one of the wretched streets of the Five Points. Stopping before one of the houses, he stepped cautiously down the slimy, muddy steps, but being breathless and unsteady with running he fell against the door, the lock of which sent him staggering against the opposite wall.

"Why don't you let the boy alone?" growled his mother, who was covering over a battered and empty stove. "I never see such a brute as you are."

The walls and ceiling were perfectly black with age. In one corner was a heap of mouldy straw, with some ragged trowsers over it for a pillow-case. By the side of the stove were two wooden boxes which answered for chairs, and near one of them was a black bottle smelling of whisky. An old frying-pan, rusty for want of use, and a tin mug, stood just within the chimney—and that was all.

The miserable boy stood crying where his cruel parent had thrown him, not daring to approach him.

He soon went softly up to his mother, and showed her the dollar.

"A dollar?" she screamed, clutching it—"a dollar! Where did you steal it?"

"I didn't steal it," cried Ben, indignantly. "An old cove gave it to me himself; he told me to buy shoes with it; but I'll give it all to you, mother, if you want it."

"Want it? want it? Oh, won't we have a jolly time! Here, Jim," she continued, holding it out to the man, "you've been good, and half a peck of coal, and get this filled"—handing him the bottle —"and get some bacon, too, d'ye hear? I'm hungry." And she rolled her eyes and rubbed her hands in joyful anticipation of the coming warmth and feast; then suddenly she drew Ben to her and kissed him.

The child's poor little thin arms went curling round her neck, and he piteously murmured, "Oh, mother, why don't you be kind to me all the time like this?"

"Because I'm such a wicked woman," she groaned, shuddering. "But, Ben, you mustn't mind if I hit you when I'm tipsy. I don't mean it, boy. Don't you cry now, Ben."

Luckily the refreshments coming in at this moment diverted the child from his tears; and very soon a fire was burning in the rickety old stove, and the battered tin cup was doing duty on it, heating water, but not for tea. Jim, however, hoping that the cellar would soon be pitch dark, as the sun was now setting, had added a tallow-candle to the rest of his purchases. This was stuck in a hole in the floor, for candlesticks there was none; and soon the three were eating bread and smoked herring, tearing at both like famished tigers with avidity. Jim had borrowed a cracked tumbler from an upstairs neighbor, and in this he mixed some hot whisky-and-water for his wife. Ben drinking of the like the rest until his eyes grew heavy, and then closed.

Jim and his wretched wife finished the whisky between them—not yet without quarreling—and by midnight were going off in a series of short naps, sitting on the wooden boxes, tumbling forward and raising themselves up with sudden jerks and moans, till at last they fell upon the floor.

If the little old gentleman could have foreseen what would be done with his dollar, I really think he would have popped out his "Mercy on us!" like a jack-in-the-box, and snatched it away from the poppun; and I am sure Mr. Chase, who looks like an excellent good man, if one may judge by his portrait on the bill, would have been highly pleased to up his money, or made a real "shinplaster" of it, than have had it put to such a miserable use.

Ben was the most wretched looking stupid and sick; but he got quietly up while his parents were still sleeping, and taking his box and brushes, went softly out, down the stairs, and bread which he had bought the day before. He went immediately up to the same place on Fifth Avenue, hoping to see his friend; for the old gentleman came there along flourishing his cane on that day, or on many other days, though Ben watched for him eagerly.

But on the 8th day, rap, cane, and all, just the same as before; and Ben, running up, his dirty, but beautiful face in a glow of delight, cried out,

"See, Sir, here's my ball: I gave the ten-pence for it."

The poor child was as ragged as ever, and barefooted of course.

"But where are the shoes I gave you the money to buy?"

"I give the dollar to my mother."

"And what did she do with it?"

She looked down, and said, in a low voice. "Got tipsy."

"Mercy on us!" cried the little old gentleman, "what are we to do with such wicked people?"

"Bet is in the hospital," said the boy.

"Who's Bet?" asked the little old gentleman, for he had forgotten her name.

"Bet's my sister."

"Oh! How did she come there?"

"Well, she was fighting, and she got her head broke with a brick-bat; and the plessman came to stop it, and he got locked, and then they took Bet to the hospital."

"Mercy on us!" said the little old gentleman; then speaking suddenly to hide how nearly he was crying, "Here you, boy," he said, "come along with me!"

He hastened down the side street to Sixth Ave nue and got into a car, telling Ben to follow. And so Ben took his first ride!

They got out at the cars went, then walked a little way to a hotel, where, by paying for it, the old gentleman soon had ready a nice bath of piping hot water, and clean clothes.

"Come, Ben," he said, "take off your clothes, jump in here and scrub yourself well; and I'll order some dinner in your room."

No sooner said than done; for Ben, in a state of delight that never at such fine things, soon slipped out of the ragged shirt with one sleeve and the big trowsers, and had a warm bath for the first time in his life. A ride and a bath! would wonders ever cease?

You never saw such a bright, handsome face as came out of that same bath-room half an hour afterward! To be sure the ragged clothes looked doleful and dirty, and Ben hated to put them on his clean white body. But he never shirked. Just wait a bit.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed the queer little old gentleman when Ben came up to him; "what a difference, and how clean you are! You perfectly smell of soap and water. Poor little fellow! to be sure—to be sure."

They hurried out and went up Broadway to Mr. Brooks's great ready-made clothing-store, Ben walking on the outside edge of the walk to keep his feet clean.

"Have you ready-made boys' clothes?"

"Thousands of them," answered the clerk, with a very polite bow.

"Well, take this boy's measure for a strong, dark suit. Put them on him, and tie up his old clothes in a bundle, if you please."

"Yes, Sir, certainly," said the clerk, with another polite bow. Then he took Ben into a small room, and bringing out his long piece of yellow tape proceeded to measure the boy in every direction. Presently he darted out and said to the old gentleman, "Did you mean shirt, stockings, pocket-handkerchiefs, cap, and all, Sir?"

"Mercy on us! do you keep all these things too?"

Every article in the line, Sir, cheap for cash. They all come into the clothing department, you know, Sir."

"To—be—sure. Certainly. How about shoes?"

"We can send for a pair, and have them here in five minutes."

"Poor little boy," said the old gentleman; "he shall have them all. Get the shoes, too, if you please."

The clerk said to himself it was all "jolly queer," but none of his business if funny old chaps chose to pick up beggars and fag them out from one end to so be grinned and bowed, and went back to Ben, tickled his feet by measuring them too, and sent a boy to the nearest shoe store with an order and the measure.

Then he got out of a great pile a nice little white shirt, and told Ben to put it on.

"Is it to be mine, Sir?" asked Ben, his whole face in a glow of wonder and joy.

"I rather think it is," said the clerk. "That old chap, your grandfather, told me to give it to you."

"He's not my grandfather—he's my friend," said Ben. "I'm only a poor boy."

"Oh!" said the clerk, who knew perfectly well that the old gentleman was not his grandfather, "then you're a lucky chap, for you are to have a complete suit like a dandy, all except a mountain for your hair, and colours for your pocket-handkerchief. we don't sell those, I'm sorry to say."

Ben never understood that the clerk was laughing at him. He was in a bewildered maze of ecstasy and delight as each fresh article was handed to him, starting with the shoes which the boy had brought in, and which exactly fitted.

And now, his mind completely dressed, his face finished, his eyes wildly bright, his hands trembling—

When he came out the funny little old gentleman did not know him; and when he was quite dressed up and said, "Please, Sir, thank you, Sir, here I am."

"Mercy on us!" cried the old gentleman; "to—be—sure."

He said for the clothes with some bills which but Chase's portrait on them.

Ben thought it must have been a hundred dollars at least that he had to give, and he said, timidly, "I'll bring the clothes as long as I live, Sir. I love you. You are kind and good."

Upon this the little old gentleman winked very hard, for his eyes had become suddenly dim, and said, "To—be—sure," in a whisper, to himself.

They went out, Ben with his old rags of clothes and his blacking-box and brushes, all tied up together in brown paper, and the old gentleman, who seemed perfectly crazy about Ben, took him next to a barber.

"Cut this boy's hair, if you please," he said; very soon the barber was thoroughly rewarded.

The barber lifted Ben upon a high chair, and pinned a great towel around his neck; then, taking a comb and scissors, began to cut away, and snipping, until the long tangled hair covered his shoulders. Then he rubbed something that smelled delicately on his head, and, taking the scissors, with one flourish he made a beautiful parting at the side; then he brushed, and brushed, till the short wavy locks shone bright and golden.

He was a beautiful child. Thin and pale certainly, but with a sweet, gentle expression.

And the little old gentleman loved the child. He was such a simple old fellow that he quite wondered that Ben should love him; and as they trudged away from the barber's he kept glancing at the boy's happy face, and thinking to himself, "It's a great thing to have a child to love you. To—be—sure."

"Where do you live, Ben?" he asked, presently.

"Down in the Five Points, Sir."

"Will you take me there? I want to speak to your mother."

So they walked a little farther down Broadway, and Ben knew many more boys there at the steps which led to the cellar. Men, women, and children, fierce and ragged, watched them all the way, but one of the more amiable children stole the old gentleman's red silk pocket-handkerchief.

"May I call you my friend?" asked Ben, timidly, of the old gentleman.

"To—be—sure," said the old gentleman.

They opened the battered door, and went into the dismal place.

"What do you want?" asked a gruff voice.

"It's me, mother! It's me, mother!" exclaimed Ben; "and this is my friend who gave me all these nice clothes, and the dollar, and the India-rubber ball!"

The man cause forward, caught Ben roughly by the arm, twisted and twisted him round, and then ungraciously said,

"You'd better have given him money. What's the use of fine duds to the likes of him?"

"Mercy on us!" muttered a voice in the corner, and Ben's mother lifted her head from the straw on which she was lying. "Who's that? What do those people want here?"

"It's me, mother; your Ben!" said the child, going down to her.

"My boy! my Ben! Why, who's been doing this to you?" touching his clothes and clean face.

"My friend."

"What! that old man? God bless you, Sir!" said the woman; "though it's queer how you came by it, to be sure. I'll wash his face and his feet clean to brush boots."

"Mercy on us! I don't want him to take them off!" cried the old gentleman. "I want him to go

to school, and I will help you and your husband to get a work, and to live in comfort, if you will promise me to keep sober and be honest."

"That I will!" cried the woman, bursting into tears.

The old gentleman tore a page out of his memorandum-book, wrote on it where he lived, and placed it in the woman's hands; then telling Ben to come to him before nine o'clock the next day, he hurried out of the place with many extra flourishes of his cane, and got safely back to Broadway.

"Mercy on us!" he ejaculated, "what a home! Ben shall come here. I'll have him educated; and with God's blessing he will grow up a good man. Too—be—sure!"

He felt for the pocket-handkerchief to polish his spectacles, which somehow had gotten very dim.

"Mercy on us! these eyes shine!"

That night, when little Ben was asleep, his father took his new clothes and pawned them for drink. His mother begged him to leave them alone, but in vain. The brown paper was torn off, and the old rags placed by his side; and when poor little Ben awoke the next morning the shirt without a sleeve and the big trowsers were all he saw.

He rose, his heart beating wildly, and hunted in every corner of the wretched room, but they were gone. He stood one moment perfectly still, as if turned to stone. Then he began to draw his breath in long sobs—more and longer yet—and then broke into frantic screams and cries.

His father awoke, furious at having his sleep disturbed.

"You'd better be quiet," he cried, in a savage voice, shaking his fist at him.

"Give me my clothes!" screamed the child. "Give them to me!"

"You'll never see them again. Go long out and black boots."

All at once the boy became silent. He put on the ragged clothes, but did not take his box of brushes, and went up the steps, saying to himself, "I'll go right to my friend and tell him."

His father heard him, and coming up to his feet he rushed after him, shouting, "No, you won't go to your friend!"

Furious with passion and drink, he seized his little son Ben by the arms, and, swinging him high above his head, hurled him down the stone steps.

One piercing shriek, one quiver of the little wasted frame, and the child lay quite still.

"Why, what's the matter with the fire?" asked his mother, seeing him lying so still and white on the straw.

He fell down the steps," said the father.

Something in the tone of his voice excited her suspicion, and looking keenly at him she cried,

"You have killed him. You have—you did."

He went up the steps and soon brought back a Dispensary doctor.

The miserable child was examined with gentleness and care by the doctor, who found that his collar-bone and one of his legs were broken.

"He must be taken to the hospital," he said. "I will send men and a litter."

And so poor little Ben, almost murdered by his father, was carried off to the hospital; while his parents, afraid of the little old gentleman, moved immediately—not to another cellar, as another street, telling no one where they were going.

And when Ben's "friend," wondering why the boy did not come to him, ventured once more into the Five Points, he could not find the child or his parents, or any one who knew any thing about them. And he walked softly away, saying, "Mercy on us! what a world it is! Where is the pretty little boy? I meant to be so kind to him. To—be—sure."

Weeks passed, but poor little Ben still lay in his bed at the hospital. His constitution had received such a shock that he could not rally, and the nurse thought of his father's awful cruelty ate into his heart like a canker.

Every body was kind to him. The nurse seemed to feel more tender and compassionate every day. The oldest and poorest among the patients in the ward where he lay would ask him how he felt in the morning.

One day, when his mother was with him, he threw his arms passionately round her neck and burst into tears, crying, "If I could only see him —oh, if I could! I love him! I am dying, and I don't want to die without seeing *my friend*."

The woman sobbed. "Oh, don't say you're dying," she cried, "my darling, my own little Ben. I will never be cross to you again. And I'll go for the old gentleman; he will make you better."

She kissed him, and went out. But though she ran all the way to the old gentleman's house she did not find him at home. She could only leave a message, repeating it over and over to the servant, entreating the old gentleman not to lose a moment when he knew who wanted him.

It was night before he came home, for he had dined with friends.

"What!" he said to the servant, "my little Ben! Dying? Get me a coach, quick! Mercy on us! Oh dear! oh dear!"

It was against the rules to admit visitors at night, but the little old gentleman got in, and was soon at the bedside of the dying boy.

He was already too far gone to speak; but he threw his wasted arms around the neck of his dear old friend, and with what he withered cheek; then feeling under his pillow, he took out a *small Index-rubber ball*, and holding it up, smiled in his face.

It was too much. The little old gentleman pushing away his spectacles, cried and sobbed like a child; while Ben stroked his kind face with his small, trembling hand, trying to comfort him; then drawing the old man's cheek close to his, with great difficulty he murmured,

"Good-*by, my friend*."

The arm dropped powerless, and the child turned his face away. Closing his eyes, he fell asleep; and when the old gentleman took the small hand

"in his it was already cold. For little Ben

THE ANGEL AND CHILD.

I saw an angel, in my sleep,
Pass out of the celestial town;
By golden stair and starry keep
This angel of the Lord came down.

He kindled into purple flame
His pathway through the cloven sky,
This angel of the Lord, by name
To where a little child did lie.

I saw their faces, near and clear,
His was the child's, the child's was his;
O babe, the mother-lips are dear—
Now you shall take an angel's kiss!

I look'd again, and in my dream
I saw the angel and the child
Pass, hand in hand, athwart the gleam
Of innermost Paradise undefiled,

On to the Throne. They shall behold
The Father's lighted glowing face;
Mother, the little limbs are cold:
Your angel-baby died to-day!

MAD ANNETTE.

Most persons have paused for an hour or two on the road between Paris and London to lounge round the quaint old-fashioned town of Boulogne. We, at least, did give so much time to the port as was necessary to note these its peculiarities before vending our onward way to Paris: and we did even more than this. Securing the guidance of a gray-haired hanger-on of the church, we mounted up many flint-scooped steps, and through numberless corridors gaining as much dust as oxygen to the topmost platform of the steeple. The view was worth the trouble. Right below the tower nestled and clustered women, in their blue and red clothes, were hurrying hither and thither around the fish-market, while the great fresh morning air with their chaffering cries. From a thicket of black masts and cordage rose the chimneys of the packet ships and steamers all over the kindly sea: which sea spread blue and placid till it was lost in the curve of the earth. The tall cones of the castle towers, the belongs to another age, and made me think for a moment whether I were the colors of the Bearnais or of Mayenne—so light natter to when he wrote upon his own death. But the cicerone recalled me from the past by calling attention to a spick-and-span new house, in a quarter where bright red walls and green shutters were more frequent than the older yellow plaster, and less fashionable, style exultation, "See there the house of the Prefect!"

"And look there, Martin," cried one of my companions, "that's the house of fresh and unfeigned grief —a state resemble by lapse of time and new associations. "Tell me right!" said the neighbors; and Annette received their pity very kindly and very impassibly, only saying, "I know he will come to fetch me; and when he has him I shall go to him." And of course Carter never came: he was never seen or heard of at Dieppe again. And now more than four months have gone by. Annette's wanderings became longer and more dreamy. Nothing done by her father or her friends availed to break the unvarying habit. Backward and forward on the shore of the much-sounding sea she walked, waiting for the vainly-expected summons of her lover.

Up to this time she could not be said to be mad; she was only very sorrowful and very fond of solitude. But now came the remarkable part of the story.

"Messieurs probably know the environs of Dieppe?" said the narrator.

"Never in the place till last night."

"Ah, then, I will describe them to yourselves in the appearances of the coast which I am about to describe. Along to the west, down there, the beach runs flat, with the exception of wastes of chalk under the cliffs. At low-tide long tracks of rock are discovered stretching out to sea, divided in all directions by wide channels of water. Very green and very slippery are those tracks of rock. One day I had occasion to go a little journey in that direction. That is, as the crow flies, for I determined to go along the beach. It was a bleak day in December; the sky was very black, and I had to walk steadily to keep myself from the cold. What did I see as I turned round one of the headlands of the cliff? What but Annette herself, wandering on like a woman in a dream! Quite slowly, as if she cared nothing for the cold wind."

"I Good-day, Mademoiselle Annette. It is very cold down here by the sea, is it not?"

"I am not cold, Monsieur Godin."

"Ah, you are warm, Mademoiselle?"

"What does mademoiselle seek this morning on the cold beach?"

"Monsieur, I have a rendezvous with a friend."

"Poor girl! I thought; your friend will never come: and you will be very cold and wet stretched.

"When my affairs were finished, now, I said, I will return along the road on the top of the cliff; that beach is too damp and slippery; so I set off briskly again. Ah, messieurs! I could walk then as I can not walk now. But, as I have had the misfortune to tell you, for twenty years past.

I was going along the road, with the rising ground that could soon be left edge on my left hand, when I thought on a sudden of Annette. Is she there still? I said to myself. She will be terribly frozen. She should be kept at home: she should not be allowed to go out. I must speak to old Pochon. Now I will mount the edge of the cliff, and see if she is still on the shore. It was just about here that she was when I passed below two hours ago. I turned quickly from the road, messieurs, and in a moment I was on the edge of the cliff, with the green chalk cliff at my feet. The tide had now quite gone down, and the surf seemed a long way from me. Green rocks, and sand, and pools stretched away for many, many yards. Was Annette there? Yes, sitting on a white fragment of cliff below me. So I stood watching the fair prospect and the sea stretching out as we see it now; not, however, smooth and blue; then it was dark and troubled, and white waves broke on the furthest ledges of rock. As I gaze down at Annette, suddenly she rises: she springs forward with a loud cry of delight, runs rapidly across the highest bank of shingle and sand, and wafts an instant where the rocks begin. What does she see? My thoughts jump directly to the object of her desire. Is there any sign of the approach of Ben? Is it true that last night that the girl recognizes? Nothing. Two or three fishing-boats close inshore—boats that I know well by sight—but none have come from England. Nobody on the shore, and nothing at sea. If Annette sees any thing it is imagination. My eyes are fixed on her. She advances, with walking her way toward a tall rock on her right hand. She is right and more looked. She steps over the channel between the rocks. She stands poised for a moment on a weedy ledge; she is half hidden in a pool. She has fallen. No; she is reaching on again. She has reached the tall rock. With hands and knees she clambers to the summit, throws her arms to the open, gives a loud shriek, and—disappears —nothing but air. She starts again—starts off to the left messieurs, looking no bigger than the men and—comes you now in the plain where I see her. I see her, now up, now down; sometimes splashing in the water from some more lofty rock—taking her way from rock to rock; sometimes falling; on again in a moment. Soon she stands still again, once more throws her arms open wide—a cry of disappointment, and hurries off, this time direct to the sea. Should I have tried to get down? By the bye before me, messieurs, I was not thinking—I could not take my eyes off. Before Annette now a ridge of rock rises out of the shore, and the sea seems to wash round the end of it. Yes, so that where the last rock meets the advancing tide there is a fall of some height. She runs—runs—she is at the edge. She is in the sea; she will—No! She falls: I see her no more. She will be hurt by the fall. No! She will swim, must, and she can not move: she will be drowned!

"Before I had thought half this, messieurs, I was far down on the shore to the nearest rock I knew from the cliff to the shore. I ran as fast as Annette. In five minutes I was down and on the rock, and saw poor girl had failed in her leap. It was sad to see. Annette was lying in the moist sand, quite still, as one who is dead, the height of a man from me. And now her long black hair—it started round her beautiful face; and on one of her little brown feet a shell had made a cruel cut, from which the red blood trickled out into the sand: and twice or thrice the harsh waves had crawled over her, and she was all wet and cold. Annette, Annette!" I said, and "What could I do? Was she drowned? I did not know. I lifted her up: I carried her to the nearest house. Should she be tended upon my speed? Under the remedies known to the good woman of the house the patient gradually recovered. Was her mind life came back together. Then I was very thankful, for I yearned over that poor motherless, miserable child. She was to herself: but then I can not say that she has never since come to herself. But she lived, and she began to mutter in a low, plaintive voice, as I have described it. I see them. Then art come now to fetch me, and I go to thee without a moment's delay. Where for me, my darling? I am close to thee. What! thou art farther off? Only wait and I will reach thee. Thou beckonest: I am coming—I am coming." So went on, and messieurs: and never since has she said any thing else.

"I went back to Dieppe; I informed the old Pochon. I found that Annette lay in a fever at old mother Collet's; for nearly raving (always on the same subject), for weeks more too week to walk. Since that she has been quite well. She never seems to know any one, or to care for any thing, except once. Yes, once she did seem to have some sense of my presence; that was when her behavior was taken away from her. Then she wept for a little time, for a little time, messieurs."

And two large round tears rolled down the old man's wrinkled cheeks as he spoke.

"What a thereby!" cried Martin, though I don't believe he had understood half of it.

"And you never heard any more of the man Carter?"

"Never have I seen him since, Sir. He was not likely to come to Dieppe. If I do see him, I will—but no! No! The God of the sea will punish him. And perhaps Annette may yet be healed."

"Now, Martin, come along down; we've been up here more than half an hour. What shall we give the old man?"

We descended and groped on the narrow stair again, and were soon on the lower earth once more.

Annette was at the porch again.

Look you, she was the merry world with a mechanical, meaningless smile, she was seated on a rude stool under the shadow of the church wall. The old guide touched her hand and said, "Good-day, Annette!" No greeting came in reply. The smile remained, but not changed. As we looked, a wavy little lad of some half-dozen years, evidently full of importance at "minding" the poor lunatic, came running up, and cried, "Come, we must go: it is necessary that thou return: my mother awaits you."

The little hand was offered to close round the long thin fingers, and to lead away an unresisting and impassible charge.

We settled our hotel bill, drove to the station, and sank easily on the comfortable cushions of the railroad running southward.

About three miles out of Dieppe Jack broke a long and meditative silence with a remark: "Do you know, you fellows, I believe that sort of thing generally ends in something or other—in something —in something of that sort, you know."

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.—CHARGE OF THE FIFTH CORPS ON THE REBEL REDOUBT AT PEEBLES'S FARM, SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.—SKETCHED BY C. H. CRAPSI.—[SEE PAGE 684.]

SHERIDAN'S ARMY ON THE MARCH UP THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 680.]

SUCCOTASH.

BY LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK.

I FIND that in these desultory gossipings of mine It is almost impossible not to forget that I began and intended (and intend) to write only in the "first person singular;" but thirty years' use of the editorial "We" makes it a very difficult practice to overcome. The inevitable "we" slips from the nib of our (there 'tis again!)—from the nib of *my* steel pen every now and then, and I can't help it.

I remember well "old Mathews," of whom Mr. Stetson of the Astor House tells some amusing anecdotes, while the great mimic was a guest at the Tremont House in Boston (then the "crack hotel of the United States), on his last appearance in America.

I remember him well in his wonderfully grotesque appearance—himself *alone*—on the boards of the old Park Theatre, now rolling modestly from the prompter's box in the middle of the stage, in front of the foot-lights, and the leader of the orchestra giving his "Old Bachelor," his "Hunter of Barbary Flat," and the like.

But we are especially reminded of "old Mathews" in his connection by some remarks which he once made—and reiterated at a supper in Boston—concerning the editorial "We."

When he was in the height of his fame in London as a comedian he took it into his head to appear in tragedy. He "did essay Hamlet," and failed, of course; as all his friends expected, and had forewarned him; and of their prophecy did not fail, in his mortification, to remind him. And what was still more outrageous, the London *Times* had an severe *critique* upon the performance, closing with these words:

"We sincerely trust that our excellent and admired comedian, unequaled in his line, may never again be tempted to depart from his peculiar role. His performance in tragedy we have only to say is *simply ridiculous*."

At this old Mathews "boiled up," and he gave expression to his resentment in the words following, to wit:

"Who the devil is 'WE?' Who is this *one* man in the *Times* newspaper who goes about as if he had a pig in his belly, squaling or grunting out 'We, we, we?' Who is 'WE?' If you knew him you could cane him; but who can thrash 'WE?' Confound 'em! there may be a baker's dozen of 'em!"

The very obgurgation of the old favorite proved the notoriety of the editorial plural. We all, in these end times, in days gone by, I have wished, in merely friendly gossip and familiar chat with readers and correspondents, like the present, it might be intermitted, or entirely pretermitted.

So, brother compositors and proof-readers of the *Weekly*, when we say "I," and when we say "I," and we shall be very much obliged to you.

"JOHN PHOENIX"—A GREAT RAILROAD PROJECT.

"I REGARD 'John Phœnix,'" said a distinguished officer of the United States army to me today, "to one of the wittiest writers which this country has produced within the last forty years. In quiet burlesque, especially, alike with pen and pencil, I have always seen him surpassed."

I agreed with him entirely; and as an instance of Phœnix's burlesque I give to the readers of the *Weekly* the subjoined, which has never before been published. It is in Captain Derby's own handwriting:

"GREAT RAILROAD PROJECT!
"THE BELVIDERE AND BEHRING'S STRAITS UNION RAILROAD!

"The foregoing is the title of a road which has become a *fixed fact* in the minds of the projectors.

"The general road commences at Belvidere, in the State of Illinois, and runs thence in a northwesterly direction to Behring's Straits, via Roscoe. It is also projected to diverge several branches from the main line, the first of which is to be known as 'The Nort Pole Branch Railroad,' and by which it is proposed to secure the ice-trade.

"The main line crosses the before-mentioned straits by a tunnel or bridge, thence south, by easy grades, and tunneling the Chinese Wall, to Pekin.

"At or near Behring's Straits it is proposed to diverge with a branch to a southerly direction to Cape Kamschatka, the said branch to be called the 'Kamschatka Valley Union Railroad.' The object of this branch is to secure the seal-trade for the Calcutta market.

"It is also proposed to start another branch at or near the same point of divergence, running in a westerly direction to Tobolsk, in Siberia, connecting at that point with the Underground Railroad-stopping Railroad' to the Dead Sea. The said underground road to be built under the immediate supervision of eminent civil engineers, they having had much experience in works of that character. The services of Captain Ingraham have been secured as conductor on this road.

"From Pekin there will be a branch to Jaffa, crossing the straits near the island of Nipbor by an immense Ice Bridge. The object of this branch is to convey troops and munitions of war from the United States to 'Jerusalem' and annex the Japanese, and also to secure the Japan-ware trade.

"From Pekin will diverge three branches, viz Corbin Clinton to secure the fur-trade, Fejee Islands, Borneo, and Sumatra, to the Gold Mines in Australia. It is proposed to cross the arms of the sea separating these islands by immense stone culverts of the latest pattern.

"The main line then extends to Calcutta, tunneling the Himalaya Mountains, connecting at this point with the 'London and Calcutta Union Railroad,' and with the plank-road to Bonlocohtan.

"The main line then extends from Calcutta, *via* Bagdad, crossing the Red Sea at *Moses's Ford*, and the great Sahara Desert to Timbuctoo, connecting with the 'Niger River Valley Union Railroad' to the coast of Guinea.

"The main line then extends through Ethiopia and the Caffre settlements to the Cape of Good Hope, there connecting with the '*Union Railroad Company*,' plying between Cape Town and Patagonia.

"Thence the main line extends up the west coast of America, *via* Valparaiso and Panama, to San Francisco, with a branch to the Lobos Islands (for the guano trade), touching at Sitka, Oregon. From San Francisco the line extends on a direct course to the place of beginning, with a plank-road to New York city.

"It would be useless to descant at any length upon the advantages which this road will possess over all others. A glance at the map will be sufficient to impress upon the mind of the most 'groundsman' the utility and the magnificence of the scheme, and the mines of wealth which will be necessary in order to build it. To the man of business, the extreme facility with which the most distant portions of the globe can be reached should especially commend this project; and to the pleasure-seeker, the man who wishes to take a trip regardless of the Maelstrom (which undoubtedly is the greatest watering-place in the world) should make this to appear the project of the age; the work which will cause this generation to shine in the very extreme of glory on to the farthest limits of time.

"We have pleasure to announce the successful opening of this great work."

The "Atlantic and Pacific Railroad" had not at this time become a "fixed fact," or "Phœnix" would not have spoken of a "*plank*-road to New York city."

DO TWO WRONGS MAKE A RIGHT?

THIS proposition has been generally denied; the converse being assumed, that two Wrongs do not make a Right; but a friend mentioned to us the other night a bit of logic which he heard cited recently, and which would almost seem to upset the old maxim.

"Two Wrongs never make a Right," said one disputant to another.

"Yes they do—*sometimes*," said his antagonist.

"*Never!*" replied the other colloquist.

"They do, I tell you, and can prove it. The other day somebody passed me on a five-dollar counterfeit bill. *That* was wrong, wasn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"Wal, I wasn't goin' to be cheated out of five dollars; so *I* passed it off, among some good bills, on another man. Wasn't that wrong?"

"To be sure—as much so as the first."

"Wal, that makes *two* wrongs, don't it?"

"Yes."

"Jes' so; but it made *set all right!*"

Passing the *morality* of the argument it would, at first blush, appear that the "last speaker" had "the best of it."

The two following notes will not be uninteresting to many readers of the *Weekly*:

September 5, 1864.

L. Gaylord Clark, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—You ask in "Succotash," in *Harper's Weekly*, "Can any one tell me who is the author of the following pregnant sentences: 'Death is continually making the round of a great city, and none or few stops at every man's door. But, after all, the shortest life is long enough if it lead to a better; and the longest life is too short if it do not.'"

The Rev. C. C. Colton, an eccentric and gifted Englishman, wrote the latter sentence, omitting the words, "But, after all," and *possibly* the first one; but it does not stand in connection in this in his book Remarkable, in "Death," which you may find in a work of his called "Lacon." You will see on a moment's study that the last is as "pregnant" in every thing narrowy as the one you quote. Excuse my haste.—Sincerely, etc.,

REV. H. L. POWERS,
President of Grove-hill Coll., Davenport, Iowa.

I thank my correspondent for his note, but have some doubt about the passage quoted by Colton; for the most impressive sentence of all, the *first*, is not in "Lacon;" and as it is well known that the author of that collection died a year right and left, my impression is that he stole the *last* Byron said of "Lacon; or, Many Things in a Few Words," that it should have been entitled "A *Few* Things in *Many* Words!"

Cotton was in this country in 1831, and I have conversed with those who conversed with *him* at that time. What a sad career was his! A graduate of Cambridge University, and then in the Anglican Church, with a splendid "living," he became a desperate gambler and debauchee; and finally, in poverty and exile, afflicted with that incurable disease, he died in Paris by his own hand.

Since writing the foregoing a friend informs me that it is to be found upon his "text" that he once saw the whole passage, as it stood in the first quotation, in an English translation of some of the ornate illuminations of Peter Abraham à Sancta Clara. But enough.

THE subjoined, from a second correspondent, enlightens us upon *another* point. Having been "out of the regional" Editorial Sanctum and well up-ward, I have received but few of the issues of the public press. I have never seen the work which our loyal, patriotic, Union-loving friend praises so highly:

ROCHESTER, *Sept. 26, 1864.*

Lewis Gaylord Clark, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—In just but by no means unpalatable dish of "Succotash" served up in *Harper's Weekly* for October 1, you quote a few verses about

"Two Irishmen out of employ, . . .
One of whom was called Paddy O'Toole,
The other was Mister M'Finnegan,"

and, speaking quite highly of them, you express a desire to know the author. You will find the entire poem, which is entitled "Pro-Patria," in the "*Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*," by R. H. Newell; and although mostly in verse, and sometimes very, they contain many beautiful touches of sentiment in the shape of poetry and prose (more especially the latter), the former, war-pieces, and others, that I have ever seen.

There is a rumor filling the air as I write of the fall of Mobile—one step more up the ladder of triumph!

"To our banner we are clinging,
And a song we are singing
Whose chorus is ringing
From each mouth:
'Tis, 'The old Constitution,
And a stern retribution
To the South!'"

Thank God it's coming at last! The end is appointed as the sun is appointed to set; and even our dead soldiers, sleeping under green grass the loving, sweet sleep of the saints and of the hero (dear martyrs to Holy Truth!) are awaiting the way there still. Very truly yours,

WM. S. LEA.

A CITY friend says: "Speaking of feet, do you remember an old notary of one of our Wall Street banks, who used to talk about in his antique dress and 'white choker?' And do you remember his feet? Such feet as marked, I venture to say, as Grant Thoreau's or Receiver's. They must have been covered and heaped up with corns and *Bunyons*, which prevented the old pilgrim's progress, save at a slow pace. His shoes, tied with leather strings, looked like a couple of leather bags of uncracked shell-barks or walnuts. Take them for all in all, I never saw the like before—nor since."

I guess I do remember the old gentleman; and while he was long remarked his extraordinary "pedal mairs" many and many a time. He was as polite as a "gentleman of the old school;" and once, as I heard, in presenting a notice of protest, said, blandly,

"I've brought you a notice of protest for your note of ten thousand dollars, due to-day at our bank. I suppose it is a mistake."

"Oh no," said the delinquent (for the falling merchant's previous agony was now over), "no mistake: a regular bu'st—a regular bu'st!"

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY THE LATE CAPTAIN FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

HERE is another unpublished poem of Fitz-James O'Brien's which is placed in type, as before, from his own manuscript. It is very characteristic of the lamented author; and is nearly as lively and felicitous as C. J. Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright," on the same theme. Perhaps some of the numerous friends of the poet in the Seventh Regiment may be heard the writer execute it, for he "sang a good stave." It celebrates a wine which, moderately imbibed, "cheers, but not inebriates," as did Longfellow's beautiful lines to Longworth's Sparkling Catawba.

AN ODE
TO THE DRIVENEST OF LIQUORS.

Come, archorites, listen; reform your drinking,
And keep your wine-vats to sprinkle your flowers;
I'll teach you a lesson to keep hearts from sinking,
And make ye forget e'en the flight of the hours.
The present is your faint heart will subdoion,
And let it upon your dry lips always reign:
Whatever you can find is of no sweet mind is,
Oh! never quaff any but foaming Champagne!

Though Martial may prate of Falernian mellow,
All nursed in the breath of the fragrant south wind,
And in these days we may find us to follow
A juice far more glowing, more bright and refined.
Not dark Moravians, sprung from the Ægean,
Which Mark Antony sipping Homer exalts in his strain
Nor Spanian welling, of violets smelling,
Could match for one moment our creaming
Champagne!

How brightly it sparkles, with amber light splendid,
And bubbles like diamonds careering along!
And oh! when the first foaming bottle is ended,
How exultant the spirits that roll from the tongue!
Our eyes ligtit are shedding; we seem on air trending;
The vapors of study fly out of the brain;
And eloquence glowing keeps from our lips flowing,
Evoked by the magic of glorious Champagne!

Dariut the Persian gave Semiche fable—
Ambitioned no epitaph better than this
"Here lies great Darius, who always was able
To drink off his wine and his foes foil amine."
But if for one hour his soul had the power
To visit this earth upon Marne's fair plain,
I think he would feel a soul more than Asian
The thought that he died without tasting Champagne!

Oh, magical liquor! the alchemist teachers
Must surely have had thy bright juice in their mind
When Celsus and other such mystical preachers
Discovered of their "elixir vitæ" refined:
Even the gods and the goddesses, in tunics and bodices,
That is also celestial hold fabulous reign—
If they got one draught of it, I'd swear by the Prophet
They'd quit their weak nectar and take to Champagne!

Then here's to the flask so enticing and slender!
And here's to the bright wine that sparkles within!
The ancient "old Bachelor" ever shone with such splendor
As a row of them long-necks with helmets of tin.
If I had Localites, and warbling Catullus,
With all the wine-thought of God wine, in my train,
And old Columella,[1] that jolly good fellow,
Oh! I'd pledge them forever in floods of Champagne!

[1] "By shoe degrees—not jail"—a foregone conclusion only, however—L. G. C.

[2] This Falernian wine was considered by the ancients to surpass in medicinal delicacy and richness of flavor what the wild bloar from the south derives its virtues.

[3] Mœsian—a wild, barbarous wine, which in the islands of the Ægean.

[4] Surrentine—another wine of the Ægean, which, when the dusk was opened, filled the chamber with an odor of violets.

[5] Nero—the monster, and if there was no other palliative to offer for his enormous crimes, the happy invention of such luxurious beauty as Champagne would be an item with every lover of the bottle.

[6] Lucius Junius Columella, a Gaditanian, celebrated for his elegant treatise on gardening and the culture of the vine.

THE PRIVATE BURYING-PLACE.

THE chestnut opens out its fans
The beech unfolds its pleached leaves;
The goldfinch in the hawthorn bush
Its nest with soft moss weaves;
Hard by, the brook (where cresses throng)
Runs, babbling merrily, along.

This is the spot I've singled out
For my long and tranquil sleep.
I'll lie with folded hands in trance,
Through which low tones will creep,
Dim memories of yesterday,
And voices sweet, but far away.

The wind is surging in the firs
(Those red-barked giants of the wood);
The rooks are wheeling round the elms,
That now the blossoms bead;
No other sound, but where the brook
Gurgles around some stony nook.

Here, when my long day's work is done,
I shall lie underneath the grass,
And still, like one in a half-trance,
Shall yet distinguish men that pass;
For sorrows, even such as mine,
Death brings a certain anodyne.

The little airy globes of down
Shall poise above me; and the bees
Drag at the purple clover flowers;
And all day long, high in the trees,
The blackbird, with his golden pipe,
Shall sing of summer ere 'tis ripe.

After a toilsome sordid life,
What majesty there is in Death!
What riches that no king can touch!
What mystery in the ceasing breath!
Sorrows that time hath brought to me
Shans not my immortality.

The trefoil shall grow thick and soft,
And daisies star my emerald pall;
And soft shall fall the summer dew,
And soft the summer shadows fall;
The sunbeams shall point to my grave,
And the plumed grasses o'er me wave.

When I lie deep down in the hold
Of this great planet-ship of ours,
And it shall roll and swim on,
Through its predestined days and hours,
Come storm or tempest, fair or foul,
Warm in my little sheltered nest,

Sprinkle upon me drifting rain,
Or swathe of cold effacing snow,
Or let the sunshine burn and parch,
I shall be still and calm below;
I shall fear neither rain nor sun,
When I and Mother-earth are one.

The generations pass away
Like the winged thistle-down, why then
Fear Death more than the clover does?
We can not change the doom of men.
Then welcome Death, the vows of mine,
They need thy certain anodyne.

"WORTH A LEG."

OUT OF THE DIARY OF A HOSPITAL.

As I stood meditating a quick step came up along the ward—the surgeon who operated some days since on a man's leg, coming to see his case. A keen though kindly face he has, a clear and rapid mode of speech, a quick but not hurried manner, a certain promptness, decision, and self-possession even in his trivial actions.

His patient on this occasion was a square-built, good-looking young fellow of some six or seven and twenty years of age. A thoroughly sound and healthy subject for a capital operation; and he had seemed at first to bear it as well as possible. I am speaking of constitutional bearing: as for courage, doubtless he had the courage of it; but with chloroform at the time, and morphia afterward, it had not been severely tested. But now some days had passed and he was in the first convalescence, to the degree that the state of the limb would lead one to expect. He was depressed; yet restless, fretful, gloomy, and irritable. Much of this might be accounted for by the fact of a young man, in the prime of his health and strength, suddenly made a helpless cripple. But several little incidents led me to guess at some deeper cause of trouble, although I had not yet been able to penetrate his gloomy reserve. I noticed that at night when he grew confused and wandering, as operation cases often do even when progressing favorably, he was more communicative and rambling on about "Jersie," and also about a certain "Dick Hall, whom he mentioned in connection with imagining more remarkable for vigor than for propriety of boisterous.

Moreover, I remarked that every evening when I had thus breathed and heart-softening confession —with which I always commenced our short evening prayer in the ward—the conversation in which we are taught to say to our "merciful Father" that "we have erred and strayed from his ways like lost sheep," and "followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts," George Dilworth drew the blue-checked coverlet of his bed closely over his face; and more than once during the bookstand and kneeling-stool happening to be placed near to his bed I heard a stifled sob come from him. Still I failed to win his confidence. I never touched he might be during evening prayer, by the time it was concluded and I came round with the sleeping-draughts he was hard, gloomy, abrupt, and barely civil—poor fellow!—as before.

But when I failed Mr. P——, found the way to succeed. How I know not. For, having finished his surgical work with the leg, and scrawled a number of formidable-looking hieroglyphics on the patient's board for the guidance of the dispenser, he sat down on the bedside and began to chat to

Dilworth; whereupon I, feeling that the young man was more likely to be open with one than with two, made a pretense of having something to do at a little distance while they conversed. Presently the surgeon recalled me. "Dilworth has a long story to tell you, if you'll be good enough to listen to it," he said to me; "and, listening to the patient he added, "You make a friend of this lady, Dilworth. She'll manage 'Jessie' better than either you or I. I'll be home by 7." Good-by."

And so George Dilworth told me his story. Not all at once—he got excited over it, and had to be stopped, and bid to rest and keep quiet at times —but bit by bit. I tell it partly in my own words, since it belongs to the sick man in part, and the usual fashion as his weakness and my opportunities allowed.

He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow—a relationship about which there always dwells a certain simple pathos. And she was in many respects, as I afterward found on closer acquaintance, a grand and pathetic old woman. But withal she had been somewhat unmatched in the relationships of her life. She had been too strong and stern for her weak, never-do-well husband; she had been too strict and exacting for her soft-hearted and frolicsome boy. Her loves were intense and genuine, but they were ponderous, and crushed where their should have sustained; and her own heart the while getting sterner and sadder from the want of sympathy and the absence of demonstrative affection, which was in the first instance caused by that very sternness. She was living in what logicians sometimes call a "vicious circle." Doubtless there was some failure on her part in the fundamental virtues of humanity and charity, yet she was in the main a pure and noble woman. With her dwelt Jessie Freeman, a young orphan cousin some six or seven degrees removed; indeed the relationship was so very remote as to make its great remoteness that I twice essayed to unravel it without success. Being pretty, young—about four years younger than George—and consequently thrown into his society, of course they fell in love. It was necessarily a long courtship, since they performed the above little feat at the respective ages of fifteen and nineteen. But at length, after years of true-hearted waiting, the wedding-day was fixed —and the very one which had been chosen was that on which Dilworth had had his leg shattered.

"So then," said I, "the accident spoiled the wedding? Well, that was enough to make you down-hearted."

"Oh, no, ma'am. Twasn't the accident stopped it. That 'ud be little enough to bear. It were stopped long afore that, and all along of my own fault. We'd chosen it two months and more afore, because you see as how it was mother's birthday. We'll be married come mother's next birthday, we'd been sayin all the year; for Jessie and me had her 'mother' as I do. And she'd need, for she's been a good mother to her—ay, and to me, too, I'll own that—though now that I'll call never see her more. But as for Jessie and me, we'd had no thought o' marriage atween us for this last three months," he added gloomily.

"What! did Jessie break it off after all those years?"

"No, 'twern't Jessie," he burst forth. "*She* wern't never such a —— fool."

"Gently, Dilworth, please. Those strong words don't do any good."

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said the poor fellow, subdued and quiet again in a moment, "but it's true it's wrong—specially before a lady. But I'm that mad with myself I don't know what I say."

"I know you do. Never mind. Go on, and tell me how it all fell out wrongly about this business of yours that looked so smooth."

"Well, m'am, I wouldn't like to seem to complain of my mother, for she's been a good mother to me, and as I was sayin' just now, and to Jessie too. And as I was sayin' just now, and to Jessie too. And as I was sayin' just now, and to Jessie too. And

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST RICHMOND.

We give this week a number of sketches illustrating General GRANT's recent movements against the rebel capital. These movements are but a repetition on a more extended scale of the strategy hitherto employed by the Lieutenant-General. General GRANT is confident of final success. Yet he appears to expect success as the certain consequence of any individual movement. When he pushed out both of his flanks a few weeks ago he intended either to get an important position on the north bank of the James, or to obtain possession of the Weldon Road. He succeeded then in the latter of these two objects, while he failed in the former. When SHERIDAN had beaten EARLY in the Valley, and it became certain that LEE would strengthen the latter, then it was GRANT's opportunity to advance again. As before, he sent one portion of his army to attack the rebel left, and at the same time pushed out westwardly against the rebel right.

General BUTLER's army was dispatched to the north side of the James. The position first attacked by this army was the rebel line of works at Chapin's Farm, forming the outermost or third line of the defenses of Richmond. The first work of any considerable importance encountered on this line was Fort Harrison. On page 676 we illustrate the capture of this fort by the Eighteenth Corps. General ORD, crossing at Aiken's Landing, advanced through a wooded country on the Varina Road, and having driven in the rebel pickets from their outposts attacked the fort. The position attacked was one of considerable strength, and mounted with heavy artillery. It was situated just below Fort Darling and was built on elevated ground, but was not very strongly supported. During the attack reinforcements were arriving from Richmond, but they came too late to be of any assistance at this point, though they aided in resisting ORD's further advance, thus preventing the capture of Fort Gilmer. Two or three hundred prisoners and sixteen guns were taken at Fort Harrison. General ORD was slightly wounded in the attack, and General BURNHAM was killed.

The sketch on page 677 illustrates the battle of the 30th, in which General LEE attempted the recapture of Fort Harrison. Both the Eighteenth and Tenth Corps were engaged. The rebels attempted to break through between the two corps, but were repulsed with heavy loss. Two assaults were made: the first was made awkwardly; the second without promptness; and both were disastrous to the assailants.

The illustration on our first page represents General BUTLER bivouacking at the junction of the Varina and New Market Road, after the important victory of the 29th. As a suggestion of his triumph, his tent is decorated with battle-flags captured from the enemy in battle.

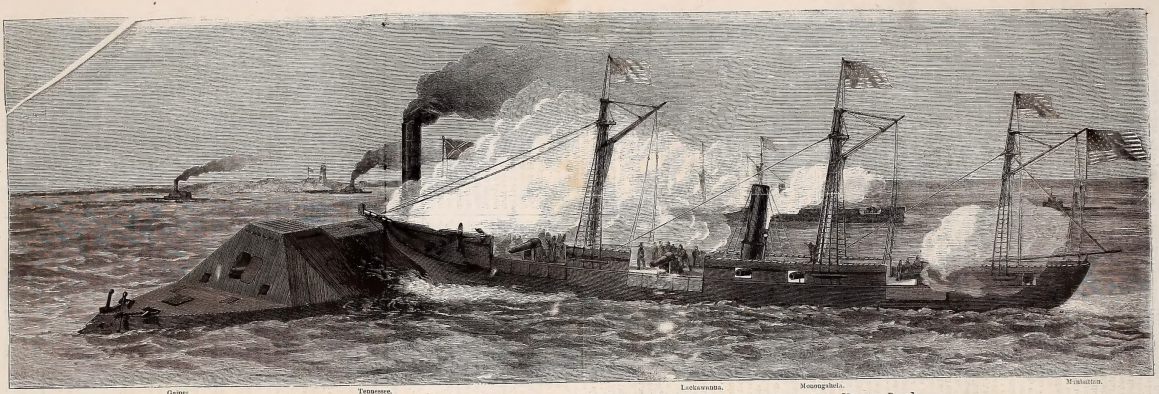
On this page we give a portrait of General GODFREY WEITZEL, who succeeded General ORD in the command of the Eighteenth Corps. This officer distinguished himself above all others in the campaign on the Lower Mississippi under Generals BUTLER and BANKS. He received a military education at West Point, where he graduated in 1855 with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Engineers. He is a native of Ohio. He was Chief Engineer in the Department of the Gulf in 1862. After the battle at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in August of that year, he was appointed Brigadier-General. General WEITZEL is distinguished for the same kind of talent which characterized M'PHERSON.

The illustrations given below and on page 680 relate to the operations of General WARREN's Corps against the rebel right. This movement was one day later than that north of the James. LEE had ordered a good portion of his army to the left, to retake the positions occupied by General BUTLER. Thus his right was weakened; and taking advantage of this, portions of the Fifth and Ninth Corps were advanced toward the Poplar Grove. Poplar Grove is on the South Side Railroad, fifteen miles from the Weldon Road. The first attack, which is the one illustrated on page 680, was made about noon, on a rebel redoubt three miles from the Weldon Road, at Peebles's Farm. This work was carried, and four guns captured. The rebels were driven back to their inner lines. We illustrate below two incidents which occurred in connection with the battle on the 30th. While it was being fought a large number of new recruits arrived on the field from the North. This, as our artist remarks, gave great encouragement to the soldiers, assuring them that they were not left alone to fight their country's battles. The other incident to which we allude is one which excites much admiration and comment in the army. When the First Division of the Fifth Corps charged the rebel battery, Colonel WELCH, commanding the Sixteenth Michigan Volunteers, led his men up to the work, leaped into the fort, sword in hand, and charged the rebels at their guns. He was killed shortly afterward, but his men will never forget that leap.

MAJOR-GENERAL GODFREY WEITZEL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—ARRIVAL OF RECRUITS DURING THE FIGHT AT PEEBLES'S FARM, SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. CHAPIN.]

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—COLONEL WELCH LEAPING INTO THE REBEL WORKS, SEPTEMBER 30, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY C. H. CHAPIN.]



UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "LACKAWANNA" RAMMING THE "TENNESSEE" IN MOBILE BAY.—SKETCHED BY ROBERT WEIR.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GENERAL GRANGER'S ARMY IN THE REAR OF FORT MORGAN.—SKETCHED BY JOHN W. MILLER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FORT MORGAN.

WE give on page 685 two illustrations relating to the late operations against Mobile. One of these represents General GRANGER'S army in the rear of Fort Morgan. We have already, in a previous number, illustrated the attack on Fort Morgan from the fleet. The attack from the land side was not less important in the reduction of that work. Besides cutting off the garrison from retreat, the investment by land had this advantage, viz., that a bombardment from stationary batteries is always more successful than one from ships. This was proved in the bombardment of Fort Macon, North Carolina, in 1862. There, indeed, the fleet was compelled to retire, leaving the battle to those attacking from the shore batteries. Fort Morgan is on the entrance of Mobile Point, and was the strongest of the defensive works in the bay.

The other cut represents the attack on the ram *Tennessee* made by the fleet. Admiral FARRAGUT'S squadron had already battered the ram for the second time when the *Lackawanna*, the pride of the fleet, came up. She struck the *Tennessee* a fair blow amidships, causing her to careen over so that the rebels feared she would take in water through her ports. "At this moment," says our correspondent, "a lee gun was fired from the ram (whether by accident or otherwise I do not know), and the steam rushed in volumes from her smoke-stack. The cry went up that the trifters were sinking and had surrendered, but the words had hardly been spoken when her guns belched forth their fierce broadside, rolling the *Lackawanna* most unmercifully, causing all who saw it to wonder. In a few seconds the noble vessel swings broadside to broadside with the traitors. Captain MARCHAND, full of hope, delivers every gun into his antagonist; their effect is most unacceptable against the iron sides. BUCHANAN can not reply gun for gun. The *Lackawanna*'s men are to eager in their duty to wait for command, and load with superhuman energy. A minute more, and they are separated, the *Lackawanna* as buoyant and determined as before, though dead and dying lay upon her decks. The rebel still comes boldly on her way, making direct for the Admiral or one of the larger ships. The Admiral, as we all know, meets him only too gladly. Where was CRAVEN then? Could he have had himself stood alongside this craft she would have hauled down her colors in less than five minutes. By this time young Captain PERKINS has worked his way close to the ram, steering by his propellers alone, as his steering gear had become disabled in the beginning of the fight. He fought his vessel nobly: but the *Tennessee*'s heavy plating made strong resistance against his 11-inch shot. He disabled the rebel's steering apparatus, and by continuous gunnery made the unfortunate Virginians the rebels to their confusion. One of his shots, striking the after-port, killed one man, utterly demolishing the gun, and wounded BUCHANAN. With a square of 10 feet he planted a dozen solid shot. The *Manhattan* fired six shots at the ram, one of which seems to struck. The *Lackawanna* delivered the fullest ramming blow at the *Tennessee*. The fight was over. Tournament, the best losing spectators. The *Monongahela* rushed upon the *Tennessee* twice; after her came the *Lackawanna*, *Hartford*, and *Metacomet*; no doubt every vessel in the fleet would have punched her had not the noble PERKINS made them cry enough."

SHERIDAN IN PURSUIT—EARLY.

On page 684 we give an illustration of General SHERIDAN leading his gallant army in pursuit of an already routed and dispirited enemy. The General as he rides along the line is greeted with hearty cheers. General SHERIDAN'S present head-quarters is at Harrisonburg, from which he has been sending cavalry in pursuit in every direction. We give one of these expeditions which captured Staunton.

QUITE ALONE.

The continuation of this Story is postponed until next week.

GROWING OLD.

THEY sit together at the door,
Through which, long years ago,
They passed, a newly-wedded pair,
In youth's first rosy glow.
Then her round cheek was red and warm,
Her hair was rippling gold;
His form was stately as the oak—
But now both are old.

The blooming cheek is wrinkled now,
The sweet blue eyes are dim;
But, full of love and holy trust,
They turn to him,
With the calm faith and hope she felt
Upon her bridal day,
When the long future, flower-clad,
Stretched out before her lay.

Now, in the eventide of life,
They watch the purple haze
Grow on the hills, and hang above
Its lofty-reared chain of days;
They see the sun sink slowly down
To gladden other lands;
They feel night coming, and they sit
Serene, with close-clasped hands.

They know that though the dusk is here
There is a place of light,
Invaded not by gloom or shade,
Or the drear, weeping night.
They wait with patience for the call,
To tread the darksome vale,
Unto the heights before whose glow
The morning sun would pale.

BROTHER PAUL

How well I remember the morning my brother Paul left Grassville for his lot of land in "the Heavy Timbers." Every body would call our home Grassville, though we struggled long and hard for Gracefield. However, when the postmaster got into the Gazetteer, we gave it up. Paul was a strong, strong fellow, five feet eight inches high, with a ruddy complexion, and life in his eyes. His brown hair curled, his lips were loving like a girl's, and he was what is called "a mother's boy." There is no better recommendation for a young man. His dress was striped home-made cloth, indigo blue and white, made in the form of a blouse, with wide pantaloons, the which were drawn into leather boots. The blouse had a square collar, which was turned back, and revealed a fine, white, and very neatly-made shirt. I thought I looked like a man when I used say it." The blouse was confined at the waist by a black leather belt. A very full knapsack, with a blanket strapped outside, a very bright rifle and it completed the accoutrement of the recruit. His wathood of his nerves were perfectly tempered steel springs, and as though all means of locomotion were contemptible save those included in himself. He was going for miles, and he would not ride on a "lot of land," which was to become a farm when it was cleared and brought under cultivation. When he had walked twenty miles home to View Hill, His place lay beyond, in the nameless region known as "the Heavy Timbers." The hard wood and heavy growth of timber on his land he laughed at as "live brother," as we used to call him. As he walked on his way, he came to a house in the outskirts of a hamlet, consisting of a saw and grist mill, a clothing mill, and five or six dwellings. Paul was hungry—for appetite remains here, but forces get hungry like ordinary mortals. At the edge of the town a little before he came to the house, was a spring, and a "a deep trough hewn out of the log" to hold the spring—were spining; one was spinning woolen yarn, the other cotton roping. In each case the material was reduced by manipulation to the thickness as thick as the little finger of the spinner. The wheels occupied a room by themselves, on another a man was making shoes, and at a front window a worn, faded, but lady-like woman with failing sight was knitting stockings for sale. Over the door of the boys of this family were something of the nature of a nuisance. The neighbors said the father did not like the noise, and that was why he put it above it himself. Certain it is, they were not trained to useful work, but were sometimes made to "drive" oxen, and "drive" the cows home in the winter, and they "raised Cain" the year round. They were their pantaloons bird-nesting, they made "drive" noises in the streets, they were in all sorts of mischief, and were swimming in dark deep pools in Black River, and always were any thing but "a real blessing to mothers."

In the country where openings alternate with forests, and a village has six dwellings, a traveler is a sort of irregular newspaper. Every body is glad to see some body when some body comes along. There's life in the dog, a quickness and hand in the most sorry of fires. Paul would fain to feel at home at once. The family of Mr. Jo. pph Jones were pleased to welcome a fine-looking youth, he was the son of his father, who was a man of mark among the settlers, and that he was going to "the Heavy Timbers" to take up a home, a handsome lace lot. The girls were not frightened that he was going alone. They even promised to come and see him in due time, as they were only seven miles from his opening that was to be, and there were blazed trees to mark the way, so one of the boys could pilot them.

"But I will come for you," Paul said, gallantly. Mrs. Jones looked a little more worn and weary as the young people talked of a visit to a place of "good fun it would be." Poor lady! she had made just such a beginning with her husband twenty years since. She had helped him open a couple of acres, but he was not persevering. They had sold out years ago, and he had "cleared up" several kinds of business. For the last years he had been a log shoemaking. This he had also "taken up," which means that he had worn out every thing else. He was clever, this Joseph Jones; but there was sorrow in that home, and he caused it. The gentler neighbors said, "Why! he has such a clever way and should be unsteady!" The bolder and less kind said, "What a shame that such a man should drink it!" He was not a habitual, daily drunkard, but at all raisings, log-rollings, at Christmas, and in all times of illness and trouble, Mr. Jones was sure to be "in liquor," to be useless. This terrible infirmity of inability had broken his wife's spirit, and almost broken her heart and all they she was wrinkled, gray, and prematurely old. Some thought books and a superior education had spoiled Mr. Jones; others said more wealth, a larger farm, more agricultural annals, and competing for prizes, would have saved Joseph Jones. But he was not saved, and his family were not blessed by it. Paul should have been in a man of his education and ability.

An hour's talk, a nice dinner, and the miles of these pretty girls, and Paul "jumped his log fence." Did he steal any thing in that home? He took something away with him which he never returned, and which he hid as carefully as if it were a theft. Why is it that the first consciousness of affection lends us to conceal? There is one name that we never can utter freely and cheerfully, though the sound of it thrills the heart with delight, even though it be Smith, Brown, or Jones. Paul took away a great deal from that wayside home, with its large square working-room, and its various workers. Carefully as he concealed what he took, I have an inventory of all. First, a pair of bright blue eyes; next, a great lot of golden curls; then red cheeks, rosy lips, and a form full of springing grace. Emily had a wreath of trailing arbutus in her hair, though it was June, and the blossom is always called the May flower. In this northern region this most beautiful and fragrant bloom is seldom seen till June. Paul carried away the wreath with the sunny curls, and to this day he has a special tenderness for trailing arbutus. Cheerily and lightly he went his way with his hidden treasure to his lot in the heart of "the Heavy Timbers," and he did not sleep that night till he had explored a good deal. Laying his pack down on a knoll of the coming-knoll, he took his rifle and threw it up in the air, and caught it as it came down—many times in merry play that night, because his heart was full of companionship. He found a hill-side against which to build his camp, and the early morning chose on him with axe and shovel, hard at work clearing a space for his shanty. His shovel had a sheet-iron blade, and he had carried it in his pack with some screws, which helped him to fit a wooden handle—holes having been drilled for the screws. Before noon the hill was partially dug away, and posts set with crotched tops to hold poles, on which a thatched roof of birch-bark and hemlock-boughs was to be laid. When this was done, Paul shot a couple of birds. When it was dressed he broiled it. Perhaps he smoked it a little, but, with cold water from the pack, it made an excellent dinner. He then peeled birch and gathered hemlock-boughs, and before he slept he had a comfortable camp. He was not much haggled alone, with the angel in his heart, the owner of the sunny curls, than he could have been in a log-house at the next opening. He had a lonely adventures in his first solitude. He cleared his land, leaving a knoll for his house, and he left some grand old forest trees in the valley for the plain which have set them bud and nature forestalled his labor of love. Trees to most of the settlers were only enemies, to be got rid of. They spared them but the maples, for sugar. Paul left groves of young trees, though it cost him much more in burning. Others turned the growth of ages, and which none can replace, into the stable land, into ashes, and then into salts, and then into money. Paul had his own ideas of building, cuts, a time of treasure and profitable interest, but in his beautiful home at this day is embellished with a glory of trees.

One Sunday morning Paul was getting ready to go to church at Woodville—notwithstanding the common property in the cards and other treasures, he felt sure as if he had them when he saw them in church—this morning he made a kettle of mean meal mush for his breakfast, and set it out of doors to cool, while he dressed. For no one was human in those days who was within hailing distance of civilization. Presently he heard a series of horrid yells, and looking out, he saw a big black bear with his head into the kettle of mush without leave, and who was caught by the bail falling over the back of his neck. No bear can be accidentally killed upright. As Brain was trapped Paul split his head with an axe, and had enough to do that day to dress the carcass. No doubt Emily was disappointed in not seeing him at church, and Paul was disappointed in the absence of beauty of bear's grease, a barrel of salted meat for winter, and a grand bear-skin for his bed.

Day after day our hero went on felling trees, burning them to ashes, and then, with a leach tub made of a hollow log, he leached his ashes, and he boiled away the lye in large cast-iron cullers to lye tie, and made salts. Salts are always silver to the settler. To land is clearer of trees when this money is earned, and gold comes of the rich cleared lands.

He built a house of hewn logs, and the neighbors helped him to roll it up when the time came, and then he got a neat paling around a goodly space for his farm, with a "log-house" in the centre. His fence, the first of the kind in that region, was made by driving sharpened poles into the ground. Next year he built a "worm-rail" fence, and his fence became highly ornamental when it was festooned all over with vines in bloom.

He planted currant-bushes and strawberries, plum-trees, and even rose-bushes, among the great black stumps. He went on for a year improving his farm, and living all on Emily for his fare, all that time, without saying a word to the young lady. He had seen her at church, and he had called at her father's house, but never found opportunity to speak of his love or his hope. At last, with his cabe built, he determined to try to catch his bird, and he accordingly shaved himself in Woodville, and not alone, for the people were all smartly dressed, and out on the street. Paul asked a lad where the people were going, and he said, "To the wedding, be sure."

"Where?"

"At Mr. Joe Jones's."

Paul gasped out, "Which of the girls is going to be married?"

"Why, the prettiest one, be sure." The boy starting to run lest he should miss the show.

Paul went home to his log-house by the way-side. What cared he now for his pretty hewn log-house, with real glass windows, twelve seven-by-nine panes of glass? What cared he for open fire-place, with runners, rose-bushes, and fruit, and great trees, and groves of trees, and sugar orchard? His Eve was gone. What cared he for cooking stove he ordered of the hasty pudding, if it pleased their appetite to do so.

He sat still in his misery, till the thought struck him that he ought to go on and wish the happy couple joy. Like a good, generous youth he rose, and with a sad heart began making steps for entered the house of feasting. The clergyman had just married the couple, and was making a long prayer for their happiness, when Paul found himself at the door of "the best room" in Mr. Jones's square house, which no one ever dreamed of calling a parlor. The happy couple were standing together looking what is called cheap. Their awkward and sheepish appearance made Paul feel a revelation to find that the bride was Miss Seraphina Elvira, and not Miss Emily Letitia Jones. How Paul wooed his Emily, or how happily she was won, I can hardly tell. Years have gone by since that happy wedding. Sons and daughters have grown up in their home. That faded mother has lived many years with Emily, a setting sunbeam upon her children and her grand-children. Though she is sixty years old, she is fairer and fresher than she was twenty years ago. It is sad to think that the kindest thing Joseph Jones ever did for his wife and children was to die. The bird-nesting, out-at-elbow boys took warning by their father, and all came to good. There are no *lazy timbers* now, but one of the finest farming counties opens their acres.

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I am very respectfully yours,
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2d Minn. Vols., Headquarters 1st Division 14th Army Corps, Chattanooga, Tenn.

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Boston, October 1, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 409.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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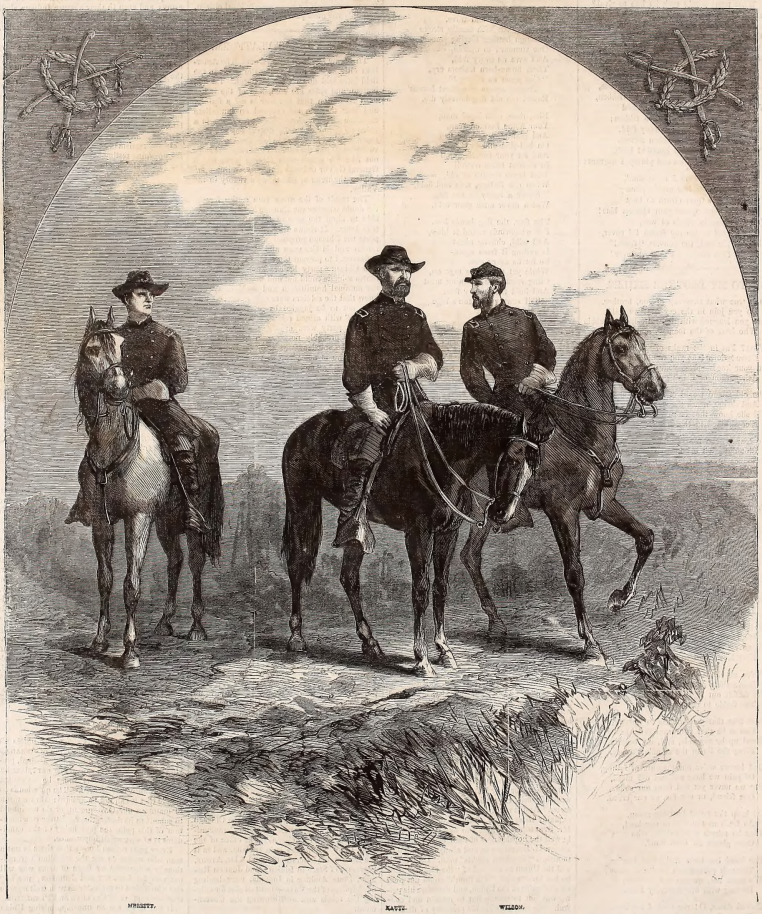


MERRITT. KAYE. WILSON.

A GROUP OF CAVALRY OFFICERS.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

THE QUAKER COQUETTE.

BY MILLE O'REILLY.

DEAR, coy coquette! but once we met,
But once, and yet—twas once too often!
Plunged unawares in silvery snares
All vain my prayers her heart to soften:
Yet seemed so true her eyes of blue,
Veiled lids and longest lashes under,
Good angels dwelt therein, I felt,
And could have knelt in reverent wonder.

Poor heart, alas! what eye could pass
The auburn mass of curls caressing?
Her pure, white brow—made regal now
By this simplicity of dressing!
Lips dewy, red, as Cupid's bed
Of rose-leaves, spread on Mount Hymettus;
With balm imbued, they might be wooed,
But ah, coy maide! she will not let us!

No jewels deck her radiant neck—
What pearl would reck its hue to rival?
A pin of gold—the fashion old—
A ribbon fold, or some such trifle.
O past belief! the lily's leaf
In dark relief sets off the whiteness
Of all the breast not veiled and kept
Beneath her collar's Quaker tightness!

And milk-white robes over snowier globes,
As Roman maids are drawn by Gibbon,
With classic taste are gently braced
Around her waist beneath a ribbon;
And there unrolled in billowy fold,
Profuse and bold—a silken torrent:
Not hids but dim each rounded limb,
Well turned and trim and plump, I warrant!

O Quaker maid, were I more staid,
Or you a shade less archly pious;
If coherent suit from crown to boot
Could chance uproot your Quaker bias!
How gladly sw in weeds of woe,
From head to toe my frame I'd cover,
That, in the end, the convert "friend"
Might thus ascend—a convert lover!

TO MY BROTHER EXILES.

Is it true what they say of you, brother,
Do you join in the cry that we fail?
Are you leagued with the white-livered rabble
Who hear of the foeman, and quail?

What? Fat in the ranks of the craven!
Down! down! as you would to your God,
On your knees—grow your lips to the clover,
Ask pardon of Erin's green sod.

The old island would crimson for shame,
And shrink 'neath the tread of the stranger,
Did she know that one child she had nursed
E'er skulked in the moment of danger.

Go tear up the record of fame,
Blot out each bright word on the scroll,
Renounce every martyr and hero,
Forget every patriot soul.

Go wipe out the glorious list,
Ay Wateriee, Inkermann, all,
From remotest antiquity's mist,
To Atlanta's thrice glorious fall.

Yes, Agincourt, Cressy, Poitiers,
And Fontenoy even erase;
Once they echoed to Irish cheers,
Now the record in silence efface.

Let Sheridan, Grattan, and Burke
Be named by each craven as more;
You cry for a cowardly peace,
Their souls were for honor and war.

Ay! forget all the masters of song
Who have sung of our smiles and our tears;
Those we allowed our brothers so long
Now look down in disdain at our fears

We've no share in their memory now;
Leave their names to the ivy and moss.
We forfeit our right to the crown,
Too feeble to carry the cross.

Is it true that you truckle to traitors?
Can it be that your soul is so base?
Stand up by my side, and, my brother,
Fling the lie in the slanderer's face.

God knows we've our measure of failing,
Of pain we have suffered our meed,
But we never yet fled from our colors,
Our friend, or our foe, or our creed.

O! keep the sweet heritage green,
As fresh as the turf of our land,
That he taketh a sacrament who
Once giveth an Irish hand.

Our hand has been pledged to this soil
Through prosperity's bountiful years;
We must not, we can not dishonor
Its flag with our cowardly fears.

Bowed down, O! my God, I implore,
On my knees, at the footstool of grace,
Thou wilt stretch out thine arm and avert
This sin from the soul of my race.

OUR FLAG IN '64.

FLING, fling our banner out,
With loyal song and shout,
O'er every home and hill,
By each deep valley's mill,
And let its heaven-lit beam
Round every heart-blood gleam,
And all the passing hour—
This pregnant, fateful hour—
With all an earthly voice
And the thunder of its power.

The toe is striking hard;
But in the castle-yard
Uprise fresh traitor bands
To snatch from our our hands.
From fortress and from sea,
This banner of the free,
To give it coward flight,
That Liberty's dark night,
With all its muttering thunders,
May swallow up its light.

Ay! when our soldiers brave,
On battle-field and wave,
Sprang forth with deadly stroke
Through battle's dinning smoke,
Our standard to uphold,
And save the pure gold,
These home-born traitors cry,
"*God grant no victory!*"

Though scores of gallant heroes
Round the old flag there lay die.

Rise, then, each loyal man,
Your home horizon scan,
And plant the nation's flag
On hill-side and on crag;
And let your swelling soul
In earnest tones outroll
That brave resolve of old,
When our fathers, rare and bold,
Swore a fealty to the flag
Which never once grew cold.

The flag, the flag bends low,
For whirlwinds round it blow,
And wild, chaotic night
Is veiling it from sight.
So let us every one,
While yet the winds rage on,
Cling round the striking mast
And hold the banner fast,
Till stormy Treason's rage
Be safely pegged by our sage habit of
DENVER, *October*, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

BROWN, STEPHENS, & CO.

A BRANCH OF THE CHICAGO HOUSE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the rebellion has been driven into one-fourth of the space it covered at the beginning—that its money has ceased to have any gold value—that its "cradles and graves" have been robbed for recruits—that its hope of foreign aid has expired—and that its chief can not restrain a sullen cry of anguish and despair—yet Governor BROWN of Georgia, and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS of the same State, the rebel Vice-President, write long letters to say that if we will just give up the struggle and let them have what they are fighting for, we may have peace. Here are two men, for instance, battling for a prize. One has the richer land, and is equally resisting him, and the gentleman with his head in the air has just breath and strength enough left to gasp: "There! if you'll give me the prize, I'll let you off."

The folly of such performances as Governor BROWN's and MR. STEPHENS's is not worth while to discuss. They both take the same ground. They both declare, with DAVIS, that the only possible terms of peace which they will accept are dissolution and the destruction of the Government. They will not hear the name sovereignty of the separate States, or they will fight until they are overpowered. To debate such propositions only is impossible unless the doctrine of the Chicago platform is approved. For both these gentlemen stand upon that noble foundation, that the people declare that the war is and must be a failure; that those at the front should an immediate cessation of hostilities, and an ultimate Convention with all the resources of statesmanship.

That rebels stand by the Chicago platform is not strange, for they helped build it. It is the work of rebels. Copperheads are rebels in sympathies. And it is the Chicago Convention which explains these letters of Governor BROWN and MR. STEPHENS. Those two men know perfectly well the hopelessness of their cause. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS is, and always has been, a thorough "Southern Rights" man. He has valued the Union as the tool of "the South." But he has known that "the South" could not long stand outside of the Union, and therefore his policy was not to secede but to remain and control. He now beholds his prophecy of disaster to "the South" in case of secession amply fulfilled. He naturally wishes to make the best terms he can, and they are—first, separation upon the ground of State sovereignty, which is a confession by the Union that it is overthrown; and, second, reconstruction upon such terms as "the South" may choose to offer to a conquered group of States.

That is what BROWN, STEPHENS, and the other rebel leaders mean by negotiation and convention. That is what the Chicago platform means by armistice. That is what General MCCLELLAN means by the resources of statesmanship. And STEPHENS and BROWN would never have dreamed of uttering such absurd pretensions except for the encouragement given to the rebellion by the Chicago party and platform and candidates. General MCCLELLAN may be the most faithful of citizens, but the folly, the cowardice, the disgrace, the rebel complicity of terms into which he has suffered himself to be adjusted by VALLANDIGHAM, SEYMOUR, and WOOD upon the Chicago platform, by the side of GEORGE H. PENDLETON, upholder of every rebel against his Government and by every foreign enemy of his country, make him, if he be an utterly loyal citizen, certainly the most pitiful figure in America.

THE SOLDIERS' PLATFORM.

THE army has been heard from. The American citizens who are fighting the rebels in the field have laid down their platform. Its top, bottom, and sides are composed of the indignant resolution that the war is not a failure, and that they do not demand an immediate cessation of hostilities. They pronounce in a voice of thunder for the unconditional maintenance of the Union and Government. Their vote goes off like the volley of an army. It rings out like the salute with shotted guns which General GRANT ordered all along the line upon hearing the news of SHERIDAN's victory in the Valley.

The result of the army vote settles forever the doubt whether the Chicago leaders had been able to blind the eyes of faithful men to the true issue. It shows why the party the supports the Chicago appeal of ignominious surrender and MCCLELLAN and PENDLETON have endeavored to prevent the soldiers from voting. The Chicago party leaders know that United States soldiers could not and would not vote for the national humiliation and disgrace. They knew that the soldiers were not deceived, and were not to be juggled by any false talk of "peace" with armed rebels, and therefore the Chicago party were opposed to their voting. There is probably not a man in the United States who voted against allowing the soldiers to vote who is not going to vote in November for MCCLELLAN and PENDLETON.

Such facts are unanswerable arguments. A man who is risking his life in the cause of his country knows instinctively who are the friends of that cause, or at any rate fails to find with the management or details. He may see that it would be better to do this thing or that thing in a different way, but he looks as the whole ground. He watches the action of parties and the general conduct of public men, and he is not likely to suppose that MR. VALLANDIGHAM is true to the cause that ANDREW JOHNSON, who has bravely battled with the rebels from the very beginning, nor MR. VALLANDIGHAM's candidate has fought loyal to the Union, the country, and the rights of American citizens than ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The soldiers have spoken, and they will speak again. They vote for the same cause for which they fight, and therefore they do not vote for Chicago, MCCLELLAN and PENDLETON, and surrender—for Chicago, PENDLETON, LINCOLN and JOHNSON, and victory. That is the Soldiers' platform, and it is the platform of the country.

THE MORAL OF THE INDIANA ELECTION.

ALL have done well, but Indiana has done nobly, and what is the moral of her majority? Her soldiers have been disbanded by the Copperhead Legislature. "If any citizen loves his country enough to fight for her he shall have no vote," said the friends of the Chicago platform and candidates, and the brave men of Indiana who have gone to the field now know exactly who are their friends. But the voters who stand at home resolved that those at the front should not be betrayed; and in the State which was generally accorded to the Chicago party the valid votes cast are sixty thousand majority. It would be fifty thousand if the citizens in the field could vote.

The moral of this majority is plain. Indiana has been the hot-bed of the bloody and treasonable conspiracies of the friends of the Chicago platform and candidates. "Grand Commander" DODD lives in Indiana. The office of the Hon. D. W. VOORHEES is in Indiana, and in it the treasonable letters were found. DR. ATHON, Secretary of State in Indiana, and JOSEPH ROSTINE, State Auditor in Indiana, were leading accomplices of the VALLANDIGHAM plot for helping the rebels and overthrowing the Government.

Therefore the people of Indiana were not deceived. Any fine phrases that may have slipped into the resolutions at Chicago they perfectly understood. They doubtless did not question the patriotism of many who intend to support the Chicago nominations; but they said, "We know exactly what it all means, because we have the party of it here in our own State. It does not mean Union and national honor, and peace with liberty and security for all rights and for all men. The Chicago programme, which our worthy State Secretary and State Auditor support, means an ignoble surrender to the rebellion, and separation, or reconstruction upon such terms as slavery may dictate. That in the Eastern and Middle States may not understand it yet; but we have had an inside view of the office and papers of the Honorable D. W. VOORHEES. The plot has been exposed, our eyes and minds, and we have no excuse for misunderstanding. Chicago means submission and dismemberment. We mean Union and national life and liberty. Chicago would disfranchise the soldiers if it could, as our Legislature, a supporter of Chicago, has done. Be it so. We will protect ourselves and our friends in the army; and even in their absence Indiana shall be true to the Union and Government."

And true she is by twenty thousand majority.

The result in Indiana shows that the people of this country are not conquered, and it shows that when they are not deeply defeat the tendency or the deliberate intention to betray the cause of the country, they will rally overwhelmingly to its support. There has been no more encouraging sign of the fidelity of American citizens to their principles and their Government since the uprising after the fall of Sumter than the late election in Indiana. It is timely and a glorious evidence of the stability and the essential conservatism of popular institutions, to which the crowning testimony will be given in November by the election of LINCOLN and JOHNSON.

"OUT! BRIEF CANDLE!"

THERE is something delightful in the idea of the Copperhead illumination upon "the auspicious result" in the Keystone State.

Three great States vote, the Ohio the Copperheads lose twelve members of Congress. In Indiana they lose four. In Pennsylvania they lose five, and perhaps six. Hurrah! about the jubilant gentlemen.

In Ohio the aggregate majority against the Copperheads will be from seventy to eighty thousand. In Indiana, without the soldiers,—a State that we had supposed they would carry—the majority against them will be twenty thousand or more. In Pennsylvania it will be probably fifteen or eighteen thousand. "Heaven be praised!" cry the Copperheads; "let's light up!"

And why not? It is the last and best chance they will ever have for illumination and rejoicing. Besides, they might have lost every member of Congress in each State, instead of saving twelve out of thirty-three. They wish to make hay while the sun shines; and they are quite right, for it is coming on to rain dreadfully in November.

ALL HAIL, MARYLAND!

THE Maryland soldiers have achieved one of the grandest victories of the war. They have lifted "the despot's heel" from the shore of their Maryland. They have now redeemed their State from the curse of Slavery, and anchored it fast and forever to the Union, whose cause, as the old Continental Congress declared, "is the cause of human rights." Their victory shows that they, too, understand the meaning of this war. They perceive that it is the armed insurrection of the privileged few against the laboring many. They know that the great slaveholder is the direct rival of the free laborer who lives by his daily wages. They know that while the system lasts permanent peace is impossible, and having learned in the battle-field and the Southern prison that the tender mercies of slavery are cruel, they have, with one manful effort, abolished the root of the war in the soil of Maryland. It is indeed "a glorious victory." God bless the Maryland citizens at the front and the Maryland citizens at home!

THE PLAIN CASE.

THE October elections show that, unless all human foresight fails, the election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON is assured, provided the vote of the country can be relied a moment, and that every thing be accounted doubtful until it is secured. The question is so simple that it can not be avoided. Do we mean to maintain our Government, or do we intend to submit to its destruction? In the consideration of this point the personality of the candidates is of very small importance.

Every good citizen knows that there is not a man who wishes to see the rebellion unconditionally suppressed by force of arms who will not vote for LINCOLN and JOHNSON; nor any one who wishes to make terms with traitors who does not support MCCLELLAN and PENDLETON.

If the latter are as uncompromising Union men as the former, why does every disunionist and rebel sympathizer support them?

If they are so devoted to law and good gov-

ernment, why does every threat of resistance to the result of the election proceed from their supporters?

If they are so zealous for order and free speech, why are all the disturbers of Union meetings for political discussion their vehement partisans?

The reply is very simple. They are *not* uncompromising Union men. MR. PENDLETON is of the political school of JEFFERSON DAVIS in his own confession, and General M'CLELLAN accepts, without a word of rebuke, the nomination of men who call for an immediate armistice.

In a word, MR. PENDLETON is an advocate of supreme State sovereignty, and consequently believes in a "Confederacy" and not in a Union; while General M'CLELLAN shirks the question, and tells Mr. VALLANDIGHAM that they probably mean the same thing.

The October elections show that the great body of the people fully understand what patriotism requires of them, and that is to vote for candidates who are openly, by their words, by their acts, and by the characters and acts of their supporters, unconditional Union men.

THE COPPERHEAD CONSPIRACY.

JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL HOLT has given the country an astounding illustration of the methods of Copperhead "Conservatism" in the cure "more" by armed insurrection at the North in aid of the rebels, and to maintain the national honor by forcibly overthrowing the Government constitutionally elected. The publication of this report is a great and timely service; for it is prepared with the utmost care, from a vast mass of testimony collected during many months and all over the country.

The main points in this extraordinary and startling revelation are, that there was established a branch secret association, bound by oaths, armed, extending throughout the West and into the rebel section, with careful forms and principles, for the purpose of procuring desertion from the Union armies; discouraging enlistments and resisting the draft; circulating treasonable documents; giving intelligence to the enemy; acting for the rebels; furnishing the rebels with arms, ammunition, etc.; cooperating in rebel raids and invasions; destroying private property; assassinating Union men; and establishing a Northwestern Confederacy.

The head of this conspiracy is CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM, one of the authors of the Chicago platform, and the seconder of General M'CLELLAN for the Presidency. Every leading member of it is a supporter of the M'CLELLAN-PENDLETON ticket. Every member abhors ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON as the rebels hate them. That every member understands the whole scope of the intrigue is, of course, impossible. That every member would deliberately resist the result of a constitutional election we do not believe. But it is managed and officered by men who would, and who hope to persuade and bully others to follow them.

Thanks to the steady fidelity of our civil and military officers in every degree, this atrocious secret has been revealed, and the vast and wicked conspiracy exposed. American citizens will not fail to remark that the chief conspirator is the chief apostle of "Peace;" which means simply bloody civil war in the Free States. They will reflect that the plot was conceived by men who have constantly denounced and maligned the Administration, and have always extenuated the rebels and the rebellion. They will remember that it was soon after Chicago and sat in convention with the chief conspirator that together they set forth their principles and nominated their candidates; and that at this moment they are straining every nerve to secure the election of those candidates, M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON.

These conspirators are the men who talk loudest of "Conservatism" and "Peace." The people will teach them in November that "Conservatism" is unconditional maintenance of the Government, and "Peace" is the armed overthrow of rebellion and the unqualified assent of rebels to the Constitution and the laws.

REBEL TREATMENT OF UNION PRISONERS.

On the 14th of June, 1864, the rebel Congress issued a manifesto concluding as follows:

"We commit our cause to the enlightened judgment of the world, to the sober reflections of our adversaries themselves, and to the solemn and righteous arbitrament of Heaven." The people, in whose name this was said, profess to be peculiarly "Christian," and "high-toned." Their leader, who said that he would rather associate with hyenas than Yankees, was declared by Mr. CLADSTONE to have "created a nation." He and his confederates claim to be especially generous, gentlemanly, and humane. Yet in all the annals of war, confounded be base, cruel, and loathsome as theirs is without parallel. The more the secret rebel history of this struggle is exposed the more inhuman and barbarous it appears, and every justification we have is wanting of the truth of all that has ever been said of the imbruting influence of slavery upon the master class. It found in the story of their treatment of their prisoners of war.

The Sanitary Commission of the United States appointed in May, 1864, a sub-commission of inquiry, consisting of Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Chairman, DOCTOR EDWARD DELAFIELD and ELLERIE WALLACE, Esq., and J. CLARK HARE, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS WILKINS, Esquire, and REV. TREADWELL WALDEN, the four last of Philadelphia, to ascertain the real condition of the Union prisoners while in rebel hands. The commission has just made a copious, scientific, and descriptive Report, which is certainly one of the most astounding chapters of modern history.

It exposes the treatment of all Union prisoners from the moment of their capture to their exchange, especially in the Libby prison and on Belle Isle at Richmond. The narrative is derived from the testimony of the prisoners themselves, substantiated by the medical investigations of scientific experts; and such a hideous and revolting tale was never told. Its value is completed by an equally careful report of the condition and treatment of rebel prisoners in Union hands at Fort Delaware, Point Lookout, and elsewhere. The verbal testimony of the Union sufferers is appended to the Report.

The harrowing and sickening details we cannot reproduce. They are sad beyond belief, and they are unspeakably disgusting. But we ought any man who would truly understand the scope of this war, and the spirit from which it springs and in which it is conducted upon the rebel side, fail to read this official publication. The narrative of the Report, simply and cogently prepared by the Rev. Mr. WALDEN, presents the case, and the rest is overwhelming corroborative testimony; and the whole is nearly printed and issued by the Sanitary Commission.

We are glad to know that a large number of copies have been sent to England. They will furnish some authentic refutation of the foul slanders upon the Union cause and conduct which are published by the *Times* and the London *Times* by Charles Mackay, and devoured with delight by the British party which exults over the Christian civilization of the South and to our friends in England the spirit of the social system against whose armed assault upon the Government the American people are contending. Such friends abroad are a source of wonder as they read. Yet the painful revelation will but serve them to a more persistent support of our enemies. Nothing will avail while they will agree with the Commission that, "until an excuse or an explanation comes, the Government by which these things are permitted, and the people by whose public sentiment such things are encouraged, will stand arraigned for immeasurable inhumanity and criminality before the civilized world."

THE WRECK OF SECESSION.

Upon page 697 of this paper is a vivid picture of the wreck of the great pirate ship SECESSION. She is dashed upon the rocks and is utterly going to pieces in the terrible storm of PATRIOTISM which beats upon her. Smitten by the fatal thunder-bolts of LINCOLN, GRANT, SHERMAN, FARRAGUT, and SHERIDAN, she lies a helpless hulk amidst the waves. One leg of her—STEPHENS's "Hall, only half"—has been shot away. The Chicago Light-house on whose summit blows the national flag, union down. But the foundation of the Lighthouse is the Rock of Ages, and shall not be given by the irresistible waves of popular indignation.

Meanwhile the copper-bound boat, *Peace Democracy First*, is hugging the shore. SEYMOUR, BELMONT, VALLANDIGHAM, WOOD, COX, and VOORHEES, while PENDLETON stands ready to show how to steer her, are planning a Mayor-Gen. eral's uniform upon a prancing war-horse—that is the favorite device—and the Chicago platform for them to. Among the crowd the most conspicuous wrecker carries under his arm a huge plank—in capitals—General M'CLELLAN—and the hope is that hope the pirate crew may safely escape, to ship for another voyage. But the storm is overwhelming. The captain, PENDLETON, is at the helm, the ship is built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark, is going down forever.

LOYAL PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

We have too long omitted to speak of the valuable service of pamphlets, large and small, by the Loyal Publication Society of this city at 868 Broadway. They are generally short and practical treatises upon every point of the great question, prepared by the most accomplished hands, furnished at the most reasonable rates, and placed in the most valuable collection of authentic references and impregnable arguments. Whoever wishes to aid the rebel party may be sure that he can find it under the best management, a fact which the issues prove, and may confidently send his contributions to Mr. GEO. KETCHUM, Treasurer, 40 Exchange Place.

LITERARY.

"THE Peninsular Campaign and its Antecedents, as developed by the Report of General M'CLELLAN and other published documents," by D. H. MAHAN, Brevet, Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers and Major-General of Volunteers. (D. VAN NOSTRAND, New York.) General BARNARD was Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac from its organization under M'CLELLAN to the end of the disastrous Peninsular campaign. He was present and plan before or every detail; and his review of the incompetency of the commanding General is crushing. General BARNARD's contemptuous legislature of a policy which almost ruined one of the noblest armies in the world is not concealed; and in this small volume, originally prepared as an article for a review, the reasons of that impatience are plainly stated. The great victory seems to have been almost wantonly thrown away, and the timid sluggishness of the Commanding General, however pure his intentions may have been, did the work of treason. He was eternally preparing to make the final preparations to prepare for a forward movement; and in the midst of the preliminaries for his preparations LEE and STONEWALL JACKSON stormed in upon him and threw him away. GRANT's terrible grip upon LEE, which nothing can shake off, and M'CLELLAN's fears and doubts, and "mud," and "roads," and "impassable bridges for the enemy," and at last die with my men," and foolish "push them to the wall" show the difference between the operations of a soldier whose whole heart and soul are vowed to victory and a General who has no conception of the earnestness and vitality of the struggle, and thinks first of his own reputation. It is the difference between SHERMAN and DON CARLOS BUELL, between PAT TERSON and HALLECK. . . . It is not necessary to subscribe to the hero of the Chickahominy a traitor to understand why he is a favorite with the rebels. An reader who has carefully considered this little volume of General BARNARD's will see why the advantage won by KEYES, SUMNER, and HEINTZELMAN at Fair Oaks was not followed up, and why LEE was allowed a day to retire unmolested from Antietam. It is not M'CLELLAN's fault that he is not a great General, but he ought to be the fate of the best American people if they ever make him Commander-in-Chief.

"DOWN in Tennessee," by EDMUND KIRK (G. W. CARLETON, New York), is a work which is full of the most interesting and startling revelations of the war upon the border. The sufferings of Union men in East Tennessee, long the theme of which FARNOW BROWNLOW has told in some harrowing passages, are here related with a graphic detail and dramatic power which fix them into the memory. Major GILMORE's experience of life and character in the Southern States gives a peculiar value to his observations, and the book is of uncommon eye permits nothing characteristic to escape him. The book has the full flavor of the Southwest, and its portraits of Union men and rebels are full of interest. Mr. GILMORE argues strongly that the hope of the future Union lies in the middle class of the slave States, in the non-slaveholder, but any sparing of what he thinks the best stock, the Scotch-Irish, that of JACKSON and CALHOUN. The great slave-holding class, which has enabled for its own advantage, must, in Mr. GILMORE's opinion, be entirely overcome. The most interesting is the story of his visit to Richmond with Colonel JAQUESS, and the expression of his conviction that the people of the rebel States were ready to return to the Union. Before he was stoked every thing upon the rebellion, know that nothing remains for them but to push on to the inevitable end.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

Since our record of last week closed there have been no military movements of consequence. Hood, at last accounts, appeared to be moving toward the southeast, without having accomplished his object. On the 19th the division of the Tenth Army Corps and a portion of Kautz's cavalry made a reconnaissance on the Darbytown Road. They met with considerable opposition on the line of the Mechlenburg. Having consulted with Grant and given instructions for the movement, General Logan at Huntsville, Thomas at Chattanooga, and Schofield at Knoxville, to show how they were to cooperate, Sherman began his march on the 1st of May. In the same time, according to his own statement, he gave his serious attention to the question of supplies. At Nashville he found the depots well filled, and well-stocked with all that he needed. At Knoxville, however, there was this difficulty, namely, that the railroad from the mouth of East Tennessee was too great a drain upon its supplies. He wisely determined to subsist the troops between Knoxville and Chattanooga from the country.

The concentration at Ringgold and Georgia commenced during the first week in May. At that time General Sherman had an army of 100,000 men, of whom 6000 were cavalry and 254 guns. Both were yet effective. More than one-half of this force belonged to the Army of the Cumberland, under General Thomas, which numbered 60,773 men. The Army of the Tennessee, under M'Pherson, numbered 24,465, and the Army of the Ohio, under Schofield, nearly 14,000. This force was divided into three columns, the strength during the entire campaign. It was commanded in the vicinity of Chattanooga as follows:

General Johnston: Army lay at Dalton, 36 miles southeast of Chattanooga. The position was not much more than half an ocean, as the Federal army, although superior in numbers, by the Rebel Cavalry were commanded by Hardee, Hood, and Polk. The cavalry, Wheeler's command, also numbered about 10,000.

On the morning of May 6 Sherman's army had approached Dalton. Schofield's column, at Varnell's Station, Pitzgield, on the railroad from Chattanooga, and about 12 miles from Dalton. Thomas's centre army lay on the road, west of Dalton, at Gordon's Mill, and that of the Ohio on the left, and more southerly, at Crow Valley Gap, between Sherman and Johnston's lines stretched the Chetoe Mountains, a high, rocky, precipitous range, running north and south, and covering all the approaches to Dalton. The railroad passes through Buzzard's Roost Gap, Tunnel Hill; but the pass, known as Buzzard's Roost, was too strongly defended to be carried by a direct assault. The road on the left this ridge runs six or eight miles south of Dalton, where it crosses the valley of the Coosawattee River, which runs southwestward to Resaca.

On the 7th Sherman's army was in front of Dalton, while M'Pherson completed the ridge and moved on Resaca, a dozen miles south of Dalton. M'Pherson, finding Resaca strongly defended, was ordered by Sherman to "move upon the rear portion of Thomas's." On the whole army, excepting Howard's Corps, was on the right, Thomas's in the centre, and Schofield's on the left. Sherman was much impeded by the impracticable nature of the country, and was compelled to reach Resaca, or that on the 13th Sherman was confronted by the whole rebel army. Johnston had taken up a position southward across the river to destroy the road in the enemy's rear, but the main body of the army attacked the Federals, lying on a battle, May 15th, the result of which was the evacuation of Resaca by Johnston that night. Sherman's army pursued by every available route. Some was accepted in the mean while by Jeff C. Davis's division. Johnston made a feeble stand at Adairsville, fifteen miles south of Resaca; but he crossed the Etowah without giving battle. This river runs westward to Rome, where it joins the Coosawatta, forming the Coosa.

It was now evident that Johnston would next dispute Sherman at Allatoona Pass, forty south of the Etowah. Sherman determined to turn this position, and on the 23d crossed the Etowah, fifteen miles west of Marietta, off the railroad. Johnston was aware of Sherman's design, and there were several severe engagements on the 25th, by interposing his army between that place and Dallas. On the 26th and the two following days Sherman was just about to change his tactics and approach the Allatoona Pass on the left, when Johnston, after a severe fight on his right at Dallas, which was held by M'Pherson, withdrew to the mountains. The movement on the left was carried out June 1, and all the roads by which Johnston could reach Allatoona were held by the Union. Sherman secured Sherman against a counter attack on his left, and placed him safely on the railroad at Acworth, which was occupied June 6. Big Shanty Station, still further south, was occupied June 8, and Johnston then confronted the Twin Mountains, Kenesaw. On the right was Pine, and more to the west Lost Mountain. The rebel army occupied this line of mountain defenses.

Kenesaw, defended by Hardee by way of Dallas had fallen, but must now be accomplished by a new flank movement. The rebel line, however, was of considerable length, and it was determined, before making another movement, to attack Johnston's left. This was done on the 11th of June the 15th there was sharp skirmishing and a heavy cannonade. On the 16th Lieutenant-General Polk was killed in the rear Pine Mountain was given up. On the 17th Lost Mountain was abandoned, and Johnston's line contracted, but covering the approach to Marietta and to the railroad.

The roads now began to be what Sherman calls "extraordinarily bad." The rebels carried some of the 23d Hood's Corps attacked Hooker's at Kulp House, and were routed. The General Sherman determined to make an assault on Kenesaw on the enemy's left, which was made June 27th. Generals Harker, Daniel Dustin, General Hindman, and M'Cook were killed. The Federal loss was 3000.

The rebels, on Wednesday, July 6, retired from their position for an advance to Nickajack Creek and Turner's Ferry, several miles southward. Sherman was apprehensive that this movement July 8, and Kenesaw was immediately abandoned by the rebels. General Johnston's command. Hindman, Polk, and M'Pherson and Schofield were instructed to attack Atlanta, and Sherman himself to attack the crossing the Chattahoochee. But the latter had prudently destroyed the bridges. By the 9th the army on the Ohio and Federal army moved to the Chattahoochee River.

Johnston, who had made the most extensive preparations to oppose his advance, Sherman threw Schofield's corps across the Chattahoochee, and Thomas across on the 9th. Garrard at the same time destroyed the factories at Roswell, and on the 10th the army was united. M'Pherson was to cross. Another crossing was established at Howard's Ferry, and Thomas by only a little difficulty, but a short rest was afforded the troops. On the 18th Howard's command, Stanley's division, centering on it, broke up the West Point Road, rendering it useless to the enemy.

Until the 20th there were being collected at Atlanta and Marietta. On the 19th the army advanced. Schofield's corps moved on Decatur, and the left wing of the army followed, the Army of the Tennessee moving around by Decatur. The rebels were retiring on the line of Atlanta. Thomas at the same time crossed Peach-Tree Creek north of the city, and Howard's corps was ordered to keep between him and Thomas near the Buckhead Road.

On the 20th the enemy came on in his centre and attacked Sherman's right centre at its weakest point. He was repulsed, and Sherman ordered a line to be laid down south, while his own was only 1500, most of which had been thrown back. General Logan had been in command of Howard and superseded by Hood. The enemy were strongly reinforced during the battle.

On the 21st the rebels attacked again, this time on the left, when Sherman had obtained a commanding position. Early in the fight M'Pherson was killed, and was succeeded by General Logan. The battle was made by Hood's Corps, from Bald and Howard's in front. The enemy gained considerable ground in the early part of the day, capturing several guns, but was afterward defeated and driven back to the position held by Sherman's line. The rebel loss was 8722.

Then followed the siege of Atlanta by Sherman and Hood. On the 22d Sherman began to move his army from the east to the west side of Atlanta, and by the 26th this movement was executed. Hood, finding the battle of the 28th occurred, in which, as we have stated, the enemy were repulsed with severe loss. During this battle our loss was less than 600, while that of the rebel army is admitted to be considerably more. Until the night reached from the Chattanooga Road, just north of Atlanta, nearly to East Point, on the Macon Road, and the Macon railroads. But it was impossible in the night to make the necessary communications. On Wednesday, August 31, issued his orders for the entire army to cut loose from the Chattanooga Road and to raise the siege of Atlanta, the Twentieth Corps alone being left to hold the line of the railroad. Whatever the cavalry's being sent very much facilitated this movement. The entire army was now on the Macon Road, between Jonesborough, where Lee and Hardee were, and the rest of the rebel army at Atlanta.

On the 31st the rebels came out from Jonesborough and made an attack, which resulted in their defeat. The next day, September 1, Jonesborough was attacked and taken by Sherman. The rebels evacuated the line around Atlanta, which General Sherman immediately occupied, making it a grand military post.

MARYLAND.

Maryland has adopted the new Constitution, abolishing slavery in the State, by a majority of about 1000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

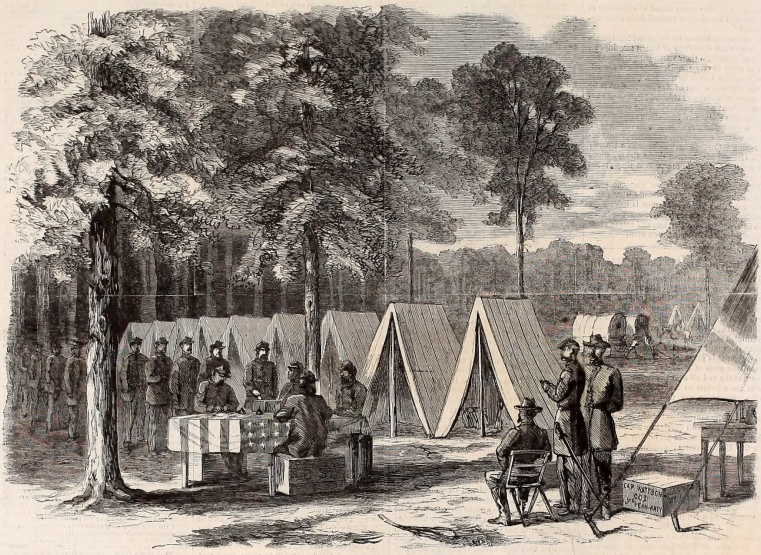
THERE has been in London great alarm in prospect of a serious money panic. The *Spectator* says: "The country has been drained to the bare bone by a great deal of unwise demand, a great deal of paper discounted represents no real transaction, and the moment the discount is refused the country is to diminish rapidly, the continent is unwilling to send us gold, and we must pay it, and we should the banks begin to go we may look for a crash. Failures are multiplying, and the Government of the Bank of England and London, which will involve an ultimate loss of millions to the shareholders, has not yet ceased to be necessary."

The London *Times* regards the victories of Sheridan as certain to benefit the Government.

The French Italian Convention has decided that the Pope shall not be forcibly dispossessed of his temporalities. This takes away half the income of every citizen of Turin, and to the Pope it is equivalent to the diminution decreed by the measure broke out in open violence. The troops in the city were called out, and the rioters were fired upon. Without orders they returned the fire. Several persons were killed.

In regard to the Danish Question the *Spectator* says: "The correspondence between Lord John Russell and Count has been forbidden, exports have been prohibited, and fifty thousand men are thrown upon the winter's resources for the winter. In fact the country is to be gained in order that the other Powers of Europe may receive contentment at Copenhagen. The robber orders his victim's wife to be whipped in order that he may pay up quickly. Nothing so atrocious has been done in Europe since 1815, and the civilized world will be astounded at the apathy of every Government. Had Jellalad one range of countries the Prussian would not have dared to do it."

The Greek Government has decided to abolish its Upper House, however, to Greeks has not the same necessity or use as in the country, and it has not the same influence on the Lower Chamber, describing that body of a great amount of conservative ability.



HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE JAMES—PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIERS VOTING.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE JAMES—REBEL PRISONERS AND DESERTERS AT THE GUARD-HOUSE.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ROGER B. TANEY,
LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE, U. S.

ROGER BROOK TANEY, the late Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was born in Calvert County, Maryland, March 17, 1777. His ancestors immigrated into that State two centuries ago. They were English, but of the Roman Catholic faith.

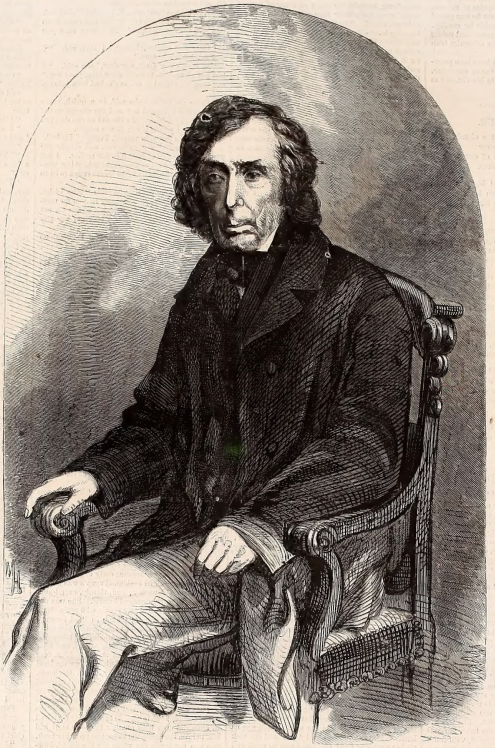
Educated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, he was admitted in 1799 to the bar. He practiced law for a short time in his native county, from which, in 1800, he was elected a delegate to the General Assembly. He took up his residence at Frederick in 1801, and was elected State Senator in 1816. At the age of forty-five Mr TANEY removed to Baltimore, where he resided during the remainder of his life. He was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland, holding that office for four years, at the expiration of which term he was appointed by President JACKSON Attorney-General of the United States.

This, it will be remembered, was the period when there was great political strife on the subject of a United States Bank. Two years after his appointment, in 1833, JACKSON had determined upon a singular measure to carry out his policy. Mr. DUANE was then Secretary of the Treasury, and, thoroughly in favor of the Bank, was therefore opposed to the policy of the President. Without the knowledge of his Cabinet, JACKSON instructed DUANE to remove the public deposits from the United States Bank. The Secretary declined to follow this instruction, and was, in accordance with JACKSON'S usual manner, summarily deposed. TANEY was then appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and immediately had the deposits removed. TANEY had been appointed by the President, but as the appointment was certain to be rejected by the Senate, it was not submitted to that body until the latest moment.

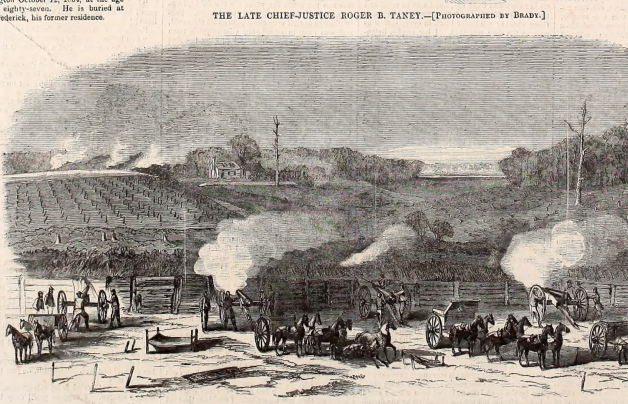
Mr. TANEY at this crisis resigned, but within a year was appointed by the President ASSOCIATE-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in place of DUVALL, resigned. This appointment also was rejected by the Senate, much to JACKSON'S chagrin. But it was not long before Chief-Justice MARSHALL was so good as to die, and leave vacant a still higher office in the President's gift. The Senate had been somewhat remodeled in the interval, and when the appointment of TANEY to fill the office vacated was submitted to that body it was duly confirmed. Chief-Justice TANEY took his seat on the Supreme Bench in 1837, at the age of sixty.

Judge TANEY has held this high and honorable position for twenty-seven years. During this time he has administered the official oath at the inauguration of seven Presidents.—His decisions have been always respected, and, with the exception of the famous Dred Scott decision, have been subject to no animadversion.

Chief-Justice TANEY died at Washington October 12, 1864, at the age of eighty-seven. He is buried at Frederick, his former residence.



THE LATE CHIEF-JUSTICE ROGER B. TANEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE BATTLE OF DARBYTOWN ROAD, OCTOBER 7, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

THE ARMY OF THE JAMES.

We give on this page, and on pages 692 and 696, sketches relating to the ARMY of the James. THE BATTLE OF DARBYTOWN, illustrated on this page, occurred on Friday, October 7. BUTLER'S extreme right was held by KAUTZ'S cavalry alone, though not far in the advance of TERRY'S division. In the opening between the woods on the right and those on the left is disclosed the Darbytown Road, on which KAUTZ'S cavalry was driven in. Through the woods on the right the rebels, led by HOOD, GARY, and FIELD, advanced to flank TERRY'S division. From the woods on the left their artillery maintained a heavy cannonade. In the fore-ground appears a section of the Federal intrenchment seized from the rebels in previous engagements. The enemy made two attacks, in both of which he was repulsed with great loss, and on retiring to the Darbytown Road he was attacked in flank, but succeeded, under cover of his guns, in drawing off his men.

An illustration on page 692 represents the PENNSYLVANIA SOLDIERS VOTING at the Head-quarters of the Army of the James. Our soldiers do not by fighting our battles cease to be citizens, but are even more interested than others in the maintenance of the civil institutions for which they are ready to give up their lives. There can be no doubt as to the loyalty and sincerity of these men.

On the same page we have another scene at Head-quarters—viz., at the Guard-House, where deserters and rebel prisoners are gathered together, in various attitudes and costumes, about their wood fire. The two elderly men—one with the silk hat, and the other at his side—are the two clerks in the Treasury Department at Richmond who were out on picket duty, and walked accidentally into our lines. They will be among the prisoners that General BUTLER proposes to place in Dutch Gap, in retaliation for the ill-treatment of our colored soldiers who have been placed in labor at Fort Gilmor.

The sketch on page 696 represents the scenes attending a NIGHT AFTER A BATTLE. The night is usually spent in bringing in the dead and wounded. Sometimes this is not possible, and the sufferings of the wounded are in such cases pitiable, ending not unfrequently in death.

A GROUP OF CAVALRY OFFICERS.

On our first page we give a sketch in which are grouped together three of our most distinguished cavalry officers, namely, KAUTZ, MERRITT, and WILSON.

AUGUST V. KAUTZ was born in Germany. He was appointed to the Military Academy from Ohio in 1848, and four years afterward graduated with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry. He has performed distinguished services in many a raid during this war. Ill-luck has sometimes attended him—as in the

assault on Petersburg, in which he was not properly supported; and also in the late repulse of his cavalry on the Darbytown Road, where he was posted in a situation which is never tenable by cavalry. His daring reconnoissances have penetrated nearer to Richmond than our troops have otherwise been able to reach.

Generals MEREDITH and WILCOX have been prominently engaged in SUMNER'S recent campaign, and have contributed materially to his victories in the Shenandoah Valley.

ALBERT DURER.

THE artists live within the clouds,
And shadow forth a purer
And fairer life than that of ours:
So lived old Albert Durer.

But lest old Albert should begin
To think him more than human,
God gave him, to subdue his pride,
A very angry woman.

And when he fashion'd angels' heads,
And painted eye and lip,
Was cured of his too heavenly dreams
By this morose Xantippe.

Within a little room up stairs
Worked Albert late and early;
Beneath he heard the angry spouse
Tune chaos to rattle surly.

For, like a kite, he sought the sky,
And soar'd on wing elastic,
Until she pull'd the string, and brought
Him down to cares domestic.

And still within his placid face
You see the self-same expression
Poor Albert's story teaches us
A somewhat useful lesson:

For when I envy him his fame—
The cities' fame and favor,
I look at home, and am glad
That I'm not Albert Durer!

PEGGY HOOD.

A GIRL'S STORY.

PEGGY HOOD was our nursery maid. We were very small, and I have no doubt, very troublesome children when she came among us; but she was never out of temper, or seemingly aware of doing what we wanted done, whether our wishes turned toward a story, a new doll's dress, or a romp in the garden. An admirable manager of children, my mother said, and I remember wondering what she meant. Peggy's art consisted, I think, in never letting us see that she had any idea that we were managed. She taught us our letters and the Church Catechism, also some hymns. Sometimes she read to us, and seemed almost as much interested in the stories as we were ourselves. And she had the secret of pretty, round, kind face that children always like.

From the first my mother took a fancy to her and engaged her despite the warning of almost every lady of the village. The Hoods were a tag set, they said, and they wondered that Miss Payne could think of putting such a person in a responsible a situation. For all answer my mother said, "I like the girl's face, and mean to try her." And so Peggy came into our nursery one morning, and staid there apparently well content. She was one of the clean, tidy, usually comfortable, sort that she a lady. An honest, womanly girl, with frank manners, a pretty face, and a decent, common education—very all. And that was enough. "For," said my mother, "I can bring my children up and teach them accomplishments myself. I only want a help." Peggy Hood was to be that very best in our nursery.

The love for hunting something to the death is inherent in some natures, most, I fear. When nothing else is to be had, they get hold of some poor body's character. No one could say any thing against Peggy; but her father was a man to talk about, and the poor girl was never mentioned without the remark that "the father of a bad stock." When she was a little child he had been a young man in the employ of a merchant of the place, who, taking a liking to him on account of his handsome face (Peggy looked like him, every one was glad to say), had trusted him—though at first his position was almost a menial one—until he was deeper in his confidence than the eldest clerk of the establishment. Soon said through habits of dissipation, others through gambling, young Hood was found to betray his trust at last; and he absconded with an immense sum of money. One morning, when missing matters in such a silly way that the police had nothing to do but to walk quietly up to him, collar him, and take the proofs of the transaction from his pocket. The fiend who tempted him had deserted him in his time of need, and it seemed as though he was deserted, too. So Peggy said who told me the story. He was punished, but, through the intercession of his employer, who had liked him very much, not severely as matters then went. What became of him, and whether he lived or died, no one knew. Then there was a story among the girls of the seminary, where Peggy had earned board and tuition by house-work, that he came to see the poor girl now and then shyly, and that once Miss Richards, the assistant, caught her talking to him from the window. As for the poor mother, she died, but not before people said very hard things of her. She was starved into wrong-doing, I fancy. And poor Peggy was an orphan when Miss Richards took her as a sort of slave. She always called it "an act of charity." Mother said it was one of economy. There Peggy learned to scrub and to read, to wash dishes and to cipher, and, being pretty and clever, brought the taunt of being of a "bad stock" upon her oftener than she would by being ugly and stupid. "As though," mother would say, hugging baby closer—"as though this child would be to blame if I were to steal something. It is bad enough to have such a father without punishing her for it also." And so my mother was good to the girl, who loved her very dearly. And no one in the house ever thought of blaming the kind ingenue while mother took Peggy Hood, as it were, under her protection, except our great-aunt Glengarrow, and as she found fault with every thing no one wondered.

It was annoying, however, when the old lady lost her handkerchief or her gold glasses, as she often did, for she was forgetful, to have her hunt into the room with the most ominous countenance to whisper:

"Ellen, you'll have to have Peggy Hood's trunk searched this time. I always said no good could come of that family."

The last article always turned up, however, and Peggy never heard of the suspicion, poor child! One thing is Peggy's comfort now and then, and not only. She was a sort of miser. Her wages were paid regularly, and were good, but she seldom spent a cent; she hoarded, and pinched, and made over old dresses which were given to her without buying a new one. So much so that my mother often said:

"I've a mind to spend Peggy's money for her, and lay in a stock of comfortable clothes for the silly girl. Economy can be carried too far."

As for aunt Glengarrow, she only said "acquisitiveness was the ruin of Jack Hood, as it will be of his daughter. I must watch my diamonds." For the pride of grand-aunt Glengarrow's heart was a set of cotly diamonds—ring, brooch, and earrings, which had been left her by her grandmother. Mother thought Peggy was jealous of the ring, and in a bunk for a rainy day. I believed that she was "saving up" for some very fine clothes, as I had often saved my pocket-money to purchase a doll or toy, carriage and horses. It was father's custom when he gave the servants to give them change in an envelope to take to her. So I always particularly noticed the day, and always expected to see poor Peggy very fine suddenly upon the bright Sunday. But month after month passed, and still Peggy Hood went to church in mother's old brown merino, with the ribbon that breathes that "faded darned—dress that had been tucked into the rag-bag long before.

One winter's evening—a rainy one, with a damp warm air instead of the bracing cold which we expect at that season—I had been put to bed early, because my father came home to tea, it having been discovered that I had taken cold and was feverish. I had a fearful headache, and nauseous drugs pilled and was tucked in in one of dear old grandma's blankets; but I was not properly thankful, I fear. But I could see a small, pitying face, framed with my brothers, who were spinning a humming-top there.

Mother came in after tea and kissed and petted me, and, while I was tossed and restless, said: "Give Peggy her money," she said; "and, Peggy, I'd advise you to get a new cloak—a good warm one, your shawl is not thick enough for the season."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Peggy, turning scarlet as she put the envelope in her purse just as it had. She made no answer to the advice, but as I said to myself, "She doesn't mean to buy one," and I think mother thought so too, for she looked a little provoked, and I remember she kissed me and went down stairs. After she had gone poor Peggy began to cry, and I heard her say, very soft and very softly, fancying, I think, that I did not notice her. Then she busied herself putting away all untidy things in the room, folding the paper and shutting medicine bottles into the chest upon the table, but with such a poor, sad face that I have never forgotten it. After a little she said: "I shall you be lonely if I leave you?" I said "No;" and she took up her work and went out, but I was so weak and nervous that I began in a few moments to see something white or uncanny black in every corner as soon as the door was shut. I lay awake, listening to the ticking of the clock, until it seemed itself into words, and watched the hands as they slowly moved until I fell asleep, and was by and struck. Then I heard mother and father pass the door.

"I must look at Violet," said mother.

"Nonsense," said father. "You'd wake the child my dear. Sleep is just what she wants," and they went on. Then I fell into a heavy slumber, and Peggy passed the door, and I heard aunt Glengarrow mentioning overhead between her bed and bureau.

"Peggy will come out of it," but though I waited another hour Peggy had not come yet. I began to be wretched. My night-lamp was burning dim. Some hot horrid thing with wings was buzzing in the room. I was afraid to look into the corners at all. And in desperation I resolved to arise and look for Peggy.

I put on stockings and a shawl and took the little night-lamp and made down stairs. I was not sure to go, for Peggy's work was the crimping of some cap ruffles for my aunt, and this she always did in the kitchen. Once frightened by bright fire and in her presence I should be safe.

Over the cold door and down stairs I went on tiptoe, by way of light fell through the door of the kitchen door. I opened it and peeped in. On the table a light was burning, and there lay a white parcel, which looked like a new dress and cloak, but Peggy was not there. Where could she have gone? I went to the fire for protection as well as warmth, and there ill and miserable Peggy crying began to cry. My whimpering wail had just begun to sound through the kitchen when the outer door opened and Peggy came in. She had a shawl over her head, and it was dripping with rain drops. Her fire was swollen with weeping also, and in her hand she held her purse; it was empty; the sides lay loosely against each other, instead of being pulled out by the bank bills as it had been when I saw it last. She did not see me crouching by the fire until the door was bolted; then, when she did catch sight of me, she fell into a chair and began to trem-ble and turned as white as a sheet.

"How did you come here, Miss Violet?" she cried. "Why did you get out of your bed and come down into the kitchen to-night? How long have you been here?"

"Only one minute, Peggy," I answered. "I was so frightened alone."

"I wasn't my fault, my dear," she said. "I had to wait to—to finish those caps, you know," and then she turned as red as she had been pale before.

"Come up stairs," she said, in a quick, sharp voice, unlike her usual one, and she caught up the cap box and the lamp. As she did so she dropped her purse. I picked it up; it was empty.

"Have you lost your money, Peggy?" I asked.

"No, it's safe," she answered, and caught the purse from me and slipped it in her pocket. I felt afraid of her, and went up stairs behind her, wondering what I should do if she were always to be so cross.

When we were up stairs she said: "Miss Violet, your mother would be very angry at you for coming down stairs when she told you not, and at me for not watching you better. We had best not say any thing about it."

I was willing enough, but when I waked up again in the night I heard Peggy, lying beside me, praying to God to "forgive her for teaching the little darling a sin, and soliciting very bitterly. Could she mean me? I wondered. Of course I know that she did now, but I was very small indeed then. I never told anybody about the hunt I did not tell her at that time—and I kept Peggy's secret in keeping my own; for she had a secret. I knew, or she never would not guess at all the ruin that white night. What it was I could not guess.

Time seems long to a child. Peggy was her own pleasant self again during the month I forgot all about that rainy night, or only thought of it as a dream, and remembered that I had happened fifty years before. Only one thing happened which seemed strange. Once, while Peggy was playing with us in the nursery, she left her sewing, with sliced apple for dinner on our china play tea-things, a ribbon which she wore about her neck caught in the work, and I saw something gleaming at the end of it.

"Oh," what is that?" I exclaimed.

She put it into her with a sudden start.

"It's only a ring," she said.

"Why don't you wear it on your finger?" I asked.

"It's too large; I should lose it," she said. And then she burst into tears.

"What a child I am!" she said. "The ring was given to me by some one who is dead."

Her father, I thought, but I said nothing; for I had heard the story of the poor man's crime, and felt as though it were wicked to be mentioned in polite society.

On the 23d of January three important events occurred. Firstly, we were invited to a party—a very grand sort of an affair for children; secondly, my father brought home a present early in the morning, and gave them a gift besides—Peggy's was a dress pattern, and not money; and, thirdly, grand-aunt Glengarrow was missing from her bed in the night, and was found in the cellar—a cellar with a brick floor—people who pride themselves on being able to plunge in head foremost when the occasion requires it are rare, and despise every one else who can not do so. And on this bitter first of January she went into the bath-room, and after she arrived, could not stop it. The room was built in a very peculiar fashion below the level of the house, and steps went down into it. Of course, in a little frightened hurry the town was not supplied with water, but this had been contrived somehow by means of pipes from the river. Aunt Glengarrow grew bewildered, and could neither open the outlet nor stop the inlet. When mother contrived to open the door—mother had the key—for aunt had lost hers on the floor—the water was up to her neck. She was not much the worse for the fright, however, and by the afternoon set her self right. Peggy showed herself very anxious to do all she could, and was busy in grand-aunt Glengarrow's room when the latter returned, and rushing her for fear with hot towels for over an hour. The old lady was gracious enough to say she was "an obliging girl after all." And this was something astonishing for her. After the fright—for aunt had declared that she was sure she should certainly die on the point of fainting—it took some time to collect our scattered senses. My hair was to be curled, and my frock made for the party, and mother decided that a hair-dresser could do it best. So about three o'clock she sent us across the village with a note to the hair-dresser, Peggy giving her directions. To get to Mr. Twist's we were obliged to cross the bridge which divided Mapletown into two parts, upper and lower. Upper Mapletown was the north of the river, and was considered most genteel. In Lower Mapletown the store and the tavern and the post-office stood, with the plainer houses occupied by the poorer people. On our side every one dwelling was of the "residence."

Mr. Froudit's residence was close down by the water's edge; indeed the ground on which the bridge rested belonged to him. There were splendid trees there; two great elms tangled their branches together, making an arch-way, and there were bushes and flowers and grass, of course, the trees were out of our romantic bridge on our side. The other was bald and bare, with only hard gray road to rest upon. The bridge itself, of course, the trees were bare, but the trunks were very large, and the wood of the bushes strong and plentiful. Anyone could see that Lower Mapletown was more populous, and from the bridge could not have been seen at all.

Just as we reached the spot, John, who had very sharp eyes, looked back.

"There comes Peggy," he said. "Mother has sent her after us. I tell you what, Vi!—let's hide behind these trees, and when she passes jump out and scare her."

We agreed. John and little Fred took one tree, and I another, and we waited. I could see the road beat; the boys had a better view of the bridge.

Peggy came on in a great hurry. When she was close by I said, "Now, boys!" But John whispered, "Stop a minute."

"Violette! I say, Violette I don't stir. There's an awful old kidnapper on the bridge, coming as fast as he can!"

I stretched my neck, and there, sure enough, he was—a dreadful man, all rags, and with a bloated face and bloodshot eyes.

"Oh!" gasped John, "he's going to speak to Peggy!"

And so he did.. But not to ask her for her money or her life, or any thing of that sort. What he said was:

"I thought you'd never come."

"I couldn't help being late," she answered "and I must make haste to get back again."

"What have you got for me?" said the man.

"The usual sum," said Peggy. "They gave me a dress, and a piece of money, like the rest, for a present."

"This is not enough," muttered the man, "I say, girl, I must have the ring. I can get something for that. Confound it, if you knew the dreams I had last night you'd not refuse. I'm sure to win. Luck's been against me so far; but we'll ride in our carriage yet. Give me the ring, I say."

Poor Peggy began to cry.

"Any thing else, any thing else," she sobbed. But he clung to her hand, and, though only gently a blow—and caught at the ribbon at her neck. It broke, or came untied, and he had the trinket in his hand before he knew what it did. Peggy sat down on the roots of the tree, with a miserable moan, and held her face on her knee. She had only been seated there a minute when the man came back. He stooped over her, and lifted up her face.

"It's for your own good," he said. "There, don't cry. I'll win, I'll win, I'll win, and then, with such dreams, you shall have it back. I don't rob you to keep it myself. Why, look at my rags? and I live on a crust and a bone. No one will be rich together yet."

He kissed her on her forehead, and she sobbed, "Oh, God help and save you!" and they parted—he crossing the bridge, she going back home.

We were on the Q. Twist's, and went home after our hair was done, and had not much chance to talk over the matter that night. But at breakfast-time next morning John, dinner after a description of the supper at the party night before, burst out suddenly,

"Didn't our Peggy meet a horrid old kidnapper on the bridge, Vi?"

"A kidnapper," asked mother, with a laugh in her voice.

"Yes, ma," said John; "and she gave him a diamond ring, and he kissed her after."

Grand-aunt Glengarrow uttered a little shriek, and started up from the table.

"She's got it back," she cried. "I knew no good could come from those Hoods!"

I felt a presentiment, and rushed up stairs. I began to sing.

"It was Peggy's own ring," I said. "She wore it around her neck by a ribbon."

"Was the man on the bridge," said mother. "Was he a lover?"

"Oh no!" I answered. "He didn't look like one at least not like the one I saw on the play."

"I bet you he was; 'cause he kissed her," said John; "but wasn't he funny?"

"I don't half like this," muttered mother.

Just then back came aunt Glengarrow.

"It's gone," she screamed; "the ring is gone. I'm an old and easy-going sister, but the ring is gone—worth four hundred dollars—five stones in it. I told you I'd have no more of such a bad stock."

Father arose, and put his hand on his aunt's arm.

"Now, auntie," he said, "be quiet; you'll find your ring, as you always your fan and your handkerchief a hundred times."

"I shan't," said the old lady. "Do you suppose I have diamonds of that value lying about loose?"

Father went on as though she had not spoken—

"And before you take away the girl's character you must be certain. Not a word until the house is searched."

Father was master. All that day was spent in the search of every room, every box, every drawer. The very carpets were turned up; but no ring was found.

At night a report was made to that effect; and grand-aunt Glengarrow was so eager to be restrained. Still my father had his way.

Into the parlor, with closed doors, Peggy Hood was summoned to the clerk of every one.

She came in, neat and pretty as ever, expecting some directions for the night, such as were sometimes given if we were sick and well. Her "well, ma'am" sounded pleasant and unsuspicious.

Mother burst into tears.

"Peggy," she said, "remember I don't believe it. You may be a poor silly girl; but you are not a bad girl."

"Bad!" cried Peggy. "What do you mean, ma'am?"

"I mean you are a thief!" cried aunt Glengarrow. "Like father like child. What have you done with my diamond ring?"

"Hush, auntie," said father. "Now, Peggy, listen. A valuable ring belonging to Mrs. Glengarrow is missing; circumstances appear to point to you as the culprit; we have proof that you have had a ring in your possession; that you gave one to a man near the bridge on New-Year's Day. I am willing to believe you sorely tempted—to be as lenient as possible. Tell us where the ring is, and you shall be mercifully dealt with."

Poor Peggy stared at my father, and her very lips grew white.

"I never saw Mrs. Glengarrow's ring, except upon her finger," she said. "Oh, Sir, do you think so badly of me?"

"Hypocrite!" cried aunt Glengarrow. "You wicked woman. I suppose you'll deny being at the bridge at all."

"She won't do *that*, for I saw her," said John.

"No, master John," said Peggy, "I was there."

"And you met a man and kissed him and gave him something."

"God help us both! Yes."

Poor Peggy clasped her hands as she said this. And my father asked, sternly, "What did you give him?"

"Money," answered Peggy—"money and a ring. It was my own; I have had it three years. You've seen the ribbon round my neck, ma'am."

"A ribbon and a ring," said aunt Glengarrow.

"Can you prove this?" asked my father.

"Miss Violet saw the ring."

"I did," said she.

"After she'd stolen it," said aunt Glengarrow.

"It was on Wednesday," cried Peggy, eagerly. "I'm sure I don't know what day of the month it is," said aunt Glengarrow.

"Peggy," said my father, "if you speak the truth see if this man and let him show the ring you gave him."

"I can not," said Peggy.

"Tell us where he is."

"Never!" answered Peggy Hood; and the tone was so solemn that it sounded like an oath.

"Then you have only your own word for evidence?"

"It is all Sir. Oh, can't you believe me?"

"I could, Peggy," said father, "but appearances are much against you, and I am not the party most interested here. I am sorry for you; but unless you tell me that man's name, and where to find him—"

"I can't do that, Sir," said Peggy, with a sob.

"And to screen one disreputable, idle, and lifelike character and friends," sobbed my mother.

Peggy answered not one word.

So on a long silence short, and Glengarrow used her power, and in a few hours Peggy Hood was arraigned on a charge of larceny. Mother and father testified to her good character and behavior, and what John had to tell, child as he was, seemed proof sufficient, and there was that feeling against her, the old story of her father's crime, and the belief that she came of a bad stock and could not do well. Poor Peggy Hood was found guilty.

When I found that all I had to tell about the ring I had seen, which I thought would save her, only went to prove that she had only received the diamonds in her possession, I was so horrified that it made me quite ill. I fainted, I think, and they took me home; and I was feverish and delirious for a good many days. When I was better, and first able to go down stairs in my little pink dressing-gown, ruffled all around by Peggy's own hands, I found the house in some commotion. The masterpiece in the drawing-room was stripped up, and there had been quite a flood on the lower floor. It had been boiled out, however, and a man was there examining the roof.

He was a red-faced man—redder than usual I thought from stooping—and very fond of talking. Mother, aunt Glengarrow, and the cook were expecting his operations with the skirts of their dresses held gingerly up from the damp floor.

"You see the place hasn't been long out of order," he said. "A gradual accumulation of filth might be the cause—"

"A gradual accumulation of filth in my house, indeed!" said mother.

"Or something might have thrown in bones or potato peelings."

"He threw tater skins in the bath-room!" gasped cook.

"Or some baby might hev lost off a stocking."

"What does the man think of me?" said Aunt Glengarrow. "Nothing is out of order. The day I was drowned I said so."

"Drowned, mum?" cried the man amazed.

"Nearly," said aunt. "Well, what now?"

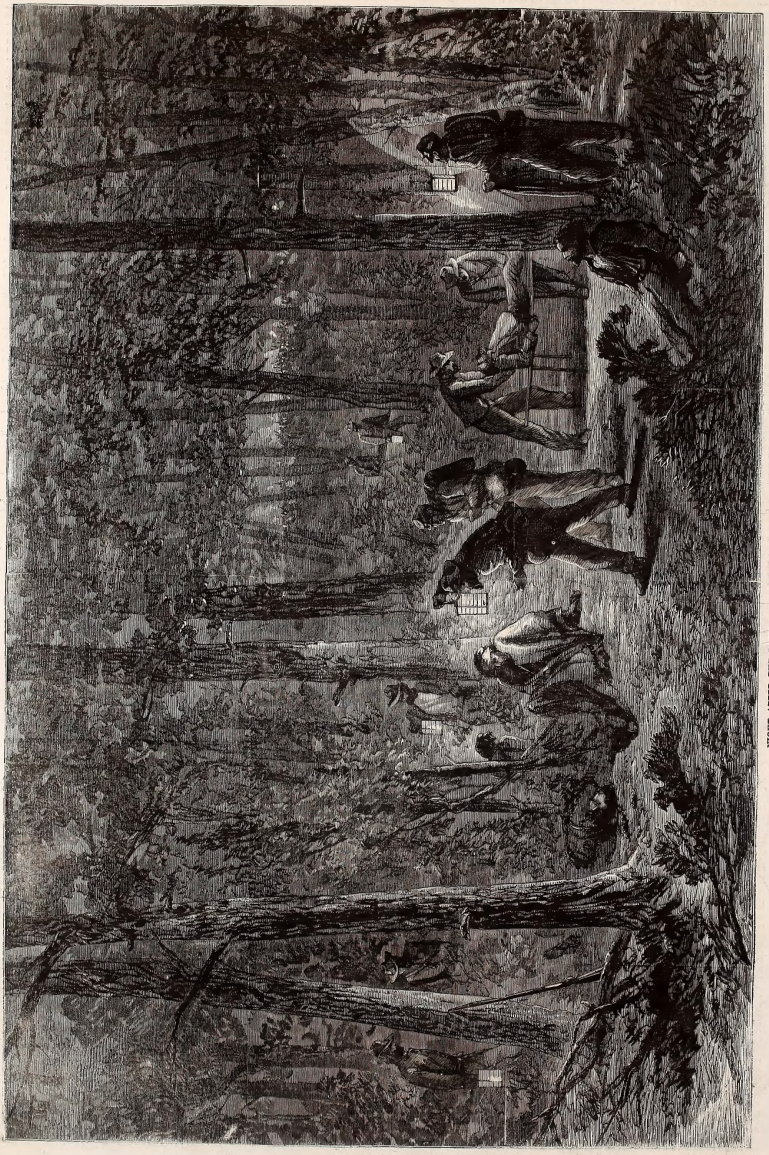
"I've discovered nuthin," said the man, poking the pipe with vigor. "It is a stocking," he went on now," and out came with a tug a dingy wad of stuff in which might have once been gray, or blue, or even white.

"So it is," said mother.

"It is," said aunt. "It's paper."

The man had come forward with his prize, holding it between a thumb and finger. In the ball without a table and he had laid it down on the gathering around. Twisted by the pipe it was hard to tell what the bit of muslin had been, but the big flowers were still bold, and before me in a hundred horrible embodiments and mark of G. G.

"It's one of yours, aunt



NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WARD.—[SEE PAGE 693.]

THE FORLORN HOPE—THE SHIP "SECESSION" IN THE BREAKERS, THE CHICAGO WRECKERS RUSHING TO THE RESCUE.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE JOSEL.—[See Page 693.]

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LI.

PRESENTIMENT.

Turr countess and Lily were speedily installed in the Cottage.

The dwelling placed at the countess's disposal by Mr. M'Variety might, with almost equal propriety, have been dubbed the Barn, or the Mansion House, or the Log Cabin; for it partook, in poetry with balmoral degrees, of each and every one of the characteristics of the edifices just mentioned. Perhaps, when Ranelagh was the country-house of some great seventeenth-century nobleman, it had been a Mansion—indeed, it yet boasted a fine old carved porch, and some latticed windows with deep embrasures of stone, which had a Mansion House look; but it had been half burned down, and patched up again with bricks and mortar in a most unaristocratic fashion. What kind of roof it had originally possessed was uncertain. The existing one was certainly of thatch. Its exterior had been eminently varied one; and successive lessees of Ranelagh had put it to all kinds of uses. Mrs. Snuffburn, the housekeeper, who had lived through many managements, and whose memory was prodigious, was ready to take her affidavit that she had known the Cottage when it was converted into a cow-house. Manager Wobbels, who reared the gardens in the Great Balloon year, was of an agricultural turn of mind, and kept pigs in the garden attached to the Cottage, with famous trotting results. Hydrocephalous, was put out to grass in the adjoining paddock, and in the great hall he kept the Indian corn that he had grown after an approved recipe of the late Mr. Cobbett. The corn came up beautifully; only the rats devoured the greater portion of the crop when it was garnered in, and the residue turned bad, so as to excite, the rather, malaise than competition when exhibited on a stall in Mark Lane as the Royal Ranelagh Corn.

Monsieur Folkcliaire, from Paris, who took the Gentlemen's Coomation (say the name reverber: Folkcliaire of Tivoli and the Montagnes Russes, who used to give promenade concerts, hung before the war, was heard of), "transported," to use his own expression, and redecorated the Cottage in the Louis Quinze style, covering the ceilings with flying personages out of Shakespeare's Dictionary, and very scantily attired, and the walls with mirrors, gaselicrs, and festooned draperies of pink and white glazed cotton. Folkcliaire was an imaginative man, mad as a March hare. His decorations, nevertheless, were commendable. At the clapping of hands tables laden with the choicest viands and the rarest wines were set through trap-doors; you had only to lift a corner of the table-cloth to find the keys of a harpsichord; and the ice-creams were always set in shapes representing Venus de Médicis or the Belle Chocolatière. But the machinery of the supper-tables wouldn't work, and the delicate meals and rare wines were apt either to stick, in medio, between supper-room and cellar, after the manner of Mohammed's coffin, or else to shoot up suddenly, with alarming crash of crockery-ware, scattering dismay and gravy among the assembled guests. Compelled to have recourse to manual aid in lieu of mechanical appliances, Folkcliaire engaged waitresses who wore high-powdered gorgons, short muslin skirts, and high-heeled shoes, according to the pattern of the shepherdesses of Watteau and Lancret. Very young ladies, however, complained that the high-heeled shoes, in addition to being painful to walk upon, conduced to corns, and that the powder spoiled their hair. Folkcliaire suggested wigs; but the perruques were continually tumbling into plates of lobster salad, and, finally, made the young ladies' heads ache. In despair, he replaced the shepherdesses by a corps of graceful nymphs attired as vivandières of the Old Guard; and for a while the Ranelagh nymphs, arms apron, and scarlet pantaloons proved very attractive; but, as a rule, the British aristocracy were languid in admiring themselves of the delights of the Trianon Pompadours; and the valiant trumpeter and buffet of Folkcliaire (he now keeps a coffee-house at Malta) nipped in the bud his ingenious project for converting the saloon into an Oriental Divan, filled with divans for smokers, and a bevy of houris, dressed like Gobbeyaz in Don Juan, to hand chibouques, coffee, and coffee to the smokers and execute Bayadère dances in the centre of the saloon.

By turns property-room, scene-shed, fire-work repository, and general repository for odds and ends, the Cottage had fallen into a curious state of dilapidation. The night-watchman had been at one period. Sundry cocks and hens found out that the dressing-rooms were pretty comfortable to sit in, but they were at length driven out by the rats. At last a legend, which had long lain dormant, was revived, and the Cottage was declared to be haunted. The watchman, who averred that he had seen sights "enuff to make a man's marrer turn to hice," but was otherwise (as is ordinarily the case with ghost-seers) unable to particularize that which he had seen, removed to the quarters; while Snuffburn, who hadn't seen any thing, were, as usual, quite ready to invest the supernatural visitants of the Cottage with a definite form, only they were not unanimous. There was a party for a lady in a white night-gown much bedabbled with blood; there was another (headed by the cook) who placed implicit faith in the nocturnal appearance of a figure with horns and hoofs, who vomited sulphurous flames, and was supposed to be the spectre of a deceased fire-work man, who had sold himself to the Enemy of Mankind; while a by no means uninfluential section, who pinned their faith to the assertions of the chief lamplighter, entertained no doubt whatever as to the periodical issue from the Cottage of two skeleton forms, mounted, one on the shoulders of the other, on a black horse, with eyes of fire. These were at once set down as the phantoms of the dauntless but unfortunate Englishman Brothers, both of whom contrived to break their necks in a dare-devil ring performance in the reign of Manager Wobbel.

His subordinates thought Mr. M'Variety a very bold man, when, on taking the lessee ship of Ranelagh, he announced his intention of living in the haunted Cottage. People tried to abandon from the first; but Mr. M'Variety bore to scorn. "Just the very thing I've been trying for all my life," he remarked, in answer to their expostulations. "Don't you see a down-right bona fide ghost," he said, "and if it's a he or if it's a she, I'll sign a three years' engagement with that ghost at ten, fifteen, and twenty pounds a week. What stunning double crown posters we would have out about to be sure! Ah, Billy Wix (poor "Tim Bobbin" Ranelagh: no augmentation of prices.' It would be impossible." Mr. M'Variety, it will be remembered, lived slightly in advance of the period when every manager throughout the empire could have his ghost by application to Professor Pepper.

Mr. M'Variety, however, did not find it possible to add a "double-million" of the "Tim" to the attractions of Ranelagh. His only nocturnal visitors were rats, and they, yielding to a judicious course of poisoning and shooting, speedily left the Cottage in the prosaic phase of being rather an old-fashioned place, slightly rickety, and not very weather-proof. The manager, who had an eccentric fancy for occupying at least half a score of residences at the same time, determined to reside in the Cottage; but the fact multiplying his domicile a desire to "dodge" the bailiffs, whose appearance that night possibly have judgments against him—took a very natural his head that the Cottage would be a snug little retreat when all was discovered. It was dear, and a pleasant change for him when he was tired of his villa at Isleworth, his family residence in Bromptonia, his big house in Bloomsbury, his chambers in Lyons Inn, and a queer little place, half office, half dwelling-house, he occupied in a triangular yard, beginning in a Jew's-harp seller and ending with a livery-stable, but dignified with the name of a square, and called after some saint, which he pronounced in the Yorkshire fashion, Sinbury, somewhere between London-wall and Bishopsgate.

The soot grew tired of the Cottage, however, and said that it gave him the blues. He christened it the "Distant Swamp." He was, perhaps, disappointed at finding no ghosts within the premises. After a few weeks he ceased to reside there, and, profiting by the occupation of the celebrated Albino Family from the Valley of Dapges. The Albino Patriarch, his wife, and their children, all with white hair, white skin, blue spun glass; all with pink eyes, violet gums, teeth of a pale mauve, and nas's milk complexion, lived here for a while, in a state of very gentle relsome, and from black eyes and contused nose, distributed among them by the Patriarch (who drinks), were frequently necessary for self-exhibition. After this they returned to the Valley of Dapges, where the youngest Albino girl, going alone on the top of a hay-waggon, tending goats, was fortunate enough, in an ecstatic vision, to behold a procession of Saint Teresa of Lima, who informed her that the Valley of Dapges was going to the devil through the deplorable delight which the inhabitants took in eating hard cider and reading the *Siècle* newspaper on the Sabbath-day. She forthwith became a miracle: the clergy took her to Rome; whereupon the Bishop absolutely condescended to issue a mandement about her, gently hinting that people who didn't believe in her miracles, generally and St. Teresa of Lima in particular, were babes of perdition, and candidates for perpetual brimstone; and the Albino Family left much better than when they were at Ranelagh, the pink-eyed Patriarch drinking more freely than ever.

After their departure, and the fire of incongruum, during which nobody to speak of save a mouldy man in a snuff-coloured coat, a Scotch cap, and a red woollen comforter, the ghosts of which he used as a pocket-handkerchief, who had his dinner generally provided for him by Grove, or some other viceroy of matter) sent him daily to a basin, drank cold coffee out of a black bottle labeled "eau gin," and read the correspondence a pamphlet containing a report of the murder of Lord William Russell by Benjamin Courvoisier, and was found dead in the hay-loft by the Sheriff of Surrey—after the transitory occupation of the Cottage by this personage, another family took up their abode here for a fortnight. Mr. M'Variety. These were the Ouli Zoog Zoog Arabs from Mecca. There was a grandfather, who was a shiek, and had a long white beard, but was one night recognized by a strayed Arab as having been a head shampooer at a bath in Cairo. The same tourist recognized the shiek's eldest son had frequently attended on him in the capacity of a pastry-cook in Alexandria; that the shiek himself, in the intervals of shampooing, was in the habit of relating improper stories, accompanied by gestures for the same; that the mother and her two daughters had belonged to the honorable fraternity of Almé; and that one particular hourí, with the biggest black eyes ever seen out of a sloe-bush, whose vocation it was to sit cross-legged in very baggy trousers on a divan, and smoke a hubble-bubble, was an Algerian Jewess, who had formerly kept a little shop for the sale of shawl squints, and attar of roses even more spurious, in Marseilles. Be it as it may, the Ouli Zoog Zoog Arabs from Mecca, during their stay, were instrumental in filling Mr. M'Variety's treasury. It was a great sight to see the sheik, with his very big green turban, and his very long white beard, strumming on a species of banjo—the Arab mandoline, I presume—while the Jewess smoked her narghile, and the daughters danced the shawl dance, kicking off their yellow slippers, and letting down their hair like hair in the most exciting passages, while the old woman, who had a pair of mustaches which would have done honor to a sergeant of the Old Guard, handed coffee round to the visitors at a shilling a cup; and when the sheik had been a donkey-boy, executed complicated sarabands and back somersaults, uttering, meanwhile, the cries of his native country. The family were entitled Mashammedans, and when they ate batchers' meat, which was seldom, a sheep was purchased for them, which they killed on the premises. You paid six-pence extra to see the sheik groveling on his prayer carpet; and the ladies never appeared in the promenade in the Gardens after the performance without being strictly veiled. It was, however, unfortunately discovered that the sheik was a Jew in his shampooing and banjo theory, and that the sheik was an Irishman, who had been discharged, not honorably, from the service of the Honorable East India Company. A newspaper exposure put an end to the performances of the Ouli Zoog Zoog Arabs. They essayed to work the provinces, first as Dancing Dervishes, and next as Maronite Christians fleeing from the persecutions of the Turkish Government; but were at last obliged to retire to Mecca, or Ireland, or obscurity.

And now the cottage was occupied by Madame Ernestine, as the direct heir and next of kin, in a professional line, of the Ouli Zoog Zoog Arabs, and a very clever light had wanted and thickered and gone out, like many other lights of the other days of Ranelagh. But Madame Ernestine was not in this moment, seemed to be in the ascendant, and Mr. M'Variety had paid homage to her importance by furnishing the Cottage in the most elegant articles which he had now vouchsafed to former occupants. He had fitted up the dressing-apartment as a smoking-room, and flattered himself that he had done the thing in first-rate style. It is true that the carpet did not cover the whole of the room; but it was a bright red one, of a large pattern, with a fringe all round, and was thus a little suggestive of a Turkish prayer-rug. The curtains of the windows were somewhat dingy and faded; but being lined with new pink calico, and tied up with yellow cords, with handsome tassels, of the patterns which we see in portraits of military heroes, taken with a back-ground of pillar and curtain, had a very effective, particularly from the outside, of dainty elegance combined with magnificence. Mr. M'Variety had aimed at splendor in another fashion, and, with this view, had introduced a great deal of lacquered brass and gilding into the apartment. There were heavy gilt cornices over the windows; and six-branch gilt, with an obstinate partiality for half-pint candles, and a tendency to drop or throw rickety inlaid tables, with brass rosettes on their hips, and brass claws at the extremities of their legs; a magnificent Venetian chandelier, designed on a scale adapted to halls of dazzling light, and consequently altogether out of proportion to its present place of abode, room or so of white and gold chairs, which had evidently, at one time or other, formed a portion of the costly furniture in the grand suite of a large marquis. All this would doubtless have been very magnificent had not the effect been slightly marred by traces of the Albino Family, and by the Ouli Zoog Zoogs on the walls and ceiling. Those traces consisted of stains and smears, from the dingy paper, as if the Patriarch had been in the habit of throwing his best-taps in the faces of the members of his family for not cleaning his mucky; and of hard dark smudges upon the ceiling, dimly suggesting that the Zoog Zoogs had used the apartment as a dormitory, and had been accustomed to go upon nocturnal hunting expeditions with a tallow-candle. It was suggested by a certain person that, in order to obliterate the dingy paper, as if the Patriarch had been in the habit of throwing his best-taps in the faces of the members of his family for not cleaning his mucky; and of

perplexed and troubled him. He was troubled as he would have been if a performing horse of his, noted for kicking and throwing his rider, had suddenly shown a disposition to be docile and steady.

The manager led the way to the drawing-room, as if the customs followed briskly, singing a snatch of a gay reckless French song.

"What do you say, Countess, is this your style?" he said, as he threw up the door of the gilded apartment. The proprietor of ten thousand extra lamps had not miscalculated the effect of the gas-gilding and the tenue extrême and the ormolu chandelier. The countess was delighted.

"C'est magnifique, c'est charmant!" she said.

"Monsieur M'Varicy, you are the prince of managers—he assured that the disinterestedness of your regard for me has my highest consideration. You are a pattern to your profession, mon bon enfant, and I hope, when you die, you will be stuffed and put into a museum as an encouragement to managers. Ah! I see your honest face awake with gratification at the doing of a good deed; but, ma foi, I have known managers who, if they had caught themselves performing a virtuous action, would have said their prayers for once in their lives and asked to be forgiven. But you—vous êtes la perle des entrepreneurs."

"Thank you, countess. I'm very much obliged to you," said Mr. M'Varicy, with a knowing look; "I'm glad you appreciate what I have done for you; for you see I've got the Cottage up regardless of expense. Come and see the bedrooms. This one's for you; a snug crib, ain't it? light, comfortable, and airy, with elegance into the bargain."

"Charmante! charmante!" The countess was pleased, or feigned to be pleased, with every thing.

"And this little one," said Mr. M'Varicy, leading the way into the adjoining chamber, "is for missy."

"For missy!" said the countess. "Pourquoi? Encore! It is all in white! Is it meant for me? White is the emblem of purity, is it not? Why not for them, monsieur? Ha!" And she gave a most horrible grin of hers.

"Oh, well," said the manager, "if you like this one best you can have it. Please yourself, countess, but I thought you would prefer the large one."

"Monsieur Mac," said the countess, tapping the manager's arm with her right forefinger, "you did not think any thing of the kind. I am not a fool, Monsieur Mac; but no matter, the less said about this dainty story the better devil shall be rolled in snow. She shall be my guardian angel," and she leered at the manager knowingly as she spoke.

Mr. M'Varicy had seen a good many theatrical matters, guardians in the dark, but he knew how heartless, how ruthless, how rapacious they were; but he had never known one to equal this countess Frenchwoman. He was more glad to escape from her to the bustle of his managerial duties, in which he was accustomed to forget most of what in connection with the Countess which it was not pleasant to dwell upon and think about.

When he had gone the countess called for Lily. The girl entered the room timidly and doubtfully.

"Come forward, child," said the countess; "nearer, close to me. There. Listen. I am your mother. Do you hear that?"

Lily answered with a faint "Yes."

"Your father," continued the countess, "was a scoundrel, a beggar. He left me, your mother, beat me like a dog, degraded me, and at last left me to the mercy of the world. He died as he had lived, a beggar—and you he left me as a legacy. Do you know what that legacy was?"

The countess repeated the question fiercely, and Lily answered, hitherto, "No."

"Then I will tell you," said the countess. "You were that legacy. Do you understand? No? Then I will tell. I am your mother; you are my daughter. It is the duty of a daughter to obey her mother in all things. You shall obey me in all things. Do you hear?"

Lily stood before her mother, trembling and with downcast eyes, and answered, "I hear."

"MASSA CHARLES" AND THE SILVER DOLLAR.

One pleasant day in spring, not many years ago, a lady was sitting on the piazza of a house which belonged to a plantation on the beautiful Ashley River. A good-looking negro man, holding a pair of chickens, was walking up the noble avenue of oaks, and soon he stopped before the lady, making her a low bow.

"Missis," he said, "dese yer chicken an't gwine for stay young no longer. I would be knor of Missis feenuse go for sell 'em in de city?"

"I'll buy them, Jupiter," said the lady.

But that would not do. Jupiter wanted to get a present with the money for his sweet-heart, who had hinted to him that a head-handkerchief or turban, of all the colors of the rainbow, would suit her exactly: and he lo[illegible] disappointed that his kind mistress [illegible] "Well, Jupiter you may go, only be sure to come back by sunset."

With a joyful "Thank you, Missis," he rushed down to the landing-place, and soon had a light and pretty skiff out in the stream. As he was rowing he saw a gentleman beckoning him from the next plantation; and nearing the shore he said, politely, "Want me, Massa?"

"Yes; take me down to the city and I'll give you a quarter."

"Sartain, Massa, will pledjure," said Jupiter.

The gentleman got in, and began right away to talk; and Jupiter made himself very entertaining. Presently he said:

"Massa, don't you want for buy dem chicken? dey fine-rate."

"Well now, Jupiter," said "Massa Charles" (for it was he), "my wife says I must never do the marketing. If you told me a leg of mutton was a turnip I should believe you; but I will send you to Major Black, a friend of mine, who'll buy them if they are really good."

"Yes, sah, Massa," said Jupiter, and he rowed away like a good fellow.

"Sing us a song, Jupiter," said Massa Charles. "Come, I like to hear them. Mind, you must make it 'up-river.'"

"Oh, Massa! now you ben ax me to sing?" he answered, pretending to be very much put out, at the same time clearing his throat; then in a fine, clear voice he broke out in a longdrawn melody, keeping perfect time with the stroke of his oar:

"Oh Massa Dinah, she hab 'leben chilten,
Fol de rol de ri! chi! fol de rol de ri! hoe!
One he was a cripple, and 'nother he was a barber,
Fol de rol de ri! chi! fol de rol de ri!
Vid a stomach like a drum, he had, like a crow-bar,
Fol de rol de ri! chi! fol de rol de ri! hoe!
He free dat fiddle, and he free dat banjo,
Fol de rol de ri! chi! fol de rol de ri!
And his forehead massa stretched right up to Charleston,
Fol de rol de ri! chi! fol de rol de ri! hoe!
And he tree de landin' wid tank you berry much, Sar,
Fol de rol de ri! chi! fol de rol de ri! hoe!"

The last two lines were sung as the boat touched the dock; Jupiter bowing and grinning from ear to ear as Massa Charles gave him a present of not a dollar in his hand and walked away, first telling him where Major Black lived.

Then idle and ne'er-do-well, whom I could tell you a thousand stories, each one a thousand times better than the other, showing his kindness of heart, and how everybody loved him, Jupiter quad man strolled along King Street, with his hands in his pockets, humming to himself all he could recollect of "Oh! Massa Dinah," that Jupiter fostered to sell his chickens. He got a silver dollar for them, and, nearly with the delight of first buying the gorgeous cotton handkerchief which was to make Venus, his sweet-heart, more beautiful in his eyes than her charms could otherwise make her.

He walked along, looking into the windows, and presently came to a little haberdasher's shop in King Street, kept by a Jew and his family. They lived with their brother, who was so much disliked that he rejoiced in the nickname of "Turky-buzzard Hebrew," for he was a show-a-tremendous distort for any one in Charleston you have only to call him "a turkey-buzzard."

Jupiter stopped before the shop, puffing at his weed-y-fe-lock, pointed to a gorgeous handkerchief hanging over a string, and respectfully asked,

"How much you ax for dem, Missis?"

"It's a dollar," said the oldest Miss Shilkin, shaving about as much as the head of a pin.

"I ben take it, if you please, Missis," said Jupiter.

"I don't believe you've got a dollar," said the Miss old thing; "let's see *that* first."

"Why, Missis, what for you talk so? I got him dollar here," and he took out the silver dollar and put his pocket and held it lightly up between his finger and thumb.

The other sister had come out from behind the counter while he was speaking, and at the moment he held up the money she knocked below. It *might* have been accident; but any how the dollar flew out of Jupiter's hand and rolled under the counter in a flash.

"Oh, Missis," cried poor Jupiter, with a face of great distress, "lemme get 'hind de counter an' fine my dollar!"

"*Your* dollar!" said the wicked woman. "Be off with you! You never had a cent."

"Oh, Missis, I ax you please to talk so! I tes' 'em true for true. I got him for some chicken; and you know he ben under de counter."

"Get out of the shop this minute," cried both women, in a fury, just as Turkey-buzzard Skinflint sauntered in.

"What are you about, you rascal?" he said, facing round on the poor fellow.

"Oh, Massa, I clare it's my dollar! I tes' 'em in de store."

But the wicked women declared he was a thief, and some three or four people who had gathered in front to get at once and get Limpy Jonas, the lame constable, to take him to the guard-house.

At this very moment Massa Charles was walking that way, and seeing a crowd collected he pushed through to find out what it was all about.

To his great surprise he found the poor person he saw was his friend Jupiter, with the big tears rolling down his cheeks and his limbs trembling; and he heard the accusation against him, and found that the nigger had entered the store with a cockade-bill story about selling some chickens for a silver dollar, which he had dropped, and only came there to steal.

Massa Charles slid his sugar rising. He would have given five dollars to have shaken the wicked woman's snapping false teeth out of her mouth and thrown her up to the clouds in retaliation; himself, he beckoned to Jupiter and said, in a whisper,

"See here; take this dollar and run for your life."

He held out a silver dollar, and the poor soul with a look of deep gratitude the poor fellow put the money in his pocket, darted away at the top of his speed, and was round the corner just as old Turkey-buzzard Skinflint and Limpy Jonas, the constable, came in sight.

"Whar he now, Massa?" they all were! They abused Massa Charles as much as they dared; but that was not much, for he quietly said, "If you don't take care I'll have you up for robbery, for I'm pretty sure the negro told the exact truth;" and then he walked away with his hands in his pockets.

The next week Massa Charles was sitting at home with his little daughter Fanny on one knee and his little daughter Laura on the other, telling them for about the hundred and fiftieth time the wonderful story of "Jack and the Dragon." He had told just as long the story of "The Old Porter who had seven little Figs," because that had always to come first, if he expected any peace of mind. In the second story he had just got to the place where Jack was killing the dragon, who had nineteen heads, all of which must be cut off before he would consent to die, when Prince John, the waiter, came in and said,

"Massa, dere's a man at de door; he say he name Jupiter; want for see you jes one leetle minute."

"Jupiter?" repeated Massa Charles, thinking.

"Yes, massa. Ebery body want for any ting, come for plague you. I clare you ought'n to courage dese yer rascals; dey too 'pudent!"

"I want to go too," said Laura.

"Me too," said Fanny.

So Massa Charles went out laughing, with a little monkey skipping on either side; and there at the door was the poor black man whom he had saved out of the clutches of Turkey-buzzard Skinflint, his wicked sisters, and Limpy Jones the constable.

Scuse me, massa," said Jupiter, his black eyes shining with eager gratitude. "I don't mean no disrespec'. I ben bring for you; I tank you much, dear massa. I can't do noting 'cept gib you dis chicken. De berry nice one. Please take him, massa."

His voice broke and trembled. He held out a beautiful white cock by the legs, and his grateful gent face beamed with humble affection and respect.

"Why, Jupiter," said Massa Charles, "I only did for you what was just and right. It would have been wicked in me not to have defended you."

"God bless you, massa. When I tole some 'quaintances 'bout what you ben do for me dey say, 'I bet dat ar Massa Charles—he so berry, berry kind for everybody—he ben do it.' Dey ben right, massa."

I want little white chicken," said Laura.

"I too," said Fanny.

So Massa Charles, to his great delicacy of feeling as well as goodness of heart, thanked Jupiter and took the chicken he had brought. Bless you, little hearts! it would have mortified and grieved the black man terribly if it had been refused, or Massa Charles had declined to pay for it. He knew better than that, and thanked Jupiter just the same as if he had been a friend on equal terms; and the black man went home perfectly happy.

One or two good people did live in Charleston in those days. Ah me!

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THERE is a romantic story told of Farnsbury church, of a parish in which Bossets are very active, &c. There seems to be only the church; and as the inhabitants heard the sound of the bell every day, they thought when they heard it more than one, they became anxious to have some of their own. A subscription was therefore entered into, and Lord Bossett, who lived at the castle; and in due time the bells were hung, and on the day of the opening the head-parish was to bring the long-wished-for freight appeared in sight on the river, and was soon on its way to the village. Now, it was the custom for the parish, who had charge of the ship, bearing the bells, to have a feast on their arrival at the village; and the captain thought that he should be on shore that night. Think then of the Lord God Almighty's wrath, when he found, to his grief, "we should thank God every where." "Thou art a fool," said the captain in his mind and shortly took to his duty talked, the captain vexing his rope in oaths and the parish with the bells in their mouths, and on the vessel neared Willapoint Point and the dismal cliffs of the black Head, down began to roar; and while the many rager faces were watching, one of these frightful storms which are the bane of the Yorkshire coast—unmanageable, struck upon the rocks, and freight, men, captain, all were lost, except the parish, who were washed ashore upon a plank. In the pauses of the storm, which was long and violent, the cries of the dying were heard, and the bells still, they say, the buried belle give their mournful chime in the fierce and stormy winds of autumn.

A CURIOUS discovery has been made regarding the influence of iron on vegetables. On the chalky shores of Kent and Sussex, vegetation is poor; it is also known that vegetation has a new and blanched appearance. This is evidently connected with the absence of iron. A solution of the sulphate of iron. Harried beans watered with this solution assumed the additional weight of every fifth crest. Mushrooms, peaches, pears, vines, and wheat derive advantage from the use of manures containing iron.

An amusing episode occurred a few days ago at the dinner the Duke of Sussex is in the habit of giving after the Baden race to the gentlemen of the stewards who have attended them. The dinner takes place in the salon of the Russian Hotel. The guests on this occasion were the Duke de Mecklenburg, the Comte of Oldenburg-Saxe, the Prince Reuss (Prince Henry), the Prince de Hesse, the Count Montgelas, the minister of the ex-ducal steeple-chase at Baden, and the Duke of Sussex and his two sons. Seated sitting down to the table, the host noticed that there was a vacant place between the baron and the Duke of Sussex. The latter, to make room for the new comer, began to rub their necks leaning or at a steeple-chase, poured water over it, in proof of which his mystic name is Ondine. Ondine was put to the vote, and an overpowering majority compelled the Baron to undergo the ordeal of water-ward to avert the fearful danger to which he had so inadvertently exposed his friends.

The inhabitants of Chalons-sur-Saone, in France, were much astonished recently to see the sun, which was shining brightly suddenly obscured by a cloud of unusual size, shattered in the air and intercepted its rays. The inhabitants began to run about in great alarm, and the cry was had the towers of the cathedral were quickly covered. They proved to be a flock of storks, very rare in Europe, but frequently seen in hot countries. A change of weather was predicted from the appearance of these birds, and was quickly accomplished, for heavy rain fell shortly afterwards.

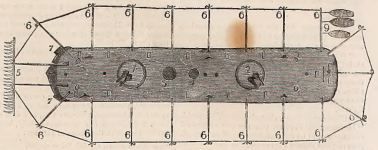
At the angle of the Rues des Marmousets and des Deux-Boules, which are both condemned to disappear, may be seen in the wall a sculptured stone, partially obliterated by time, but which still bears some traces of the former figure which it once represented. The history says that, in place of a porcelain dog fixed there during the reign of Charles IV., to receive the offerings of restless somnambulists, by one of those faithful animals. At No. 2 in that street there lived a certain Jean Pierre Lefebvre, a locksmith. A stranger having one day entered the shop of the former to be served, was struck with the fine locks. He finally left, drawn at his disappearance, had his conduct for, and a search was made in his room, which was found to be a repeater of the watch, searched all over Paris. As the workers were about to retire before leaving the house, Le Roi des Deux-Rentes the dog began to snout about him with an uneasy air. It next rushed into the butcher's shop, and commenced scratching on the floor with such persistence that it led to the discovery of a trap-door over a cellar, which still exists, and who is the body of the man was found not long gone. The history says the story, had made a bargain with his neighbors, whose plan, made of their windows, was to kill the stranger as he came out. Fortunately, the stranger came to get change for a piece of gold, and, a servant having gone for the police, he was arrested, where he was dispatched by the poor—took if not killed by the fall. The two partners were broken on the wheel, and their houses razed to the ground. Is there any truth in this story? What is certain is, that until the commencement of the nineteenth century there might have been seen an open space at a spot formerly occupied by the houses, the existence of which could still be seen. Francis I. it was who permitted the present locksmith to live.

The late Dean Buckland is said to have been so intimately acquainted with the properties of all the geological formations of England that, being one night belated, and not knowing where he was, he slipped from his horse, and, falling on a cold bank and tasted it. He immediately exclaimed, "Uxbridge!" and proceeded on his journey.

The death-watch (*Anobium striatum*) is a very common insects of our houses. Among those which are associated with the habits of insects there is a common superstition that the strange ticking sound often heard in old houses is a sign of approaching death. This noise, however, is produced by several beetles, which, during the breeding season, raise the neck and thorax (chest) together, by which means the head strikes against the wood. This, however, is a fact which, if more generally known, would save a world of needless anxiety and unrest. In the first place this noise insects do great injury to our furniture and the woodwork of our houses. Many more than a score species have captured this little beetle feigns death with the strangest of property, perfectly, as it said, to suffer death rather than to forfeit their claim to shrinking life. The death-watch is covered with a dull, yellowish, brown, size, and dark color, in very seldom seen; and, as there can be no reasonable doubt that these insects use in their boring operations, the sound seems to proceed itself from the mouth in opposite directions, thus adding to the pernicious terror wherewith by some persons it is regarded. The grub is very small, however, to be dreaded. It is during a paper which I hope will remove the obstacle in the way of many a sleepless night. "Is there life in the mine?" Thereupon he proposed for the hand of the Franciscan Lady, the only lady of his race, and was accepted. Miss Martial forthwith used the paper bridegroom for a footstool, but was afterwards married to a living husband.

"One day—so goes this popular tradition—as Sir Alexander Macdonald was strolling down the avenue from the Lodge of Hayston, mounted on his white pony, approaching, as if with the intention of passing him, Miss Martial. The usual greetings Murray asked Hayston if that was Miss Martial. 'Yes,' he said, 'it's just that, quite Martial. And I'll tell you my errand. I am going to court your sister Martial.' Hayston, who knew Macdonald for the reason that will afterward appear, was not willing that the highland chieftain go far with his errand. Some time gave the thing the go-by by saying that his daughter was very young for that. Then he was told that Miss Martial, whom, who was somewhat dotty, and who thereupon took the opportunity to leave off Blackhouse, himself in his visit would perhaps be more acceptable somewhere else. Macdonald would not take the hint, and insisted on his wishes being attended to. Hayston, at a moment's reflection, thought the advantage that was likely to arise to the establishment of her daughter, and to whom the disparity of years was no object, overbalanced the objections he had just made. 'Come with me immediately and call Hayston back again.' On this the latter was summoned, and turned out the county reason for his having declined Hayston's visits. 'Why, my dear,' he said, 'I thought you were dead.' 'Gang awa'

RECEIVING THE WOUNDED ON BOARD THE "METACOMET," AUGUST 5, 1864.



1. Forward Turret.—2. After Turret.—3. Pilot-house.—4. Smoke-stack.—5. Torpedo Rods.—6, 6, 6, 6. Torpedo Guards, with barrels for floating.—7, 7. Forward Closets.—8. After Closet.—9. Opening for Boats.—10, 10, 10.—Hatchways.

PLAN OF THE UNITED STATES IRON-CLAD, THE "CHICKASAW."

OFF MOBILE.

We give on this page several sketches relating to our naval fleet in Mobile harbor. One of these cuts represents the reception of the wounded on board the *Metacomet*, after passing the forts, August 5. The wounded were then transferred to the Pensacola Hospital. The adjoining illustration is a plan of the *Chickasaw*—a plan which is exactly repeated in the *Winnebago*. The *Chickasaw* is an iron-clad, mounting four guns. Its tonnage is 974 tons. It was built at Boston by AQUILA ADAMS in 1863. The *Winnebago* was built at St. Louis in the same year. The torpedo guards represented in the sketch are young trees cut down and stripped, with one end of each lashed aboard, and the other ends connected together by transverse pieces.

Another sketch represents the *Metacomet*'s boats blowing up the rebel ram *Nashville*. This cut also gives a view of a portion of the obstructions in the harbor.

The lower cut is a view of Mobile city, with the rebel batteries guarding the approaches, and our fleet in the foreground.

REFUGEES AT CITY POINT.

As our military lines draw closer each day around the doomed cities of Richmond and Petersburg, the effect is seen not only in the number of deserters from the rebel army, but in the quantity of refugees that come into our lines, glad of any opportunity of escape from the horrible scenes of desolation hitherto surrounding them.

We give on page 701 a representation of the interior of the United States Sanitary Commission Boat at City Point, Virginia, at a time when a number of these refugees from Richmond are availing themselves of its hospitable shelter. In speaking of them our artist says: "The people here represented appear to belong to two distinct classes. One family seemed to be of what is known as the 'poor whites' in the South; the other family, if not exactly belonging to the 'Chivalry,' were evidently of a different and higher class. While they were staying on board, previous to their departure North, and during which time they received every attention and kindly consideration not only from the officials of the United States Sanitary Commission, but from all who came in contact with them, many opportunities were afforded for eliciting their opinions respecting the state of things between North and South.

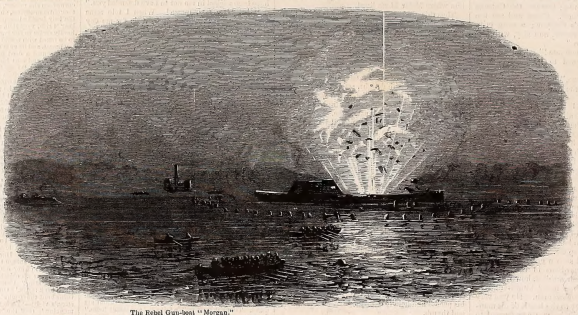
"The only man among them—the head of the family, represented in the extreme back-ground—was apparently a simple-hearted, ignorant fellow, who was inclined to be very communicative, and who seemed never to have entertained any ill feeling toward our section — content if people would only allow him to cultivate his little patch of ground in peace and safety. The women throughout, however, and even the little children—doubtless well taught hitherto to look upon the Yankees as a set of ogahoos—were surrounded, seemingly at any rate, by an air of restraint and haughty dependence, as if they were as much hurt as pleased by the kindnesses showered upon them. When the man was asked by a by-stander what object he had in coming North, and if he would not have preferred staying South, one of the young women replied for him, in a rather pert manner: 'The only thing *I* came away for was them nasty guns you kept firing!' When asked again what notion they had of the Yankees before they saw them, the same young woman replied: 'We thought you was coming to kill us all and use us bad.' Some one said: 'How could you imagine such a thing?' to which she replied: 'How could we know any better? *every body said so!*'

"Not one in this family, confessedly, could read or write, except the man, who said he could read 'print' a little. The women and children had all very nice and regular features, and your artist must not think that the pipes I have put in the mouths of some of the former is a matter of fancy. All the women smoked, and common clay pipes were to be seen sticking out of lips far too pretty for such occupation.

"Whatever these people may have originally thought of the North and its inhabitants, it is evident that they are now becoming but too glad to exchange for a hideous life in the South the chance of pursuing their future career among us as independent free men and women, even though the inveterate prejudices of a life may still cling to them a little longer. Certainly such treatment as these outcasts received from the United States Sanitary Commission at City Point, and as they will doubtless receive every where else—could it only be known among their deluded people—would be enough to open the eyes of the most ignorant, and to touch the hearts of the most vindictive among them."

As an episode to the picture there is introduced in the fore-ground the figure of a wounded man, attended by Doctors M'DONALD and SWALM, of the United States Sanitary Commission—an extraneous and voluntary work which these gentlemen are not unfrequently called on to perform, in addition to their other multifarious and charitable duties.

SINCE GRANT'S last movement the number of desertions from the rebel army has greatly increased.



The Rebel Gun-boat "Morgan."

THE "METACOMET'S" BOATS BLOWING UP THE REBEL RAM "NASHVILLE," AUGUST 16, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY GEO. WATTERS.]

1. Rebel Ram.—2. Battery.—3. Gun-boat "Morgan."—4, 5, 6, 7. Batteries.—8. Hospital Boat.—9. "Chickasaw."—10. "Octorora."—11. "Pinola."—12. "Winnebago."—13. "Metacomet."

VIEW OF MOBILE AND THE FEDERAL FLEET IN THE BAY.—[SKETCHED BY GEO. WATTERS.]

RICHMOND REFUGEES ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION BOAT, AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 700.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

IN regard to the Paris Fashions for October we have just to observe that, for finishing up the fine season out of town, the dress bonnet is not at all *de mode*, especially if the lady be young. The new casquette (shown in our last month's engraving of the fashions) and the Windsor hat with feathers are the two varieties of fancy chapeaux most in vogue. For *toilette de ville*, however, the ordinary bonnet is necessary, and should be of the shape indicated in our fourth illustration. It may be of any color, but is usually of white muslin, ornamented with black beads or velvets, and rests closely to the head. In all probability, however, this shape, as well as the material, will undergo considerable modifications at the approach of the winter season.

The predominant color for dresses still continues to be white, or the lighter tints of the colors for which the summer of 1864 has been remarkable. For colored silks of darker hues, and especially for foulard dresses, straw ornaments have been applied with advantage; and these have the double merit of originality and cheapness, two qualities somewhat rare in this age of imitative ostentation, for the gratification of which the most extravagant sacrifices are so frequently made.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Robe of white alpaca, ornamented with black lace insertion, surrounded by bouquets of black velvet; the vest is similarly ornamented. Muslin chemisette, with collar and cuffs of embroidered muslin. The head-dress is composed of a wide entredeux, trimmed with narrow guipure over rose-colored silk, terminated by a rose-colored silk bow and ends.

Fig. 2. *Dress for a Little Girl.*—Low-necked muslin blouse, trimmed with black worsted braid; the rounded tunic on the edge of the skirt are bordered with black binding. White sleeves, with a band descending from the shoulder scarfwise, and attached at the waist.

Fig. 3. *Dress for a Young Lady.*—Checkered gray foulard robe, trimmed round the edge of the skirt with vandyke blue ribbon, surmounted by three narrow bands of blue silk. Muslin chemisette, pointed in front, plaited throughout the corsage, and ornamented with narrow strips of blue velvet. The bonnet, of the latest shape, is in tulle bouillonné, the crown being puffed by a garland of blue flowers hanging over a narrow white lace that partly covers the capote.

Fig. 4. *Walking Dress.*—Lilac foulard robe, trimmed, as shown in the illustration, with narrow colored silk edged with black guipure. Small upright collar, finished by a rose-colored gravat. Chapeau Windsor, ornamented with white feather in front, and another large feather falling over the hinder portion of the Tuscan hat.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1864.

LITTLE STARLIGHT.

IT was soon after the first of those terrible Wilderness battles so fast spring that Little Starlight made his first appearance among us.

Now have you many idea who Little Starlight was? Very probably, from his romantic name, you picture him to yourself a six pretty boy—a bean-ideal Young America, with clustering curls, and the relevant blooming precocity of form and feature. Nothing of the kind. *Our* Lil de Starlight was a negro urchin extremely small for his age—which might have been fifteen could we have had a date to reckon from—and as black as the ace of spades, when the ace of spades is excessively black and shiny.

When he came, who he brought to, how he came among us, we never exactly knew. He was a sort of masculine Topsy, and probably mere "growed" somewhere in the vicinity of our hemisac. On the morning after the battle he had been found in our lines, strutting about the camp in a very nonchalant way, with a quick, cheery "Ha ha" for every thing he saw. His appearance was comical to the extreme. Upon his chest head, and entirely concealing his crisp wool, was jauntily placed a spoon-new artillery cap, which he had probably picked up from the field. He had fastened to the right shoulder of his ragged coat—a swallow-tailed blue of unknown antiquity—an immense epaulet, apparently plundered from the baggage of some retired officer; while a silken sash of flaring crimson was twined round his waist in a manner at once striking and effective, with a long end that trailed behind like the gaudy tail of some variegated tropic bird. His trousers—we will skip them; but it suffice to say that they were unmentionable in the last degree.

No one could tell how the little fellow got into the camp, and he wouldn't tell himself. The pickets and sentries swore prodigiously that he had not passed them. So we were compelled to let the story of his appearance remain unsolved.

It was shortly after sunrise when the corporal of the guard brought him before me, with

"Here's a prisoner, or contraband, or something of the kind, chaplain. I just picked him up, and don't know what to do with him."

I almost exploded with laughter at seeing the individual in question, but immediately set down on a stump and endeavored to look grave. Captain Allen came along at the same time, and presently the Major also dropped in. So we formed ourselves into an informal court-martial around the object of our attention, with the view of having some amusement for the hungry half hour that should elapse before breakfast. The "terms" of the bid was surprising; for he never changed countenance during the whole of this ceremony, which we, with a supposing as we could by word and look. All eyes were turned on me expectantly, so I opened the proceedings.

"What is your name, my boy?"

"Dun'no, mas'r. Spect I isn't got nom'n," was the reply, accompanied by a sparkling grin, of extraordinary breadth, as though his anonymous condition was a matter of much self-satisfaction.

"Oh, you've forgotten your name, I said. Why did they call you at home?"

"I allers came w'out callin'. But wen I shines at along kitchen fire, sometimes dey'd sing out, 'Sing! sometime 'Little Nig!' an den agin, 'Hyar, you G—d Nig!' I'll bet dey did! mean it." Then, with a self-conscious, I is!" he continued, swinging his arms gleefully about and shuffling his bare feet, as if contemplating a fandango.

"Silence!" roared the Major, who acted as presiding officer, at the same time knitting his brows fiercely to prevent the laughter which we felt choked him. "Silence, or I'll commit you for contempt!"

Somewhat startled by the vehemence of this injunction the little fellow remained silent, and, taking off his cap, commenced stroking his nut of a head in a serious manner, which was more comical than his mirth.

"Well, my friend," I resumed, "what do you do, when you come from?"

"No w'ar ob late, mass'r. Tas been sleepin' ebber since I was a-yer. Yer see I'se a-yer, I is. Yah! yah! I does."

"Silence!" exclaimed the judge.

"Certin, certin, mass'r! Yah! yah!"

"Who do you belong to?" I resumed.

"Yah! yah! I ain't got none. Yer see he's gwine away. Yah!"

"But what was your master's name?"

"Cunnel Billy."

"Billy what?"

"Dun'no! Yer see dis chicken were left behin' wid de mismus an' de gals, wile Mass'r Billy gwine to de war wid de Linkinses. An' yer see, de ole mismus she dun gib dis nig a lickin', so I jis slips out in de night time, climbs inter de boxes, crawls all de pigeons, an' clars de track for Ole Virginny. Yah! yah! I'se a awful cuss, I is!"

"Pigeons! What did you do with the pigeons?" I asked, my curiosity carrying me away from the subject in hand.

"Like ter 'em to be shore, mass'r! Dey'se bully feddler, nicer dan de hard tack. Yah! yah! I'se got jis one left."

And sure enough, as he spoke, he drew from one of the capacious pockets of his tattered coat a sorry looking pigeon, still alive, which, before we could guess his intention, he proceeded to pat and stroke in a very summary manner. Nipping the head of the bird between his finger and thumb, he twirled the body around in the air till it fell to the ground, completely twisted from the head, which remained in his hand.

"What are you doing that for?" I exclaimed, somewhat horrified at what I saw, as were the rest of the "Court."

The little fellow threw away the pigeon's head without answering, picked up the body, and held it stoutly forth with "I yah! yah! from which I judged that it was meant as a present for my breakfast.

"Well, what is the decision of the Court?" said I laughing, and turning to the Major.

"I really do not know," was the reply. "Ask the monkey if he will fight, and which side he favors."

I put the question.

"De Union all de time, *sho'!*" was the enthusiastic reply.

"What can you do?" I asked.

The little fellow cast a comprehensive glance around him in every direction, as if he could do any and every thing under the sun, and was merely puzzled upon which fact to fix for his first effort.

At length his eye caught sight of a kettle-drum which was taking an airing a short distance off, and with a roll of delight he ran toward it. Quick as thought the strap was over his shoulder, the sticks were in his hands, and throwing back his head with a gesture of pride, he rolled off the reveille with the flourish and accuracy of a master.

"Bravo!" cried Captain Allen. "You're the man we want. Why not have him drum for our company?" he added, turning to me. "Johnny went into the hospital day before yesterday, and we have had but little music since."

"An excellent idea!" said I.

The Major would have said Starlight, to his infinite satisfaction, was forthwith installed as second drummer-boy, Company C, —th New York Infantry.

His name—by which he was altogether known among us—originated, at the suggestion of one of the officers, in the wonderfully clear aspect of the heavens on the night preceding the early morning of his "capture."

He was a favorite in the company, and a standing joke with the regiment, in a single day. No one could come in contact with him, but he never complained of too much work. We made him wash himself thoroughly in the river, and then presented him with a genuine uniform, at which he appeared as proud as a young peacock of her sprouting tail.

Little Starlight was not one of us long, but if I should undertake to relate half of the many whimsical characteristics "the sun would go down on the unfinished tale."

He never was out of humor, was never excessively hungry, and his slender frame was of iron mould. He endured, without a murmur or any marks of fatigue, marches which tried the strength of the stalwart frames of hardened veterans, and would, after the march, execute with the band double-shuffles on Jim Crows, and Bob Ridleys for the diversion of the weary regiment. I never saw him flinch when under fire, and I have seen rather the reverse. He had a penchant for obtaining trophies on the field of battle; and carried so many knives and pistols upon his person that he was quite a walking arsenal. More than once he was seen to use his fire-arms, and if at long range, it was, nevertheless, with the best of precision.

It is true he had his foibles, and grave ones. He was a natural-born thief, and my most impressive admonitions usually failed to overcome my fear of the gravity of his fault. He seemed to consider himself naturally depraved, and was therefore philosophically resigned to his fate. I remember he was accused—with his usual "I'se a awful cuss, mass'r, I is"—of stealing a horse, for him when I thought of the criminal neglect which must have attended his bringing up a man that of the noble animal was of unfortunate race. Besides, the material effects of his thieving were not considerable. There was not much to steal in the army, when a man had only one old suit any thing worth retaining, a tight clutch upon Starlight's wristplate and a few preposterous threats usually caused him to "shell out" the missing article, if it was really in his possession. And it seemed generally conceded that his virtues more than counterbalanced his foibles. For his hand was as ready to support a wounded man to an ambulance as it was at rifling the pockets of a fallen foe.

There was one thing alone which almost redeemed him in the eyes of many, and that was his passionate love for freedom—his enthusiastic devotion to the cause under whose banner he served.

My darkey-chaplain was in no sad demand in those bloody battle-days, when ministrations to the dying and prayers for the dead were so frequently required; but I found more time, nevertheless, to devote to Starlight. The little heathen always listened with the profoundest gravity to every thing I said, but with a perpetual scrubbing of his short curly crown of me, except when I spoke of the future of his race, of their prospects for freedom and improvement. His eyes would light up at this, and his attentive features would fairly glow with enthusiasm.

"Yes, mass'r," he one day, exclaimed, "I 'clare! in my 'bolition heart, I'se ready to die, or 'nother. I knows I'll be free!"

"You are so already," said I. "The President's Proclamation has made you so. You have nothing to fear."

"Ja' so, mass'r," he replied. "De President he am a nice man, *he* am. But I doesn't feel it in de bone yit; I 'nebber will till I git on to Aix, you know. Jis' dere is freedom—only once!"

"On to whom?" I asked.

"On to de Ole Man—Cunnel Billy. Jis' lemme git on to him, an' I'll be free!"

"You surely would not kill your old master?"

"I wouldn't I! Yah! yah!" And thereat Starlight began to fumble among various knives and pistols which adorned his person in a manner that was any thing but conciliatory. "I'se die a chicken, he should preceive! I keeps on de look-out in dis way!" I used him lick my ole mudder till I bleed from de mouf an' nose, an' I'se ready, and you'll see de blood fly yourself. Yah! yah! I'se a awful cuss, I is."

Upon a briefer acquaintance with Starlight I should have smiled at the serio-comic manner in which these sentiments were enunciated; but, as it was, I shuddered at the intensity of passion which lurked in his tones.

And through all these terrible battles, and rapid marches and counter-marches, with which General Grant terrified and confused the rebel foe, from the Rapidan to the walls of Richmond, Little Starlight conducted himself with sterling credit, winning golden opinions from all, and, upon one occasion, a hearty hand-shake from the General of our division.

It was, however, at the severe skirmish on our left, immediately following our general repulse from the rebel works, and shortly before the transfer of our army to the south bank of the James, that the part which Starlight played in the great drama was to assume a truly tragic phase.

The enemy, themselves and ours were hotly engaged, and the fight fade fair to be bloody, if brief. I was immediately in the rear of a portion of our skirmish line which was severely hard with the wounded; and Starlight was hopping about me, doing what he could to assist, but now and then looking up, and directing curious glances toward the fight, which was not distant.

Suddenly an ambulance from him caused me to turn, when I saw him gazing intently, with his hand pointing toward the ground where the skirmish line was progressing.

"Hooray! hooray! Dere he is! dere he is!" he shouted.

He succeeded in directing my attention to a fine-looking rebel officer, who was cheering on his men in a charge they were making upon our position.

"Don't fire, mass'r!" cried Starlight, at the same time freeing himself from his drum and casting it on one side, while his voice was wild and strange with excitement.

And before I could arrest him, or exactly understand his intention, he snatched a musket and bayonet from the ground, and ran like a deer after our column, which was advancing to repel the threatened assault.

From my position I could see the whole affair. Th smoke of the musketry fire was thick, but a western gust cleared it away, and the opposing columns were pretty plainly discernible. Then the firing ceased, and I saw them meet in the shock of hand to hand fight. The clash of the steels was keen, and they scattered back toward their abatis and the thick woods on their right; but the officers retained their ground, endeavoring to inspirit their men by their own examples, and fighting bravely.

I saw Little Starlight rush headlong at the man to whom he had directed our attention, and I could hear his shrill cheer come floating to me on the wind. The combatants met, and for the size of an antagonist, yet they met with a shock which seemed equal on both sides. The officer evaded the bayonet of his gallant foe, and struck out sharply with his sword; and I saw the blood spring up high from the negro's neck. But the next instant they closed; the rushing line swept over the breast of the officer, and he rolled to the plain. Twice—thrice I saw the flashing bayonet leap into the air, and flash down again upon the prostrate man; and then, with a louder whoop than before, Starlight sprang on further into the fight; and the whole scene was shut from my view by the gathering smoke, for the breeze had died away.

In light we soon drove the rebels were driven far back into the woods, their abatis captured and held, and we in possession of the field. My interest in what followed was intense to intense that I immediately hastened to the ground.

Our loss had been inconsiderable, but that of the enemy was heavy, for they had suffered severely in all directions. I found the officer with whom I had seen Starlight engaged. He wore the insignia of a rebel captain, and was wounded, with his sword pierced many times by bayonet thrusts. As I was standing beside the body, Sergeant K—— of Company —— came up with a terribly crushed look.

"Little Starlight is dying, Sir," was his greeting, "and he wishes to see you very much."

Starlight dying! I comprehended it figurated, at the same time hurrying to the point indicated.

It was true enough.

Little Starlight lay at the edge of the enemy's works, with a frightful gun-shot wound in the back part of his head, and a bayonet thrust beneath his left. Tears were clustering around him with sympathizing looks and tearful eyes. You may not believe me, but nevertheless it is the truth when I say that the brave boy grinned joyously when he saw me.

"Yah! yah! Mass'r Chaplain," he cried, as I took by his side, "I took his hand, "I dis nig's done for, he is. But did yer see me in de fight, mass'r? Did I'se see me tackle dat ole coon, Cunnel Billy? Did I'se get it at last, mass'r? I'se a awful cuss; but I'se got it at last!"

"Got what, my poor boy?" I whispered, with a trembling voice.

"Freedom!" cried Starlight, springing to his feet.

I saw that wild, strange gleam of passion leap into his rude features, and then he fell back into my arms.

"It am a lubly day, mass'r," he continued, speaking with great difficulty. "It am shining day, an' de sky pellucid, mass'r. But I hears de big drum ob de sky rollin' de rebellie ob de Lord. De day am breakin' for dis chile, mass'r; for *I'se got at last!*"

His voice failed him here. He moved his lips; but in a moment they were stilled forever. He was dead.

I laid him down gently on the grass.

The Major had also been standing by.

"Come," said he, taking me by the arm—"come, let us go."

And so we went away I saw his mustache tremble perceptibly.

There were three regular members of Company —, who died that day in that skirmish, but I believe not one of them was mourned with a deeper, sincerer sorrow than was Little Starlight. One of the sergeants, who was a rude rhymster in his way, composed a brief epitaph for him. Others of the company performed what little offices they could, and the Colonel inquired particularly into the circumstances of his death. The Union chain were buried separately—they were so few. Starlight was had a little grave all to his own. He was free at last, and he thus came into the ownership of about five feet of the earth which had not been a very affectionate mother to him.

I said that he had an epitaph. It was scrawled upon the rude head-board by the author; and, as there is something epigrammatic about it, it may not be out of place to conclude our story with.

HERE LIETH LITTLE STARLIGHT,
WHOSE ILL-STARRED SPIRIT WON
ITS RIGHT TO SCORNED FREEDOM THROUGH
THE FOEMAN'S PEARLY GEM.

BUT HE WILL, DOUBTLESS, SOMEWHERE
SHINE BRIGHTLY AFTER ALL,
AS THE STARS ARE IN THEIR GLORY
WHEN THE SHADES OF EVENING FALL.

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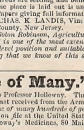

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PHIL SHERIDAN'S RIDE TO THE FRONT, OCTOBER 19, 1864.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

OH, WANTON WIND!

BY MILES O'REILLY.

Oh, wanton wind! warn, kissing, kind,
Thy zephyrs turned my Laura's tresses;
Bathed lip and hand with fragrance bland,
And even fanned those deep recesses
Where love is seen, warm-couched, serene,
Asleep between two summer billows;
Oh, heedless wind! to beauty blind,
Where could thou find more tempting pillows?

The lily bell, whose anthers tell
The time so well, by you set ringing;
The rival rose, wherein repose
Queen Mab, and those only her clinging,
The violet sweet, the dusky neat—
Should I repeat each fragrant blossom—
Oh, careless wind! could all combined
So please thy mind as Laura's bosom?

Intensate still! hence, hence and fill
The idle sail of you bright vessel!
And yet—ah, stay! ere hence you stray
Leave me, I pray, your right to nestle;
Give me to seek her damask cheek,
And whisper there what then ne'er dreamest!
For me to lie one moment nigh
Her heart and die, were bliss supremest!

PHIL SHERIDAN RIDING TO THE FRONT.

We give on our first page a sketch of General SHERIDAN's arrival on the field October 19. The victory gained at Cedar Creek that day surpassed in interest the victory gained precisely one month earlier at Winchester. It was a victory following, upon the heels of apparent reverse, and therefore reflecting peculiar glory upon the brave commander to whose timely arrival upon the field the final success of the day must be attributed.

The General was at Winchester in the early morning when he enemy attacked—fifteen miles distant from the field of operations. General WRIGHT was in command. The enemy had approached under cover of a heavy fog, and flanking the extreme right of the Federal line, held by CROOK's Corps, and attacking in the centre, had thrown the entire line into confusion, and driven it several miles. The stragglers in the rear were fearfully numerous, and the enemy was pushing on, turning against the Federals a score of guns already captured from them.

This was the situation a little before noon when SHERIDAN came on the field, riding, says one of his staff, so like *Black Bess* himself could not have kept up. A staff-officer meeting him pronounced the situation at this stage to be "awful."

"Pshaw," said SHERIDAN, "it's nothing of the sort. It's all right, or we'll fix it right!"

SHERIDAN'S order to his Corps was simply to the extreme left. "Galloping past the batteries," says the *World* correspondent, "to the extreme left of the line held by the cavalry, he took the front, took off his hat and waved it, while a cheer went up from the ranks not less hearty and enthusiastic than that which greeted him after the battle of Winchester. Generals rode out to meet him, officers waved their swords, men threw up their hats in an extremity of glee. General SHERIDAN, discovering SHERIDAN at the moment he arrived, rode up to him, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him on the cheek. Waiting for no other parley than simply to exchange greeting, and to say, 'This retreat must be stopped!' Sheridan rode down and began galloping down the lines, along the whole front of the army. Every where the enthusiasm caused by his appearance was the same."

The line was speedily re-formed; provost-marshals brought in stragglers by the scores; the retreating army turned its face to the foe. An attack just about to be made was repulsed, and the tide of battle turned. Then SHERIDAN's time was come. A cavalry force was ordered against the right and left flank of the enemy, and then a grand advance of the three infantry corps from the right on the enemy's centre. "Through Middletown," says the correspondent above quoted, "and beyond, the enemy fled, and the Army of the Shenandoah pursued. The roar of musketry now had a gleeful, dancing sound. The guns fired slotted salutes of victory. Meredith, charging in on the right and left, doubled up the flanks of the foe, taking prisoners, slashing, killing, driving as they went. The whole of the infantry was now unmistakably more terrible. The lines of the foe swayed and broke before it every where. Beyond Middletown, on the battle-field over in the morning their own columns were completely overthrown and disorganized. They fled along the pike and over the fields like sheep."

Thus on through Strasburg with two brigades of cavalry at full speed. Two thousand prisoners were gathered together, though there was not sufficient guard to send them all to the rear. The guns lost in the morning were recaptured, and in many more taken, making fifty in all, and, according to SHERIDAN's report, the enemy reached Mount Jackson without an organized regiment.

The scene at SHERIDAN's head-quarters at night after the battle was wildly exciting. "General CUSTER rushed about 9 o'clock. The first thing he did was to hug General SHERIDAN with all his might; hollow like a wild boy, whirling him around and around, with the shout, 'By —, we've driven them out and got the guns!' Catching sight of General TORBERT, CUSTER went through the same proceeding with him, until TORBERT was forced to cry out: 'There, there, old fellow; don't capture me!'"

In the battle-cry in the front, October 19, 1864, will go down in history as one of the most important and exciting events which have ever given interest to a battle-scene; and to this event will be attributed the victory of the day. Says General GRANT: "Turning what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory stamps SHERIDAN what I have always thought him, one of the ablest of Generals."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

THE JACKSONIAN DEMOCRACY.

THE call for a meeting of old Democrats who believe that we should first exhaust the rebel armies before we attempt "to exhaust all the resources of statesmanship," is one of the most remarkable signs of the times. It proceeds from old-fashioned Jacksonian Democrats, who have known no other party name or association. They voted for MR. LINCOLN in 1860, but who see that they must vote for him in 1864, or connive at national dishonor. It comes from men who can not recognize the Chicago platform as worthy of American patriotism, and the candidates who stand upon it as representatives of the American Union. A Major-General who accepts, without question, the Democratic nomination of a Convention whose whole movement proceeds upon the plain declaration that the war is a failure, becomes—as one of his chief supporters calls him—the "creature" of that movement, and such a Major-General can by no possibility be the candidate of men whose chief delight is to remember "the days of JACKSON," and to call themselves by his name.

The call is signed by some of the most eminent and influential Democrats in the City and State of New York and in all the loyal States. They feel that the men who are now controlling the party do not represent its true instincts, and that the policy to which it has been long devoted, the name Democratic is so cowardly and dishonorable that, in scornfully rejecting it, there is great danger that the people will not even recognize it with the party name it bears. This call substantially asks what future there can be for a party which is led by VALLANDIGHAM, the SEYMOURS, LONG, PENDLETON, WOODS, and HARRIS. It further asks what sort of Jacksonian Democracy is that of which REVERDY JOHNSON, ROBERT J. WALKER, WASHINGTON HUNT, and HIRAM KETCHUM are doctors and expounders. It further asks what kind of a Democratic party it is which CALEB CUSHING, DIX, F. B. CUTTING, MOSES TAYLOR, ALEX. T. STEWART, GUSTAVUS A. CONOVER, HENRY NICHOLL, WILLIAM H. WEBB, PETER COOPER, A. VANDERBILT, AUGUSTUS SCHELL, THEODORE ROOSEVELT, EDWARDS PIERREPONT, HENRY G. STEBBINS, JAMES R. WHITING, GEORGE B. BUTLER, D. S. CONOVER, and HENRY REVERDY, JAMES WADSWORTH, A. A. VALENTINE, HENRY T. INGALLS, and J. A. STEWART. If these men are not Democrats, who are?

But higher than any partisan consideration is the patriotism of this call. These are men who have always served their country as Democrats. They love their country still. But they love their country more. And, therefore, they oppose a policy which is, although falsely, called by the party name. It is because the abstraction of the truth that the Chicago infamy is fully understood by the people; and that no letters, however painfully labored to obscure the position of the candidate, can possibly conceal it. M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON are the candidates of compromise with rebellion, of submission, and surrender. What was that Democratic policy? When was cowardice an American policy? If ANDREW JACKSON had said to the South Carolina nullifiers as GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN says to the rebels, "Lay down your arms, into an ultimate convention," or had tweetly sighed with GEORGE H. PENDLETON, "Let them depart in peace," no loyal Democrat and unconditional American patriots would ever have called themselves the Jacksonian Democracy.

If DOUGLAS had lived, instead of whining, "It's a very expensive war," we're dreadfully whipped, and Slavery is so very divine: let's ask them for peace," he would have cried, with his Union men of '60—"Fight for your emancipation and more uncompromising war;" and, like LINCOLN, would have carried the country.

SHERIDAN.

GENERAL PHILIP SHERIDAN differs from the Chicago Convention. That convention body, led by HORATIO SEYMOUR, pronounced the war a failure. "Do you think so?" cries SHERIDAN, as he and his brave men turn the tide of battle and win another glorious victory. It is a victory won over the army of EARLY reinforced from Richmond. It is a victory under which Lee must wince and rue, for if he can not hold the Valley he can not hold Richmond. It is a victory which infinitely increases the spirit of SHERIDAN'S army, and correspondingly weakens that of the enemy. It is a victory which illustrates his military genius, for few generals have ever done what SHERIDAN did. It was not only a battle fought and fought retrieved. The exulting enemy was routed, and lost his trains and guns. Such victories are won only by a general who entirely trusts his army: and by an army which knows and loves its general, and would gladly follow him wherever he led.

Thus the national campaign of 1864 draws to a close more magnificently than any previous one, while the whole military movement of the rebellion shows the spasmodic fury of desperation. HOOD's march to SHERMAN's rear, PRICE's marauding invasion of Missouri, the raid upon St. Albans in Vermont, the guerilla gusts that dash into our lines and are gone, the serious debate in the rebel papers upon the arming of slaves, and the loss and rout with which every rebel plunge is baffled—all these things betray the fierce and fruitless energy of despair.

And this sudden activity along the rebel lines is in concert with the Chicago movement. It is meant to rex and harass the public mind with doubts and fears, to appall the timid, and weaken the feeble. If the rebels can gain an advantage, however slight, at any point, they know, with the Chicago platform, that they increase the chances of the election of PENDLETON and M'CLELLAN. That alone shows that the Chicago candidates represent the policy of submission and surrender. But the people of the United States elect General M'CLELLAN for their President and they declare that the war is a failure, and that the rebels have no hope but in the best terms the rebels may choose to allow. They own that they are conquered, and they deliberately decide to confide to General GEO. B. FITZ-JOHN PORTER, who, from the days of West Point, has held a singular ascendency over General M'CLELLAN, to substitute DON CARLOS BUELL for SHERMAN; and some General PATTERSON for PHILIP SHERIDAN.

With Generals of the BUELL school in the field, with PENDLETON, HORATIO SEYMOUR, WICKLIFFE, COX, LONG, and Company, in the Cabinet, the overthrow of the essential principle of the American Government is assured. For the policy to support a compromise with rebellion, and that is the confession that the authority of the Government can not be maintained. If the GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, and FARRAGUT are clearly seen by the American people, those people can not mistake the issue, and will not vote for their own disgrace.

AGREEABLE TO REBELS.

A GREAT deal of Copperhead appeal is to this point—that MR. LINCOLN is a very distasteful man to the rebels, and they will never submit so long as he is President; but General M'CLELLAN is more agreeable to them, and they will be much more disposed to come to him.

There are two things to be considered in this astute argument. The first is, that if citizens refusing to yield to the result of a Constitutional election because of their personal dislike of the candidate elected, are to be bribed into quiet by having that man set aside, they accomplish their rebellion and overthrow the Government. And they overthrow it upon a pretense so utterly puerile as to be absurd. In the present case the objection of the rebels to MR. LINCOLN is that he is identified with the supremacy of the Government, which is the very reason why we ought not to displace him before the insurgents submit. They would be made to yield to the authority of the Government in the person of the man under whose administration they defied it. For there would be no confusion in their minds. In the rebel view MR. LINCOLN is identical with the Government, and yielding while he is its representative they will understand that they are beaten. If they have only a choice of persons, and we comply, they will feel, as they ought, that it is not they, but the people, who have yielded. The second point of MR. LINCOLN upon such a ground as this is to show at once that your sympathy is with the rebels.

The second point is, that if General M'CLELLAN is more agreeable to the rebels than MR. LINCOLN, it is not an honorable fact for the General. For they can prefer him only because they believe that he has infinitely devoted to the Union and Government; or because they believe that they can coerce him to their will; or because they are grateful for his unwillingness to hurt them. These are reasons for the rebels to pray for his success: but they are not reasons for loyal citizens to vote for him.

MR. PENDLETON'S "OLD FAITH."

MR. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, the Chicago candidate for Vice-President, has written a letter, in which he says that "there is no one who cherishes a greater regard for the Union, who has a higher sense of its inestimable benefits, who would more willingly labor for its restoration *by all means which will effect that end*, than myself." He says also that he makes no profession of a new faith, that he only repeats that of an old one.

This letter, like General M'CLELLAN'S, is intended to mislead the public mind. Nobody ever charged that MR. PENDLETON was opposed to the Union. But he himself frankly tells us that if any State chooses to secede, the United States Government has no right and no power to prevent it. This is his "old faith," which this letter assures us that he has not changed.

MR. PENDLETON'S speeches and votes in Congress since the rebellion began, from his elaborate effort in the session of 1860-61, in which he denied that the relevant CALHOUN doctrine of State sovereignty, and insists that the National Government has no authority to enforce its laws or maintain its existence—from the time when he said of the States, "If your differences are so great that you can not or will not reconcile them, then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace," down to the moment when "he thanked God that he had not voted a man or a dollar for this abolition war," have been frank and consistent, and this letter shows it.

The New York *Daily News*, the leading peace organ in the country, says, with perfect truth:

"MR. PENDLETON'S letter can take its place upon his record in perfect accord with his antecedents as a consistent and *able opponent of the Peace Democracy*. . . . MR. PENDLETON has never been evasive or equivocal in his expressions of opinion. His political past has been of too sincere and emphatic a nature to permit of misconstruction. Whether when he reaffirms his regard for the Union of our fathers, when he expresses his belief that 'the Union is the guarantee of peace, the power, the prosperity of the people,' when he appreciates that he is but uttering the sentiments of peace men generally; for we know well enough that he alludes to no constrained Union, to political compacts only enforced at the bayonet's point, no system of government upheld by armies and navies, but a Union *based upon the unanimous consent of the several sovereignty of the States*, and dependent on the consent of the people."

MR. PENDLETON does not praise the Union half as earnestly as JEFFERSON DAVIS used to, and, like JEFFERSON DAVIS, he is very careful to avoid saying that he thinks it can be restored by force of arms. "*By all means which will effect that end*," says MR. PENDLETON; but as he thanks God that he has never favored the war, it is clear that war is not one of the means. But "an immediate cessation of hostilities" is a means; compromise is a means; negotiation is a means. And if all such means fail, then—"let the seceding States depart in peace." This is MR. GEORGE H. PENDLETON'S "old faith;" and when it is the new faith of the American people to end forever what M'CLELLAN would be President and Vice-President—but not before.

THE TENNESSEE TEST OATH.

IN his Augusta speech JEFFERSON DAVIS says: "We must beat SHERMAN; we must march into Tennessee—there we will draw from twenty thousand to thirty thousand to our standard."

It is to prevent these very persons from voting that the "Tennessee test oath" is proposed. The loyal citizens of that State intend that the rebels shall not regain at the polls what they lose in the field, and will not obtain possession of the State either by arts or arms. Does any truly faithful citizen of this country object to any stringency of oath which secures that result, and defeats DAVIS's purpose?

COLONEL LOWELL.

AMONG the killed at the late great battle and victory in the Shenandoah Valley was Colonel CHARLES R. LOWELL, JUN., of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry, commanding one of MARSHALL'S brigades. He was in the service at the beginning of the war, he was commissioned Lieutenant in the Sixth regular cavalry, and soon rose to be Captain. During the Peninsula Campaign he served upon the staff of General M'CLELLAN, and his great military skill and commanding character for endurance and nerve to appoint him Colonel of Volunteers. When his regiment was ready for the field COLONEL LOWELL was intrusted with the cavalry in the District of Columbia to watch Maryland in front of Washington. From this duty he welcomed the summons to the Valley at the opening of SHERIDAN'S campaign, during which, in his daring and victorious assaults, for which his name was mentioned with constant honor, no less than twelve horses were shot under him.

At the battle of Cedar Creek, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, Colonel LOWELL was struck by a spent ball in the breast. Removed from the field by order of the surgeon's request of Generals TORBERT and MERRITT that he would allow himself to be carried to the rear, he remained lying upon the field awaiting the order to charge. At three o'clock in the afternoon the order came. He caused himself to be lifted into the saddle, and although his voice was gone, so that he could whisper merely, he placed himself at the head of his column to which every whisper of their beloved leader was an inspiration. In the action in the little town Colonel LOWELL was shot in the back, probably from an ambush, and his frame was instantly penetrated. But he died as he perfectly clear, and he at once prepared to die. Nothing was forgotten in those last hours by the tenderest husband, the most faithful friend, the truest friend. Every final disposition was calmly made, and he asked to be buried upon the field where he had fallen—a request which was rewarded, and he rests in the silent pain, gradually sinking, he lingered through the night and died the next morning, as only good men and brave men die. He was thirty-two years.

Gentle, brave, and generous; of a rarely blended manliness and tenderness; carefully educated at Harvard College, and thoroughly trained to practical affairs by wide travel and much experience of men; of a singular purity and nobility of nature, and entirely devoted to the cause for which he died, COLONEL LOWELL has also only brother, Lieutenant JAMES LOWELL, killed upon the Peninsula, and his brother-in-law, Colonel ROBERT G. SHAW, killed at Fort Wag-

ner, in the flower of his youth and domestic happiness, another of the costly sacrifices that this nation offers for its salvation.

And so long as the grass grows green upon the graves of these dear and heroic youths, the hearts that loved and honored them are pledged more surely than ever to the overthrow of the system which instigated this rebellion to destroy the country, and murders our friends and brothers who uphold it. They die, these brave and noble boys, but they live. They live in our purer purpose, in our firmer resolution, in the surer justice of the nation. Against every promise, against every concession, against surrender, this precious blood cries from the ground. "God be thanked! no nation *could* be saved to which it cried in vain.

CHEERFUL FOR THE "ULTIMATE CONVENTION."

"My first effort was for peace," said JEFFERSON DAVIS at Augusta, "and I sent commissioners to endeavor to arrange an amicable dissolution. From that time to time I have repeated efforts to that end, *but never, never have I sought it as any other basis than independence.*"

It is asserted," says the Montreal correspondence of the *London Times*, "that the Hon. C. C. CLAY and the Hon. JACOB THOMPSON, the Confederate Commissioners in Canada, have received instructions from Richmond to propose peace.....on the basis of a restoration of the Union. I am able to state on the highest authority that MESSRS. CLAY and THOMPSON have no such instructions. *They adhere to Southern Independence, and that alone.*"

Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS says the same in his letter.

Governor BROWN repeats the same statement.

HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON must have independence at least.

"If you can not or will not conclude your differences," says Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON, "then, gentlemen, let the seceding States depart in peace."

"Mr. PENDLETON'S actions and records are the same as the recorded position of GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN," says Mr. SANDFORD E. CHURCH.

MR. PENDLETON AND THE REBELLION.

A few evenings ago Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN introduced to a serenading multitude in front of the New York hotel, the favorite resort of secessionists in the city, his "darling sister" Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON. Mr. PENDLETON said that he was born in Ohio, and knew the sentiment of her people. But we all knew what that is. Ohio told us on the 11th of October. Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is also from Ohio—and he knows her sentiments. He learned them last year.

Mr. PENDLETON also alluded to a campaign document representing him as giving a vote in Congress on the 4th of July, 1864, when Congress adjourned on the 4th of July; and from this "fraud and forgery," he says, you may judge of the credibility of the whole publication.

But the student of Mr. PENDLETON'S record will find that, on the 7*th of January*, 1864, for which evidently July is a misprint, Mr. JOHN D. BALDWIN offered a resolution that a peremptle utterly denouncing the rebellion as "organized treason," etc. All who voted voted aye. Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON *dodged*.

On the 18th of January, 1864, Mr. Smith of Kentucky submitted the following preamble and resolution:

"*Whereas*, A most desperate, wicked and bloody rebellion exists within the jurisdiction of the United States, and the safety and security of personal and national liberty require that it be suppressed and order established; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That it is the political, civil, moral, and sacred duty of the people to meet it, fight it, crush it, and forever destroy it."

Mr. JAMES C. ALLEN moved to lay the preamble and resolution on the table. This failed, but Mr. PENDLETON voted for it—yeas 26, nays 102.

The resolution was then adopted—yeas 112, nays 16—*Mr. Pendleton voting against it*, with WOOD, VALLANDIGHAM, JAMES C. ALLEN, HARRIS of Maryland, ANCONA, and others.

On the 18th of January, 1861, at the beginning of the rebellion, Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON submitted a series of resolutions to President to recognize secession in these words

"That may be the constitutional power of this Government to recognize the secession of a State I decline to discuss at present. But this I say, if we should become engaged in war with a foreign enemy, and a portion of our territory should be captured and refused to possession by the enemy, and we should be obliged to make a treaty of peace on the basis of excluding what had justly been acquired—*all possible—acknowledging the sovereignty of that territory to have passed away from us, entitling the Federal Government would have the power to confirm to our restricted limits, and to enforce its jurisdiction to our admitted boundaries.*" It was to dismemberment, as my colleague declares, but not the Federal Government so much power to treat that question now or at the end of a war! Will a conflict of arms confer constitutional power upon the Federal Government? If those Southern States can not be conciliated, and, by you, gentlemen, can not find it in your hearts to grant to their fellow-citizens what must leave the family matters, I would signalize their departure by tokens of love."

On the 16th of September, 1864, Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON was in Dayton on a visit to his friend Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and he made a brisk speech, in which he speaks of the Democratic party—meaning the Chicago Convention—"whose beneficent principles secured universal suffrage in National Convention will bring us peace." Those beneficent principles are, that the war has failed; that we must ask for an immediate armistice; and go into "an ultimate Convention."

This will perhaps serve to show the "fraud and forgery" of the statement that Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON is of the ultra Southern States-rights school, as it certainly reveals the exact quality of his "devotion to the Union and the Constitution."

DAVIS AT AUGUSTA.

Upon his return from Macon JEFFERSON DAVIS made a speech at Augusta. It has the same wild tone of despair as that at Macon. "Work," he says, "will not conquer peace. You must consult your heart: perform more than the law can exact; yield so much as freemen can grant, and all will be well." In his foolish fury JEFFERSON DAVIS calls his loyal fellow-citizens of the United States "deniers of the rights of men," while he and the world know that the only right for which they fight is that upon the Government of his country was that it was secured in the future to Liberty and equal rights. He and his rebels refused to have slavery. They now declare it was for independence, and because of incompatibility. But the independence they seek is for the purpose of perpetuating slavery, and the incompatibility they plead is because of the existence of slavery.

"We were a free and independent people, in States that a right to govern their own Government when they saw fit," says DAVIS; and his Lieutenant, STEPHENS, declares that they declared "that every Government to rest upon the "corner-stone of slavery."

THE SAME RECORD.

In a late speech for the Chicago candidates in the city of New York Mr. SANFORD E. CHURCH said that "he could not see why any one should object to Mr. PENDLETON'S record. The actions and his records were the same as the records and position of GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN."

If this be true, Mr. M'CLELLAN is of the political school of JOHN C. CALHOUN and JEFFERSON DAVIS, as Mr. PENDLETON is.

He then supports the extreme doctrine of State sovereignty. So, as Mr. PENDLETON does.

He thinks that the States have the right to secede at pleasure, as Mr. PENDLETON does.

He believes that the Government has no right to defend itself from the attacks of rebels, as Mr. PENDLETON does.

He believes the war to be atrocious and wicked, as Mr. PENDLETON does.

He is in favor of saying to the rebels, "Depart in peace," as Mr. PENDLETON is.

If Mr. CHURCH and the friends of his candidate, General M'CLELLAN agrees entirely with the rebels; for if Mr. PENDLETON'S theory of our Government be correct, secession is strictly Constitutional. What a pleasing President of the United States such a theorist would make!

It is wise to insist that the Chicago candidates hold the same views, for they will be obliged to follow the same policy if elected. Whoever votes for the one necessarily votes for the other, and they stand side by side upon the Chicago platform.

GENERALS AT PLAY.

While SHERIDAN'S name is upon all lips and in all hearts the following passage from EDMUND KIRKE'S "Down in Tennessee" is timely:

"As SHERIDAN'S I saw RODGERS'S cabinet. The box which is always strung loose its power; no workers, such is he, wear out their implements. The box of relaxation is the time to learn any man, and I tried to study him. Sometimes he was playing at billiards with TODD TEN-PINS.' On the lawn in front of his quarters, between two immense elms, he had suspended a long rope, and to the end of it erected a small common-ball. On the ground, midway between these trees, was a square board which I at first took for a target, but on throwing the ball to that it would miss the pin in going out and strike three to come back. Then I saw that the board was laid to be given to the rope by bending the wrist, and it seemed almost impossible to avoid hitting the pin in the rebound. Three 'throws' were a 'game,' and 'thirty 'strokes' could be made. SHERIDAN, by such practice, had become an expert in bowling, and could always command his ball 'strokes,' but a novice did well if he made ten. He and RODGERS, SHERMAN, and the dozen others took him, to the fun. SHERIDAN opened the play, cleared the board at every throw, missed it altogether the third time. 'Twenty,' cried the 'scorer,' and another player took his place. He was equally successful, and, after playing for more or less success, though none came up to SHERIDAN'S 'score.'

"Now for the General,' shouted 'the Major,' laughing as RODGERS took his place. 'He'll score thirty, sure.'

"Don't laugh till you win, my boy,' answered the General, with his peculiar smile.

"Calculating deliberately the motion of the ball, he let it go. Every pin fell, on the direct throw, and a general laugh followed. Not at all discomposed, he then again slid his ball played three or four 'games' with nearly the same success. Amidst the loud congratulation in the which accompanied the last 'game,' SHERIDAN was declaring the bets. 'It's nothing but mathematics,' said GARRETT; 'and I'll bet you a hundred that I can beat you.' Declining the ball, he cleared the board and scored twenty 'strokes.'

"'You ought to shut again.'

"'I'll not disappoint the modest Brigadier, and he did do it, several times in succession.

"'I can do better than that,' said RODGERS, again taking the ball. A shout of derision followed the boast, but he quietly set himself to work, and, half a dozen times in succession, made from twenty-five to thirty 'strokes.'"

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.

The speech of the President in response to the serenade from the loyal Marylanders in Washington is so simple and manly, so full and characteristic, that we print it entire, and commend it to the thoughtful perusal of every faithful citizen, soldier, or sailor in the country. We must ask him if this is a dangerous man to trust with the administration of the Government:

"I am satisfied that this is a compliment paid me by the loyal Marylanders resident in this District. I infer that the adoption of the new Constitution for the State furnishes the occasion, and that it is given in the confidence that slavery constitutes the chief merit of the new Constitution. Most heartily do I congratulate you and Maryland, and the nation, and the world, upon the event. I regret that it did not come sooner, that it came, while, I am sure, would have saved to the nation more money than would have sent all the parties into bankruptcy to the amount; but it has come at last, and I sincerely hope its friends may now realize all their anticipations of good from it, and that its opponents may be so effectu, be agreeably and profitably disappointed. A word upon another subject: Something said by the Attorney-General in a recent speech at Auburn, has been construed by some into a threat that, if they misname, I will hereafter hold them traitors. I did not the end of my Constitutional term do what I may be able to ruin the Government. Others regard the fact that the Chicago Convention did not *vote* *die* but to meet again if called to do so by a particular individual as the ultimatum of the party, and as a menace that he elected he will at once seize control of the Government. I hope the good sense of the people will continue to suffer no menace here on either point. I am struggling to maintain the Government, not to overthrow it. I therefore say that I shall live I shall not voluntarily abandon the office of next March. And whoever shall be constitutionally elected, therefore, he will be duly installed as President on the 4th of March, and that in the interval I shall by my utmost ability endeavor to hold the helm for the next voyage shall start with the best possible chance to save the ship. This is due to the people, both personally and under the Constitution. These will, constitutionally expressed, is the ultimate law for all. If they should deliberately resolve to have immediate peace at the sacrifice of their country and their liberties, I know not the power or the right to resist them. It is their own business, and they must d' as they please with their own. I believe, however, that the majority will preserve their country and their liberty; and in this, in office or out of it, I am resolved to stand by them. I may add, that in the progress—to—not yet ended, I have no objection—the class of people seem to dantly unanimous as the soldiers in the field and the Treasury abroad. Do they not have the basket of it? Who should quail when they do not? God bless the soldiers and seamen, and all their brave commanders!"

GENERAL SHERMAN AND THE ARMY VOTE.

Rebels shrink from SHERMAN'S sword and Copperheads from his pen. A foolish story has been circulated that he had said ninety-nine out of every hundred of the soldiers in the army would vote for M'Clellan. General Sherman flanks and routs the falsehood in the following letter:

"Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi, In the Field, Kingston, Ga., Oct. 11, 1864.

"My Dear Sir: There is not one word of truth in the paragraph you sees me out from the *New York Herald* of September 30. I never thought, said, or wrote that M'Clellan would get ninety-nine out of every hundred votes in the army. I am as ignorant of the political bias of the soldiers as I am of that of the same number of a thousand miles, and I would as soon think of tampering with a soldier's vote as with his prospective pension for men. I have not and shall not attempt to influence a vote in the coming struggle. I believe Mr. LINCOLN has done the best he could, and I respect, etc. W. T. SHERMAN.

"JOHN C. HAMILTON, Esq."

JUDGE VANDERPOEL UPON THE CRISIS.

Hon. Aaron Vanderpoel says, in a late letter to a Union meeting in Lisle County:

"I voted against Mr. LINCOLN in 1860, and for HORATIO SEYMOUR in 1863, but I am called upon, by every obligation of duty and patriotism, to cast my vote for ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON.

"My duties is that, as the rebels began the war without cause, they must end it by laying down their arms and submitting to that Government against which they have risen in rebellion. I can see in the election of M'Clellan and Pendleton nothing but the breaking up of the Union. I can see in Pendleton a prominent supporter of M'Clellan, this as the Chicago nominee will be bound to carry out the principles of the Chicago platform, which has not a word of fault to find with the rebels, and goes for peace at all events, and at any price.

"I, too, am for peace, but I am for a peace which is honorable—not for one which brings disgrace and humiliation to the North. I am for peace which shall maintain making M'Clellan and Pendleton my peace-makers. My peace-makers are GRANT, SHERMAN, SCHOFIELD, and FARRAGUT, and the hosts of 1 yal and gallant spirits under them; the sons of Freemen, who have so triumphantly pushed their rebellion foe to the last ditch."

FOR BOSTON.

The hour of the departure of the steamers upon the Stonington, or Groton, line has been changed to 5 o'clock P.M. daily.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

The prominent topic of the week is General Sheridan's victory in the Shenandoah Valley.

On Saturday, October 15, General Sheridan went to Washington, leaving General Wright in command of the army, which was situated on the turnpike from Strasburg to Winchester, with the Sixth Corps, the Eighth Corps on the left, the Nineteenth in the centre, and the Sixth on the right. The cavalry, under Torbert, was on the right of the division. The enemy, under command of General Early, was intrenched at Fisher's Hill, a few miles southward of Strasburg. The Federal army also intrenched itself, occupying a line running nearly east and north, and situated on a commanding elevation. Monday morning, the 17th, the enemy made an attack on our right, which was sword the purpose both of a reconnoissance and a feint, as it was intended finally to attack on the left. Tuesday passed without an engagement, and a Federal reconnoissance made that day appeared to settle the fact of Early's continued presence in force at Fisher's Hill. The rebel army consisted of five infantry divisions under Gordon, Ramseur, Pegram, Wharton, and Kershaw. With this force, numbering nearly 30,000 men, Early attacked on Wednesday morning before light.

At dawn the battle began. Three divisions—Ferguson's, Ramseur's, and Gordon's—were advanced against our left, while Pegram and Kershaw marched against our centre along the Winchester pike. The attack on the left was a perfect surprise, and produced the effect. It was made without the usual preliminary of a skirmish. Almost all the first shots were fired by men taken and a large number of guns; the advantage thus gained was pursued; the enemy's movements were private, and a large force of prisoners taken. In Crook's rear was a provisional division commanded by Colonel Molineux, which was routed.

The other two divisions at the same time advanced and attacked Getty's and Thoburn's Corps, which were on the left flank by Crook's retreat. Here also breast-works and guns were taken. The rebel artillery meanwhile, posted in commanding situations on the opposite side of Cedar Creek, continued to pour shot in upon our unprotected rear. The whole left was soon retreating on the Winchester pike toward Middletown.

North of the road was posted the Sixth Corps and the cavalry, which had as yet taken no part in the battle. The cavalry, moving in rear, soon appeared on the left, and checked the enemy's advance. The Sixth Corps followed in the same direction, coming up on the left of the Nineteenth Corps. Here the battle was about to be lost at bay, and the entire Federal line was withdrawn a short distance to a more defensible position. Our army followed close, and more guns were taken, on account of the difficulty in getting them off. At last, the Union artillery drivers suffered great loss in horses and men, and the guns were abandoned. There was no attempt of an organization to repel two vigorous charges of the rebels. Crook, continued to pour in upon our rear, and the cavalry on the left it was necessary to withdraw the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps from the centre, to sustain the position just taken by the rebels. Up to this time twenty-four guns had been taken from us, and a great number of prisoners. Our troops exhibited the line of retreat, among whom were several able officers, including the General commanding Division, English Corps, had been killed; also General Bidwell, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps; General Ricketts, commanding the Sixth Corps, had been wounded, and General Wright himself was severely wounded in the thigh.

The troops had slept at Winchester the previous night, but hearing the cannonade in the morning he took his horse and joined his old friend Sheridan on the field, arriving on the field at ten o'clock A.M., just at the time when the rout was commencing on the left. On his way he had met the throng of wounded and stragglers. Sheridan was greatly gratified by the arrival of Wright.

The new line of battle ran as follows: The Nineteenth Corps on the right, the Sixth in the centre, and the reserved Eighth Corps on the left. Custer's division was on the extreme right, and Merritt's on the left. The cavalry commenced the fight at once, and continued it from o'clock Sheridan assumed the offensive and attacked. The enemy made a desperate charge on either wing, which was followed by an impetuous advance on the centre. The whole line was immediately in full flight, and followed up the retreat, reaping the fruits of a decisive victory; all the guns lost were recaptured, fully as many more in addition taken from the enemy; and 5000 prisoners were captured, including 300 officers. The enemy continued the pursuit to Mount Jackson. The entire rebel loss is estimated at about 10,000. Nearly 15,000 stands of arms have been taken.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT TO GENERAL SHERIDAN.

The following is a copy of a letter addressed to General Sheridan by the President:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, ,c. 27, 1864.

"Major-General Sheridan—It gives me pleasure to tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation and my own personal gratitude for your recent battle for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19. Your obedient servant, Abraham Lincoln."

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

Hood is no doubt retreating southward, with Sherman in pursuit. There are new developments every day made in regard to the designs of the rebel cavalry under Forrest, which was to have joined Hood's army, and to cut and General Buat at Lexington, Missouri, the zenith of which was a Federal victory. General Forrest is retreating southward.

THE ST. ALBANS RAID.

In the afternoon of October 19 considerable disturbance was occasioned in St. Albans, Vermont, by the appearance in the town of armed marauders from the Canada side, who, under pretence of being Confederate soldiers, robbed a number of the banks and citizens of considerable sum of money from the banks. After securing their booty they again returned into Canada. Captain Conger, with a detachment of men, immediately started in pursuit. They succeeded in recovering the greater part of the marauders and in recovering $150,000 of the stolen money. Governor Smith, of Vermont, has telegraphed, offering to respond to a requisition from the United States Government for the delivery of the robbers, as many of them as could be found. Their trial was delayed by considerable technicalities, and in a few hours the whole frontier was under arms.

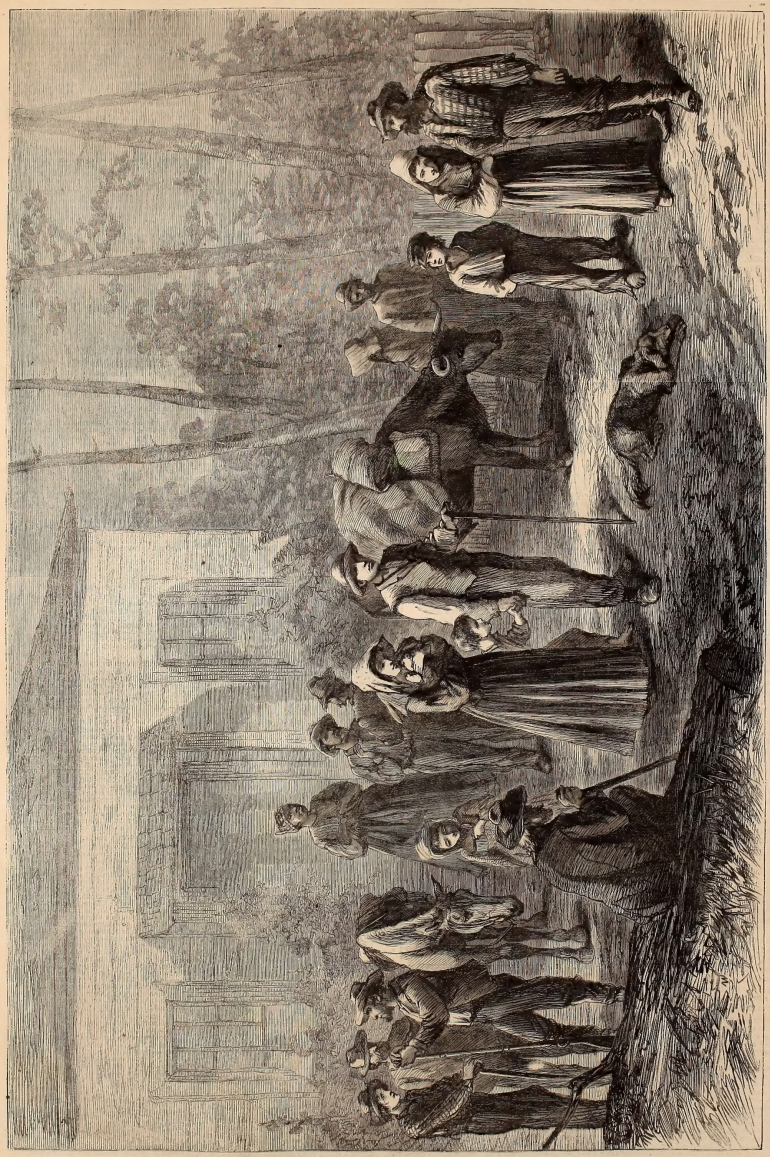
NEWS ITEMS.

The steamer *Roanoke* was captured by pirates October 7, while on her way from Havana to New York. It was taken by the pirates to the Bermudas, where Dr. Beales, the leader of the piratical gang, was also the leader in the Chesapeake affair. Beales has been arrested together with his associates, and imprisoned at Bermuda. The British Government has taken the matter in hand.

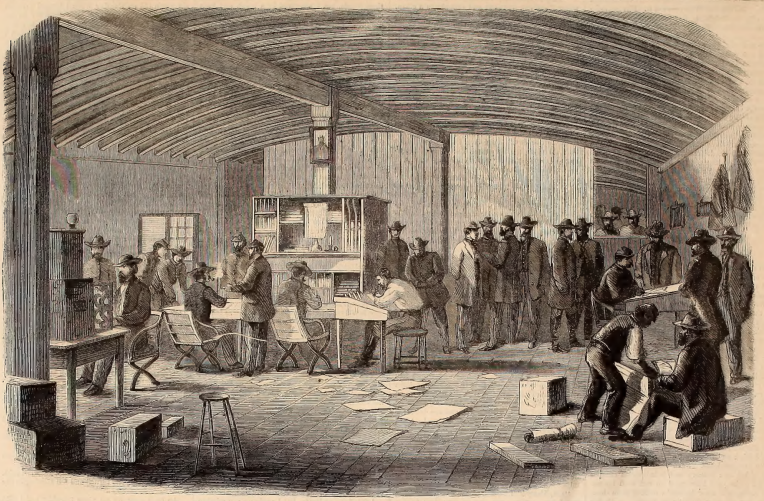
Henry C. Niles, a clerk employed in the city delivery department of the New York Post-office, was arrested a few days ago by Mr. J. Guyler, the Special Agent of the Post-office Department, on a charge of forging and stealing mail-letters. It was the duty of the accused to receive the letters which are taken out by drivers-for-carriers, and it is charged that he availed himself of the opportunity to abstract letters containing money, opened them, and destroyed the envelopes. The prisoner admitted his guilty to Mr. Guyler, and the chief evidence of it was also found upon his person. He was taken before United States Commissioner Shields, and held to bail in $5000.

Brigadier-General Paine, commanding the District of Florida, has been relieved by order of his own request. Brigadier-General John Cook, of Springfield, will succeed him in command of the District.

The County Volunteer Committee are now receiving the considerable amount. The committee have offered by the county are $400 for three years, $300 for two years, and $200 for one year. Those who have been already bounty and $100 for one year. Those who have been already bounty and $100 for one year. Those who have been already bounty and $100



UNION REFUGEES COMING INTO THE FEDERAL LINES.—[See Page 717.]

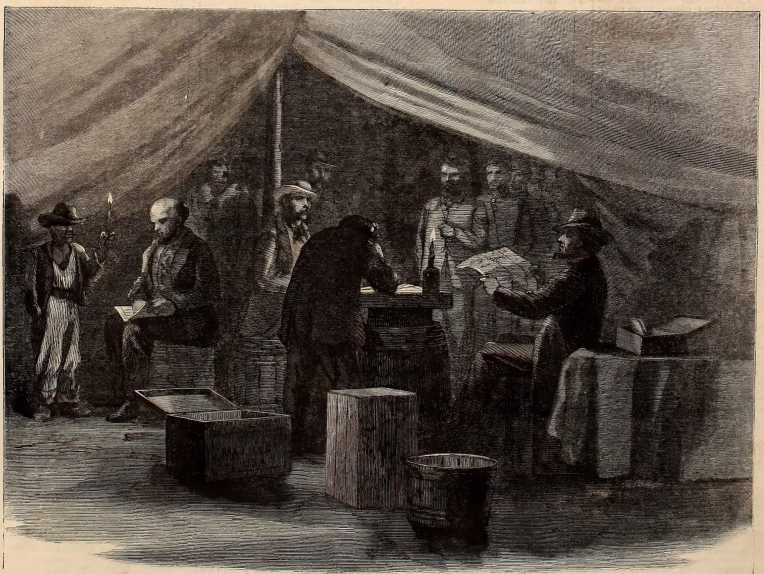


ADAMS EXPRESS OFFICE AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, ON PAY-DAY.—[SKETCHED BY J. R. HAMILTON.]

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY.

WE give on this page a sketch representing the appearance of ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY'S OFFICE, AT CITY POINT, VIRGINIA, during the time that the ever-welcome Paymaster is on a visit among the troops. This time is selected because it is then that the officers and men of the army—the transmission of whose money forms the principal business of the branch of the Company located there—come in upon the office in overwhelming crowds.

"Few people," says our artist, "in looking at that rough, common-looking barge, moored along the wharf at City Point—and which many hardly recognize as the office of Adams Express Company, in spite of the large flag at the stern announcing the



VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH—PAYING SHERIDAN'S TROOPS AT NIGHT IN SUTLER'S TENT.—[SKETCHED BY MR. WHARTON.]

fact plainly enough—could imagine the vast amount of business transacted on board of it. Having to do not only the freighting, but what literally amounts to the banking business of the thousands comprising an army, one may suppose is no ordinary labor; but very few who have not witnessed the *modus operandi* can realize how immensely that labor is increased by the necessary lack of all those technical facilities by which banking establishments are carried on, and which it is impossible to find in a temporary base of an army constantly in motion. It is an average thing, irrespective of the large amount of freight constantly going to and from the office at Clay Point, for from 50,000 to 75,000 dollars in money to be daily transmitted, in individual packages, from the soldiers to their friends at home; and there are days when the aggregate can not fall short of 150,000 dollars.

"These packages, after having their contents duly counted and receipted, have to be sealed up with the large proportions of sealing-wax, stamped by the Company's seal, and then read over and tallied—a tedious mechanical labor often reaching far into the night. The whole of the work in this important branch of the Company devolves upon one responsible agent and seven assistants."

THE PRICE OF A KISS.

WHEN I was a boy—a tall, strapping young fellow of seventeen or eighteen—father was a farmer, and owned that piece of ground yonder. It was a fine farm then, though they've run a railway through it now, and to do with their improvements. In those days we were content to travel by the stage or on shank's mare; and I must confess I don't think we've gained much by the change except explosions, though you mayn't agree with me there —youngsters never do. Just here stood Old Widow Trabb's tavern—the Jolly Farmer. Tavern was no disgrace then, though you'd insult a hotel to call it one now. They hadn't much trade, any company there; but folk stopped on the way up by the stage, and drovers and farmers on the way to market took their meals there. Of winter evenings the Squire, and the Doctor, and even the Parson, used to come over to taste old Trabb's ale and have a chat with him. He was a well-educated, lighthearted old man, who had fought when young in the Peninsular War; and though he sometimes could drink and laugh with fellows young enough to be his grandsons. Such stories as he used to tell of his campaigning and hard-fighting escapes would make your hair stand on end with horror. We youngsters never doubted a word of them then, whatever we do now at times. With his large bulky figure, and red face, and loud voice, he was the strangest contrast to his daughter Mehitabel—Hitty—as she called her. She was like some slender white lily in those days, and her voice no louder than some silver bell, and just as musical—a little bird that had come home from school, and ready to cry with fright at the thought of having to take her part in the mistress's for you we her mother had been dead years and years. The tombstone in the church-yard was just as old as Hitty, and she was only seventeen about the house.

In a little while she grew used to it, and less timid; and then from looking at her at a distance I came to speak to her. The first time was at the great gate that opened upon the road from the back of the house. It was heavy and hard to open, and seeing her little hands busy with it I went across and set it back for her; and she said, "Thank you —you're very kind to take so much trouble."

"No trouble at all, Miss Hitty," I said; "it's a pleasure." And then she blushed, and I felt the blood rush into my face, though I don't suppose she noticed it, for we went with work to the open air, and the sun, and sheepishness, I was about as red as I well could be all the time in those days.

After that we met, and smiled, and spoke when we met; and at last one Sunday evening I mustered up resolution, and dressed myself in my best, and put a rose in my button-hole, and took a bouquet for her, and went across the fields to Widow Trabb's. Two or three times I felt like turning back, or running somewhere; but I screwed my courage to the sticking point and got to the door. I was in a cold sweat. That I'd have made up my mind to go in if she hadn't been sitting there on the porch reading her prayer-book. She put it in her pocket, and looked up and smiled.

"How do you do, Mr. Maffit?" she said. "I'm glad to see you. Walk in." And she took me into the little parlor and handed me a chair.

I can remember that room just as if it was yesterday. There was a home-made carpet, red and yellow stripes, on the floor; and a mahogany sofa-table you could see your face in between the windows; and all about the room was waiscoated and painted like those of a lady as poor waist. Above it was whitewashed. The mantle-piece was higher than your head, and had plated candlesticks at its beautyaddy on it; and on the wall were two paper profiles one of old Wither, and the other of his wife, cut at a fair where they were sweet-hearts. The chairs had rush bottoms and were painted black, and there were green window-papers tied up with tassels at the windows. There was a white china dog and a black apron, and had a string of coral beads about her little throat. I remember it all like a picture—most of all her pretty eyes, looking down at the stripes in the carpet.

"I'm nice evening, Miss Hetty," said, to say something, as I ought.

"Very," she answered. "I'm always glad of a bright Sunday." Rain keeps the people from church, and makes it dull besides.

"I saw you in church this morning," I said.

"I saw you too," replied Hetty, and then there was silence. She plaited her apron strings, and I stared at her.

"I see you've plenty of flowers, Miss Hetty," I said: "but mother has such good luck with her carnations. I thought I'd bring you a few, if you'd accept them;" and I handed her my nosegay. She smiled and took them.

"They're beautiful," she said. "I'll put them in water;" and she went out and brought in a clean, polished beer-glass half full of water and set them in it; and having something to do with her hands and eyes grew less bashful. And we talked about flowers and seeds and gardening for a good while.

When the moon was up we went out on the porch and sat there." And she told me about her old school, and a teacher who was very kind to her, and of her first sorrow, the death of her own father, and that he was so fond of her.

"For you see," she said, "I'd been away so long I knew nothing about home, and not much even about pa."

"I'm sure," said I, "the less was his, and if you were my daughter I'd not send you to school away from me one day." And then I was so conscious that I'd made a silly speech that I said "good night" in quite a short way, and wished the earth would open and swallow me.

That was my first visit to Hetty, but not the last. Pretty soon I went up to see her every Sunday night, and waited on her to singing-school, and had got so used to it that it was a natural vocation the first night it was only a queer hanky growling and cold express my own ideas, and as they were, in something like comprehensible language.

Hetty had read more than I had ever heard of. She was well educated for a girl in those days, and she made me wonder at her smartness when she was not afraid of talking. She wrote a pretty hand, too, and could play the wonderful piano. My only fear was that I was too homely, and rough and countrified to suit her. Father knew where I got Sunday clothes, and laughed about my prospering; but mother was anxious. She thought that Hetty was not just the girl for a farmer's wife. A fancy, and she was right in the end that I should marry my far-away cousin, Ann Dolling. But I took my own way, and married the kind but little Hetty every day. I hope, too, that she likes me better. At last there had been an apple-paring at neighbor Wetherby's, and dancing; and as there pretty fingers, and the next minute we were standing face to face quite still, with both her hands in mine.

"Oh, Hetty!" I said, "please don't be angry; but I love you—you—you—you—there's no use. Ever since that first evening I've felt that if you should say I might not have that little hand to keep I should weep. I'm not sure what there is in me to like; but, Hetty, for Heaven's sake try to like me enough to be my wife. The best and handsomest fellow in the world couldn't be fonder of you than I am."

She wouldn't look up. She wouldn't speak. I tried to set her free, but she held me tighter still. But when I put my arm about her she did not seem angry, and I drew her to my heart and held her there long enough to kiss her twenty times; and then we walked on over the fields, and I thanked God for giving me so great a treasure. Old Widow Trabb was not opposed to the match; but when I talked to him about it as Hetty bade me, he said,

"If the girl has set her heart on it she may marry you, but I don't know her yet, and you are both young enough to wait a couple of years; so it was settled that we should not marry for two years from that time on my Hetty's nineteenth birthday. "All the better," said the old folks, and Hetty was content; but I felt more than ever in my own. She was so lovely that I fancied every man in the world must envy me.

As for my dress I did I'd have stated my soul and that's a pretty heavy stake, that I never could have done it. I was bewitched, I think, or Satan took possession of me. I'll tell you how it happened. We had been engaged a year—Hetty and I—I think, when a pretty Southern girl came to stay with Widow Trabb for the benefit of her health. She had an opportunity of making a show, for her father owned plenty of donkeys, and gave her all the money she wanted. She struggled, and gave herself airs, and wondered how any woman could be happy with a man who worked, and with slipshod shoes came with her to wait on her, and she never poured out the water to wash her own hands. She put false curls on her own little head, but Hetty only laughed at her. Why I never knew, but she took a notion to me—she glanced and smiled—she wasn't troubled by laughing at first after a while I found myself talking to her a great deal, and thinking very often how pretty she was. One or twice Hetty looked hard at a little gift that after a while I found myself talking to her a great deal, and thinking very often how pretty she was. One or twice Hetty looked hard at a little gift that after the pairs and husking-frolics where we met Miss Princely; but I never thought of her being jealous, for Hetty had no reason to be very living thing, and it seemed to me she must know it.

One day, or rather evening, I had been dancing with this Southern girl, and was about to leave her when she gave a little laugh and said,

"I thought you had staid quite as long as you dared."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, we all know that you're courting you are tied to!" she replied. "I only wonder you dare leave her side at all."

"I dare do any thing I choose," said I.

"No," she laughed, "you daren't dance the next three dances with me."

"But I will," said I; and I sat down beside her. I saw her eyes glitter, and I did not dare to look toward Hetty. Soon the music struck up, and we danced together. Hetty had another partner. I envied him her little white hand, but I could not bring myself to be laughed at, and I danced not only three but four times with Miss Princely.

"You're braver than I thought," she said, when we were through. "Now run away and be forgiven."

My heart gave a strange little leap as she said those words, but I answered by a laugh and kept close to her all supper-time. People were talking about it, I knew, for all were well aware that Hetty and I were engaged to each other; but that girl's sneer seemed to have made a fool of me, and I determined to show her that I was my own master.

When I left her at last, she said: "I am going away the day after to-morrow for good. If you dare come over and see me to-morrow evening—"

"I'll be there," I said, and then I went to the arch of Hetty. She was not there. Dr. Brae and his wife had gone home early, and she had gone with them in their gig.

All sad and long after that.

The best part of that night I passed walking up and down before her window. There was a light within, and I could see that a little shadow crossed the curtain. If I could have seen her then all would have been right, but it was too late, and I went home just in time to change my dress and be called to breakfast.

The day was a long one. It was a busy time, and I couldn't leave my work; but I thought of Hetty all the while. What apology could I make? I could only tell her the truth, and how nearly that ended.

"Tied to her apron-string," and she the greatest thing that ever lived, who never strove to rule me.

I almost hated Miss Princely for that speech now.

But Hetty was so good and sweet-tempered she would forgive me, and this the first time I had offended, and I made short work of the mush and milk at supper, and was up stairs and dressed and off in less time than I've been all of it.

When I reached the house, old Trabb was taking supper by himself. "Looking for Hetty?" he asked. "She's off upstairs. Some dressmaker's woman or her knitting work and said she'd be out late. So up and take a chair."

But I was too restless, and hurt besides. It was one of my regular evenings, and Hetty must have known I would come. I thought her very cool and unkind; and then in a spirit of pique I made up my mind to go to Butler and see Miss Princely at her cousin's.

It was a three-miles' walk, and was quite dark when I got there. They lived in the street of Butler, a very pretty house, with their gardens joining, just separated by pretty little hedges. Miss Princely was alone. "So glad to see you," she said. "I said you'd not go myself," and she smiled, and dimpled, and looked prettier than ever. Then she played to me on the piano, and afterward supper the colored woman brought in coffee and cakes and cold chicken, and we had a little supper.

I didn't know then, but I made up my mind to enjoy that evening, and the supper over we walked up and down in the garden. Next door, with the hedge between us, some girls were chatting, but their laughs and voices were the only sounds that disturbed the silence.

"I'm sorry to-morrow," said Miss Princely, after a little while.

"I am very sorry to hear it," said I.

"I don't believe you," she said, pouting.

"Why not?"

"You don't seem if all the world were going," she said. "If you were to hear I were dead to-morrow you'd never grieve."

"Indeed I should."

"Oh, you men!" she said, coquettishly. "But do you know my poor little bones quite long for home again? I'm so miserably here as nobody can advances. My hands are quite chapped, and my lips, just look at them." She pursed them up in the very tempting way and I took forward.

"I can't see," I said. "It's too dark, I must tell by the sense of touch."

It's almost as much a bashful fellow as I had been could have grown so saucy on a soldier's; but I told you before I was bewitched. I had kissed her as I spoke, and she gave me a little soft slap, and said, "Oh, how dare you?" in any thing but an angry voice.

"They're very soft yet for chapped lips," I said; and just then turning, I saw in the moonlight a face at the window over the hedge that I knew well divided the two gardens. There for a moment stood Hetty looking at us both. The next I saw it sink, and I heard a cry. "Why, what is the matter with Hetty? I think she has fainted."

How much she heard I never knew, but I know she saw me kiss Miss Princely.

The next day a farm-hand brought me a little parcel and a note from Hetty:

"I am going immediately," she wrote. "I wish you could return all the love I have given you. It is over now, but I am ashamed of ever having cared for one so treacherous and fickle."

Those cold words only. Five hours afterward I had left home and was far away, with only a few words to my mother and a bundle of clothes—I'd stick over my shoulders.

I reached my ship to sail for England when I reached New York, and I shipped before the mast.

I went half around the world, and went to many a land, but I never found Hetty, and I knew I never could be happy again; but I was most like myself in a storm, or when there was any danger that excited me. One thing that brought old in scars I never cared to look at or speak to a woman when we went ashore; pretty or ugly, young or old, it was all the same to me. I wrote to mother, but not often, and I never asked a question about Hetty. I didn't care to hear what I supposed I should, but she had written to some one.

When my mother died father was not fond of writing, and I sent him presents instead of letters, and had no chance of hearing.

I'll not make my long story longer by telling of my adventures at sea, or how we came, after I was first mate, to fall in with a pirate on the high seas. We beat him; but I was wounded, and they took me up for dead. I lived, however; and though I had lost a leg, and had a great scar across my cheek, seemed likely to live. I came back to America, and my heart being softened by a long illness, I longed to see home and my good old father; so from New York I traveled to my native place. I was thirty-six years old on the day when I limped through Butler, where the stage stopped, and saw the garden in which I had given Miss Princely that kiss which had cost me so much. My heart was so full that I could have wept. Butler and our place had grown such near neighbors that they were almost one. Only two or three green fields lay between them. A new street had been built, and the tavern now stood on that. It was much altered, and wings and another story, but there was a sign—The Town Hotel, W. Trabb. A boy was lounging at the door.

"Is old Mr. Trabb living yet?" I asked.

"Yes, Sir," said the boy; "and he's right smart, though they say he's over ninety."

"He'll not remember me," I thought. "I'll go in and see him.

I knew the way to the parlor, and I went toward it. The hall was oil-clothed and painted, and when I looked into the room I hardly knew it. Its walls were papered, and it was furnished as modern parlors were. But I did know the form that stood there—the slight, fair woman, with the bands of golden hair—Hetty—older, but with hardly a single sweet girl changed to a lovely woman. She bent over the hair in which her old father sat, and, standing there, I heard him speak, his tones thicker than of yore and with a quiver in them.

"Mr. dear, I wish you'd think twice of this. I'm sure John Westbrook would make you a good husband. I'd like to see you married before I die."

"Pa," I heard she answered, "I'm too old to marry. I'm thirty-five."

"A mere child yet," said the old man. "And you might have been married many times. I don't want to lose you; but John would take the husband, and we'd live together. Make up your mind to marry him."

"I can't, papa; indeed I can't marry. John Westbrook. I tried to like him, and he did me a kind—"

"I can't see why you should throw your life away," said the old man.

"Nor I, papa," she said, "it is not wasting my life to spend it with you. I have never loved any one but poor Arthur Maffit, and it would be very wrong to marry without loving. His had all I ever had to give."

"The sea can not give up its dead," said the old man.

"Amen!" she said, and bent her head upon his shoulder and wept aloud.

I stood there in the threshold and stood before them.

"Hetty, I am not worthy of your tears," I said. And, with a cry, she turned and fell fainting in my arms.

An hour after we sat alone together, and I said to her:

"Hetty, I have no right, altered as I am after so many years, to ask if you remember me as you have loved you, better than his life? Will you be a crippled sailor's wife, Hetty, or must I take to my lonely way again, and bear my punishment until I die?"

I waited for my answer, not daring to look at her until she put her little white hand into mine, hand in my brown, rough palms, and left it there.

RETALIATION.

IN 1845 I was attached as surgeon-major to the military hospital of Constantine. This hospital rises in the form of a fortified block, over a precipice of from three to four hundred feet in height. It commands an open view of the city, the plain, the sea, and the vast plain beyond, as far as the eye can reach. It is at once a comprehensive and a savage picture. From the window, left open to admit the fresh breezes of the evening, I could see the vultures and ravens soaring around the inaccessible cliffs, and the jackals looking for the night in the stones and crevices. I could easily throw my cigar into the Rummel, which flows along the foot of the giant rock. The noise of the city, not a murmur even, but the calm of my studies, till the evening bugle and drums, repeated by the echoes of the fortress, called me home to the officers' quarters.

Garrison life had never any charms for me; I never could understand how a man could devote one or to the petit verre de cognac. At the time I am now speaking about that was called wanting in spirit de corps, and I was looked upon as a bad Frenchman by having that kind of "esprit." I occupied myself there with visiting my patients, prescribing for them, and when I had returned to my rooms made notes of the cases, to read a book, or sit at the window contemplating the wild, gloomy, savage scene before me.

Every one got accustomed to, and put up with, my retiring habits, save a certain Lieutenant Count de Carlo, Castagnac by name, whom I must introduce to you in *propriâ personæ*.

On my arrival at Constantine, getting down from the carriage, a voice shouted out behind me:

"Viens! I'll lay a bet that is our surgeon-major."

I turned round and found myself in the presence of an infantry officer, tall, thin, bony, with a red beard, gray mustache, his kepi over his ear, its peak stabbing the sky, his sword between his legs; it was Lieutenant Castagnac, and who has not seen this extraordinary type?

While I was familiarizing my eyes with this strange physiognomy, the Lieutenant had seized my hand:

"Welcome, Doctor! Delighted to make your acquaintance. You are two, I am two. Come in. I will introduce you to the 'Cercle.'"

The "Cercle" at Constantine was the restaurant and bar of the officers united. We went in. How was it possible to resist the sympathetic enthusiasm of such a man? And yet I had read "Gil Blas!"

"Garçon, two glasses. What do you take, Doctor—cognac or rum?"

"Neither, Garçons, if you please."

"Curaçoa! Why not say 'parfait amour at once? Ah, ah, ah! you have a strange taste.

Gurçon, a glass of absinthe for me, full to the brim; be attentive. Your health, Doctor!"

"Yours, Lieutenant!"

And so I was forthwith in the good graces of this strange man. But it is needless to tell you that the intimacy did not last long. Castagnac had habits that were especially antagonistic to my own. But I made the acquaintance of other officers, who joined me in laughing at the originality of the character. Among them was a young man of merit, Raymond Dutertre, who said that he had likewise been obliged to drop his acquaintance, but that Castagnac having taken it up as a personal affront, they had gone outside the walls, and he, Dutertre, had administered to him a severe chastisement, which displeased him all the more, as he had previously bullied with impunity, on the faith of one or two successful duels.

Things were in this condition, when about the middle of June a malignant fever broke out in Constantine, and among the hospital patients were both Castagnac and Dutertre; but Castagnac was not there for fever, he was invalided by that strange nervous affection called delirium tremens (and in our bashful army, D.T.), and which is especially common among those who in Algeria are given to the frequent imbibition of absinthe. Poor Castagnac used to get out of his bed during the attacks, and run along the floor on all fours, as if he was catching rats; he also mewed like a cat, and the only words that he uttered were, "Fatima! oh, Fatima!" A circumstance that induced me to suppose that the poor fellow had experienced some disappointment in love, for which he had sought consolation in the abuse of spirituous liquors.

When he recovered from his fit he would invariably ask the same question:

"What did I say, Doctor? Did I say anything?"

I naturally replied that he had said nothing of importance, and made him quiet himself; but he was not satisfied, and after trying to search my inner thoughts with his fierce eyes he would give up the attempt and resign himself to his co ch, with the equally invariable observation:

"A glass of absinthe would do me a gre- deal of good."

One morning, as I was entering into Castagnac's room, I saw Dutertre, who was nearly convalescent, hastening after me along the passage.

"Doctor," he said, taking me by the hand, "I have come to ask you a favor. Will you give me permission to go out for a day?"

"Any thing, my dear friend, but that. The fever is still raging in the town, and I can not expose you to a relapse.

"Well, give me then two hours—the time to go and come back."

"It is impossible, my good friend. In another week, if you go on well, we will see what can be done."

He withdrew, evidently deeply chagrined. I was sorry, but could not help it, but on turning round was surprised to see Castagnac making signs to me, during suitor with a strange look.

"What was he asking for?" he inquired.

"Oh, nothing! he wanted to go out, but I could not sanction it."

"You refused him permission, then?" persevered the sick man.

"It was my duty to do so."

Castagnac said no more, but resumed his recumbent position, with a grim smile, I was almost about to say a diabolical expression of countenance, which I could not account for, but which filled me with strange apprehensions.

That same evening my duties called me to the amphitheatre, where an autopsy chained my attention. The so-called amphitheatre was in reality a vaulted dungeon fifteen feet long by twenty wide, with two windows opening upon the principe and looking in the direction of the high road to Philippeville. The body lay upon a table in the middle, and my lamp was placed upon a stone that advanced out of the wall, and I remained engaged in my examination till nine o'clock. At that hour I left off, at length, I was horrified at seeing the window blocked up by innumerable owls, small and gray-colored, with their heads and breast, that were pretty white, like through the semi-obscurity. They were waiting till I had done.

I rushed terrified to the window and drove the rapacious birds away, like so many great dead leaves carried on by the night wind. But, at the very moment, I heard a noise—a strange noise, almost imperceptible in the depth of the abyss. I stopped, and putting my head out of the window held my breath so as to catch the sounds more distinctly. Castagnac's room was immediately over the amphitheatre; and there, between the projection of the wall of the hospital, was a space, not above a foot in width, covered with broken pottery and bottles; the refuse of the hospital. In the stillness of the night around I could distinctly hear a man groping his way along this dangerous shelf.

"Heaven grant!" I said to myself, "that the sentinel does not see him. A single false step, and he is a lost man."

I had barely had time to make this reflection to myself, when I heard the hoarse voice of Castagnac calling out from above:

"Raymond, where are you going?"

It was a condemnation to death. At the very instant I heard some of the broken pottery slipping down the incline, followed by the fall of a heavy body. I heard the sighs of a man struggling as if to hold for his life—a groan that went to the inmost marrow of my bones, and bedewed my forehead with a cold, clammy perspiration, and then all was over! Not exactly all, for I heard a diabolical burst of laughter above, and then a window closed with such impetuosity that it was followed by the sound of broken glass. And then the deep silence of night spread its shroud over this frightful drama.

After I had somewhat recovered from the state of inexpressible horror in which I had been thrown, I mechanically took the light, and, wending my way to the spot, soon, I went to the body. I knew, however, was out of the question: all night long I was haunted by those lamentable sighs and by that demoniac laugh. The next morning a feeling of horror came over me, which prevented me verifying my impressions till I had visited all my patients. It was not till that was accomplished that I directed my steps to Dutertre's room. I knocked; there was no answer. I entered; there was no one there. I inquired of the hospital attendants: no one had seen him go out. Summoning all my courage, I went next to Castagnac's room. A glance at the window satisfied me that two panes were broken.

"It blew hard, Lieutenant, last night," I remarked.

Castagnac lifted up his head, till then buried in his busy hands, as if in the act of reading. "Parbleu!" he said; "two panes broken, only that!"

"Your room, Lieutenant, appears to be more exposed than others, or, perchance, you left your window open?"

An almost imperceptible muscular contraction furrowed the cheeks of the old miscreant, and he at the same time fixed on me his black look at me that I felt glad of a pretense to withdraw. Just as I was going out I turned back suddenly, as if I had forgotten to ask a question:

"By-the-by, Lieutenant, has Dutertre been to see you?"

A shudder passed through his gray hairs.

"Dutertre?"

"Yes, he is gone out, and no one knows where. I thought, perhaps—"

"No one has been to see me," he interrupted, abruptly; "no one whatever!"

I went out convinced of his guilt, but I had no proofs. I determined to wait and watch, and in the mean time contented myself with reporting the disappearance of Lieutenant Raymond Dutertre to the commandant de place.

Next day some Arabs, coming with vegetables to the market of Constantine, made known that they had seen from the road to Philippeville a uniform dangling in the air on the face of the rocks of the Kasbah, and that birds of prey were flying around it in hundreds. From the combination of Waymond, and it was with the greatest possible trouble that they were recovered by letting down men by means of ropes.

The catastrophe furnished subject of conversation to the officers of the garrison for two or three days, and was then forgotten. Dutertre's parents in part every day do not dwell upon unpleasant topics. Jacques des Barres takes his place. The regiment alone is dismissed.

My position with regard to Castagnac grew, in the mean time, more embarrassing. My evasions were constrained in his presence—the very sight of him was repulsive. He soon detected it, and suspicion was awakened in his mind.

"He doubts that I suspect him," I said to myself; "if he was sure of it I should be a lost man—I am willing to stop at nothing."

Providence came to my aid. One afternoon I was leaving the Kasbah for a stroll in the town, when one of the Israelites presented me with a paper, which, he said, had been found in Raymond's tunic.

"It is the letter," he said, "of a 'particulière,' Fatima by name. I thought, Sir, it might interest you."

As I was thus reflecting I had arrived in front of a vaulted building or archway open as usual to the air, and where an old Arab was selling fruit. His Almayun by name, distributed coffee to a few scanty customers. I determined at once to consult this kawaji, so I took my place on the matting by the side of half a dozen natives in their red fezzes with their white cloaks about their heads and their pipes in their lips. The kawaji, without pretending to know me, brought me my pipe and cup of coffee in silence. Having finished my repast, I was waiting to prepare; the faithful rose up, stroked their beards, and departed slowly for the mosque. I was alone.

Said Hassan, the kawaji, came to me to say that he were really so, then approached me, and, kissing my hand, "Lord Taleb," he said, "what brings you to the humble abode of Hassan? How can I your service?"

"I want you to tell me who Fatima is."

"Lord Taleb, in the name of your mother, do not see that woman."

"Why so?"

"She is perdition to the faithful and to the infidel. She possesses a charm that kills. Do not see her!"

"Sidi Ramayun, my resolve is made. She possesses a charm: well! I possess a greater. Here is the red-eyed dragon, and I am the son of Solomon. Tell her that, Sidi; tell her that the wrinkles of age disappear before my charm. I must see her."

"Well, then, since such is your will, Lord Taleb, come back to-morrow at the same hour. But remember what I said to you: Fatima makes an evil use of her beauty."

You may imagine if I awaited the appointed time with impatience. I thought that the moment would never summon the faithful to prayer again. At last his low, plaintive, monotonous voice made itself heard from the top of the minaret, and was taken up from one to another, till it seemed as if soaring over the indolent city. I slowly paced my way to the coffee-house, so as to give time to the guests to retire. Sidi was already shutting up his shop.

"Well!" I said to him, breathless with anxiety.

"Fatima awaits you, Taleb."

He closed the bay, and without further explanation, led the way. Leaving the main street, he entered the Suian, a passage that was avoiding

not walk abreast—a mere cloaca, yet crowded with industrious persons of many nations—Moors, Berbers, Jews, Copts, and Arabs. Suddenly Sidi Hassayun stopped at a low door, and knocked.

"Follow me," I said; "you will act as interpreter."

"Fatima can speak Ferench," he replied, without turning his head.

The door was opened by a Nubian slave, who, letting me in, as quickly shut it against the kawaji. She then lead the way to an interior court paved with mosaic work, and upon which several doors opened. The slave pointed to one, by which I entered a room with open windows shaded by silken curtains with Moorish designs. An amber-colored mat covered the floor, while cushions of violet-colored Persian shawls lined the divan, at the extremity of which sat Fatima herself, her eyes veiled by long dark lashes, straight and small nose, pouting lips, and beautiful little feet.

"Come in, Lord Taleb," she said; "Sidi Hassayun has told me of your visit. You are good enough to interest yourself in the fate of poor Fatima, who is getting aged—yes, she will soon be seventeen—seventeen! the age of regrets and wrinkles. Ah! Lord Taleb, sit down, you are welcome!"

I scarcely knew how to reply, but, recovering myself, I said:

"You are with infinite grace, Fatima. I have heard your wit spoken of no less than your beauty, and I see that I have heard the truth."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "By whom then?"

"By Dutertre."

"Dutertre?"

"Yes, Raymond Dutertre, the young officer who fell over the precipice of the Kasbah. He whom you loved, Fatima!"

She opened her great eyes in surprise.

"Who told you that I loved him?" she inquired, looking at me with a strange expression. "It is false! Did he tell you so?"

"No. But I know it. This letter proves it to me—this letter, which you wrote, and which was the cause of his death, for it was to get to you that he risked himself at night upon the rocks of the Kasbah."

Scarcely had I uttered the words than the young Oriental rose up abruptly, her eyes lit up with a gloomy expression.

"I was sure of it!" she exclaimed. "Yes, when my Nubian brought me word of the accident, I said to her, 'Alas! It is he who has done it. The wretch!'"

"What do you mean, Fatima?" I said, astonished at her anger. "I do not understand you."

"Of whom? Of Castagnac! You are the Taleb of the hospital. You, to whom I gave him poison. He is a wretch. He made me write to the mother to tell him to come here. I refused to do it. Yet this young man is good for any acquaintance for a long time, but I knew that Castagnac owed him a grudge. When I refused he declared he would come out of the hospital to beat me if I did not, so I wrote. Here is his letter."

I went forth from Fatima's with a heavy heart; but my resolution was made. Without hesitating a minute I ascended to the Kasbah, entered the hospital, and knocked at Castagnac's door.

"Come in," he said, "it is you?" he said, forcing a smile. "I did not expect you."

For all answer I showed him the letter that he had written to Fatima. He turned pale, and, having looked at it for a second, made a movement as if to throw himself upon me.

"If you make a step toward me," I said, placing my hand upon the hilt of my sword, "I will kill you like a dog, you wretch. You have assassinated Dutertre. I was at the amphitheatre; I heard all. Do not deny it! Your conduct to him had excited my suspicions; the French officer is lower himself to such a degree of infamy! Listen! I ought to deliver you over to justice, but your dishonor would dishonor the mess. If an order of dismissis within you kill yourself! I grant you till to-morrow. To-morrow by seven, if I find you still living, I will myself take you before the commandant de place."

Having said this, I withdrew without waiting for his reply, and went at once to inform the strictest orders that Lieutenant Castagnac should not be permitted to leave the hospital under any pretext whatever. Since then Castagnac has not been rendered evident to me I had become pitiless. I felt that I would avenge Dutertre. Having procured a torch, such as our spahis use in their night caravans, I shut myself up in the amphitheatre, closing its strong double shutter. Then I took my usual position at the window, inhaling the fresh breeze of the evening, and thinking over the horrible drama in which I had been an involuntary participant, till night came on. Some hours had passed thus, and all was buried in the deepest silence, when I heard steps descending the staircase. They were followed by a knock at the door. No answer. A febrile hand then sought for the keyhole.

"It is Castagnac," I said to myself.

"Open!" exclaimed a voice from without. I was not deceived—it was Castagnac. He redoubled his efforts to shake the door from its hinges. I moved not, scarcely breathed. Another and a more violent effort was then made, but with the same want of success. Something then fell on the ground, and the footsteps receded. I had escaped assassination.

But what would become of him? Once more, as if by instinct, I took up my position at the window. I had not waited long when I saw the shadow of Castagnac advancing along the foot of the wall. The hardened criminal stopped some time to look up at my window, and seeing nothing, moved on slowly with his back to the rampart. He had got over half the distance when I cast the shout of death at him:

"Raymond, where are you going?"

But whether he was prepared for whatever happened, or that he had more hardihood than his victim, he did not move, but answered me with ironic laughter:

"Ah, ah! you are there, Doctor; I thought so. Stop a moment, I will come back; we have a little matter to arrange together."

Then lighting my torch, and raising it over the precipice:

"It is too late," I said; "look, wretch, there is your grave!"

And the vast steps of the abyss, with their blue shining rocks, were illuminated down to the depth of the valley. It was so terrible a vision that I involuntarily started back—with horror at the scene. What must it have been to him who was only separated from it by the width of a brick! His hands began to tremble, his head sought to cling to something on the ground.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the assassin, in a hoarse voice, "have mercy—mercy!"

I had no heart to pronounce his punishment. I cast his torch into the abyss, and left the room quickly, balancing its flame to and fro in the darkness, lighting up rock and shrub as it rose, and casting spasms on the cold ground. It had already become but a luminous point in the abyss, when a shadow passed by it with the rapidity of lightning.

I then knew that justice had been done.

As I reascended in my own room my foot struck against something. I picked it up; it was my sword: Castagnac, with characteristic perfidy, had resolved to kill me with my own sword, so as to leave an appearance behind of suicide. I found, as I had anticipated, my room in utter disorder; the door had been broken open, my books and papers ransacked, and the whole dwelling smashed. Such an act completely dissipated whatever involuntary pity I might have felt for the fate of such a wretch.

ABOUT "LITTLE THINGS."

OH, it really is such a trifle it can not possibly make any difference! A little thing like that can do no harm. Any dog soon will be time enough to look at that to-night. It is so small that really it is of no consequence. These are some of the excuses for not attending to little things.

Nearly all great things spring from little ones. That is, as I used to learn at school, an axiom, something self-evident. A big man is a very small boy of course, and so a pig, for all people weighing twenty score, at first is a very little squealer. I was at a dinner party once when a gentleman asked, if I remember right, what we supposed his wife, whom I had taken in to dinner, to have been, when he married her, a small person.

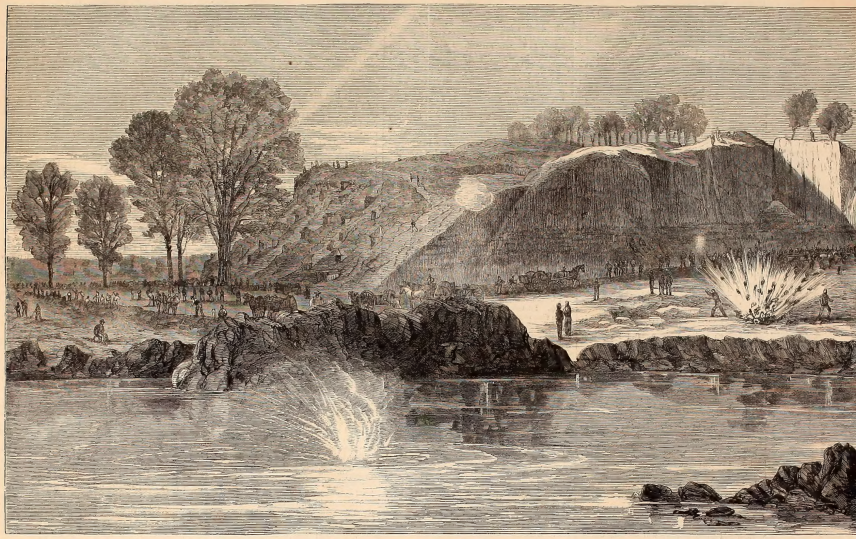
"My dear," said the lady, "small, indeed, people often have large ends."

"So they have, Sir," he said; "she was small once, now she is nearer eighteen."

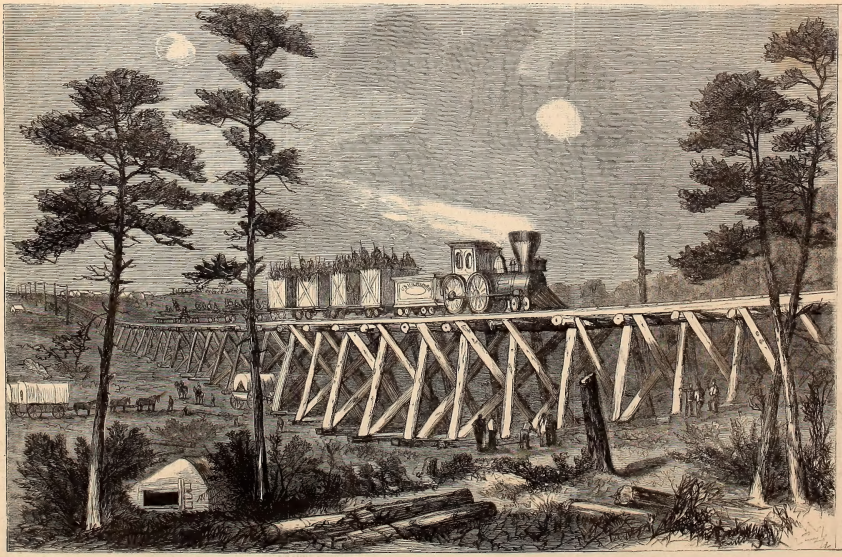
The other day a gentleman was purchasing a stocking; she was one of that class who do mend stockings. I stood watching her—it is curious to do so—to watch persons doing things you never did, and never could learn to do yourself. There was but a very small hole, and fortunately no great strain in such matters, I asked why she mended so small a hole: why she did not leave it till the hole was at least much larger, and then have a good bit at once. She looked at me just as if she thought I was a simpleton. And so I was. "Don't ever do that," the small hole is minded, "for as you will not come," I stood reproved. I have since learned that the stitches in a stocking goes it can be at once put right and will last a long time: but that if it be neglected, the one stitch gone will soon become a large hole, and baffle all the mending power of the household.

It was not long ago that a large tract of reclaimed land was shining in the fairest richness and beauty which good farming and rich crops can give. A large sluice-gate kept out and regulated the once triumphant waters, and all was safe and secure. In one short hour, this beautiful extent of land was covered with the once more triumphant waters, acres and acres immediately destroyed, and years of many a hard-working agriculturist brought to the verge of ruin. The embankment had given way, the sluice-gate washed from its bearings, and the water again, with a mighty roar, as if exulting over man's conquest, rushed over its old possessions. It couldn't be helped. It was no one's fault. Who would have thought it? Such, probably, were the words used to cover the misfortune. But it is a true some one, perhaps several persons, had seen a few days before that there was a little stream of water that was undermining the foundation of a few of the sluice. But what of that? That was only a trifle, quite a little thing; no one would have thought of that; and yet what were the consequences? Those who saw what eventually led, and who had been accustomed to look at little things, known would be sure to lead to such a dire catastrophe, what was really but the beginning of the end, would have thought it a very big thing. But those to whom they told their tale would but have echoed back the stereotyped observation, "Little things are not worth our notice," or words to that effect, and would have given no more thought to the subject till the final blow came.

A flaw in a boiler plate under the fire is not much, but it will lead to the loss of a finger. A bit of skin scraped off the finger is but a little thing, but it is lingering and fearful death. How many a bad leg arises from a little wound that was not attended to in the beginning! How many a bad fall, that is, a fall that ends in a horse's hoof will often in a few days ruin the most valuable animal, and a nail driven awkwardly into the shoe has been the fall. A new loose has spent an entire train; and many a valuable life has been lost by only such a little thing as a nail driven awry. One single stone may first laid the foundation of these vast Pacific works. If, then, hundreds and thousands of years ago, we have the industrious little builder at work, should we have imagined, should we have believed that so little a thing could have reared so great a heap? The vast banyan grove is sprung from one small plant. But a few years ago It was not enough to wash off the sun from one man, and now it affords shelter to thousands of birds and beasts, hiding in its branches the gentle dove or the poisonous serpent. Truly great things have little beginnings, and small words oftentimes lead to great actions.

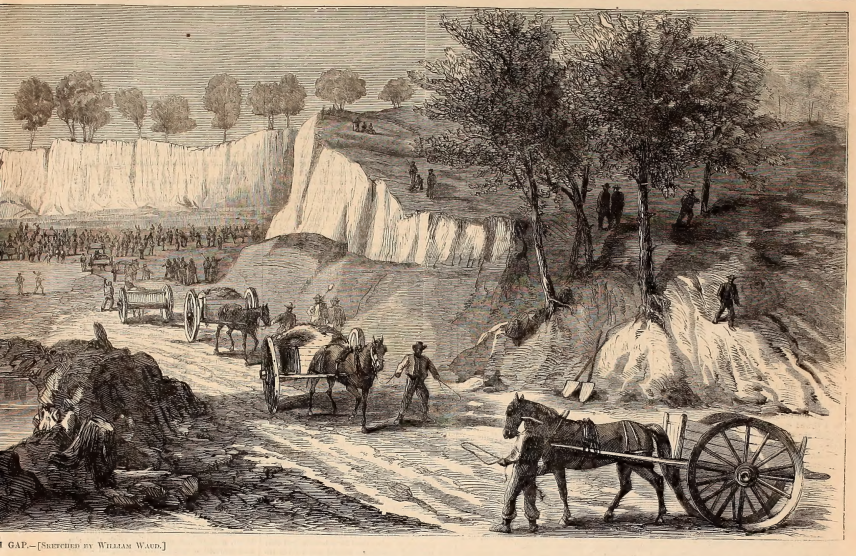


GENERAL BURNER'S CANAL AT DUT

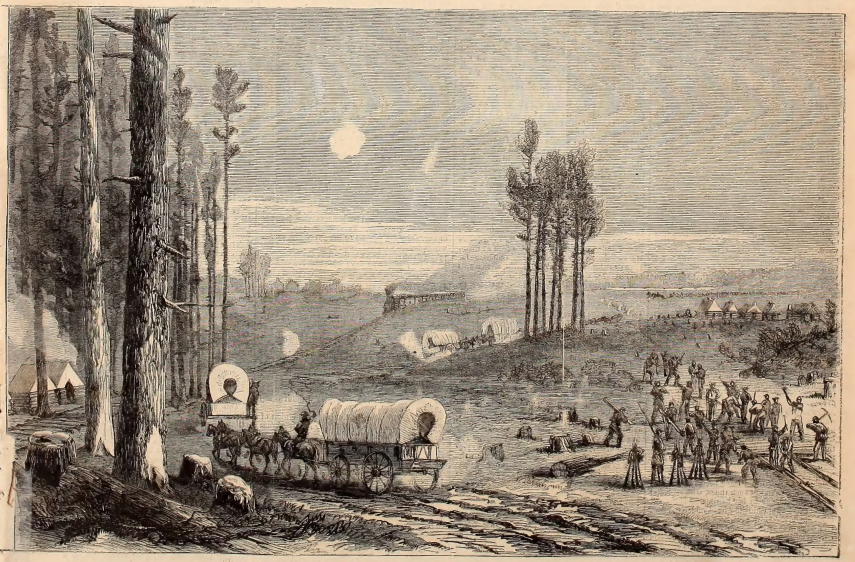


VIEW OF UNITED STATES MILITARY RAILROAD BEFORE PETERSBURG.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

YANKEE IMPROVEMENTS IN FRON



GAP.—[Sketched by William Waud.]



SOLDIERS BUILDING ROADS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.—[Sketched by A. W. Warren.]

T OF PETERSBURG.—[See Page 717.]

THE DOVE IN HER NEST.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

"NAY, your wine will make me heady,
We have ta'en enough already;
Let us go while we are steady;
Do not stir, I know my way."
So I lit my chamber candle,
Sought my room and turned the handle—
Lady togs, from ruff to sandal,
Loose across the lounger lay!

"Heavens!" I cried, alarmed and shaken,
"Surely I have mistaken!
If the sleeping beauty waken,
What excuse for me remains?
Fear the daughters my chaperone,
Love with eager step advances—
Oh, the langnors and the trances!
Oh, the pleasures and the pains!

Blissful watch above her keeping,
Angels guard their sleeping—
Would they wake her should, a-peeping,
Bearded mortal ope the door?
Stealthily a pace advancing,
Round the rose-silk draperies glancing—
Oh, the sight divine, entrancing,
Haunts my dreams for evermore!

Flushed as May's young wealth of roses,
Lnurs on the couch reposes,
And the drifted snow discloses
Outlines wavy and remote;
Tresses loose—a golden wonder;
Crimson lips that mock asunder,
And one small hand creeping under
The crisp lace which fringed her throat.

Now a kiss were easy stealing,
But I dared not trust the feeling,
For my will had wandered reeling
In the fullness of her view;
So I bowed my head and blessed her,
Prayed the angels watch to rest her,
Softly said, "Sweet dreams, fair sister!"
And from that small heaven withdrew.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LII.

STILL IN LUCK'S WAY.

LILY scarcely knew what to make of the new humor of her tyrant. The woman's avowal that she was her mother, and her claim upon her for a daughter's obedience, came upon the poor girl so suddenly and unexpectedly, that she was quite dazed and stupefied by the vague soundings thoughts which chased each other through her brain, leaving no fixed or definite impression behind. Why had she so long feels. Yen Lily to regard her as her mother—dared he. to call her by that name? Why did she make the avowal now, and claim, on the score of filial duty, that obedience which she had hitherto enforced by the terror of dreadful words and savage threats? What did she mean by spanking so savagely, and with so much significant emphasis, of Lily as her "legs?" And then those terrible words about her father! As Lily sat in her mother's dressing-room at the circus, trying to beguile the time with some purposeless piece of embroidery, these distracting thoughts crowded upon her palpitating brain, and filled her troubled soul with a nameless terror.

She had had an impulse once or twice during the afternoon to throw herself into her mother's arms, and to be allowed to love her; but each time when she was on the point of doing so she was repelled by a cold look or a harsh word. Perhaps it lately heart was reserved for something to love, so longed for some one to return the affection which welled over and ran to waste in her own desolate breast, that she could have loved even this cold, remorseless woman. Many and many a time when she was Quite Alone, in her little bed at the Pension, Marcassin, she had tried to realize to herself what it was to have a mother and a mamma. The other girls talked about their papas and mammas, and bragged about them; how rich their papas were, how handsome their mammas were, what treats their papas and mammas gave them when they went home for the holidays.

But Lily had no papa; none, at least, whom she knew; no mamma, except the harsh, cruel woman who had brought her there, and left her among strangers, without a kiss or a kind word. And she was at times even doubtful about this woman. Was she none of a mother's feelings, nothing of a mother's love. Marygold had told her the story of the babes in the wood, and of the cruel uncle who deserted them and left them to die in the pathless forest. Perhaps this woman, who did her, and railed at her, and dragged her along so roughly, was a cruel uncle, who sought to lose her, and leave her to die in that strange city. And at such times, with such sad thoughts throbbing in her bewildered brain, the lonely child would hide her head under the bedclothes, and shed bitter tears. She had been often told that she was bad and obstinate and wicked. And though she did not feel herself a bad wicked girl, and tried to be good, she came to believe that what the woman and Madame Marcassin said of her must be true, and that it was because she was a bad wicked girl that she had no papa and mamma like the other girls. Many a night, long after her companions had gone to sleep, she had been repeating her prayers over and over again, asking God to make her good and give her a kind papa and mamma; and, wearied out at last, she would fall into a pleasant slumber, and dream of the few kind faces that she had seen and known, and hear again the few voices that had spoken to her gently and kindly.

But now she had awakened from all her dreams and all her hopes. Her father, she had just been told, was a cheat, a scoundrel, and a beggar: and her mother was the unfeeling, calculating cruel woman who had made her life a hell. Lily, who was at that moment performing for the amusement of a gaping crowd in the circus at Ranelagh. Poor Lily had but one refuge from the dark despair of the situation in which she found herself, and that was in thoughts of Edgar. They had met once again. He had seen her, and in that one moment, before she fainted, Lily saw that he recognized her. She fondly hoped that the sudden flush that came over his face fetokened pleasure, and her yearning heart beat with a trembling joy at the thought. But sadness fell upon her again when she reflected that she was the daughter of a circus-rider, and he a rich, high-born gentleman. Oh, if they were only the lady and his equal!

Lily was startled from these distracting reflections by a gentle knock at the dressing-room door.

"Who is there?" she asked.

The door was opened gently, and a voice in the passage said, timidly, "It's only I, my dear."

It was the voice of the waiter.

"Come in, Mr. Kafooze," said Lily; "there is no one here but I. I am quite alone."

"Yes, my dear," said the waiter, "I knew that you were yo'yourself. I wouldn't have ventured if your ma—if Madame Ernestine—had been here. You don't like me, my dear, do you?—I said something to her to-day, you know, when she came back for the whip. I was rather lucky to go fole for things that way, my dear, and I couldn't help saying it. She's a very excoriating young woman, I'm sorry to say, but she would have horsewhipped me."

"Won't you come in, Mr. Kafooze, and sit down a little?" said Lily, for the satrologer was still lingering in the passage.

"No, my dear, thank you," said Mr. Kafooze; "Madame Ernestine has told me that I mustn't shouldn't like to fall in her way. I am afraid, my dear, she hasn't a very good temper. Some people can't help it; it's all owing to their stars, and folks can't help their stars, you know."

"Did you want to say any thing particular to me, Mr. Kafooze?" Lily asked.

"Yes, my dear, just one word. You said you didn't know what star your mother was born under?"

"No, I don't know at all, Mr. Kafooze, or I should be very happy to tell you."

"I'm sure you would, my dear, I'm sure you would," said Mr. Kafooze. "It's a pity you don't know, because I could be able to tell you something about the future."

"Can you read the future, and tell what's going to happen?" said the child.

"Yes, my dear; I've been very correct on many occasions, I assure you. I make all the calculations for a prophecy almanack that sells by hundreds of thousands; but I never feel the credit of it, nor the profit of it either. Poor broken-down man, you know, my dear. People laugh and say the things are put down at random, just what comes first; but they don't. Every thing goes by rule. I can assure you, my dear, that when the almanac's in hand—and one is in some of the houses—I never go out. I sit up night after night with the stars, and watch them, and read them until they go out in the dawn, and you should see my study when a sheet of paper that I cover with figures. It costs me something for paper, I can tell you, and if it wasn't for the books Mr. M'Variety sends me and the old copy-books, I'm sure I don't know what I should do. Ah, it's hard work reading the stars, when you read them in earnest, my dear. And there's no doing any thing with them unless you study them well. I've got a list of my predictions filled with the aspects of the stars at the time. Here's what I predicted in my almanac for 1845: 'February. Mars is in Taurus, so that this month there will be wars, and rumors of wars, and rebellions;' which you will see, my dear, by the Morning Herald, was the case. In the month of the following year, was borne out to the letter. Here's the paragraph. It says: 'Yesterday the usually quiet town of Marlborough was the scene of great disturbance, owing to a quarrel among the navvies engaged on the railway. The navvies fought for some time with spades and sticks, and several of them were severely wounded. The tumult, however, was speedily put down by the police.' And there's another one more remarkable one. For the 16th of March I said: 'The opposition of Saturn to Mars denotes the death of a great warrior.' Ah, I, as I said, on the 16th of April of the following ay year, the Times announced the death of General Colcoco. Bolderby, of the Somersershire militia. One of my predictions was fulfilled to the very day. The aspect of Neptune, my dear, enabled me to predict that there would be disaster at sea on the 13th of September, and on that very day, at one o'clock, a boy was drowned in the Serpentine in Southend. Ah, the stars never deceive you when you study them well. Do you know what star you were born under, my dear?"

"No, Mr. Kafooze," Lily said; "I have not the faintest idea."

"I should like to know very much," said Mr. Kafooze; "and also your ma's. I think your ma's star must have been Saturn. I don't say it with any disrespect to your ma, my dear, but Saturn is a bad star to be born under. The aspects said that he ate his children."

It flitted across Lily's mind that her ma's star was most probably Saturn.

"You can't tell me the date of your birth, can you?" Mr. Kafooze asked.

"I don't think I can, exactly, Mr. Kafooze," Lily answered. "I used to have a birthday, but it was long ago at school. I think it was in November—the last day of November."

"And how old are you now, my dear?"

"It may seem a strange thing to say, Mr. Kafooze," Lily answered, "but I don't exactly know. I—I think I am nineteen."

"Nineteen!" said Mr. Kafooze, "and the last day of November. Let me see, that will take us back to the year—. But bless me, there's your ma just come off, and I wouldn't have her catch me here for the world. Good-by, my dear, for the present. You'll see me again soon, when I have been studying to tell you about the future."

And Mr. Kafooze closed the door, and shuffled away in the dark to get out of the countess's way. Poor soul! he was thoroughly in earnest about his stars, and really worked hard at that almanac which he brought to the proprietor and publisher many hundreds a year, but yielded old Kafooze only a few miserable pounds. Yet if it had yielded him nothing, he would have taken the same pains, for he loved his work, and believed in it. And he was how the poor old man never could earn more than his two pounds ten a week: he trusted in man, and believed in the stars.

Madame Ernestine came off from her exposition of the high school of horsemanship in great good humor. She was more radiant with satisfaction. M'Variety had brought to her more good news.

"I am going to give you a benefit, countess, on the last night of the season."

The countess looked surprised at first, for she had had some experience of benefits. There were benefits and no benefits. M'Variety interpreted her dubious look at once, and hastened to assure her.

"Oh, don't be afraid; it's not that sort; the real thing, and you'll get a share of the receipts, and no expenses. Come to my room after your performance and I'll tell you all about it."

It was very necessary for Mr. M'Variety to inform the countess that it was not "that sort." "That sort" was a benefit which M'Variety completed all his people to take. It was written down in the bond; so much a week and a benefit. But why should compulsion ever be necessary in such a case? Who ever heard of a person refusing to take money when it is honestly offered to him, and he has nothing to do but hold out his hand for it? Well, the fact is, the benefits which M'Variety so liberally insisted upon all his dependants being, were not benefits for them, but for himself. It was an understood thing that each member of the staff should allow his name to be put down for a benefit, and that the nominal beneficiare should use all his influence to secure a good attendance.

Beyond that there was no interest in it. The manager took the money. The outside public would probably regard a transaction of this kind as mean and shabby; but the idea of its being any thing but a matter of course never entered Mr. M'Variety's head, or even the heads of his company. It was a usage of the profession, sanctified by time and custom. It is wonderful how such usages preserve the so-called profession to its topmost branches and its deepest roots. In the theatrical body politic every body gets something out of every body, by some quiet sub rosa arrangement which never appears above board. You have seen poor, wretched, broken-down men in the streets carrying advertisement boards, sandwich fashion. Sharp misery has worn them to the bone; their clothes are more rags. Of misery's hunger is in their looks, pals, is in their limbs. They crawl along with bent bodies and downcast eyes, as if they were seeking some hole to creep to down and die, and some out-of-the-way dust-heap on which to shoot their mortal rubbish. You doubt if such poor, dilapidated, degraded tenements can possibly lodge immortal souls. Yet even these burlesques of humanity have a use in the pervading usage, which begins with the leading tragedian and the prima donna. They are down in the manager's books for a certain day; but there is a middleman who takes the contract, and gives them impudence.

When Madame Ernestine dismounted from her trained steed Constant she hastened to the manager's room.

"Now, monsieur M'Variety, about this benefit; dites-moi, I am dying to know."

"Well, countess, I mean to do the thing handsome."

"Half the receipts of the circus, eh?"

"Would you like that, countess?" Mr. M'Variety asked. "The circus will hold fifty pounds; the half of that is twenty-five."

"Oh! it would be very fine; but it is much for ou—for a manager o give without being asked."

Madame Ernestine had not a high opinion of managers; she believed that even their virtues leaned to vice's side.

"What do you think, then," said M'Variety, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "if I were to give you the whole receipts of the circus?"

"You should be a duke, I should think, Monsieur Mac, that you were un bon enfant, the prince of managers, one who is all heart—an ange—and nothing besides."

She paused, and added the last words slowly and significantly.

"And what besides?" the manager asked.

"Why, Monsieur Mac, I should think besides all this that you had your reasons. Ha!"

"Well, well," said Mr. M'Variety, waving off his little attempt to assume the character of a generous benefactor, "that's nothing to you, you know. You shall have the benefit, and, if you make good use of your swell friends, I don't see why you shouldn't net a hundred pounds by it."

"A hundred pounds! Ah! that is something!" cried the countess; and her eyes glistened, as if she had seen the money lying before her in bright golden sovereigns.

"And mind," said M'Variety, "I shan't charge you a farthing for expenses."

The manager made a merit of this, and the countess was good enough to recognize it.

"Believe me, Monsieur Mac," she said, "I appreciate your generosity; you will, on this occasion, kindly refrain from helping yourself to a share of that which does not belong to you. That is a merit in a directeur, and I give you credit for it. I could embrace you."

M'Variety was grateful for this evidence of good feeling, but he was a little alarmed at the hint of an embrace. He would sooner have been embraced by a boa constrictor or a Bengal tiger.

"Well, then," he said, "consider every thing arranged."

"Fort bien," said the countess; "and the day?"

"This day week," said the manager; "the last night of the season—Friday."

CHAPTER LIII.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

No woman, however sensible her disposition, or however loving her nature, could have entertained a sentiment of affection for Francis Blunt, once she came to know him and fathom the depths of his base and worthless character. Francis Blunt married Mademoiselle Valérie, a very beautiful, unscrupulous, pleasure-loving actress of the Paris theatres. Estrangement and separation were inevitable. Blunt, like many other wise men, had an ambition to marry an actress, and he married one. Mademoiselle Valérie had an ambition to marry a rich English traveler who would keep her in luxury and splendor, and she married the man who seemed to fulfill her desires. He had been completely deceived. Sitting in his box and gazing at her in her paint and smiles on the stage, Blunt thought Valérie an angel. Sitting by his fireside, linked to her by the bonds of holy matrimony—save the mark!—and gazing at her without her paint and her smiles, he found her a devil. Meeting Blunt behind the scenes and at gay supper parties, where he spent his money like water, and was lionized and addressed as Milord, Valérie regarded the Englishman as a person of boundless wealth. Living with him in the same house, knowing all his concerns, encountering his dons, and witnessing all the mean shifts to which he was occasionally driven, she speedily learned the bitter, sad, but undeniable truth, that she had married a spendthrift, a rosé, an adventurer, a beggar.

To Blunt, the discovery that his wife was a selfish, cold-hearted, unbearable woman, was a terrible one. It disappointed him in nothing more. He was not sanguine; moral scruples never troubled him; he was perfectly indifferent to the opinion of the world. He wanted a fortune from her, give her a maintenance—or promise her one—and return to his old, gay, reckless life.

But Valérie's position was different. Had she been the best woman that ever breathed she could not have smothered the contempt for the heartless coxcomb who had so bitterly deceived her, and afterward so cruelly used her. Had Valérie been not a good woman, she was a female harpy, whose whole aim and ambition were to be richly adorned, to have plenty of money, and to live in a constant round of pleasures. Such being her character, she did not merely despise Blunt, she hated him with all the fierceness and malignity of a fiend. And her loathing hatred of him culminated and came to its climax when just at the time when a true woman's nature becomes most softened, most tender, most capable of trust and love and forgiveness.

The time of her fiercest and most implacable hatred of her husband was when she first heard the cry of the little new-born baby. That news been a new bond of union. It was the cause of irreconcilable and implacable hate. That unnatural—but, alas! not rare—gulf called for whose lacquered magnificence she had fallen down—fallen down, too, from the lifted up to the coveted pinnacle of splendor and gayety and pleasure, but to be ruthlessly trodden over, debased, degraded, supreme in the foot of mammon—this man, her husband, had robbed her of the sunshine of her youth, cheated her of her golden opportunity, declared the best years of her days, and at length cast her from him, leaving her with the consciousness—to her a hateful one—of being the mother, also, of his child.

This terrible Frenchwoman was impenetrable; her heart—if she had a heart—was a fortress of implacability. She was so cold, so indurated in her hate, so fierce in her desire of revenge, that one might have suspected her of being literally possessed by a devil. She hated Lily, the child, because she was the child of the man who had deceived her, ill-used her, and disappointed her of her selfish expectations; she hated Lily, the girl, because while she promised to be an instrument of vengeance in her hands, she was yet a burden and a stone in her breast of steel, but because she was making some profit out of the girl, and saw a prospect of making still more. She relented toward her as a brute of a coster-monger will relent toward the ass that bears his burden, and earns for him his meat and drink and his night's lodging.

After her interview with Mr. M'Variety the countess was quite pleasant to the girl, after a

fashion. Lily had never known her speak so kindly before. Poor Lily! She was thankful for very small mercies in the way of kindness. She was grateful for the received crumbs. The countess returned to her dressing-room with a look of triumph in her face, singing a snatch of one of her favorite French songs.

"You perceive, mademoiselle, that I am gay this evening," she said, addressing Lily.

"Yes, ma—" Lily paused at the word, and the countess took her up short, slapping her riding-habit with her whip.

"Yes, madam,' you were about to say. I did not tell you that you were to call me madame; ah! then you were to regard me as such, and obey me as such. I hate the word. You rejoice that I am gone—is not so, my?"

"Yes, I am glad that you are gay," Lily replied.

"Bien," said the countess, "that is dutiful; and you shall be rewarded; you shall sit up with me to supper in my new chateau. Quick! Assist me to undress."

This was the kindness for which Lily was so grateful.

The countess submitted herself to the hands of her fille-de-chambre without indulging in the usual exhibitions of temper, and when she was dressed, instead of going Lily-ward to her side, and talking to her on her way through the gardens to the cottage,

"We shall live here," she said, "until the commencement of the summer season, as Monsieur le Baronet prefers it; and in the meantime I shall teach you to ride. You know nothing, you are ignorant, useless. I work for my living; why should you live for yours? Ah! you pout now. By-and-by, when I am old and can no longer give an exposition of the haute-école, you will show your talents for all I have done for you by working for me. Will you not? Répondez-moi donc!"

"I will do anything you ask me," Lily replied. But she shuddered at the idea of becoming a horse-rider.

"Très bien!" said the countess, "you are still dutiful, so you shall sup with me. Allons! Entrez!"

There was more good news for the countess another pleasant surprise.

A servant followed with a large hamper containing an elegant supper and several bottles of wine. Mrs. Snuffburn was at the foot of the stairs in a high state of excitement with the intelligence.

"Who was the person who brought this—what you call—hampire? Is she countess's maid?"

"It was brought by a livery-servant, mum," said the housekeeper; "but he didn't leave no message, except that it was for Madame Ernestine."

"Did he not say who sent it?"

"No, mum. I asked him if there was compliments with it, and he only grinned, which he had top-boots on, mum, and a cockade in his 'at, said as there wasn't no compliments with it, but there was half-a-dozen bottles of sparkling, which was better, he thought."

The countess opened the hamper, and her eyes gleamed with pleasure, not so much at the dainties which it contained, as at the thought of her rising fortunes, and the influences which she was once more exercising upon the very votaries of pleasure.

"No matter," she said; "it is an elegant petit souper, come whence it may, and I am hungry. Let it be laid à l'instant. And that corbeau, that cozy, that—that—that thing, you know what I look! Why, it runs luck—rains chateaux, beauties, peasants, Champagne. Ha! what have we here? Cognac! Bon! Bon! Now shall we see good thought; vous êtes un bon enfant, monsieur—you understand me—qui que vous soyez."

The supper was laid in the gilded apartment, and the countess and Lily sat down together. The countess drank drafts of every thing, descending even to patronize the Champagne, but poor Lily could scarcely taste a thing. The countess's declaration of her intention to make her a horse-rider had completely taken away her appetite, and she could not eat and talk also.

"Eat, child, mais mangez donc?" the countess said to her, almost fiercely, as she herself gnawed wolfishly at a fowl's leg.

"I have no appetite," Lily said, languidly. "I—I do not feel very well."

"No appetite!" cried the countess. "I understand; no appetite—ha! ha! You will recover from that malady. Ma foi! when you come to be one you will have an appetite."

And she went on eating with her fingers, and gnawing the bones, and almost snarling over them.

"If you can not eat, perhaps you can drink. There, take some champagne. I will not grudge it you. It cost me nothing."

She poured—or flung rather—the bright bubbling wine into a tumbler and handed it across to the girl. Lily put the glass to her lips timidly, and sipped at its sparkling contents.

"Drink it up—videz le vere," cried the countess, angrily. "I have no patience with such mincing pretenses. Drink, I say!"

Lily, clutching the glass desperately, drank its contents to the last drop in sheer despair, as she would have drunk poison.

"Now, you may go; va-t'en—there is your room. It was intended for me; but I have given it up to you. You see how I love you—what a good mother I am." And she grinned horribly.

Lily was only too glad to obey. She was always thankful when bedtime came, that she might seek refuge from her sorrows in the forgetfulness of a night's sleep, or in the solace of a pleasant dream. She took a little candle that had been placed on the side-table for her, and retired to the dainty white chamber; but she was too weary, too eager to shut her eyes and bury her head, to do more than bestow a languid glance upon its tasteful furniture and neat appointments. She had eaten scarcely any thing, and the Champagne which her mother had forced her to drink made her heavy and drowsy. She put out her light, and undressed and crept to bed in the dark. She began to say her prayers—she never omitted them, though she might have done so, for she knew there was no one in heaven for her, so often had she repeated them and yet no deliverance—she began her prayers, but her eyelids closed upon them; when she was worn out with her dragging-chain of misery, she lost herself among the words, and fell asleep unconsciously.

How long she had been asleep she knew not, but she was suddenly aroused by a great gleam of light streaming through the crevices of her door. She thought for a moment that the Cottage was on fire, and was about to scream and call for help, when she heard her mother's voice. She was singing

Gai, gai, gai,
Le tambour bat aux champs de bataille.

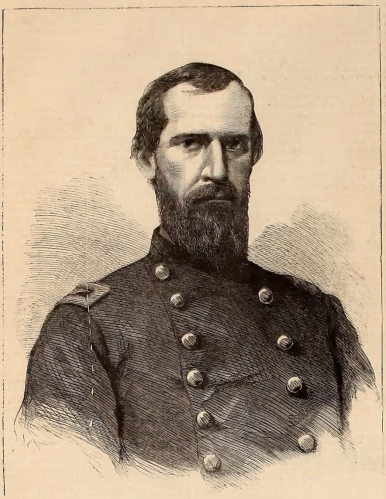
Lily listened, and heard her mother mixing up the names of Madame Ernestine, and Sir William Lovell, and the Marquis Greyfaunt—le Marquis Greyfond, as she called him—in a succession of nonsense words, which she sang to the same chorus. Anon, she broke into another strain—French dithyrambics which need not be repeated. They were about love, and bagatelle, and cognac.

The light seemed to be growing stronger and more intense, and the singing and words were beginning fast. Lily rose from her bed and crept to the door, which she had neglected to close. It stood slightly ajar, and the light streamed looked through the opening.

The countess, her mother, was sitting in the gilded arm-chair, her feet resting upon the gilt eagle which formed a foot-stool, holding a glass in her hand, and singing. The wax candle, whose burner in the great chandelier designed for halls of dazzling light, and, in the midst of the glisting and brass and lacquer of the Cottage of Gaud, strolled forth her reckless French songs. Lily was relieved to find that the house was not on fire, as she at first feared, but she was compressibly shocked to see her mother in that dreadful state. Her first impulse was to retire, and once more hide herself under the bed clothes; but she felt herself rooted to the spot as if by a fascination. She remained gazing at the extraordinary scene about her, and, anon, Lily felt an unsteady step approached the door of her chamber.

Lily retreated immediately, crept into bed, and feigned to be asleep.

The next instant the countess entered and approached the bed. She held the candle above, and looked down upon the face of the girl, seemingly wrapped in sleep. Lily felt the light from the chandelier, and the candle was extinguished, and strong upon her closed eyes, and through her eyelashes she could see her mother looking down upon her face. She could see the candle that terrified her—terrified her only for a moment. When the thought suddenly flashed through her that the Wild Woman had come to murder her, she resigned herself, and closed her eyes firmly, and waited with

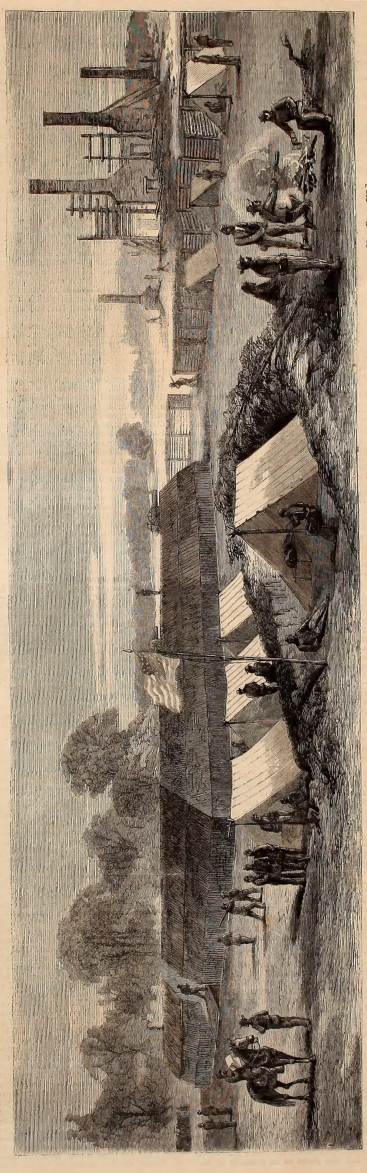


THE LATE COLONEL ALEXANDER GARDINER.

THE LATE COLONEL GARDINER.

COLONEL ALEXANDER GARDINER, of the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, whose portrait is engraved on this page, was a native of New York City. Shortly after being admitted to the bar he removed to Kansas, then in her darkest hours of trouble, taking with him a printing-press and materials for the establishment of a Free-State paper. But Lawrence was sacked and his press utterly destroyed before the issue of the first number of the paper. Colonel GARDINER did not practice law in Kansas, as he refused to take oath under the pro-slavery Constitution. Having seen Kansas substantially through her troubles, Colonel GARDINER removed to New Hampshire, and soon took a commanding position in his profession. He volunteered in the Fourteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was appointed Adjutant. After seeing service in Virginia the regiment went to New Orleans, when it was attached to the Nineteenth Corps, with which it returned to take part in the final struggle in Virginia. Adjutant GARDINER had been promoted to the command of the regiment, and was killed at its head while leading his men to the charge at the victorious battle of Winchester. The army may have lost more prominent officers, but none braver, nobler, truer.

THE LATE MAJOR JAMES P. JONES.—[SEE PAGE 717.]



THE LATE RESIDENCE OF THE REBEL COLONEL PEGRAM, WITH FEDERAL FORT ADJACENT, ON GENERAL MEADE'S LEFT.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES H. GRAVES.—[SEE PAGE 717.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

On this page, and on pages 712, 713, and 716, we give illustrations of General GRANT's Campaign. The adjoining cut represents a SIGNAL-STATION near General MEADE's head-quarters in front of Petersburg, and overlooking the roads to the rebel lines on our left and to the lead mines.

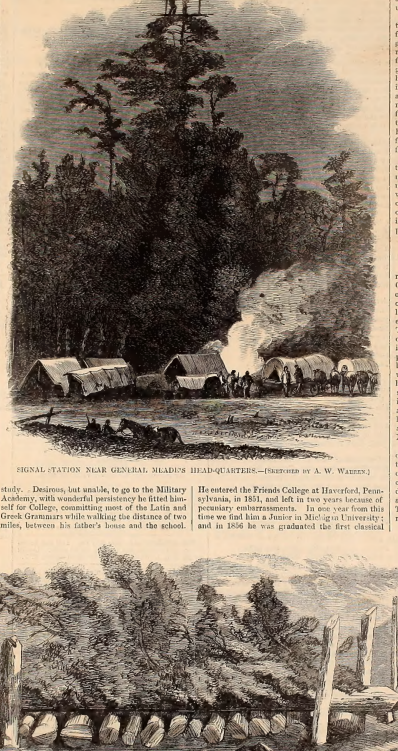
Below is a representation of a BOMB-PROOF RIFLE-PIT in front of the Second Corps. In the absence of active military operations the soldiers elaborately intrench themselves in works like the one here represented.

On page 716 is an illustration of a federal Fort on General MEADE's extreme left, and built in the vicinity of the ruins of the rebel Colonel PEGRAM's late residence.

The illustrations given on pages 712 and 713 relate to the work going on at the Dutch Gap Canal, east of Petersburg, and to the military roads constructed by General GRANT for the use of his army.

The Canal at Dutch Gap is within General BUTLER's lines. Its object is to cut off a long bend which the James River makes around Farrar's Island, and enable our fleet to take part in the operations against Richmond. It is hoped that the canal may be more efficient than that by which it was intended to make Vicksburg an inland city, giving the Mississippi a new course. The surrender of Island No. 10, in 1862, was undoubtedly hastened by the canal which General HALLECK built, and by which he effected a passage to the enemy's rear. This canal at Dutch Gap was begun in August, and is now nearly completed. Its completion the rebels expect to be followed by a formidable advance on Richmond.

Another sketch gives a view of the United States Military Railroad in front of Petersburg. This railroad connects with GRANT's extreme left. A third sketch represents our soldiers building roads; and gives also a view of the Railroad from the Army to City Point. The railroad is built on the surface of the ground, and without grading. The sketch is characteristic of the country between the army and City Point.



SIGNAL-STATION NEAR GENERAL MEADE'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

THE LATE MAJOR JONES.

MAJOR JAMES P. JONES, the fighting Quaker, Seventh Regiment Maine Volunteers, whose portrait we give on page 716, was born at Chino, Maine, in May, 1835, and was killed at the battle of Crystal Springs, before the defenses of Washington, July 14, 1864. His father and mother, ELI and SYBIL JONES, are distinguished Quaker ministers, having as missionaries visited most of the United States and British Provinces, England, Ireland, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, and Liberia in Africa. Taught in childhood the peace theories of BARCLAY and PENN, he passed the limits of his father's library, with an active and naturally martial mind, which found in ancient and modern battles for free dom and human rights more genial subjects for study. Desirous, but unable, to go to the Military Academy, with wonderful persistency he fitted himself for College, committing most of the Latin and Greek Grammars while walking the distance of two miles, between his father's house and the school. He entered the Friends College at Haverford, Pennsylvania, in 1851, and left in two years because of pecuniary embarrassments. In one year from this time we find him a Junior in Michigan University; and in 1856 he was graduated the first classical scholar in his class, and immediately elected Tutor of Ancient Languages both in his *alma mater* and at Haverford College. These positions he declined, and opened a family school, in which he continued until his duty to his country called him forth.

In August, 1861, he went into the service as Captain. This step was opposed by his family and friends, without in the least shaking his purpose to go. He was in nearly every battle of his glorious regiment, and, a comrade tells us, was always in front when duty called. He particularly distinguished himself at Antietam in a charge made by his regiment, again in the second battle of Fredericksburg, and lastly in the battle of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania; in the former of which engagements his regiment, with him at the head, was the first that stopped the panic in the Sixth Corps; in the latter he received a ball through his right arm. He came home, but in a few days returned to the front, having still no use of his arm, although his furlough continued three or four weeks longer.

Only a few days passed after his return before the sad tidings came that he was dead, accompanied by those few words to his friends: "I die for my country, and am willing to die. All is well with me. Tell my boy never to disgrace the name of his father." Thus fell, facing the foe in front of the Capital, with an imperishable record, a brilliant scholar, a brave soldier, and an unfaltering patriot.

UNION REFUGEES.

WE give on page 708 a sketch representing Union refugees coming into the Federal lines. Although General SHERMAN would not permit the residents of Atlanta to remain there, yet neither he nor any other of our generals has refused to receive into his lines those flying from the hard despotism and misery which have blighted the Southern Confederacy. These refugees, whether they come from Richmond or from the Southwest, are invariably provided for in every possible way, and are not in any case compelled to enter our armies. The number of these helpless ones must continually increase as the pressure of our conquering armies bears more and more heavily on the rebel strong-holds. The rebel conscription grows daily harder and more merciless in its provisions, and there are thousands of women and children who must inevitably be left without husband or brother or father to feed or defend them, and their only hope will be in escaping to the North.

The Sanitary and Christian Commissions with our armies in the field devote no small measure of their attention to these refugees, who have large claims on their charity and kindness. In many cases they have borne obloquy on account of their devotion to the old flag; and we should receive them as heroes who have served our glorious cause. There are in the South many such, of whom we must remember that

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

BOMB-PROOF RIFLE-PIT IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE learned Professor Porson had a great horror of the east wind, and Tom Sheridan is said to have once kept him a prisoner in the house for a fortnight by fixing the weather-cock in that direction.

Slow newspapers are sometimes printed upon fast presses.

Policemen, although their general health is good, are much troubled with *felons on their hands*.

Which is the most powerful, the earth or the sea?—The sea, of course, it has such heaps of muscles.

"What are you about?" inquired a lunatic of a cook, who was leisurely picking the feathers from a fowl. "Dressing a chicken," answered the cook. "I should call that gardening," replied the crazy fellow. The cook looked reflective.

THE WISE DOG.—Help yourself and pass the bottle.

If you want to be hoaxed go into the wilds of Africa.

The following verse commemorates the not uncommon misfortune of a hungry urchin:

"There was a small boy of Pentwicket,
He bought him an orange to suck it;
He had a long nose,
And as you may suppose,
Into the orange he stuck it."

A SAYING was lately asked how trade was with him. He replied that it was "very bad—almost dying hardly." "Why, how's that?" asked the other. "Well, then sole," answered the sexton, "poverty seldom dies. There's far more left to bewail and eat-chisel-ing than is left to be buried."

An American old bachelor says ships are called "she" because they always keep a sea-on the look-out.

A sick dog isn't generally strengthened by a course of bark.

Time is money; of course it is, or how could you "spend an evening?"

Why is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation?—Because you *first kill* and then cure him.

"Polly, my boy, can't you cut a little more?" "Well, perhaps I could if I tried, my mother."

According to the articles of war it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

Why is the letter a likely to prove dangerous in argument?—Because it turns words into *swords!*

Last Sunday little Ike, three years and a half old, went to church for the first time. His mother gave him a penny to put in the contribution box, which he did, and sat quiet for a few moments, and then wanted to know how soon the man was coming with the candy.

The man who makes a business of raising sock to market may be said to sire by his pen.

If you want to kindle the flame of love in a lady's breast you must spend your oil-like eagerly as a watch.

Why should a man with a strong gait-h be accounted a smart fellow?—Because he's a *shrewd* individual.

A "FEMALE DIFFICULTY"—A Frau.

An Irish member declared that, among other portraits, he has a picture-sque address, avoid asking her where she "hangs out."

Because every body's Redrop. If you wish to have your business address printed, avoid asking her where she "hangs out."

The telegrams that come via Philadelphia to New York are generally *re-lied on*.

It is stated that at a Newark debating society a wheelwright was by far the best spoken-man.

A burned child hates the fire, but a man who has been singed by Cupid's torch always has a smoking kindness for the old flame.

The girls are uniform-y attracted to dashing military men.

Why is a hive like a spectator at a show?—Because it is a bee-holder (beholder).

A MAN OF STRAW—Will-o'-the-wisp.

The minister who divides his sermon into seven heads finds it difficult to get *attend-ance* for all of them.

WELL MATCHED.—An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first-rate: one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing he should."

Why is like a negro's mouth?—Because it abounds in gum and candy.

What entire in the alphabet resembles a man in laugh?—The letter w—for he's always waggy-sagging.

Why isn't a New York Company like a watch?—Because it does not go to make it's wheels go.

It took six days continuous labor to make the world, but to make it over again would only be a re-action.

A PERSON OF "TAKING MANNERS"—A thief.

He must be a strong general who can storm and carry a fortress.

WHY WE SHOULD be courageous in addressing his father's guns?—Because he is not particular to a shade.

"People may say what they will about country air being so good for health," said Mrs Partington, "and I'm sure I'm fat up to it; for my part, I think it is owing to the victuals. Air may be fat ammonia and other reptiles that live on it. But I know that men must have something more substantial."

A country gentleman, walking in his garden, saw his gardener taking to an arbor. "What!" says the master, "indeed, you idle dog, you are not worthy that the sun should shine on you." "I am only mindful of my old worldsmen," answered the man, "and therefore I laid myself down in the shade."

A young Hibernian friend of ours, who is desperately in love, says that he has been electrified with a gal-vanic battery

A despairing man tears his hair. An enraged woman is wont—also tears her husband's.

We once heard a woman of the world say, "The state of widowhood is inconvenient: for one must assume all the modesty of a young girl without being able to feign her ignorance."

When may a cheese be said to resemble majesty?—When it is high and mighty.

IN THE WILDERNESS

ALL day long the battle raged,
With clang of guns and bugle's breath,
In the tangled swamps of the Wilderness,
Through dusky thickets dim with death.
All day the fierce tide surged and swung,
With crash and shriek and cannon's tone,
While far along the glimmering lines
Proudly our golden eagles shone.

The rifle-pits swarmed black with men,
And like the sheeted August rain,
A singing storm of iron hail
Beat on our steadfast line in vain.
And up the mid-May's blinding blue,
That deep reflects the gleaming deeds
With the great calm of God, the shells
Made trailing, long-drawn arcs of fire.

Our batteries crowned the slanting ridge—
The trees within the woods for space
Slave here and there a random shot,
From brazen lips no answer came.
And grim with smoke and powder-stain
The strong-limbed, dusty cannoniers
Leaned, eager, on their idle guns,
And heard their distant comrades' cheers.

Far to the rear the sandy road
Ran northward to the distant town;
No battle-clamor stirred the air,
And like a picture the purple-line crown
Of beauty, song, and blossom's flush.
While young leaves made a tender gloom
Here rustled sassafras and birch
Were whitened with the clover's bloom.

Under a brown-stemmed chestnut-tree,
That made a green tent overhead,
A young boy, on the cool, soft grass,
Stretched shattered limbs that a-bed and bled;
Full young to wear a soldier's blue,
And share a patriot's toils and fears,
Yet strong in that large growth of soul
That comes not with the added years.

And as he lay in helpless pain,
His marching days forever done,
He reached a feeble hand and plucked
The violets dreaming in the sun,
Meekly, in blue-eyed innocence,
And at their fragrance in his heart
A mist of memories rose, that made
Quick tears to start and drop apart.

The low swell of New England hills—
The old home-farm—the orchard, fair
With wreaths of tinted apple-blooms,
And, yet beyond, the meadow where
He found the first spring violets
In happy, boyish days long-gone,
But unforgot, even through the last
That's theyr trumped had been blown.

His gray-haired mother, on her knee:
Prayed, the dear God might and day
For him, her boy, "her only one"—
God bless and keep him safe alway!
A thought of home and mother-love,
And through the mid-May's balmy calm
A great peace folded softly down,
Like the low music of a psalm,

On his tired heart in infinite rest;
And content with all the divine
Of happy Nature's sweet, blind trust,
He saw Faith's golden promise shine,
Thru Pie who made them simple, for-ets
To blossom in the Wilderness
World look upon His helpless cold
With eyes of pitying tenderness.

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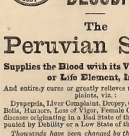

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 411.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

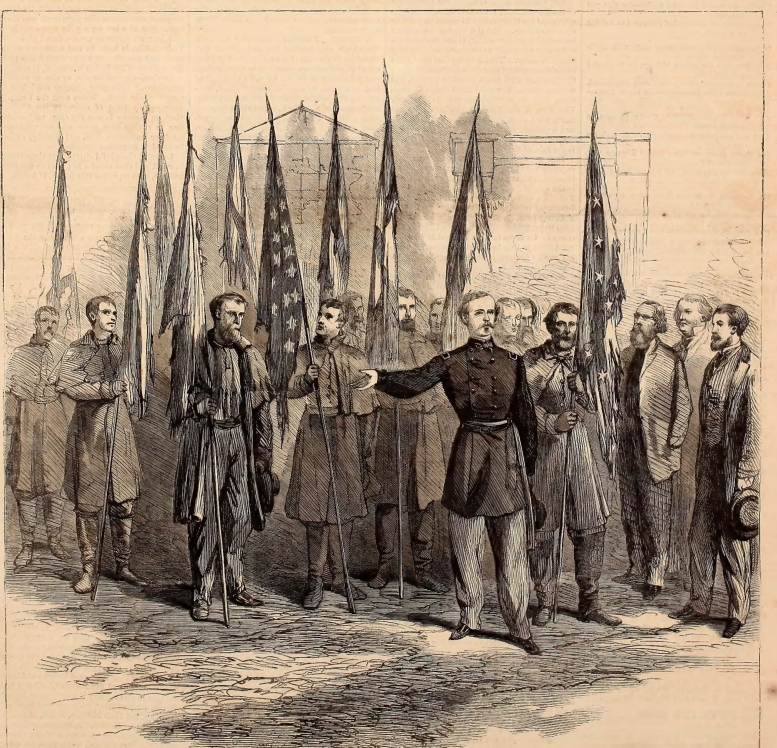
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

SHERIDAN'S VICTORY.

We give in the subjoined illustration a representation of the highly interesting ceremony in which General CUSTER officiated, on Sunday, October 23—namely, that of presenting to the Secretary of War the Battle-Flags captured from the Rebels in the Battle of Cedar Creek. General CUSTER arrived in Washington on the Saturday before the ceremony took place; and ten of the captured flags were displayed from the railroad engine as the train came in. During the presentation it was announced that General CUSTER had been appointed Major-General, and this fact occasioned great enthusiasm among the large crowd assembled to witness the ceremony. One of the colors captured was the head-quarters flag of the late rebel General RAMSEUR, bearing the inscription, "On to Victory! Presented by Mr. W. T. Sutherlin." A large number of the colors were taken by CUSTER'S Division. General RAMSEUR was a class-mate of General CUSTER'S at West Point, and as the former was dying the two reviewed together the reminiscences of their cadet life.

FORGING SOLDIERS' VOTES.

We give on page 725 a sketch showing the manner in which the Copperheads obtain their votes. The facts of the case, at its present development, are as follows: The first suspicion that something wrong was going on in regard to the soldiers' vote in this State occurred to Mr. ORVILLE K. WOOD, who was in the army procuring votes in behalf of the Union Committee of Clinton County. Proceeding thereupon to the agency of the State of New York at Baltimore, and gaining the confidence of a certain Mr. FERRY, the agent appointed by Governor SEYMOUR two years ago to look after sick and wounded soldiers in and around Baltimore, he found his suspicions more than confirmed. Mr. FERRY remarked to Mr. WOOD that when Union votes came to that office "they went out all right." In Mr. WOOD'S presence this Mr. FERRY and his fellow-agents, DONAHUE, NEWCOMB, and others, signed soldiers' names to votes, filling out the blanks with other names in regular order, all forged; altered Union votes, so that soldiers giving their suffrages to Mr. LINCOLN were made to vote for General MCCLELLAN; and affixed to Democratic ballots the names of sick and wounded, and even of dead soldiers. The conspirators admitted that a number of agents were employed in a similar manner, and that soldiers' votes were in this way manufactured by the dry-goods' box full. These statements are sworn to in court by two of those engaged in the fraud, and the exhibition of the documents, consisting of a number of the forged votes, and a large amount of correspondence, leaves no room for doubt as to the nature and



GENERAL CUSTER PRESENTING CAPTURED BATTLE-FLAGS AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 25, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

extent of the crime which has been committed against our citizens at home, and against our brave soldiers in the field. There is nothing whatever to contradict or to soften this damning evidence of guilt. And it would appear from the testimony that even an officer in the army, a Commissary-General, had lent his aid and sanction to the crime. A list of the soldiers from Columbia County was sent to Dodsabre to help on the shameful forgery. The following letter, which was intercepted, shows to what use the list was put:

NEW YORK STATE AGENCY, BALTIMORE,
NO. 31 W. FAYETTE STREET, October 31, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send with this note a number of bottles for your county. *I have needs at a number from the last you sent me.*

I also send a package put up by Mr. FERRY, State Agent, and you will find a note from him explaining things. I guess you know best. Fearing that you might lose the inclose envelopes and powers of attorney sworn to; you can fill them up with friends or any other convenient.

You can fill them up as well in your county as we can here. If we have names of enlisted persons, ascertain them from the Supervisors' list of any county.

In haste, your friend, E. D., Jr.

You can procure large envelopes for attorneys' names at Albany. Put in some good names for attorneys.

Thousands of soldiers' votes have been forged, and many of them have been sent home. Every vote thus fraudulently given has deprived some soldier of his franchise, the most invaluable of his rights as an American citizen. Nor has this injury been confined to the living. The Copperheads have dared not simply to forge the votes of living soldiers, but even to desecrate our honored dead.

RIDING TO VOTE.

YONDER the bleak old Tavern stands—the faded sign before,
That years ago a setting sun and banded harvest bore:
The Tavern stands the same to-day—the sign you look for now
Has glintings of the dazzled sheaves, but nothing of the sun.

In Jackson's days a gay young man, with spirits hale and blithe,
And form like the young hickory, so tough and tall and lithe,
I first remarked smiling up—we came a wagon-load,
A dozen for OLD HICKORY—this rough November road.

Ah! thirty years—they help a man, you see, in growing;
They can not take the manly soul that makes a man alway!
It's thirty years, or near: to-day I go to vote once more;
Here, half a mile away, we see the crowd about the door.

My boys, in EIGHTEEN SIXTY—my boys? by my men, I mean!
(No better men nor braver souls in flesh-and-blood are seen)
One twenty-six, one twenty-three, rode with their father then;
The ballot-box remembers theirs—my vote I'll try again!

The ballot-box remembers theirs, the country well might know—
Though in a million only two for little seem to go;
But, somehow, when my ticket slipped I dream'd of Jackson's hand
The land, I thought, has need of One whose will will find a way!

"*He* did not waver when the need had call'd for action!" I thought—
The word he spoke made plain the deed that lay behind it wrought!
And while I mused the Present fell, and, breathing back the Past,
Again it seem'd the hale young man his vote for Jackson cast!

Thank God it was not lost!—my vote I did not cast in vain!
I go alone to drop my vote—the glorious vote, again!
Alone—where three together fell but one to-day shall fall;
But though I go alone to-day, one voice shall speak for all!

For when our men, awaking quick, from hearth and household came,
Mine did not say, "Another day!" but started like a flame;
I'll vote for them as well as me; they died as soldiers can,
But in my vote their voices each shall claim the right of man.

The elder left his wife and child—my vote for these shall tell;
The younger's sweet-heart has a claim—I'll vote for her as well!
Yes! for the myriad speechless tongues, the myriad sequestered lives,
The desolation at the heart of orphans and of wives!

I go to give my vote alone—I curse your shameless cries!
Who fight for traitors here at home in Peace's holy name!
I go to give my vote alone, but even while I do,
I vote for dead and living, all—the living dead and you!

See yonder tree beside the field, caught in the windy sough,
How conscious of its strength it leans, how straight and steadfast now!
If Lincoln bends (for all, in him, my vote I mean to cast)—
What winds have blown! what storms he's known! —the Hickory's straight at last!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

THE EIGHTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE political campaign which ends in the election of the 8th of NOVEMBER is the most important question in history. It has always been the fate of republics hitherto to be destroyed by the party-spirit has ever-powered patriotism. It has been, therefore, feared by many of the best and wisest men that we should encounter the same peril and succumb to the same fate.

That fear is now about to be confirmed or dispated forever. The American people are about to say that Democracy, Self-government, like all other Governments, has the right to defend its existence by force against foreign enemies and domestic rebels; or it is about to declare that JOHN C. CALHOUN and JEFFERSON DAVIS and GEORGE H. PENDLETON are right, and GEORGE WASHINGTON, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, HENRY CLAY, ANDREW JACKSON, DANIEL WEBSTER, and STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS were wrong in their theory of our Government. It is about to declare that the Union of the United States is the merest partnership at will of sovereign powers, in which the prosperity of the whole is at the mercy of the whim or the anger of the smallest part—or it is to proclaim, unmistakably, that the United States are a nation, with national attributes, with a national history, with a national prosperity, with a national honor, and a national flag.

The Chicago party concedes the destruction of the Government, because it declares that the attempt of the Government to maintain itself by force is a failure. But if it has failed to enforce its authority against rebels, it can therefore exercise over them only so much authority as they choose to allow. That is to say that the United States Government may do in the State of South Carolina just what South Carolina permits, and nothing more. But the United States Government may do as much as that in England. Therefore, if the Chicago platform tells the truth, the United States Government is already and hopelessly overthrown in each of the rebel States. That is the end of the Union. That is the ruin of the country.

Now the Chicago platform is the authorized exposition of the views of the party that supports general M'CLELLAN for President. Therefore it is the candidate of the Chicago party for Vice-President, entirely approves what he calls "the beneficent principles" of that platform. He does not every man, therefore, who votes for the Chicago ticket necessarily vote for the Chicago doctrines? Is not the letter of General M'CLELLAN considered to be a breakwater against the terrible swell of anarchy which proceeds from the Chicago doctrine?

Yet what is the substance of that doctrine but compromise, and what does General M'CLELLAN suggest as the means of restoring the Union but compromise? If rebels refuse to compromise they are to be delivered over to "ulterior consequences"—which means, doubtless, a more abject compromise. But the significant point both in the Chicago platform and in General M'CLELLAN'S letter is, that armed rebels against the Government are not to be put down by force, but are to be coaxed and bought off. That is equally the overthrow of the Government, for it is a premium upon rebellion.

Between the unconditional and the conditional maintenance of the Government the people are now to choose. If they shall decide for the latter, universal disintegration of the Union and endless wars between little neighboring States inevitably ensue. If they elect the former the power and the importance which belong to a great nation will secure them permanent peace, prosperity, and liberty. General M'CLELLAN and GEORGE H. PENDLETON represent the conditional compromise, and ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON the unconditional maintenance of the Government. May God guide our choice!

THE ARMY VOTE FRAUD.

THE Union citizens of this country have always insisted that the soldiers should vote. They have always held that no American citizen should lose his rights under the Government merely because he loved that Government dearly enough to die in the field to save it. The Copperheads have always insisted that he should.

In Maine the soldiers' voting law was passed, and the only majorities against it were in Copperhead towns. In New Hampshire the law was passed by the Legislature by a vote of about 170 Unionists to 105 Copperheads. In Vermont the Union Legislature promptly passed the bill. In Rhode Island it was opposed only by the Copperheads. In Connecticut the Copperheads unanimously opposed it. In New York the Union men passed a bill by 65 yeas to 59 Copperhead nays, and HORATIO SEYMOUR, President of the M'CLELLAN Chicago Convention, vetoed the bill; but the Union men finally succeeded by appealing to the people of the State, and procuring an amendment to the Constitution which the Copperheads desperately voted against. In New Jersey 37,000 Union citizens asked the passage by the Legislature of a voting law for the soldiers. The Legislature refused by 31 Copperhead nays to 19 Union yeas. In Pennsylvania Judge WOODWARD, the Copperhead candidate for Governor, in favor of whose election General M'CLELLAN wrote a letter, opposed the law. The Unionists then carried an amendment to the Constitution. The greatest majorities for it were in the Union counties; the only majorities against it were in Copperhead counties. In Delaware, where the Copperheads control the Legislature, the soldiers have been denied the right of voting. In Ohio the Copperheads steadily and in every way opposed the law. But it was passed by Union votes and sustained by the Supreme Court of the State. In Michigan 19 Union Senators to 10 Copperheads, and 54 Union to 25 Copperhead representatives, passed the law. In Illinois the Copperheads controlling the Legislature, defeated the law; and General JOHN A. LOGAN, the boson friend of DOUGLAS, is disfranchised because he believes as DOUGLAS said upon his death-bed: "A man can not be a true Democrat unless he is a loyal patriot. Cast treason as he is only fitting for his country. In Wisconsin the bill passed by 19 Unionists to 7 Copperheads in the Senate, and by 54 Unionists to 25 Copperheads in the Assembly. In California, Iowa, Minnesota, and Missouri the Union men against the steady Copperhead opposition have secured the soldiers' right to vote. In Indiana the Copperhead Legislature refused it.

Such is the prodigious record. In every State the Copperheads—friends of M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON have opposed in every way and at every stage the right of American soldiers to vote, because they were in the field fighting for their country. The Copperheads made Patriotism a crime.

Yet, again, American soldiers are not fools. They know exactly what they are fighting for; therefore, in the case of the single State of Ohio, out of 55,000 soldiers' votes cast in October there was a majority of 43,000 for the Union. And now, as appears by the confession of Mr. J. FERRY, the Copperhead State Agent for the Army of the State of New York, a vast conspiracy was undertaken by the Copperheads to forge the soldiers' vote, and elect GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, the friend of VALLANDIGHAM, by defeating the honest will of the citizens in the field.

Does any loyal American citizen still ask himself whether the Copperheads and their Chicago platform and candidates can be faithful to the Union and the Government? Was this universal Copperhead opposition to the soldiers' voting law in the Legislatures a serious effort at a fraudulent defeat of the fair consequences of the passage of the law, in the interest of the United States Government, or of JEFFERSON DAVIS and the rebellion?

THE LESSON OF THE RAIDS.

THE sudden and startling raid from Canada across the frontier of Vermont is a striking illustration of the practical consequences of State sovereignty and secession. The rebels assert that they are only maintaining State sovereignty. But in a system like that they propose every State would be a little separate foreign power to every other, and each would be always exposed to such armed surprises, robberies, and murders as those of the recent raid upon Vermont. The absolute and hopeless anarchy resulting from the triumph of the rebels' doctrine of State sovereignty can not be concealed. We have seen of its inevitable tendency by remembering that when, in the winter of 1860–61, some of the Southern States declared their secession from the Union and the resumption of their sovereignty, FERNANDO WOOD, then Mayor, suggested that the city of New York might find it wise to secede from the State. And then the First Ward might have found it wise to secede from the Second; and so the entire fabric of social order have fallen into common ruin.

The doctrine of supreme State sovereignty is the doctrine of humiliation and disgrace. The famous history of this country is that of united Colonies and United States. Before they were united there was no history. The history of England and France is the story of weakness, shame, and bloodshed, until the various parts were welded into a great national whole. It is not an Englishman's boast that he is a Kentish man or a Yorkshireman, but an Englishman. It is not a Frenchman's pride that he is a Gascon or a Burgundian, but a Frenchman. It is not Yorkshire or Burgundy that protects them, that gives them importance, that makes them respected and feared. It is the name and the nation of England and France that does this. The flag of their country is not the Kentish or Gascon flag —it is the British and the French; it is the cross of St. George and the tri-color.

It is precisely so with us. The power of this nation in the world is not the power of Maine, or Delaware, or Missouri, or California; it is that of the United States. The importance of every citizen is not that he is a Vermonter or a Georgian, but an American of the United States. The flag that defends him every where in the world is not the Pelican of Louisiana, or the Palmetto of South Carolina, or the Anchor of Rhode Island; it is the glorious Stars and Stripes. The doctrine of supreme State sovereignty plucks all power and significance from that flag. It makes it represent not the overwhelming force of a nation—not the terrible energy of a trained and invincible army and navy, but the ridiculous impotence of a guerrilla band. The doctrine of supreme State sovereignty is national suicide.

Yet that is the doctrine of the rebellion and of the Chicago lender to the rebellion. The Chicago platform confesses the victory of this doctrine over the national power of the Union. General M'CLELLAN'S letter, in his proposal of compromise with the rebel chiefs, stands straight upon the Chicago platform, for he proposes to treat with those who, by force of arms, assert State sovereignty against the national supremacy. Should such a policy be adopted by the people of this country in his elevation to the Presidency, every State would be a separate power exposed to the incursions of neighboring enemies. Every State must maintain an army to defend its border against St. Albans raids. If the States made a compact not to harm each other, it would be as fruitless as Mr. PENDLETON now declares the Union to be, if the States refuse to observe the compact," he says, "you have no right to force them to observe it."

If, then, armies must be maintained to defend sovereign State lines, does any man think he would escape the permanent draft which would be necessary to fill those armies? Would he avoid the taxes necessary to support those armies? When Pennsylvania and Ohio chose to threaten Delaware, what hope or refuge would Delaware have? Would Maryland and Richmond aim at separation as a means of peace? Many a man in the North thinks that a vote which Chicago candidates would give the country peace, and so release him from drafts and taxation. But if what we say be true—and who will deny it?—does he not see that Union, and Union alone, means strength and consequently security and peace? And does it not follow that, if the power of the Union is assailed, it must be maintained unconditionally, or else it will be overthrown? Whoever dictates conditions is master of the field. When once the Union is destroyed by force of arms—as the Chicago platform declares it now the case, we have before us endless wars, taxes, and conscriptions; we have impotence, ruin, and anarchy, ending in hopeless despotism.

Let every thoughtful citizen bear these things in mind, and then vote for M'CLELLAN and PENDLETON, who represent this policy, if he can.

STRAWS.

GOOD citizens will have observed that the party which has most loudly clamored for free speech in this campaign has been the party whose adherents have made almost all the disturbance in the canvass. In meetings have been constantly interrupted by M'CLELLAN partisans. Have Union men any where attempted to break up M'CLELLAN meetings? Union flags have been cut down by the friends of the Chicago platform and M'CLELLAN. Have Union flags been cut down by Union men? Are bonnets? Processions have been attacked, speakers have been insulted, every kind of interference and annoyance has been practiced. Have these things been done by the loyal Union citizens or by M'CLELLAN partisans? Are the men who have declared that, in certain events, they will not submit to the result of the election the friends of MR. LINCOLN or of General M'CLELLAN?

We do not assert that Union men may not sometimes have been guilty of disturbance in the meetings of the Chicago party; but we challenge contradiction in saying that the disturbing element at the vast mass of meetings where there has been any disturbance was composed of M'CLELLAN partisans. These are the men who bawl for free speech. They call the President a fool and a tyrant. They say he keeps in a certain instance—"the obscene ape of Illinois," and the next moment shout that the liberty of speech is threatened. They print articles to favor the insurrection against the Government of the United States, appealing to every base passion of ignorant men, or merely sophisticating in smooth phrases to excite hostility to the authorities, and then cry aloud that the freedom of the press is in danger.

These things they do with absolute impunity, and shriek incessantly that the liberties of American citizens are imperiled, because now and then a man has been summarily arrested for helping the enemies of the country. That this power, which necessarily resides in every Government at war, has been in every instance wisely exercised, is not claimed; nor could such power ever be used at all, whatever the emergency, without complaint from somebody. But that it has been used at all has not been to attempt to inspire distrust of the intention. It has been used, as in this country it always must be, subject to impeachment. To say that loyal citizens have lost their liberties, or are, in general, in danger of "bastiles," is ludicrously false.

Such things show the spirit of the Chicago party. Is it a faithful, loyal, patriotic spirit? Does it raise such cries really to save the Government, or to get it into their hands? Are the men who break up Union meetings truly in favor

of free speech? Are the papers that speak of Mr. LINCOLN as the *Aurora* used to speak of General WASHINGTON really deprived of their "liberty?" Yet all these men and these papers labor for the election of General M'CLELLAN. Is that the company a good Union-loving citizen wishes to keep? Is that the candidate the true friends of free speech wish to vote for?

Straws show how the tide is running.

PODSNAPPERY.

IF any nation is anxious to see the overthrow of the American Government it is the English. The British press has said and done all it could to aid the rebellion; and its organs cheer lustily for General M'CLELLAN and Mr. PENDLETON. Some weeks ago the London *Post*, the organ of LORD PALMERSTON, the British Prime Minister, under the heading, "American Union passing away," said:

"The institutions of the American Republic were, in the fullest signification of the term, liberal, and in no country in the world has more keen regret been felt than in true England that those institutions should be, to all appearance, on the point of extinction."

The spirit which thus complacently chuckles over what it calls the prospect of our national ruin, instinctively works and prays for the defeat of ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON, whose careers from the poverty in which they were born to the distinction they have reached are noble illustrations of the operation of American institutions.

COLONEL LOWELL.

THE late COLONEL LOWELL, whose portrait is upon page 733, and of whom we spoke last week, was buried on Friday, October 28, at Mount Auburn, in Cambridge, near Boston. His commission as a Brigadier-General had been signed, and was on the way to him when as fell.

A letter from a correspondent in speak says: "I do not think there was any officer in all the army so much beloved as LOWELL."

"We all died today," said OSIRIS, "when we knew that we had lost him. It is the greatest loss the cavalry corps has suffered."

"I do not think there was a quality," said SHERIDAN, "which I would have added to LOWELL."

"ELECTION DAY."

MR. NAST and MR. BELLEW have done admirable pictorial service in this paper for the Union cause. The grave and poetic designs of MR. NAST and the clear, comic pungency of MR. BELLEW'S caricatures, have brought home the issues of this canvass to many a mind more forcibly than any argument or speech.

This week MR. NAST shows us the significance of the scene at the ballot-box. Surrounded by illustrations of the various persons and classes who decide at the polls the fate of the country and of free popular institutions, the figure of Peace, with drooping head and clipped wings, as if prostituted to a hateful purpose, with her hands manacled behind her, stands before the sacred urn, while the twin Satans of secession and sympathy with it push their bullets into her hand. But opposite to Peace, erect, and majestic, the consciousness of victory in her heart and its fire beaming in her eye—the ripe and noble figure of the Country, Abraham Union and Liberty, drops her ballot into the box. You can read upon it the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whom the heart of that Country desires to see the next President of the United States.

AN UNANSWERABLE QUESTION.

A CORRESPONDENT in the interior of New York asks:

"Can you explain the present anomalous position of the so-called Democratic party? If a large portion of the Democratic presses and orators are, as they claim, truly loyal, why do they so persistently oppose every attempt of the constituted authorities to suppress the rebellion? They cry out and call aloud for fair play, and yet constantly pervert and misconstrue willfully every act of the Government. They have long prayers for our 'bleeding country,' and yet refer nothing but hyssop and vinegar to soothe it in the hour of agony. What judgment will be meted out by coming generations to these would-be cured healers?"

"As they sow so shall they reap."

A SOLDIER'S VOTE.

A SOLDIER forwards us the Union National and State ticket, and writes: "I go this Winter to vote without any repugnance of conscience. We unite traitors! We will whip them."

A MILITARY BLISTER FOR COPPERHEADS.

IN the United States Military Hospital at Jeffersonville, Indiana, a thorough canvass of the inmates in September showed the following result:

Lincoln and Johnson	60
M'Clellan and Pendleton	2
Doubtful	1

The veterans add that th Copperhead vote is given In aid of "the democratic aristocracy," which is to say to overthrow the Government, and they say of the party which can not heartily cheer for the victories of SHERIDAN, SHERMAN, GRANT, and FARRAGUT: "They should be remembered as long as they live for their treachery, and be forever denied by their estranged countrymen the privilege of holding any office of honor, profit, or trust; and so far as our knowledge of them and our votes and influence will effect it, they shall be."

OUR "PATTERNS."

THE following letter comes from two gentlemen who, beyond any doubt whatever, intend to vote for General M'CLELLAN and MR. PENDLETON; who confide reverently in MR. VALLANDIGHAM; who declare that "Abolition war," and "ABE LINCOLN'S despotism," who wish well to the rebellion, and desire, as faithful supporters of the Chicago platform and candidates, to confess that the American people are conquered, and to implore the gracious pardon of JEFFERSON DAVIS. For all these reasons the two gentlemen do not like this paper. We should be heartily ashamed of ourselves if they did:

"*Ed. of Harper's Weekly:* NEWARK, O., Oct. 21, '64.

"DEAR SIR—Please to mark oblige your Patterns at this office if you will pleas keep your dam Blagued Sheet at home, or find it to them that can Stomic it. We can not give it any longer."

SPEKE.

DIED TUESDAY, 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1864.

SOUTHWARD to unearth a secret
Kept six thousand years
Onward, onward, one of England's
Boldest pioneers

One with high determination
Held in perfect drill:
Working out a fixed purpose
Grappled by the will.

Up the highway of a river,
Conning silently,
With a friend, mysterious volume
To the Syrian Sea.

Girt with courage of the SAXON—
Stridelh on a man,
Breaking down great walls of hindrance,
As a Titan can.

Type of an immortal precept
That hath ever stood
As a beacon to the nations—
English hardihood.

Tracking down the Ethiop stream line,
Resolute to win
Access to the hidden chamber
Of its origin.

Throwing back great waves of peril
Rising in the way;
Out upon the sea of venture
Valiantly he lay.

Captured by the fierce SOMALI,
Wounded, scorched, and bound,
By a lance his wary muscles
Nailed to the ground.

Still the storied, bull-dog valor
Of the island race
Taught him how to dash his fetters
In his captor's face.

Up he springs to tear the cordage
From his swollen hands;
Girds him for escape—his bold blood
Dripping on the sands.

Manly, sun-burnt features settled
To an iron calm—
Lo! he sleeps beneath the heavy
Shadow of the palm.

Head upon his arm—the north land
Visited in dream;
While the snaffle of tropic fire
Tremble on the stream

Home! from many a close-locked wrestle
Where grim death did press
Hard upon him as he journeyed
Through the trackless.

Home! to meet the grip of welcome
From an English hand;
Home! to find his deeds of daring
Famous in the land.

Home! his triumph by a people
Countersigned and sure!
Home! to find the spoiler waiting
On an English fleld.

From the gable of a farm-house
Curl the wreaths of smoke;
Through a copse the sunlight quivers
On the browning oak.

Past the underwood and flowers
Murmureth the burn;
Past a shuttered hearth lying
On the tangled fern.

HUMORS OF THE DAY

THE following is related as "the President's best story": "Mr. Lincoln, when he was a young lawyer, was one day at the office waveled him, and finally exhausted his patience; Mr. Lincoln said to him, 'Sir, I will tell you a story to illustrate the matter who told one of his pupils to read the third chapter of Daniel. The pupil very hearty, and he came to the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, he stumbled. The master required him to proceed. He tried again and failed. Pedagogue then tried a fogging, but still no go. Relenting, the master told the boy he might read the preceding chapter, and let the present one go. The boy brightened up and took hold with a will. He got on famously until he reached the last verse, when, pausing, a look of consternation overcame his countenance and he dropped the book, exclaiming in a doleful voice, '*Why here are them three accursed fellows again!*' The trio stopped, and some of their friends say it was a fair hit.

"This is the last rose of summer!" exclaimed a wag, as he tore from his hat on the 22d of August.

Let a man do his best, and the world may do its worst.

JACKSON BOOTS and SEYMOUR SLIPPERS.

One of our patriotic clergy of this city lately said that he had looked with great hope to the Chicago Convention, thinking that they might start a patriotic movement that would unite the heart of the nation and break down the old party walls. But he was bitterly disappointed. All that was necessary was to build a hickory platform, raise the old flag over it, and hang a pair of Andrew Jackson's old boots on the flagstaff. Instead of hickory, we had at Chicago a platform made of the old flag, there was no shoe that was so dim and uncertain as to puzzle the lookers-on to tell what it was the Stars and Stripes or Andrew and Boz: instead of Andrew Jackson's old boots, there was "Jeff Davis's" brass-inlaid slippers—slippery enough they were too.

THE ONION AND THE UNION.

DR. OGDEN gave the Centennial Address before the Fairfield County farmers at Norwalk, Connecticut, September 28—the very day which signalized the great farming interest next to the country, and the immense power of patriotic feeling which the Revolutionary times and in the whole of our national history. He said he had heard of a few cases of disaffected farmers who dispersed at once when the present rebellion broke out, because the price of onions fell in the first panic. The true farmer, he said, is above such baseness, and cares not only for his crops, but for his country. He likes to sell the onion, but he will not sell the Union. He may think that *great is the Onion, but greater is that which prefer is the Union.*

Lord Brougham told the following anecdote at the late meeting of the Social Science Congress: Horne Tooke was sitting in a box at the play one day when he marked a hostile, brandishing a large-bladed knife in his hand. The hostile said, "Sir, am Mr. Horne Tooke, are you not?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said the lunatic, "I will soon put an end to your existence." Tooke answered, "If you do you will suffer for it." "Oh," said the madman, "I came out of Bedlam's asylum without Colter the day I can't punish me." Horne Tooke rejoined, with great tact, "Then I suppose you intend to have that a law was passed only (other day saying that all lunatics should be hanged?" "No, I didn't hear," replied the madman, instantly throwing down the knife in a tremor and sinking out of the room.

A bull is good eating in any land. Here is a fine one produced by the *Indépendance* in a burst of fine writing: "A hundred thousand hearts were beating as they witnessed the ascent of Nadar; a hundred thousand eyes were watching the progress of the balloon. Every one knew that each possessor of a heart was either shutting one eye or had but one eye, like the Cyclops Polyphemus.

Lord Norbury was celebrated equally for his wit and his severity as a criminal judge. At one time, as a special commission was sitting in the city to try the culprits in one of the Irish rebellions, he had in course of a sitting convicted a great many. As you going on at such a rapid rate, my lord," said a counsel for the prisoners. "Yes," answered his unfeeling lordship, "seven leaps an hour."

THE TOPER'S AUTUMN SOLILOQUY.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And to skies have I;
The autumn has a time,
Both comes of getting dry.

But here's the difference 'twixt you and me,
I fall more herder and more frequently.

Why is a lurky hillaid-player like an anchor?—Because he holds the ground entirely by fluke.

"Sambo, am you posted in natural sciences?" "Oh course I is; sartingly." "Then you can tell me the cause of the great heat in summer, for the hot sun you says?" "Oh! dat's easy enough. It's all owing to de rot-tater-y motion of de earth."

A PARISIAN advertises photographs giving to the physiognomy the effects of the full moon shining on the face. He says the softness that the moon produces is remarkable. There is no moon in Paris.

A poor Frenchman being aroused from sleep by his wife, with the cry, "Get up, Baptiste, there's a robber in the house," called out, "Don't let us molest him, if he can ransack the house, and if he should find any thing of value we'll take it from him."

A company of French players were giving one of Racine's plays, in which it became necessary to have a number of German soldiers introduced. Unfortunately for the effect, Not one of them men understood the French language, with characteristic John-Bullism applauded to interrupt the progress of the piece. At the most solemn part of the piece the prompter gave the order to go off. "Bother," said he, but the German soldiers, hearing nothing of the play, mistook the word for "donder," whereupon all the soldiers began shaking fists at the astonishment of the assembly of the audience, and, it is to be presumed, to the disgust of the actors, who made their efforts to move their auditors to tears rendered abortive by the blunder.

When is a candle likely to be angry?—When it's put out, to be sure.

An old Irishman who had witnessed the effect of whisky for many years past, sold a bottled labeled whisky containing a thousand eggs in solution.

"George, do you know that Mr. Jones has found a beautiful baby on his door-step, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, pa; for Mrs. Jones's stepsons, would be cruel."

A young lady has discovered the reason why married men, from the age of thirty years and upward, are more or less bald. It is because the hair oil in dismay at their wives long tailliners' bills!

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics that, when statesmen get into place, they often become oblivious of their solemnities as to the negation of their vile relatives.

Tom Hood says nothing spoils a holiday like a Sunday cent or a new pair of boots. To have time set apart, your garments must set the example.

Henry Erskine happening to be retained for a client of the name of Good, began his speech in support of the cause thus: "Erskine, my friend, the defendant, my lord"—and upon proceeding on he was interrupted by Insticiar in court, which was increased when the Judge (Lord Kaimes) exclaimed: "Tickle him yourself, Harry; you are as able to do so as I am."

A gentleman afflicted with rheumatism consulted a physician, who recommended change of air as a prescription. As the patient was going away the doctor called him back, and said: "Remember, my prescription happens to be official you say relief, please to let me know, as I am myself afflicted, for a time, with rheumatism, and have tried in vain to cure it."

"What's fashionable, I'll maintain
Is always right," cries sprightly Jane:
"Ah, would to Heaven!" cries graver Sue,
"What's right were fashionable too."

A traveler coming up to an inn door, said: "Pray, friend, are you the master of this house?"—"Yes, Sir," answered Boniface, "my wife has been dead these three weeks."

During the riots of 1780 most persons in London, in order to save their houses from being burned or pulled down, wrote on the doors, "No Popery!" Old Grimaldi, the father of the celebrated "Joey," to avoid all mistakes, wrote on his, "No Religion!"

REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I can not think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

MR. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free-and-easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of ——, without any invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose the other had asked him, and so it turned out.

When ladies wore their dresses very low and very short, a wit observed that "they began too late and ended too soon."

A gentleman gave a friend some fantastic veto, which the latter, after reading, laughing on remark upon it. The owner, disgusted at his friend's want of appreciation, next offered some sober verses, which he read aloud and no sooner tasted then he exclaimed that it was excellent wine. "But you have said nothing of the verses," remarked the host. "Oh!" replied the other, "the first required no thinking and the last, I spoke for itself. I thought the second wanted a trumpeter."

MRS. Smith, hearing strange sounds, inquired of her new servant if she understood the fire. "Yes, mum," answered she, replied Becky, quite innocently; "I never lay awake long enough to dislike."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

On Thursday, October 28, General Grant moved his entire army for the purpose of finding an other flank some distance beyond that in front of Petersburg. The movement is neither directed nor a fortunate issue.

On Friday, October 28, the Fifth and Sixth corps advanced in three separate columns. The Second Corps by a circuitous route from the north of Hatcher's Run, and thence northwestwardly to Hatcher's Run, three miles beyond the extreme left. Here they met the enemy, drawn up in thick lines, forty or more, including a major, were captured. The Second Corps, after a severe engagement, struck the Boydton road, along which the enemy has been massing troops to strike into the rebel rear at Petersburg. The Fifth Corps advanced by a more direct route, and reached the Boydton road on the right of the Second. The Sixth, under command of the Ninth Corps, which moved up to the right of the Fifth. The Fifth Corps, after a severe struggle of hard, steady fighting, gained advantage to us, as it secured possession of several commanding positions, and the enemy was completely cut across the Southside Railroad. The rebels, withdrawing their forces from Petersburg, to the number of 30,000, fell upon the Second and Fifth corps, attacked with great fury, but in vain. They were repulsed with the loss of a rebel Major-General's Division of Hill's Corps. Fighting under cover of the woods, the rebel division advanced at first gained an advantage, and inflicting on the Second Corps a momentary check, but the attack was finally repulsed, though Grant was compelled to withdraw. At the close of the day the enemy made a whole brigade of prisoners, captured by the Second Corps. The rebel cavalry followed the Federals as they withdrew, but inflicted no injury. The enemy's loss was about 1500. We took 800 prisoners and four battle-flags.

The same day Butler's army north of the James commenced with the extreme on his left by a movement on the extreme right. In the morning the Eighteenth Corps, under General Ord, in advance of cavalry, passed across the Darbytown to the Charles City Road, having orders to move down the latter road, and attack the rear and flank of the enemy's left flank, and to turn it if possible.

The Tenth Corps, on the main line, took a position on the Darbytown Road, facing toward Richmond, Foster's Division on the centre, and Ames's on the right. The rebels were a little distance in front, under cover of the woods. Skirmishers were kept up until day.

By 4 P.M. Weitzel, with the Eighteenth Corps, had advanced through the Charles City Road, and reached the Williamsburg Road, not far from the "Seven Pines" battle-field. The enemy's line on this road was found to be weakly defended, and two brigades were ordered to attempt to break it. At two o'clock the two brave brigades were became exposed to a terrible cross-fire. Soon after the attack made good their return, but the greater part of the two brigades were captured. Four miles farther on the right the Tenth Corps advanced. Ames's men, at the same time, a rebellion mounting two guns. Orders were given to withdraw to the entire evening to return to their intrenchments.

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

October 17 General Rosencrans assumed command of the military division of the West. In an address issued to his command he says:

"The army of Sherman still defiantly holds Atlanta. He will not be driven from it. He will not go for the good people of Georgia and the surrounding States to speak like men, and the rights of the brave. We now command provisions. There are men enough in the country to feed and able for the service to accomplish this return.

"To all such I earnestly appeal to report promptly to their respective commands, and to them who are not to be sure to it that none remain who are able to strike a blow in the critical hour of danger. To those soldiers, I say, who are absent from their commands without leave, I appeal to you by the memory of your comrades who have fallen, by the pain of the wounded, by the agonies of the captives at Andersonville, by the memory of the loved ones at home, by your own honor, by your love of country, by your love of God, to return to your colors and to your duty.

"To all such as shall report to their respective commands within ten days from the date of this order, I promise that no further punishment than the loss of pay for the time absent. To those who are absent beyond ten days and not reported, I promise to be merciful. To those who shall be absent beyond twenty days as unmercy is hereby granted. My appeal is made to you as soldiers and citizens, to come forward freely, cheerfully, and with good heart to the defense of the flag.

General Hood, after an unsuccessful attack on Decatur, has been reported to be crossing the Tennessee.

General Meredith, commanding at Pedcoah, has repulsed Forrest's force from Tuscumbia. General Forrest was meditating an attack on that place. Paducah is being made a thoroughly safe place of defense.

General Gillem a few days since gained a victory over a force of Breckinridge's forces in Tennessee. He captured M'Minnig's battery and 500 prisoners.

General Steele still continues his retreat northward. Pleasanton, who has been engaged in pursuit, was injured in a fall and has to fall back on Little Rock.

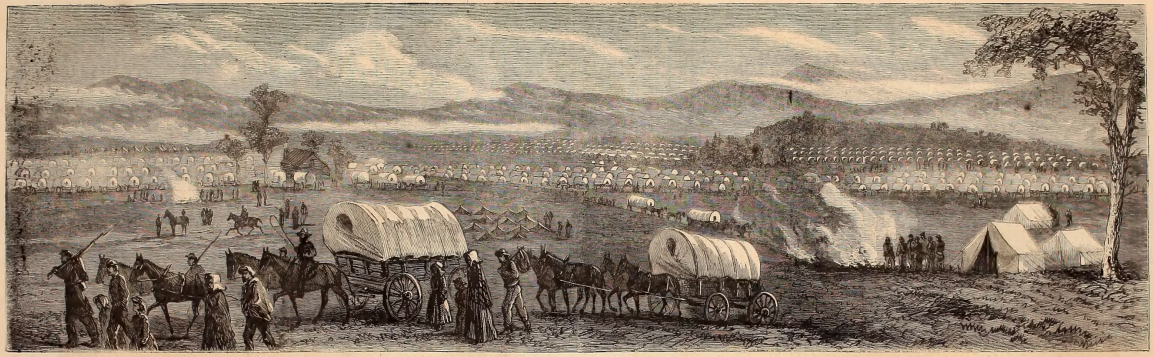
THE REBELS ARMING THEIR SLAVES.

The editor of the *Southern Confederacy*, a Georgian paper, has published a letter from a correspondent in Virginia, to procure brought upon the authorities here, favoring the arming of the blacks. He has been too strong to resist. Hence it is with gratitude that I am able to state officially that measures have been taken, and are being made for the raising complete, three hundred thousand slaves, whose services are to be compensated by the Confederate Government. The slaves thus armed are to have their freedom at the close of the war, and to themselves their permanent homes in the South."

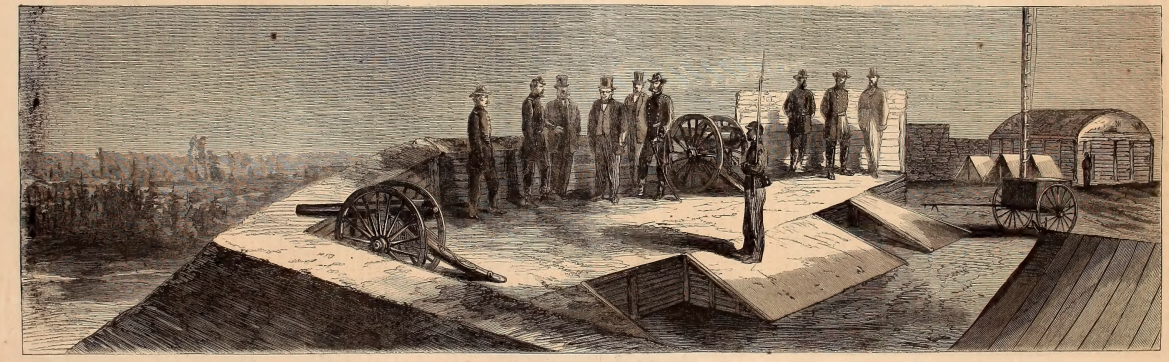
THE ADMISSION OF STATE OF NEVADA.

The Territory of Nevada, which has just been admitted to the Union as a State, in proclamation of President Lincoln, was organized by act of Congress in 1861, from portions about ten thousand square miles were appropriated from the northern portion of Utah Territory, and about seventy thousand from Washington Utah.

At the date of its organization the Territory possessed a population of very nearly 7000 white settlers. The discovery of her mineral resources was rapid and almost without parallel, and attracted a constant stream of immigration to the Territory. As in all mining districts she has been subject to the fluctuations from which mining districts have suffered, the growth of Nevada has been found to be steady. At the last census enumeration there were nearly 11,000 votes were cast; during the present year great accession to the population have been made.



VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH—GENERAL SHERIDAN'S WAGON TRAINS AT EARLY MORNING.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]



SECRETARIES STANTON AND FESSENDEN VISITING GENERAL MEADE'S WORKS IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, OCTOBER 17, 1864.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES H. CHAPIN.—[SEE PAGE 734.]

HOW THE COPPERHEADS OBTAIN THEIR VOTES.—[See First Page.]

A PICTURE IN WATER-COLORS.

BY MILES O'REILLY.

'Twas a bright expanse of water
Where the Quaker's gentle daughter
Every summer morning sought her
Bath of beauty, light, and grace;
Quite a fleet of drifted lilies
Danced above the mimic billows,
And a screen of drooping willows
Curtained close the bathing-place.

In my skiff at random floating,
Rod and line but little noting—
Ah! what subtle charm had loading
Since the bathing-place was known!
I across the lake was drifted,
While with life my fancy gifted
Every lily-shoulder lifted
White and dimpled as her own!

"Ah, how clear!" I muttered, eying
Many a colored pebble lying
Far below, and vainly trying
On some book to fix my thought;
"Now some good breeze hither winging,
Set you silver curtain swinging—
Coolness to the bather bringing!"
But the good breeze answered not.

Homeward o'er the meadows tripping,
All the lovelier for her dipping,
Soon I saw the maiden skipping,
While sad gravity, when we met:
"Friend, thou'rt strangely fond of boating;"
And my weak heart quailed on noting
That serious laughter floating
In the eyes of my coquette.

BUYING A RECRUIT.

The blasting afternoon sunshine drew lines of moving gold across the velvet grass at Central Park—the air, just touched with a keen suspicion of coming frosts, was full of October sweetness; and the full tide of metropolitan fashion was rolling down the drive, while Jervis Payne leaned against a rustic iron chair at the junction of two broad roads, and surveyed the "turn-outs" with a critical eye.

"Heigho!" sighed Mr. Payne, drearily, "it's rather tiresome work standing here, and not seeing a soul one knows. It's a dreadful bore not having any thing to do, one's self! I wish I was a rope-dancer—or a policeman—or one of those chaps in blue overalls, pegging away at the stone-wall on Fifth Avenue. What—why, hullo, Maurice Almy, this is never you!"

For a stylish little carriage with one gentleman driving in front, and a solemn servant with folded arms occupying the back seat, conjointly with a velvet-draped dog, had dashed close up to him with a sudden check.

"Whom else should it be?" demanded a clear, merry voice. "Jump up quick; these horses want feathers to hold in; and I feel quite conscious that two months in bed don't make a fellow any stronger than he was before! Are you all right? Then lore goes!"

"But, Almy," stammered the astounded Jervis, "I thought you were laid up for all winter."

"No! it takes more than a chance bullet-hole to use me up."

"But your foot—"

"Oh, it's healing up all right. A little painful yet; and I shall be lame for life if I take more than two months of practice to convince myself that a crutch is better than a foot. However—"

"I suppose I must call you Major Almy now," said Payne, lightly touching the glittering insignia on his companion's broad shoulder. Almy's brow contracted.

"*Major* Almy, off duty for the rest of his life! Oh, if I were not the lowest private in my regiment, to be able to strike another blow for the cause I honor! See here, Jervis Payne! what are you doing with a time all to kill? Why don't you enlist? Come! go in my vacant place!"

Jervis Payne shook his head with a calmness that was exquisitely irritating to the enthusiastic young officer.

"We don't look at the thing in the same light, Maurice."

"Jervis Payne, don't give me reason to suspect that you have joined the crew of Copper 'ads! Remember I'm strong enough yet to pitch you out of the carriage!"

Payne smiled.

"Gently, Almy; we shall both have our necks broken if you drive in that hap-hazard style!"

"Then I am to suppose you don't care a sliver for the country?"

"Oh yes; I love my country well enough," yawned Payne. "Don't I pay my income-tax, and give a quarter to every old impostor that comes to the door an army-bale suit and a mile-log in about the hospital he has just been discharged from? Of course I'm patriotic enough, and all that sort of thing; but that's no reason I should go and hunt big head up against Jeff Davis's cannon!"

"And you call yourself a citizen of the American Republic?"

"I take that liberty."

"And avail yourself unblushingly of the privileges of a country which you are unwilling to uphold?"

"Hold on there!—there are two sides to that argument, if you please. How very pretty Miss Aubrey looks to-night, and what a gracious smile she gave you! They say she's uncommonly sweet on you, Maurice—eh?"

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Major Almy, vexed to feel the blood mounting to his pale cheek.

"There!" pursued Payne, "she's turned half way round to look at that interesting crutch of yours. It's a great thing to be a wounded hero! With plenty of money. But, as I was saying—"

"Yes, as you were saying—"

"What's the use of tramping off to the wars myself, when I've paid money enough to hire half a dozen Irishmen to stand up and be shot at."

"But we don't want money—we want men."

"Meaning that you want me. No, I thank you!"

"Jervis, I never thought you were a coward."

"Now, look here, Almy!" exclaimed Payne, roused at last into the semblance of energy, "that's not fair. I am not a red-hot fanatic on the subject of war, neither do I pretend to be. You are one of the fiery, dashing fellows that fairly enjoy marching up to a line of fixed bayonets. Fighting is your element—you like the fun!"

"The *fun*," repeated Almy, in a low, grave voice, glancing down at the bandaged stump that lay on a cushion close to the dash-board.

"Well, I mean, of course, the excitement of the thing. It is no sacrifice for you to turn soldier, and draw your pay in glory, trumpet blasts from all the papers, a major's shoulder-straps, and a bouquet for your sick room every day, with Miss Aubrey's card stuck into it. It's not so disagreeable to fight for one's country on such terms as those! But I mean to say that, when it comes to the fact of real, disagreeable self-denial, you wouldn't be any readier than I am. As I said before, it is a matter of personal taste. Let the country call upon Major Maurice Almy to sow wood or cut out army coats at a dollar a day for its hospital matters would wear altogether a different aspect!"

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"I should just like a fair trial—that's all!"

"Should you? Well, then, listen to me," said Payne, with the easy affability of a man patronizingly disliked: "You are an ingrain aristocrat, Maurice Almy, with fastidious tastes that a thousand years of soldier-like valor could not alter. Don't shake your head—I know you better than you know yourself. Now, I'm willing to make a bargain with you."

"State your terms."

"Do you know old Raeburn, the shoemaker?"

"Do I know him? No, I believe I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance; but I know where your mansion is, and I know, whom the ladies rather like to patronize, in ——Street!"

"Old Raeburn is very much in want of a clerk in his store, to sell shoes, and take in the cash, and keep his accounts, besides doing any other dirty work that comes uppermost."

"Is he? What the mischief is that to me?"

"Just this. If you will take the position and fulfill its duties, I will buy you a substitute."

"Me!—In Isaac Raeburn's store!"

"—I will enlist the next day," pursued Payne, with a sudden flash of energy in the probability he saw his proposal being for an instant entertained.

"Now we shall see whether Major Maurice Almy really loves his country one whit better than I."

"You're in earnest?" asked Almy, turning round so as to look full into his companion's sarcastic eye.

"Of course I am."

"Well, then, agreed! When do my duties commence?"

"Not just yet, of course—your foot—"

"Oh, hang my foot! Say next week."

"Yes; but mind you, this is a bet between us. You go in as Raeburn's *bona fide* clerk, not as a knight of romance, fulfilling some rash vow."

"All right! I'll be clerk in the store."

"You'll never screw up courage to face your fashionable acquaintance behind old Raeburn's counter. It's a capital joke now, but it will lose its point when the time comes. I am quite safe."

Almy laughed and touched up his horses as they dashed into Bloomingdale Road.

"Mind," ejaculated Payne, as he dismounted from the carriage, "it is to be a whole day."

"Two, if you like."

"No, one will be sufficient; I merely wish to test the matter." And he walked away, mentally chuckling to think how neatly he had cornered the haughty young officer, whose mustache and horses were the best "gotten up" in Central Park.

"Maurice, what on earth have you been doing to yourself?" cried Carrie Delmont? Why do you wear that absurd old gray suit?"

Mary Almy held up both hands in dismay. Maurice himself was scarcely less disconcerted; he had not reckoned on this rencounter.

"My dear Polly, I thought you were safely packed off for three weeks in Albany."

"But I had to come back for my reticule. There's no hurry; I don't miss the train. Seriously, Maurice, what is the meaning of this masquerade?"

"Only one of my idiosyncrasies, as Carrie Dewey used to say. Don't scold me, Mary. I wonder what has ever become of her! I think she was the prettiest little creature I ever saw."

Mary Almy's face grew grave; she had hoped her brother had forgotten the boy-and-girl-attachment of four ago, broken abruptly off by the worldly-minded guardian, who had Carrie Dewey's pale blue eyes were scarcely an equivalent for the wealth of the Almys.

"Maurice, Maurice! Why, Parker will be ashamed to drive you out!"

"I should be sorry to hurt Parker's delicate feelings; but fortunately I am not going to order the carriage; I shall take an omnibus."

"With your foot!"

Maurice put his hand caressingly on his sister's arm—

"Polly, how many of the wounded men in our regiment do you suppose keep a carriage? And yet they contrive to exist very comfortably."

Mary made a little grimace; but she remembered the railroad time-table, and hurried down stairs, greatly to her brother's relief.

"Major Almy a clerk in Raeburn's store! I don't believe a word of it!"

Miss Edith Aubrey gave the plume on her velvet hat a little contemptuous toss.

"But I tell you, Edith, I saw him there," said Mrs. Melville, delighted at having come into possession of such an invaluable morsel of gossip, "selling a box of corn-plaster to old Dr. Jeffreys. You may depend on it that this fine fortune has all blown up—how true it is that riches have wings! After all Mary Almy's airs and graces, to think of her brother in a shoe-store!"

"But isn't he entitled to some sort of pension?"

"My dear, the always are just the kind of people to refuse any such trifling help from Government, and rely entirely on their own exertions. As proud as Lucifer, every one of 'em! Let me—be changes in this world! Wouldn't you like to go round there, Edith? I left my glove on purpose."

Maurice Almy, apparently consulting his watch, and marveling at the slow motion of its hour-hand, when Mr. Raeburn's shrill, cracked voice summoned him with a comical air of authority.

"Young man, young man, I say! you'll never learn shoe-lacing at that rate if you stand dawdlin' there. Just look on the shelf under the counter, and give me a pair of them No. 8 calf-skins!"

Maurice stooped with some difficulty, laughing mentally at his own vexation as he did so. The next moment he started nervously as Miss Aubrey's face appeared on the other side of the counter, reached his ear.

Of course there never was any thing more than a flirtation between us. Fancy me being tied for life to a poor soldier with only one foot!"

"Well, I suppose," pursued Mrs. Melville, "you know people *will* talk, and—" She stopped abruptly, and touched her companion's elbow. "There he is!—do you suppose he hears us, Edith?"

Miss Aubrey's cheeks were like scarlet as she acknowledged Almy's bow with the least possible nod.

"I left a glove here, I believe," began Mrs. Melville. "Oh, thank you; that's all!"

There was no other carrier an ignominious retreat, while Maurice looked after them with a curious smile.

"Please, Sir, mammy wants a pair o' leather shoe-strings. How much be they?" asked a ragged old whose eyes were long on a level with the counter.

Maurice turned the box of leather strings dubiously this way and that.

"Five cents a piece they are marked."

"Oh dear!" lamented the little one, "and I ain't got but four!"

"Never mind—it's all right," returned the clerk, absently, tossing the little paper parcel across the counter.

"All right! It's all wrong, *I* say!" croaked Raeburn, turning livid with wrath, as he scrambled out of his high stool in time to see the ragged calico skirts disappearing down the street. "Why didn't you send her house for tother penny? What do you mean by sellin' our first-class articles under price?"

"Really, Sir," said Almy, coloring, "I didn't suppose it was of any such importance."

"Dear me, dear me!" groaned the old man; "you'll never answer my purpose in the world. I took you for a soldier—Mr. Payne, and out o' charity—'tisn't every man who would employ a clerk who has to go on a crutch—and this is the way you repay my money. Now, I just give you fair warnin'; you've got to toe the mark a little straighter!"

He broke off, and shuffled smilingly down the store to attend a customer, while Maurice Almy pocketed a strong inclination to resign his post by a still stronger recollection of the recruit he was purchasing.

"No! twelve o'clock yet! Will the day never come to an end?" he pondered, slowly obeying the imperious gesture of his employer, and advancing to meet a plain looking girl in a shabby black dress who crept meekly up to the counter.

"Are my shoes mended yet?" she asked, without looking up, "in the name was Dewey."

"Carrie!"

She started, with a wild, frightened glance.

"Mr. Almy!"

The ubiquitous Raeburn pushed forward a pair of worn little goaties, embellished with a black leather patch on the side.

"Fifteen cents," was his brief commentary.

Maurice took the worn quarter which Carrie laid down, and his cheek flushed as he laid it in the money drawer, and returned a dingy ten-cent stamp.

"Don't go yet, Carrie," he pleaded, inwardly execrating the fate that kept him a prisoner in the dark little store. "Tell me where you are, and what you are doing!"

"I live in W—— Street," said Carrie, venturing to lift her blue eyes to Maurice's face, "and I am coloring photographs for Mr. Wood."

"As you see," he returned, "I am a clerk in a shoe store."

She paused and hesitated a moment; then spoke in a hurried, embarrassed tone as her eye rested on his worn and pallid features.

"Oh, Maurice!" she said; "you don't like to tell me all, but I see it nevertheless. You are ill—you are lame—you are afraid you are in want. We read in the papers about how you were wounded, but I never thought you could be poor. We are very poor too, but I have a little money laid up. Oh, Maurice! if you would only take it for the sake of old times. Indeed, indeed I don't want it."

Maurice felt a choking sensation in his throat as he looked into the shy, lovely face, flushed with its pitying mode of appeal.

"No, you dear little Fairy Bountiful," he said, trying to smile gayly, "I don't want your hard-earned money; but I may want something else one of these days."

"What, Maurice?"

"Can't you guess?"

She turned away with a fresh glow on her cheek, and tripped out of the store, holding the worn little gaiters tightly under her shawl, while Maurice found it harder than ever to sell shoe-strings, rubber sandals, and cork-soles to his master's satisfaction.

At length the "long, long, weary day" darkened into night, and Mr. Raeburn, whose monthly gas-bills were sharper to his soul than a serpent's tooth, prepared to close his establishment.

Maurice Almy was counting up the day's receipts, with his employer's sharp face close to his shoulder, when Jervis Payne came in.

"Well, old fellow!" was his first greeting.

"Well, Payne. Thirty-seven dollars seven and sixpence, Sir."

"Yes, all right, young man. You'll be here early in the morning?"

"If you want me, Mr. Raeburn," said Payne, "I'm much obliged to you for giving him the day's trial, but I hardly think you'll suit each other."

Mr. Raeburn glanced at the big clock that hung from the store. It was a problem beyond his powers of solution.

"Almy," ejaculated Payne, as they passed into the cheerful glare of Broadway, "you've got more brass-buttons than I had any idea of."

"Thank you," returned Almy, dryly.

"I give up. I confess myself fairly defeated. I'll enlist to-morrow morning. Tell me, though, wasn't it a hard day's work?"

"Rather; but I have done harder."

"I've been guilty of your crime, old fellow," said Payne, with rather a decorous accent.

"I have gained something else too."

"What, pray?"

"Never mind just now. Perhaps I'll tell you one of these days. Jervis Payne," he added, with singular emphasis, "you have done me the greatest favor I ever received in my life through this odd freak of yours."

"Well, it was an odd idea," owned Payne, frankly. "I never supposed you'd have the nerve and resolution to carry it through. Now you see set the women's tongues wagging to be sure! Edith Aubrey is going round from place to place telling people that I never meant to be a substitute between you."

"She is quite right; and she might add that there never will be!" said Almy, compressing his lips, while in his eyes there sparkled a depth of quiet scorn that Payne had never before seen.

"Won't she start, though, to-morrow, when she sees you driving in Central Park, with old Parker sitting as upright as ever than a coward!" he added Payne, bursting into a laugh. "I'd give a nice little sum to see her face."

People had not got through marveling at the unaccountable enlistment of Jervis Payne when the sudden marriage of Major Almy supplied them with fresh matter for wonder. And when Private Payne, just come in from picket duty among the pine woods of Fairfax Court House camp, received a long letter containing the wedding-cards of Maurice Almy and Carrie Dewey, he guessed shrewdly at the "something else" which Maurice had gained on the eventful day when he bought his recruit.

'FALSE HOPE.

God gave me from mine enemy,
I pray we ne'er may meet again.
She has been worse than foe to me;
And yet, if we should meet again
I should believe her to my bane.

She has been worse than foe to me,
With promised love and present pain,
Till love seem'd only made for hate,
And truth was known to be in vain:
I did believe her, to my bane.

or clear eyes look'd so lovingly.
She came with such a hasty strain,
f her lips—so sweet, so sweet to me—
Left upon mine a poison bain:
I did believe her, to my bane.

She has been worse than foe to me;
Yet I should love her o'er again
If we should meet—dear Injury!
Men call her Hope—but she is Pain.
Pray God we may not meet again!

A ROMANCE OF LIMA.

Many years ago a young Englishman, a medical student named Astley, went to Lima. The love of romance was inherent in his nature, and he met with in his own country was too tame to satisfy it. Proud of the profession for which he was studying, and trusting to it for his subsistence, strong-hearted in body and in mind, he left England with a bold heart, and this was the life he led, and what came of it.

At a time when the difficulty of procuring subjects for dissection and study was very great, and when to procure them honestly was impossible, at the prejudice against dissection was so strong that no one was willing to submit his body or any one connected with him to examination, it is well known that there were men who made it their business to supply the want by stealth, making use, in place of the newly-buried, which they sold to surgeons, medical students, or indeed to any one who stood in need of the ghastly commodity.

This class, known as "body snatchers" and "resurrectionists," has died out, and society is happily now little prejudice against what has been triumphantly proved to be a necessary branch of scientific study; but at the time of our story their hideous work was a thriving and profitable one.

Richard Astley, in common with the rest of the professional students of his time, was careless, and many times in the black night his door was opened to those who did not knock, but who were expected and waited for, and who, entering silently, stealthily deposited a dread burden upon the table prepared for its reception. Old and young, men, women, and children, all in turn lay upon that grim table, and Astley's skilful instruments cut their way to secrets that were destined to benefit the living.

Though he was not hard-hearted, it was not unnatural that in time he should grow so much accustomed to the sight of his fellow-men as to feel nothing but a momentary pity as he put aside the

clustering curls of inferior, or uncovered the face of a man struck down in the glory of his years.

One night, as many nights before, the stealthy visit was paid, and Archy took his lamp to examine the new subject. Neither strong man nor tender child this time, but a young and beautiful woman. The dead face was so lovely that it did not seem possible that light in the closed eyes, and color in the pale lips and cheeks, could make it lovelier. The fair hair had fallen back, and gave no shade to the white brow, and the long fair lashes lay in a thick fringe upon the violet-tinted underlids.

She was very tall and slender, and her hands—one of which hung down as she lay upon the table —were long and gracefully shaped. As Astley lifted the hand to look at her head, he thought how beautiful it must once have been, since now, when there was not the faintest rose-tint to relieve the deathly pallor of it, it was so exquisite. She wore one garment, a long flannel shroud, very stealthy made, through which scanty drapery the outline of the slender limbs was distinctly visible, and below which her delicate feet were seen, bare to the ankle.

Astley was troubled as he had never been before. The idea of treating this beautiful corpse as he had done all others brought to him in like manner was repulsive to him, and he recoiled from it as from the thought of sacrilege. But how could he rid himself of the lovely incubus? It was possible that the man who had brought it might be induced to take it back again, and if they should refuse—but he was incapable of distinct thought upon the subject, and could only determine that in any case the beautiful *thing* before him should be treated with reverence and respect. He gently covered it from head to foot with a long white cloth, and locking the door of communication between his bedroom and that in which it lay, threw himself upon his bed without undressing, for the night was nearly gone.

But his sleep was broken, and his dreams were feverish, and in some way all connected with what lay in the next room. Now it seemed to him that a gifted fairy, with the locked door, with hands folded on its breast, and eyes still fast closed, and stood by his bedside, and put on the dress was that he had opened a vein in one of the delicate arms, and that warm, living blood poured fast from it, and finally he awoke with a cry of horror from a ghastly dream that he had entered the room, and found that some unknown hand had anticipated him in the work of dissection.

The horror was upon him after he woke to know it was a dream, and opening the door he looked in upon the dead. No change there of any kind. The long sheeted figure lay in the half light of dawn as he had seen it in the lamplight, very straight and still.

It was not until nearly noon that Astley raised the covering to look once again upon the beautiful dead, and when he did so he saw with wonder that unmixed with terror, that a change had come upon it. The dead had not till what it might be; the deathly pallor was there still, but in some way the face was not the same. He looked into it long and curiously, and saw a change had passed over the eyes, for though they were still fast shut, they looked now as though closed in sleep rather than in death. He lifted an eyelid tenderly with his finger; there was not death in the eye; unconsciousness, trance, there might be, but not death.

He was certain now that she was not dead, though he could find no life in her pulses. For hours he strove to call back the spirit, until at last the room returned, and warmth, and life, and she lay before him sleeping tranquilly like a child. He had placed her on his bed, and sat by her side with a throbbing heart to await her awakening.

She slept so long, and in the waning light looked so pale that he feared she was again about to fall into the strange deathly trance from which he had with so much difficulty recovered her. In his terror of that he could not for her to wake, and the sound of his cry awoke her with a start.

He had prepared a speech that was to calm and reassure her when she woke bewildered, but he found self so strangely clothed and lodged; but she no more needed calming and reassuring than an infant too young to know the meaning of fear. The woman. She looked round with a wondering gaze that was almost childlike, and her eye resting upon Astley she sat up in the bed and asked him in his own language for food. It was evident that she had no recollection of illness, and another anxiety nor curiosity as to her present position.

She ate the food which was brought to her with appetite, and would have risen from the bed, apparently unconscious that she wore no garment but a shroud, had not Astley persuaded her to lie down and sleep again.

He left her sleeping, and went to another room profoundly puzzled. Here was living beauty in woman, ignorant, and almost helpless as a child, thrown upon him for protection, as it was clear that she did not remember any thing which would lead to the discovery of her friends. It was possible that her senses had left her altogether, never to return; the lovely creature might be a harmless idiot for the rest of her days. Her speaking English was another puzzle. She might be an Englishwoman—her beauty was certainly of the Saxon type—or she might only have learned the English language; but if so, how came that knowledge to have been retained when all else seemed gone?

His perplexity was interrupted by the entrance of the cause of it. She stood at the door wrapped round in one of the bed coverings, looking at him with a sweet, childish, vacant expression that was touching in its helplessness. "I want to tell you something," he thought, as she stood apparently waiting for him to speak; "her name shall be Mary."

"Are you better, Mary, and will you sit in this chair?"

She paid no attention to the inquiry, but took the offered seat, and began silently rocking herself to and fro. It had such a ghastly effect to see her there by the lamplight, robed in the long white drapery, with her beautiful face still pale, though no longer deathly, rocking herself in silence, that Astley felt a sensation very like fear thrill through him. He must do something, for he could not bear this. He took up a book, the first that came to hand—it was an English one—and offered it to her, asking if she would like to read.

She took it with a childlike smile, and laying it open upon her knees began to flutter the leaves backward and forward, playing idly with them.

"Good Heaven!" said Astley to himself, "she is mad, imbecile at any rate; I must do something with her."

But it was impossible to think with her before him, and, taking her by the hand, he said;

"Now, Mary, you must go back to bed, to-morrow—"

She did not wait for the end of the sentence, but rose at once to do as she was bidden, threw down the book, and letting fall the coverlet that had enveloped her, walked quietly back to the inner room.

Astley fastened the door, and felt as if he were going mad from sheer bewilderment. She must have clothes the very first thing, and now she knew they lay in the room without taking none into his confidence? Even if he knew where to go for them, he knew nothing of what a woman's clothes should be. It was evident then that some one must be told of the extraordinary adventure, and it was equally evident that it must not be a person to whom he could be ashamed to confess, or who would be afraid to practical help of a kind no man could give him.

The matter was discussed before he could arrange any settled plan, and finally he decided that he could not if he would rid himself of the charge of her, therefore he must keep her in his house, and he would tell all to the woman who acted as his housekeeper, who chanced to be absent at the time, but who might be now returning. But very day. He would bind her to secrecy by the most solemn oath he could devise, and if she refused to keep it—he would be now in a terrible scrape, and this seemed the best thing to be done. The woman knew nothing, in the day, of the mystery locked all, and implored her assistance. To his great relief she agreed at once to do all that lay in her power for the unfortunate. After the first arrangements made, Astley left the house for the day, determined to shake off the unpleasant impression which the whole thing had made upon him.

Returning at night he found Mary comfortably clothed, and looking less pale and ill. His housekeeper told him that she had succeeded exactly like a child, having apparently no idea of assisting herself at all.

It would be impossible to describe minutely how intelligence dawned and grew swiftly in the poor girl's mind. It was not a process resembling that in fancy, but came in fitful snatches. The greatest change came first, when her face brightened from its sweet, listless expression at the sound of Astley's approach, and then she began to wait upon him like a loving child. He devoted himself to her very tenderly, almost as a mother might devote her to her child, and with infinite patience taught her to read and to write. She learned also to sew, and was never tired of working at anything, but what he taught her was learned quickest, best.

Two years passed, and Mary had developed so rapidly that she was equal with other women in knowledge and acquirements, but she had no memory. Astley had given her a name, and she had for the whole story, and urged her to try to recall something of the time before; but it was in vain, her memory would not serve her. At one time this was so happy that they cared little for the past. She was something belonging so entirely to him, even her life owed to him its safety, and lived him so intensely, there being no one in the world whom she knew or loved beside, that he could not fail to see that her affection for him was of the kind that is between them enhanced its charm.

They were married, and still she lived in the same privacy as before, her husband and his love sufficed for every thing, and she shrank from entering a world which she knew nothing of. Astley's acquaintance had long ago decided that if he was not mad, he was at least eccentric enough to make his own arrangements, and they left him to live by, only, leaving him none but a professional circle. He had the reputation of being skilful, and his practice was a large one; his gains were more than he were devoted to his home, which was his heaven.

Two more years passed, years of the most perfect happiness. Mary's memory was nothing from other women, save for that blank existence of more than twenty years. Astley's memory of her was perfect and unstirred. She lived entirely within doors. Astley had one evening taken her for a walk, and had been thrown into sight of a crowd of the poor, and had terrified her so much that he never repeated the experiment.

All time is hanging to introduce his beautiful wife to his old friends and relatives in England was very strong, but the difficulties of explanation, or of secrecy, which he could not bear to practise with her, extreme aversion to the project, always prevailed, and the idea was dismissed as the thing was impossible.

Six years had passed since the eventful night when Mary had been brought dead to Astley's door, when walking one day in the streets of the city, he met an old friend whom he had not seen since his marriage—Holt England. The recognition was mutual, and Astley insisted upon his friend's returning with him to dinner. The invitation was cordially given and heartily accepted. Holt, returning to surprise Mr. Holt by the sudden sight of his wife's loveliness, he said nothing of his being married, judging to himself with his astonishment would be when he saw her.

Though he had anticipated some evidence of surprise, he was quite unprepared for the excess of emotion displayed by Mr. Holt upon his introduction to Mrs. Astley. The color left his face for a moment, and then returning violently dyed it crimson, and the words of acknowledgment were stammered out almost unintelligibly. Astley lost his composure by a strong effort he offered his arm to lead Mrs. Astley to dinner, but she quietly declined it, laying her hand upon her husband's. During the whole time of dinner Mr. Holt scarcely moved his eyes from Mary's face, who did not seem at all disturbed by his intense gaze, and took no notice of her guest beyond what hospitality demanded.

Astley's suspicions were excited long before the meal was concluded, and his heart took a jealous leap as he thought it possible that his friend was falling in love with his beautiful wife. He cursed the impulse which had led him to bring Holt home with him, and busily invented excuses for ridding himself of his guest as soon as was possible.

Holt's agitation increased to positive illness before long, and rising, he asked Astley to accompany him to another room. He was scarcely able to walk, and Astley took him by the arm and asked if he were ill.

"Ill!" he groaned. "I wish I were dead."

He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"You'll think me a fool, Astley, but the likeness of your wife to mine has overcome me."

"Are you married, then?" said Astley. "I did not know."

"I was married eight years ago. I married an English girl with your wife's hair and eyes; her height, too, and with her sweet voice. I brought her over here directly after our marriage, and we lived the happiest life in the world for two years—and then she died."

Astley was silent. He could think of no words of consolation that would not be a mockery to a man who had lost his wife as he had.

"Died," Holt continued, after a pause, "while I was away from her. I had gone a three-days' journey for my health, and returned to find that she had died suddenly immediately after my departure, and was already buried."

"How long ago?" asked Astley, hoarsely. A horrible light was breaking in upon him.

"Six years. I left home on Thursday day. I never even visited her grave, but returned to England at once; and now, after these years, I find your wife to be like her in every feature that my old wound is torn open afresh, and the intolerable anguish has made me cry out in this way."

It should be added that he laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder with a grasp like a vice. His voice was harsh and dry, and his eyes were bloodshot and glaring.

"Holt, for God's sake let us do nothing rashly! Come with me to your wife's grave, and let us be very sure."

Holt looked up and saw all in Astley's face.

"Speak, I say, Astley! this is my wife! Tell me how you met her; speak quickly while I can bear you, for there is the sound of a cataract in my ears that deafens me."

And he fell in a swoon at Astley's feet.

He might have died in it for all Astley could do to revive him. He sat, with blindly staring at the pale face, but was incapable of so much as holding out a hand to him.

And he did tell him, sparing nothing; saying plainly out that she had been brought to him by some unknown hand, and that she had lain like a dead upon his table for a night, sheeted and shrouded like a corpse.

"And you believe her," burst in Holt, who was almost beside himself.

"I saved her life," said Astley, "and she is as sofeet and pure as that of that creation. —"I you come with me to the grave that we may be very sure."

"No, no, no," Holt moaned; the fury was passing away, and giving place to a dull sorrow. "I believe you, Astley, but as certain, more certain than death, that your wife is mine. God help us!"

Which of the man was the most to be pitied?

There were many minutes of horrible silence, in which each heard the beating of his heart like a heavy drum. Holt spoke again.

"I ought to come here. Surely she can not have forgotten me."

"Mary—I tell me! Mary—" It will only distress her." I grieve to say word of horror she has no memory of any thing before the trance."

But when he saw the passion in Holt's face he judged it best to tell him that she should come. Since he chose to hear from her own mouth what he had refused to believe from his friend's, he should do so.

She came quickly at the sound of the loved voice and glided into the room, and with an angel's peace between two evil spirits. She stopped short as she caught sight of Astley's face all drawn and white, with the effort to suppress his emotion, and then threw her arms round his neck with a cry of love and terror.

But he unwound her arms, and for the first time drew back from her embrace.

"Mary, my love—Holt's eyes flashed fire at the terrible words and tone—"tell me, tell Mr. Holt, if you remember any thing in your life before you awoke from your trance at this house?"

"I do not," she said; "I remember nothing. I have said so many times."

"Swear it," cried Holt.

"I swear it," she said, "by my husband, Richard Astley."

Poor Holt! He threw himself at her feet, clasping her knees, and crying passionately:

"Oh, Ethlin! have you forgotten me, your husband, Ewald Holt? Oh, my darling, you must remember me, and how happy we were for that short two years!"

But she broke from his grasp, and threw herself into Astley's arms, crying out:

"Send it m away! Send it m away! She was pale and trembling with terror.

"Let her go!" shouted Holt, or by—"

The oath was interrupted by Astley.

"Holt, God knows I will try to do what is right, and for her sake I ask you to be calm." He placed her in a chair, where she sat weeping for very fright, and went on.

"You shall say all you can to bring the past to her memory, and if she can remember you in the faintest degree I will give up my claim to yours. But if she does not—oh, Holt, I have been rich!" The struggle was an awful one, and shook him as the wind shakes a reed.

"You tell her," said Holt, bitterly; "perhaps she will believe what you say. At any rate, she will listen to it."

It was hard to begin the cruel task; yet for her sake he undertook it, his voice trembling, though the truth still in his will to study it.

"Mary, love, listen. You know that you must have lived more than twenty years before you were brought here that night—"

"I do not know," she said; "I can not remember."

But it must have been so, for you were a woman then."

"I can not understand," she repeated, have no recollection of any thing before."

Astley turned to Holt with a look of agony. "You see how it is; let us end this torture."

"Give me my wife!" said Holt, fiercely.

"You will not take her," Astley cried, as the thought of his doing so against her will struck him for the first time.

"She is mine," said Holt. "Go on; tell her the whole story. If she does not understand, she will believe it when you tell it to her." The sneer with which the words were spoken was a cruel one, but Astley had much need of fortitude, and scarcely knew what he said or did.

And Astley told her all in a few words we looked bewildered.

"It must be true if you say so, but I can not recollect; and, oh, Astley, I love only you."

"She must come with me," shouted Holt, savagely. The demon had got the better of him, and the poor woman, mad with jealous pain, spoke bitter and unjust words, that made the terrified woman clung more closely to Astley for protection.

The scene must be ended for her sake, and Astley besought Holt to leave them till the next day, when, if they could but decide upon what was right, it should be done. For her sake, too, he consented to plead with the frantic man; and seeing that Mary had retired to the inner room, he laid her down, and led Holt from the room, that the sight of her might no longer madden him. His rage died out from simple exhaustion, and throwing himself into a chair he wept like a child.

Astley roused him. "Holt, be a man. This is an awful trial, but I wish to Heaven I had died rather than played my part in it. There are not upon the earth two men so broken-hearted as you and I. Let us exercise all our fortitude, and let us spare what anguish we can to that unhappy woman. Leave me now, and to-morrow I will see you again."

Holt rose from his seat. "I have been a brute, I," he said, as he turned to go.

Astley felt that his grief was but begining, when he tried to explain the whole thing clearly to Mary. The torture of putting it into words was so intense that all before was nothing compared with it. And when at length she comprehended, and asked him if he wished her to leave him, even that question, with slight comprehension of what he endured in telling her that he believed she ought to do so.

Loving as she was, she could not comprehend the sacrifice to duty which Astley was striving to make, and her thorough ignorance of the world rendered it impossible to make her understand what her position would be if she remained where she was. And yet this was the case—as Astley tried to persuade him on no extraordinary, so different from any thing that had ever been in the world before, that no law, human or divine, could apply to it. Mary was silent, and the thought rose dominant, that by whatever mystery of unconsciousness deprived of memory, she was his wife. She looked at him, and with this thought piercing him like a sharp sword, he said that he believed she ought to leave him.

She rose, cold and pointed in a moment, and would have left him then, but at the threshold her spirit failed, and she turned again to throw herself into his arms and sobs.

Night has veiled many sights of woe, the clouds of night and morning times have gathered in sights of anguish, bitter cries for faith and patience, going up above the stars right to the feet of God, but night never shrouded deeper woe than this, bitterer cries never pierced the shuddering darkness.

When morning dawned they were both very calm and quiet. Mary was gone, and Astley knew that eyes were dry. He had decided for the right, though his heart was broken in the conflict; and he had fought and had conquered. He had not deserted it was so, but because he said it was so.

"I shall die," she said, in a voice from which all pain had departed. "I can bear no more and live, but I can bear even this and die."

"You can bear more," said Astley. When the sun set, it would upon Astley broken-hearted and alone. Holt had taken away his wife.

Astley was right, and Astley never left his desolate home. He made no distinction of day or night, but lay down to sleep—if the stupor which from time to time fell upon him unconsciously could be so called—at any hour that sleep came to him.

At the close of the seventh day he tried for the first time to look his fate boldly in the face. "I am not dead," he said, "therefore it is clear that this grief will not kill me." That night he undressed and went to bed.

The night six years ago, when the sheeted figure lay upon the table, and he dreamed fantastic dreams of terror connected with it, came to mind more distinctly than it had ever done before. His sleep was broken and feverish, and haunted by wild dreams. Twice he awoke feeling certain that he had heard a knocking at the door, and twice he slept again when he found that all was silent. But the awoke a third time in the gray dawn and heard the sound again, a feeble knocking at the door. He was awake enough now to be conscious that it was not a dream. He rose, determined to see what was the cause; he unbarred and opened the door, and there fell forward across the threshold the dead body of Mary.

ELECTION-DAY.

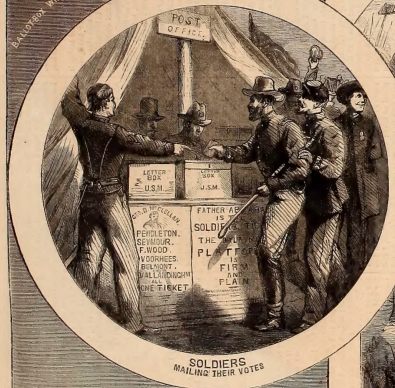
8TH NOVEMBER.

1864.

DOWN WITH SLAVERY. NO COMPROMISE. DOWN WITH THE REBELS.

THE VICTORY AT THE ELECTION OF THE UNION CANDIDATES WILL BRING PEACE.

LEAD FORTH WILLIE IN VINDICATION OF THIS UNION AND OF OUR AUTHORITY.



SOLDIERS MAILING THEIR VOTES

THE VETERAN'S VOTE.

CITIZENS VOTING.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LIV.

LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

THE secret which the little bird whispered to Lily perplexed and agitated her very much.

She had noticed of late in her mother's fortunes, but ascribed it to the popularity of her performances in the circus and the liberality of Mr. M'Variety, the manager. The little bird told her quite another story. It told her that the dainty white bedroom had been furnished for her by Sir William Long. It was easy to infer from this that the Cottage, the renewed engagement, the increase of her mother's salary, the handy, and by no elegant supper, all came from the same quarter.

For whose sake had the baronet spent so much money, and taken so much trouble? For her mother's? Lily would fain have let her heart answer this question in the affirmative, but try as she would she could not impose that conviction upon herself. Something—some still small voice of the past—told her that it was not for her mother's sake that the baronet had done all these things, but for her own.

Lily strove to think that it was done in pity for her hard life and forlorn condition; that it was simply the act of a generous and sympathizing nature. But while she struggled to interpret his motives in this wise, her heart was against it a suspicion that filled her with a vague feeling of dread.

Could it be possible that Sir William Long loved her?

That was the question which strove to shape itself in her mind. But Lily repressed it, and kept it down, thinking to have no answer. And this she did to guard the image which sat enthroned in her breast—the image of Edgar Greyfound. But the question would not down again, and shaped itself definitely, and demanded to be answered; and Lily, still hesitating, went back over the weary life to the Greyfound manner. She had so few remembrances of pleasant days, that she was not likely to forget that day. It arose in her memory sharp and clear—a bright green island in the midst of a great waste of waters. She remembered sitting on the knee of Sam Long's knee; she recalled the kind things he said to her, and how happy she felt at being near him. But she had never thought of him from that time until this moment, she might have forgotten how he looked, where they sat, what kind things he said to her, and many other little particulars of the occasion. But she had thought of him often, and carried him forward on every new page of the ledger of her life up to the day when she wrote the name of Edgar Greyfound upon it. She thought of him well, and gentleman less frequently after that; but she had thought of him so often before that his image was indelibly stamped upon her memory. She remembered every thing; how he had laughed and chatted with her, and asked her her name, and inquired how old she was. She remembered his prefacing the apple and throwing the peel over his shoulder, and saying that it would form the initial of her sweetheart's name; how he had put her on the carpet in the shape of a W, and how she clapped her hands and said she should like to be his little wife, and make him a pair of worsted muffatees for the winter. And she remembered his stooping down and kissing her on the forehead, and saying, "I hearthy wish you were my little sister, or my little daughter." Last of all, she remembered that she was eight years of age then, and he twenty-eight.

So far as Lily knew, she was now in her twentieth year. And Sir William? Sir William was forty!

When Lily had worked out this little sum, and saw the figures swaying her in the air, she closed her eyes against them, as if by so doing she could shut out the reflections to which they gave rise.

She went back over her recollections of the Greenwich dinner again, and always when she came to those parting words her heart was relieved: "I heartily wish you were my little sister, or my daughter."

When Madame Ernestine was at the circus rehearsing a new act of the haute-école for her benefit, Lily retired from room to room, always thinking, thinking, thinking. Every object upon which her eyes rested was as dreary, and miserable, and forlorn as her own heart. Looking from the windows of the Cottage through the parting rain, she saw the leafless trees nodding at her like gibbering spectres; the weeping meadow bare and gaunt, overhanging the seats and tables, upturned, under like huge skeleton insects waiting to crush the votaries of pleasure in their grip. Through the mist and drizzle of the winter's day the Thames flowed over-beds brimful nor sight like graves, of which the dripping, dirtbegrimed stones were the head-stones, sacred to the memory of drowned flowers, which seemed to have died without issue. The Muscovite illusion had in part been rudely dispelled by the winter's wind, but a portion of the snow of the Kremlin had been blown down, and the gap revealed some stacks of South London chimneys, smoking dismally, and dropping tears of soot upon the dingy gables.

One day, when Lily was looking out upon this dreary scene, wondering if those trees would ever again be covered with leaves; if those scrubs and stumps in the beds would ever again rise from their sepulchres crowned with the glory of flowers, wondering if her own heart would ever throb to an emotion of joy, she saw the figure of a man looming through the mist, and approaching the Cottage. As the figure came nearer, Lily recognized Mr. Kafooze.

Taking him in his most favorable aspect, Mr. Kafooze was not a cheerful person to look upon. In a pretty picture the most indulgent critic would have regarded him as a blemish. Under the present circumstances an ordinary observer would have viewed him in the light of an additional horror—a bat that had flitted across the sky, or an owl that had suddenly perched upon a bare and guarded branch to complete the dismal picture. But to poor Lily the lean wizened figure of the manager was a thing of joy. Here was his coming was an angel's visit; for she knew that he had a feeling heart, and he was one of the very few persons who had ever spoken kindly to her.

The conduct of Mr. Kafooze was mysterious. He approached the Cottage, and disappeared from Lily's sight, leading her to address her that he was in the porch knocking for admission. Subsequently he located in sight again, and walked about in front of the Cottage, looking up, and shading his eyes with his hand. Any one but Lily would have characterized Mr. Kafooze's conduct as "prowling;" but Lily soon perceived that he was trying to attract some person's attention. And who could that person be but herself?

She tapped at the window, and beckoned to him to come in; and, assured by this, Mr. Kafooze went round and entered the porch. Lily ran down stairs immediately, and opened the door. Mr. Kafooze dry was not precisely an embodiment of happiness; but Mr. Kafooze wet was a monument of misery which left no room for depth to be reached. It would have been hard to give an appropriate idea of the appearance of his appearance, without calling in the illustrative services of the "drowned rat."

"Oh, do come in, Mr. Kafooze, out of the rain," Lily said.

"No, thank you, my dear," said the astrologer. "—I—I will wait here till the rain has finished presently, and I shouldn't like her to see me here."

"But you will get wet through, Mr. Kafooze," blended Lily.

"Oh, never mind, my dear; the wet doesn't hurt me. I'm used to it," said the astrologer. "I've been used to it all my life. It there's a shower of rain coming, I'm sure to be out in it without an umbrella. It's my star, my dear. I was born under a bad aspect of Aquarius, with Scorpio in opposition. Under such circumstances you're sure to forget your umbrella, even if it wasn't full of holes and three ribs broken. No, never mind me, my dear, but please to say a word. I've been looking back, my dear, among my books, with the data you gave me, and I have cast your star."

It's very good of you to take so much trouble," said Lily.

"No, not at all, my dear; I like it. I'm never so happy as when I am studying the stars. Well, my dear, if you were born under a bad horoscope, you're all right, for I've sent a little further, and found that though in Leo at that time, he was passing out of that sign and entering into Virgo

"If ever the devil had a daughter," said the manager, as he crossed the garden, "you're she, for certainty."

Madame Ernestine's temper did not obey the law of ordinary violent disorders. It was at all times sharp, but never short. When she had run up the crescendo scale to the highest note in the gamut of fury she went back and repeated the same exercise again and again, with an increase rather than a diminution of brilliant execution. She fumed and stormed all the afternoon, and, when she walked home, no fire circus to begin her performance the thunder was still rumbling.

As she was entering the circus she met Lord Carlton. She received herself immediately, and saluted him smilingly gayly:

"Ah, milord, how do you do? You have come to honor me with your presence, I perceive. It is very gracious of you."

"Oh, not at all," his lordship replied, "beauty and talent always command my homage. It would have been impossible for me to stay away on such an occasion."

"Your lordship is most flattering," said the countess, with a grin. "By-the-way," she added, "your lordship honored me with a charming present, this riding-whip."

"A bagatelle," said his lordship.

"Oh, not at all," said the countess. "I value it very much. I have not seen its fellow; but I shall use it for the first time to-night, on the occasion of my benefit."

"You do me honor," said his lordship.

"You are very kind to say so, milord—but excuse-me, it is time that I go and dress. Shall I have the honor of your lordship's company to supper in my humble chateau?"

"Certainly," said his lordship; "it will give me great pleasure."

"Then adieu pour le moment," said the countess; "we shall meet at supper."

She encountered old Kafooze in the passage leading to her dressing-room. She was not so gracious to him.

"Ah! ganache, ogre, corbeau, oiseau de mauvais augure! what did you say? that I should have no luck? Ah! and she struck at the old man with her whip. Old Kafooze sprang, aside with wonderful agility, but did not avoid the blow. The whip came down a little across one of his shoulders, and made him writhe; but he said never a word, and slunk away as fast as he could, pausing at all down to Scorpio in that bad conjunction with Aquarius.

Mr. M'Cawber involved a true prophet. The fine bright weather brought the people out, and the gardens were well filled, considering that it was the winter season. The workmen, however, were soon tired of promenading among the ten thousand extra lamps, whose brilliancy only tended to make the wretchedness of the gardens more visible, and crushed into the circus in a body the moment the doors were opened. The circle and amphitheatre were soon filled. Little by little and by little the fashionable world began to drop into the boxes. The Duke of Long has there in a by himself, looking solemn and thoughtful. Greyfaunt was in the box adjoining, yawning and looking inexpressibly bored by the performance of the Swiss Shepherdess. Lord Carlton had settled himself to sleep at once. Fashion was there also, and Mr. Thomas Tibbs, and many more, who came, not for the sake of patronizing Madame Ernestine, but to be in the same train with Milord Carlton and Sir William Long.

The blank, listless countenances of these superior persons, relieved with a constant round of pleasure, presented a remarkable contrast to the bright happy expectant faces that glistened under the lamps in the amphitheatre. In the eyes of those humble folks, who had worked hard for the shilling they had paid at the door, every thing was delightful, beautiful, charming. The Shepherdess in her flowered muslin skirt, with her crook, dancing and skipping upon the back of a saddle, hailed by Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt as a "scrangy fright," was to them an aerial creature belonging to another sphere; the Turkish Graces were real divinities in petticoats, exciting the admiration of the male sex by the exquisite shape of their legs, and the pinkness of their complexions; and of the female sex—especially those of a domestic turn, who did their washing at home—by the perfection exhibited in the starching of their petticoats; Young Smuggler hitching up his trousers-straps, and looking somewhat like a Proteus onion, was a prodigy of daring and genius; the clowns with their old old jokes and antic gambols; the manager of the circus with his curly hair, his black mustache, and his hussar's jacket; the Frenchified looking grooms in the back ranks; the strong man who appeared to admit the horses—all these persons were objects of the most boundless admiration, not unmixed with awe. Hundreds of spectators in the daring of Young Smuggler, alternated with roars of boisterous laughter at the witticisms of the clown. These simple-minded shilling people thoroughly bent upon enjoyment, were pleased even to applaud the scent of the stable, as it was wafted into the circus by the motion of the curtains, that scent which caused Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt to utter many expressions of disgust, and to fan himself with his perfumed handkerchief.

Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt, voting all this intolerably slow and stupid, had strolled into Sir William Long's box. He was not a welcome visitor. Sir William scarcely took the trouble to return his greeting.

"What a horid bore this is!" yawned the dandy; "and then to have to sit out that dreadful old harridan, Madame Ernestine! Really, its more than one can endure. By the way, Long," he continued, "have you noticed that remarkable fellow sitting opposite? Look at him, he's the best part of the show, I think."

Sir William looked across in the direction indicated, and saw seated in one of the lower boxes a man of foreign appearance with grizzled hair, cropped very short, and eyebrows and mustache almost jet black. The dark mustache and eyebrows in contrast with his pale face and gray hair, gave the man a very singular appearance, and Sir William looked at him long and curiously.

"Quite a lusus naturæ," said the dandy: "I'll go and ask the fellow if he knows me, eh?"

Young Scrangler had concluded his Protean performance, and retired amidst a tempest of applause; and Madame Ernestine "in her Parisian attraction"—whom Mr. Thomas Tuttlesbell had picked up at the Cirque Imperial in Paris, and illustrated the writing of Victor Hugo by showing the close resemblance between a Frenchman and a monkey, leaving the tiger part of the likeness to be exhibited in the forthcoming Paris edition which they retired to wrangle over their dominoes and absinthe after the performance) the English clown had been in close communion in disparagement of foreigners; and then, after a short pause, the orchestra struck up the Marseillaise, giving warning of the approach of Madame Ernestine, the world-renowned exponent of the haute-école. The velvet curtains were drawn aside, and Madame Ernestine, erect and stately, slowly entered the arena on her chestnut steed. Sir William Long leaned his head carelessly across at the foreigner with the gray head and the black mustache. He saw the man start and turn deadly pale; he saw him spring to his feet and pale before; he saw him spring to his feet and clutch the front of the box, and then immediately sink into his seat again, and cover his face with his hands. What was this man, and what could have been the strange interest that he felt?

While Sir William was pondering upon this incident, the exposition of the haute-école began. It was the old routine, which needs no description to any thing, then the mare, tossing her neck and pawing with her right fore-foot; then, backing to the utter horror of Mr. Thomas Tibbs, and causing a half-tittering, half-screaming commotion among the people in the front seats; then prancing on her hind legs, and bowing to the audience, then cantering gently, and at last—as illustrating a buffalo-hunt in the prairies of the Far West—bolting with a jockey, Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt, was gradually warming up; and Madame was whipping up her mettlesome steed, when the people aforesaid, the men who endeavored to wage tar more forward, now with fierce impatient words, now with low and cautious whispers, to be quiet with the whip laid smartly across her haunches. Faster and more furious! Faster still, in a mad career, which, to the mind's eye of every one looking at it showers over the audience, plunging deep into the soft bed of the arena, thudding on her hind legs, and then, with a sudden jerk of the ring, snorting, panting, and reeking with a lather of sweat; round and round she went at a terrible pace, and then, suddenly and quite unbeknown, and still stimulating the mare to further exertion with tongue, and whip, and heel. Now the mare was seen to stumble, and all the mare take them at a bound, first one and then the other, plunging and rearing over the rocker, but each dead at the foot of a willow-tree on the way. A shepherd from the neighborhood was attracted by the bleating of a lamb, took it home to his wife and adopted it, and had a stone cross put up at the foot of the willow-tree in remembrance of the mother. Whether this story be true or not in all its circumstances, the substance of the curse rose to public notice. Whether it be only now or long ago of stones, and the lake of Hellenstein met his death in the famous War of the Peasants by the hands of the people of the neighborhood, whom the priests cursed the vengeance perfect, places the son of the despised Marie, who was unknown to his half-brother the count. These events are supposed to have occurred some twenty-five years before 1525, the date of the outbreak of that agitation their feudal master, Count Hugo of Hellenstein had broken his neck by a fall from the very horse at whose feet the injured Marie had thrown herself, and was succeeded by his son by the Countess Bertha, who surpassed his father in pride and luxury, as he was well enabled to do by the people with a natural daughter of the Emperor Maximilian.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

M. BARDOUX, of the French Institute, has described the remains of ancient Babylon. He has just laid before the Academy the result of his experiments. His recipe is: Take a piece of brick, and soak it in water for a couple of glass, and stand it in the sun. The water soon boils, and the brick is said to be of better than if cooked in the ordinary way.

M. JOURDAN, a well-known contributor to the *Siècle*, says: "Reading aloud has recently appeared in fashion. In 1862, in that journal, touching the neglect of primary instruction proposed to the Senate, I had the honor to beg the gentlemen the educational advance accomplished by M. Guizot has been almost entirely destroyed since 1815, that the Legislative Assembly allowed education to fall into decay. The Senate, which was then under the influence of M. Guizot to be overturned. A republic was on the ascendant empire and the present that empire the decadence of those would be needed. The Roman Catholic Clergy at once set to work to found establishments of instance had presented to them. "The watchword," says M. Jourdan, "was Rome, and innumerable congregations, both of men and women, rose up; among them the Christian Brothers, founded by the Abbé Peter Lourdain, to get possession of the primary instruction. Napoleon III. has not only not overthrown these orders, but has taken deep root in the soil of France, quoted by the Senate, the secondary education was thrown into the hands of the Roman Catholic Clergy, and almost all the young girls of the inferior class. This army, supported by the Catholic Congregations, has now become so strong, that thirteen years, under the protection of academical councils and the law Despatel, toward the conquest of the entire generation. The number of religious women now devoted to teaching throughout France is forty thousand. Such is the system now opposed by the anti-clerical party. The poor schoolmaster," M. Jourdan goes on to say, "who on miserably paid, and crushed beneath the power and dignity of the cure, is not able to perform the meanest service at the station of the priests. They walk in the sacristy, get toll the bells, and, in many villages, dig graves. Moreover, they are as lowers of soul and drawers of water for the Church. On the other hand, the religious brothers, whose eyes fixed on Rome, are allowed to dip into the public treasury and take out as much as they can get with both hands. They have houses, public buildings, fine institutions, at their disposal, giving very little instruction in return. It is true you will find little boys and girls in very decent attitudes—their arms crossed, their eyes down—repeating, parrot-like, long prayers, the purport unintelligible. You may be seen adoring medals, images, scapularies; their most forceful of superstition, their feeble subject to the rod of coarse country girls, whom a certificate of obedience to the clerical government, or even of belief, has exempted christian freedom, or 'Frères Ignorantins.' Such is the picture of the present day, the great victims of his ingenuity the danger of its continuance, and we affirm that modern France will not have her children in the hands of the priests."

ALFIERI, often before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. He had a favorite air which he always played to my mind, either in the act of bowing music or a few hours after; a circumstance which has been recorded by many others. Lord Byron had music played in a room adjoining his study. Mozart's Requiem was his favorite and solemn inspiration; and music was ever necessary to Warburton. The same remarkable which was in the poet's time emotions might have composed the inventive mind of the great critic, and the grave vision of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher of Mussilon, who was found playing on the violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch, preparatory to his sermon, which, within the hearing of his friends before he entered the church, was his favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand; for Rousseau, together would he forget himself, toying voluntarier over the strings, while his imagination, travelling the human tones, was opening all the faculties of his consciousness at the fair.

THE Atlantic Telegraph, which is to be laid next summer between England and America, was recently tested to try its strength and flexibility. It gives a length of two miles suspended, and gradually weighted till it broke, the cable breaking under an additional weight of two tons and a half. The cable selected here the weight of six thousand pounds. The cable, the spirit says, consists of a long insulating body, the jute yarn, and such separate strand as the cable was successfully tested. In addition to these experiments that the more the fibres of wire were brought to the surface of the cable, the greater was the strength, and that as an insulator gutta percha, although not so strong as hard rubber, is far more elastic, and that the cable as now manufactured will be able to bear a strain of three tons every square inch laid at the bottom of the Atlantic.

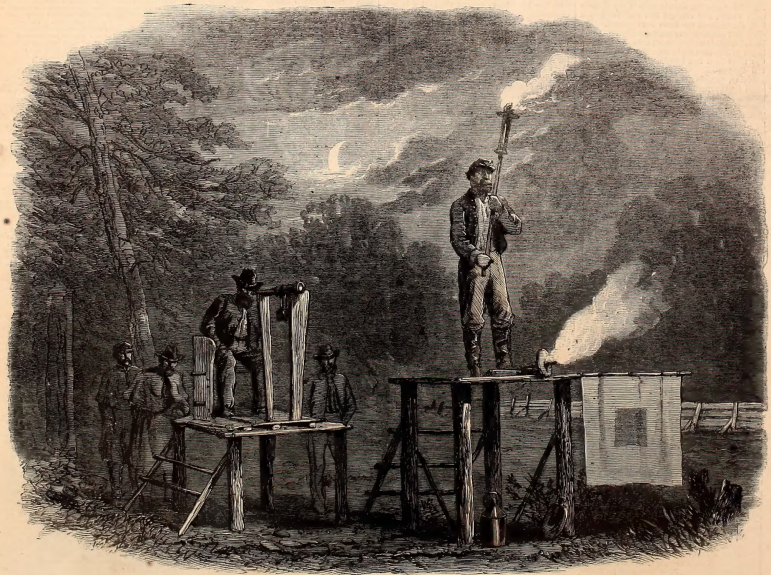
WILLIAM THE FOURTH AND DEAF EMILY.—At the first drawing-room held in Adelaide's time, William the Fourth after their coronation, Miss E. Usher was presented to the queen, and, among other things, Emily said to the King while he was Duke of Clarence, owing to his constant attendance on the queen-dowager. At the first drawing-room of presentation, however, some laxation of rules was made. A slight information to the Ayres that was always standing bar-keyed. At this the King, in his best gallantry, replied, "Oh, no, my dear, I am not deaf when there is any thing I let be owned! Why, I've known her ever since she was a baby!" And, indeed, the King's memory, placed on either cheek of the blushing girl, gave ample proof of the fact, and was a most agreeable one to the vigor of his regard. The confession of the beautiful "deaf" was received with much laughter by the royal circle present. Indeed, it turned full upon her and great was the admiration and astonishment excited in the King, who relished around the throne on this grand and stately occasion.

THE ROMANCE OF AN EARLY ENGAGEMENT.—The following romantic story is told of Lord Charles Hervey and Charles II., who officiated because the second Duke of Grafton married Anne, a little yet quite young girl, and without being consulted as to the choice, to a lady still younger than herself. Lord Charles was the grandson of the Earl of Cadogan, Marlborough's favorite general. Anne, when belonging to Naples' ambassador, was in London to conclude a gambling debt between the parents, and the children, who had been playing together, were left to their own devices. Lord Charles was then about five years from the nursery, for the ceremony. The bride was dressed in white satin, and the bridegroom in velvet. "Now by you are not going to marry me to that doddy?" Miss Anne Hervey, who was then about seven years old, replied to the contrary. Fifteen years after this event Lord Charles Hervey found from his tenants a most accomplished gentleman; but having such a very disagreeable recollection of his early engagement, he declined to offer the first night of his arrival, to the charm. There he saw a lady of the most distinguished appearance that he ever had and on being answered that she was the reigning toast of the assembly, Lord Charles Hervey was struck, and he only lived together so affectionately that one year only after the death of Lady Hervey, in 1691, she died of the numerous children of this loving pair, Lady Sarah, gave birth to Lord Hervey, who was created by the favor of George III., who had then ascended the throne, at the age of twenty-two. Lord Lord Charles married Anne, daughter of Sir Nathaniel Napier, and became the mother of a son of the most distinguished character, viz., Lord Hervey, Charles Hervey, Lord Hervey, Lord Arundel, and Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, the latter of whom died in Portugal, in the year 1830, at the advanced age of eighty-two, and was buried. Lord Hervey married great-grandson of Charles II.

A VERY curious case occurred recently concerning the mysterious murder in Brooklyn. A young woman called upon the Coroner and testified that Mrs. Burnett, a relation of her husband, identified the clothing, even to rents and stains, which had been mended. She said she was a soldier; had recently married her; the next day got into a quarrel with her husband, and left her, and remained at to faint away. On coming to her senses the Coroner's jury on the direction of the Coroner, decided that no better addressed to Mr. Bellows, Leeds, & Co., bankers in Chatham, and had himself called at the office and left the letter-box in the Merchants Gazette, but which had never reached the husband. The police have been employed to endeavor to trace it. In answer to a letter sent to Chatham by the Coroner, a reply was received from the clerk that no letter addressed to the firm in question had been received. The police have been unable to find any trace of himself on whom behalf the inquiries were made. On receipt of the information it was found to be untrue. In consequence, the gentleman having in a moment of forgetfulness omitted to write the name of the street in the address.

A FEW weeks ago an old woman died in the small town of Bedford, in the county of Bedford, England. She was regarded by her simple neighbors as being wealthy, and a few months before her death she died in poverty. She died as she had always had her will during her lifetime, she left no will behind her, but, to the astonishment of her neighbors, what she did leave behind her was cash, bank-notes, and stock amounting in value to about ten million guilders. There were pots full of the gold and silver specimens and forgotten currencies, which had been buried for years; there was a box full of American and Australian gold pieces; coupons of which she had been cut off for a quarter of a century; while in a tin box, which might have been the domestic tea-caddy, a quarter of a million's worth of bank-notes, nearly will the accumulated dung of years.

ARMY OF THE JAMES—GENERAL BUTLER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 734.]



ARMY OF THE JAMES—SIGNALING BY TORCHES ACROSS JAMES RIVER FROM GENERAL BUTLER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 734.]

GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS.

GENERAL JAMES B. RICKETTS, wounded in the battle of Cedar Creek, is a native of New York, from which State he was appointed a cadet to West Point in 1835. He graduated in 1839, with the grade of Second Lieutenant of Artillery. In 1846 he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and in August, 1852, was appointed Captain, having since 1849 occupied the position of Regimental Quartermaster.

General RICKETTS was wounded in the first battle of Bull Run and taken prisoner. For distinguished service in that battle he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. In nearly all of the Virginia campaigns he has commanded a division. His division of the Sixth Corps was, in July, detached from the Army of the Potomac and sent to Harper's Ferry, taking part in the battle of Monocacy and in all the subsequent operations in the Shenandoah Valley. In General SHERIDAN'S absence, WRIGHT assuming command of the Army of the Valley, his place at the head of the Corps was occupied by General RICKETTS, who was wounded in the early portion of the battle on the 19th, and was for some days supposed to be in a dying condition. If his wound should indeed prove a mortal one the country will have lost a very able officer.

THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL BIDWELL.

GENERAL BIDWELL.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BIDWELL, who was killed in the recent battle of Cedar Creek, was born at Black Rock, near Buffalo, in 1818 or 1819. He prepared at an early age for the legal profession, which he afterward abandoned for mercantile pursuits. He had considerable taste for military life, and was Captain of a uniform company in Buffalo. He entered the service September 21, 1861, as Colonel of the Forty-ninth New York Volunteers, known as the Buffalo Regiment, and participated in nearly all of the Virginia campaigns. The correspondent of the *World*, alluding to his death, says:

"Than this noble General no officer was more beloved or more respected in the whole army. His was the form that, on that portentous evening in the Wilderness when the right of the Sixth Corps, being the right of the army, was surprised and broken, sat among the bullets upon his horse, in the language of General SEDGWICK, 'like a man of iron,' coolly directing the movements which repulsed the enemy, gave us back the field, and saved the whole Army of the Potomac from disaster. His was the brigade which, if I remember aright, silenced the first battery of the rebels at Winchester. His was the brigade which took the first five pieces of cannon at Fisher's Hill. His was the presence,

GENERAL CUVIER GROVER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTHONY.]

THE LATE COLONEL CHARLES R. LOWELL, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 733.]

his the heroic bearing, that never flinched in the ...ickest of the battle, and which always inspired ...s men, not only to duty, but to order. I visited ...m this afternoon in a house where he had been ...ovyed after his wound, and where he was dying. ...retching out a pale hand, a hand known of long friendship, a hand whose grasp was always an honor, but which was doubly precious and tender at such an hour, he said,

"'Good-by,' with the words added, 'I am going first.'

"'Indeed, indeed, General, I hope it is not so bad as that.'

"'Such a fate,' was his reply, as the shadow of more than mortal suffering passed over his face and darkened it, 'that suffering was sanctified to me by an opiate, and his death was comparatively peaceful.'

At the time of his death General RIDWELL commanded the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps. He died at 3 P.M., October 19, 1864.

GENERAL CUVIER GROVER.

We give on page 733 a portrait of General GROVER, who lost an arm in the battle of Cedar Creek. General GROVER is a native of Maine, and graduated at West Point in 1850, with the rank of Brevet Second-Lieutenant of Artillery. At the beginning of the war he had for some time been performing military duty in Utah, but immediately on war being called and assigned to a command in the Army of the Potomac. He commanded a brigade under General HOOKER in the Peninsular Campaign. April 14, 1862, he was appointed Brigadier-General. After the Chickahominy Campaign, in which he so distinguished himself, had terminated, he was assigned to the command of a division. In the latter part of the year he was transferred to the Department of the Gulf, where he commanded a division of the Nineteenth Corps. With this command, in the following autumn, he participated in the siege of Port Hudson. In July the Nineteenth Corps was recalled to Virginia, and General GROVER, retaining his command, entered upon a new field of conflict in the Valley—a field to the glory of which he has greatly contributed. He was wounded on the 19th, while leading a charge.

BEFORE PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND.

On pages 724 and 732 we give illustrations relative to the position in front of Petersburg and Richmond. The cut on page 724 illustrates the visit made to the front, October 17, by Secretaries SEWARD and of SEWARD, accompanied by Captain BARNEY with his successor SIMEON DRAPER. These distinguished visitors, attended by Generals GRANT, HUNTER, MEADE, Chief Engineer Colonel BARNARD, and others, proceeded to the scene of the late advance made by the Army of the Potomac to the left of the Weldon Railroad. On this day they visited the excellent fort on that road named after the late lamented WADSWORTH. They enjoyed highly delighted with what they saw, and examined the fort at great length. The sketch was taken by our artist while the group of officers were standing on the bastions looking toward General WARREN's head-quarters at the "Block House."

Two illustrations given on page 732 represent General BUTLER'S HEAD-QUARTERS and the mode of SIGNALING BY TORCHES across the James River. General BUTLER'S head-quarters are in the monument furthest to the left. It is at those quarters that the signaling is observed by means of a telescope. The moment when the high signal-lantern on the other side of the river are read by the sergeant or officer at the telescope, and the reply is signaled by the man with the torch.

THE DIAMOND BRACELETS.

THE evening of the 15th of February, 183—, was a gala night in Paris. "Don Giovanni" was to be performed at the opera by an assemblage of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the opera-house of Paris or in the great opera of "Don Giovanni." Words are not the names for the excitement that most attracted the attention as one read the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. The two sons of the reigning king, and queen—Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie. The only amusement that they would keep from the people with their presence on that evening. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was the first appearance at the opera since the "three days" of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason as many Orleanists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th February to hear "Don Giovanni" and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock carriages were to be seen entering that gaily decorated court-yard to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage was at the door of a large house in the Rue du Champs Elysées, evidently also for the purpose of taking some fashionables to the opera. This carriage and horses belonged to the Baron de L——, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer to this appeal. "don't be in such a hurry!"

As the last piece of advice was proffered the pretty little woman stood at the top of the stairs.

She was a dark beauty of about one and twenty, and was dressed purely in white. She came fluttering down stairs, chattering meanwhile to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

"Now I'm quite ready, so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to put on, and those I want you to clasp for me. Here's the one, if you'll take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?"

A smile was the only answer the baron vouchsafed, as he took the bracelets out of their case and clasped them on the fair white arm of his bride.

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable table diamonds, while in the centre of either glittered a spray of heart's-ease, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessor by the fact of their having been in the De V—— family for three generations. They now by right belonged to the dowager baroness, but she had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who therefore wore them on such occasions as the one we are describing.

The Baron and Baronne de V—— stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it still wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar, subdued sound of tuning stringed instruments was heard. Still the royal box was empty, and all eyes were turned toward it in eager expectation. At the moment applause burst from the pit and gallery and the entire house, as Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie, attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court, appeared. The king and queen bowed graciously in return for the plaudits given, and then took their seats, at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The opera was just beginning, and all seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her observation and remark.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of a box that contained the suite of young Baronne de V——. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of the bracelets that had been presented in the fate of "Don Giovanni," and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

The young wife looked at the queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the queen turned away he laughingly told her of the fair observation, and that she had made such absurdities.

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself on her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party, drew the curtain behind their box, and stepping forward, said, "Pardon, madame, but her majesty's admiration and curiosity have been excited by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commissioned me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her inspection." With a low bow the baroness blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets and handed it to the officer, following it with her head at the attention and distinction the queen had conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. Another act, and another scene and bracelet less forgotten it, and the baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few moments returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adèle," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the queen in any part of the house, I asked one of the others, who has been in the royal box the whole evening, and has your bracelet with his mother and sister."

The baronne looked aghast. "Français," she said, "that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, he had an air of thief."

The baron smiled as his little wife jumped so speedily at such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe in the hands of some lady of the queen, and that the officer whom he had consulted was ashamed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly, as the morrow proved.

As the baron's fear was not forthcoming the next morning, M. de V—— spoke to the Chief Inspector of the police on the subject, who quite coincided with the baron's opinion that the bracelet had not been received by the queen, and promised that the police person who should restore it. The inspector promised to do all in his power toward the recovery of the bracelets as soon as he had the property in charge as the satisfaction of his employers.

Last three months passed away, and 1850 francs had been spent in advertising—and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was generally said one evening in May, when a certain informed Madame de V—— that monsieur the Inspector wished to speak to her or monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V—— went down stairs to speak to the inspector, with whom she had had many previous interviews on the subject of the bracelets. As she was in the act of handing to the inspector a large envelope, addressed to the baron, he entered the room, and then took their seats, at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The opera was just beginning, and all seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her observation and remark.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of a box that contained the suite of young Baronne de V——

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 412.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

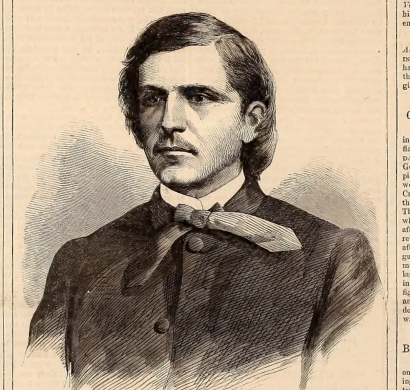
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "ALBEMARLE."

We illustrate on this page one of the most exciting incidents of naval warfare, and give a portrait of the chief actor concerned, Lieutenant WILLIAM B. CUSHING.

The rebel ram *Albemarle* was one of the most formidable vessels which the Confederate navy ever floated. It played a conspicuous part in the capture of Plymouth last spring, and on that occasion sank the *Southfield*. She attacked the *Miami* also; and a shot from the latter, striking the iron walls of the ram, rebounded and killed Captain ELLISON of the *Miami*, who was an intimate friend of CUSHING. It is said that for this reason Lieutenant CUSHING vowed vengeance against the *Albemarle*. This ram was the same which was engaged in the memorable conflict with the *Sassacus*, and two other heavily-armed double-enders on the 5th of May last—an event which was illustrated in the *Weekly* for June 4. The utmost, however, which these three vessels by their combined efforts were able to accomplish amounted to but a slight injury to the rebel iron-clad, though sufficient to compel its retirement. It has ever since been a source of considerable apprehension, and has made it necessary for Admiral LEE to greatly increase his naval force in the Sound. As early as last June Lieutenant CUSHING, then commanding the *Monticello*, submitted to the Admiral a plan for the destruction of the *Albemarle*. The plan was approved, and the Lieutenant withdrawn from the *Monticello* to perform this special service. Since that date Admiral LEE has been succeeded by Admiral PORTER, who has signalized his assumption of command by the destruction of the *Albemarle*.

After the conception of his plan Lieutenant CUSHING came to New York, and, in conjunction with Admiral GREGORY, Captain BOGGS, and Chief Engineer W. W. WOOD, applied to one of the new steam-pickets a torpedo arrangement and returned to the Sound. The torpedo arrangement was invented by Mr. WOOD, and was illustrated in the *Weekly* of October 1. The *Albemarle* had been lying at Plymouth for some weeks previous to its destruction. A mile below the town on the west of the *Southfield* a rebel picket was stationed. On the night of October 27 CUSHING, with a company of thirteen men, proceeded up the Roanoke River toward Plymouth. The distance from the mouth of the river to the ram was eight miles. The picket above-mentioned was passed without alarm, and the *Albemarle* was discovered lying fast to the wharf "with logs around her about thirty feet from her side." As the party approached the rebels opened fire from the shore, which was returned by the steam-launch. The approach was made in the form of a circle and with bows on, and when the logs were struck they were driven in some feet, the bows of the launch resting on them. "The torpedo-boom was then lowered," says Lieutenant CUSHING, "and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in



LIEUTENANT WILLIAM B. CUSHING.

diving the torpedo under the overhang, and exploding it at the same time that the *Albemarle's* gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her. The enemy then continued his fire at fifteen feet range and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves and removing my overcoat and shoes. Springing into the river I swam, with others, into the middle of the stream, the rebels failing to hit us."

CUSHING's escape was so precipitate that he was not able to report the destruction of the ram from his own observation, but formed his judgment from a conversation which he heard while concealed in the marshes close to the enemy's fort, and from the report of a negro whom he sent into the town for information. He had become exhausted in swimming, and had taken shelter in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. He was picked up by the *Valley City* on the night of the 30th, having made his way to that vessel in a skiff captured from an enemy's picket.

Lieutenant CUSHING is a citizen of New York.

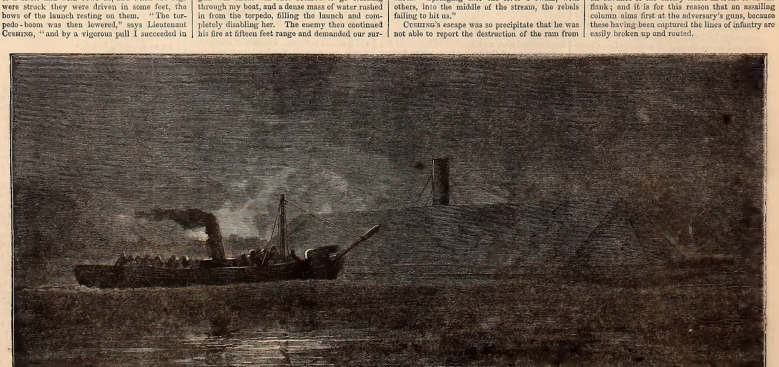
From the Richmond papers we learn that the *Albemarle* was destroyed, and that none of CUSHING's party were killed, only one of them, indeed, having been wounded. No lives were lost on board the *Albemarle*. The destruction of this vessel has given us possession of Plymouth.

GUNS CAPTURED BY SHERIDAN.

We engraved last week an illustration representing the arrival at the War Department of the battle-flags captured from the rebels by General SHERIDAN. A few days after this event, on October 19, General TORBERT arrived in Washington with the pieces of artillery, nearly thirty in number, which were taken from the rebels in the battle of Cedar Creek. We give on page 744 an illustration of the reception of these guns at the War Department. These did not, of course, include those of our guns which had been captured by the enemy and were afterward retaken. The capture of guns from the rebel army of Virginia can only be accomplished after a severe struggle. The rebels hold on to their guns till the last, and only yield them because they must. This fact, taken in consideration with the large number of guns which SHERIDAN has captured in his recent campaign, indicates the severity of the fighting which has been done this fall in the Shenandoah Valley. Our superiority in cavalry has doubtless diminished the difficulty which has always attended the capture of artillery on our part.

BATTERY GOING INTO POSITION.

We engrave on page 745 an illustration which one of our artists in the West sends us, representing in a spirited manner the appearance of a battery of flying artillery going into position. The artillery of an army is one of its most powerful auxiliaries. It multiplies many times the effect of a single musket, and is equal to the addition to an army of several thousand men. As the cavalry represents the velocity and dash of onset, so the artillery represents the weight and volume of attack. It is of especial value in checking an advance of the enemy either in front or on the flank; and it is for this reason that an assailing column aims first at the adversary's guns, because these having been captured the lines of infantry are easily broken up and routed.



DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL RAM "ALBEMARLE" AT PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 27, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

THE ELECTION.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN and ANDREW JOHNSON have been elected by enormous and universal majorities in almost all the States, President and Vice-President of the United States for the next four years. This result is the proclamation of the American people that they are not conquered; that the rebellion is not successful; and that, deeply as they deplore war and its inevitable suffering and loss, yet they have no choice between war and national ruin, and must therefore fight on. In an unfortunate moment for himself General MCCLELLAN permitted his name to be used as the symbol of the cowardice and subjugation of his fellow-citizens, and from that moment his defeat was a foregone conclusion.

The moral effect of the election both at home and abroad will be of the most impressive character. It shows our foreign enemies that they have nothing to hope from the divisions of this country, while the rebels will see in it the withering and invincible purpose of their loyal fellow-citizens, who ask of them nothing but obedience to the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and acts made in pursuance of it. Whenever they shall choose to overthrow the military despotism that holds them fast—whenever they shall see that no great section of this country can, under equal and respected laws, have any permanent and profound interest different from all the rest—then they will find that the loyal men of the country are longing to throw two fatal arms and cement a Union that shall be eternal.

But the lesson of the election is, that every constitutional right and law must be absolutely respected. There must be no threats, no revolts, and no hope of extorting terms by arms. The Constitution is the sole condition of the Government; and if citizens ponder it as they are constitutional, that difference must be peacefully and constitutionally settled. This is what the people have declared by four years of war, and this is what they confirm by the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN. In himself, notwithstanding his unwearied patience, perfect fidelity, and remarkable ability, he is unimportant except as the representative of the feeling and purpose of the American people he is the most important fact in the country.

One other of the most significant lessons of the election is, that the people are conscious of the power and value of their own organization. They expect the utmost vigor in the prosecution of the war by every legitimate method, and they naturally require that the authority of the Government, which is to be established as the continuance of the war, shall not be endangered by its end. When the authority of any Government is openly and forcibly defied it must be maintained unconditionally by arms. When that authority is established and unquestioned, every true Government will be friendly, patient, conciliatory, but firm and just.

Yet the grandest lesson of the result is its vindication of the American system of free popular government. No system in history has ever exposed so much a strain directly along the fibre as that which ours has endured in the war and the political campaign, and no other could possibly have endured it successfully. The result is due to the general intelligence of the people, and to the security of perfectly free discussion. And that is maintained and, gladly upheld by all parties in the land, at every country crossroad, and in every city and State, and the Union and the Government are forever secure. They have been maintained by the authority of the Government itself, and we see the result. Thank God and the people, we are a nation which confounds its enemies and inspires once to human progress and civilization, and which recognizes that law is the indispensable condition of Liberty.

BRYANT'S BIRTHDAY.

THE Century Club in New York grew out of the Sket ch Club some twenty years ago. The Sketch Club was a private social assembly of men interested in literature and art which occasionally combined sandwiches with esthetics, and oysters with criticism. Composed of men of every pursuit, it was a cultivated, genial, sympathetic society, of which we speak in the past tense, yet which we believe still survives. But it had a room and no local habitation. It was a shifting feast from house to house of its members. The "Century" was founded as a proper club. It was the natural fruit of the ringed seed of the Sketch Club; it struck root and flourishes perennial.

The Saturday evenings at the Century are memorable to many whose feet seldom cross its threshold now. They ring still in the past with wit and song and laughter. The authors and artists of New York and men of cultivated and generous sympathies have been always counted among its members, and the wandering authors and artists of other countries have been gladly hailed as its guests. Among its founders was WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, and upon the recent return of his birthday, when he completed his seventieth year, his fellow-members of the Century made a festival to express their respect for the man and their honor for the poet.

The Century was already famous for its festivals. For many years it had annually celebrated Twelfth Night, and there have been many beautiful and happy holiday dinners given to public mention is made. The artists who are members always secure a picturesque grace and delight in the decorations of the table drawing room of the Club-house is a fit scene for the sparkling and illustrious company which the feasts assemble. Here, on the evening of the 5th of November, the members of the Century and an illustrious company of invited guests assembled. The great room was decorated with flowers, wreaths, the national colors, pictures and statues Upon a slightly-raised platform stood MR. BRYANT and MR. BANCROFT, the historian, President of the Club, surrounded by groups of friends, among whom were EMERSON, WILLIS, HOLMES, STREET, TUCKERMAN, TAYLOR, BOKER, STODDARD, READ, and others. The President made a speech of congratulation and hope, to which MR BRYANT fitly and modestly responded A chant for the poet's birthday by BAYARD TAYLOR, the music by the artist LEONARD LANG, was then sung by the choir boys of Trinity Church. Letters were read from the absent poets LONGFELLOW, HALLECK, WHITTIER, and CHILDS, followed by a poem by EMERSON, PERSON, and the recitation of poems by MESSRS. HOWE, BOKER, and HOLMES. More letters were read, more poems from STODDARD and STREET, more speeches; and an album of original sketches by the most eminent American artists was presented to MR. BRYANT with a proper speech from various members of the Club. MR. HUNTINGTON, President of the National Academy, spoke for the artists, and the guest of the evening replied. Then there was dancing, and at midnight the feast ended amidst the most friendly hilarity.

There is something very impressive in this purely literary festival upon the eve of the most important election that has occurred in the country. But it is impossible not to remember that the poet BRYANT is the author of the lines JOHN MILTON'S, his is no fugitive virtue cloistered and unbreathed, and his name will shine in our history like the star of WASHINGTON, like English, with the twin lustre of patriotism and poetry. STODDARD'S lines are a true as melodious when he says, speaking of the country which BRYANT has saved so well, and has so well served:

> "And now, even in her purest need,
> Pale, bleeding, faint to every limb,
> She still remembers to be fair,
> And comes to honor him.
>
> "For here, not sure, the songs we bring,
> The flowers, the praises, the delight
> And tie her hand that lays the wreath
> On his gray head to-night."

THE WARNING OF HISTORY

UNDER the title "State Rights, a photograph from Ancient Greece" (MURSON, Albany), Professor TAYLER LEWIS, one of the most distinguished Greek scholars in the country, shows that country a signal service. The intention of his pamphlet is to show, from the history of Greece, the utter folly and the fatal results from the system which we call State sovereignty The execution of the work is masterly. The style is sinewy, sparkling, and trenchant, and the comprehensive statesmanship and masterly illustration and impregnable in reasoning, has an impassioned glow and tension which recall the nobler words of the ancient orators by which the argument is drawn. There is no work upon this momentous topic in all our political literature which is more complete or more richly rewards thoughtful study than this little treatise of Professor LEWIS

It was issued before the election, but its importance is not affected by any such event. For it discusses the fundamental principle of the rebellion, the principle which must be thoroughly exposed and rejected before we can have a national peace. The war is the conflict between National and State sovereignty. The rebellion was only possible upon that ground. Foreseeing that the development of our civilization would sooner or later show the exact relation between injustice and individual interest, and that Slavery would be revealed as the fatal source of all labor, the Southern leaders prepared for the crisis, not by instigating a rebellion in the name of Slavery, but by deluding the people around with the chimera of State sovereignty. They knew that they could stimulate their followers by that appeal when every thing else was impracticable. After a generation of war in great part of the country, a compact between sovereign powers, and that each power was the sole judge when the terms of the compact had been infringed, and also of the remedy. From this theory sprang the assertion that sovereign States could not lawfully be coerced, and the demand of JEFFERSON DAVIS to be "let alone."

This is the future question of the country. If secession be a reserved Constitutional right, as the rebels claim, then the Union exists only at the will of a State for any purpose satisfactory to itself. In the present instance the plea is the protection of "rights," meaning Slavery. In another it will be "rights," meaning a tariff; or some form of taxation, or whatever the leaders may choose. But whatever the pretext the principle appealed to is the principle of national disintegration and ruin. With pathetic power Professor LEWIS summons wrecked and wretched Greece from her tomb of a thousand years to show to the new world the wounds by which she fell, and by which alone any woeful experience can, against the deep damnation of the taking off of this nation.

THE GOVERNMENT.

EVERY man in the country should resist the effort which is often made to represent "the Government" as an independent and dangerous power "The Government" does this, "the Government" does that, we are told by fiery orators, as if the Government were an oppressive and despotic tyrant.

That is a kind of talk which is intelligible elsewhere, but which has no significance here. Our Government is not something above and beyond the people: it is simply the constitutional expression of the popular will. Consequently, to resist the Government is to resist the people; for the same instrument which establishes the constitutional form of the Government also provides for correcting its errors and withstanding any conceivable invasion of popular liberty. If, for instance, a man is of opinion that any act of the Government is exceeding his authority, he may complain, and the law gives him the remedy. But to suppose that all the rest of the Government, including, of course, the House of Representatives, are in conspiracy against popular rights is ridiculous, because the people themselves elect the Representatives every two years.

In any system, indeed, where questions are decided by ballot there may be such fraud or force that the ballot does not fairly indicate the real wish of the people. But while such disturbing elements are found at particular points, they can not exist universally without betraying a condition of affairs which proves the popular system to be impracticable. Nobody supposes, probably, that all the votes polled at a general election in the city of New York are fair and lawful votes. The result in that city can not be held to indicate, according to the actual proportion, the wish of the voters upon any question or candidate. When, therefore, there were the same suspicion, the same uncertainty overhanging every poll in the country, there would be a distressing doubt as to the real popular will, unless the figures were palpably beyond the suspicion of fraud. But that very state of things would create such indifference, timidity, or acquiescence in fraud as virtually to make the vote express the force, if not the actual numbers, of public opinion.

Votes are valuable when there are men behind them, as EMERSON says of words. The question of this rebellion is simply whether there are men behind the votes. If there are, then the Government of the United States is merely the American people willing, speaking, and acting. If there are not, then the Government is a mask, which the most daring hand will snatch and wear.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

WHEN the letters between the President and General GRANT at the opening of the summer campaign were published, we did not especially allude to them. But we now reprint them that every man in the land may understand what cordial sympathy there is between the two men. It is not easy to parallel, it is impossible to surpass, in history the simple manliness of the correspondence. Two honest, faithful, sagacious men, who have one cause only at heart, that of the country—who are each peculiarly representative of a certain dominable patience and tenacity which is characteristically American, are providentially in this emergency at the head of our civil and military administration. If the Government had always been in such hands we should have had no war to deplore. Let every citizen at home and soldier and sailor in the service carefully read and ponder these letters:

> "EXECUTIVE MANSION,
> WASHINGTON April 30, 1864.
>
> *"Lieutenant-General Grant*
>
> "Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens I wish to express in this any my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to the time so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know, nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant, and pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I can very anxious that any thing attempted shall succeed well, I do not expect success shall be avoided, I know that these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there be any thing wanting, which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.
>
> "And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you. Yours, very truly,
>
> "A. LINCOLN."

GRANT'S REPLY.

> "HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES,
> CULPEPER COURT-HOUSE, *May 1, 1864.*
>
> "MR PRESIDENT,—Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. I cannot express you express the confidence and satisfaction for the part in my military administration is acknowledged by you public. It shall be my constant endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service in the country to the present day I have never had reason to complain, have never expressed or implied a complaint against the Administration or the Secretary of War for thwarting any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what appeared to be my duty.

Indeed since the campaign which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibilities and importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness with which every thing asked for has been granted, without even an explanation being asked. Should any thing be refused hereafter I desire and expect, the last I can say is, the fault is not with you.

"Very truly, your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

THE WAY OF ACCIDENTS.

As the winter approaches, and a winter which the weather-wise assure us is to be peculiarly severe, it is alarming to remark how frequent are railway accidents. The last instance was the New Haven Road, followed immediately by that upon the New London, and again upon the Hudson, and by several Western accidents, with that of a week since upon the Erie, aroused the public mind for a moment; but the interest of the citizen evaporated with all other public care. Now that it is past, we hope that the dangers of the railways may be remembered to some good result.

There is no doubt that many of our railroads are allowed to fall into a perilous state before proper measures are taken to avoid fatal consequences. Rotten sleepers and the rails often notoriously worn out before they are replaced; and passengers are daily whirled along tracks on which they pass with fear and trembling. The New Haven Road, one of the best roads, is for several miles the only direct land avenue out of New York into New England. The travel is prominent. The press of trains is constant. The security of the road should, therefore, be almost perfect. Yet it was the matter of common conversation before the summer that the road was in bad order, and nobody who traveled much upon it was surprised when the late accident occurred.

We do not say that the particular accident was avoidable. Some defect in the iron, which it was not possible to know until it was exposed to the strain, the condition of the road, a blister inevitable, may explain this accident, as similar reasons will explain others But that very fact should impress upon the managers of railroads the necessity of the most careful personal observation. What is the effect upon iron of the movement of heavy trains? In what way may the natural elasticity of wood be affected? Improved effects be best obviated? All such questions should be constantly entertained and answered by study and experiment.

It is true that, in view of the constant and enormous railroad travel in this country, great disasters are comparatively infrequent. At every hour of the day and night there are thousands of human beings thundering along upon the rails, yet, upon the whole, how few are hurt! It is estimated that the Illinois Central Railroad has transported thirty millions of people, the entire population of the United States, and without the loss of a single life, except through the acknowledged fault of the driver. Such a record is as honorable as it is remarkable. Yet with proper care it might be the rule of every road. It is one of the immutable laws that, as the sailor expressed it, God has somehow so fixed the world that a man can afford to do right. Nor can there be any question that the safer a railroad is, the more profitable it is.

We warn the managers that peculiar care is necessary, now that the frosts are coming; and that they will not accept any easy apology for an appalling tragedy.

PARTIES.

BECAUSE Patriotism requires in times of public peril the earnest support of certain candidates, it does not therefore become Partyism. Neither Partyism is not necessarily between policies proposed; on the contrary, it is the faithful support of that policy which promises greater security to the Government. Parties are inevitable and desirable in every constitutional system. But when we speak of such parties we mean, of course, men and policies which ally themselves to the better interests of the nation. There is such a thing as faction as well as party. There is such a thing as a traitor as well as a patriot. Therefore when BENEDICT ARNOLD was not a true American whose political views differed from those of WASHINGTON; he was a traitor Thus also PEMBERTON was not an honest political opponent, he is a rebel.

Hostility to causeless and bloody rebellion is a partizan duty, which, we trust, we shall never forget. Whatever favors rebellion or excuses rebels will always be resisted by truly patriotic citizens. Rebellion can not, by any legitimate sense, be a party policy. It has not been so in this country, although the rebels hoped it might be made so. The true men of all the old parties stood together for the Government, and they stand there now. And, at such a time as this, the only legitimate party division is a party of loyalty, and those who shall be swiftly and severely and unconditionally vindicate the national honor, maintain the national authority, and de-

fend the national domain? These are the only questions that ought now to be entertained by the American people.

And upon these questions there can not properly be any mere party division. The election of November 8 has destroyed all existing parties. Mr. LINCOLN is not elected because he was a Republican, nor General MCCLELLAN defeated because he was a Democrat. The election is the expression of the overpowering determination of the people that there shall be no parties during a war for the life of the nation. We have but one duty before us, and that is to defend the nation against foreign and domestic foes. A vigorous and unyielding war is now heartily accepted by the people as the only way to peace.

THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY.

THIS Society, now in its fifth year, is designed for the relief of suffering artists. It is in fact a Mutual Insurance Company, the source of its receipts being an annual sale of pictures contributed by the members. Among the piles of political and purely commercial pamphlets it is a pleasure to come upon the simple, modest statement of the operations of this Society for its fourth year. It has a fund of thirteen thousand dollars in the treasury, yielding an income of about one thousand dollars. The required value of contributions is fifty dollars each. They are collected in a gallery, and after proper exhibition are sold. The results of the last sale showed an average of seventy-six dollars for each contributor, against seventy-three in the previous year. As CAMILLUS was the native Freisdent—we intend no pun, although the pun would be equally true—and the management is entirely in the hands of the artists, Friendly general brotherhood! the heart is drawn to their peaceful labors all the more warmly in the stormy times upon which we are cast. And, like their work, the authors, never do they appear in a lovelier light than that of charity to each other—and to their critics.

A NEW VOLUME OF "HARPER."

WITH the December Number of *Harper's Magazine* begins the Twenty-ninth Volume, full-freighted with unabated energy and interest. The hold which this monthly has upon the popular heart is unexhausting as it ought to be: for there is no magazine published which is more skillfully adapted to the popular sympathy and taste. The facilities of the Publishers enable them to secure the early publication of the best stories of the best English authors, as well as the contributions of the most attractive American writers. Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend"—one of his most characteristic works—began in this Magazine, and is completed in not every month. Ross Browne's "Tour through Arizona," illustrated by his own drawings, give the freshest and most amusing passages of American travel and adventure; while the popular historian of NAPOLEON, JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, begins, in the December Number, "Historic Boys: Lives of Role Men," being the most interesting and brilliant passages in the history of the war for the Union.

The Number will also begin the new novel of WILKIE COLLINS, author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc. It is called "Armadale," and is a story of commanding interest and a mature power. The first number thoroughly arouses the reader's interest and expectation, and is superior in its characteristic way to any opening chapters of his previous works. There, with the usual wonderful compass a monthly fiction will be heartily commend to all our readers. WILKIE COLLINS has fairly won his laurels. He is now showing that he can justly wear them.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE first young men, just returning home after a slight cursual, ew the en rising. One of them insisted it was the sun, the other said it was the moon. The former believe it to be first sun they met. He also had been out on a lark. The latter, shy, but not unwilling to be made a little bit whether that's the sun or the moon that's now rising, and he was forced to have you decide the matter." "Just it, gentlemen, I should be very happy; but you see I have to be in the city, and I am afraid I shall be late."

THE HORNED KIND OF ARCHITECTURE.—Building cattle in the air.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.—Oil lamps.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard?—Because neither of them are satisfied with the moderate use of the bottle.

This is worth noting: wife controll'd by dollars;
Dollars by wife controll'd.
The one may spend can scarce be said in fullness;
The other, in the word.
Taken to live of common men would be.

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman, who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual that had fallen into a gutter. "Can't say, Sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give any account of himself." "Of course he," replied the other; "how are you to expect an answer from a man who has lost his balance?"

"A word in your privateer," as Captain Windsor said to Seaman when he fired a 32-inch shell into the Alabama.

SO DOES TO LOVE.

No dog to love, none to karess,
How can I ever an auburn sleepers?
Church is defunct, dead as a nailer:
Hushed is his barkis, and still is his tale.
O such a tale, while on the end,
Quiz did he chace it with wiggle and bend;
Chase it with nose tgisting around,
Till overcome he tgrowl by the ground.
Now he's distinct, dead as a nale,
Where is the bark and the wag of his tale?

In dreams alone, per Church I see,
Swinging his mak, or else skrutching a flea;
'Tis but a dream, and I wake to sigh.
For under 3 feet of ground does he sleep.
O liftelb ips, and O liftel eye,
How'r I fed you day after day!
Given you a bone, a bone, a pie,
Given you meal a pat on the head!
Now you've ridden, this world to die,
Where is the bark and the wag of your tale?

What is the difference between a cat and a dormeut? —One has claws and all its paws, and the other has paaws at the end of its claums.

The first time Jerrold saw a celebrated song-writer, the latter said to him, "I suppose you have been making a residence in note lend me a guinea?" "Oh yes," said Jerrold, "I've all the confidence, but I haven't the guineas."

Vegetable life is more virulous than animal life. A tree will stand a gentle wind, while a man will not.

"Mother," said a little square-built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me a monitor sometimes? I can't be a monitor all the time, can I?"

WANTED.—By an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

To hear a declaration of love a young lady will give her ears.

If all swallows had wings and bills, what a fluttering and twittering there would be in some stomachs.

The following is ingenious as a specimen of two months' leap in the nine words, after the manner of the old versebuilders—each word in which has a letter more than the one before it and supplied. The one nerse is found in reading the first word, and the other by reading the last word in the last one:

He may did intend	To take to me a wife
To help my ill speed,	Who would not grieve for me,
If such delighteth me	To think upon a prize,
To give my love,	Or else to be so nice
It's sure a happy life	The woman is the thief
To be beloved of	That will deceive
A lady fair and kind;	The guy I know
I ne'er expect to find	To greet is singleness.
A mother to be	Who'd wish to be
My aunt I freely plea	A married man to be.

"Grammar class, stand up and recite. Tom, parse girls."

PITOL. "Girls is a particular noun, of the lovely gender, lively plural number, and belongs to grammar class in the immediate tense, and in the expectation case to matrimony, according to the rules."

CONSOLATION STAKES.—Those you get at a city tavern the day after you have tried to eat the article at home.

CAUTION.—The other day a lady, while stooping over a sewing-machine, suddenly got a most painful stitch in her side.

Matches, like every thing else, have "gone up." Young men cannot, therefore, indulge in their upward tendency will be detrimental to "match-making."

The son who recently had a fifty-acre lot left him by his father is said to be "contented with his lot."

"FAST" and "SLOW" WRITERS.—Swift and Crabbe.

A celebrated divine in the west of Scotland, while one day taking his usual walk, happened to come on a little boy busily engaged in forming a miniature building of clay. Curious to see what progress he was making, he at once began his interrogatories as follows: "Well, my little man, what are you doing?" "Building a house, Sir." "What kind of a house?" "A brick, Sir." "Where's the door?" "I'm no at the door yet, Sir," answered he, with his finger. "Where's the pulpit?" "There," said the boy, pointing to the middle of the floor. The divine observed boy, again asked, "Ay, but where's the minister?" "I'm coming to that, Sir," answered the boy, in a huff, and with a scratch of his head, replied, "Oh, I ha'na enough o' clay to make the minister."

DR. TOMKINS shaved one of his friends a surgical instrument ornamented with a handle carved in bone. "By the by," said the friend, "what is the use of the little fork?" "Of fork?" "No, you are wrong there," said the doctor, with twinkle in his eye; "that handle is the thigh bone of my poor aunt Sal."

A person lately inquired how often fresh meat could be supplied to a family during the hot season, and replied to villages not many miles from Brechin. "Weel, weel, Sir," said a woman approached with the question, "in the republikins of the district, 'ye maun gie yer orders fan, an' our butcher kills ae day in the week an' ae day."

At the Winchester reunion four men were indicted for stealing beans. A gentleman present asked another, "What have they been doing?" "Bean stealing," was the reply.

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "one-eyed" fish was, "Sure then, Sir, replied the village not many miles from Brechin. "Weel, wee, Sir," said a woman approached with the question, "in the republikins of the district, 'ye maun gie yer orders fan, an' our butcher kills ae day in the week an' ae day."

A traveler who was detained an hour by some mischance, shortened his stay by "making a 'minute' of it." [Barry Cornwall.

One of the *Pill*-grim Fathers.—Brandreth.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

ON TUESDAY, the 8th of November, the people of the twenty-five loyal States voted for the President and Vice-President of the United States. The returns from all but two of these States, namely, New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, and Nevada, have been complete hold elections of State officers. The election was proceeded with fairly, without even the ordinary commotion. Every possible and expedient measure was adopted to secure the ballot-box from fraud and State Governments. There had been rumors of a mobilized invasion of States on the Northern border, and of violent schemes involving the release of rebel prisoners and the destruction of the principal Northern cities. The indications that such violence was contemplated were considered sufficient to justify the Government in sending troops North in such numbers, and so disposed, as to render these attempts, if not futile, easily to be met and suppressed. It was not taken that these armed men should not even appear, unobtrusively necessary. The Massachusetts troops sent to New York City to take command of the troops which were carrying force to meet the rioting emergencies.

As we go to press the returns of the election are incomplete; but it is certain that ABRAHAM LINCOLN has been re-elected President and ANDREW JOHNSON elected Vice-President of the United States by overwhelming majorities.

THE CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

Since the movement of October 27 nothing important has occurred in the armies of the James and of the Potomac. On the night of the 29th (Sunday) the rebels effected an unusual move by the picket line at the point of connection of the Second and Fifth Corps, and passing from one part to another of the line of the Fifth Corps. The number captured was nearly 400. It was intended to follow up this advantage gained by surprise by an assault at the same point, but this was frustrated by the escape of one of the pickets, who gave prompt information of the enemy's movement. Some time previous to this event the rebels had begun felling a considerable forest on the enemy. The point where the Second and Fifth Corps connect appears to be a salient, and there is also a salient on the Army of the Potomac are specially directed.

Considerable activity has been manifested on the part of the rebels in the Valley since the battle of Cedar Creek. On the 5th they were reported to be in force at Bunker Hill, between Martinsburg and Winchester. On the 2d General Averell had an affair with a rebel force at Kearneysville, in which the enemy were driven with a loss of 100 men. It is also reported that the rebels have been concentrating in the vicinity of Staunton, and that Early has been ordered to report to Richmond with his command.

On the 30th and 31st of October an important correspondence occurred between Lieutenant-General Grant and General Lee in regard to the treatment of prisoners. General Lee opened the correspondence. He stated that the prisoners in the Confederate hospitals were treated by them as prisoners of war unless they were identified as deserters of African descent, and that deserters of African descent from slave to labor was created. Those who were identified as slaves were delivered to their masters. He referred to the policy of the American States in the case of the Revolutionary war, and to the fact that the British returned to their owners all slaves captured in war who had been abducted from the country occupied by British armies. He said that the negroes who had been employed on the rebel lines of fortification, and who had fallen into the hands of the enemy through an error of his engineer officer, and were meant to be sent into the rear, and that General Grant knew that all Federal soldiers when captured by the Confederates must be treated as prisoners of war. This letter was treated otherwise he must resort to the policy of retaliation.

THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

A dispatch from General Blunt, dated Neosho, Missouri, October 30, says that on that day he came up with Price at Newtonia, and after a severe fight of three hours, drove the enemy from the field in confusion, with the loss of over 500, including 200 prisoners. The fight lasted about 12h. The Federal troops consisted of only two brigades, and were fought by Price in person. The enemy was fully 10,000 strong. Price is retreating toward Carthage, and will be pursued. Gen. Blunt says that Price will be defeated in Missouri completely, and shortly by the prompt operations of Rosecrans and Pleasonton. Prompt movements. The rebel General Shelby, with a force of 5,000 men, was reported to be at Lamar, Mo. He had been generally driven from the State, and was now making his last raid. He had been pushed, and at Fox Ridge suffered a terrible defeat. Gen. Rosecrans gave as a reason for Shelby's escape that Gen. Pleasonton's horses were worn out.

"This was followed by an attack which was prolonged for three hours, and which the complete repulse of the enemy, who left his dead on the ground, amounting to more than 100 in number. Our loss was 5 killed and 20 wounded. The 'effusion of blood' was not 'useless' as the repulse of Shelby's command is very important to the present and future operations.

"The enemy is pressing our flag, and are hereby accorded, to General Corse, Colonel Tourtelotte, officers and men, for the handsome manner in which the defense of Allatoona, and it is made an example to illustrate the importance of preparing in time, for the defense of any point, by earthen, boldly, manfully, and well.

"Our position, unassailable in the garrison, was encouraging by moving toward the road by which the enemy would make approach, and effectually were defeated by the rain and mud; but this fact fastened the retreat of the enemy.

"Commanders and garrisons of the posts along our railroads will be encouraged by the defense of Allatoona, and till the last minute, sure that the time gained is valuable and necessary to their comrades in the front.

"By order of Major-General SHERMAN."

CAPTURE OF THE "FLORIDA."

We are sorry to have to record another naval triumph which blots from the sea the most powerful privateer of the Confederate States. The rebel steam-sloop-of-war *Florida* was captured by the United States steamer Rhode Island, in the harbor of Bahia, Brazil. Fifty-nine of the crew and twelve officers of the pirate were taken with her. The *Florida* was towed out to sea, and was soon after arrived on the *Kearsarge* at Boston November 7. The following is the official report:

The *Florida* arrived at Bahia, Bay of San Salvador, on the night of October 4, and anchored near the Brazilian port, and Captain Collins, commanding the vessel, after consultation with his officers, determined to take the *Florida*. The privateer was attacked at three o'clock in the morning, and surprised, and after a short struggle was compelled to surrender. Captain Morris, commanding the *Wyoming*, at Japan, on the China coast, was shown all the lines, and was not replaced. The capture of this vessel will be a great satisfaction to the whole country. The *Tallahassee* is again at work, and that two new privateers are afloat, namely, the *Olustee* and the *Chickamauga*.

The *Chickamauga* is commanded by Lieutenant John Low, and is a screw steamer of 1,000 tons, and was designed at the beginning of the war. The vessel is a very fast one, and carries a armament of three guns, one 32-pounder and two 8-in. She is manned by 101 men, and ran out of Wilmington on the night of October 18.

The *Olustee* is an iron screw steamer, 1,100 tons burden, 200 feet long, and very fast. She ran out of Wilmington on the night of the 30th, and is commanded by Lieutenant William H. Ward, of Virginia, who was also an old officer of the United States Navy.

A REBEL PLOT.

The rebels have been scheming to liberate the prisoners confined at Camp Douglas, Chicago, on the day of election. The plot, however, was discovered in time to prevent any serious outbreak. Preparations were made, however, to carry out arms and ammunition were found in the possession of the prisoners. One of the chief rebels is Colonel Marmaduke, brother of the rebel Governor.

SOUTHERN CONSCRIPTION OF SLAVES.

The Richmond *Examiner* says that the extension of the Conscript law to slaves is daily growing in favor, and will be adopted by the next Confederate Congress. The Montgomery *Appeal* regards the proposition as unwise if not dangerous, and objects to it as a fatal blow to the institution of slavery, and as an indication that all other resources have been exhausted. The Mobile *Tribune* says that every thing must be sacrificed to the independence of the Confederacy. As to the effects of the proposition on the institution of slavery, the Richmond *Examiner* says, the proposition of empties is not present difficulty, but their employment and discipline. Slaves must not be set out in the transportation of supplies, but when in the army they will be better fed and better clad than privates are as well as to fight."

The *Enquirer*, do not agree with the *Examiner*; at least one of its correspondents, who signs himself A. B., does not. The Richmond *Whig* says that the proposition generally, would, we believe, desert to the Yankees; and calls attention to the fact that in many such other countries many never desert to the rebels. The *Examiner* answers that it has no fears for desertion to the Confederates, but we do not have this apprehension if he should see negroes in theirs army, and understand that we are being more rewarded with freedom and a home in the South. "But," says A. B., "the negroes won't fight." The *Examiner* replies: "We confess that at one time we entertained the same opinion, but the gallant conduct of negroes relative to us privately upon this subject (on which we could give the name), and the good behavior of the negroes overcame this objection. He says: 'Fort Gilmer, the other day, showed what negroes will do when put with other troops in the parapet, to be shot or they appeared above.' But fighting is not the only duty demanded of the negro. In the Union war 'over one hundred thousand men' were employed in the army and navy. The Richmond *Enquirer* of the British army, employed on roads, was over ten thousand. The negroes were wanted, not only to fight, but as laborers and working men, to relieve the soldiers."

The Richmond *Whig* says further: "We are not prepared to say that this measure is demanded by our present exhaustion. We do not believe it is. But the future must be provided for; and it must be apparent to every sensible man that the strain upon the fighting of the Confederate States which this war has made must eventually exhaust the people, and that something is done to relieve this drain from other sources than the white population. The Confederate armies must be kept up, and the war must be waged, its execution, however much improved, can not find the means of success. We fail to see how any policy avoids them. Shall we permit the enemy to use the negroes against us, or shall we ourselves use them ourselves?"

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

IT appears now to be a settled policy of the English Government that the Queen's Speech should contain the pledges of a separate government wherever they may choose, and to keep such pledges themselves from their first Sessional obligations. For this reason the project of a Canadian Confederation, which was proposed by the Governor of Canada, and which the United States the latter would be glad to see carried through an attack in England, which would compel England to transport a large military and naval force across the Atlantic. The Queen's Speech on this situation for England to escape either defeat. The intelligence from Canada are now of the most hostile to the Country. There is much angry dissatisfaction among the people at the inferior position of the colonies in the western part of Australia. This had become a just cause of war, and the Governor of Canada, Sir JOHN YOUNG, protest having been disregarded, the Australians have quite recently taken up arms. Their views upon the subject of secession to their demands or their independence. It is probable that they will be successful.

Lord Stanley has been making a speech in England which has created much excitement. He has declared himself made against it is that it has too much coolness and common sense to be popular. He first expresses his surprise at the request to the American war. He, like General Sherman, believes that the war will soon be over. He thinks that the Federals will finally succeed for all purposes of practical value, but that they can not do so immediately, namely, the maintenance of this conquest. He thinks that the war will be a great drain on our resources in men or money, and he hints that the Confederates may be so that of conquest. Passing from the American to the Italian question, Stanley thinks that the solution of the latter is not going to be by the arrangement made by France. In regard to General Stanley's speech that the Confederacy people will soon disappear, the Confederation having broken down, he says that the reverse is the case. The Republic is only a question of time. He disapproves of forcing the Confederacy into submission. In this respect he says: "It is not now the usurper, it is the middle class—the great mass of people—who are the sufferers in the country, and by far the most powerful class in it—that exercises the Government. We do not think that we are not likely to part with it—that is, of their own free will—for the sake of the Union. It is not now in the history of this country; and I see no such movement on the part of the people of the Confederate States as to make me hear the resistance which might be expected."

The Paris *Constitutionnel* says the Emperor was lately refused a supply of coals at the British ports, because that article was contraband of war. It is now declared free, while all very well if the neutrality laws are so rigidly applied to the Federals.

Mr. Benjamin, the rebel Secretary of Treasury, has been having a commission to the French capital to borrow 500,000,000 francs. The object of discouraging Europeans from any investment in United States bonds. The rebel agent has been successful under the most extreme usuries. Among the terms are that the money is to be paid in gold, and who lately exerted himself so strenuously for the French Emperor in Mexico. The interest is to be 7 per cent, and £3,750 was realized from the sales, and nearly as much on the Confederate Treasury. Secretary Mason of Mire still has announced her intention of getting up a similar bazar in London.

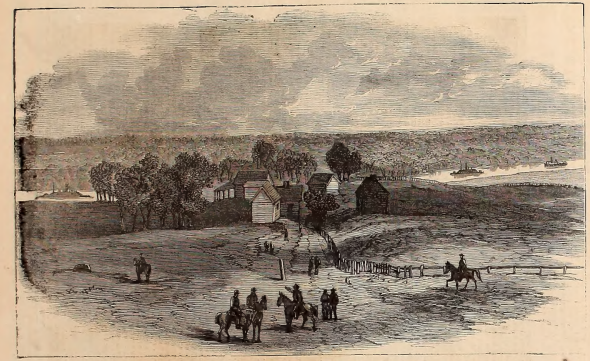
The commercial failures in England continue to excite much comment.

MEXICO.

There is no longer any formidable armed opposition to the imperial government in Mexico. The war continues, but it is said to be only a series of petty operations, which are unimportant, and nearly all of his late forces have either been captured or have become impracticable. Several have disappeared. Cortinas, on the 26th of October, crossed the Rio Grande to General Weitzel, who then surrendered Matamoras and Tamaulipas to the French.

"MONSIEUR LE MARÉCHAL DE FRANCE, DUC DE BASSANO, Sir,—I send the bearer to you, and the Mexican troops which, until to-day, I have had the honor to command, to submit ourselves to the will of the Emperor, Napoleon III., and to the valor of your Excellency's esteemed commander-in-chief, which I have just received.

"We rely on the personal and official protection of your Excellency in the magnanimity of the new government. Excellency in the magnanimity of the new government. Excellency in the magnanimity of the new government.



CONFEDERATE IRON-CLADS ON THE JAMES, BELOW CHAFFIN'S BLUFF.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

GEN. BUTLER AND STAFF WATCHING THE BATTLE FROM JOHNSON HOUSE, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

GENERAL TERRY'S CORPS ENGAGING THE REBEL WORKS ON THE DARBYTOWN ROAD, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

On this and the preceding page, and on page 748, we engrave illustrations of recent events in the Virginia Campaign.

An incident of unusual interest, though not important in its military bearings, was the capture of one of the rebel forts in front of Petersburg on the night of October 27, of which we give an illustration on this page, together with a portrait of Captain J. Z. BROWN, who took a prominent part in the assault. The Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps, under EGAN and MOTT, were engaged in the movement against the Southside Railroad, and only RILEY'S Division was left to guard the intrenchments of the Second Corps. In the course of the day the enemy in front had also been greatly weakened to resist our column moving on his right flank. In the evening MILES ordered a reconnoissance to discover the force in his immediate front. For this purpose one hundred volunteers were solicited from the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Besides Captain BROWN, four officers also volunteered: Lieutenants P. D. SPANGLER, ALEXANDER GEN. J. F. BENNER, and Captain H. D. PRICE. Forming in a trench leading from our picket line to the rebel fort in front, and armed with Spencer's seven shooters, they advanced over a space of two hundred and fifty yards against the fort, which was garrisoned by the Forty-sixth Virginia. This garrison was surprised, and our men advancing in front and on both flanks entered, and after a sharp skirmish took possession, capturing four commissioned officers, among whom was a nephew of Governor HENRY A. WISE. Captain PRICE was the first to enter the fort and was immediately afterward shot. We regret very much that it is impossible for us to give a portrait of Captain PRICE, a gallant officer, who entered the service originally as a private, and rose step by step from a Sergeant to First Lieutenant, and finally to a Captain's rank. He was a son of the Reverend Mr. PRICE, an Episcopal clergyman of Pottstown, Pennsylvania. The fort captured was in our possession half an hour when it was abandoned, on the arrival of fresh troops from other portions of the rebel line. It is impossible to say what advantages might have been gained by our troops if there had been a strong force on the ground ready to support and follow up this daring and successful assault.

The illustrations on page 748 relate to the operations of the Second and Fifth Corps, October 27. It will be remembered that in the advance against the enemy's right the Ninth Corps served as a pivot, the Fifth and Second taking more circuitous routes to the left. The Second Corps starting at half past 3 A.M., from a point in the vicinity of the Fifth Corps on the Weldon Road, advanced along the Vaughan Road, and crossing Hatcher's Run, struck for the Boydtoa plank road, up which they advanced with the intention of turning the enemy's extreme right. The sketch which we engrave of Armstrong's Mills shows the rebel works taken by the Second Corps in the morning. These works were on Hatcher's Run. It was at this point that the Fifth Corps came up, when the Second advanced, as already stated, toward the Boydton Road. The Fifth were to advance up the Run and connect with the right of the Second, but failing to do so on account of an imperfect knowledge of the country, a gap was left between the two columns, which, although it led to no serious reverse, yet gave the enemy so decided an advantage as to frustrate the main design of the movement. General CRAWFORD, although he failed to connect with the Second Corps, succeeded in capturing two or three hundred prisoners, including four officers, who were during the night conducted to the rear. This was difficult to accomplish, as the night was very dark, and the way led through dense woods and undergrowth, and the enemy, moreover, was in close proximity. Not a prisoner escaped, orders having been given to shoot the first man who stepped out of rank. The escape of a single man to the enemy would have resulted in their becoming acquainted with our movements. General CRAWFORD headed the column in person, picking his way along the bewildering roads by means of a compass.

CAPTAIN JERRY Z. BROWN.

We can not dismiss the operations on the left without alluding to the brilliant conduct of General EGAN'S division of the Second Corps. To understand the operations of this corps we must remember that it left the Vaughan Road before crossing Hatcher's Run, passing over to the Duncer Road, further west. Crossing on this road southward, it then advanced westward, and striking the Boydton Road again turned north up that road toward the Run. EGAN, who was in the advance, was about to cross, having already captured a line of works on the south bank, when MOTT'S Division, at his right, was attacked and pushed back. This left EGAN'S Division entirely exposed in that direction. His left was protected by GREGG'S cavalry. He altered his line, forming a square, and thus protecting flank and rear stood the brunt of three successive charges. These assaults were not only repulsed with severe loss to the enemy, but each repulse was followed by a counter-charge. EGAN succeeded in capturing nearly a thousand prisoners. MOTT'S Division was re-formed, and also captured several hundred prisoners.

Turning now to page 740, we have there three illustrations which relate to operations north of the James. One of these is a view of the Confederate iron-clads on the James River below Chaffin's Bluff, on the left of BUTLER'S army. Two miles below the Bluff, at the Dealyre House and at Signal Hill, two Federal batteries have lately been posted. On the 23d of October a sharp artillery duel took place between these and the rebel gun-boats, the latter consisting of the *Virginia*, *Richmond*, *Fredericksburg*, *Hampton*, and *Drewry*. The *Drewry* was struck by a shell, which blew up a gun-carriage and wounded five men. The *Fredericksburg* had her smoke-stack destroyed and six men wounded. The gun-boats finally retired out of range.

The remaining sketches on the page relate to the movement of BUTLER'S army on the 27th, and especially to the operations of the Tenth Corps on and beyond the Darbytown Road. The foreman was occupied in skirmishing. At noon the advance was ordered, and the enemy was driven inside of his intrenchments, from which he kept up a severe fire all along the line. Our men lay up close to the enemy's works and returned his fire, but without much effect, while suffering many casualties themselves. The First Connecticut Battery, Captain CLINTON, replied to a battery of the enemy's by shelling the woods and the rebel works in front. The action is represented in the sketch as it appeared from the Johnson House, from the windows of which General BUTLER and his staff witnessed the battle. This group of officers is given in another sketch on the same page.

AN APPEAL.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To linger in the shade,
While our gay companions wander
Up and down the woodland glade:
Let the red fern droop around us,
And the dend leaves flutter down,
Our hearts are fresh and green, dear,
Though the forest's scorch'd and brown.

It would not cost you much, dear,
To let me see your hand
Ungloved—though well I know it
For the fairest in the land:
And those dainty little fingers
For an instant might I hold;
It would not cost you much, dear;
To me, 'twere gain untold!

It would not cost you much, dear,
To hear me whisper low
A secret I discovered
Not quite a week ago.
Would you promise, having told you,
That I never need repent?
Ah! you guess it! No reply?
But your silence gives consent!

CAPTURE OF REBEL FORT IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG BY THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER LVI.

AT REST.

SEEING that the countess was seriously injured, Mr. M'Variety elevated himself upon the step of the ring, and inquired if there were a doctor present. There were several doctors present, all eager and anxious to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the public. There never is any lack of practitioners when accidents occur at places of public entertainment. M. D.'s in the stalls, M.B.'s in the boxes, M.R.C.S.'s in the pit; dentists in the slips, and herbalists in the gallery. It is like asking a question of a sewer sitter at a normal school; a score of arms go up at once. Get off your horse in a London thoroughfare, when you don't happen to be attended by a groom, and bridle-holders innumerable start up out of the earth. Medical advice was showered thickly upon Mr. M'Variety; pouring over from the boxes, the circle, and the amphitheatre into the arena like a cataract of healing waters. Mr. M'Variety would have been puzzled how to act had he not recognized among the volunteers a personal friend of his own. Dr. Bingham being singled out to attend the case, the others retired in high dudgeon, feeling themselves greatly aggrieved that they had not been allowed to deny themselves a night's rest, and be the instruments of alleviating suffering at the sacrifice of their comfort and of the ordinary reward, which none of them looked for, or would have accepted, if it had been offered to them.

Some hours more were spread upon one of the spring-boards used by the Bounding Brothers of Babylon, and the countess being lifted on this was paid out of the ring into the property-room behind the curtain. Sir William Long had gone to the countess's dressing-room to break the news to Lily, and to offer her what assistance and comfort he could under her new trial. He found her in great agitation, for she had heard the commotion in the circus, and divined that something had happened to her mother. When Sir William told her that the countess had fallen from the horse and was seriously hurt, the girl sank into a chair, and wept and sobbed bitterly. She felt no cause to weep for her dear mother; but in that one moment of her misfortune she forgot and forgave all, and thought of the hard-won success only with love and tenderness and pity.

"I trust, Lily," said Sir William, "I trust you will permit me to be your friend under this trial. I ask for nothing but to be allowed to serve you."

"Oh, Sir William, you are very kind, very good," the weeping girl said, rising, and clasping his hand with both hers. "I shall ever, ever be grateful to you."

Again that cold word! Sir William sighed, and looked at the ground, taking her little hands between his own, and putting them tenderly.

"Where is my mother?" Lily asked. "I must go to her."

"Stay," said Sir William. "I think you had better not go to her now. It would be best, I profit; she is under the care of a doctor, and tomorrow she may be better. Wait a little."

"No, no," said Lily; "let me go to her at once; it is my duty. She—she is my mother!"

"Let me accompany you, then," said the baronet; "you ought not to be of some service."

Lily accepted the offer with gratitude; and, taking her hand, Sir William led her, as he would lead a child, out of the dressing-room and along the dark passage into the shed, to which the insensible form of her mother had been removed.

It had been determined to take the injured woman to the Cottage at once, and four men were carrying her on the counterfeit pad-saddle. She was lying in a shapeless heap on the spring-board, which, as the horse-shoes of Sir William and Lily, hand in hand, followed the melancholy procession across the stone-paved yard, among the men and property-chariots, the horses showing their hind quarters through the open doors of the stables; out through the narrow stage-door of the circus, where the spring-board had scarcely room to turn; out into the gardens and down the broad walk among the colored lights flaring wearily and uncomfortably in their cups; under the gaunt and leafless trees, nodding their bare branches like the stalks of funeral plumes that had been arranged for their feathers; past the spectral ash-trees suspending their skeleton hands over the scene of sorrow; moving slowly among the whitewashed statues bathed from head to foot in greenish tears, wrung from that portion of blighted Nature which the moisture of winter misses desperately clinging to their verdure—the men passed along with their moaning burden to the Cottage.

Among those who walked by the side of the litter, and close to the figure that lay upon it, the baronet observed the strange-looking man he had noticed in the circus. He called Lily's attention to him, and asked if she knew who he was.

Lily started. She had seen that face before; she remembered it well; yet she could not tell when or where.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen him before—in Paris—no, not in Paris, before that, somewhere, somewhere."

While the girl was wondering, the men paused in the porch with their burden, until the door was opened by Mrs. Snuffburn. Mr. M'Variety took this opportunity to arrest the further progress of the crowd of idlers who had followed the litter through the gardens. When the countess had been carried in, he remained in the porch to prevent the mob from entering the house. The man with the gray hair and the dark eyebrows and mustache presented himself, and desired to be admitted.

"I can not allow you to pass," said the manager.

"I am a friend of the lady," said the stranger; "an old friend."

"Oh, no doubt," said the manager; "and I dare say the mob at your heels are all old friends of the lady, too."

"I assure you, Sir, I am speaking the truth," said the stranger, earnestly; "let me pass, I beseech you."

Sir William Long and Lily came up at this moment. The stranger no sooner saw Lily than he started, and, uttering an exclamation of surprise, held out his hands to her.

"Lily Floris! Lily Floris!" he exclaimed; "do you, can you remember me?"

Lily thanked the man in alarm.

"Do you really know this young lady?" asked the baronet.

"Yes, Sir," the stranger replied; "and her mother also. I am her oldest friend, one that once so deeply loved; to seek to stand beside her, perhaps in her last moments, and at her last trial. When I expected this hour, and required his kindness with ingratitude and scorn, he was yet willing to forgive her all. They carried her at once into the gilded apartment. It was blazing with light, and the table was laid for supper—that supper to which she had invited her former friends, promising to make a night of it and be gay.

The men, as they bore her into the room, stumbled against the table, and dishes of fruit that had been set upon the floor ready for the feast. They carried her at once into the next room, and were about to lift her upon the bed, when the surgeon, drawing aside the curtains, discovered that the bed-clothes had been prepared for Champagne bottles. These hastily removed, the injured woman was laid upon the bed. In a few more minutes appearances apparently lifeless, with the full blaze of the lights from the great chandelier falling upon her livid face.

The doctor, finding only a slight scalp wound over her temple, was inclined to think that her injuries were of a serious kind. His opinion seemed to be confirmed when she opened her eyes and looked about her calmly. But presently, when she drew a full breath, she put her hand to her side and uttered a cry of pain. This told the doctor that there were other internal hurts. He found that there were ribs broken than he had first imagined. He begged Mr. M'Variety to send for a surgeon to come to see her. This was done, and in the mean time the surgeon in attendance endeavored, with the assistance of Lily and Mrs. Snuffburn, to undress the patient. This, however, she resisted, waving them off with her hand, and groaning piteously every time she drew her breath.

When the other surgeon arrived a second attempt was made to undress her, but she screamed so desperately that the doctors were fain to desist. She lay with her eyes wide open, fixed and staring blankly; her breath was coming in short, quick gasps, and was very sharp in utterance and moan. The doctors felt her pulse, and looked at each other anxiously.

Lily watched the two doctors, interpreting their looks, stepped forward to ask their opinion of the case.

"I am afraid she is sinking," said the surgeon of whom he made the inquiry; "she has received some internal injury, and refuses to be moved."

Presently the countess turned her eyes full upon Lily, and, with a great effort, made a sign to her to approach.

The eyes of the woman were waiting for him, and when he came upon her view she held out her hand to him.

Constant sprang to the bedside, and, falling on his knees, took upon her view she held out her hand to him.

He had kissed that hand once before, when it was raised to strike him in the face with a whip and a mocking taunt. It was not drawn away from him now.

"Jean Baptiste Constant," she said, feebly, "I am dying; that beast has trodden the life out of me. Tell these people to retire, all but you and—and my child."

The doctors and Mrs. Snuffburn retired, and Constant and Lily were left alone by the bedside of the dying woman. They knelt down together beside her, and waited for her to speak. It was some time before she moved, or uttered a word. At length she raised her arm feebly, took Lily's hand, and placed it in that of Constant.

"Protect her," she said; "I leave her to your care."

"I accept the trust," Constant replied, solemnly.

After a pause the countess turned her eyes toward Lily and said, "Withdraw for a little and leave us—alone."

Lily rose from her knees, blinded with tears, kissed the dying face, danced, stepefied, filled with a strange wonder.

When the door was closed the countess roused herself a little, and grasped Constant's hand almost fiercely.

"Can you forgive me?" she said, despairingly. "Can you—can you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes," he said; "I can—I do!"

"All?" she asked, eagerly.

"All; every thing, every thing. Oh, Valérie, Valérie!"

"I have been very wicked, Jean Baptiste, very ungrateful, very cruel, very heartless; but it was not my fault. It was born in me, whipped into me, beaten into me with kicks and blows. The devil has been in me from my birth, and held possession of me from first to last. Had he left me for one moment I might have required your kindness and been your wife, and we might have been happy. But he came, and the child which possessed me made me proud, ambitious, ungrateful, and wicked, and he has burned me to—to this dreadful end among strangers in a foreign land. Had I been born with a good spirit in me, Jean Baptiste, I should have been good and virtuous, I should have been grateful, I should have returned your love and care, and we might have been happy now in France."

She paused frequently while she murmured these words, laying her hand upon her side, and moaning with a wail of anguish.

"Let me go on," she continued. "I have been very, very wicked; but could I help it, Jean Baptiste? can what great power only tares have been sown; can flowers spring up from a soil rank with the roots of weeds? You sent me to school to be taught, but I was to be good; but it was too late, the evil spirit came with my first breath. I have been possessed, Jean Baptiste, possessed most of your life. And now, O Heaven! what shall I do, what shall I do?"

A sudden paroxysm seized her, and she writhed about upon the bed-clothes as if she were struggling with death. When she grew calmer Constant took her hand gently, and said:

"Pray, Valérie; pray to Heaven to forgive you."

"I can not pray," she said. "It is so long since I have prayed. I have forgotten how to pray. Oh, what shall I do?" she groaned for breath, and again clutched at the bed-clothes fiercely.

Constant rose and went to the door and beckoned to Lily. She entered the room, with a scared look upon her face, timidly. Constant led her by the hand to lead her to the bedside. Her mother turned and saw her, and grasped at her hand as if for rescue.

"My child," she said, "you are good, you are innocent, you have learned to pray; pray for me, pray for me!" She drew Lily's head toward her own, and implored her with kisses.

And Lily knelt down by the bedside, clasped her hands, and prayed for her mother, looking upward through her tears, and beseeching God to pardon her all her sins for the Saviour's sake. The worn, crushed, hardened woman caught at the last blessed words of the prayer and repeated them again and again, eagerly clinging to them with failing breath and faltering tongue, until she floated away from earth upon the raft of promise which her child had launched into the sea of her despair.

CHAPTER LVII.

DUST TO DUST.

LILY was once more Quite Alone—alone with her dead mother in the Cottage in the Gardens of Bacchus.

The mystery of her mother's dying words had been explained to her by Jean Baptiste Constant. He repeated it to her in many merciful reservations, the Idyll of Marouille-le-Geney, which the reader knows. Lily was rather afraid of this strange-looking man at first; but when she knew all, and heard from his trembling lips the story of his early love for her mother, of his devotion to her, and of his care for herself even in the days of her childhood, she gave him her complete confidence, and accepted his guardianship gladly. How dear now was that he had been a father to her—the only father she had ever had. Constant was anxious—eagerly anxious—that she should at once leave the Cottage and take up her abode at Pomeroy's Hotel in Great Grand Street, which he was the proprietor. Sir William Long also urged her to leave the Cottage and go to Pomeroy's. But she declined to accept the latter proposal gratefully

stranger had ascended the stairs and entered the room before Mr. M'Variety had finished speaking.

"Mr. M'Variety," he said, "we received this check the other day from Madame Ernesta, in payment of a wine bill; we gave her a receipt and the change out of it, and to-day the check has been returned from the bank marked 'no effects.' In fact, Sir, it has been dishonored."

"What is the amount, and whose check is it?" the manager said.

"It is a check for twenty pounds," said the man, "and it is signed 'Edgar Greyfaunt.'"

Lily looked crimson.

"There must be some mistake," said the manager. "Mr. Greyfaunt is a man of fortune; you'd better make inquiries again."

"It would save us much trouble, Sir," said the man, "if you could pay the money."

"Oh, I can't do that," said the manager; "it's no affair of mine, you know, and—"

"Stay," said Sir William Long (let us have no more words about the matter." And he took out his pocket-book and handed the man notes for the amount of the check.

"Now, Sir, you may go."

The man put the dishonored check on the table, took up the notes, and left the room.

Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt had paid more for his box than any of the others, but his check was worth only the value of the paper upon which it was written.

Mr. Thomas Tuttlesbell triumphed in his secret soul.

"The insolent Brummagem puppy!" he muttered between his teeth.

Mr. Tuttlesbell's only regret was, that the solemnity of the occasion forbade him to give audible expression to his satisfaction. But he could be restrained himself for the moment, he could not leave without easing his soul by a commentary on Greyfaunt's shabby conduct. It was to Lily that he made the remark.

"I always thought that fellow, Greyfaunt, was an impostor," he said, "and now I've proved it. Wasn't it good of Sir William to pay the money and save the fellow's credit with the box-lot? And without a word, too! Ah, Sir William is a real gentleman, my dear, with a big heart."

Honest Thomas! he knew not the conflict of painful emotions which these words aroused in Lily's fluttering breast.

Under the direction of Sir William Long the funeral was conducted as plainly and privately as possible. As much and unprecedented publicity—much to Mr. M'Variety's regret, for he now felt that he was losing a magnificent advertisement for the opening of the summer season—attended the dull Vandrien Valerie, once the bright particular star of the Paris theatres, the reigning queen among the demi-monde of her day, the darling of the slaver of hearts, and the wife of Francis Blunt, Esquire, an English gentleman of high lineage and ancient name, but of very little else besides.

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Her grave had been dug at Kensal Green by order of Mr. M'Variety, who, contemplating an open-air and evening of circus horses, was desirous that the route might be as long as possible: on the principle of the longer the route the better the advertisement.

Sir William Long did not join the procession at the gardens, but drove down by himself, early, and waited among the tombstones for its arrival. It was a fine, clear, frosty day, and the sun shone out cheerfully. Sir William wandered about among the monuments, thoughtful and moody. It was almost a new scene to him, for he had rarely stood among graves and felt the chastening influence which the contemplation of death exercises upon thoughtful minds. He was surprised to find himself musing upon the looking death in the face in his own dominion, calmly and without fear; nay, almost envying those who slept so peacefully under ground, alone. What was it that had so subdued the heart of this man of fashion, this pleasure-loving bachelor, with the gay delights of life at the top of his command, with ample wealth, with health and strength, and many days yet before him? What was it? It could not be that he had the genuine love of the heart, which is akin to all that is pure and holy, that love which is almost a repetition in itself of which sanctifies all things, and is a witness to the divine likeness in which man was made, and is the image of Him whose face that hovered about him, brightening the scene and robbing the graves of their terror. How he loved her, oh, so tenderly, so purely, with all his heart and with all his soul! He had led a gay, reckless life, and though in the pursuit of his pleasures he had never known the love or cruel, or mean, he knew and felt that he had much to answer for. But that account seemed to be redeemed by the purifying influence of the love which now filled his breast. He felt that he was a better man for it.

Sir William was startled from his reflections by a noise of wheels on the gravel-path behind him. It was the funeral procession with all of the countess, followed by the two mourning-coaches. He helped Lily from her coach, and stood beside her at the mouth of the grave. Constant stood on the other side of her, and took her hand, and as dust was cast upon dust, and ashes were deposited upon ashes, Lily's little Constant looked down into the grave of hopes long since blighted, long since dead, hopes that had been born and nursed in the quiet village of Marouille-le-Gency, far away in France, but which now lay here in a foreign land, buried forever. Was it in mercy to his blank and desolate heart that the sun burst from a passing cloud and fell upon the coffin, lighting up the name upon the plate as with a halo of glory—a promise of hope hereafter?

Sir William walked by Lily's side to the coach and helped her in. He held out his hand to her, and she took it and pressed it warmly.

"A new life! What did he mean by those words? Lily knew not as yet; but to his last entreaty she replied, with proud reserve,

"I will ever think of you, ever love you, ever be grateful to you."

And, seated in the mourning coach beside Ann Bogbie of Constant, she was carried away to her new home.

NO GHOST.

I don't know how people feel who have seen a ghost; perhaps it would be a relief to them to find out the white gentleman attended a broomstick; but for myself, I once saw a figure in a sheet which it would be an infinite relief to me to believe a ghost. I saw this figure, or thought I saw it, three or four years ago, when I was lodging in the second-floor of a house in Bloom Street. There were at the time unfurnished rooms to be let on the second floor of the opposite house. The blinds were not drawn up, so that, before the workmen came to do any, I could see into two of these empty rooms. That opposite my own was an inner room, lighted by two windows, and entered only from the adjoining small ante-chamber, and this, which also looked into the street, had one window. The proof was,

That I saw it.

I was there for so many months that it grew yellow with age and gray with dirt, and it was hanging in shapeless and unsightly folds over a single window when the rooms were taken: at least I concluded that they were taken, for the bill disappeared before, and was not replaced after, the two days' work a few days the windows were cleaned, and a bed and two chairs were placed in the inner room. There were no curtains and no carpet. I saw for as I could see, any other furniture in these two rooms. But there was some one in the bed, very if I imagined, for although I saw the figure more than once, I never saw it sitting up, or saw the bed empty, or saw the face so as to recognize if it was the same person.

In any case I should not have been able to see much of those opposite neighbors, for I was at home in the morning and evening, and they had their rooms besides the two I have mentioned.

About a fortnight after the lodgers came, I was sitting near my window in the early morning when my attention was attracted by a figure at the window of the ante-room, standing with its back to it, and in a white sheet. A corner of the sheet was drawn up round the head and hung over the face like a veil, so that I could not distinguish the looking out of window, no trace of form or feature could be seen; and the arms, which were crossed, were the slightly curved arms of a child. The sheet ends it paused at the window, and I, sitting partly behind my window curtain, could see without being seen. There was nothing particularly curious in which I could see very distinctly, as the windows were open.

But here it seems necessary to state that the effect produced upon me at the time by this person in a sheet has been considerably modified by events subsided horror from circumstances which occurred later. It is difficult to describe that which follows without appearing to exaggerate, and, in fact, so far as I can remember, I was not sensible of it at the time, and felt only a strange attraction and interest in a figure which I could see so distinctly, and pay the fool at 7 o'clock in the morning.

The figure, as I have said, entered the inner room, and stood for a few minutes at the window by the bedside. Then slowly the arms were stretched out, pointing at something or some one in the bed; the head, still covered by the sheet, was turned in that quarter; the whole attitude was that of one speaking with an earnest and eager intensity. But soon there was a change. The arms were drawn in, and acted, as in a wild trance, and commenced leaping and dancing round the bed. The figure then disappeared for a moment at the foot of it, and then springing first to one side and then to the other with such wonderful agility that it was impossible to follow its movement. At length there was a pause; again the hands and arms were stretched out, again they pointed, and, as I thought, at the bed; it turned, they, to the bed; and then the body swayed and bent backward, and the head was thrown up in one long burst of exultation. From these signs, and that I could *hear* the mocking sounds even above all the noises in the street. I do not know if I should say I heard them, or if the sounds were borne down, but I remember my surprise at finding that I could hear the laughter, and was again standing at the window of the ante-room. From these it passed out into the passage, and I saw no more of it.

The bed was, as usual, occupied, but I do not remember noticing any movement on the part of the occupier.

Early in the summer evening I returned from my daily work and sat at the window to watch the sun, as like a huge ball of fire it sank in the misty mist and smoke with a dim angry light, it sank down into the heart of the great city. The blinds of the room opposite were drawn down, and the windows were closed, and they remained so on the following morning and in the evening, as I watch, and from my window in the dusk, I saw two men coming down the street, bearing on their shoulders a long, heavy box, apparently in process of being carried the coffin in and up the stairs, and through the ante-room, and into that room with the bed, which was opposite to mine. I saw the shadow of it cast upon the white window blinds; for some one went first, carrying a candle.

About then I knew that there was death in the room, and that the antic which had mocked and made sport on the previous day had mocked at the dying or the dead.

The following day was Sunday, and I was again at my window when the plain deal coffin was carried down stairs and put into a shabby hearse. This was followed by a street cab, and one small person sprang quickly into it, closely muffled in a large black cloak. I could not tell whether this person was young or old, and could only guess whether it was man or woman; but something in the rapid resolute movements at once recalled the sheeted figure which had startled me three days before. I could not watch the house again, it was too terrible; and on the following day when I returned from my work, the bed had been removed, the windows were wide open, and there were new bills, announcing that the rooms were "To Let, Unfurnished."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

COLONEL CAMPBELL, in his *Indian Journal*, tells a story of an old woman named Kate Carmichael, who made her living by doctoring the natives of India. She married upon George III., who then ruled the land, much in the same way as Napoleon I. now rules over the Emperor of Russia—as a ruthless tyrant, who would not allow honest people to manufacture their own grain after their own fashion, and devotedly prayed for his death accordingly.

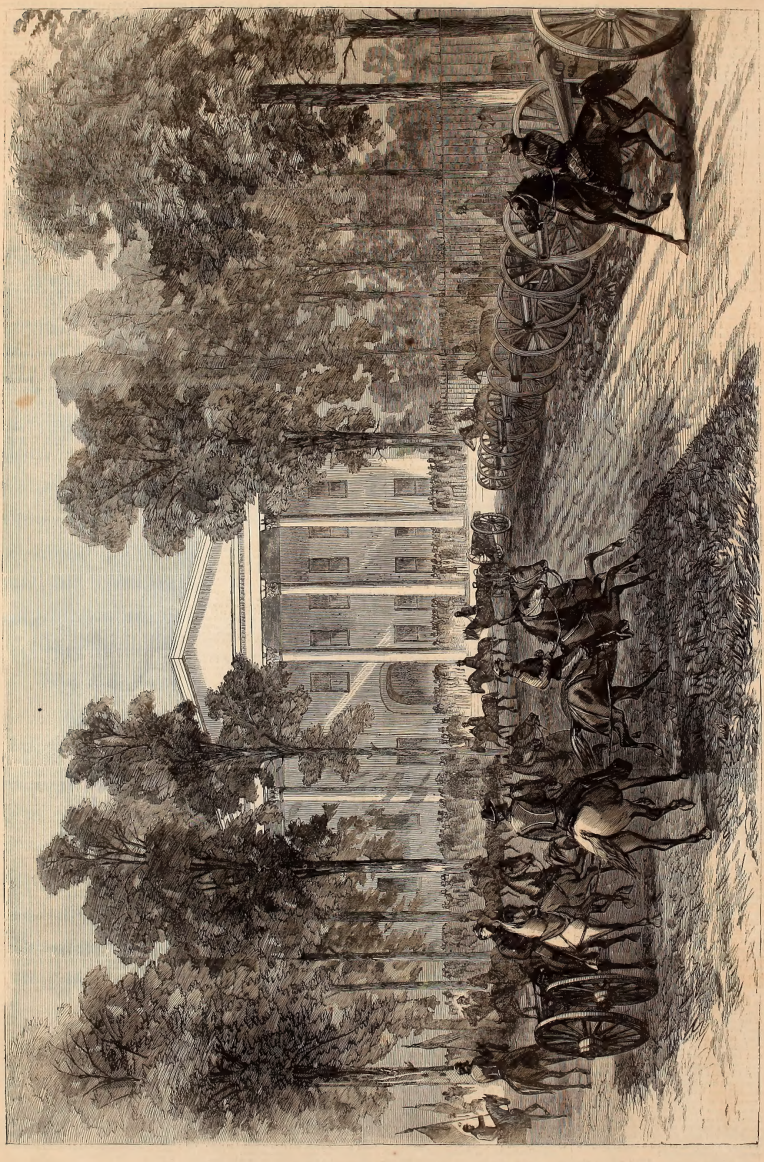
At last the news of old King's demise reached the Highlands, and Kate, rejoicing in the death of the tyrant, determined to go off to York, in her own house, on a broad daylight. The natural consequence was an early visit from the Excisemen, who found the still as a busy as ever.

Kate did not see this; as, seizing a pitchfork which lay ready to her hand, she drove him into a corner, and kept him at bay, while the whole neighborhood flocked to assist, exclaiming—"Kill his brains: stick the rascal. He'll never tell a tale of Kate Carmichael."

Her idea was that, the moment the King died, all law, as far as Highland matters concerned, ceased; and the neighbors being pretty much of the same mind, the excisemen was left to his fate, and Kate's still worked away as still unused.

It appears in the *Spectator* pronounces the following religion as here:—"We been are an organized polity, a Church established by Government, in no doubt were than Turks or Chinamen from Christians, but were not the less Christians, and members of the Church, common time; in a word, all persons even more distinctly than we are members of the Church of England. Now the law our sins and we theirs, what would they think of us? Can we suppose that God would allow a bum; our finest flights of eloquence to a rather louder than than usual; our manly sense, our honest hearts, our sincere piety, our earnest industry, to serve, as far as they could see, curiously base and, our honor and integrity, our incomplete sense of propriety; our relations to one another as being almost incomprehensible? Would they not see in the very fact that, with the exception of one or two varieties of the intellectual, we were all of one sex, one female, all one nation as below the pales of a lee of the world to understand. Perhaps some of them would think that the most precious life and die in a garret in the attempt to fathom the mystery. Others would be merely and curious little bragged and two-headed insect man; but the vocation of the pulpit reminded bee would hid her attend to very much higher matters."

MARRYING AGES.—The recorded statistics for three years in the ages at which persons were married in England and Wales present some interesting and curious subjects for remark. The register books for 1839, from the following statistical observations are drawn are three for 1839, 1860, and 1861. The number of marriages in 1839 was 122,093; in 1860, 154,832. Up to the age of 20 a much greater proportion of women are married than of men. Of 100 men 20 years of age were married, and a much greater proportion of old men between 80 and 90 years of age were married than of old women. Of 100 persons there were 73 girls married at 15 years of age, but no boys were. Of 100 persons married at 16 years, 2 were boys and 63 girls of the same age who took the step. The greatest number of boys married at any age was 21 years, of 100 ladies. At 25 and 30 the proportion is greater of the men than they were. From 1860 to 1861, 106,351 and 106,634. A Bronze Archbishop.—Soon after Whitsuntide a report arose in an country house of Still-Organ the bay was ripe, and a number of men were called in to mow and make it. The men, when they came, proceeded to refresh themselves at the food which the Archbishop supplied when Whitsuntide arrived. "Now, my men," exclaimed he to them, "I am your House," replied several, "I'm a-going that the next will be a-going to be a-going to be a-going to



RECEPTION AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT, October 23, 1864, OF GUNS CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY BY GENERAL SHERIDAN.—SKETCHED BY F. F. WARREN.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

BATTERY GOING INTO POSITION.—SKETCHED BY D. R. BROWN.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

A YEAR'S COURTSHIP.

I saw her, Harry, first, in March—
You know the street that leadeth down
By the old bridge's crumbling arch?—
Just where it leaves the dusty town.

A lonely house stands grim and dark—
You've seen it? Then I need not say
How quaint the place is. Did you mark
An ivied window? Well! one day,

I, chasing some forgotten dream,
And in a poet's idlest mood,
Caught, as I passed, a white hand's gleam—
A shutter opened—there she stood!

Training the ivy to its prop.
Two dark eyes and a brow of snow
Flashed down on me—did I stop?—
She says I did—I do not know.

But all that day did something glow
Just where the heart beats; frail and slight,
A germ had slipped its shell, and now
Was pushing softly for the light.

May came, and on that arch, sweet mouth,
The smile was graver in its play,
And, softening with the softening south,
My April melted into May.

She loved me, yet my heart would doubt,
And ere I spoke the month was June—
One word—I told her so—and out
To watch a slowly setting moon.

Something which I saw not—my eyes
Were not on heaven—a star perchance,
Or some high flyer of the skies,
Had caught her earnest, upward glance.

And as she paused—Ha! we have played
Upon the very spot—a fir
Just reached me with its dreamy shade,
But the full moonlight fell on her.

And as she paused—I know not why—
I longed to speak, yet could not speak;
The bashful ice that lobbed—I—
I stooped and gently kissed her cheek.

A murmur (she some fragrant air
Stirred softly) and the faintest start—
O Hal! we were the happiest pair
O Hal! I caught her heart to heart!

And kissed away some tears that crushed;
But how she trembled, timid dove!
When my soul broke its silence, flushed
With a whole burning June of love.

Since then a happy year hath sped
Through all the sunshine that seemed all June and May,
And soon a March sun, evershed,
Will usher in the crowning day.

Twelve blessed moons that seemed to glow
All sweetness. Hal!—my peerless Kate!
She is the dearest! Angels!—Pray
Thank God!—but you shall see her—wait.

So, all is told! I count on thee
To see the priest, Hal! Pass the wine!
Here's to the darling wife to be!
And here's to—when thou find'st her—thine!

STAINLESS HILDEGARDE.

THIS wild and mournful story opens cheerily enough, the sky seems cloudless but for the single speck, not bigger than one's hand, which is to grow into the blighting thunder-cloud. Charlemagne is now dwelling in his royal palace-hall at Aix-la-Chapelle, blessed in the love of his beautiful wife Hildegarde, yet it is not long since he has figured in a dark story.

His wife sister, Bertha, had chosen him a bride, Ermengarde, daughter of the Lombard king. He had married her in spite of the Pope's prohibition, and not long after one year of childless wedlock. The ill-fated lady died soon after, some said of a broken heart. But the details of their story, their short union, and its cruel ending, are shrouded in gloom. In the year 771 he married Hildegarde, of good old Swabian stock; and lady and husband as noble, why such a one as she married a man who had just set aside another wife is equally a mystery.

For a few years all went well with Hildegarde and Charlemagne, they dwelt in peace and love together, and she bore him three sons, Karl, Pepin, and Louis, and as many daughters, Hildrud, Bertha, and Gisela. The great Emperor was prone to anger, if roused to thoroughly, but in the main he was both unsuspecting, trustful, and loving; toward Hildegarde; her great influence was not founded on mere beauty, though she was fair and stately, with that lofty and calm loveliness which lies deeper than rounded limbs, bright eyes, and rosy cheeks. A tender, loving, God-fearing woman, she was compelled her husband toward mercy and goodness, thus winning the love and reverence of all, from the highest to the meanest in the land. Then there was one other influence to be compared to hers, the subtle, hidden sway of Talaud, a half-brother of Charlemagne's. The Emperor loved him, and never saw the black soul that lay hidden under a fair exterior. In fifty years Hildegarde's large pleading for justice and mercy thwarted the crafty Talaud's selfish plans. His greed of power prompted him often to plot the downfall of this guileless, unsuspecting woman; and compass it too—that he might better rule her husband's mind. But every time he gazed on her regal beauty and listened to her pleasant speech his heart would fail him, gradually his resolves grew weaker, till, bit by bit, they yielded to an accursed love.

He loved her blindly, desperately, and the devil of ambition whispered in his ear that Hildegarde, ruined and degraded, would for her own sake beware how she crossed his plans. With this foul treason in his heart he was outwardly the loving kinsman of the royal pair, and their most faithful vassal.

The three actors in my story were thus circumstanced toward each other when Charlemagne was called away to the Saxon wars: his last act was to appoint his half-brother to the government of Aix-la-Chapelle. As he tore himself from Hildegarde's embrace, half the bitterness of parting was lost in the thought of what a safe protector he had found her. Little he knew, as he pledged away all his champions, that he had intrusted his fold to the ravenous wolf.

Darker and darker grows the plot of the story. At first the stainless lady, so unsuspecting in her purity, treated Talaud almost as a brother, and he dreaded to break the charm of their frank intercourse. Still, somehow a vague distrust would come over her, to be quelled the next moment as a base lending to her husband's dear friend and kinsman. At last, however, she could not help noting something strange in the demeanor of this man, who hung on her accents, gazed into her face, and haunted her like her shadow. She chafed inwardly at this close watching, and gently reasoned with herself for her husband's coming. One day she had dismissed her maidens, and was sitting all alone in the upper chamber of one of the towers. She was idly wandering vaguely over the new city and the green fields below, her hands lay idle on her lap, and a wistful, tender look softened the fire of her beautiful face, for her thoughts were far away with him whom she so dearly loved. Talaud stole to her unheard and bowed over her. His dark shadow fell across her, and she started from her day-dream. Their eyes met in full gaze, and they silently stare. She would have risen to go, but he grasped her hands and fell on his knees before her, and then at last, in the quiet of day, poured forth his long tale of passion. Dumb with horror and surprise, she sat like a graven image till he paused from sheer lack of breath. Then she spoke. Slow and low she broke from him, and turned on the false knave with righteous wrath. He quailed beneath her withering scorn, and shrank away, cowering, crushed. He might have left that room her open foe, but for one glance back while his foot was yet on the threshold. Hildegarde had risen, her eyes, and nostrils, and with clenched hands and dilated nostrils; her lips still quivering, her whole attitude showing a most worthily light, terrible as a young Judith: but more beautiful than ever. One long lingering look at her fatal beauty, and Taland's fury turned again to fierce-accursed love.

The next day and the next again he dogged her footsteps at all hours, but she held him aloof. Weeks and months rolled on and still no change. The more Hildegarde shrank from him the more he pursued her. She locked her doors in the face of his hated presence, every barrier she strove to place between them, gave way before his superior cunning. At last secret hands were busied on some noxious crawling thing, but dared not show it, lest men should say, "Why?" And proud queen Hildegarde would have died before she would put it in their power to say that she had listened to such a love-tale. She would have preferred to bear with her weary head on some kind woman's bosom and sob out her story, but she dared not. She bore in silence her load of misery, her bosom friend, her fear, and none knew that many a night her pillow was wet with the sobbing tears she dared not shed in the open day. Her life was a burden to her: she felt like the bird which sees the writhing snake close by, but can not fly from its fascination. The very sight of the frightful monster on the wall, visibly height of the great tower, filled her with horrible temptation. She would have given her misery and save her honor with one thrust of the glittering steel, one bound from the lofty battlements. But Hildegarde was a brave woman, and could not think other chance was left her she could not shed her own blood.

Goaded to desperation, when every other means had failed her, she met Taland with his own weapons, craft and daring. She no longer shunned him, but met him day and night with a smile. In her utter coldness, may, she even schooled herself to greet him with smiles and honeyed words. This change filled him with tumultuous joy. He believed that day she bade him prepare three lonely rooms in a remote and unfrequented wing of the castle, adding as he was to have the keys of the doors leading to bolts and bars, and to come to her when all was ready. Taland placed her in an ecstasy of delight, never heeding that the hand he covered with burning kisses was as cold and rigid as stone, nor how the word upon the smiles, how hollow the tones of her gracious farewell.

For three whole days she was rid of Taland: three days she passed in the solitude of misery and moody packings along the battlements. She ate little, spoke less, and wandered through the palace like a soul lingering in the grave, and where I have said that she lies dying in some wretched but I will go to her, my eyes shall fear on her death-throes, and my hand bear witness between her and her God. Instead of prayers she will die with curses of me on her lips, and I will have to see that beauty, which I beheld me, gone from the outcast, who will die gaunt and ghastly, worn to skin and bone." And a hunter Taland will chuckle to himself over the visions he conjured up.

Before he had been many days in durance, great shouting and cheering in the streets made him rush to the window, cursing the high court-yard walls. Suddenly the great gates of the castle were swung back, and in burst the mob, pressing close round a horseman, whose steed was bloody and flecked with foam. He waved a sealed packet, and shouted, "Glorious news!" A tall lady appeared at a window and beckoned him with her hand. He dug the spurs into his panting, heaving flanks, and rode through the crowd. Hung the reins to the nearest man, and bounding past guard and usher, soon knelt at the lady's feet and gave her the precious scroll. Long before a scribe had been fetched to decipher it, Hildegarde learned from the soldier that the Saxons were vanquished, that many thousands had embraced the Christian faith, and better than all, that her husband was unharmed in life or limb, and returning as fast as he could lead his host.

Words can not tell the true wife's joy. She dismissed and rewarded the soldier, and made the learned man read the Emperor's letter again and again, till she knew every loving line; and, childlike in her joy, she pressed it to her lips and to her heart, kissing mark and seal, and thanking God from the bottom of her heart. She was too thoroughly happy to think that she should meet the shadow of her meeting with her husband, she felt as though it would be a sin to damp his double bliss of triumph and return with the new sorrow of his half-brother's foul treason, and that moment she resolved to free Taland. Too pure herself to know that black ingratitude finds its own shelter in guilt, she never thought that he would turn on her; besides, she deemed that even he had no gratitude, reward for his own bond would make him doubt. To an evil mind she gave the traitor his freedom.

Charlemagne returned, and for one short week Hildegarde was entirely happy—so happy, perhaps. Before the end of another week he one day entered into her chamber with clouded brow, and half recoiled as she sprang to his arms, but he checked himself, and caught her face in his two hands, and looked her full calmly, and sadly into her eyes. The scrawl passed from his face as he gazed into those clear frank eyes, he kissed her pure forehead, pressed her to his heart, and left her chamber. That morning Taland had begun his task, and before the noon and evening cast of the true wife's face had banished his hints from the Emperor's mind.

Taland now saw that he must give up his vengeance or his life, and desperate game, indeed, he chose; yet he was very wary. He said nothing tangible, yet he dropped words that rankled for whole days in his husband's heart. Charlemagne would not stand it any longer, and bluntly bade him speak out.

Taland began with well-feigned reluctance. First came speeches about what was due to his royal brother's honor, and how loud was the duty he, Taland, as his kin, owed to the king man, till by-and-by, with almost tears, the false knave cunningly unfolded his tale, half hinting, then affirming, his charge. Charlemagne's indignant ear was the young lord. He saw his dupe's voice, and, thus encouraged, went with double zeal, and with well-acted grief and sweet love passages. He said he had once come on the lovers, who but at his approach. Next morning he had found Hildegarde in a close parley with one whole court know of his captivity? Then the meaning of vague hints and jests he had heard banded about Hildegarde's name. He certainly never had across Charlemagne, and he believed all. His rage broke forth in frenzied paroxysms, till Taland ceased, covered his face with his hands, and Charlemagne stopped his frantic mutterings, and buried his head in his hands. Taland could see his huge frame heaving, and the great knots in her hair twitching as he stand out like straining cords. The Emperor looked up, and, though the breath came hissing through his set teeth, his face was calm, but that rigid livid calmness was horrible to see.

"Call her!" he said.

Taland started at that awful sound, though it was scarce spoken above a whisper. He bade a guard call the Queen, and came back to stand against the Emperor's chair, though Charlemagne hardly seemed aware of his presence.

Hildegarde was playing with her little children when the messenger came. She went joyfully, and the little toddling things came racing after her, with their short skirts flapping, and clutching themselves, and leaving them with the guards in the ante-hall, passed in. The smile was still on her lips as she came toward her lord, but the sight of his stony face and Taland leaning over his shoulder struck a chill to her very heart.

Slowly he waved her off. "Hildegarde, minion, quit me forever." The words, the tone, smote her like a hard blow. She staggered forward, then turned to his feet and faced her. Their eyes met, his flashing fire, hers wildly beseeching but not quailing. "Speak, woman, be merciful!"

A convulsive shudder ran through her limbs, she gasped for breath, and strove to speak, but no sound passed her white lips. Then Taland, with a sneer, said, persuasively, to Charlemagne: "Why force the dame to criminate herself?"

The taunt brought him round Hildegarde from stupor to almost madness. She grasped her husband's arm, and lifted her right hand to heaven. "Charlemagne," she cried, "do call on God to witness—"

Ere she could say another word he dashed her from him. "Blasphemous traitress, thou deservest death, but still I can not slay thee. This day leave my sight and my dominions forever, quit my realm. Woe betide thee if thou darest ever again set foot within its bounds."

She glared at him fiercely defiant: that moment she could have killed the man who doubted her: the next she thought on Pilate's judgment-hall, and what the Lord had borne between her and her God. Instead of prayers she will die with curses of me on her lips, and I will have to see that beauty, which I beheld me, gone from the outcast, who will die gaunt and ghastly, worn to skin and bone." And a hunter Taland will chuckle to himself over the visions he conjured up.

Before he had been many days in durance, great shouting and cheering in the streets made him rush to the window, cursing the high court-yard walls. Suddenly the great gates of the castle were swung back, and in burst the mob, pressing close round a horseman, whose steed was bloody and flecked with foam. He waved a sealed packet, and shouted, "Glorious news!" A tall lady appeared at a window and beckoned him with her hand. He dug the spurs into his panting, heaving flanks, and rode through the crowd. Hung the reins to the nearest man, and bounding past guard and usher, soon knelt at the lady's feet and gave her the precious scroll. Long before a scribe had been fetched to decipher it, Hildegarde learned from the soldier that the Saxons were vanquished, that many thousands had embraced the Christian faith, and better than all, that her husband was unharmed in life or limb, and returning as fast as he could lead his host.

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strain them to her breast for the last time. Taland stepped between. The little creatures stretched out their little arms, and struggled in his grasp. One shriek broke from Hildegarde, more like the death-groan of some stricken wild thing than the cry of a woman, and she fled from the palace.

The rest of her flight we recalled her fanatic. She marked the wondering stare of the people in the streets, and remembered that she was hurrying on alone and unveiled. A church door stood open, and she entered with no thought but to take refuge from their gaze. She sank on her knees before the altar, and strove to pray, but she could neither think nor pray. Her brain reeled, her eyeballs burned, and in the blood tears came in drops. Slowly the truth dawned upon her that she was a wanderer on the face of the earth, an, and branded with infamy more degraded than the wretchedest outcast in the land. She thought of her husband and of the days of their early love, she thought of the helpless children she had left exposed to Taland's wiles, and she sank down on the altar steps, wringing her hands and moaning piteously. She sat thus for hours, half stupefied, till roused by actual bodily discomfort. She was literally choking with thirst. She tottered feebly from the church into a yard behind, where she saw a clear well. Stooping to drink, she beheld her image in the water, and started at the sight. Her costly robes, her jeweled hair, shone in ghastly mockery of a face wan and drawn already, as from whole years of woe. She had done the work of years, yet she gazed unmoved on the wreck of her loveliness. That cared for the glorious shape of her youth when he who had loved that beauty was lost to her forever?

To slake her burning thirst she had filled her two hands at the well; raising the water to her lips, her eyes fell on two rings, the wedding ring and the royal betrothal. At such a moment these pledges of a severed bond smote her to the heart. Wildly she strove to drag them off, but her trembling fingers failed her. As they tightened on the golden circlets her thoughts rushed back to her wedding-day, and the vows then spoken, that nothing can cancel but death. "I am his wife, his own true wife, till death do us divide," she murmured. This new ray of comfort came like a heavenly sunbeam to the dark night of her anguish, and she wept. When tears had somewhat eased her heart she began to think and act. She pulled off her gems, all but the two rings, wrapped face and figure in her mantle, and thus disguised, ventured into the street. Her pale beauty befriended her, and she gained unnoticed the shelter of a friendly roof, where she found also means of changing some of her gems for money. On the verge of the morning she started on her long wanderings. Fly she must from her husband's realm, and by forced and tedious journeys she gained the Austrian Swabia, the province she had quitted as mighty and as happy a woman as ever the sun shone on. Her sister, the Countess Adeline, received the poor wanderer with open arms, fully believing in her purity.

Hildegarde might have passed the sad remnant of her days with her own people, but somehow their very pity galled her, and the indignation they expressed against her husband, ill though he had treated her, stung her to the quick. Besides, how could she, with such a blight on her life, dwell in her sister's house, where the sight of her own children damped all mirth? Her bleeding heart recoiled from all earthly solace, and the passionate love lavished on them had all spurned it turned to her Maker. Deprived of her husband and her little children, the poor lady's pent-up tenderness vented itself on the sick and the needy. And when she found herself a kill-joy in her sister's lonely home, that sweet sister's prompter bade her consecrate herself to a life of self-abnegation and piety. She could not bear to stay in her father-land, so replete with memories. Despite the Countess's entreaties she left her, and again set out on her lonely pilgrimage.

This time Rome, the great home of Christianity, was her goal. She crossed the snow-clad Alps, the burning plains of Italy, and took up her abode in the great city.

She spent her whole time in prayer and fasting and tending the sick. Filth, squalor, disease, had no terrors for her. Where wretches covered with sores and crawling vermin were tended by her royal hands. Anguish, blasphemy, despair, all horrors of body and soul that can bring recoil and shudder never daunted her; nay, in softening the pangs of others she found a balm for her own. Diseases seemed to yield to her skill or her prayers, none could tell which. Numbers of sick, particularly those afflicted with fever, were healed by her, and even some blind people regained their sight through her means. Do what she would, these cures could not remain hidden long, and as she glided along on her errands of mercy men pointed her out to each other, gazing reverently on the wan beauty of her earnest face, and calling down God's choicest blessings on the banished northern queen. Pilgrims from her own land saw her and heard of her cures, and returning to their people at home.

For a short time Taland enjoyed the full triumph of his wickedness, but, by some strange visitation, his hitherto keen sight began to fail him, and his life was rendered wretched by a painful and loathsome disorder in the eyes. The royal physicians employed all their herbs and simples to no purpose. The voice of conscience, stifled in happier hours, now thundered him without ceasing. As, sick and alone, he sat in the gloom of darkened chambers, brooding on that helpless blindness fast growing on him, he seemed to fancy that Hildegarde's face peered at him from the darkness, not as he had last seen it, touching in its patient anguish, but with mocking and gibing, now glaring at him fiercely triumphant. He could not sleep at night, and fifty times he started from his bed to grope his way to his brother's room, tell all, and be quit of his victim's haunting presence, were the moment of avowal to be his last. But when he came to the point he would chide himself for such sickly fancies, and go on stoutly, bearing his burden of guilt. He kept his own counsel till the last glimmer of sight had left him, and he was stone-blind. Then the pilgrims' tales of Hildegarde's wonderful cures kept constantly recurring to his mind. To be healed by her, even at the cost of having to confess his guilt, became his ruling wish. He was so sick of life, such as his then was, that he cared little about putting it in jeopardy for the chance of seeing once more. It was with feelings of intense relief he heard that business of great import summoned Charlemagne to Rome. Taland so besought him to let him go with him that the Emperor could bring himself to refuse his entreaties; though, in truth, the great Emperor was sorely puzzled to know how Hildegarde, if guilty, could be in league with God that He should grant her the gift of healing; and, if innocent, how she could be induced to cure Taland, who had hunted her down as the hound hunts the quarry.

No sooner was the Emperor and his train reached Rome than Taland sent to seek after Hildegarde, whose lonely dwelling was easily found. Cunning as he was, he did not know that his footsteps were dogged, and that his too trusting brother had at last begun to suspect him. Taland had himself guided to the dilapidated cottage where his victim had fixed her abode. His attendants had left him, and he deemed himself alone in the great city, where the sick used to assemble for prayer. He little knew who had tracked him thither, and stood but a few paces behind him. They were alone, and at a signal as Charlemagne could do to keep his hands off Taland, and force an avowal from him. However, he continued insensible, but his breathing could not escape the blind man's hearing; "Who is there?" said Taland. There was no reply. But thus warned of the danger, the wily Charlemagne stepped warily into the deep shadow of a pillared door. These two men waited minutes, which to them seemed hours, then they heard the voice of Hildegarde—wan, worn, but beautiful, with the peace of God beaming from her face—stood before them. She did not know Taland, but stood back with his back to the light, and face and figure muffled in a cloak.

"Poor man!" said she, in the Frankish tongue, "they tell me thou comest from the father-land; I know you speak my native tongue."

"Lady, they are well, for love of them I beseech thee heal me."

"Good God, man! art thou Taland?" cried the lady, springing toward him. She pulled the mantle down, and scanned his face. One searching look, and also was rushing from her lips, but he clutched her gown, and fell down on his knees.

"Unhand me, Taland!"

Still he held her gown. "Oh, lady, hear me for the Saviour's sake? God has judged between us, and he struck me blind; but if thou ask Him, he will give me sight. Have pity on a poor man!"

She stood motionless, and he let go her gown, and grovelled at her feet.

"Blind—helpless—she murmured; "blind—helpless—for the Saviour's sake." She said his words again, like some one dreaming. Then she roused striving to recall her import, to realize the change that made her bitterest foe a suppliant at her feet. Then, with a low, wailing cry, she bade Evil Ever go to thee that hast stolen my husband's love and rift me of my little ones?"

The blind man heard the words spoken words. Wildly, despairingly, he called out:

"Woman, hast thou no mercy? Hildegarde, look at me! Shout curses on me, but heal me! I wreck I am now, and all thy doing. Why didst thou spare my love until it grew so very hate, and for revenge I forged the lie that has made thy good name from thee; and then because of this great wrong to thee God smote me in his wrath. Oh, Hildegarde, by that fierce love I bore thee, that love mine own undoing as it too was thine, I conjure thee heal me. Let me see my wife, but once more, then tell thy lord my treason. Kill me if thou will, but let me see the blessed light of day before I die."

"Taland," replied the lady, and her voice was soft and low, "fear naught from me; I have pardoned thee this many a day. Rise, and, if thou hast faith, perchance God will heal thee, and I too will pray that He may."

"Hildegarde, Hildegarde, God in heaven bless thee! Ask Him. He loves thee, He can not refuse thy prayer."

Hildegarde sank on her knees beside him, and prayed with her face hid in her hands. So dead was the silence Charlemagne could hear the very throbbing of his heart. He could not pray for her feet, and lay one wasted hand on Taland's head. She stood at last, and clasped the lady to his breast. Heaven, and Taland, with helpless outstretched arms, cowered before her, quivering in every limb.

"Sweet Saviour," cried the lady, "heal him for thy mercy's sake!"

Straightway the scales dropped from his eyes, and Taland saw.

With a cry of delight he grasped her hands to press them to his lips, but suddenly they turned cold as stone, and fell from his nerveless grasp. Starting to his feet, he turned round—the Emperor stood behind him. Charlemagne sprang forward, clutched his sword, and charged the lady to his breast. Taland was stealing off. The stern mandate, "Stir at thy peril!" arrested him.

Tenderly the Emperor raised his wife's head from his shoulder and wiped away her happy tears. "My sweet wife, tell me all," he whispered; "trust all to my true love."

In broken words the lady told her story. Rage, grief, and wonder filled the Emperor's soul. He cursed his own blind folly, and again and again besought her pardon for the most grievous wrong that he had done her, his own true wife, the stainless mother of his children, the dearest thing he owned on earth. Loving looks and sweet caresses sealed his early pardon, and Taland was forgotten for a while. But even bliss could not long blot out the memory of his deed. The Emperor's own remorse would doubly ready to crush the vile slanderer whose tool he had been. He broke from Hildegarde, and in his fury would have struck Taland dead at her feet, but she threw herself between them. Her clinging arms held him back till her soft words melted his wrath. She so brought him to spare Taland's life he had not the heart to gainsay her, and sentence of death was changed to life-long banishment.

No words can portray the Emperor's glad return to his new city with his own true wife. The people, who had cherished her memory, rent the air with shouts of joy as she came back to them, ritled by her husband's side, dazzling with gold and gems, beautiful, smiling, and gracious as an angel.

In thanksgiving for God's great mercies she built the church and convent of Kempfen.

A saying of hers has outlasted its solid walls: "How wondrous are the hidden ways of the All-seeing. The Lord forgot not his handmaid. He first gave me life and honor, and then, in spite of wicked men, restored my fair fame and preserved my love. Blessed be his name forever!"

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

It is a fair tradition, one of old
That, at the Gate of Heaven called Beautiful,
The souls of those to whom we minister
On Earth shall greet us as we enter in
With gentle welcome, and with answer lowly deeds
Of Christian charity wherewith frail man
Proffers his humble loan unto his Lord.

May we not so believe, since He hath said
"Thou, inasmuch as thou hast done to one
Of those His little ones, 'twas done to Him?

Oh, think, if this be true, how many eyes
Whose weeping thou hast stilled shall glisten there,
How many hands whose broken bonds thou hast shared,
And heavy feet whose steps were turned by thee
Back to their homes, clastic through the joy
Of new-found hope and trust in Heavenly love,
Shall welcome thee within the Gates of Bliss,
The Golden City of Jerusalem!

MR. AND MRS. POPKINS.

I'd ever a man married a wife in a hurry John Popkins did. He came getting his hair cut, and she without a new dress for the occasion. They had many love-passages before the matter came to the notice of Miss Hildebrand's aunts. Bitterly opposed were they to the suggested alliance. Their regard for the suitor could readily be perceived by the contemptuous emphasis they placed upon the first syllable of his unscientific name.

"Popkins, indeed! Fine hair he'll have, to" A kind of midsummer madness possessed the girl, from which she would be sure to wake. But the uncles expended the whole force of their displeasure, not from an artistic but from a business point of view. Mollie's persistent fancy might have worn away in consideration for a handsome fortune. John and his brother Sam received a fine offer to go to China, there to grow yellow and rich; an opportunity seized by the latter with delight, but half accepted by John, who confessed his reason for hesitation, and the suddenness of waiting for a wife not to be gained with or without his Hildebrand investment.

"Show me the woman worth the sacrifice of your mercantile prospects," said the elder Popkins, sententiously. "There are plenty of them, and I'll tell you when you and I make our fortunes, we shall find as many willing-to-be wives as the vizier sees in the slave market."

Sam did not believe in this unknown love of John. When Mollie came to her lover's probable destiny she vexed and cried herself ill. Then the stout uncles yielded, and wrung submission from the hearts, all unwilling as it was, from the chief of the firm to Mr. Popkins, Junior. John was sitting at a high desk in his father's office, his long ungainly limbs doubled in grasshopper-wise, when this proposal of marriage came. The expression of interest and bubbling of strange humor in the full-blown surprise as he gathered the meaning of the terse sentences. Mollie! A fortune! A partnership! The young man could not realize a single sense, then perceiving Dobbs's twinkling eyes fixed knowingly upon him, and Hobbs regarding him with curiosity, he turned round, closed and replunged into his books, smiling over them in such an inane way that the paternal Popkins raised his spectacles wondering what Jones could be to smile at in long columns of figures. What indeed! As soon as he was free John rushes home, turns wildly about his chambers, starts, flies, and sits a blazing crimson into a carpet-bag, packs all with his foot, puts his hands in his pockets, and stands beside the door of his mother's sitting-room. "Going to Philadelphia. Will write." Flies down the steps and through the street, the uncles and Sam blowing out jubilant behind. Sam coming home and pondering on the oracular words of his brother's farewell, suspects much of a sudden. He resolves that John shall not be made a fool of if he can prevent it, and his presence and words are usually potent. So he packs a bag, tells his mother's manner and journey town on mischief bent. The first news received from John by the amazed Popkinses was contained in the following telegram:

"Wife and I leave for New York to-day. Be in Hartford about the 15th. Tell Sam."

But Sam was a hundred miles away and off the scent.

When the Popkins pair reached the great city Mollie was ill with a headache, an affliction which usually untitled her for the active duties of life for two or three days. Her husband, she had a fever for shopping not to be appeased.

"Now, John," says she, "here I am nice and comfortable at Brother Robert's. Do you go on to Hartford, break off your China negotiation, procure your mother to see me, and settle your affairs with your brother; for if he is to leave on the *Ascension* every hour is golden to you. Rodney will put me on the Hartford cars, and I shall find you waiting for me at the dock. Don't hesitate, you foolish fellow; I know how important it is that you should be at home at once; and if you will not go without me, why I shall be compelled to set off today with you."

That plan was, of course, not to be thought of, so the obedient bridegroom departs to find on reaching Hartford that Sam was in New York.

Thursday came and the little bride left the city on the *Sprout Eagle*, with her great trunks previously marked by the careful John "Mrs. Popkins." The first day passed serenely enough. There was a handsome gentleman sitting near her who evidently admired her. Mollie seemed to be reading *Harper*, but was conscious of every silent look. She dozes a little, stares at the scenery, watches the bottle-green glassy surfaces of the river cut into smooth furrows by the boat. Then she nibbles at her luncheon and becomes much annoyed by the man, when the handsome gentleman offers to arrange the awning, and does so in a manner to screen her completely. Mollie rewards him for the courtesy by a low bow and a smile, displaying all her splendid teeth.

"How much he looks like John," thought she, "except in complexion and expression, and then the features are quite unlike, and poor John's hair is red!"

After this acute observation she goes to her stateroom to sleep, and is wakened at last by the stillness around her. Not a sound is there but the low droning of some insect in the heat. Then a dull groan from the engine. She tries on her hat and hastens on deck. Is informed by the polite stranger that the *Sprout Eagle* is stuck fast in the mud, with no prospect of getting off until night.

"But I must be in Hartford before night," declares Mollie, as if that determined little sentence would release the boat from distance into indeed.

"Then you will have to follow the example of the other passengers, land here and take the cars."

"What shall I do?" asks Mollie, looking with some unpromising barn-like buildings, savoring neither of pleasure nor business, and a dirty, uneven causeway winding round them.

"Middletown. But there is no train before three o'clock, I believe."

"I don't care," cried Mollie, radiant with a new idea: "there is a train down, I suppose; I'll telegraph."

"And wait in Middletown for your friends? A very good notion."

So Mrs. Popkins landed, and was escorted to the hotel by the stranger, who politely offered to send her telegram. But Mollie declines; she is sure she can manage it herself, and indites a note certain to be effectual. "Darling John, do come," etc.

That much-enduring man had been pacing the dock many hours in the broiling sun, and when, on the distant bend of the river, continually excited and depressed by slops and other small craft, which came into view every five minutes, he was made to be when the news of the *Sprout Eagle* reached him, and strides across the city to take the cars to Berlin in order to meet the Middletown train, which bore the *Sprout Eagle*'s passengers as he was informed. By this course, losing the telegram, which guessed him to be gone toward Hartford, again to the disgust of the office-boy who had it to deliver, and who brought it back to him in the afternoon, with the news that Mr. Popkins was not in town. So, he was staring at every woman who set foot on the Berlin platform, with her bundles and box. But the *Sprout Eagle* got off in the course of an hour or so, and is now on her way to Hartford. Fortunately, in John's opinion, the Northern train passes but few moments; he will yet be in time. So he is—to see his wife's enormous trunks delivered at the door by the Expressman engaged in the morning to seize and bear away all luggages labeled Popkins, and who has triumphantly done the same. Then his brother Sam receives the luggage into his hands. His eyes and brain collect its meaning. He perceives that a few moments only are left to him to catch the last train. Jumps into the Expressman's cart and is driven like mad to the station.

Mrs. Popkins having awaited the arrival of the Hartford train and the appearance of her lord, is sure "something dreadful" has happened to him when time passes by and Popkins does not come. There is not even a message for her at the telegraph office, whither she wends a second time. She rushes by vehicle proceeding to Hartford, not finding her own fortune. Is very much surprised at seeing at the railroad depôt the same mustached unknown. He is looking forward to other services with the loftiest air of distant respect. The truth was, Mollie had no idea that the stranger had possessed such a sweet baby face, that it seemed the duty of some man to take care of her, and this one was the nearest at hand. Besides, he was the wish to see her safely to the end of her journey. It naturally happened that he helped her out of the cars on reaching Hartford, and opened her a carriage.

"Add to your kindness," begged Mollie, "and direct me to a good hotel, for I am a perfect stranger here."

About the time she was driving through Hartford streets the wretched John was being informed at the hotels of the arrival of the distinguished Mr. and Mrs. Popkins for Hartford. He has passed her on the road? Driven reckless, he turned out the most desperate side of his character. Bought a pint of pea-nuts in a dismal newspaper store, where he also observed a few ancient pies perspiring in the windows, accompanied by large yellow cubes of spouse cake. Stuffing the pea-nuts into his pockets, he walked down the broad Main Street, and by and by began to eat his purchase, and throw down the husks thereof. It was now dusk. He counted nineteen young women passing by, and stopped counting. Saw two men shutting up a store. Afterward observed a crowd of seven in front of the Post-office. In these exciting scenes he wears away the time until the hour for leaving approaches. Performs a slow march to the station, where the hustle of departure is represented by a cart and horse backed to the side door of the building, and small ragamuffins petting pies upon the track to be flattened into swords. The silence appalls John. A tall, lank man, arrayed in shirt and pantaloons, is unlocking

ARMSTRONG'S MILLS AND REBEL WORKS ON HATCHER'S RUN, CAPTURED BY THE SECOND CORPS, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—SKETCHED BY C. H. CHAPIN.—[SEE PAGE 741.]

the door of a small hole. Is breathlessly questioned by the traveler.

"Train leave? Eight minutes," responds shirt-sleeves, pointedly, and buries himself in the hole. And now the ticket-window is thrown up with a loud squeak, a few people appear, an engine leisurely enters the depot and attaches itself to a car. Some one gives the wheels a ringing bang, somebody else remarks "all aboard," and the stirring city of Middletown is left behind. All wearied out, John re-enters his home, and perceives Sam sitting at a well-spread table, eating what he calls a heavy tea, and relating his adventures to his admiring family.

"Hollos, John!" cries he, "where to next, my boy?"

"Hasn't Mollie come yet?" gasps his brother.

"Lost your Mollie? Capital joke," says this unfeeling man, taking a great swallow of coffee.

"She is somewhere in Hartford," returns John, grimly. "I'll go to every house in town—"

"Wait a bit. Sit down and eat some supper," returns Sam, composedly. "Then I'll help you. Be calm. We must learn to regard these matters philosophically."

"Philosophically!" began John, angrily, but swallowed the rest of the sentence with a bite of hot buttered muffin. Then he discovered how hungry he was; for since breakfast he had eaten nothing but the pea-nuts.

"I came up in the *Spread Eagle* myself," said Sam, "but didn't see Mrs. Popkins, not expecting the pleasure you know. Besides, I was occupied with a forlorn little miss going to boarding-school, or something of the sort. By George, what a smile she had! and such a jolly little hand. She was in a terrible state of mind. Expected somebody to meet her who didn't. I made myself as useful as possible, but didn't dare too much. I'll see her again though. But what is the use?" and he ended with a sigh, thinking of China.

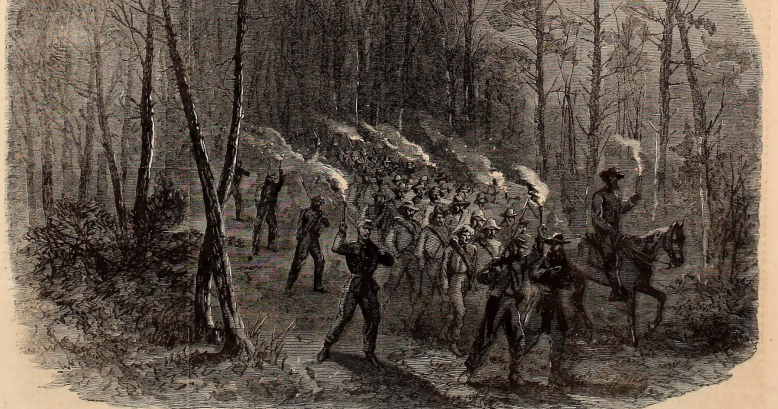
A little after 9 o'clock there came a rap at the door of No. 46 —— House, rousing Mollie from a distressed doze, and after it John Popkins victorious.

"My brother is waiting for us," says John; "he is very impatient to see you (?). Come, Mollie."

Then Sam sees John proudly approaching with a little creature clinging to his arm.

"This is my brother Sam," introducing Mollie's polite acquaintance of the morning. "And this," with ill-concealed satisfaction, "is Mrs. Popkins."

On which the elder brother for the first time in his life lost countenance, blundered in his greeting, but finally recovered himself with a desperate attempt at festive welcome—"Long live Mr. and Mrs. Popkins!"



GENERAL CRAWFORD CONDUCTING REBEL PRISONERS TO HIS REAR, OCTOBER 27, 1864.—SKETCHED BY C. H. CHAPIN.—[SEE PAGE 741.]

MAJOR THOMAS JEFFERSON RODMAN.

MAJOR RODMAN AND HIS GUN.

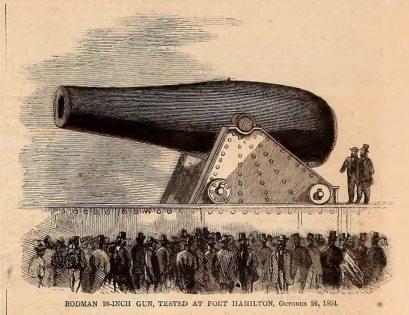
WE publish on this page a portrait of Major THOMAS J. RODMAN, together with a view of the celebrated 20-inch Rodman Gun of which he was the inventor.

Major THOMAS JEFFERSON RODMAN was born in Indiana about the year 1818, entered West Point in 1837, graduated in the Ordnance in 1841, and has ever since been one of the most useful and active officers in the corps. He obtained his Captaincy in July, 1855. He is famous for having invented a process of casting guns of enormous size hollow, and cooling them from the inside by passing a stream of water through the bore. They are known by the name of Rodman Guns. Major RODMAN is one of the greatest artillerists in the country, and is doing most excellent service at present.

On the 26th of October a trial was made at Fort Hamilton of the gigantic 20-inch which Major RODMAN has given to the world. This is the largest piece of ordnance in existence, and carries a shot weighing half a ton. The trial was witnessed by a large number of persons, among whom were Major RODMAN himself, the heads of the War and Navy Ordnance Departments, and General W. F. ("BALDY") SMITH. It indicates the size of the gun that it was possible for a man to creep into it to remove some obstructions in the vent that prevented the firing of the cannon by means of a fuse. The body of the man did not fill up the gun, and he easily made his way to the charge-chamber, which was three times his own length from the muzzle. The trial was only made to ascertain whether the cannon would carry a shot proportioned to its calibre; its range will be tested at some future day.

This gun was cast at the Fort Pitt Foundry, Pittsburg, taking 160,000 pounds of metal, and weighing when completed 116,000 pounds. The peculiarity of the gun is in the process by which it is cooled, as above described. The portion of the gun nearer the bore is solidified first, thus giving room for a gradual contraction of the outer portion. The carriage for the gun weighs 26,000 pounds, and was made at the Watertown Arsenal, near Boston, of which Major RODMAN is Superintendent. It has two parts. The lower part is called the *chassis*, and constitutes the railway on which the upper part of the carriage, which is like that of a mortar, slides along when it receives the recoil of the gun. The whole rests upon a granite foundation; and the forward end of the chassis is fastened to an anchor-block or pier, by means of a six-inch bolt, called a pintle. From this point the carriage revolves around a semicircular traverse rail, on wheels. This rail, and also a support for the middle of the carriage, stand on granite. It is thought that the range of this gun will be five or six miles. Even the powder used for it is peculiar, the grains being said to resemble Breckinridge coal of the chestnut size.

This gun is not mounted in the fort, but in the tier of 15-inch guns which extends along the embankment for a quarter of a mile below the fort, commanding the lower bay, and forming part of the defenses of New York harbor.



RODMAN 20-INCH GUN, TESTED AT FORT HAMILTON, OCTOBER 26, 1864.

THE DEFENSE OF ALLATOONA.

WE illustrate on this page the attack made by General HOOD on Allatoona, October 5, 1864.

After General HOOD crossed the Chattahoochee a force of five brigades and eight guns, under General FRENCH, attacked Big Shanty, on the Chattanooga Railroad, and succeeded in taking the place. They then moved on Ackworth, further north, which occupied them until evening. The next morning, October 5, they drove in the Federal pickets at Allatoona. This post was defended by Brigadier-General JOHN M. CORSE, who had abandoned Rome in order to prevent Allatoona, which was of far greater value, from falling into the hands of the enemy. General CORSE commanded a garrison of 1700 men. General FRENCH, the rebel commander, sent to CORSE a summons to surrender, "to avoid the useless effusion of blood." CORSE replied that he and his command were ready for the "useless effusion" as soon as was agreeable to General FRENCH. Leaving their artillery on the south side to shell the position, the rebels swung their infantry round to the north front, which was more practicable. The attack was violent and determined, and lasted until the middle of the afternoon, when the enemy withdrew, leaving 1300 killed and wounded on the field. Nearly 700 of CORSE'S men were killed or wounded.

The rebels numbered about 7500 in all. They came provided with a wagon train to remove the rations which SHERMAN had accumulated at Allatoona, but they went away with empty wagons. The dead rebels had their haversacks full of uncooked black beans, sugar cane, etc. General CORSE was wounded in the head, but not seriously. Only

GENERAL HOOD'S ATTACK ON ALLATOONA, OCTOBER 5, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY A. VAN HOEGEN.]

four guns were mounted in the fort. If the rebels had succeeded in taking the place, they would have been able, with the rations on hand, to have held it for several weeks.

General SHERMAN witnessed the action from Kenesaw Mountain. Two days afterward he issued a congratulatory order, commending General Corse for his gallant defense, which he considered an example illustrating both the necessity and possibility of defending fortified positions to the last.

OVER THE HILL-SIDE.

FAREWELL! In dimmer distance
I watch your figure glide
Across the sunny moorland
And brown hill-side.

Each momently uprising,
Large, dark, against the sky;
Then, in the vacant moorland,
Alone sit I.

Along the unknown country,
Where your lost footsteps pass,
What beauty decks the heavens
And calms the grass!

Over the mountain shoulder,
What glories may unfold!
Though I see but the mountain,
Blank, bare, and cold;

And the white road, slow winding
To where, each after each,
You slipped away—ah, whither?
I can not reach.

And if I call, what answers?
Only, 'twixt earth and sky,
Like wail of parting spirit,
The curlew's cry.

* * * * *

Yet sunny is the moorland,
And soft the plessant air;
And little flowers, like blessings,
Grow every where.

While over all the mountain
Stands, sombre, calm, and still;
Immutable and steadfast
As the One Will;

Which, done on earth, in heaven,
Eternally confessed
By men, and saints, and angels,
Be ever blest!

Under Its infinite shadow,
Safer than light of sun,
I'll sit me down a little
And gather flowers.

Then I will rise and follow,
Without one wish to stay,
The path ye all have taken—
The appointed way.

THE CASE OF MONS. D'EGVILLE.

THIS remarkable case of circumstantial evidence, though generally known to the curious in such matters who have searched into West Indian records, is as yet, we believe, entirely new to the American public. The details, however, might never have been laid before them had not the original papers been recently discovered in the Provost-marshal's office in Hamilton and copied and forwarded to the writer. Besides the intrinsic interest attaching to the story told in a mere anecdote, there is the object of adding another instance to the list of exceptions carried out upon the evidence of circumstance alone, and of showing how some of the most subtle as the weak points which characterize this peculiar form of judgment. Perhaps a close and careful comparison of numerous instances of circumstantial evidence might assist in moulding into something like a system the various and sometimes almost contradictory inferences deduced during trials of this character, and in bringing them under a legal form which might be applied when similar occasions required. At present it is well known that the law of circumstantial evidence is very uncertain, and this story before us is a most conspicuous instance.

In the year 1834, Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, resident in the island of Barbadoes, West Indies, dancing-master, was brought up before the local Jane Sessions charged with having caused the death of his wife by administering to her poison in the form of arsenic.

The name of D'Egville has been always famous as the title of a family of dancing-masters and professors: there were some of the family, I believe, in Cheltenham when I was a boy, and I certainly was instructed in the art by a D'Egville, though whether the name was assumed as a recommendation or not I can not say. The unfortunate man whom I write had, though a Frenchman, migrated to Barbadoes with the view of teaching dancing, and was, it is reported, very successful. From some what long residence in the island, he married a lady whom family usage was Llewellyn, though whether maid or widow at the time of her union with D'Egville is not shown. The Frenchman was not a man of good character: he was addicted to debauched society and to drink. In many of his tipsy fits he was wont to strike and ill-use his wife, though he never seemed to cherish the least ill-feeling toward her. He was not therefore malicious, though he was quarrelsome in his cups. Still, his ill-usage of Mrs. D'Egville was so continuous and excessive that the long-suffering wife determined upon a separation. This was effected without any scene of violence or recrimination between the parties; and while the dissolute husband pursued at uncertain intervals his profession of dancing-master, the relieved wife lived at some distance, out of his and harm's way as was supposed. It is to be particularly noticed that, though separated from each other, no ill-feeling was to be discerned between Mr. and Mrs. D'Egville; on the contrary, the wife was in the habit of sending to her depraved partner little attentions in the form of dainties, such as she knew he was attached to, as for instance, fruit, soup, rare fish, etc., etc. D'Egville recognized these attentions, and (occasionally) returned them, though the flctuation of his gains at times prohibited an equivalent interchange of gifts. Now D'Egville was aware that his wife had not only signified her intention of leaving to him a sum of money at her death, but had actually executed the testament by which she was to be entitled at her demise to a bequest of £600 old Barbadoes currency, i. e., about £330 sterling.

It was proved that D'Egville had bought arsenic some few days previously at a druggist's shop, and being asked if it was required for rats, said, *"Yes; and I shouldn't care much if they were two-legged ones?"* Observe, that to be in the possession of arsenic was nothing of itself, for there generally was a supply in every house in the island for the extermination of rats; but, indeed, I can vouch for the fact of my grandfather keeping a very large quantity in the medicine chest for periodical poisonings of wood-ants which infect one of the mills on his estates, so that no stress can be laid on the mere purchase of the arsenic.

Mrs. D'Egville was particularly fond of toasted cheese, and at times of the year cheese was a very scarce article in the island. However, things had been progressed with the Stilton at the time of the purchased a piece, had it prepared, and sent it to his wife by the hands of a little mulatto boy, with these instructions: "Tell her to eat it *herself*, and not to give any of it to Miss Llewellyn." This was Mrs. D'Egville's sister, who lived in the same house with her.

Mrs. D'Egville was found dead in her bed next morning—Miss Llewellyn was confined upon the two or three of the negro servants were ill, though they ultimately recovered.

An inquest was immediately held, and, Dr. Cutting tested the contents of the stomachs of the deceased, the rejected matter from the negroes who were suffering at the time, and the remainder of the cheese which was left in the dish. In all was arsenic found.

D'Egville was arrested, and brought up at the June Sessions in 1834. It was the interim between the death of the late Attorney-General and Solicitor, and the appointment of his successor, and Mr. Coulthard (acting attorney-general) prosecuted. Mr. Hinds defended the prisoner, resting his defense on the fact that a link in the chain of evidence was wanting. This meant of course the evidence of the little mulatto boy who had carried the cheese to Mrs. D'Egville, for negro evidence could not be received in court at that time.

The jury, after long consultation, came into court and said that it was impossible that they could ever agree, nine of their number being for an acquittal and three for a verdict of "Guilty" so they were discharged, and the prisoner remanded to the next sessions. At sessions, Samuel Hinds was appointed Attorney-General. When the sessions opened (December, 1834), Mr. Hinds declined to prosecute, on the ground of having formed friendly relations with prisoner, so the prosecution devolved upon Mr. Solicitor-General Griffith. The jury were empannelled, the indictment was read, and pleaded to, and the case and the last sessions were read over to them, and after a short deliberation they brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

Extract from the minute-book of the Court of Grand Sessions held December 17, 1834:

Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville was this day duly arraigned upon the charge of murder upon which he had any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, delivered in a paper writing, signed by himself and Mr. Hinds, his counsel, which paper was read by the clerk of the crown, and that he, the said D'Egville, was put on his trial at a former session of this court, to which time sentence upon that judgment might be arrested and stayed against him, that a commission of lunacy was directed to the same, on the ground that the former trial was not complete, inasmuch as the jury had not been rendered, and also that he had not been put on the present trial pleaded "not guilty," and put himself upon God and his country, and that plea having been accepted. The opinion of the court being taken, the said paper writing was ordered to be entered upon record.

Sentence of death was then passed upon the prisoner, which the prisoner received without any observation, and was thereupon remanded to the custody of the provost-marshal.

Here is a copy of his death warrant:

GEORGE THE FOURTH, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, etc.

To our Provost-Marshal of our said Island of Barbadoes, or his lawful deputy, greeting:

WHEREAS Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, late of the parish of St. Michael, in the island aforesaid, yeoman, now detained in our custody in our jail of parochial length, was, at a Court of Grand Sessions of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, and General Sessions of the Peace, held in the city of our said island, and begun on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, and so continued and held by special adjournment *de die in diem*, on the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth days of the said month, at the Town Hall, in the parish of St. Michael, in our island aforesaid, and also by and arraigned for the murder of Susanna D'Egville, and thereupon was tried, confessed, said in due form as by law attainted, and now standing adjudged unto death, of which judgment execution remains to be done. We therefore command, and by these presents firmly enjoin you, that in and upon Monday the fourteenth day of the month of February, between the hours of nine and twelve in the forenoon of the same day, you carry the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville to the place of execution within the jail-yard, in the town of St. Michael, in the island aforesaid, and there cause him the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville to be hanged by the neck until he be dead, and that they you fail not to do upon peril thereon to ensue.

Witness,—His Excellency Sir Henry Wards, K.C.B., etc., his Majesty's Captain-General and Governor, Commander-in-Chief in and over the island, etc., at Government House, this seventh day of February, in the sixth year of our reign.

(Signed) HENRY WARDS.

This warrant was duly carried into effect.

Some years afterward, when D'Egville's name was forgotten, a negro man who had been a slave in the possession of Mrs. D'Egville, and who was, by her father's will, to receive his manumission, confessed that he had received the cheese from the mulatto boy who had died in the arsenic, as he was aware that his freedom was to follow upon his mistress's death. The link wanting (as the learned counsel observed), namely, what had passed between the time the cheese was put out of D'Egville's hands and its delivery into those of his wife, was now supplied. The negro's name was Christian, and he went, as was usual, by the family name of Llewellyn. And this he confessed upon his death-bed, to the great discomfiture of those who had condemned the wretched dancing-master, and to the shame of the verdict, resting on evidence, drawn from negro lips, in a trial where life and death depended upon evidence alone.

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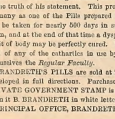

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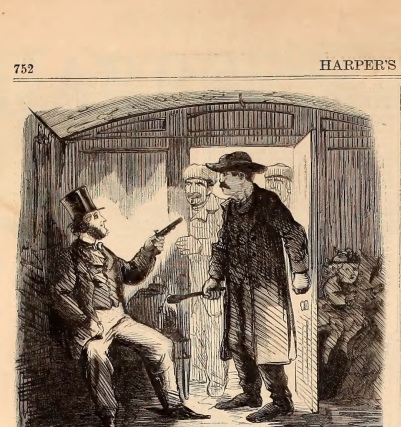

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 413.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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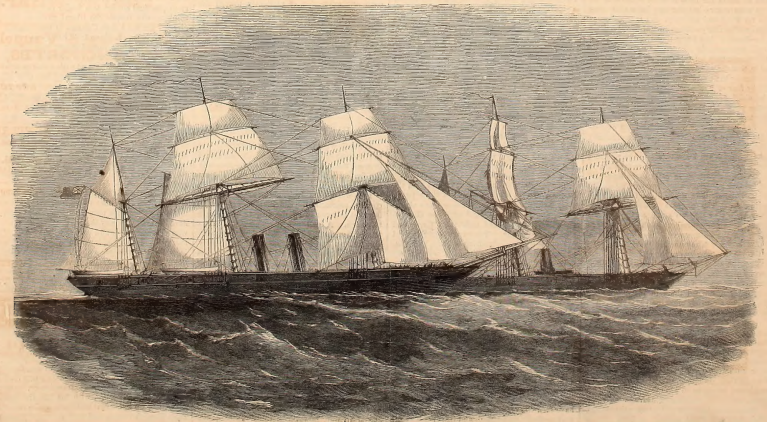
CAPTAIN NAPOLEON COLLINS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 797.]

CAPTAIN C. M. MORRIS.—[SEE PAGE 797.]



THE CAPTURED REBEL PRIVATEER "FLORIDA" AND THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "WACHUSETT."—[SEE PAGE 797.]

NOVEMBER 8, 1864.

We breathe more freely now the struggle's done,
That for that thou the Union yet shall live;
The grandest civil triumph which shall stand
Recorded in the annals of the land.

We trusted in the cause—we knew that Right
Must conquer Wrong, however hard the fight;
That not in vain by patriots had been shed
The precious blood with which our soil is red.

No, not in vain; to-day the pledge we give,
That for that blood the Union yet shall live;
And from the strong lips of the loyal North
In thunder tones the promise now goes forth.

Faith in that promise makes my eyes to see
Peace shining through the smoke of victory;
And as the cloud of battle drifts away
I see the white dawn of a future day.

Above the din of war I seem to hear
From tower and roof the sweet-toned bells of cheer
Ring out the welcome tidings to the skies,
While joyful peans on the air arise.

I see bold Freedom with a giant's stroke
Hurl to the earth the bondman's heavy yoke;
I see her strike from off his horny hands
The galling chains and fetters where he stands.

I see a temple; from its dome on high
A glorious banner greets the broad blue sky;
The starry emblem of a mighty land,
Whose people all are one in heart and hand.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

FOUR years have not exhausted the hands or the hearts of the people. Yet we do not suppose that any expectation of an immediate end of the rebellion had a perceptible influence upon the election. That act was hoped for and prayed for by all loyal and thoughtful men is unquestionable; but the very duration of the war has taught us the tenacity and the resources of the rebellion.

No man who is fitted by study and observation to form opinions will imagine that under any circumstances whatever the war could have been a short one. To suppose that a victory at Bull Run would have terminated the rebellion is to betray the most profound ignorance of the real condition of the country at that time. If the North had been unanimous —if it had believed that the rebellion was not a riot but a revolution—if it had had a vast trained army and navy, with their properly-shilled officers, it had determined upon war at all, and by common consent, that whatever was necessary to save the Government was constitutional, and that no hint of negotiation with armed rebels should ever be tolerated—and then, having conquered at Bull Run, had pushed forward by land and sea, and occupied and possessed the rebel section, the war might sooner have ended.

But if this had been the situation it would never have been. It was precisely because the rebel chiefs knew that the North—by which term we mean the loyal citizens—were very far from unanimous—because they knew that there was no navy and no army, and that the great naval and military officers inclined to the rebel side—because they knew that the Constitution would be constantly pleaded for the rebellion—and because they believed, as they had good reason to, that the surprised counties could be forced to terms by the scarcity of food, by party-spirit, and by fear of bankruptcy—it was because the rebel chiefs knew that we had not the conditions or the possibility of speedily ending a war that they took up the sword.

They have ever since counted upon our ravages. They have been willing to endure any extremity themselves, in the hope of seeing us exhausted. They knew that we were rich and populous; but they were willing to take brown paper for money, and to send every man into the field, so confident were they that we must presently be tired of the war, and insist upon ending it. The election undeceives them. They know now that we are not willing to admit the separate sovereignty of the States, or to allow that the Government of the United States is overthrown. They understand that the gage is thrown down for war to the end.

That the rebel leaders will be disappointed is beyond question. Governor Brown, of Georgia, evidently expected a different result. We have constantly misjudged them in many respects, but not less have they misapprehended us. Governor Brown's fear was in believing that the Chicago leaders represented the real feeling of the people. His true fear they would gladly have peace. They will more gladly have war than a truce. The rebel leaders will be disappointed, doubtless, but they will not yield. To relax their authority in the least, to seem to waver even in their design of securing absolute independence, would be to see every thing fall from them, and to be suddenly ruined.

They have staked every thing upon the chance. They will still stand sullenly at bay. While they can persuade people to give a bushel of corn for a piece of brown paper two inches square, so long they will have enough to eat. They will sit down behind their earth-works, and the sternest military despotism and the melancholy suicidal pride which supports men in the last extremity, will sustain them yet for many a month, forbidding them to speak, almost to think, against the authorities over them. Their soldiers may not be paid, but they will be fed. The rebellion will resolve itself into an inert mass of resistance which must be crumbled away.

Upon this mass the disintegrating superior force of the loyal country will be thrown, and the issue, although in the means of things sure, can not be very sudden. There is a great deal of truth in what DAVIS says. In a certain sense no particular point is essential to the rebellion. Richmond may fall with Atlanta, Charleston and Mobile with New Orleans, and still the fire creep and smoulder on. The resistance will be made where men can be massed in small or large numbers. There will be no end of the war as in a treaty of peace with a foreign foe. It will work out. It will be extinguished as a fire is upon the prairie, which is trampled out here and there, and flames up again beyond. But when it is out it is out. There are no more no sparks, no cinders, no points in which the fire hides to leap forth again to-morrow.

This process has begun. The election does not mean, indeed, the great pitched peace next month, but that we intend to continue the smothering. No man can be so blind as not to see the internal condition of the rebellion as revealed in all the last accounts. It does not indicate a "collapse," but it does show consumption. What we have to do is to wait patiently and steadily, putting out all our force all the time. The rebels have no reason for holding out that we have not in a hundred-fold greater degree, and the 8th of November teaches them that we are fully aware of it.

SHERMAN.

FREDERICK THE GREAT'S Silesian campaigns were not more remarkable than General SHERMAN'S. A more faithful and accomplished soldier has not been known in our history; and, compared with him and his operations, how poor sounds the old talk about the "Great Captain" Lee!

SHERMAN forced his way straight through the enemy's territory, over mountains and rivers, baffling all enemies, defying all foes, and by signs, driving the whole mass of the rebel army backward until he planted his flag where he set out to plant it, and set his foot upon it. The victory extorted a wail of anguish and rage from the rebel chief, for he felt the mortal wound. In utter desperation he attempted to turn upon his army upon SHERMAN'S rear and to threaten Tennessee. SHERMAN turned upon him, drove him from his intended line, detached General THOMAS with his army to hold him in the center of Alabama or to coax him across the Tennessee; while now, with all his banners flying and bugles blowing, his victorious army countermarched, SHERMAN shakes out his glittering columns and advances to the sea.

There is no considerable force to oppose him. The ample breadth of Georgia lies open to him. The finest and richest tract of the rebel region is his parade-ground, and ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS's own State is the theater of his triumph. The rebel chiefs know that, if it drew the sword, it would miserably perish by it.

Whether SHERMAN will march upon Mobile, or Savannah, or Charleston, or whether he is moving at all, is not known. But whatever be his destination, he will reach it and occupy it. There is no force and no generalship in the rebel lines which can compare with his. And the coming of his army, although it necessarily leave a path of desolation, will be the shining of a bright light in the darkness of the South. It will show rebels that the Government of the United States has interposed a force that it is useless to contend with the inflexible resolution of the American people that their Government shall be maintained.

The people of the rebel section have seen the progress of our arms in the last three years. They have not forgotten that they were themselves arrogantly successful until the Government could create and collect its forces and bring them to bear. They have seen the loyal part of the country subdued until they, too, are, as to the necessary conditions of war. They have seen an angry and malignant faction arise and threaten to paralyze and divide the loyal nation. They have seen the wise and painful process by which we have ascertained who are our real military chiefs, and they see them now in command. They have seen the opening of the Mississippi, the occupation of the Southwest, the bulling at every point of their attempted advance, the continuous pressing before the national hand, as JOHNSON shrank from SHERMAN. They have seen the hope of foreign interference expire, cotton dethroned, and their finances ruined. They have seen the defection of their army, and have heard it confirmed by DAVIS himself. And now at last they have seen the attitude of their loyal fellow-citizens perfectly unchanged, and hear them in the fourth year of the war, by a unanimity which is marvelous, declare that whatever may be the further cost of the struggle it shall go on until the authority of the mildest, freest, and best government in the world is every where and entirely restored.

The coming of SHERMAN'S army will be the visible proof of all the things they have seen. Desperate they may be, brave and furious, but they are men still, and there is a point at which all men yield. If that point is not nearly reached, very well. We can wait. They know now that SHERMAN is the representative of the loyal country, and that the war will continue until that point is reached.

THE FEELING OF THE NORTH.

THE President's two speeches in acknowledgment of the serenades after the election are the noblest expression of the universal public sentiment. There is no personal or partisan exultation. The issue was too solemn for that. There is the same sober joy as after a great victory or a narrow escape.

It has been customary for foreigners, and many among ourselves, to speak of MR. LINCOLN as the rebels speak of him, and to celebrate JEFFERSON DAVIS as a gentleman and a polished intellectual statesman. Will such persons compare the public speeches at Macon, Columbia, and elsewhere, or his earlier speeches in the war, with any speech of MR. LINCOLN, and especially these two last, and then say which of them are the manlier and more honorable? With malignant fury, which not even his trained coolness can conceal, DAVIS hisses that he would not characterize with hyenas than Yankees; or in his foolish rage speaks of the "Beast" BUTLER. Is this the style of a statesman? Is this the expression of the intellectual superiority which distinguishes JEFFERSON DAVIS? Or is it the scurrility of a baffled conspirator, and the venomous malice of a disappointed rebel?

Nothing in the history of the war is more striking than the different spirit in which it is waged by the two sections of the land. Indeed, the murderous and wicked olive-branch policy, which has so prolonged and embittered the struggle, is the very reverse of proper insight and a more wholesome indignation upon the part of loyal citizens. From the beginning it was not only war, but war made upon the Government by men who had been taught to hate "the North" and "Northerners." And while rebels have been starving and slaughtering in every battle any Union men at the South, and Union soldiers from the North, we have gone on mumbling "conciliation," until we were likely to be overthrown by our obstinate refusal to understand our enemies.

We have learned now what they are. The election plucks off the olive branches and throws them away; and the cant about conciliation is a word to be spoken to rebels when they have submitted and not before. Yet there is no personal hate mingled with this resolution. As a class the rebels are regarded by the most strenuous loyal citizens as sophisticated and deluded; as men who must be taught by superior force to regard their obligations as citizens of the United States, but that is all. In no official paper or speech of the Union authorities has there been any response to the malignity toward the insurgents, nor will there be. Engaged in defending their Government, which is the sole security of their peace and prosperity, the people of the United States yield to no unworthy emotion. They are faithfully represented by the man whom they have again made their President, "of good will, and success" not "void of personal triumph;" but they are resolved, as he says, through every fortune, "to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

PARTY AND FACTION.

WHAT is a party, and what is a faction? It is very necessary to understand the difference between them, that every honest party-man may not find himself in the dishonest position of a factionist.

In a word, then, legitimate parties in a free country represent the different policies which different classes of the Government and people pursue. A legitimate party presents and defends the measures by which it thinks the Government can most effectually be served. If the country is at war, it brings forward its plans for its prosecution, and explains and defends them, having in view the integrity of the nation, the national honor, and the maintenance of the Government. Its attacks, if it be out of power, are directed against the method by which the war is waged, not against the war itself, especially when it is a civil war imperiling the existence of the nation. A legitimate party is of necessity patriotic by what it ceases to be patriotic it has become faction.

Faction, then, is the spirit which incessantly thwarts and opposes the operations of the Government for the purpose of overthrowing it. It considers the fall of the Government a smaller calamity than its own exclusion from political power. Consequently, when the country is engaged in war, however necessary, honorable, and just, however essential to the very existence of the nation and government, faction denounces the war under the pretense of high humanity and religion, appeals to every base emotion, every mean and unworthy passion, seeking to paralyze the hand and chill the heart of the Government and the people.

Thus, in the last session of Congress, when certain representatives voted steadily against every measure proposed by the Government for prosecuting the war, without offering any substitute, they voted to deliver the country naked into the hands of its enemies. When some of their associates said to them, "Here we are, sworn to maintain the Government, and if our party has any measures to propose for that purpose we are ready to support them," the only answer they received was: "We are going to propose nothing. We are going to let the Administration go to the dogs in its own way." This was the reply of the most malignant faction. It was exactly the spirit of BENEDICT ARNOLD. It was the very reverse of a legitimate party opposition, for it was a blow at the life of the Government, under which alone legitimate parties exist.

At the next session the true Opposition has but one course to pursue, unless it acknowledges a purely factious character. Its only honorable course, as a party, is to propose wiser measures for the surer and speedier victory of the nation over the rebellion than the Administration proposes. Merely to block the wheels and to cast impediments in the path, merely to snarl, and growl, and hiss, is the course of cowards and knaves. Should CHARLES JAMES FOX tell the Parliamentary opposition to WILLIAM PITT, it was not when England was struggling with a foreign or domestic enemy, but when FOX and PITT differed as to the means by which war was to be avoided and the authority of the British Government maintained intact. That was a legitimate opposition. But to oppose whatever the Administration proposes during the war, merely because it proposes it, is to make the welfare of the country a football, and to deserve the contempt of all true men.

Let the Opposition learn by last winter's experience, and by the prodigious emphasis of the election, that when the Government is fairly and rightly assailed, the only honorable party question is how most surely to save it.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE breakfast given by members of the Union League Club to Professor GOLDWIN SMITH was a tribute worthy of the city and of the guest. Among the names of our foreign friends, friends who have constantly and with masterly power and eloquence defended our cause, none is fairer than that of GOLDWIN SMITH. Professor of History at Oxford, and a close and wise student of the history of the world around him, he comprehends the exact significance of this great war of ours, and speaks to his countrymen with a historical knowledge of the relation of England as a belligerent power which is most dangerous to provoke, and overwhelming when it is matched against English inconsistency.

Before he wrote or spoke or addressed PRINCE JOHN SMITH was known to intelligent observers not only by the lectures from his University chair and his comprehensive, luminous, and noble little work upon Ireland, but from his sagacious practical service as a leader of the liberal workmen who aspire the liberal reform of England. He was before CORDEN in boarding the *London Times*. Early in 1863 he wrote: "The leading journal has indeed waged war against 'thinkers' for a quarter of a century with questionable success." And with a fine exultation, which recalls the better days and men of this country, adds: "I am the most willing to be called a 'thinker,' or, if possible, worse names, if I can contribute in the slightest degree towards giving however small a section of the public to exercise forecast in politics; to study our position in the community of nations, to change with the necessities of the always ways of Providence, and subdue ambition to them; and to lay, by deliberate action on intelligible principles, the solid foundations of happiness and greatness."

The opinion of foreigners upon our affairs is often compared to that of posterity; and certainly only the views of a man like GOLDWIN SMITH have the kind of equity that we attribute to those who come after us, and who are removed from the ruins of a country against which we live. How fully this is recognized, and how gladly our great debt to him is acknowledged, Professor SMITH'S reception in this country must have proved to him and to his countrymen. In our vindication, CORDEN, BRIGHT, CAIRNES, NEWMAN, and the rest.

It was fortunate that AUGUSTE LANGEL, who, with GASPARIN, LABOULAYE, HENRI MARTIN, and other noble Frenchmen, have not less commendended themselves to us, was also present at the breakfast. M. LANGEL, in response to an honorary sentiment, spoke with a fluency and facility which would have been charming in an American, but in a Frenchman expressing himself in a foreign tongue was extraordinary. And when Professor BOTTA, with his historic Italian-American name and traditions, spoke in the same English tongue and with the same generous sympathy, it was impossible not to feel that the generous heart of every truly civilized as-

tion beats harmonious; and that the best men in each aim to make that general justice practicable which can alone secure the peace of the world.

THE BOSTON SAILORS' FAIR.

On the morning of election-day Captain WENDELL, of the *Kearsarge*, came ashore at Boston, and, going at once to his lodgings, he immediately voted for the cause for which he had fought. On the next day the great Fair for the Sailors was opened in Boston by the customary speeches: but with a variety of material and a cordiality of purpose which show how true the national heart is to the brave men at sea who defend his personal honor and the flag.

It was a happy event for the opening of the Fair that Captain WINSLOW, the hero of victory, is perhaps the most interesting single naval incident of the war, should be present. Yet the sinking of the *Alabama* was only one incident. The history of the navy in this war is fully worthy its earlier exploits. The fight at Hatteras; the opening of New Orleans; the defeat of the *Merrimac*; the capture of Hilton Head; the occupation of Double Bay; the sinking of the *Alabama*; the explosion of the *Albemarle*; the capture of the *Florida*, with the inflexible Semmes safe under parole at large in the midst of a continent, and the hundred illustrious episodes of individual daring and victory, are all naval triumphs upon which the shades of LAWRENCE and DECATUR, of ESEX ROBBINS and OLIVER PERRY may approvingly smile. When the war began there were some fine ships in the navy, but ISAAC TOUCEY, the Secretary of the Navy, knowing that the Government was to be attacked, had put all but four of them out of the way. Less than eight thousand men sufficed for the service of these ships. Now the vessels have increased to nearly six hundred, and fifty thousand seamen care for them. Meanwhile FARRAGUT and DU PONT, and WORDEN and PORTER and WINSLOW, have written their names bright and clear in our history.

The profit of the Boston Sailors' Fair is to found a home for seamen, such as the United States has not yet provided. For by some remarkable oversight nineteen years every man must elapse before one of the men, for instance, who fought upon the *Kearsarge* can become the permanent guest of a United States marine hospital. To secure that berth a sailor must have been in the service for twenty years. This is making what the French would call a loud articulation.

The Fair has opened with such spirit that there can be no doubt of realizing a large sum for its generous purpose. Every body will be glad to cheer the honest heart of the sailor-boy, and to assure him, wherever, in strange and remote seas, he fights for the flag that those whom the flag protects hail his work and honor his bravery.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT is lecturing in Baltimore, where his "Drifting About" has proved very successful.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The interest in the military record of the past week is chiefly gossipy and conjectural, especially about Sherman's proposed campaign. In Virginia no important event has occurred, except the withdrawal of Sheridan's army to the vicinity of Winchester. He was followed by the rebel cavalry under LEE, engaged Merritt and Custer. The latter retired, but did not succeed in drawing the enemy entirely after him. Intimidating rumors were abroad, Sheridan trying in vain to bring on a general engagement. Early's rebels advanced with their cavalry, and drove the rebels through and beyond Front Royal, capturing a number of prisoners, and considerable stores. There is nothing new from the Army of the James, except that there is a change the west limit of the line, from the Hewlett House, near Dutch Gap, to Drury's Bluff with a short and valuable breastwork. It is evident by the operation of the rebels that on the completion of the Dutch Gap Canal the movement will be attended by combined assault of our land and naval force. The Richmond papers of Monday (21st) were quite confident that Lee will be reinforced by the best part of Sheridan's army. Early's army is reported at number from 30,000 to forty thousand men. The rebels have on the James River three iron-clad rams, and on the pike of the Appomattox four wooden gun-boats.

On the night of November 5 about 600 of A. P. Hill's men made another rally to capture the pickets of Mott's Division, on the Hatcher's Run road, in which they were beaten by our main line.

Commander Macomb's official report of the capture of Plymouth by our naval force gives as the results of the victory the capture of seventy-five cannon, one steamer, large quantities of ammunition, and a few prisoners. The *Albemarle* was found completely demolished. The following vessels took part in the expedition against Plymouth: the *Miami*, *Southfield*, *Commodore Hull*, *Sassacus*, *Whitehead*, *Tacony*, and *Valley City*.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Hood's movements for some time past have indicated an intention on his part of taking up finally a position on the Tennessee River. On the 22d of October he was at Brookville, in Northern Alabama. At this point his army numbered about 40,000 men, and was moving down the Tennessee River with the design of crossing at three different points—Decatur, Whitehaven, and Florence—for landing. From this time his movements are not certainly known; but it seems probable that Sherman's advance from the country probably led him to scatter his forces pretty widely between Atlanta and Chattanooga, in order to be well more northerly than Chattanooga. On October 26 the Charleston *Mercury* of October 31 volunteers the opinion that Hood had better skip Sherman first and march northward, with a view to cut off his supplies through a weak or two, ending in retreat or disaster, would do much more than push good-will and the lukewarm, and confirm the desponding and timid."

In the same time General Sherman, from Resaca north of the Tennessee with a force sufficient to confront Hood, has moved with his main army in another direction. October 22 he was at Gaylesville, Alabama, having up to that time kept well in Hood's rear. From that point he moved to Rome, and had reached Atlanta and joined Slocum's Corps at that place during the first week of November. Here the election took place on the 8th. Wednesday morning the rebels made three attacks on Atlanta, but were repulsed, retreating further northward. To this date we have no information, and the most various conjectures are made as to the movement upon which he probably set out on the 10th or 11th. General Gillem had just routed a force of Confederate cavalry, driving him into Virginia, and this has led to the supposition that Sherman's move will be directly for the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad. All of the Gulf States are open to him, and it is probable that he may take his course southward to the coast, taking Andersonville in his way. This inference is drawn from the fact that he has written to the Western Sanitary Commission, in which he says, under date of October 31, "Address me at Atlanta." Look out for the prompt fulfillment of the request to send certain articles for our prisoners at Andersonville. The scene is changed since, and I may go in person to deliver these articles to the prisoners at Andersonville." Again, that he would move on Savannah or Charleston. The rebel papers, it is to be noted, have been very anxious about the office as we are at the North. Atlanta is still held by the Twentieth Corps.

General A. J. Smith's Division from Memphis is at Eastport. Forrest has crossed from the Tennessee River in the western part of the State; but he failed in taking Johnsonville, which was his chief object, the iron being always navigable to this point. On the 8th Wheeler and Forrest withdrew from Johnsonville, the latter in front of a Federal naval and land force to this point.

Governor Brownlow has issued a call on Texas cattle over the Mississippi River for the benefit of Eastern Tennessee. It is thought that Texas will be even more ready to co-operate with Hood on the west side of the Mississippi.

FROM THE SOUTHWEST.

On the 15th of September Admiral Porter presented a sword to Brigadier-General Joseph Bailey, who did him such service in constructing the dam which set free a portion of the fleet from their perilous position above the falls at Alexandria during the Red River Expedition.

The rebels have three gun-boats on the Red River, two of them finished of which is the *Webb*, mounting six heavy guns, and thickly armored. These are supposed to be lying at Shreveport. The fate of the other three boats are daily expected to declared.

November 4 Galveston was severely wounded by a guerrilla while ascending the White River on the gun-boat *Cricket*. It is thought that he will recover.

EXPLOSION OF THE "CULP."

On the 17th inst. the gunboat *Culp* exploded in the Potomac River, off St. Mary's in the afternoon for the Washington Navy-yard. Between thirty and forty persons were killed, and a number her boilers exploded, sending the upper portion of the vessel high into the air, and scattering the fragments, including them about in every direction. She had on board 69 persons, officers and men, of whom nine were saved. Nine officers, and some of those nine were mortally injured.

THE RESIGNATION OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

The following order was issued by the President November 14:

1. That the resignation of George B. M'Clellan as Major-General in the United States Army be accepted, to take effect from the Adjutant-General on the 15th inst., to be accepted as of the 25th of October.

2. That the said George B. M'Clellan's military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of his troops, be evinced by the fact that on the battle-field on the 19th of October at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Almighty God, the rebel army was vanquished, a great national disaster was retrieved, and a brilliant victory achieved, which was followed up by one of the greatest battle within thirty days, Philip H. Sheridan is appointed Major-General in the United States Army, to rank as such from the 8th day of November, 1864.

SOUTHERN NEWS.

On the 7th of November the rebel Congress assembled at Richmond. The Senate was unusually numerous. In this session we recognize the familiar names of Hunter, Brockenbrough, Johnson, Orr, Semmes, Wigfall, etc. Of the members of the House, only 62 were present at the opening of the session, nearly half of the whole representation of the borough. The Richmond hotels embraced the opportunity to raise the prices of board to \$40 per day.

DAVIS' Message is of especial interest on account of the important questions upon which he touches. He devotes the first portion of the document to a review of the military campaign of June. He says that the defeat of Hood's army in Sherman's advance into Georgia or in Grant's next campaign in Richmond. The war, he says, is not of his claims, would still leave the contest undecided. He does not once allude to the Confederate victories in the Valley, but points with an indignant gesture to Sheridan's barbarities in the same region. He then refers, in a paragraph to a consideration of the Confederate finances. The total expenditure for the year 1864 is set down at \$1,147,276,503, of which about half was funded. He is opposed to the issue of Treasury notes, and says that the last was nearly \$100,000,000. In these statements the value of gold is taken at \$20 per dollar, or \$2,000 in gold, or about \$50,000,000 in Confederate currency, and the expenditure for the month of October was over \$100,000

BEFORE PETERSBURG—FORTIFICATIONS ON THE WELDON RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. PATTISON.]

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

We print on this and the next page illustrations of General GRANT'S campaign against Richmond. These comprise a view on the Weldon Railroad, showing the present condition of that road, and sketches of fortifications on and to the left of the railroad; of reinforcements on their way to the front, and of a peculiar mode of punishing refractory soldiers who refuse duty because, having enlisted for the cavalry, they have been put in the infantry instead. The officer in command accosts one of these disappointed soldiers thus:

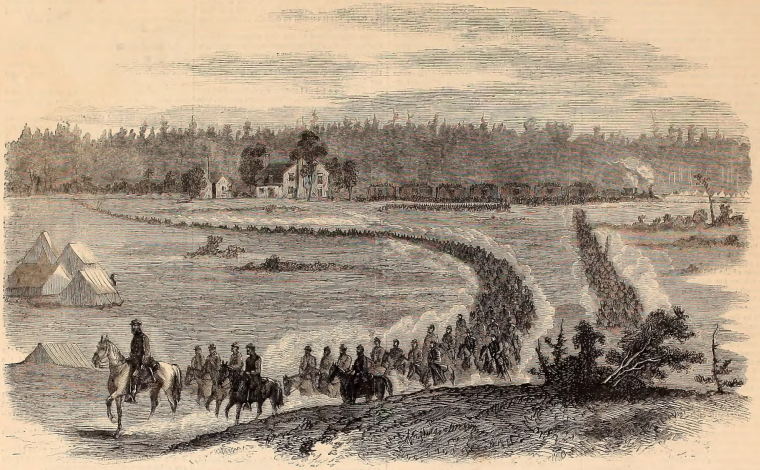
"Then you want to ride a horse, do you?"

"Yes Sir."

"Corporal, fix him a horse."

The horse is brought, and turns out to be a wooden one with a not very generous allowance of back. Upon this the soldier is mounted, and a wooden saber is placed in his hand. Punishment for dis-

BEFORE PETERSBURG—A VIEW ON THE WELDON RAILROAD.—[SKETCHED BY J. W. PATTISON.]



BEFORE PETERSBURG—REINFORCEMENTS GOING TO THE FRONT.—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

obedience of orders is always just: still we can only regard it as natural that a soldier enlisting as a cavalryman should object to serving in another capacity. The punishment, however, which lasts three or four hours, is usually effectual, and the "mounted" infantry-man leaves his horse well satisfied with his short service in the cavalry."

CAPTURE OF THE "FLORIDA."

We illustrate on our first page the capture by the *Wachusett* of the rebel war-steamer *Florida*, which took place in the Bay of San Salvador October 7, and give the portraits of Captain MORRIS, of the *Florida*, and Captain COLLINS, of the *Wachusett*.

The *Florida*, formerly known as the *Oreto*, was originally built for the Italian Government, as was alleged, was purchased by the rebels and sent to sea in March, 1862, and has enjoyed a longer lease of predatory life than has been allowed to other privateers. This vessel has outrivaled even the *Alabama* in its destructive work. She was, after the destruction of the *Alabama*, the most powerful privateer in the Anglo-Confederate navy. Her burden was 750 tons. She arrived at Bahia, in the Bay of San Salvador, on the 5th of October, having just one week before captured and burned the *Monticello* off Pernambuco. The United States steamer *Wachusett* was then in port, and at first the *Florida*

BEFORE PETERSBURG—"MOUNTED INFANTRY."—[SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.]

anchored in the offing, but was immediately invited by the Brazilian admiral to come into the harbor, where she lay on the 6th under the guns of the Brazilian forts and the Brazilian fleet. It is stated that during the day efforts were made by some of the citizens of Bahia to induce Captain Morgan to take the *Florida* outside to fight the *Wachusett*, but that the Captain declined the engagement. There is nothing to indicate that the *Florida* came into port for any other purpose than to take in coals and provisions. On the night of the 6th Captain Morgan and a good portion of his crew were on shore. The *Wachusett* was lying just outside the harbor. This sort is a favorite resort for Confederate privateers, because it has three separate channels out. This, of course, was an unfavorable feature in Captain Collins's view of the situation, since the *Florida* might easily escape by one of these channels under cover of the darkness. He called a council of his officers, and to the debate which followed one thing was especially considered, namely, that the *Florida* had repeatedly seized and burned American vessels within three miles of the Brazilian coast. With but one dissenting vote it was determined to seize the *Florida* at her anchorage. The fact that there was a fleet, and that the consideration already alluded to was the principal reason in favor of the extraordinary measure determined upon, leaves us room for supposing that the same reason was adopted with either the expressed or implied consent of the Brazilian authorities. At any rate the seizure was determined upon, and at 3 A.M. on the morning of the 7th the cables were slipped, and the Wachusett approached the *Florida* with the intention of striking her amidships and send her at once to the bottom. This might have passed for an accidental collision, and thus the international question have been evaded. But the collision did not produce the intended effect. Captain Collins thoroughly regarded the surrender of the *Florida*. The officer in charge of the latter replied that, under the circumstances, he surrendered, and immediately vessel, her guns having been removed to the *Wachusett*, was tied to that vessel, and was carried out to sea. Those are the facts of the capture, and it is uncertain as yet whether the Brazilian Government will make a protest against it. If it does, the question then becomes one of self-justification, and in case it is proved that the *Florida* has captured any of our vessels within the limits of Brazilian jurisdiction the capture will stand simply as simply a measure of retaliation.

The *Wachusett* was built in the Charlestown Navy-yard, and launched in 1861. Her length is 198 feet, breadth of beam 33, and depth 15. She carries a battery armament consisting of 11 and 9-inch Dahlgren pivot guns, two 30-pound rifles, and eight broadside guns. Previous to her cruise in search of privateers she was employed as flag-ship on James River.

Captain NAPOLEON COLLINS was born in Pennsylvania, and is therefore fifty years of age. In 1834, appointed a midshipman in the navy, and made his first cruise on the sloop of war *Natchez* under Commodore Kearney, of the West India Squadron. In 1839 he entered the naval school at Philadelphia. He was afterward attached to the sloop of war *Boston*, and to the frigate *Constellation* as acting master; in 1846, having spent four years at home he was ordered to the sloop of war *Saratoga*, on the African coast, having been promoted to a Lieutenancy. In 1853 we find him in service on Lake Erie six years afterward, under FARRAGUT, as the executive officer of the navy-yard at Mares Island, California, and in 1860, having again served as Lake Erie for a few months, he was ordered to the sloop of war *Vandalia* under the present Admiral S. P. LEE, in the East India Squadron. He was on the vessel when the *Vandalia*, made conquest of the gun-boat *Unadilla*, which was one of the vessels engaged in Admiral DU PONT'S Port Royal expedition. During the winter of 1861 and 1862 he was very actively engaged with the *Unadilla*, in company with the other gun-boats, in operations on the ports and sounds on the coast of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, under the command of Admiral DU PONT. On the 16th of July, 1862, he was promoted to his present rank as full commander, standing at present No. 19 on the list. In September, 1862, he was detached from the command of the *Unadilla* and placed in command of the *Octorara*, cruising in the West Indies in search of blockade-runners. Here he was successful in taking some valuable prizes, and maintaining as sharp a blockade as the circumstances and the speed of his vessel would permit.

In August, 1863, he was detached from the *Octorara*, and ordered ordered to the command of the steam-sloop *Wachusett*, on special service, and sent some months since in search of the privateer *Florida*. In this pursuit he has been employed for months, and succeeded finally in capturing the privateer in the manner above stated. He has been thirty years in the naval service, of which he has spent over twenty-one at sea.

The *Florida* was originally under the command of Captain MAURY; at the time of her capture she was commanded by C. MORGAN[illegible] MORRIS. The portrait which we give of Captain MORGAN is from a photograph taken a few months ago at Brest, France, which port the *Florida* entered September 4, 1863. He has been Captain of this privateer for more than a year. The *Florida*, it will be remembered, was for some months detained at Brest by the French Government.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

On pages 760 and 761 we illustrate the chase of a blockade-runner by a portion of one of our squadrons. This is an event now of everyday occurrence. In fact, a peculiar sort of commerce has sprung up, the profits of which rest upon the chances of running the American blockade. The chief enterprises of this commerce is Wilmington, North Carolina. The foreign lean, which forms the most substantial support of the Confederate financial system, rests entirely upon the chances of Confederate vessels laden with cotton evading our blockading vessels in going out; and the Confederate Ordnance Department has subsisted on the chances of vessels from abroad laden with guns and ammunition evading our blockaders in coming in. Vessels engaged in this transit to and fro are built by secret companies, who trust with all the confidence of a BECKLE in the average of so many successes in so many trips, and in the long run they make enormous profits notwithstanding the number of special instances in which they come to grief. The interior of ships engaged in running the blockade is regulated according to the same laws of chance. If Wilmington were in our possession the whole basin of this new and prosperous commerce would undergo a material alteration.

Many of the ships of our blockading fleet have grown rich out of the results of their captures. According to the PRIZE LAW one half of every prize goes to the Government. The other half is divided among the officers and seamen of the capturing fleet according to their monthly pay.

DREAMLAND.

Of the sweet old legends
Beckoning, long ago,
And silvery, bell-like voices
Tell of an unknown land,

Where magic roses blossom
In the evening's golden light,
And the air is laden with fragrance
From the lilies silver-white.

The trees, with their waving branches,
Murmur a fairy song,
And the brooklet merrily dances
As it ripples and gurgles along.

And tender, enchanting love-songs
Float on the balmy breeze,
And one hear's unspeakable longing
By their music is set at ease.

Would that my steps could reach it,
That happy, flowery strand!
For all my earthly affections
Would cease in that fairy land.

Oft in my dreams I see it,
In its glamour bright and fair,
But with daylight's earliest glimmer
It vanishes into air.

GOLDEN FIPPINS.

"NOW, Ry, seriously, you are not vexed with me? You yourself would have been the first to bid me go."

Fay bent below the precipitous ledge of the mountain path the valley seemed to swim in misty depths of golden haze, among the overhanging trees, a deep-dyed sumach tosse' its crest of crimson plumes in the spicy air mid October and the cool dark green of the hemlock glowed and the burning coals in the tangled wilderness of the woods. It was a rare pretty bed-ground for wood nymph, or hamadryad, and Rachel Martin's attitude was unconsciously artistic as she played with the blue asters that covered her little basket of hickory nuts, while from the tall tree whose giant branches overtopped the whole forest.

She was a pretty picture, with rose-brooding blue eyes and a mouth like a magnified cranberry, while the roses on her cheek seemed to come in with every breath she drew, and the warm touches of sunshine on her brow gave additional charm to her fresh, rustic beauty. Mark Douglas knew that the wisest method, but separated them, and tried to take the brown hand in his, but it was drawn away with decided quickness.

"Ry, Ry, Ry!"

Ah, he did not see the blood mantling to her cheek, under the envious shadow of the arrogant "Shaker-bonnet"—he did not hear the quick, stormy throbbing of the petulant heart. "Deserted," indeed! that was unpardonable! Never so much as went to Boston without asking her leave, and Chesley Jenkins had distinctly intimated that the whole programme of the Saturday excursion was to be allocated solely by Miss Martin's wish. Yes, it was all very well for Captain Mark to stay at home, effecting a change in the fashion of the cloth of the uniform, and didn't object to the martial *éclat*. But to go down among the rebels without so much as consulting her wishes! "Deserted," indeed! "sought thought *that* was altogether a different thing.

"I see you are in no mood to discuss this matter impartially just now, Rachel," Captain Mark said gravely. "I had thought, I had hoped to find you feeling differently about it."

"In no mood!" Rachel colored hot scarlet. What right had Mark Douglas to treat her like a naughty child?

"I beg your pardon, Captain Douglas," she said, petulantly; "it isn't at all necessary to discuss a matter which is entirely settled."

Now Mark Douglas was only a man, with all the infirmities incident to mankind. He bit his lip, and his brow grew dark.

"Rachel, you seem to have forgotten the engagement."

"Engagement!" she repeated, sharply. "I am tired of an engagement that only fetters one party while the other is free as air."

"Tired!" He hesitated a moment, as if vainly striving to command his voice: "Do you wish to be released, Ray?"

She did not answer—perhaps she was not quite prepared for this phase of affairs.

"Tell me—yes or no!" he demanded, sternly.

"Yes," she answered, with pettish abruptness. "I release you, Captain."

Gone? Yes, he was gone. She watched him ascending the mountain side with quick, even strides under the scarlet draperies of clinging vines, through patches of deep, still shadow into belts of golden sunshine, until the overhanging rock hid him from her view; yet it seemed so difficult to believe that he was really gone.

She looked down at the tiny engagement-ring that usually sat on her forefinger—a simple turquoise set in virgin gold, whose blue glimmered dimly through her tears—and she could not but remember the tender words with which he had placed it on her finger.

"Let it be a token between us, dearest, like the signet rings of old times. Wherever I may be, this ring, will always bring my heart back to its queen. And now!

"I need not to have returned it," she pondered, shrinking as if the slender circlet of gold were a ring of the fiercest fire-stone!

So Mark Douglas lost his sweet-heart, and marched down to Petersburg a solitary man, marveling, as many a man has done before him, on the inscrutable mysteries of the female heart.

"Dreffal keen wind, ain't it?" said the Widow Taylor, untying the strings of her worsted hood; "powerful sharp frost last night! Deacon Pettibone's children had a bee, and all Miss Simeon's mornin'-glories is blasted Thankee, Miss Martin, my feet is cold; won't you take the rocking-chair next the fire? Why, Rachel, child, what ails you? all the neighbors are talkin' 'bout how you're changed!"

Rachel colored, and turned away.

"I am well enough."

"I tell ye, Rachel, Miss Martin," began Mrs Taylor, in a mysterious whisper to the elder lady, "you jest take a double handful o' green wilder buck, and boil it down to a quart; undercut tea ain't be—and give her a pint night and mornin'. It's the most strengthening thing!" But I've come round to tell you that Parson's Committee have decided on."

"Ah, indeed?" said Mrs. Martin, inquiringly.

"It all feel to be dreffal thankful for, there's been so good, and—and—every thing's fetched up just about right," intoned the widow; "and so we thought it would be kind o' squarin' up with a marcitul Providence to send a box or tew o' things out to them 'ere children that's a-fightin' like all possessed! It's only accordin' to Scripter, you know, and it would be a kind o' nice little Thanksgivin' gift, you wouldn't it?"

The widow drooped her eyelids sanctimoniously, and went on:

"Miss Darby's kindly gin us a bushel o' them sweet-potatoes they raised in the south pasture lot. They're a little damaged, not exactly fit for market, but there'll be no sickness 'll be glad to get 'em; and Miss Deacon Pettibone has promised us a lot o' their fermented peach sass, and Deacon Wallis he's sent in a couple o' hook marks, and Widow Smith has cooked a peck o' dough-nuts, without no currents. Sugar's so high, and 'tain't likely the soldier-critters 'll know the difference. As for me, I rely like to tell about my neighbors, but I hunted up a few things myself. There's old grannum's old pewter candles, and Mr. Meriam contributes a set o' law-books, that they tell me is powerful interestin', and the Committee calc'lated you and Rachel would help us."

"Of course we will," assented Mrs. Martin, recovering herself from the momentary bewilderment and amusement caused by the Widow Taylor's rambling history of events.

"Then I may as well be off, directly," ejaculated the widow, jumping up; "for I've got to see Miss Deacon Wallis about the turkey yet to-night. Good-evenin' t' ye—and don't forget the willer-bark tea."

Mrs. Martin and Rachel both burst out laughing as the door closed.

"Poor Mrs. Taylor!" said Mrs. Martin.

"Mamma, what are you to do?" demanded Rachel, indignantly. "Such a box for the soldiers! Why it would only be an aggravation!"

"Hush, child—hush!" decreed Mrs. Martin, soothingly: "I'll make up a lot of *real* dough-nuts, and pack them round the biggest pair of turkeys I can find, with a few bits of little pumpkin pies, and you shall send a barrel of those golden pippins that Mark—that Captain Douglas—the tree Mark Douglas liked so well. They're in the garret, in that old green chest; and be sure and put in plenty of that down straw to prevent their mellerin' against each other."

Rachel obeyed; and Mrs. Martin never had the least idea of the sweet secret, with her trim little figure half into the barrel, as she packed the great fair yellow apples among the yellower straw. If Rachel Martin could only have spoken, what a Thanksgiving story they might have told to the Army of the Potomac!

Mr. Martin's broad face beamed with satisfaction as he harnessed up old Dolly to carry the box and Rachel to Boston.

"It's jes' like you women-folks to keep thinkin' of such things," he declared. "Now it never would have come into my green wooden head—and jest to think how much better our Thanksgivin' dinner'll taste for remembrin' the poor fellers that's a-fightin' for us! Gee up, Dolly!"

And Mr. Martin winked his misty eyes and cracked his whip simultaneously.

"I—don't—see—where—it—can—be!"

The golden pippins were all *fetched* away from the sweet valley now—the great November sky stretched its dreary canopy of cloud over the glens and forests, and the yellow leaves were raining sadly down around Ray Martin's feet as she hurriedly traversed the mountain path, pushing aside the red and russet drifts with eager, tremulous fingers, and searching as if for some precious lost talisman.

"Then perhaps that it really have dropped it!" she faltered, half aloud. "While I were it I could still fancy our parting was but a dream. Oh, where could I have lost it!"

And she sat down on the twisted beech-root and cried heartily, while the meaning of the chill wind brought back an echoing cadence to her ears.

"Gone—gone!"

"A barrel of golden pippins! O Mars! isn't it jolly?"

The first lieutenant executed an impromptu hornpipe around the barrel as Captain Douglas prized up the cover with a hammer.

"We're very much obliged to Company A," said the latter, entirely. "I hope you didn't forget that, Jennings?"

"Oh, of course I did the polite. Company A was so obliging as to send us the barrel, and keep the great levitation of a box for its own delectation. I just wish you could have seen Dolsley's face when he found it empty."

"What do you mean?"

"Such a conglomeration of decaying vegetables potatoes, sour sweetmeats, old rags, and tow-books! I didn't stop to investigate very closely, however; it was my interest to tell the barrel down half as fast as possible, lest Dudsley should repent of his generosity. I confess I was a little nervous while you were opening the barrel, lest it should contain cold victuals and pine kindlings. Hullo! what's this?" he exclaimed, taking a slip of paper that had been beneath the lid. "'A Thanksgiving remembrance!' Much obliged to you, my unknown friend. 'I'll keep my Thanksgiving now!'"

Douglas read the slip from his friend's hand; a deep flush rose into his cheek as he recognized Ray Martin's delicate and rather peculiar handwriting.

"The same old apples that used to lie like ripens of gold in the long grass of the orchard, and I thought I knew them!" he pondered. "Jennings—"

But Jennings had dodged out to promulgate the good tidings among his fellow-officers. At the same instant Mark Douglas's eye caught a foreign glitter among the yellow straw.

The turquoise ring!

His heart gave a sudden leap as he remembered the solemn, yet romantic words with which he had placed it on her finger. And then came the revulsion—the anger.

"What a fool I am! as if she could have known the destination of this chance gift!"

Douglas set the cold and colorless voice of reason, a far more welcome tone kept repeating to the ear of his heart, with perpetual refrain,

"She has called me back to her, she has called me back!"

The twilight of Thanksgiving Eve was brooding darkly over Mr. Martin's great, old-fashioned kitchen, where the glow of pine logs afforded the only illumination, save a shrill-voiced cricket piped behind the chimney bricks. Ray saw the red glean of the fire-light on the golden pippins across the seat, as she walked slowly down the sloping path, with a gray shawl wrapped round her head, and fresh carnation, born of the sharp, keen wind, on her cheeks.

She started in quick affright as a footstep sounded among the dry leaves at her side, and a gentle touch fell on her arm.

"Ray!"

And then she knew that the troubled dream was over.

The old clock behind the strings of red pepper had chimed nine before Rachel thought of the question that would have been most natural to ask first.

"Do, how—how—what made you come back?"

"You summoned me, Ray."

"I? Never, Mark!"

He held up the turquoise ring with an arch look of defiance, and all at once the truth broke upon her.

"Let me put it on your finger once again, Ray, never to be removed except for the wedding-ring of gold!"

But her head droop an instant upon his shoulder, and then looked up through sparkling tears.

"Oh, Mark! this will be the most *real* Thanksgiving of my life!"

AN ADVENTURE OF A YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

WE young farmers of the new generation like to wear a smart shiny hat up in London. Our billycocks and wide-awakes are good enough for field and market, but up in the big town we're a fancy to be genteel; and you may be sure I wanted to look nice the day my brother might—the last of the Cattle Show at Islington—when I was going up to Uncle Iberry's in Dalston, for Cousin Kitty is, without exception, the most satisfactory lady in London. How she did laugh at me that day I went with her to the Zoological Gardens, when I got a pair of gloves to cover a nine inch hand, and was all the way between the Angel and the Colosseum trying to get them on without them. She declared it was only my awkwardness that hindered their fitting, wouldn't let me stop to buy another pair, and, in the end, I had to split the cuff, as she looks so pretty all the time she's laughing at you that you can't be annoyed with her. No wonder, then, I wanted to look smart.

It was a darkish night, with a bit of a breeze stealing, as I picked my way through those quiet streets that lie between the Lower Road Islington and Dalston. I think they call that part De Beauvoir Town, but as I came to the corner of a street, and was racking my brains for a reparte to Miss Kitty's first bit of satire, a strong puff of wind sprang up, whipped off my smart shiny hat as neat as need be, and dropped it into an area. This was certainly a nuisance, but not a nuisance without remedy. I rang at the area bell once, twice, thrice, and got no answer. I sounded the lion's-head knocker once, twice, thrice, and got no answer. Then I looked up at the windows, and saw, what I had not observed before, that there was a bill in one of them announcing "This House to be Let." It

was too dark to read the name of the agent, and I was just going to knock next door, and ask them if they knew who kept the key; or, supposing they didn't know who kept the key, if they would oblige me with their Turk's-head broom to fish up my hat with—I was just going to do this, for I couldn't bear the notion of facing Kitty without a hat, let alone the price of it, seventeen and sixpence, when to my astonishment the door, as I happened to lean up against it, moved slightly inward. I suppose it hadn't been hasped at all; at any rate, I gave a gentle push, and walked boldly in. "This is a lucky piece of carelessness on somebody's part," thought I to myself. "I shall just step down to the kitchen, unfasten the back-door, regain my hat, and slip away without any body being the wiser." I found the front-door, and groped my way down the kitchen stairs. It was pitch-dark, and I wished I had put some matches; but as I hadn't got any, wishing was no good, and, moreover, I saw a faint light glimmering under the kitchen-door, which showed me there must be a fire in the grate. I tried the kitchen-door: it was locked, and the key was gone! I felt about, and found the back-door without the area; it was locked, and the key was gone also! Here was a pretty go, as the Cockneys say. The back-door, as I ascertained by feeling the hinges, opened toward me, so it was of no use meddling with that; but I had a wonderful great mind to kick in the kitchen-door, which was made to open inward. Setting aside, however, the chance of being pulled up for burglary (and why the deuce should be to the Papworths, who have rented the same farm since Charles II.'s time?), what should I do, after getting the door open? Why, I should refasten the window (I had noticed when outside that it was shuttered up), climb out into the area, and recover my hat. But supposing a policeman should pass just as my body was half-way through—why, to a dead certainty, he would lock me up on suspicion. That would never do. I must try the back-door, determined to pick the lock. "I dare say that's hanging as much nothing it ought," I said; "still it don't make so much noise. If I can only find an old nail or a bit of wire, I'll try it." So I crept up stairs again, and went into the front parlor. I groped all round the room, passed my hand along the mantle-piece and the window-frame without finding so much as a tag with a hook. I could get no help there, I ventured into the front-parlor. All of a sudden a thought struck me: why shouldn't I unfasten the shutters and get into the area? That sounds easy enough; but how about getting back again? "It's a deep area, certainly," I said to myself, "and there you'll be caged, my boy, like a bear in his den." All the time I was thinking in this way, I was feeling about the room for house-breaking tool. Presently I stumbled over something; I put down my hand and picked up a shoe. "Bother this and the kitchen-door!" I said, "I thinks I, "there must be somebody taking care of the house." The next moment I stumbled again. This time I had run against a second shoe, and I hesitated. I put out my hand cautiously, and laid it on—somebody's nose! The owner of the nose didn't stir. It took the liberty of feeling the head to learn whether I was in company with a lady or a gentleman. It was a man, head of hair, very rough and wiry, and bald on the poll.

"You're in an awkward predicament, Jack Papworth," I said to myself; "you'd better get yourself out of it as soon as possible." I sneaked on tip-toe toward the door.

But my humble against the bedstead had disturbed the sleeper; he began to grunt and turn about uneasily. I was just about to quit the room, and venture barefooted into the street, when he sat up in bed (so I judged by the sound, for the room was as dark as a cellar), and called out, "Kitty?"

For a moment the name startled me; I forgot that there might possibly be more than one Kitty in that wilderness of a city. I stood by the door, held my breath, and made no answer.

"Kitty, Kitty, I say: you shall come back without him, are you?" said the man in a beseeching sort of voice.

I stood perfectly still, holding my breath, and, considering what I should do. Better slip out of the house, and take the chance of losing my hat, than get locked up on a charge of burglary? I had made a laughing-stock before all the Cockneys in their newspapers. Besides, I needn't lose my hat; the first policeman I meet is sure to serve me a suspicious character for being bareheaded, so I'll tell him my case, and give him half-a-crown to get my hat again. But, on the other hand, it's a ticklish job. This fellow in bed may be a desperate character, for aught I know of it. He must be somemost likely crazy, to sleep in an empty house without a stick of furniture about him. Never mind, I'll chance it; I'll make a move for the street door.

All this cogitation of mine passed through my head like lightning, though I've taken so long to tell it. I made a half-hearted step toward the door. As soon as ever I did so, the man in bed called out in an excited voice: "That's a man's step! Why, Jack, it's you! Ah! I see how it is; you wanted to surprise me, but you haven't, my dear Jack. I've been such a fool as to get drunk, and smoke; and the runaway knocks has been uncommon bad last night (parents ought to be ashamed of themselves not to send their children to bed sooner, I say), but it's boys that does it); but I've been dreaming about you all the time. It is you, Jack, ain't it?"

He said these last words in a more beseeching way that I couldn't help answering, though in a disguised voice, "It is."

"Then where's Kitty?"

"I hope to see her presently—as soon as I get my hat," I added, under my breath.

"Gone to the cook-shop to get something nice and hot in honor of you, Jack, eh?" said the man in bed. "I wonder what it'll be. Maybe an oil-pie with baked tarts—ah! or a plate of savory almonde beef—ah! or a nice dish of bited trips and lemons—a-h!" As he enumerated each of these dishes the man in bed smacked his lips with extraordinary relish.

To tell the truth, I was getting interested. The women-folk down at the farm always say I'm as curious as one of their own sex, and I wanted to know the meaning of all this. This man evidently mistook me for some friend of his own, of whom he was very fond and very proud.

"You seem to like good eating," I ventured to say.

"Why, Jack, my boy, it's one of the few pleasures I have left. Thank God, my appetite's always good. And when a man's lost the use of his limbs, and can't see out of his eyes, he makes the best he can of his stomach. I'd ask you to light a candle, Jack, but I'm half-ashamed for you to see what a bachelor's den like this I've become. Stop! stop! when you emigrated—you understand me, Jack" (he said this in a curious sly way)—"I was as bachelor and well-growed a man as you'd wish to see, warn't I, Jack?"

"You were."

"And now I'm a useless cripple."

"How did it happen?"

"What! you never got Kitty's letter, directed Post-office, Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land? No, I don't suppose you ever did, else you'd have said something about my accident when you wrote to tell us you were coming home. But hasn't Kitty told you coming along in the cab?"

"Not a word."

"Ah, poor soul! she didn't like to grieve you, Jack. Well, this is how it was. I was working at the gaining-place at the Victoria docks at Hounslow. The mill blew up (they mostly do about once in five year) and blew me along with it—blew me into a good deal of pieces, Jack; and they sewed me down a miserable blind cripple. As he said these last words his voice filled him, and he shed tears.

"And how do you manage to live?"

"Well, Jack, the parish allows me very handsomely. They allow me ten shillings a week, and Kitty takes care of empty houses. We contrive to scratch along pretty well, considering. Jack, you've never offered your brother your hand yet. Let me shake your hand, Jack, even if you didn't care to light a candle."

I stepped forward and gave him my hand.

"Luvk, Jack, why, your hand's almost like a gentlement's hand! It ain't so soft as a dress-maker's or a haberdasher's, it's about equal to a master builder's."

"You seem to know all about hands," I observed.

"Ah!" he answered, with a sigh, "that comes of want of eyes. When I had my sight I took no note of such things, but now I've got a delicate touch; and as I lie here all day long I press down to char-women, are kind enough to come and see me, and shake hands with me, why, in course I get a deal of practice. Jack, you could come here with that supper (I hope it's tripe); I'm getting that hungry I could eat a shilling's worth."

I began to feel ashamed. "I must try and recover my hat," I thought, "before Kitty comes in, or she will, of course, discover the deception."

"Are you afraid of thieves here?" I asked.

"Why?"

"Because I see you lock up your kitchen and back-door. Can you tell me where the back-door key hangs?"

"It don't hang nowhere," replied the cripple. "It's in my missis's pocket."

"And the kitchen-door key?"

"In her pocket. She keeps 'em all in her pocket. Bless you, Jack, what with area sneaks and mischievous children the place would be stripped if we warn't to lock every thing up after dark."

Here was another disappointment. If I wanted to get my hat I must wait till Kitty returned and fetch her bodily. But how shall I account to her for— I was interrupted in my reflections by my companion, who exclaimed, "Jack, what's keeping you? take a look at your poor brother Bob. You'll find the matches in one of my shoes, and the candlestick is under the window-sill."

I lighted the candle, and saw a man of about forty years of age lying on a small stretcher bedstead in the middle of the apartment. His face had evidently been once comely, though now disfigured by scars. His eyes were closed, as if he was any thing but blind. Altogether his appearance didn't see it.

"You are able to wear shoes then, Bob," I said.

"Ay, but you may notice they're made of cloth, and three sizes too big for me. I had a neat foot once, Jack, but it's swelled up somehow. I can't look like here like a mummy all day; I sit by the kitchen fire."

"How do you get up and down stairs?"

"Would you believe it, Jack?—she carries me. I dare say you thought her a rough one to look at, but she's just the contrary in her mind. She's a strong in the back as a brewer's horse. If I'd had the pick of the country of Middlesex I couldn't have married a kinder-hearted woman. And the marriage was for love. It was arter the accident—you understand me, Jack. I was brought to the church in a hatchcher, Jack. How the neighbors flocked out in the street was at their winders to see me lifted out by the firemen, and helped, and assisted, and carried up for the sake of my pension, but I know better, Jack. It was out of downright pity, and knowing the good-looking girl I was to marry, that all this kind come in. She must ha' gone a desperate long way arter that tripe. My appetite's getting outrageous. Tell us about Van Diemen's Land, Jack, to pass the time away."

I hesitated, for I knew very little more about Van Diemen's Land than I do about the Moon.

"Ah! I see how it is, Jack," said the cripple; "you're ashamed, and no wonder. I like you the better for it. But you needn't mind now. You've served out your seven year, and as I always said, you was young, and led away by Bill Hawkins. And Jack," he added, confidentially, "we've always kept up the notion in the family that it was Poaching to begin. It sounds a deal better than—you know what; and I've maintained it was Poaching so long that I've got to believe it myself."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," I replied, gravely.

"But I say, Jack," pursued the cripple, "transportation can't be as bad as it's represented. It has softened your voice, made you talk better, and given you quite a touch of gentility. You was a roughish young blade when I bade you good-by at Millbank Penitentiary. I've received now Bill Hawkins pierced because I gave you mother's little cheap Bible? I've put it quite away with your quotation, I'm told. You was in one of the last batches."

Here was a pretty position for a respectable young farmer to occupy, whose family had always kept a good name for fair dealing and honest industry since Charles II.'s time. For the sake of recovering a seventeen-and-sixpenny hat, I was actually pretending to be somebody else, and that somebody else a returned convict; but I couldn't bear to tell this poor helpless man that I had been playing a trick on him. He had set his heart on seeing his prodigal brother, and he would be so grieved if I discovered him; so, having begun the adventure, I determined to carry it through. The difficulty was how to manage it successfully; in other words, how to get back my hat without an unpleasant squabble. The matter stood thus: Kitty might be expected to return at any moment, accompanied by her real brother-in-law; she would naturally denounce me as an impostor, and instead of recovering my hat, I might possibly discover that my face was as maturally developed as her back, not to mention the help which the returned transport would be sure to give me. I determined to feel my way by degrees, and as, luckily, my entertainer was a simple-minded man, to follow, to learn from him exactly how the land lay.

"What name d'ye suppose I've gone under, Bob, since I've got such a brother? I said.

"Not Sladden, Jack," answered the cripple, ansiously; "never Sladden, I should hope. Though you're a rich man, and I'm a poor one, you mustn't recollect, Jack, the name of Sladden was an honest name till you went and tarnished it."

"No, Bob, I haven't dream of such a thing; I call myself Thompson."

"That's right," returned the cripple. "Your hand, Jack. I'm a brother! I shall always be to you in brotherly feelings, though different in name. And I say, Jack, what did you tell Kitty? Because she's been a-thinking that you went under government; she believes you was a bounty ticket. What did you say to her?"

"Bob, shall I tell you a little secret?"

"What is it?"

"I haven't seen Kitty yet."

"Not seen Kitty yet? Why, you came here with her."

"No, I didn't."

"How did you find your way in, then?"

"The door was ajar."

"I can't credit it. Kitty'd never leave the front door open."

I called for once, though; I knocked and rang before I found it out."

"Ay, and I thought it was a runaway knock and ring. Find out on earth is Kitty? Didn't you see her aboard the vessel?"

"No."

"Jack," he exclaimed, suddenly seizing my hand, "are you sure you are playing no trick on me? Remember, I'm a poor helpless creature. Where is Kitty?"

"On my honor, I don't know."

"Hush!" he said, putting his hand to his ear—"hush! there's a footstep coming up to the door. It's hers; I know her foot among a hundred; and she's alone."

Here last three words made me decide what course to adopt. As a heavy masculine-sounding foot came to the front door I overset the candlestick in my accident.

"There," said I, "my awkwardness has left us in the dark."

"So much the better, Jack," replied the cripple. "She's missed you down at the ship; we'll give her an agreeable surprise."

Somebody opened the street-door with a latch-key and advanced into the passage. I confess I felt rather uncomfortable; but I stood still and held nothing. Presently a rather gruff female voice exclaimed: "Bob, Bob, are you asleep?"

"Kitty!" Not a bit of it, my dear Kitty," replied the cripple cheerily, "but wide awake, and as hungry as a butcher."

"Strike a light, then—you know where the matches are," said the lady, who appeared to be carrying her bonnet-strings. "A pretty mess, Bob," she went on to say, "you've led me for nothing. There was no such name as Sladden aboard the ship."

He came over under the name of Thompson, Kitty."

"How do you know?"

"Because I've seen him."

"Where?"

"Here," said Mr. Sladden, as he struck a match and relighted the candle. "Brother Jack, at your service. Look at him, Kitty, and tell me what you think of him."

It was a trying moment. Mrs. Sladden was a tall, bony, raw-featured woman of five-and-forty. She took the candle out of her husband's hand and submitted me to a critical examination.

"Well, Kitty, what do you think of him?" repeated the cripple with a pleased smile upon his face.

"Why, Bob," answered Mrs. Sladden, "you always told me that your brother Jack was a rough fellow; I think he looks quite the gentleman. Welcome to Old England, Mr. Jack," she said, extending her hand: "ours is but a poor place, but such as it is you're welcome to it."

I felt like a miserable humbug as my supposed sister-in-law put her hard horsed hand into mine; but what could I do? I had trodden the downward path of deception; I was bound to follow it to the end. So after the lapse of nine minutes, which were spent in general conversation, I said to Kitty, I speak to you here for a few moments, Mrs. Sladden?"

"Certainly, Sir," replied the poor unsuspecting woman, treating me with immense respect. "Step down stairs to the kitchen, please; 'tis the only comfortable room in the house. And as my poor husband made shift to get up and let you in, did he?"

"Here I am, at any rate, Mrs. Sladden," said I, with a smile as she undecked the kitchen-fire.

"And what was it you might be wishing to say to me, Mr. Jack?" she asked.

"I just want you to unfasten the back-door leading to the area. The fact is, that my hat blew off as I was coming round the corner of the street, and has fallen down there."

"Oh, is that all, Sir?" said Mrs. Sladden, laughing, as she fell in love with me. "I'll get it."

"What a shame it is to me to deceive such an amiable couple," thought I; "still I must recover my hat."

My reputed sister-in-law was in the act of inserting the key into the key-hole when the sound of wheels was heard outside, followed by a thundering rat-tat-tat at the street-door.

"Bless me, who can that be?" exclaimed Mrs. Sladden, as she rushed up stairs with the unused key in her hand. I followed her with trembling steps. *I have since ascertained that Jack hesitated.* She opened the door to a many-caped cabman, whose vehicle stood at the edge of the pavement.

"That's right," shouted a well-known voice from the cab window. "Give a hairistocratic ran-tan, cabby; I'm a gentleman now, every inch of me."

The next moment Kitty and I met face to face, addressing my late sister-in-law. I waited to hear no more, but, barefooted as I was, darted down the steps into the street. A rut-brown face, ornamented with a great shaggy yellow beard, was thrust from the cab window, and a jolly voice exclaimed, "Hoile! Brother Bob!"

I made no answer, but run away as fast as my legs could carry me. When I had placed a good half-mile between myself and Mr. Sladden's abode I fell into a walk, and tied my handkerchief over my head. I had accomplished the object of the police; and as soon as I reached a cab-stand got into a cab and returned alone to my hotel. I did not venture to visit the Iberyes that night; and as for inquiring after my seventeen-and-sixpenny hat, I left to a gentleman of the name of De Beauvoir Town's out for aught I know it may be lying in that area still.

THE SONG OF THE DRUM

Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Fellow and follow me! every true man!
Hark to the sound of the rolling drum.
Come with the drum! come with me, come with me, come
Follow me! follow me! follow me, now!
Come from the anvil, come from the plow;
Leave the dull counter and desk to thrumm your lives;
Leave home, leave friends, leave your children, your wives
Hark to the sound of the rolling drum.
Come with me! come with me! come with me, come!
Follow me! follow me! every one!
To where the white camps shine in the sun!

Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me! follow me! every true man!
From the crowded streets of the city come,
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
From fields where the lithe binds chirp and sing,
From woods where your sturdy axes ring;
From the gay jar in the tavern to stand,
Grasp the musket firm in your hand,
There's a grander place in the world for you,
Where the cannon-balls fly like hail in a shoo.

Come with me! come with me! come with me, come!
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
Come with me where the camps shine white,
Where the fife sounds merry and light,
Where the loud *reveille* when morning breaks,
And the golden eye of the dawn awakes;
Come with me out to the trenches then,
Where are gathered scores of your fellow-men
Beginning to dig with pick and spade
Holes in the way intrenchments are made;
There's a puff of smoke, and now comes a shell,
Like a yonder, there, where it bursts and fell;
Nobody hurt; and above on the hill
Our batteries, until this moment still,
Now blaze away all in a minute alone,
And a shout goes up from our gallant boys;
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Here is the life for every true man.

Come with me now to the picket, come!
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
That's a sharpshooter's rifle we hear,
Where are the bullets which seem so near;
There's another rifle, that shrill, sharp sound,
And yonder's a wounded man on the ground.
With the blood flowing out in a crimson tide
From a gaping hole in his quivering side;
Short orders and pale are the sights you see,
For this is where only men should be.

Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me, follow me, every true man!
Come with me over the battle-field, come!
Follow the drum, the drum, the drum!
Through the smoke and the dust and the storm of lead;
Adown this gully piled deep with dead,
And along the edge of this shattered wood
Where the trees are splintered and shot with blood,
Then on through this trampled field of corn
Where the once head leaves into shreds are torn,
Into the valley of death we go,
Where the dead and wounded are every where seen;
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
Follow me, follow me, every true man!
Follow me on through the fiery breath
Of the vengeful cannon, sentence death;
On through the battle's smoke and glare,
Follow me, follow me every where!
And hear the cries and the awful groans,
The piercing shrieks and the feeble moans,
And the dying shout from the lips of one
When a work is stormed, and a victory won;
Rataplan! rataplan! rataplan!
This is the death for every true man!

CHASE OF A BLOCKADE R

RUNNER.—[See Page 758.]

JOE BOYNTON'S COUSIN.

"I've a letter from Aunt Jane's girl, Joseph," Miss Livy Boynton said to her brother as he sat down to the supper-table after a hard day's work mowing.

Miss Livy was tall, spare, black-eyed, and thirty-five at least. Joseph was about six feet two in height—a great, strong, well-made fellow, erect as a young pine, and carrying his head, as I have never seen any other man but the real Western lords of the soil—up, and a little backward, as though they were searching the distance for still other regions to furrow with their bold plows.

Joseph shut up asking glance at his sister, whose purse-proud lip ines indicative of something beyond the letter.

"She's coming to spend the summer with us."

"What?"

"Aunt Jane's girl's coming to spend the summer with us. She'll be here about harvest-time, I reckon—just in time to see us bring a girl to help me through."

Miss Livy smiled with sarcastic grimness. Joseph looked disturbed.

"I wonder what sends her away out here."

Aunt Jane's girl lived in New York—was a fullyfledged young lady, something of a belle it was presumable, and it did seem a curious freak, to say the least, that she should deliberately quit those civilized haunts for the Illinois wilds. But when Joseph came to read the letter he was touched at an underlying vein that seemed somehow in it, and one sentence in particular moved him. "You know I've never seen any of mamma's relations, my dear, dead mamma." The more that it reminded him how close had been the attachment between his mother and Aunt Jane—so close as though there had been a tie of blood between them —and there was not, she having been only a stepsister to his father.

He laid the rose-tinted sheet down gingerly, as though fearful that his great strong fingers would spill it, and with his usual thoughtful consideration of ness from it to the plain but white-walled room, with its bare but well-scoured boards; and there he walked into the front room, as Miss Livy called the best room of the farm-house. Joe looked thoughtfully in the mirror of rag carpet, the six wooden chairs ranged with mathematical precision about, the wooden clock on the mantle-piece, the four colored prints on the four walls, at regular distances from each other, and wondered what the New York belle would say to them all. I'm afraid he ended by deeply wishing she would stay at home.

But she didn't. She came, as Livy had she would, in the midst of harvesting, and in the very midst of the fret and worry of putting dinner on the table for twenty "hands."

"Do, for mercy's sake, go in and tell her to take off her bonnet and shawl!" snapped Miss Livy, as she hurried about, grumping under her breath ever of an immense pudding, from which the raisins were bursting lusciously.

Joseph, who was crowding his six feet two as far as possible into a corner of the little kitchen, turned very red, and would a great deal rather have gone back to the harvest-field without his dinner than to have faced this New York cousin, "and in this rig too," glancing at his coarse boots and his blue cotton blouse, spread at the throat for coolness. But it had to be done. So buttoning the collar of his blouse, and giving his curly hair a delicate backward toss, he went in, with his quick, glancing, hazel eyes in a restless glitter of excitement at the momentous news of the coming.

The front door was open, and in it stood a very little lady in a gray dress and cloak, and with something on her head that looked like a cross between Joe's Sunday stove-pipe and his everyday Panama. It was "mighty pretty though," Joe found thing to observe inwardly in spite of his embarrassment, and the softest of gold bright curls floated back and mingled with the flutter of the dropped black plume.

She turned quickly at the sound of Joe's heavy step, and lifting a pair of eager blue eyes and extending two pretty little hands, exclaimed in a voice of mingled laughter, tears, and trembling,

"Is this Cousin Joe?"

Awkwardly enough Joe let both the little hands flutter like snow-birds into his; but he laughed a short, mellow, pleased laugh, saying cordially,

"I reckon that's mean Joe!"

Her pretty face drooped an instant with a half sob, and then, laughing—though her lips quivered yet—she said,

"It's too bad to cry when I'm so glad, isn't it?"

Joe tried to do the honors in orthodox fashion; but though he was pleased and much gratified by the frank gladness and unconstraint of Estelle (that was her name), he felt, as every unsophisticated gentlemen than he have, quite too conscious of the presence of this most beautiful woman he had ever seen, and found it very difficult to dispose of his feet and hands satisfactorily.

Estelle, meanwhile, was thinking, "How handsome he is, but how awkward!" But the charitable, forbearing no consciousness when the "men" crowded into the room to the dinner which had been set for them in there, unless to droop her hat a little more over her face. She had so many things to tell—messages from her father, funny little episodes of the journey, etc.

Miss Livy came presently and ordered Joe off to his dinner, with the most apologetic fascinating contrary aside to Estelle, "We'll have ours when the men are gone!"

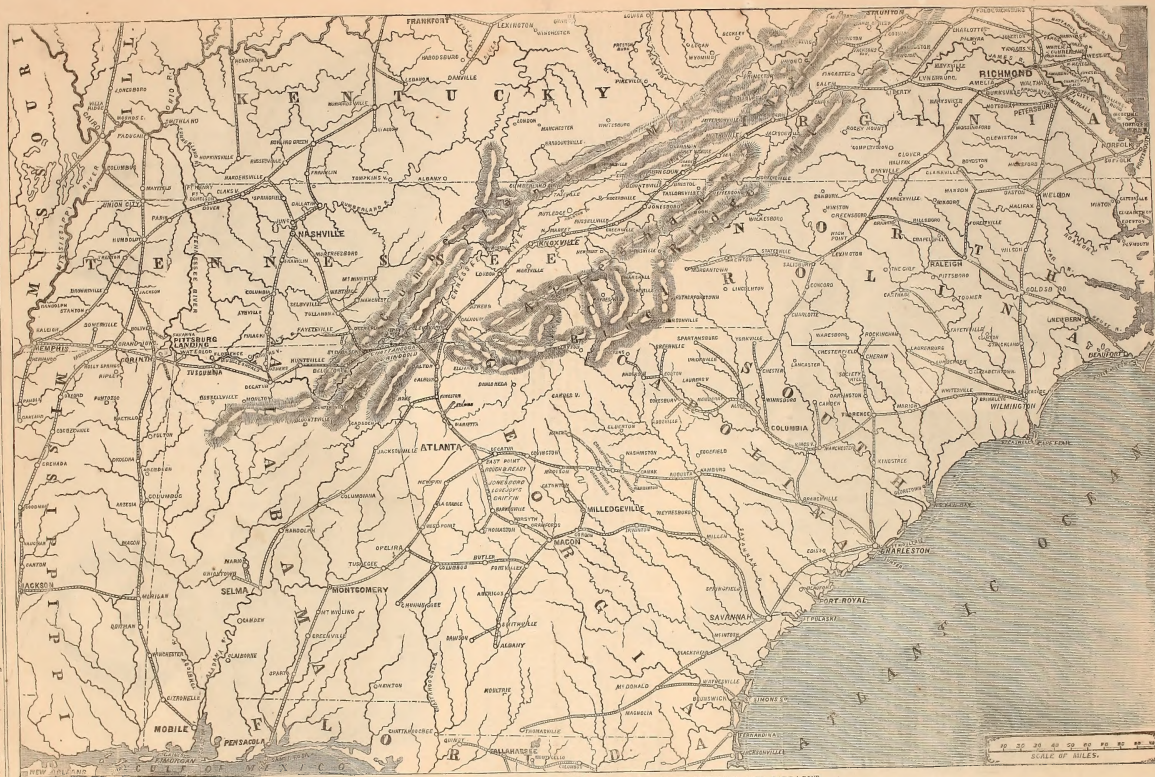
Estelle thought it rather queer that no dinner was offered her until the men had gone; and she thought it queerer yet when Eliza, Miss Livy's "hired girl," was summoned in from the kitchen to eat with her and Miss Livy, and formally introduced as Miss Hopkins. She would have liked to have had Joe stay in and entertain her; and when he came from the field at night she fluttered out to meet him, clad in some blue gauzy fabric that floated about her like a cloud, and put poor Joe—whose face was grimed with sweat and dust—quite to the blush. She was quick-witted though, and fluttered smilingly away again till he had undergone some sort of a renovating process, and joined her looking so handsome and full of stalwart grace, in spite of his coarse dress and his bashfulness, that she could not help saying to herself,

"If he were only dressed decently, and I could promenade Broadway with him, wouldn't he create a sensation?"

She and Joe got on amazingly well, though Miss Livy looked rather coldly on. Joe could talk as well as some other gentlemen Estelle knew, perhaps even better, and upon topics that Estelle had seldom wonder how Cousin Joe came to know so much. He had got over his bashfulness, and the manner was gaining on very fast. Every day the farm kept him, he found a good many spare hours for Estelle. When some gentleman who had known Estelle at home called on her at the farm, and spent an entire evening with her, Joe had made some excuse for absenting himself, but he was lurking in the locust grove all the time, watching Mr. Lessbrook and Estelle as they chatted in the door-way, with something the feeling a sunflower might be supposed to have in watching two magnolia blossoms.

The following evening Joe made some excuse not to come into the house until it was too late to see Estelle. The next night it was the same way, and Sunday too, etc., till Estelle quite pouted, and wondered what *did* ail Cousin Joe. She had a habit of teasing him about his many "excuses"

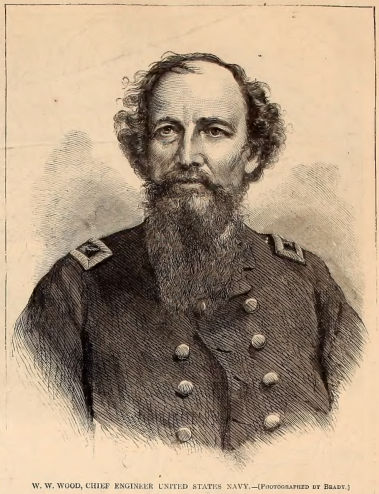
HARPER'S WEEKLY.



MAP SHOWING THE ENTIRE FIELD OF OPERATIONS UNDER GRANT, SHERMAN, AND FARRAGUT.

NOVEMBER 26, 1864.]

MAJOR-GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



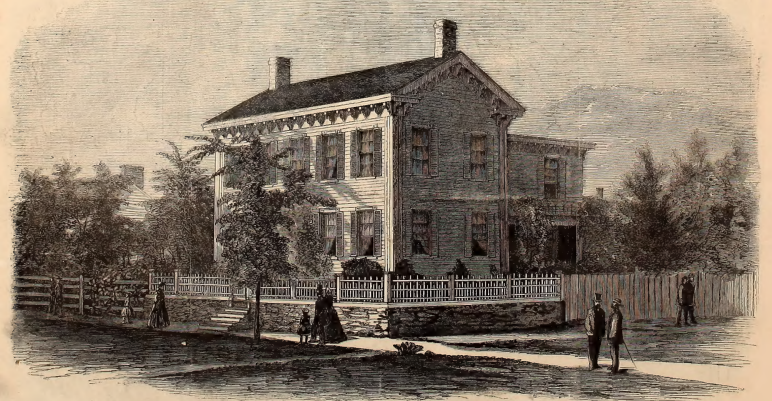
W. W. WOOD, CHIEF ENGINEER UNITED STATES NAVY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

MAJOR-GENERAL MOTT.

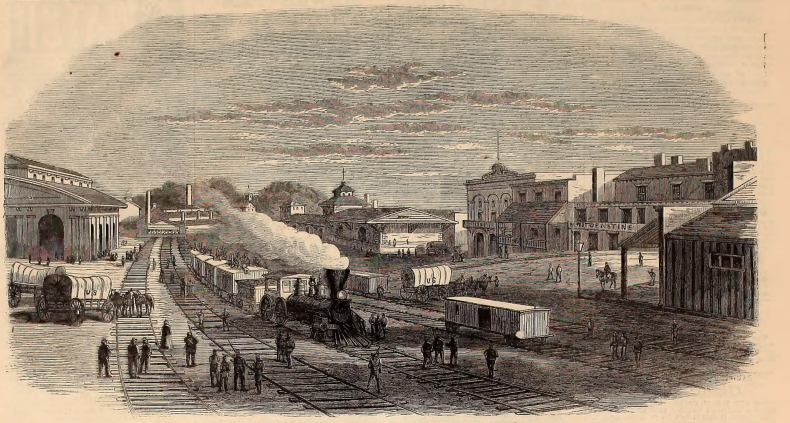
MAJOR-GENERAL GERSHOM MOTT is a native of New Jersey, from which State he brought a full brigade to the Army of the Potomac. This brigade belonged to the First Division of the old Third Corps. Almost from the first organization of the Army of the Potomac he has been identified with its history. He has participated in all the great battles of Virginia. He was wounded in the second battle of Bull Run, and was afterward promoted from the rank of Senior Colonel commanding the New Jersey Brigade to that of Brigadier-General. At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville he took a prominent part in the operations of SICKLES'S Division, and at the latter he was wounded for the second time. At Gettysburg he was mentioned, as on former occasions, for his gallant services in that battle. In the late campaign from the Rappahannock to the James he has commanded a division of the Second Corps—the same which was formerly commanded by Generals HOOKER and SICKLES in the Third Corps. This division now includes all that is left of the old Third Corps, HOOKER'S "Old Guard." This is a veteran division which has served during the war, being now reduced to a small number. It was this division which was attacked and partially flanked in the late advance to the left.

CHIEF-ENGINEER W. W. WOOD.

CHIEF-ENGINEER W. W. WOOD, United States Navy, whose portrait we publish on this page, is at present attached to the staff of Rear-Admiral GREGORY, as general superintendent of iron-clad steamers and other vessels being constructed for the Navy Department. He was born in Wake County, North Carolina, in the year 1818. Upon the death of his parents, which occurred when he was very young, he was sent to the North to be educated. After passing through college his great taste and natural inclination for mechanics and engineering induced him to connect himself with the Messrs. KEMBLE, of the West Point Foundry, in this city, at the time the largest and most eminent works of the kind in the country. At this establishment he remained for several years, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of engineering; and after an extensive experience, on the reorganization of the Naval Engineer Corps, under the administration of the Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, in March, 1845, he entered the naval service, in which he has been actively engaged during a period of nearly twenty years. In regard to his past history, the Navy Register for 1864 records him as having been at sea for nearly eight years, and on shore-duty in naval dock-yards and on other special service eight and a half years. He is at present the senior Chief Engineer in the navy, and was selected by Secretary WELLES to fill the responsible position of General Inspector of Steam Machinery, etc.; in which duty is included the construction of our iron-clad fleet, and the machinery for the new class of vessels which are at present being constructed. The new and destructive shell and its arrangement, recently used with such tremendous effect by the gallant Lieutenant CUSHING in the destruction of the rebel ram *Albemarle*, in the Roanoke River, was designed by him, as also the iron-clad torpedo vessel *Stromboli*, nearly completed, a powerful engine of destruction in naval warfare.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HOME, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.



VIEW IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—[SKETCHED BY D. R. BROWN.]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

To multiply a lady's requirements appears to be the predominant idea of all the purveyors of fashion in female dress; and, as though one robe were not sufficient, the modistes have now introduced a description of double dress, which makes the wearer appear to indulge in two at a time—thus increasing the outlay, as, of course, the material for both must be good; otherwise they would not be in unison. One of our illustrations depicts this new style, which we leave to the appreciation of our fair readers.

Bonnets, in the proper acceptation of the term, are still getting smaller by degrees and beautifully less, dwindling gradually away till they have almost the appearance of small caps, richly ornamented with lace, flowers, and birds, the owlet often playing a conspicuous part in the composition of the actual Parisian chapeau. It appears, after all, that the small-sized bonnet is definitively adopted for the approaching winter, during which also the short paletot (mostly in light cloth) will be generally worn for ordinary toilet; but, for full dress, the ruched cansail, the burnous, and the eternal châle de cachemire. For indoor wear red cloth or cashmere vests are very fashionable, and are very becoming to either dark or fair complexions, an advantage which is peculiar to this color, now more popular than ever.

The spirit of exaggeration which we have so frequently observed is now applied to ear-rings, which have acquired almost dangerous dimensions. The jewelers of the Palais-Royale seem to vie with each other daily in the production of something larger than has hitherto been seen, until the proportions of these aural pendants have become quite monstrous. All forms have been adopted and magnified, so that we have the triangular, the long, the wide, and the round cymbal-shaped ear-rings, of a fearful weight, in gold. In keeping with these, the wide leather belts are fastened by buckles of from four to six inches in length, and made of every possible material. Something more agreeable, and certainly far more graceful, is the black lace waistband, fastened behind with a bow and rather short ends. It is to be hoped that these waistbands will finally triumph over the harness-looking belts, which find favor in the eyes of many of the showy Parisiennes.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Morning Dress.*—This is altogether an "at home" costume, the color of the dress being generally light, over a gray-colored jupe, which is seen through the openings left expressly in the dress, buttoned in front and behind, made in the manner of a robe de chambre. The material of the dress depicted in our engraving is light-brown cashmere, over a blue jupe. The graduating buttons may be either in dull gold or in mother-of-pearl.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—White tarlatan robe, ornamented round the bottom of the skirt with two fluted flounces, surmounted by a straw-colored silk edging. Over the two bottom flounces four others are draped in the style shown in our illustration; and above these two upward jupes is a third, also in white tarlatan, disposed sharp-wise, and in a point behind, while forming a tonic in front. The uppermost jupe is provided with a deep lace trimming, surmounted by a bouillonné, through which a light-blue ribbon is passed. There is a very wide dark-blue silk waistband, fastened by a bow behind. The décolleté corsage is covered with a berthe trimmed with lace and bouillons. The coiffure is arranged in the latest style, the ornamentation consisting of a white and a blue feather, intertwined, and partly concealing the golden comb.

Fig. 3. *Walking Dress.*—The robe and paletot are in stone-colored foulard, trimmed throughout with violet silk rutching. The only ornament on the skirt is a narrow flounce. Small straw bonnet, with a rose between two black velvets, is the tour-de-tête; violet silk bows and ends.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1864.

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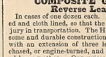

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 414.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

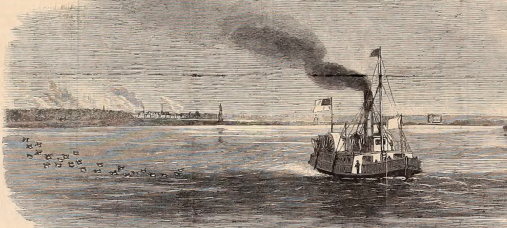
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

In accordance with a special arrangement recently brought about for the mutual exchange of all the sick and invalid prisoners on either side, Colonel MULFORD, with fifteen transports laden with rebel prisoners, arrived at Fort Pulaski November 11. The number of rebel prisoners conveyed South in this first installment was 3200.—The transfer of these prisoners took place in the Savannah River, between Savannah and Fort Pulaski. The day after his arrival Capt. HATCH, the Confederate Commissioner, accompanied by the Richmond Ambulance Committee and a number of surgeons, left Savannah in the early morning, taking with him four transports, viz., the *Beauregard*, *General Lee*, *Swan*, and *Ida*.—The convalescents, numbering 1900, were first removed from our transports. Three hundred of the prisoners were very sick, and had suffered greatly on the voyage. Our prisoners subject to exchange under this arrangement were to be delivered on the 15th. The whole number to be exchanged is ten thousand, but there will be considerable delay in effecting the transfer, on account of the deficiency of the rebel means of transportation both by land and water. The rest of the rebel prisoners will be delivered at City Point, on the James River, this measure having been adopted for the comfort of those who are so ill that the voyage by sea might prove fatal.

In regard to the exchange the *Times* correspondent says: "The particularly striking feature of the scene, to my eye, was the grotesque appearance of the rebel steamers, especially the *Swan* and the *General Lee*. Both vessels are great slab-sided, flat-bottomed affairs, like unsightly houses washed from their foundations, having three rudders to guide them, on account of their lightness of draught. A spectator at a distance, without being blessed with a lively imagination, might have supposed these queer specimens of naval architecture to be floating hearses, the illusion being fostered by the funeral-like plumes of Cimmerian smoke which waved from their slender chimneys. But the crowds inside showed uproarious life, instead of death. A merrier set of invalids were never got together than those freed rebels who were crammed on board the steamers, and fringed the low guards of the vessels with dangling legs, almost dipping into the water through the hilarious carelessness of their owners. They went off up the river, yelling their peculiar mule-like cry which passes for a cheer, with their ill-omened flag waving over them, leaving the proud banner of freedom behind, the love of which, for a time, at least, they have madly rejected."

Little more than a week previous to MULFORD's arrival at Savannah the *Island City* had gone to that point to make the preliminary arrangements, and had delivered nearly 350 boxes for our prisoners, together with clothing and blankets to the value of $26,000. This was in accordance with the arrangements entered into by Generals GRANT and LEE, for the benefit both of Federal and Confederate prisoners.



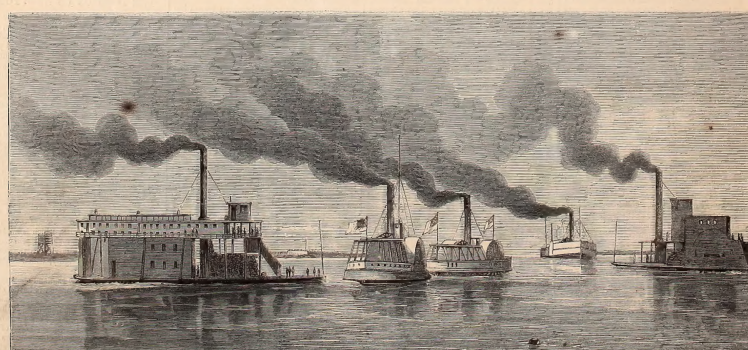
THE REBEL FLAG OF TRUCE BOAT "BEAUREGARD," WITH SAVANNAH IN THE DISTANCE.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

MARTINSBURG.

MARTINSBURG, Virginia, of which town we give sketches on page 781, is the capital of Berkley County, and is situated on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. In 1850 this town had a population of over 2000 souls. Its situation has rendered it a peculiarly undesirable place of residence, and especially so during the last few months, when its streets have been trampled now by the rough riders of the Confederate cavalry, and then again by the Federal troops of SHERIDAN'S army. Before EARLY'S advance in the summer Martinsburg was an important military depôt. It is at present the depôt of General SHERIDAN'S army, and is under the military governorship of Brigadier-General SEWARD, son of the Secretary of State.

The principal sketch is a view of the square at the junction of King and Queen streets, the building with the tower being the Court-house, now used as the provost marshal's office. Opposite to it is a house belonging to Colonel HOGE, of the rebel army, occupied as head-quarters by General SEWARD. Every street is barricaded, so that the place is quite an incipient fortress, and secure against MOSBY'S and IMBODEN'S attacks. The ruins of the depôt buildings, and of houses burned in former attacks upon the town, give the usual air of desolation seen in border towns.

MARTINSBURG is several miles in the rear of General SHERIDAN'S army, and is situated about twenty miles northwest of Harper's Ferry.



THE REBEL FLAG OF TRUCE BOATS COMING DOWN THE SAVANNAH RIVER TO MEET THE FEDERAL TRANSPORTS.—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

THANKSGIVING.

THE feast of plenty comes once more,
The turkey, king of birds,
The beef, that bursts in every pore
With fatness of the herds,
And bulbous roots, white, golden, red,
And squaking jellies clear,
And lidless pies, with dotted eyes,
Crowd and complete the cheer.

The sun has kept its ripening glow,
The earth its yielding will,
The trees have not forgot to grow,
The yellow grain to fill;
The rain has fallen from the cloud,
The wind from the east,
The dew has shared, the blight has spared
Its force to crown the feast.

The grandsire takes the fireward seat,
The sire controls the cheer,
The mother rules below where sweet
The little ones are near;*
And the tall grandson sits between,
Close to his manhood's prize,
Whose spirit seems to float in dreams
Drawn from the children's eyes.

The white head bends: "We thank Thee, Lord,
For life, and plenty, boon,
For strength that shall sheathe the sword
In peace and union soon;
Sustain the poor, the weak, oppressed,
The broken-hearted heal,
And shower all very man's cause for praise
To Thee, O Lord, reveal!"

Then passes round the flaky breast,
The wish-bone is a prize,
The drumstick rattles out a jest,
With wings the laughter flies;
The mottled beef has stanchest friends
Whom mustard makes not sad,
The gravies run for very fun
Down white-bibbed bosoms glad.

The juicy plums are slyly sought
To help the failing taste;
With double-kerneled nuts are bought
The gifts of thoughtless haste;
The talk subsides, they pledge the day
In glass of home-brewed cheer,
The feast is done, the happiest one
Of all the thankful year.

O Father! hear the grandsire's prayer,
And shed from heaven above,
Round feasts that have a vacant chair,
The mercy of Thy love;
And if the form that filled it once
Be hid 'neath battle-field,
Throw wide the door to thankful eyes,
And bid it be revealed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

PEACE.

THE air is full of rumors of peace. It has been so at intervals from the beginning, and will be so to the end of the war. Nothing was more natural than that after the election the blowers of rumors should take out their longest pipes and blow the largest and most glittering of bubbles. Nothing also was truer than General BUTLER'S remark that, having ascertained how unanimous the country is for war if necessary, it is a good time to ascertain whether it be necessary. It is a good time, because there can be no possible misunderstanding. An invitation to the rebels to lay down their arms could not be misinterpreted now, as it might have been at any other time in the war, as a sign of failure upon the part of the Government. It would be the indication of conscious power and conscious right. It would be the summons to a doomed fortress to surrender after the irresistible strength of the besiegers had been displayed to the garrison in full view.

The experience of his administration teaches us that we may trust the President to do the right thing in this matter at the right time and in the right way. In whatever he does he will neither compromise the authority of the people nor acknowledge any shadow of right in the theory or fact of rebellion. Neither will he do any thing impatiently or passionately. There is nothing finer in his whole career than his passionless but unswerving patriotism. There has been no self-seeking, and a sagacious independence in all his actions. He has not hesitated to alienate at times all parties of his immediate adherents, whenever his sense of duty demanded it, secure always of the permanent approval of the people. Our history does not furnish his master as a statesman.

It is probable that in his Message there will be a frank expression of his views upon the present aspect of the rebellion, and very possibly a direct appeal to the insurgent section of the country, bidding the rebels to ponder the significance of the election; to look with their own eyes, not through the illusive words of their leaders, at the actual condition and prospect of the rebellion, assuring them that their loyal fellow-citizens have but one wish, and that is to live peaceably with them under a common Government, and but one determination—that they will do so.

The conditions of peace are to-day what they have always been. They are the same for every man and party in every part of the country. They are submission to the laws and acts in pursuance of the Constitution. If any citizen doubts whether the Confiscation act or the Emancipation proclamation are Constitutional, the President has already referred the question to the Supreme Court. As to "terms" in regard to the rebel leaders, the American people will undoubtedly require that, at the least, they shall be forever ineligible as citizens.

Of course the Government of the people must determine when it is satisfied that any State has resumed its proper relations to the Union. It can not be enough that the State says so. It can not be enough that it goes through the forms of an election. The Government will, of necessity, hold every part of the rebel section which it recovers until it is perfectly assured that the national peace would not be endangered by relinquishing it. In insurgent States, for instance, claimed to secede in their sovereign capacity. If in their sovereign capacity they return, the United States Government will naturally inquire whether, in their sovereign capacity, under any pretense whatever, they propose to secede again. So long as the majority of citizens in any State holds to the doctrine of supreme State sovereignty, the peace of the Union is as much threatened by it as Pennsylvania was by Lucy Ann Cobb. In the future of the United States be withdrawn from a State which claims the right of secession at will? And can the existence of such a majority be determined except by a fair vote upon a constitutional amendment, expressly affirming the indestructibility of the Union?

We shall, however, be spared the present solution of such questions, because whatever the action of our Government in regard to peace, the attitude of the rebels will be unchanged. While they have any effective military force they will bear only of war. When that force is broken, the anarchy into which the rebel section must surely fall will make the presence of the United States arms a necessity until society can be reconstructed. It is useless, says the President, to jump before you look. He stands. Be ready to leap when you are there. Great questions of policy which perplex us in advance are very apt to present themselves finally in a practicable form. All that we need is to keep certain controlling principles clearly in mind, and as fast as they appear apply them to them. Conscious of wishing for honorable peace, and taught by our experience and by reason upon what terms peace can be permanent, we may tranquilly await the opportunity which the rebels alone can furnish.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

THE whole system of railroad travel in this country is disgraceful; and we propose, in this and subsequent articles, to show what it is and what it might be improved. We do not rely upon any appeal to the managers of the roads. They may be privately very reasonable gentlemen, but as a body they certainly feel no adequate public responsibility as conveyers of passengers; and we look therefore to the people themselves in the Legislatures to apply the needful remedies.

It is understood that the Central Railroad Company's charter will be up for renewal in a coming to Albany during the next session of the Legislature to ask leave to raise the rates of fare. If it comes, it will come, we are prepared to carry its point by the usual means. But we hope there will be good sense and courage enough among the legislators to make the grant of power contingent upon the abandonment of abuses. That was the way the English people two and three hundred years ago used to treat their kings, and there is no reason why we should be less strict with ours.

There is one good example to this very point. During the last session, we believe, the Central Road applied for some fresh privilege, which was granted. But some thirsty statesman, who may have suffered upon an express train from the want of an omnibus conductor, or, in default, secured the insertion of a clause in the bill that in every car of every train there should be a jar of ice-water, under a penalty of fifty dollars—is that the suit against the Company might be brought in any county of the State. How the royal board of managers must have chuckled! For they knew, sagacious souls, that the American citizen would go forever parched and panting in the burning sands of the south, from Albany and Buffalo, and die of thirst rather than enter a complaint.

And here is the difficulty in reforming the abuses of railroad travel, and all other, that the people themselves are so pusillanimous. If an omnibus is intended to carry twelve, and a thirteenth man unfairly and selfishly presents himself at the door, there is seldom one of the twelve who dares insist upon the rights of the passengers, and they all conspire to put a premium upon selfishness by suffering to put the interloper to crowd in. Now it is very clear that if the passengers do not insist upon the rule the proprietors will not. ROSS BROWNE somewhere says that when he was one of nine guests stowed into one bed together at a Western inn the landlord brought a tenth, and when BROWNE plaintively pleaded that they were tolerably full he was sternly denounced by the host as a haughty and unsocial being. By this time, doubtless, that host is the model president or superintendent of a grand central railroad, offering every inducement for enlightened travelers to prefer it to all other tedious, dangerous, and connection-missing routes.

There surely is nothing surly in insisting upon obvious rights; and it is only fair that the Legislatures should try to help people help themselves in the matter of comfort and safety in travel.

The general railway massacre that is taking place in the country is certainly the business of somebody; and of whom can it be so much the interest as the public themselves? The travel was never so great; the trains never so full; and every body departs upon his journey with a vague fear that it may be his last. It is true, as we said two or three weeks ago, that the proportion of lives lost to the whole number of travelers is not large. But when it could and ought to be smaller, there is no reason for suggesting that it might be larger. Indeed it is very rapidly becoming larger; and the loss of life upon our railroads during the last twelvemonth is very much greater than in any recent year. Last week, upon the old line of the Central Railroad, near Auburn, the mail passenger train, thundering around a curve at the rate of forty miles an hour, encountered a freight train rushing toward it upon the same track. The collision was frightful. The locomotive was driven upon and, and every seat in the passenger cars was torn up, and scarcely a passenger escaped without injury, while the engineer was killed.

Now, for such a deplorable event somebody is to blame. It is said that the guilty person in this instance is the engineer of the freight train, who ran out of time. But every engineer on the Central Road knew that if he ran out of time, under any excuse whatever, he would infallibly lose his place. To be disgraced, whether any disaster followed or not, there would be no running out of time, and the slaughter that we have described would not have occurred. The probability is that the engineer of the freight train has before run out of his time, and has not been rebuked. The penalty of running out of time, if no accident ensues, should be as severe as it can lawfully be made. The punishment of so doing, when loss of life results, should be that of murder.

When the Central Road appears at the bar of the House we hope New York will make a beginning in providing for the safety and comfort of the public. Next week we shall resume the subject with some practical suggestions.

THE END OF REBEL LOGIC.

THE inevitable question of the rebellion at length openly confronts the rebels. What shall be done with it, they ask? Shall they be sent into the field to fight for the "Confederacy," or shall they be kept to digging? and if they fight shall they be free?

The whole logic of the Southern system has broken down. The Southern leaders have insisted for many a year that the "peculiar institution" was also that of Christ and their Northern allies have lustily echoed the great and refreshing truth that, Canaan having been cursed, every color but white was cursed by divine beneficence to be sold like a sucking pig.

We have been listening now for many years to the noble doctrine that the system of slavery on our Southern shore was God's appointment for the African race, and for all admixture of the European and American races with the African; that to question its benefit or beauty was to blaspheme God and his laws, and to presume to be wiser than the heavenly intelligence. Not this alone. They said that the system divine, for the slaves were happier than any peasantry in the world. They were comfortably cared for in sickness and age. They had no anxieties, no responsibilities. They danced to the banjo under the peaceful palmetto, and, if we only knew it, the name of happiness was Slavery in the Southern States. Gentlemen from Georgia and went from plantation to plantation and found the life idyllic. Dainty ladies went from New York to pass the winter under planting friends, and returned with the rosiest romances of the felicity of Dinah and Sambo in their cunning little cabins. Every thing was lovely in the world except the dark and dreadful theory of the right of every man to himself and his own labor. Every body who did not own slaves was tolerable if he only owned land he owned some. But whoever dehounced Slavery as a wrong to human nature, and an inevitable peril to the country, he was an awful monster in human form, he was the opposite of "a gentleman"—he was an abolitionist.

To defend and perpetuate the divine institution it was made the head of the corner of the new nation of "the South." We were to see beyond all evil that the only security of Liberty was slavery, the only foundation of Democracy was despotism, the only Right was Wrong. Unhappily, in the process of proving it, it became pretty clear that the proof will fall unless the slaves are summoned to the field. But they must be stimulated to fight, and the inspiration is to be the "boon of freedom." In other words, the structure can not be raised without knocking away the corner-stone! And the whole ghastly lie from which this infamous rebellion springs stands revealed.

The rebels propose to free the slaves if they will fight. But what "boon" can freedom be to Sambo and Dinah, who are so delightfully content in the cunning calico? The rebellion is to preserve the cabin. Why then hope to stimulate the happy peasants to fight by promising them that the system for whose protection they are to take arms, and which secures their happiness, is to be destroyed as their reward? Logic requires the negroes and the rebel leaders to say, "Here, boys! God, you know, made you to be slaves, and we are fighting to keep you so. But the fight is a little hard. We are not altogether successful. So just turn to, take a brisk part in the fight for the perpetuity of slavery; and as you are all so happy and contented, and as it is the intention of Providence that you shall be slaves, we promise you if you will only fight bravely you shall be more slaves than ever. We will not fly in the face of Providence. Where you have had only one child sold you shall have all your children put up on the block; and where you have been peddled and pickled between the distillery and you shall be whaled over the whole back. Fall in, boys; and strike home against the enemies who wish to oppose God and us!"

If Slavery be, as the rebels and their Northern friends have so persistently assured us, the best and happiest possible disposition of the negro, why do DAVIS and his associates presume to outrage Christianity and thwart the divine purpose by promising the negro his liberty, if he will fight? He generally pursues rewards not penalties to those whom we wish to win.

The whole debate, the proposition to give the slave the right to fight the "boon of freedom," shows that the rebels know, with all the rest of mankind, that their system is inhuman and inhuman. When they wish to make the slave a man they promise him his liberty, because they know that liberty is his birthright, and that they have deprived him of it. Out of their own mouth is their condemnation. The whole section is the justification of every American citizen who has contended that, as Slavery was a fatal and increasing wrong, it was the necessary foe of national peace.

The rebel brethren are not harmonious upon the question. Some of them have pronounced out the absurd inconsistency of implying that Slavery can be wrong. But the official language of DAVIS is enough. If they intend to continue the war, they must arm the slaves. They know, as we do, that the slaves perfectly understand the war. They know, as we do, that if they are armed, they will have their liberty. They make, therefore, a grace of necessity; and in the hopeless effort to save a point of shallow pride they renounce the grand object of their rebellion, and by their own act give the victory to the nation and civilization.

THE POSITION OF NEW YORK.

IN his speech at the Astor House the other evening the Governor elect, Mr. FENTON, said: "With your counsel and co-operation, and with the counsel and co-operation of the loyal people throughout the State (which I hope embraces the large mass of all the citizens), I expect that New York hereafter shall occupy no hesitating or equivocal position."

To the present every faithful citizen will say, Amen! For the State of New York has too long been a base of disloyal sympathy, and so long as the present Governor was in office no reason could be found a right-minded man why might "turn up" to their advantage.

The reason of this confidence upon their part was that Governor SEYMOUR was not only the state sovereignty school, which is the excuse of the rebellion. Whoever has carefully read and considered his speeches very soon sees that under studied apology for the rebellion, their unconcealed sympathy for the rebels, and steady hostility to the national cause are the result of the fiercest of party-spirit, which is made ludicrous by the attempt to make it appear calm and impartial, and of an admission to the fatal absurdity of any sovereignty, which makes the Union impossible.

Descended from New England ancestry, Governor SEYMOUR manifested the hatred of New England. Incessantly dubbed statesman by a clique of his party, he has administered the Government of the State of New York for many years in such a way as to excite the hopes of every domestic rebel and foreign enemy of the country; and his defeat, no less than the election of Mr. LINCOLN, will be accepted by Europe as an expression of the fixed resolution of the American people to make no terms with rebellion. Two years ago, upon his accession to office, his first message was looked for in Europe with scarcely less interest than that of the President; for he was regarded as the Magnus Apollo of the peace party which was to humble the United States by submission to separation or to rebel terms of Union. It was a disappointment

to his friends and to our enemies that he did not recall the New York troops from the army; and from that moment down to the election the complaint of his friends has been that he had not the courage of his convictions.

Yet it might have satisfied them that he has incessantly thwarted the National Government whenever and wherever he could. He has complained of the drafts; he has incited riots; he has betrayed ill-feeling upon every occasion, as in his recent Fredericksburg fast Thanksgiving; he has never avowed a single spark of sympathy for his country and her trials, but has perpetually bewailed the loss of life and money, as if no cause were good enough to be worth a sacrifice. In his Chicago speech he was guilty of the most flagrant misrepresentation of history, and betrayed the most total misconception of the character and purpose of the people, and by the late election he has been doubly rebuked.

Yet it was not enough. He has abandoned his "friends" by not trying openly to array the State of New York against the National Government, as he has alienated all faithful citizens by evidently wishing to do it. His own party were indignant with him for what they called juggling himself into the nomination—and he fails, baffled, without a single patriotic or generous act to mark his administration, without the sympathy of his friends, and with the hearty contempt of his opponents.

As he disappears from the scene how refreshing to hear from the lips of his successor, the President of the Soldiers' Relief Commission, that New York shall hereafter occupy no hesitating or equivocal position. The motto of the Empire State is *Excelsior*—higher! And *excelsior* shall always be its patriotism, intelligence, and humanity!

THANKSGIVING

THE American people have this year such reason as they never had before to give humble and hearty thanks to God and to Man; and all the signs depicted in the striking picture we publish to-day the various aspects of the festival.

First of all by a singular unanimity the people have resolved that the authority of their Government and the order of civil society shall be maintained, and have expressed their will by the reelection of the President whose name is identified with the cause of the Union and the perpetuity of the American principle.

They have proclaimed their unshaken reliance upon the intelligence and savvy of their fellow-men, the practical vindicators of the national honor and authority.

They render their gratitude for the great and necessary Peace Commissioners who lead the army and the navy, and whose names are to be honored for their patriotism than historical for their consummate ability. GRANT and FARRAGUT, SHERMAN and PORTER, SHERIDAN and THOMAS, and the illustrious brethren, will be honorably and gratefully remembered so long as we are a nation.

They thank God that the great State of Maryland, torn by civil war, has deliberately renounced the system from which all our woes have sprung, and has led the march of the Slave States in the path of equal liberty and justice, the way of permanent peace.

They thank God for the patriotic devotion of the hearts that the war has broken, and which, in the depths of their misery, are still grateful that there were made the parents and wives and sisters and lovers and brothers of heroes, and not of cowards—heroes whose memory shall not die while human hearts beat or the flag of the nation floats.

They thank God that the defeat of rebels and the consternation of foreign foes foretell the triumph from which peace and prosperity shall flow.

But in foolish pride, not in hot confidence of sudden victory, but in the calm consciousness of a holy and impregnable purpose, the people of the United States, counting the cost, faithful to their trust, true to the living, will celebrate their Thanksgiving with sober and religious hearts.

THE BIRD OF AMERICA.

THEOPHILACTILY it is the eagle; but it is the turkey that excites the eagle to fly. There has been no pleasanter incident than the heartiness with which the suggestion of a Thanksgiving dinner for the army and navy has been received. Every body has contributed: that the soldiers and sailors may have practical proof of the potato and sweet-potatoes without the turkey and the chicken fixin's.

Our artist, Mr. HOSMER, has seized the spirit of the scene as it will be witnessed along the coast. The boys will not stand upon the order of their eating, but will eat at once. And they may be sure that in a thousand homes they will be

"In our dewlap cups freshly remembered,"

and cheered with three times three. The universal Thanksgiving turkey shall be seasoned with many a tale of heroism, and the cheerful feeling of the old festival bird us as warmly and closely together as the whole family of the Union will by the possession of the camp and the ship, be one day bound.

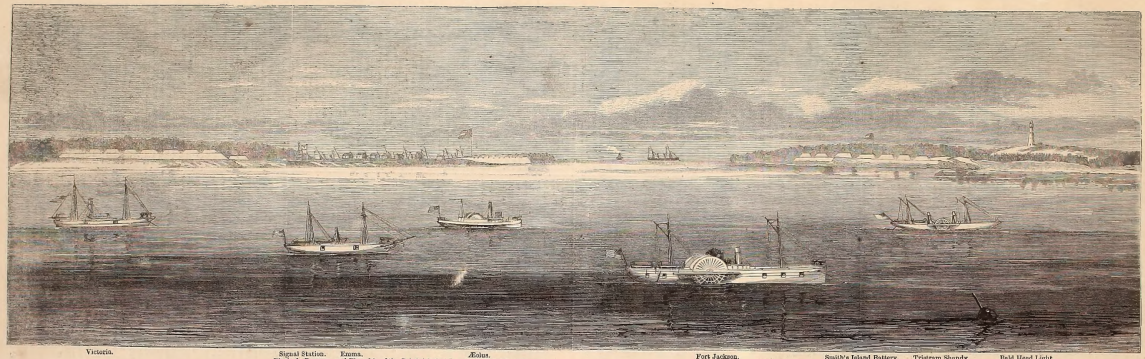
PETROLEUM.

OUR readers will find elsewhere an advertisement of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company. DANIEL S. DICKINSON is the President, and he is associated with gentlemen of experience in the business. A careful study of the prospectus will reveal the advantages of the investment. The discovery of petroleum is so recent, and the necessary demand so large and increasing, that this company may be said to proceed upon a permanent basis. Their prospectus speaks frankly and fairly; and the name of MR. DICKINSON, who has, we believe, for the first time associated his name in the enterprise, should satisfy the inquirer that it is not a mere speculation.

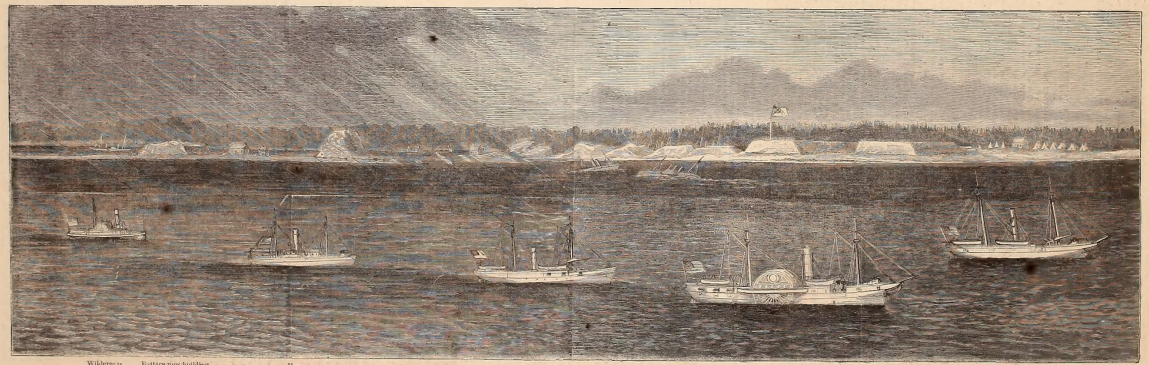
POMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

THE popular interest in General Sherman's new campaign is of the most shorting kind. An ordinary victory, or even a considerable success, is sufficient to divert the attention even for a moment from the grand topic. If Savannah is recaptured, one of the most formidable of the rebel iron-clads is blown up by a torpedo, and the waters of an entire coast made as unpleasant as undisputed Federal possession; another vessel, more to be feared than either which has been secured our commerce, is taken directly under the guns of a friendly Power; General Gillmore gains a victory and suffers a repulse; ten thousand of our suffering soldiers are released from the hell known by the Southern gentlemen as prisons; yet these events fore but episodes, or interludes, in the great military drama. The whole country has prepared itself to be vexed, maintained, in spite of all these incidents, fevered, like an orchestra, by the call to the popular expectation. Even the Armies of the Potomac and the James would be the waiver of an entire brand made in consequence of undisputed Federal possession; another vessel, more to be feared than either which has



OUR BLOCKADING FLEET OFF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA—OLD INLET.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ELLMORE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



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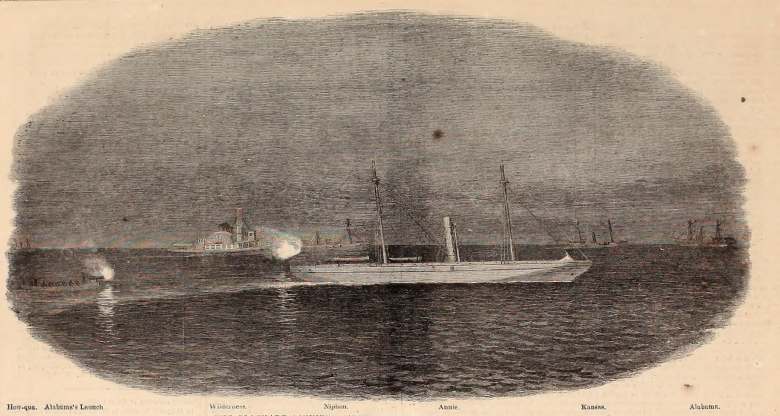

CAPTURE OF THE BLOCKADE RUNNER "ANNIE," OCTOBER 31, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ELLMORE.]

THE LATE MR. JOHN LEECH.

JOHN LEECH, celebrated as the best humorous draughtsman of *Punch*, died on the 29th of October, at the age of forty-seven. The record of his life is short and simple. He was born in London in 1817, and was educated at the Charter-house. His first efforts as an artist appeared in *Bell's Life in London*, with which he was connected for two years. Among these early works the best was a series of sketches of the droller aspects of Parisian life. His first sketch in *Punch*, entitled "Foreign Affairs," appeared in 1841, and from that date to his death he has contributed almost every week to its pages. These weekly sketches, with etchings in *Bentley's Miscellany*, a few illustrations of works of fiction, and a yearly installment of Christmas Sketches, have reflected to the world the graceful thought and humor of this wonderful artist for more than twenty years. His sketches of English social life—his pictures of balls, dinner-parties, mess-rooms, bachelors' chambers, Rotten-row, gardens, parks, streets, watering-places, shooting parties, hunting-fields, boating, fishing, and we know not what else, make up such a history of his time as to the future historian will be invaluable.

MR. LEECH was a careful, patient workman; and there is no doubt that his incessant brain-work exhausted too far his nervous organization, which was as delicate as his fancy was exquisite and refined. Toward the last of his life he suffered greatly from sleeplessness. He was much affected by mine, and was literally driven from his house in Brunswick Square to Kensington by street music. Less than a year ago he stood by the grave of THACKERAY, his school-fellow and friend, overcome with uncontrollable grief. Now he himself has been called, and the news of his departure will quench the Christmas mirth of thousands of loving friends.

THE BLOCKADE OFF WILMINGTON.

WE illustrate on this page the capture of the blockade-runner *Annie*, October 31, off Wilmington, by the launch of the United States steamer *Alabama*. This launch, mounting a 12-pound rifled howitzer, was doing picket-duty off the bar at New Inlet, one of the two entrances to Wilmington. About half past seven, on the night of the 31st, a steamer was seen coming out, and heading directly for the launch. Fire was immediately opened on this vessel, the second shot taking effect in her port-quarter, when the gun-boats *Wilderness* and *Nipbon* gave chase, and soon signaled back to the launch that the vessel was captured. The prize proved to be the *Annie*, laden with 550 bales of cotton and 40 tons of tobacco, and having on board a crew of about 60 persons. This is the first vessel ever captured under the guns of Fort Fisher. The launch which effected this capture is the only vessel of the kind in the fleet.

We give also on page 772 two illustrations representing the two inlets to Wilmington harbor, and our blockading fleets at each of these inlets. The rebels have lately been extending their fortifications along the coast, placing a battery at every available point. The Cape Fear River has also been filled with obstructions. The approaches to Fort Fisher, the most formidable of the defensive works, are protected by heavy shore batteries.

THE LATE MR. JOHN LEECH.

THE GREAT TUNNEL UNDER PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—SKETCHED BY DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 772.]

THANKSGIVING PUMPKIN.

"HAVE you nice pumpkins?" asked Mary Perham—whose character I shall not be able to portray very distinctly in the space of a short story, but whom I commend, dear reader, to your kind regards as a nice, good girl—of a fat boy with yellow hair and white eyebrows, who stood behind the counter of a provision store.

It was the seventh time she had asked the question in the course of forty-five minutes by a fast watch. She had traversed almost the entire length of the street, stopping at every provision store on her way, but without finding a pumpkin to suit her. One was too large, another too small; one too ripe, another not ripe enough; while the rest were too dear for poor Mary's slender purse. To be candid, I must say that it is not decided opinion that Mary Perham in the forty-five minutes had turned over and examined more than one pumpkin which would have satisfied the majority of people. I don't like to say it, but I am afraid that Mary was fastidious about Thanksgiving pumpkins. She had been educated in the New England faith, that there could be no Thanksgiving dinner without the best pumpkin pies. She lived with her brother—a typesetter by profession—and kept a small, very small day-school. Together the brother and sister had determined upon having a Thanksgiving dinner; the brother was to purchase the turkey, while Mary was to provide the pumpkin-pies, made after her mother's own receipt; and this was the reason why she had asked for the eleventh time, "Have you nice pumpkins?"

To this question—the eleventh time propounded—the boy with the yellow hair and white eyebrows replied with a familiar, swaggering tone and manner,

"Only one left! They've gone like hot cakes to-day—Thanksgiving, you know."

"Is that a nice one?" asked Mary.

"Couldn't say—not much uv er judge of punkins, 'cause I've never been in a store in punkin time, you know. Am of water-melons, though; know a good water-melon by the way it rips open on it; don't have to thump it, nur turn it over, nothing, except to look at it right sharp. However, I shouldn't say this punkin was any thing uncommon," he continued, lifting the golden fruit and revolving it under her eyes; "not that I know any thing against it, but it's been picked over so often, you know."

Mary "guessed" she would look further, and stepped into the street. Entering a provision store a few doors below, she again asked, "Have you nice pumpkins?" The person interrogated was a wide-awake, pallid French Canadian. Every storewriter made his French character reply with a bow and a smile. It should like to give you something original in my Frenchman. I should like, if I could, to represent him as gruff, or as a compressed-lipped hero. But since I prefer truth to originality, I must say that he replied in Mary Perkins's question with a very low bow, and a smile most bland.

"*Oui, Madame*—we have one fresh supply jus from de country."

"Are they sweet?"

"Jus as sweet as sunney."

"Are they tender?"

"Juice tender as a baby."

"Are they fully ripe?"

"Madame, dey are de finest in de market."

Selecting one without directing it to be sent to a certain number on a certain street, Mary faced about, and commenced retracing her steps. It was rapidly growing dark, and as she passed up the street the shops began to burst into light. More than once Mary slackened her pace as she passed a show window to admire the beautiful silks there streaming like banners. She paused before a brilliantly-lighted shop, running back to such a distance that the large mirror at the farther end seemed to her scarcely broader than the little cracked glass which hung on the wall in her poor home, before which she dressed her hair in the morning. The clerks were hurrying to and fro with an eager, business-like air. Many ladies were coming and going. Among the hurrying forms Mary's eyes sought one loved and familiar. I need not say that this form was not a woman's, she why does she stand in the shadow there, with her veil half drawn over her face, trembling and frightened? Why else does her cheek glow with shame? Poor Mary! You feel like a guilty thing in thus seeking a man who has never asked to be loved you. But let me prop a word in your ear, if you can spare me your attention for a moment: Any woman is emnobled by true love, however bestowed. Her unasked-for love is the rose-tree without the rose; it is the dead egg among the cliffs; but quickened by love, it is the eagle soaring to the clouds. Your heart is greater and grander thing now than ever before. Love is the gift of the thought, and never again blush because you love. Let her blush, or weep rather, whose nature is too hard or too light for loving. Next to loving God, the best thing for a woman is to love a noble man.

If I was sitting, dear reader, looking into your eyes, and telling my story by word of mouth, I can fancy that we might hold something like the following conversation:

"But whom was Mary Perkins—this keeper of a small day-school, and sister of a typo-setter—whom was she seeking in that brilliant shop? One of the clerks, in a way of a few hundred dollars?" you ask.

"No," I reply, with a significant smile.

"The book-keeper?"

"No."

"The head clerk?"

"Guess again."

"The junior partner?"

Then with a can-you-believe-it air I communicate the astounding intelligence that it was Mr. Lehman, the sole proprietor of that fine establishment —one of the merchant princes of the city.

"But what right," you ask, "had Mary Perkins to know and love Mr. Lehman?"

Then I should tell you the following story: Some five years before we had Mary Perkins, blushing and trembling, standing outside this brilliant store on a Thanksgiving eve, a lad, just turned eighteen, had left New York to seek his fortune in California. On board the same vessel, and bound for the same point, was embarked a rising merchant of the city, with the design of establishing a branch of his business in the growing city of San Francisco. Scarcely had the vessel put to sea before the merchant was attacked by a fever, which confined him to his berth during the entire voyage. The lad abovementioned watched by the side of the sick man even after they had reached San Francisco.

Having transacted his business the merchant returned to his home after recovering the young friend who had tended him of his undying gratitude, and begging the privilege of being permitted to serve him for nearly two years the young man likewise returned to the city without, it is needless to add, the fortune he had gone to seek. The merchant, learning this, sought out his quondam nurse. The young man, prouder than wise, perhaps, refused all aid except the merchant's influence in procuring him a situation as printer in a prominent publishing-house.

The merchant had been in the habit, for more than a year, of calling occasionally upon Mary to see his young friend; and thus it was that Mary Perkins learned to love the bachelor merchant more than her brother or herself.

Had Mary Perkins known any other man than Mr. Lehman, under whose roof she was living, whether that evening standing eager but ashamed at his shop-door. Had she been acquainted with Mr. Lehman's antecedents, she might have been chosen to pass her life with any one of them, on a few hundred dollars a year, rather than with the proprietor in a form of love which we must now love, and if her acquaintance is confined to one man, she will so surely love him as that he is not utterly unworthy.

Then it was for the merchant's short, broad figure that Mary was seeking. But in vain she sought—in vain she looked, and looked again. Some slight disappointment swelled in her bosom, as though a hand had been laid suddenly upon her heart. She assured herself that he was not in the store. Having satisfied herself of this, an irresistible inclination possessed her to enter and look for a moment. Mary walked—a place to which her thoughts would often wander as some stupid, dirty boy stood by her side in the little shop, and was carefully picking out his reading lesson—a place to her invested with romance haunted by his presence. She had never in her life entered a store as a customer. She had always avoided passing it lest she might seem to seek Mr. Lehman. Yet how the poor girl yearned to know how he looked in his business hours, and how he seemed there.

I have said that Mary felt an irresistible inclination to enter the establishment; this being the case, of course she entered. No sooner had she done so than a smart clerk hurried over to her, demanding what she wished to look at. Mary remembered that she had but a three-cent piece—this was before all the specie had been driven out of circulation—and a couple of pennies in her purse; she couldn't buy any thing; she might as well see the best the establishment—so she answered, "Nothing." Perceiving the directions of the clerk, she found herself traversing the long building, with her image advancing to meet her.

"I wish to look at silks," she said to the clerk who hastened to intercept her.

One rich pattern after another was taken from the small, stiff paper which enfolded it, and decorously gathered together. Mary looked at it, and shifted it now in this light, then in that, until Mary forgot Mr. Lehman and every thing else in the magnificent whirl soon to be with stinging sharpness—it is hard to be poor.

Then she asked to see cotton and sleeves, and immediately one box after another of the articles laces was opened before her. Mary heard ladies on the other counters ask for the same things, while others counted out sums for laces which would have made her comfortable for years.

Having once had the wished, and having worked her mind up to its maximum of discontent, she was hurrying from the store, when she met Mr. Lehman's eye fixed upon her. Mary's heart, which had agonized amidst such splendor in her poor dress, Mary rushed into the street. Night had now fairly set in, and the gas-lighter in the opposite corner building a wall of flame along the street. Mary walked away rapidly, for she was excited. There was a strange mixture of bitterness and bitterness in her heart. As she hurried on she was knocked and pushed aside, and almost ran over by a boy, who, to her that every one felt that he had a right to crowd and jostle such a nobody. It seemed that she was nothing to any one in the great world—as she thought of him among busy workers, seemed lost to her.

After some moments of rapid walking she reached her home. It looked bleak and comfortless. She entered; it was dark, for her brother had not yet returned; and cold as a vault. She had had all died out during her search for the pumpkin. She groped about in the dark, stumbling over chairs and tables, and lighted a miserable tallow-candle. Scarcely had she done this before the door-bell rang, and the pumpkin was borne into the kitchen. Laying aside her bonnet and shawl she went to work to make the pumpkin-pies; but I must say she was not a cheerful worker. She sang no merry songs, and cut it into little square chips she indulged in repining—I am sorry to expose my heroine's weakness. She repeated to herself some dismal poetry —lines from "The Song of the Shirt," from "The Bridge of Sighs," and from "The Song of the Children."

"The idea of my keeping Thanksgiving"! thought Mary. "Why should I be thankful? Because I love a man who is a thousand leagues removed from me? Because, while there is gayety and luxury here, I am doing the work of a slave for my living? Because every taste of my nature must be crushed into the earth that I may get bread?" (Spitefully.) "I will not try to have a Thanksgiving dinner." (Pathetically.) "I have no heart to make pumpkin-pies. I shall spend tomorrow as any other day, and on Monday go back to my drudgery. My life is to pass in a treadmill, and it avails nothing to step off the wheel for one day."

With this Mary Perkins sat down on a hard kitchen chair, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows, her knees slightly contracted, while in her eyes was a half yearning, half angry expression. She was unconscious of the passage of time, and was aroused from her reverie by the ringing of the door-bell directly above her head. Going to the door, a large bundle was handed to her by a small boy, who instantly ran down the steps and was gone. Very much wondering, Mary opened the bundle. The first thing which met her view was a handsome blue silk, which an hour before she had admired at Mr. Lehman's. On opening the box she found a delicate handkerchief, and the very collar and sleeves which she would have selected from the lot shown her an hour before.

Mary's first emotion was one of almost childish delight and admiration over the exquisite goods. Then she fancied herself arrayed in these new and beautiful garments. It was a fair picture that rose before her as she sat dreamily gazing at the parcel. It was that of a young girl with a face pale and somewhat sad, but fair and delicate, eyes like an Italian skies, and rich Saxon hair combed away from her forehead, and modestly brow. Then she stood in a closely fitting silk of azureline blue, closed at the white throat, around which ran a small lace ruffle; the flowing sleeves, slashed to the shoulder, fell back from the arm, revealing full lace sleeves with dainty little cuffs to match the collar.

Mary for once in existence was lost in admiration of her metamorphosed self. Even Mr. Lehman, she thought, must yield his admiration could he see her dressed in these rich and costly fabrics. But would he not despise a beauty which she had accepted at the hands?

Mary was not long in making her decision. Hastily tying up the bundle, she threw on her bonnet and shawl, locked the house and hurried off to Mr. Lehman's store, forgetful of her pumpkin which she left simmering over the fire.

Mary's eyes were bright and lightened as she stepped from the car which had stopped in front of Mr. Lehman's store. How she dreaded entering that brilliant shop with her bundle! How she shrank from meeting him! She had half a mind to go directly home with the bundle; then she found relief in the thought that she could leave it without seeing Mr. Lehman. But then such a course would seem so ungrateful. Then, she was but one thing to be done; see Mr. Lehman, thank him for remembering her, and tell him how impossible it was to accept his present. Hesitating and trembling she entered the store.

"I wish to see Mr. Lehman," she said to the clerk who met her.

"He is very much engaged, and can not be interrupted, ma'am."

"I must see him," said Mary, very earnestly.

"If you will give me your name I will speak to him, though I am afraid it will be useless," said the clerk.

"Mary Perkins," she reluctantly said, and he hurried off directly to Mr. Lehman's desk, and saw the latter start up as he received the clerk's message. Mary leaned heavily against the counter, and her head swam as she saw the merchant approaching. Her impulse was to run away and leave the bundle. In a moment he stood beside her looking gravely down upon her.

"Well, Mary, what is it?"

"I have brought—" Oh, Mr. Lehman, I am not ungrateful—you are very kind—they are beautiful—but I have brought them back, Sir. I can't accept any thing from one who is so indifferent —I mean one who is such a stranger—one upon whom I have so little claim, I mean, Sir—"

"You have a claim, Mary, and I'm a stranger!" said Mr. Lehman, bluntly; "then who, pray, are your intimate acquaintances? Who are your friends? Who do you call your home once a week? Who loves your brother better than I do? Who has a better right to do you a kindness?"

"Oh, Sir, I am grateful. I know you are say—my best friend. You are almost my only acquaintance. You are very kind—but I can not accept any thing from you. Please to take them away. And now I must go home. Good-by, Sir, I shall be very grateful for your kindness."

Mr. Lehman followed her; at the door he caught her arm rather rudely, saying, "Wait and take a cab, Mary."

They stood there in silence while the car came up. Mr. Lehman assisted Mary in, and, much to her surprise, took a seat beside her. Neither spoke during the ride to her home.

"Good-night!" said Mary, as she stood on her door-step.

"Humph! hospitable! Can't you say, Come in?"

"Excuse me, but I did not suppose you would like to. Will you come in?"

"Yes."

Mary would have been much better pleased had his answer been no, but she nevertheless opened the door and invited him to enter. When he had stepped into the hall she was at a great loss as to the disposition she should make of him, for the house was as dark as Erebus.

"If you will come into this room and take a seat I will bring a light," said Mary, awkwardly.

"What room?"

"This one," she answered, pointing to a very small parlor, which was a very silly thing for her to do, for how could she expect Mr. Lehman to perceive the bearing of her finger amidst such profound darkness?

"Here, give me your hand and lead me to a seat before I break my neck in this darkness. Where is your hand? Ah, there it is," extending his arm and feeling around him, as though he would have done in playing at blind-man's-buff.

"Here it is," said Mary, timidly, guiding herself by his voice, for she saw nothing.

After some little groping about on the parts of both, accompanied by exclamations, impatient on his side and apologetic on hers, their hands found each other. His fingers closed around hers with an energy which made Mary feel that he must be irritated.

Now, whether or not Mr. Lehman had sought her hand for the express purpose of keeping her near him while he said, "Mary, I love you," or whether he was surprised into a declaration by his strange position, I have never had the means of ascertaining, as Mr. Lehman has always persistently refused to enlighten me on the subject, and I know of no one else who can.

I do know, however—enough to satisfy all reasonable curiosity—that he very abruptly pronounced the words, "Mary, I love you" so fast did the word like a captured bird, and that: he rather peremptorily demanded if she loved him; and that before she could reply she heard her brother as he turned his key in the front door; that she ran into the kitchen for a light, and that there, by a faint glimmer given out from the dying fire, she discovered a column of smoke ascending from her kettle of pumpkin, while the room was filled with the odor of the burning article.

It would be a very nice termination to my story could I say that Mary Perkins was married the next morning, and that she took her Thanksgiving dinner with her husband, in her own house. It was not Mr. Lehman's fault that my story can not be so pleasant and appropriate a termination. For reasons of which I am ignorant—I guess they had some connection with her wardrobe—Mary persistently refused to be married within five weeks.

Her Thanksgiving dinner she ate with her brother as previously arranged. The turkey was done to a tempting brown, and the pumpkin-pies, to poor Mary at least, were faultless.

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QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LVIII.

A DISCOVERY.

POMEROY'S in Great Grand Street was a hotel much patronized by persons from the Eastern Indies—officers home on sick leave, dark-skinned ladies, with very scant rigs and jewelled caps, and who, standing at the windows in a blaze of diamonds and brocade, seemed to be perpetually waiting for coal-carts like them to a masquerade; by maharajahs, begums, governors-general, judges of remote provinces, and millionaire merchants returned to their native land, with the fond design of enjoying the fruits of their labors without livers to help the process of digestion.

Pomeroy's "laid itself out" for this particular class of visitors. Its apartments were furnished with great magnificence, displaying much gilding, embroidery, and yellow silk; it had suits of private rooms adapted for the privacy of social habit, and for the practice of every form of Eastern religious observance; it provided separate cuisines for various meats, strictly discriminating as to the requirements for different manners of eating, drinking, praying, and taking the bath; it had kitchens for all sorts of cookery, Christian and Mohammedan, Brahmin and Parsee; dining-rooms and undoes.

Pomeroy's was a very expensive establishment to stop at; and this was one of its chief recommendations to the fellow millionaires who patronized it. By taking up their residence at Pomeroy's they proclaimed to all their friends and to the world at large, through the columns of the *Morning Post*, that they were very rich, and consequently very important personages. The proprietors of Pomeroy's would not have been content to accept the same accommodation elsewhere for the money. They would flatly took a pride in was the fact that they paid an exorbitant price for every thing they had. If Pomeroy's ox-tail soup, or Pomeroy's curry-powder's had received a bill for such a modest sum as ten or a dozen pounds he would have resented it as an insult to their dignity. They would have suspected at once that he had been badly served; that they had gotten him inferior curry-stuff, or had gone to drink, inferior chairs to sit upon, and an inferior bed to sleep in. What was the good of being rich if you didn't? What is to be able to eat five-pound notes and drink sovereigns!

Such was Pomeroy's Hotel, *ci* which Jean Baptiste Constant was the manager and nominal proprietor.

Constant, sitting in the mourning-coach with Lily, on the way to Great Grand Street, opened a conversation with the new of preparing her for her new life and her new position. He began with some hesitation, for he had to tell her first of all about her father. Lily had remained, up to that moment, ignorant even of her father's name. She had continued to call herself, and to be called, Lily Florin. She was to know now that her name was Blunt.

"And my father?" she said, inquiringly; "all that I have heard of him is, that he illtreated my mother, that he was a bad man, and very poor—a beggar. Was he a beggar?"

"Your father, Lily," said Constant, evading a direct reply to the question in this form, "was a gentleman."

Francis Blunt was all that the countess called him—a cheat, a scoundrel, and a beggar; but from the valet's point of view he was still a gentleman.

"More than that," Constant continued, "your father was a member of a noble family of high descent and great wealth; and you, as his child, Lily Blunt, are a lady."

Lily felt a strange fluttering at her heart. It was not pride; it was scarcely joy. She was thinking of Edgar. Did he know that she was the daughter of an English gentleman?

"It is possible," said Constant, "that you may share the name of some of your English relatives, and be elevated to the position to which your birth entitles you. I have been searching for you for a long time, with the view of making you acquainted with your position, and, if possible, rescuing you from the misery which you have so long endured; but until chance took me to the circus at Ranelagh I failed in every endeavor to discover you."

Lily thanked him from the bottom of her heart. In the midst of her misery and desolation she had never dreamed that any one in the wide world was thinking of her. If she could only have known it her heart would not have been so dead to all hope.

Constant continued:

"It is my inclination, no less than my sacred duty, Lily, for I love you as if you were my own child—it is my dearest wish and desire to see you restored to your family; and if there is aught thing it is possible to do, with that object; but if I should fail—if the hope which I entertain should be disappointed—will you look upon me as guardian, your protector, your father?"

He implored her eagerly, as if he were afraid of being met by the proud and scornful spirit of her mother.

Lily, whose heart was overflowing with gratitude, put all his doubts to flight at once. She seized his hands and kissed them fervently.

"Heaven bless you!" she said. "I desire nothing better than to be your daughter, to tell you all that lies at my heart, and to ask for your advice and guidance."

In all his lifetime Jean Baptiste Constant had not experienced so pure a joy as at that moment. He felt a tremor of delight run through his whole frame. His heart, long since frozen up, melted before the sunshine of the girl's trusting, loving face, looking on his and calling him a bright vision of the past—his eyes filled with tears, and the strong, hardened man wept.

"God bless you!" he said; "those words have given me the first thrill of real pleasure I have ever felt since your mother spoke to me just as you are now, in the little village of Marouille, in France, where I first saw her."

Constant wiped the cloak at the corner of Great Grand Street, got out with Lily, and walked the rest of the way to the hotel. He paused as they were about to enter the house, and said:

"You will not forget that your name is Lily Blunt."

As Constant passed through the hall with Lily to his private apartments—after an introduction and its attendant circumstance carried him back to his old life at the Lilies of France to that time when Valérie was sadding and bridling, and stirring in his heart the flame of love long since quenched. A sigh escaped him as he thought of those days of hope, but the remembrance read him a lesson.

After Lily had partaken of some refreshment and rested for a little in the handsome sitting-room behind the bar, Constant, who had been attending to the calls of the hotel, returned to the room, and, with considerable hesitation and mystery of manner, requested her to perform a service.

Lily jumped up eagerly, and expressed her willingness to make herself useful to her guardian in any way.

"I long," she said, "to be employed, to have something to do, and if you will only let me be your servant—"

Constant stopped her.

"You forget, Lily, that you are a lady," he said. "I have no idea of making you a servant; but on this one occasion will you oblige me by—"

Lily interrupted him with an eager offer to perform any service he might require.

"Well," he said, "I only wish you shall be a chambermaid for once, and take up this glass of elder-flower water to the gentleman in the blue room. Stay, I will show you the way."

Lily took the silver salver from his hands and followed him to the foot of the principal staircase.

It is the second room on the first landing," he said. "Knock at the door before you enter."

Lily ascended the softly-carpeted stair, and proceeded as directed to the second door in the corridor. She knocked gently and timidly. There was no answer. She knocked again and saw Constant standing at the foot of the stairs watching her. She knocked again, and this time a feeble voice called, "Come in."

Lily opened the door and entered the room. It was a magnificent apartment furnished in blue and gold, with many ottomans and couches, covered with skins and richly-embroidered cloths, and over the moment, Lily was so dazzled by the splendor of the fittings, and her vision so lost in the vastness of the room, that she failed to discover the occupant of the bed. She laid the splendor of the fittings, and her vision so lost in the vastness of the room, that she failed to discover the occupant of the bed. She laid the salver upon the table, and, advancing further into the room, she discerned the figure of a man reclining upon a heap of pillows. He was an old man with gray hair and a very sallow complexion.

Lily went up to the couch with the salver in her hand and offered him the goblet of water. The old man turned to take it, and, as he did so, looked up in Lily's face. His outstretched hand suddenly fell by his side, and he uttered a cry of surprise.

"Again that face!" he exclaimed; "again that bright vision that I have seen so often; in life twice, in my dreams many times."

He passed his hand across his eyes, as if he were doubting his senses, and imagined that he was dreaming then. At length Lily spoke.

"I have been desired to bring you this, Sir," she said, stooping toward him with the goblet.

"Then it's not a dream this time," he said. "Who are you? Come nearer; let me touch you."

It was now Lily's turn to be startled. She hesitated and retired a step, timidly.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "I'm only a poor, weak old man; old before my time, my dear. Come close to me and let me touch your hand."

He spoke kindly and tenderly; and Lily, dismissing her foolish fears—for he was, to be sure, only a poor, weak, old man—advanced to the couch and held out her hand.

The old man took it and held it between his own cold palms, and peered into the girl's face curiously.

"The same blue eyes," he muttered, "the same soft brown hair, just as I can remember them—just as they are in the picture. Ah, you are a bonny, bonny lass, just such a child as her. Thank you; it's very kind of you to come up; come again, my dear, come again. Stop, you may as well set down the salver."

"My name is Lily, Sir."

"Lily, Lily," he repeated. "Ah, that is a pretty name; and what else?"

"Blunt, Sir," Lily replied.

The invalid, who had been reclining so languidly upon the couch, apparently without the strength to turn himself, started at the word and sprang to his feet.

"Blunt," he exclaimed, "Blunt! Am I dreaming, or—or are you playing a trick upon me?"

Lily scarcely knew what to reply to these inquiries. Who was this old man, and why had the mention of her father excited suspicion in him?

The invalid sank back upon the couch again, and sat gazing at Lily with a child-like wonder.

"Tell me," he said, "who are you? Who was your father? Was he Frank Blunt? Eh? eh?"

"I believe so, Sir," Lily answered.

"You believe so, child! Don't you know?"

"You believe so, Sir," Lily answered. "you believe so. Don't you *know* who your father was?"

"I have been told that my father's name was Francis Blunt."

"You have been told so, and don't know of your own knowledge. That's odd—very odd. And how did you come to be told so, child? How did a Blunt come to be a servant in a hotel?"

"I am not exactly a servant, Sir," Lily replied.

"Not exactly a servant!" he said. "Then what are you? I don't understand this mystery, a puzzle. Here, Franz, Franz, Franz Stimm, you rascal, come here."

It was clear that Franz Stimm was a party to Constant's plot, for he entered the room immediately his name was called.

"Come here, Sir," said the invalid; "do you know this young lady, or any thing about her?"

"Yah, mein signor, of course I knows dat young leddy; she is de leddy cal, ver much grown big, vat we see in de steamboat. Ah," his countenance continued, suddenly, "you forget me; but I not forget your preddy face."

"I have not forgotten you," said Lily; "you were very kind to me."

"Vat," cried Franz, "you remember de jogolate, eh?"

"What do you know about the young lady, Stimm?" the invalid asked.

"Mein generale," said the courier, "I know dat she is ver preddy child. Monsieur Constant knows all about her fadder and her moddor, de moddor dare you know, dat long like de—de—de—bamboo."

"Then let Monsieur Constant attend me," said the invalid.

Monsieur Constant was not far off, and Stimm returned with him instantly. Monsieur Constant explained all to the invalid in a few words. Lily was the daughter of Francis Blunt.

"And I," said the invalid, raising himself and holding out his hand to Lily, "I am George Blunt, your father's brother, and your uncle. Let me be your uncle and your father both, for your Frank's sake, and for our mother's sake; you are the very image of her."

And so Lily was adopted by the rich old nabob of Cutchapore, a widower without chick or child of his own to leave his millions to.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE BROKEN IDOL.

LILY was now no longer Quite Alone. Her uncle idolized her, and was never tired of smoothing her beautiful brown hair and gazing with childish rapture at her lovely blue eyes.

George Blunt had not brought much liver home with him from India, but he had managed to preserve his heart. The former organ he had sacrificed unscrupulously to get at all. In the pursuit of money-getting he had put his heart aside altogether, preserved it, as it were, in spirits of wine in a safe bottle. And now, when he had done with rupee grubbing, he opened the bottle and found his heart in a fine state of preservation.

He was quite foolish in his demonstrations of affection toward his pretty niece. He could not bear her to be out of his sight for a moment. He fondled and patted her as a child plays with a doll; he made presents of useless things to her in praise of her good looks, such childish nonsensical things that Lily quite blushed for him. If she had been a doll he would certainly never have rested until he had taken out and examined those lovely blue eyes which he was always looking at with so much wonder and delight.

Constant was jealous of the old man. So was Franz Stimm. Constant almost repented of having brought Lily and her uncle together. The good-hearted courier went about regretting that the "preddy liddle cal" had outgrown her taste for jogolate. The cook courage one day and respectfully suggested jogolate. Lily took none, which the courier offered her, and thanked him with many smiles, putting the sweetmeat in his pocket. Franz was quite hurt because she did not eat it there and then.

"Ah," he muttered to himself, "she is too big leddi now for jogolate; she is afraid of her stomjacks; but the liddle cal is never afraid of her stomjacks—oh no."

George Blunt had heard the history of his brother Frank's career from Constant, and repreached himself bitterly for not having been at hand to help him in his distress and misery. He now heard from Lily the history of her and life, and the pitiful story moved him to tears. She told him all, not even omitting the cause of her flight from Castle de Kergoday's—her passion for Edgar Greyfaunt.

"He is not worthy of you, my dear, can't be worthy of you," he said, "to treat you as he has done. But you shall be as good as he, or any of them; the blood of the Blunts runs in your veins, and your father and George Blunt will chink in your pocket, and I'll warrant you'll have a score of fellows at your feet in no time."

The Indian nabob, with all his ancient lineage, and no less pronut of his wealth, was deeply hurt at the idea that his niece's child being slighted and looked down upon; and he resolved that Lily should not only vindicate her position, but take place by it also. He was, in fact, determined to show in his own person (for he was a mere bag of bones) for the immense riches which he had accepted from his past. His poor mummy of a body, wrapped in the richest robes, and decked with the finest gems, was but an object of pity.

Lily in vain tried to call man's vision like a star in the dark. He found a beautiful idol upon which to bestow his wealth, and nothing on earth would wean them worthily, and command homage to his wealth. He loaded her with presents, dressed her in the richest clothes, had her with the rarest gems, engaged for her the handsomest suit of apartments in the hotel, bought her a brougham and a saddle-horse, and appointed a maid and a groom specially to attend upon her. The poor, friendless, lonely girl, so recently discharging the duties of nurse of a boy-actor's dresser in the gardens of Ranelagh, was now a princess.

But the jewels and the fine dresses did not make Lily happy. In the midst of the splendor in which she lived she was thinking with an aching heart of Edgar. His sudden disappearance on the night of her mother's death, and the evening after the check, filled her with a vague fear that something had happened to him. She shrank from making inquiries about him, partly from a feeling of modesty, partly because she was unwilling that any one should think she doubted him. She resolved to say nothing on the subject, but to wait at least, hoping that he would soon call to see her, or that she might meet him in the Park during her rides and drives. She was often in the Park daily; either in her brougham or on horseback. She had taken lessons in horsemanship, and became not a very short space of time an accomplished horsewoman. She had learned fast; for love was her teacher. She had learned to ride, that she might dispense with the attendance of a coachman and footman, and go out in the Park on horseback or in her carriage, and thus be favored her in every thing. If she had desired to ride in the Park on an elephant he would have sent another to Africa to procure her the finest specimen that could be found.

Weeks passed away, and Edgar had not called at the house. Lily succeeded in meeting him in the Park. Her uncle and Constant were with her in spite of her daily coaxings to the contrary, she was becoming pale, and thin, and care-worn. Constant was aware of Lily's passion for Edgar, and feeling assured that the malady was love-sickness he begged to be admitted to her confidence. After some hesitation she told him all, and he set to work to find out Edgar. She had been looking for Edgar day after day, and week after week, but in vain. She was afraid that he was dead, that some misfortune had befallen him. Constant undertook to make inquiries. Lily did so, and found that the magnificent Mr. Greyfaunt had been arrested for debt, and was locked up in a sponging-house in Cursitor Street.

The young scape-grace had set up for a man of fashion upon the little fortune left him by his second-aunt, Madame Desgodey. He managed to five thousand pounds, neither more nor less, and Edgar had spent the principal instead of the interest. He had for the time at the rate of three thousand a year.

Constant did not at once inform Lily of the discovery he had made. He was anxious to find out what sort of person Mr. Edgar Greyfaunt was. He had particular doubts about him before; but now, when he heard of him as the inhabitant of a sponging-house, he began at once to suspect that Edgar was a very bad young fellow. As a prosperous inn-keeper, Monsieur Constant regarded impecuniosity in a gentleman of Mr. Greyfaunt's position as the worst of crimes.

Constant employed Franz Stimm as his emissary and agent. Stimm visited the sponging-house, and saw Edgar, saying that he came from an unknown friend to offer his services to serve him. A few weeks behind prison bars had worked a great change upon the dandy—the usual change. The loss of liberty had degraded him, as it degrades nearly all men, however proud their spirit, however high their moral tone. In a few weeks the elegant exquisite had been transformed into a shabby, slouching jail-bird. He had taken to slippers and wide-awake hats, to spirits-and-water and clay pipes. He shuffled about in a paved yard behind the bars, and associated without scruple with all comers. Debt is a great leveler—as great a leveler as death. It makes the sponging-house or a prison at brings all ranks together, and links them in the bond of a common brotherhood. The most noble prince in his debtors' prison is he who owes most money. But the ultimate degradation he is forcing with a bird is one respect—he is a debtor. The influence of debt and durance manifests itself in both alike—is equally low-down-school which possesses so in clean linen, the growth of the beard, the smoking of common kinds of tobacco, and the consumption of vulgar drinks. Even if the lord have money, he finds, after a short residence in a debtors' prison, that he is acquiring a taste for the grosser kinds of luxuries. It begins to prefer shag tobacco to cigars, and to have an inordinate craving for beer.

Edgar very soon succumbed to the genius of that dingy house in Cursitor Street. Franz Stimm wondered what the gentleman inside habit could see in such a shabby-looking fellow. Franz was armed with very careful instructions. He informed Greyfaunt of Lily's existence, for instance. She had found her uncle, a rich Indian nabob (he did not mention his name), who had acquired her, and designed to be a father to Alicia of his vast wealth.

Edgar caught at the news eagerly, and his eyes sparkled with expectancy. "What a fool —what an ass I have been!" he muttered to himself. He remembered Stimm as the waiter of the unknown friend who had sent him the news. Stimm explained that the unknown friend, who was aware of the position in which Mr. Greyfaunt stood toward Miss Lily, had an eye to business.

"Very considerate," said Edgar; "he is a money-lender, and you are his agent."

Franz admitted that might be the case.

"Well, look here," said Edgar; "if you will lend me the money, and get me out of this confounded place you shall have twenty per cent. for your master, and fifty per cent. for yourself. It is only a miserable sum of two hundred pounds."

"But de security?" said Stimm.

"I have no security to offer you but my own note of hand, said Greyfaunt; "but you know what my expectations are. The girl is madly in love with me, and I have only to make her an offer to get her to consent. She will throw herself into my arms, fortune and all."

"Vill you get me a letter to dat effeck dat I show mein master?" said Stimm.

"Certainly," said Greyfaunt. "Who is your master? Let me know the name of my disinterested friend?"

"His name is Constant," said the courier.

"What! Constant, who keeps Pomeroy's Hotel?"

"De same," said Franz.

"Ah," said Greyfaunt, gayly, "they are sharp fellows, those hotel-keepers. Constant has, no doubt, got wind of the girl's attachment to me, and wants to do a piece of business over the affair. Very good, Monsieur Constant, I am obliged to you."

And the heartless puppy, who would not have hesitated to buy Lily first and sell her afterward, sat down and wrote a letter to the hotel-keeper. It ran thus:

"SIR,—If you are willing to lend me two hundred pounds, I will pay you my note of hand for three months, or a longer sum if you require it. I understand that you have an eye to the main chance in business, and have formed the daughter of a circus-woman into a sort of Indian heiress. Between ourselves, you are aware of the fact that she is devoted to me, and that I have only to hold out my hand to make her mine. Assist me in this matter and see and the golden prize but the helm and bare of this intimate saga. Keep your secretions like five-pound notes, and use discretion. If you serve me in this, you shall have no reason to complain of your share of the plunder.

"Yours, etc.,

"EDGAR GREYFAUNT.

"TO J. B. CONSTANT, Esquire."

"There," said Greyfaunt, "take your master that, and let me have an answer at once. Devil's are always waiting in these cases."

Stimm took the letter to his master, and Jean Baptiste Constant opened and read it. He had already been warned with respect to Greyfaunt's character, but he was not prepared for such heartlessness, such sordid baseness as this letter disclosed.

"The scoundrel!" he muttered through his teeth. "I should like for him to be my debtor. I should have murdered him. And it is for such a wretch as this that poor Lily is sighing her life away! But she must not know how base he is, but she shall know; she shall not remain ignorant of his character for one hour longer."

Constant's first impulse was to show Lily the letter at once; but on reflection he decided to prepare her more cautiously, and to break the news by degrees. He told her, first, that he had succeeded in discovering Greyfaunt.

Lily's quick mode of pleasure pained him, and filled his breast with anger. He could scarcely restrain himself. To the torment of anxious inquiries which the young girl put him he replied coldly, without any further attempt to soften the information which he had to convey.

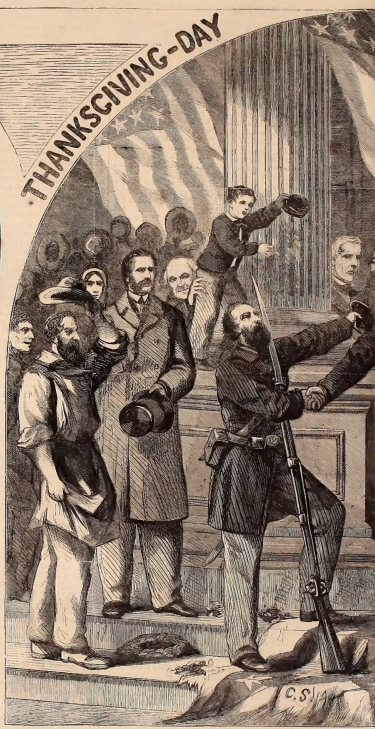
"Edgar Greyfaunt," he said, "is at heart a heartless adventurer. Read that letter."

Lily read the letter, read it again and again without lifting her eyes, and at length her head sank upon her bosom, and the letter fell from her hands upon the floor. The idol was shattered, its shrine heart had set up for itself in the days of her solitude lay crushed and broken at her feet.

THANK GOD FOR MARYLAND FREEING HER SLAVES.

IN EUROPE.

IN THE FIELD.



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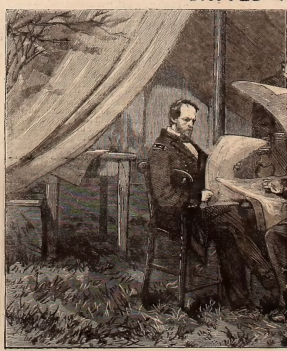

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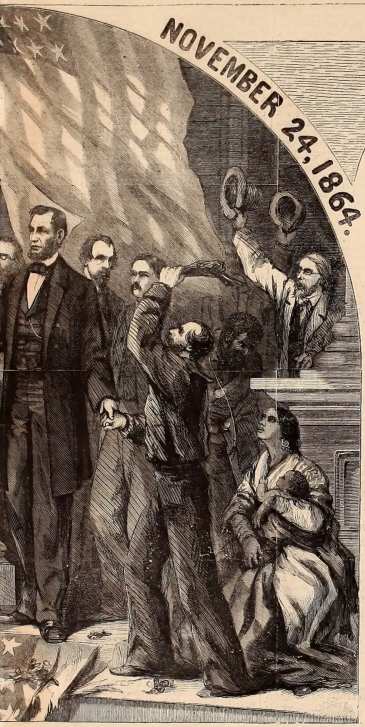

THANK GOD FOR OUR UNION VICTORIES

IN REBELDOM.

E STAND.

Th. Nast.

E PEACE-MAKERS.

ON BOARD

TUNNEL UNDER PITTSBURG.

THE great TUNNEL which has been excavated under the city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, which we illustrate on page 773, will, in connection with bridges over the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, shorten the distance to Steubenville thirty miles. This will render the Steubenville and Pittsburg Railroad the nearest and most available route from New York to Cincinnati. The tunnel runs beneath some of the largest edifices of Pittsburg, and but for its very substantial structure would certainly endanger some of the habitations of that smoky town.

A LAMENT.

Frozen the new-born snow-drops of the spring,
Palsied the blue-bells of the waning year,
Richer and richer every mystic thing
That heavenly thought to earthly hearts doth bring—
The stars that beckon and the winds that stir,
If thou wert here.

And lovelier far the mountain and the lake,
More gay the summer, tenderer autumn sere,
And birds would blither pipe from bower and brake,
And kindlier maids would live with us make,
And less wild whispers through the poplars shake,
If thou were here.

Fields would gleam greener in the morning fine,
Shadows fall softer in the even clear,
And nothing but some angelic benign
Go those desiring eyes enchanted shine,
And music flow a sweeter strain divine,
If thou were here.

Selfs-seeking weeds would not spring up every-slow,
Nor th' long hours of lonesome doubt be dear,
Nor eyes look wistful for the daylight glow,
Nor gloomy sleep drift to sadness so,
Nor dream-joys sicken into woe,
If thou were here.

And paths were pleasant which I shuddering shun,
And care blush birthday were a day of cheer,
And hope's light duties wondrous wrath had won,
And likeness have its delight worn done,
And all were brighter underneath the sun,
If thou were here.

UNCLE GODFREY.

I.—TODMORTEN RECTORY.

IT was the day before Christmas-day, and the Rev. Mr. Latimer was busy finishing his Christmas sermon, or rather, if we must confess it, "heel-tapping" on it.

The reverend gentleman had just settled the Cockatrice account, and that excellent work of charity had warmed his heart, and made him at peace with all the world. The frost was feathering the window-panes, in the ruts of the Todmorten lanes the ice lay like fragments of shivered plate-glass; the twigs of the laurel-bushes at the rectory window were tufted with crystals, and the robin, puffing out his little crimson breast till it looked like an alderman's waistcoat, sat on the standard rose-tree in the study window, watching, with interest, Mr. Latimer as he put the new piece into the old garment.

The sermon completed, Mr. Latimer went heartforemost into the Blanket-club accounts, and soon discovered the pleasing fact that there was an overplus of seven pound ten. All this conduced to make the worthy young rector extremely cheerful, and in a paroxysm of Christmas fervor of mind. He hummed a carol to himself, and prepared to go out to superintend the clerk, who was busy decorating the church with holly.

But young rectors with large families, if they have their pleasures, have also their alloys. The monthly week had just begun, and a huge screen of steaming sheets is by no means a conducive of heat, especially when placed between yourself and the fire; nor does the necessity of changing these square acres of linen at fitting intervals conduce to the concentration of mind that accounts require.

A cook must have unceasing pleasure in the savory chemistry of his profession; but to watch a large saucepan for the ninth consecutive quarter of an hour, under pain of your wife's indignation, is not consistent with any steady mental labor. Yet all these and numerous the Rev. Frederick Latimer bore like a Christian and a lamb, for he was a good, kind-hearted, domestic man, who respected the saving of the family wash, and knew that the kitchen-fire was fully occupied, and that what-ever did was not to be extravagation.

That slapping and shaking noise in the kitchen was, he knew, Mrs. Latimer folding, and that sound portended the passing fact that there was an overplus of seven pound ten. All this conduced to make the worthy young rector extremely cheerful, and in a paroxysm of Christmas fervor of mind. He hummed a carol to himself, and prepared to go out to superintend the clerk, who was busy decorating the church with holly.

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That slapping and shaking noise in the kitchen was, he knew, Mrs. Latimer folding, and that sound portended the passing fact that the busy day he was willing to make himself useful.

The children were out sliding—getting fiery red by vanishing on the back of their hands, and performing the "cobbler's knock" on the village-pond. They had been busily cutting holly-boughs for the church that morning, and the sliding was their reward.

"Jane, my dear," cried the Rev. Mr. Latimer to his wife, as he put on his great-coat and hat, and seized his black-thorn stick, "I'm just going to see old Martha Hackney and that I shall come to the church and see how Payne gets on with the decorations. I shall be back to lunch at one. Those sheets in my study are quite dry, and the sauce-pan has been on the boil ten minutes."

"Stop a moment, Fred," cried Mrs. Latimer; "I want to speak to you before you go out."

Mr. Latimer was ruffled. "Well, now, what is it, my dear? I am in a mortal hurry, so don't be off."

Mrs. Latimer appeared, and remonstrated. "Why, Fred, how impatient you are! All I want to ask is, if you write your usual invitation to Uncle Godfrey for Christmas. Of course he won't come, but still we oughtn't to forget him."

"Yes, I wrote on Monday. Did I ever forget to write to him—the old selfish hunks! Good-by, darling. Send down for the children if they are not in in half an hour; it is now just eleven."

II.—THE ELEVEN-FORTY TRAIN.

TODMORTEN was a pretty village in Dorsetshire, It lay in a little valley, surrounded by wooded hills and sloping fields, and was intersected by a railway.

The eleven-forty train slided out of the distance and stopped, with bragging puffs of smoke, at the Todmorten Station. It took up its load and slid off again, with jerks of white vapor, and disappeared in the direction of Poole. The station grew again lonely; and the only sounds, the rattling of the tight cords of the signal-post, and the murmur of the wind against the telegraph-wires.

Ten minutes after the solitary arrival an old-fashioned man with a cane stumped slowly up Todmorten Hill. The butcher saw him, the grocer saw him, the blacksmith saw him, the gents at the bar-parlor of the Peal of Bells saw him, and discussed him. One and all pronounced him to be "a regular old guy," a character drawn by the train, and bound to the neighboring village.

The children from the rectory window saw him —for the rectory was on the hill, and commanded the village—and marveled at his wooden leg.

The eldest girl, Dora, her golden fleece of back hair tossing in the air, ran to declare to him to Mrs. Latimer. "Oh, mamma," she cried, "there is such a funny man coming up the hill—he's got a wooden leg!" George says he moves it as if it was a compass and he was drawing a circle. Oh, it's such fun! Do come and see!"

Mrs. Latimer allowed herself to be dragged into the parlor by Dora, George, and Willy, and looked through the window. The wooden-legged man was only thirty yards off. She had no sooner seen him than she gave a hysterical scream, and exclaimed, "Uncle Godfrey! Run, Dora, and tell cook to go and take the sheets and the sauce-pan out of the study; and, George, go and tell Susan to get on a clean apron, and go to the front-door. Dear me, how unfortunate papa not being in!"

The scene that immediately ensued was one for the rectory gravel-walk, and a sharp, cart knock at the door. Susan was a long time answering the door; when she did so she received a rebuke that she did not soon forget.

"Young woman," said the old gentleman, forcibly, "it is quite plain that you are taught to attend to your master's visitors? Nice weather to be kept in the cold. Ugh! it bites one's nose off. Sickly you're not in my service, or out you go this month. Is Mr. Latimer in?"

"Yes, sir—he's visiting the thing"—thought Susan, as she replied: "No, Sir; Mr. Latimer is out in the parish."

"Who cares where he is? If he's not in, where's your missus?"

"Up stairs."

"Very well, then, tell her to come down stairs."

"What name, if you please?"

"Godfrey Dodson."

Susan swept out of the room. She never saw such a crow, unmannerly old "thing" in the whole course of her life; and so she told Mrs. Wise cook.

Uncle Godfrey was a shaky, irascible little man, who wore a brown spencer, a low-crowned hat of the old fashion, and highly-polished cane twenty years ago, and long drab gaiters. He was an old-bachelor recluse, who lived in the Adelphi, in rooms which he never allowed any body to enter, and which were stuffed full of pictures, etchings, bulb cabinets, snuff-boxes, and old china. Early in life he had been a dry-salter in Thames-street since then had devoted himself laboriously to doing nothing, and exciting the expectations of his poorer relations. Mrs. Latimer had been his last uncle once since she was married.

Godfrey Dodson was one of those old connoisseurs who are to be seen any morning in the showrooms of Mesrs. Christie & Manson, examining etchings suspiciously through their spectacles, gesturing and shutting with half delight, half distrust, remarkable agate snuff-boxes, walking backward from specimen to specimen, and then handing the drawers of inlaid cabinets, and looking for the maker's name and date of lustrous majolica plates. They know the value of everything, and what paid, and where the original of it is, and what is fetched. They know every connection that Hogarth has in his engravings, and fall into raptures over what other people would think a defect. They eye a water-mirror with the look of mute mystery and cunning, and the dealers with glances of hostility and distrust. They hoard and accumulate the gems of all ages of taste and fashion, and pick and enjoy the pleasant reflection that when they die the sale of their effects will be held in the same room as that in which they have spent so much of their time, and will give extreme delight to a great many collectors, their old rivals during life; for the finest collectors are those who have the most leaves scattered in a field, that must sooner or later be gathered together. Uncle Godfrey as long as the world goes on spinning.

Uncle Godfrey had a lean, wizen face; cold, keen, gray eyes, and a sharp, pointy, white head, over-hanging eyebrows, and a projecting lower lip that expressed a sour contempt for all he heard and saw. He was a man who had outlived his age, and the little scarlet under-waistcoat, with just the edge showing, such as was the fashion forty years ago. Altogether, he looked like a cross Cupid. In fact, he was a shrewd, cynical old hunks; eccentric, dogmatic, rich, and arbitrary.

When Mrs. Latimer, not waiting to change her dress, but just adjusting her cap, and making her-self look tidy, came into the parlor, Godfrey half frightened, Uncle Godfrey was standing with his back to the door examining a print of "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time" with a magnifying-glass.

He turned round as his niece entered, and without greeting her, and just as if he had been an inmate of the house for twenty years, said with a sort of grunt, "This is the sort of rubbish people in the country hang on their walls instead of having one or two good pictures. Ugh! It is only fit for a coulterer's parlor."

"Dear uncle, Frederick and I can not afford pictures. But how are you? How long it is since we have seen you! Why don't you come oftener? What a happy Christmas we shall spend!" And all the time she kept saying to herself, "Only to think of his coming!"

Uncle Godfrey watched her from under his terrier eyebrows for a moment or two in suspicious silence; then he took her hand, and looking her searchingly in the face, he said: "Jane, you are a sensible girl; I've didn't keep me waiting while you put on a lot of finery. Don't thank me for coming down to see you, for I only did it because I thought you didn't mean it, and I thought it would teach you a lesson; and as to pictures, I suppose you can't afford them. I know I can't. I sell mine as fast as I buy them—ugh! and at a good profit too. Where are the children? Plenty of them, I suppose; the poorer a man is the more children Providence always sends him. Ugh! Where's Latimer?"

"Gone out, dear uncle, to see the poor, and how to distribute the Christmas charities; and I ought to be out with him; but, you see, we poor people have to attend to a great deal of things."

"There; no ostentation of poverty and economy. Stuff about Christmas! Why give away more than usual at Christmas? Is a man more hungry at Christmas, or colder, or poorer? Aren't there other times to carry it? Bah! I hate Christmas—all one's bills come in then."

"Oh, there's Frederick coming—I'm so glad!" said Mrs. Latimer, looking out of the window. "Oh, how glad he will be to see you, uncle!"

"Not so sure of that, though I am rich. Now, mind, I'll have no fuss made about me—no extras. As for wine, I've brought down some of my own. Don't like port and hard catching, and the other half long-cut. No, don't go; I'll open the box."

Away stumped the strange being to open the box. Mr. Latimer arrived, horror-struck, at the wooden-legged apparition.

"I thought it would knock you down," said Uncle Godfrey. "Never ask a man again you don't want to see."

"But I'm delighted. My dear Sir—"

"There, that'll do. Here I am, and you must make the best of me for a week. You're quite right to ask me. The Fitzarmonsons asked me too, and I governed to them. Confound Christmas! I wish it was abolished. Festivity, indeed! Why, I'd rather be sitting in my own room with a bottle or the Cock in Fleet Street, than share the best Christmas dinner in England."

Mr. Latimer did not know whether to be offended or not, but, as he had expectations from Uncle Godfrey, he thought, on the whole, he had better bear it, so he smiled, and let the man by the hand.

In rushed the children, but when they saw the stranger they drew back. Dora seated herself in a by-place on a chair, and George came cautiously up to his father, and took his hand; while Willy, in the "dip," nestled up to his mother, and half hid himself in her gown.

"George used to be your favorite, uncle," said Mrs. Latimer.

Uncle Godfrey looked at him, and growled: "Time he went to sea. Ugh! Do you send that girl to school? I'll not have you cut her hair short-cr? She'll be bald at thirty."

Mrs. Latimer was indignant; but nothing made any impression on his rich nature, who, turning his back on her, proceeded to question her husband.

"Mr. Latimer," said he, "still grubbing on as a curate, I suppose. Nice profession: its prizes so easy to get, and so evenly distributed. Bishops so humble and curates so high. Six days' hard work for a curate, and a hundred a year the end of it. Every one on you for alms, and obliged to give more than you can afford with ten thousand a year. Better be a laborer. Ugh! Any head-clerk in a merchant's office could buy up three curates. Ugh!"

Mr. Latimer submitted to Uncle Godfrey's severity. "Our life," he said, "is humble, but it is happy, and free from temptations. There is time for study, and time for the simple pleasures. Grand people are too busy for domestic happiness; bosses always too full to enjoy the society of their wives and children. Every one has his lot given him by God, and he could not buy my happiness."

"Good—something in that. But suppose you live above your means, and debts press. Responsibilities of the rich without their means; too proud to put your self-denials in the pawn-broker's shop. Ugh! I thought Christianity taught humility. You clergy preach it enough, but where's the practicing?"

"My dear Sir, you do me wrong. I would willingly get George into a banker's office when he is old enough, but even *city* situations are hard to get."

"Take you at your word. I'll get the boy into a house in Mincing-lane. I am low-church—that's the to get on; better than your beggarly profession, and bring up your family paupers."

Mr. Latimer winced, but still thanks.

"There; no trying to please the rich old uncle, just because he is rich. I will see to your keen arranging the Christmas charities. Ugh! all folly, makes the poor people mendicants. Who'll work when they get more begging? Got a night-school in your parish?"

"We have—a flourishing one."

"There again—pauperizing the poor. Teaching servants to read one's letters, and forge and swindle. Stuff! When do you dine? I'm hungry. Shouldn't object to a glass of wine—my own, though. The porter's brought it up from the station by this time. Where's my bottle-case? I like a fire at table. I'll just go and wash my hands, and take my spencer off, while you get a crust and a glass of my own port ready. Where's the box?—this place is. Get out of the way, children!"

"What a horrid old creature!" thought ——. George was secretly examining his wooden leg, and wondering whether it moved by clock-work.

Uncle Godfrey was not softened even by dinner.

"Jane," said he, "never have soup till you have a cook that understands it. This is paste, not soup. You girl, keep the door shut—the draught comes to my back; and keep the fire up; it is all in one corner. I don't like stale bread. Haven't you got some new, and no crust? Can't you see I've got false teeth?"

"Jane," said he, a little later, "the mutton hasn't hung long enough. I suppose you play on the piano, and let the cook do as she likes. Take my advice—discharge that woman; the potatoes are as hard as bullets."

Over his wine Mr. Latimer—his wife being gone with the children—ventured to lament the ascetic loneliness of Uncle Godfrey's life, and to wish he lived nearer to them.

"I like it," said the amiable Anchorite of the Adelphi. "Every one to his taste. Some people like gidgety children, that break and spoil every thing, and scream all day. Ugh! Latimer, when I was young I had a disappointment that in one day turned my heart into a jar of vinegar; my blood since that is cold and sour. I have my own fancies, and I follow them. I'd rather die in a ditch than surrounded by legacy-hunters—counting the sand in my hour-glass as it ran out, pampering me, encouraging my follies, agreeing with me, and all the time hoping to see the hearse come and fetch me to the nettly damp corner of some respectable cemetery. Ugh! I know them, I know them; but they shall wait a bit—they shall wait a bit. Pass the bottle. Why doesn't that slut bring the coffee?"

That night Mr. and Mrs. Latimer, when their pleasant guest had gone to bed, and all the house was quiet, discussed Uncle Godfrey.

Mr. Latimer, with all his amiability, was much irritated at the brutality and rudeness of the rich, ill-mannered old hunker.

"But, my dear Fred," said Mrs. Latimer, "remember the legacy. We must bear with every. Remember we have expectations; and do think of those dreadful bills, and how little we have to meet them."

"My dear Jane," said her husband, "I could do any thing for your sake and for the children's; but I really can not bear with his rudeness. Every kind word he attributes to our hopes of his money —bother his money!"

"Fred!"

"I tell you, Jane, I can not and will not bear with mean suspicion. My blood is not thoroughly blunted by poverty, but still I am not all earth yet, and bear it I will not. If I am civil to him, remember, Jane, it is because he is your relation."

The next day was Christmas-day, and Uncle Godfrey was off to church triumphantly by Mrs. Latimer and the children, and ensconced in a bower of bolly, and under an emblazoned mural monument to the memory of General Bunnagates, a hero of the old American war.

At dinner that day Uncle Godfrey was more on country churches.

"Too much coughing," he said. "Ugh! Why do you allow the sexton to ring the bell seven in the aisle? They are all deaf; they only come to advertise themselves, as wanting new shoes and fresh cloaks. Don't know them. Don't like the duck quacked when you were reading, and how that donkey brayed when you read those bans, as if rejoicing at another fool's marriage. Latimer, you shout over the people's heads. What on earth do your churchmen care about the Antitheses sent into the errors of the Welsh Pelagius. Bah! Follow them into their daily life; they don't know how to live on earth yet; much less fit for that before you go further.—You, girl, don't grin there, but give me some beer.—Jane, do you teach Dora to eat with the knife, and George to throw breadcrumbs at Willy? Thank Heaven, I'm a bachelor!"

At whist, his favorite game, Uncle Godfrey was still more terrible. He always refused to take dummy. He stumped with his wooden leg if his partner held bad hands, played card, or trumped a trick on any momentary absence of mind. If the game went ill, and Mrs. Latimer and her partner were a-loose, he grew malicious, and openly hinted that his opponent was losing on purpose to please him—an insult to his play; and Mr. Latimer resumed the accusation.

"They always do it at the Fitzarmonses," replied Uncle Godfrey. "I know them. They let me win shillings in hope some day they'll turn to guineas; but I'll outlive them yet. That Fitzarmons is as rich as his cheek-bones, you've your chest, Latimer? I thought your voice weaker than it used to be.—George, don't bend the wires with the humming-top.—Jane, do you ever flog that boy?"

"Uncle," said Mrs. Latimer at breakfast on the seventh day of the visit, "I have arranged with Mrs. Benson to go to-morrow to see Melcombe—it is one of our show-places—you must not return without seeing that."

"Hate show-places: cold, damp rooms; fusty, pompous housekeepers; stop and tell you any thing; willing enough to take large fees; hurried, and see nothing. I go back to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Latimer in a breath, for they had grown accustomed to the old bachelor's fidgetiness, and hoped to be amused with his shrewd honesty and caustic frankness.

"To-morrow—said to-morrow when I came—and means to-day. I said, bygone on you no longer; post people. Besides, all my port's gone—can't drink catchup and logwood. I and my wooden leg go to-morrow—that's all, ain't you, Dora?—George, come here and polish my wooden leg.—Willy, give uncle a kiss, and go to bed; it is getting late.—You'll be a happy family to-morrow, Uncle Godfrey back in his den."

The morrow came, somehow or other. The Latimers were sorry to part with the old Tartar. The children liked his odd stories, and the tricks he showed them with cards; his ventriloquism, and the droll drawings he did for them.

The train came sliding in, carving-like a great white serpent. Uncle Godfrey mounted into a second-class carriage, and shook all the Latimers by the hand.

"You won't see me again," he said; "I will not

see many more winters. Admiral Death has already hoisted the storm-signal for me. Good-by. Don't let the children eat too much. When I die I shall leave you a set of china, just to remember me.—Good-by, Latimer; good-by, Dora, dear; good-by, Jane, my love; good-by, Willy, pet; good-by, George. If I liked my visit, though you did let me win at whist."

The train slid off.

"Well, somehow or other, I miss him," said Mrs. Latimer.

Her husband did not assent very warmly to his wife's remark. An old thought had struck him, as the children ran laughing and bounding on before their father and mother.

"How strange it would be, Jane," said the good, thoughtful man, turning on the frost-bound hill to watch the train, now a mere swift black caterpillar in the valley,—"how strange it would be if, instead of dying with a struggle and a wrench, or in slow pain and decay, as we do now, when man were to die, a mysterious summons should come in a black letter, warning us, on a certain day and hour, to be at the nearest railway station. Then, that we should go, after a calm but still ineffably solemn farewell, and at the appointed hour, a mysterious black train, spirit-driven, should arrive, and an irresistible impulse should force us then to mount into the carriage, and be borne off swiftly, quietly, into the inscrutable far distance."

"Oh, Fred, how can you think of such horrid things!" said Mrs. Latimer.—"Well, do you know, somehow or other, I do miss Uncle Godfrey."

"And so do we," cried the children.

"I hope he'll write!" said "Tot."

"Will he ever come to see us again?" asked George.

"Now if I can help it," thought Mr. Latimer, clenching his teeth, and looking as sternly as he could.

III.—THE CARRION CROWS.

EXACTLY twelve months from the date of that visit Uncle Godfrey was found dead in his armchair, in his solitary chambers at Addle Hill. It is probable that he had been dead several days, for though the laundress had neglected to inform the neighbors, no light had been seen in the room for three nights. Singularly enough, it was remembered that the deceased had latterly shown some desire to be more social, and had even appeared spectrally one night in full dress at the door of the gentleman on the first floor, who, when he opened, just starting for a party, and could not see him.

The rooms were found to be an inch deep in snuff-like dust, crowded with china, pictures, furniture, and port-folios. The inner room resembled an immense museum-case, for it was strewn with pounds of bacon and sections of cheap cheese. A miser and a millionaire—Nebuchadnezzar driven from men, and living upon grass—what could be more insane than to have inhabited these chambers together. Oh, what misery, and deadness of heart, and deprivation of every human pleasure! what cares, if insane blindness to, love and home, were evidences in that sordid solitude, in that voluntary prison, in that shameful hustle!

It was too late. The hoarder had been torn from his hoard by no earthly power or thief, but by the great severer of all human ties.

After Godfrey Dodson's funeral his will was read at the office of his lawyers, Messrs. Fox and Skekell.

No one was present but the Fitzsimmonses, but they were in force—Mr. F., a friend of the late Mrs. F., a vulgar, strong-minded woman, who was alternately smiles and tears; and the three Misses F., all apparently of the same age, and quite distinguishable apart by the graduated redness of their noses, and the comparative hardness of their spinster faces.

They were all in black, and looked like the Fates, waiting for the shears, the distaff, and the scissors. They were all shrouded in crape; they all wore coarse black kid gloves too big for them, and with great black pudgy fingers an inch too long.

If grief could be expressed by crape the Fitzsimmonses were heart-broken. They were swathed in crape; it was a top-heavy burden of crape on Fitzsimmons's hat; there were wisps of crape on Mrs. F.'s bonnet; they gloried in crape. They looked like the ghost of a young undertaker who has just secured a small funeral, and was proud of the business.

The room was one of those drab-colored, dingy lawyers' rooms, walled in with deed-boxes—the black sarcophagi of extinct fortunes; a ceiling black with smoke; the cocoa-nut matting dirty, and splashed with ink.

After a good deal of whispering with clerks, and running in and out with law-papers, Mr. Fox sat down, cracked jointly, opened the will, rubbed his hands, and began to read it.

It was very short. The deceased had left five thousand pounds to the Fitzsimmonses, all the china and pictures also to them; and nothing to the poor Latimers but his wooden leg, to be sent to them as a remembrance.

The Fitzsimmonses thrilled with delight; the black forest of crape rustled with satisfaction. Every one put on a shrewd look, and Mr. Fox and Mr. Fox poured them each out a glass of sherry, and then pocketed half out one, and drank their health. Then there was a universal eulogy of the "dear deceased," and some unnecessary wiping of eyes, till they looked real and natural.

"Depend upon me, my dear friends," said Mr. Fox, rubbing his hands as undertakers do after a successful funeral—"depend upon me, that you shall be settled as soon as possible. I will set all my clerks upon it.—Parker, mind you begin this matter early to-morrow morning. I shall pack up our poor friend Latimer's legacy to-night. Ha, ha! Oh dear, oh dear, what an eccentric being!"

The Fitzsimmonses sniggled maliciously.

IV.—THE LEGACY.

IT had been a hard year for the poor Latimers. George had gone to school, and that was expensive. A needy brother returning from Canada had drained off the rest of worthy Mr. L.'s ready money. And now it wanted three days to the time of paying the interest on his life-insurance for his wife, and where to turn to for a spare ten pounds he did not know.

When the master is sad, if there is any sympathy or love in a family, every one is more or less depressed. So it was that that solid Mars evening the Latimers, as they sat round the fire after dinner discussing not "the catalog and logwood," but some humble mulled elder-wine, were silent and sad. George held Dora's hand, and Willy nestled on the footstool. Suddenly the door opened, and Susan came in. "If you please, Sir, there is a large hamper come from the station; six-and-twopence to pay."

"How jolly!" said George, leaping up and clapping his hands.

Mr. Latimer, as he counted out the money, looked as if he thought paying six-and-twopence was by no means jolly.

"What can it be?" said Mrs. Latimer.

The hamper came in. It was tied round with red tape, and sealed with black. On the card was written, "*To* re GODFREY DODSON, deceased.—With Messrs. FOX and SHEKELL's compliments."

The Latimers had long since left off entertain any hope of a legacy, but hope now rose again in their eyes.

"Hurrah! here's my knife, papa," cried George.

"It's china!" said Dora.

"Give me some of it," cried "Tot," whose head had not yet risen above the level of the table, and therefore could see nothing of the interior of the mysterious hamper.

Mr. Latimer cut the red tape. The hamper was full of hay, and on the hay was a sealed letter in the late Godfrey Dodson's hand. Mr. Latimer tore it open. The contents ran thus:

"DEAR LATIMER,—I found out the tricks and humbug of the Fitzsimmonses. My property is to be respected, and love you and Jane. I have been a fool to live as I have done, but it is too late to alter now. The keepsake I send is rather curious. It is mechanical, and will work well. Uncle Godfrey sometimes. Farewell.

"GODFREY DODSON."

In a moment Mr. Latimer's hand plunged into the hay, and drew out, not a casket nor a box of gold, but Uncle Godfrey's wooden leg.

For a moment Mr. Latimer remained as if turned to stone, and grasping the wooden leg in his hand. Then the color mounted to his face, he cried, sternly, "George, run and ask cook for the bill-book from the wood-house."

George ran, and Mr. Latimer seized her husband's arm. "Don't, Fred, don't; it is cruel. But what could we do?" she said.

"Selish, heartless old miser!" cried her husband, stamping his foot. "What right had he to come here with his wooden leg, and his money, to do all the vile thing? Was he not hard, and frozen, and cold, less enough in his lifetime, but must he rise from his very grave to chill us? Jane, I am ashamed, at such a moment, to, of pain and anxiety?"

George ran in at this moment with a heavy shary bill-book.

"Thus," said Latimer, with a clearing blow. "do I treat his cruel present to its only real use—to feed the fire and perish, a memory of all useless, selish men will perish."

As he said this Latimer lopped off the peg-end of the leg and thrust it into the fire, where it instantly broke into a rejoicing blaze. At the second blow the bill-book struck down on the wood, and refused to go further. Taken out and restruck there was a metallic sound, as if it had reached some iron screw. Mr. Latimer now found that a small flat box had somehow or other been slid into the centre of the block. The astonishment and excitement were extreme.

George ran for the meat-saw, and two skilful cross-cuts disclosed the box. The saw soldered down. What could it be? Mr. Latimer got a sardine-knife, and ripping it open discovered that it was full of paper, a further search disclosed five thousand pounds in closely-wedged bank-notes. One thousand pounds' worth were labeled "Jane;" another thousand, "Dora;" the rest, "George" and "Willy:" a fourth thousand, "Dora;" a fifth thousand, "Tot." On many of them there were crumpled blisters, as if a tear or two had fallen on the paper.

How can I describe the joy and gratitude of good people—how Mr. Latimer kissed Mrs. Latimer, then all the children—and how the children danced for joy, and shouted in the manner. I'm dated you see, the February of last year. The deceased died in October."

Mr. Latimer, so tardy in turning up, the deceased had left all his money to the Latimers, and all his china, etchings, etc., to the Fitzsimmonses—subject, however, to a payment of ten years' arrears of rent for the chambers in the Adelphi, and severance deductions to orphan asylums. The residue —£13 8*s.* 4*d.*—was paid to indignant Mr. Fitzsimmons, who heaped his feeble spite upon the memory of the late Godfrey Dodson, Esq.

V.—A SMILE.

"My dear Jane," said Mr. Rev. Mr. Latimer the other night, laying down a book on "The Client Country" that he had been reading—for he has given up catching and logwood now, and is curious in his wines—"I have found out an excellent simile for Uncle Godfrey. When a sleeping proprietor wants to get especially good Clos Vougeot he places the wine out night after night in the frost. This, by degrees, crystallizes all the watery part of the wine in the outer crust, which is daily removed and thrown away. The real soul and essence of the wine, however, remains in the centre, in an unfrozen kernel, which is highly valued. In Uncle Godfrey's heart, my love, there was hoarded up, in the same manner, the purer essence, far, far from the outer crust of ice."

HOW ENGLISH WORKING-PEOPLE LIVE.

NOTHING can be more surprising to the American people than the extreme indigency and physical degeneracy of the British working-people. Mr. Kay's work on the Social Condition and Education of the People in England, published last year in London, and reprinted in this country, made some remarkable disclosures, bearing especially upon the moral condition of these people. At the close of his work Mr. Kay says: "The poor of England are more depressed, more pauperized, more numerous in comparison to the other classes, more irreligious, and very much worse educated than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting Russia, Turkey, Southern Italy, Portugal, and Spain."

The medical officer of the Privy Council in England is required to submit annually a report of the sanitary condition of the poor. This duty has devolved upon Mr. John Simon, whose series of reports for the last four years is a harmonized body of practical information on the causes and distribution of disease. His last report, for 1864, is full of interesting and important truth respecting the amount and kind of food eaten by the working-classes. As Mr. Kay's book related to the causes leading to moral degeneracy, this report is concerned chiefly with those which conduce to physical deterioration.

For the purposes of investigation inquiry was made in about three hundred households selected as fair samples of their class. The inquirer set out with this theory; namely, that to prevent starvation or the consumption attended with it, a woman must have in her food daily 3000 grains of carbon and 180 of nitrogen, or as much nourishment as is contained in a half-quartern loaf of bread. A man wants one-ninth more.

Forty-two families of silk-weavers were examined, and it was found that these did not quite come up to this *minimum standard*; and thirty-one families of shoemakers, who fell very far short; and of farm-laborers' families more than one-third were below the mark. Of course this sacrifice of appetite was made before every other article of sacrifice had been made, after necessary clothing and fuel had been dispensed with.

It is true that the silk-weavers and twisters that, while over twelve pounds of bread were necessary to each adult, little more than nine were eaten. By their earnings a penny-worth a great deal of money was wasted. The children working away from home, instead of taking with them dinner prepared by the mother, are supplied with a penny-half pence or two-pence a day dinner-money, which they spend in a penny-worth of bread, a penny-worth of pudding and a half-penny upon potatoes. When they spend two-pence, they are permitted to sit down and have a little meat or fat added to their meal.

Of all classes the needle-women fare the worst. They take to their calling when every other resource fails, and their average income is below four shillings (less than one dollar) per week; sometimes, too, they are out of employment. They use a little over an ounce of tea per day, into which they rarely put milk. Of meat some buy two pounds per week, and a quarter of a pound of salted meat three times a week, and twice that amount on Sunday.

Glove-stitchers, in order to earn five shillings and sixpence a week, are compelled to work from six in the morning until eleven at night; and even children of seven and eight years of age are kept all day at this employment.

As a general result of the inquiry among all these classes, it appears that of bread the needle-women ate least, the shoemakers most; that of the persons interrogated in all classes, only four—three of them being kid-glovers—were wholly without sugar, the kid-glovers generally using least sugar, the needlewomen and the shoemakers most; the balance of carbon in the diet being readjusted in these cases by an exactly reverse proportion in the use of butter. Only a very small possible number of cases was there no meat at all eaten, and the five were all found among the silk-weavers of Macclesfield and Coventry. Scarcely in every hundred are butchers' meat in no appreciable quantity, preferring to use bacon. Beer of the ordinary strength was found to be drunk very generally by the silk-weavers of London, and by the shoemakers, and a very weak beer by the needle-women and the kid-glovers.

In the case of outdoor laborers, where there is not much meat used, it is all cooked for the Sunday's dinner. Generally the only one at which the whole family is collected and sits at rest together in unwonted ease. What is left from the Sunday dinner is on the following day eaten for husband's, and whether he takes it with him bit by bit to his work, and there finishes it, or eats it at home, it is, as a matter of course, ungrudged. The household faith is "that the husband wins the bread, and must have the best." Next to this physical well-being is the prop of the house. If he have eaten up his remainder of meat or bacon by the middle of the week, and there be none or cheese, he takes that for his dinner at the close of the week, and the wife and children at home are then reduced to dry bread, which is converted into a hot meal by the use of tea.

Of course this state of affairs is a great hindrance to marriage. A man alone can subsist comfortably, and the temptation to remain single is reluctantly overcome, when by marrying he is certain to deprive himself of that absolutely necessary to health. The farm-laborer, apart from a family, is adequately fed, long lived, and little troubled with sickness. When he takes his meals at the farmhouse, his rick in the way of diet is from over-feeding. He has usually four meals a day—meat and bacon once, twice, and even three times a day; milk twice a day; puddings or pies three times a day in Devon, and usually daily elsewhere; beer also or cider. In Yorkshire he is found to get cheese-cakes and custards almost daily at breakfast and dinner, or supper, in addition to hour's nap afterdinner. He objects to mutton because it is fat, and throws his fat under the table. Living in this sumptuous manner, he will put off as far as possible the evil day which shall bring poverty and starvation. Compared with the state of society in needless, but it is with gratitude that we compare the happiness of our own working-people with that of the English poor. The contrast should be forcibly felt by us in these troublous times, may well be regarded as both wholesome and pleasant.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Paris *Punch* (*Charivari*) is poking the British lion between the ribs. A late cartoon shows old Lady Alliton, with her ridicule laid over her shoulder, leading her boy by the nause. Another old woman, smelling her, remarks that "Napoleon the Little is nothing during the days, and that why Lee is not muzzled. "Oh no!" says my lady, "it is quite unnecessary; the poor thing has not a tooth left."

A coaxed being asked by a judge "for whom he was concerned," replied, "I am concerned for the plaintiff, my lord, but I am employed by Mr. Featherbed."

"Wouldn't you call this the calf o' leg?" asked Bobpointing to one of his nether limbs. "No," replied Jim; "I should call it the leg o' veal."

LEGAL PROBLEM.—Find the amount of a judge's "charge" to a jury, and the "counterpoise" of the evidence. The answer to be given in "figures of speech."

"Mother," said a little girl, "I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." "Why, my daughter?" "Because it is the solution. It was the complaint of an Italian vineyard soon after a long drought, and an extremely hot summer, that had parched up all his grapes.

"Tom, you seem to gain flesh every day; the grocery business must agree with you. What are you made of?" "Well, Jim, I really forget now; but it strikes me it was a pound of sugar."

"I didn't think you would be so hard with me," as the shark said when he bit the anchor.

A lady correspondent, who assumes to know how boys ought to be brought up, writes to us among other items: "Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boys' nature." Mothers often do.—With an old shoe to the boy's benefit.

"See here, my friend, you are drunk." "Drunk, is he? Ah! I am glad to hear it. I had begun to fear you. You see my brother and I are on the temperance mission. He detests drunkards, and is a frightful example."

The man who smoked in bed on his wedding-night was successfully informed by his bride that "no gentleman ever lighted a cigar at the torch of love."

"Are you fond of Hogg's tales?" we ventured to ask of a gentleman the other evening. "Yes, I like 'em roasted, with salt and mustard," was the response. "No; but I mean, have you read Hogg's tales?" "No, indeed," said he, "not half so well as I like 'em. I don't think there is a rod one among them."

A musical gentle in Dunkirk, France, is educating a collection of poultry in music. He has already taught a beautiful drake to sing like a canary, and is now at work performing the "chanks, chanks" of a turkey into something of a sweeter sound.

Every man is involuntarily original in at least one thing —his manner of sneezing.

Love and bad weather are things we had better keep out of if we can.

It is easy to tell a hard drinker—his offense is always bruised on the end of his nose.

A fascinating cure for consumption," as the old lady said when she sprinkled snuff on the victuals of her boarders.

The ladies are to vain of their hair that they are proof of getting it into a bad scrape.

"Do you retail things here?" asked a green-looking specimen of humanity, as he poked his head into a shop. "Yes," was the reply, "I sell by the yard." "I said *retail* my fad my dog; he had it bit off about a week ago!"

How opinions vary regarding Queen Bess!

Her self-esteem was small, and her petticoats loudly puff her! But this may be said of her temper and dress,

That when she was proud, she was also rougher.

At a wedding recently, when the officiating clergyman put to the lady the question, "Will thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she replied with true primal courtesy, and, with a modesty which left her beauty no room for improvement, "If you please."

NEWS FROM THE NURSERY.—The child who cried for an hour, one day lately, didn't get it.

There is a very immense force hidden in a very sweet command.

Which is at once the easiest and hardest of occupations.—The mendacious; for he plays when he works, and works when he plays.

That which we acquire with the most difficulty we retain the longest, as those who have earned a fortune are usually more careful of it than those who have inherited one.

An old offender being asked whether he had committed all the crimes laid to his charge, replied, "I have done worse! I have suffered myself to be apprehended."

An artist, showing one of his pictures to a critic, said, "It is only an outline, you know." "I should think so," replied the critic; "*every line is out!*"

A lady is said to have asked a photographer the other day if he could photograph a picture from recollection.

An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business except love-making."

Of all the dust thrown in men's eyes gold-dust is the most blinding.

A "Night-cap-last-Winter-Over-cost Club" has been formed in New York.

Make a man think he is more cunning than you, and you can easily outwit him.

THANKSGIVING-DAY IN THE ARMY.—AFTER DINNER: THE WISH-BONE.—[DRAWN BY W. HOMER.]

VIEWS IN AND AROUND MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

We have been at some pains to ascertain what instrument of the many now soliciting the public favor combines the greatest amount of real excellence. We have prescribed this inquiry entirely independently of aid or direction from interested parties. The opinions of some of the most musical critics, composers, and performers have been obtained; reports of experiments made in the ordinary use of various instruments in churches, schools, and families have been compared, all of which, with singular unanimity, concur in assigning the first place to the Cabinet Organ of Mason & Hamlin—a decision that corresponds with our previously formed convictions received from personal observations.
—*New York Christian Advocate.*

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HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, *President.* WM. T. PHIPPS, *Vice-President.* ROBERT BASSETT, *Secretary.*

The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company has been organized under the laws of the State of New York, for the purpose of mining for petroleum, and other minerals, and dealing in the same. It has located its principal business office in New York City, the largest transit and shipping market for petroleum in the world, and has taken measures to establish a connection with Liverpool, the most extensive receiving market for that oil outside of this country. The managers and stockholders of the Company include among their number gentlemen largely interested in the petroleum business, and who have gained wealth and experience in it: facts which justify the confident expectation of careful, intelligent, and profitable management. It is believed that by a judicious investment of the capital of the Company dividends of from two to five per cent. a month on the capital stock can be made.

The lands now conveyed to the Company consists of the lands and property enumerated in the following list. Their extent can be greatly enlarged if desirable, and their present development completed, as funds shall come into the treasury.

List of Lands and Property.

FIRST.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 1, on the upper McElhenny Farm, containing ten acres There are three wells on this lot, two of which are now producing about fifty barrels a day each, the third about two barrels. A new well is also now in process of drilling, and will soon be completed. On this property are three good engines, tankage for over eleven hundred barrels, tubing, tools, office, &c.

There is room on this lease for several more wells; and all wells put down on or near this territory have been productive. The character of the McElhinny Farm is too well known to need further comment.

SECOND.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 6, on the lower McElhenny Farm, containing one acre, and known as the Hatch lease, being the one adjoining the well-known Empire Well, which is now producing about two hundred barrels a day. On this lot is one well flowing twenty barrels a day, and another well which has been flowing eighty barrels a day, and which is expected to yield again as soon as a "Torpedo," or oil-gauge, can be procured. This lot is nearly prepared. A third well is down and just ready to be tested. A fourth is down about four hundred feet, and is confidently expected to be a good well. There are three good engines, tankage, tubing, and office on this lease.

THIRD.—One-fourth of the working interest of two lots adjoining, on the late Widow McClintock's Farm, containing half an acre each, on which the property there is one well, known to us as the Freeman Well, now pumping twenty barrels a day; and another well, now drilling, which we expect to find a good supply of oil, being within a few rods of a well on the adjoining property which is producing one hundred and fifty barrels, and but a short distance from the celebrated "Noble Well," yielding three hundred barrels a day. A third well will be sunk immediately on this lease. Two good engines and all the necessary appurtenances are on this property.

FOURTH.—One-fifth of the working interest in the Caldwell Branch of Oil Creek, containing about one hundred acres, being the south half of that part of Lot No. 103, on the east side of the Caldwell Creek, about five miles above Titusville. The Kellogg Oil Company own the upper side of the creek, on which a well is now about to be put down. The surface show of oil on all this land indicates a very rich territory for boring purposes. The above named property this Company will push to immediate development.

FIFTH.—A lot of oil land in fee simple, containing seventy acres, situated on French Creek, about four miles from Titusville, and in full view of the Noble Well, the Shannon Well, and the Story Farm Wells, and is produced from with a few in the neighborood.

SIXTH.—A lot, in fee simple, of oil land on Cherry Run, containing about seventy-five acres situated about three miles above Plumer, and only two miles from the celebrated "Noble Well." All the land on Cherry Run has been purchased, and is held at high figures. Numerous wells are now being bored on this hundred feet, with a good show of oil on the adjoining lot.

SEVENTH.—One-eighth of the working interest in the "Wheeler Well," on the John McClintock Farm, containing one acre, more or less. One well is now producing about seventy barrels a day, and steadily increasing, and there is ample room for two more wells on this lot. There is an engine, tankage, and other property on the property, which is directly opposite the celebrated Hammond Well, now producing three hundred barrels a day.

EIGHTH.—One-fifth of the working interest in the Hamilton lease, about three acres on the Foster Farm, near the Porter, Crocker, Sherman, and Noble and Delamater wells.

NINTH.—One-fifth of the working interest in one acre of the G. W. McClintock Farm, adjoining the Mowbrey Well; with a good engine, one thousand feet of tubing, &c., &c. On this lot a well is now being put down, and will soon be completed and ready to pump.

TENTH.—One half of the interest in two acres of oil lands on Cherry Run. This locality is now producing a great excitement in the oil market, large streams of oil having been struck there within a month.

ELEVENTH.—Two acres of land on Oil Creek, about two miles below Titusville, a frontage on the creek of one hundred rods.

TWELFTH.—The Ridgway Farm, so called, comprising eighty-five acres of land near Titusville, having a front on Oil Creek of one hundred and fifteen rods, and having already upon it one well, which promises to be one of the very best on Oil Creek.

THIRTEENTH.—Two hundred acres of land, three miles above Titusville, with a front of three hundred rods on Oil Creek, known as the Sherman Farm. This land is undeveloped, and is by experts considered good property.

[N.B.—The three tracts last mentioned are considered very valuable for their location, being now heavily timbered, and containing water-power and mills now established, which at their utmost capacity are unable to satisfy the demand for the timber required for the development of the oil fields.]

FOURTEENTH.—One-half of the interest in two acres on the John McClintock Farm, known as the Buttonwood Lease. This lease is on Oil Creek, and has on it a well which will produce twenty barrels a day, and is now being put down two barrels a day, and No. 3 will produce twenty-five or thirty barrels a day as soon as the proper machinery can be set up.

FIFTEENTH.—One-fifth of the interest in two acres on the McElhenny or Funk Farm, near the Empire, Olmsted, and Dinsmore Wells. On this land one well is already down, and another is now being put down.

SIXTEENTH.—One hundred and sixty-eight acres of land in fee, on Bull Run, a tributary of Oil Creek.

SEVENTEENTH.—One hundred and eighty-five acres on Cow Creek, West Virginia.

[N.B.—The two last-named tracts of land have the true coal-measure formation, and are immediately adjoining oil territory of the best character, and which is now producing as much as any on Oil Creek.]

EIGHTEENTH.—Seventy-five acres in fee, near Franklin, Venango County, Pa., with a front of eighty rods on the river. This tract is now yielding coal for steam purposes, and already producing, and the machinery is now ready for tubing, with the necessary engines and fixtures.

NINETEENTH.—The Palmer Farm, containing one hundred and sixteen acres in fee, three miles from Titusville, extending for a hundred rods along both sides of Oil Creek, and being good oil land for its whole extent.

TWENTIETH.—Two hundred acres in fee, on Pithole Creek, four miles from Titusville.

TWENTY-FIRST.—One-sixth of the working interest, being one-twelfth of all the oil produced, on a lease situated on the west side of Cherry Run, on the Hammond Farm, and known as Lot No. 9. One well is already down on this land, the tubing and sucker-rods on the ground and paid for, and a good eight-horse engine on the premises.

With this extensive estate already secured to the Company, and with its advantages of membership and management, the property holds out every inducement for home and foreign capital. Before consummating the large number of Oil Companies now organized, the Petroleum business is, in fact, just at its beginning, as the following fact will show:

"Seneca Oil," as it is sometimes called even now in drug shops, used to be collected by the Senecas and other Indians from the banks of Oil Creek and springs in that region. The first organized effort to obtain oil in the field of the present Petroleum business was made by Colonel Drake, who sunk a well at Titusville in 1857, and in August, 1859, at 71 feet, the drill fell into a cavity, and the well began to yield 1000 gallons a day. The business instantly received a mighty impetus, and the history of the world presents no parallel to the promises, in commercial capital and activity, which the oil-fields of Northwestern Pennsylvania offered.

The Oil lands are found in Western Pennsylvania, Northern Ohio, and Southeastern Ohio, Northeastern Kentucky, and Western Virginia. Nearly all other new fields from time to time found. Throughout these regions for the last six years lands have constantly been sold from time to time, and fortunes made. The territory of the commercial value of Petroleum lands is not yet fully developed, rigidly as to supply, and the mark- ets about as near all that is furnished. The speed with which investments are trebled and quadrupled in Petroleum is without a parallel in the history of business. Philadelphia, and Boston, and Cleveland and fifty Petroleum Companies are in operation, and quoted in market reports, and that the Petroleum raised during the year in Western Pennsylvania alone will yield a million dollars to each man, woman, and child in the State.

In such enterprises to be early in the field is indispensable. Large as the number of companies may seem, it is not so either as the vast extent of oil territory or of their unknown subterranean treasures of oil. In a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands the unique position of offering the only chance to purchase stock at par, which will be produced from with a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands the unique position of offering the only chance to purchase stock at par, which will be produced from within a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands the unique position of offering the only chance to purchase stock at par, which will be produced from within a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands the unique position of offering the only chance to purchase stock at par, which will be produced from within a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands the unique position of offering the only chance to purchase stock at par, which will be produced from within a few those very few companies whose stock is practically out of market and inaccessible. With a view to provide for the future advantage of early subscribers, from this reasonable start in business, only a limited portion of the stock of the Company is offered at the present rates.

As one evidence of the opinions of experts about the quality of the property of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, we copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. Overley, an operative chemist of reputation, established at Titusville, and prominent in the oil business from its very beginning:

"W. T. PHIPPS, ESQ., Vice-President, &c.:

DEAR SIR,— "Titusville, Pennsylvania, *October 10, 1864.*

"I have observed that, without fail, the best wells have been reached in what was formerly the old bed of Oil Creek. The Drake Well, the Sherman Well, the Noble Well, and the Story Farm Wells are instances of this. Your lands here are mainly the Old Creek bottom. It is plain Creek is now diverted south of them, and in the summer the evolution of gas has been so effusive to the grass above that they have left them during mid-day for another part of the field. The Union Company's Well, not down to the third sandstone, in the same formation, gives a fourteen show of oil.

"If these are not the indications of oil territory, then only until after a series of wells has been actually sunk on the land can any opinion be formed. What the value of the land will then be you co. ledge; but the price will be beyond any present purchaser's means, I am satisfied. I can only add that I have no the interest of one cent in these lands, but say what I really think, and would invest my own money.

"Yours very respectfully, GEO. M. MOWBRAY."

All communications should be addressed to the Company, New York City P. O., Box 598.

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A fine Hunting case gold plated watch, same as the above, in perfect running order, and a reliable timekeeper, sent free in a neat case for $9 00.

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Imported by us expressly for the American Trade. In solid Oroide Gold—composite bearing cases (same pattern as superbly engraved, a massive plain case, the outer case being 18-carat gold, and the inner one solid gold composite); the two combinations being known as Oriole Metal, the imitation being so faithful that it can scarcely be detected from solid gold; and is beautifully engraved, and finished equal to a fine gold watch. It is fully believed recommended not only for beauty, but durability. It has the genuine European jeweled movement, (4 Tobias, Liverpool); improved ruby-setting; independent balance; patent regulator; fancy engraved dial; steel spirals and bands; fancy push-pin; lever-cap; and is warranted for one year. A single one sent free in a neat Morocco case, with a fine French curb vest chain, for $15 00.

Our stock consists of over 40 different styles of Gentlemen's and American Watches, of the latest and most reliable styles, for sale at the same trade discount of Jewelers. Levers in various styled cases: English Chain Lever; Hunting Silver and Glass Centre-Seconds Watches (counting save); Thermometer Watches, Magic Watches, Locket Watches, Repeating Watches, Chronometers, Duplex Watches, Officers' Watches, Photographic Watches, Independent Second Watches, Gold Chronometer, and various other styles. Some watches as low as $8 00. Also, Jewelry, Gold Chains, Single Watches, or dealing in them, should send a stamp for our descriptive circular. Address

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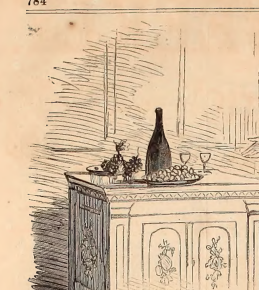

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BOSTON, October 1, 1864.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 415.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ARRIVAL OF UNION REFUGEES AT KINGSTON, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

WELCOMING BACK THE FLAG.

I PASSED two years—long, weary years—
Amid the traitor band
That trampled on our glorious Flag
Down in the Southern land.
I heard the shouts, as State by State
So nadly fell away—
Fell, as the stars from heaven shall fall
When comes the Judgment-Day—
Fell, as the wild angels fell
Who lost their thrones of light,
And now the sentence dread await
To everlasting night.

I saw the traitors' banner rise
Our own flag in the dust;
And whispered in my beating heart,
"Be patient, God in just!"
I saw the scornful rebel host
March by in all their pride;
And when I heard their boasts my heart
Almost within me died.
I saw that host come back again,
An army now no more,
But flying, scattered as the chaff
Of autumn's threshing-floor.

Then, pressing on the fleeing throng,
There soon burst on my view
A column strong of riders bold,
All clad in loyal blue.
Each foot the stirrup firmly pressed,
Each flashing blade was out,
I heard them shout: "Hurrah! hurrah!"
As victors only shout.
But nobler sight than flashing steel,
Than steeds or stalwart men,
I saw—and oh! I wept for joy—
My Country's Flag again.

Near Bunker Hill I first drew breath;
Then how could I forget
The lessons learned so near the spot
With Warren's blood once wet?
A woman—yet I waved my hand,
And "Welcome! welcome!" cried,
And felt, if need were, for that Flag
I freely could have died.
My dark-eyed darlings were by me, and
Through all life's weary track
They never will forget the day
We saw the Flag come back.

Oh! there are many in that land
Where flout the rebel "Bars"
Who mourn that old eclipse, yet know
That heaven still holds the Stars.
Between them and those shining worlds
The war-cloud rises black;
But peace will soon the cloud disperse,
And all the Stars come back.
God speed the day! for when it comes
The tears will fall like rain,
And thousands in the South will hail
The Old Flag back again.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1864.

SHERMAN'S MARCH.

THE campaign of General SHERMAN is striking and daring, but not more so than his advance from Chattanooga, of which it is a continuation. At Atlanta, with a slender line of railroad nearly two hundred miles long, exposed to the forays of the rebel cavalry, his position was uncertain. The advantages were not balanced by the risks. He had therefore either to useless for either party, and destroying as he goes, he carries a line of fire straight across the surface of the rebel section, cutting a terrible swath to the sea.

General SHERMAN does not play at war. "War is cruelty," he says, "and you can not refine it;" and he believes that the more fully we brought war upon the country will justly feel its sharpest edge. Yet he only is wise who sees in SHERMAN'S flashing sword the true olive branch. When the deluded Southern people feel that the Government is strong enough to pierce their armies where it will; that the national ranks can march and countermarch at their pleasure; that the shrewdest plans of their own Generals are outwitted and baffled; and those General perceive that they have lost their supreme military advantage of interior lines, a moral victory is won.

In many ways, as the rebels say, that the march of SHERMAN'S army is merely like the flight of an arrow which can not wound the air through which it passes. The rebel army moves close in behind him. The territory he crosses may still own the rebel sway; and he may hold only the ground upon which he actually stands. But the victory of such a campaign is not invisible. Not a rebel soldier may fall before him, but the hearts of a host faint within them. Not a field may be permanently held by him, but the rebel owner knows that the tenure of his own possession is loosened. The arrow may not wound the foe, but when you have learned that the air which you deemed impervious has been pierced by an arrow, you will hear a hurtling all the time.

SHERMAN'S campaign is one of great difficulties and dangers. The conviction of the rebels that, if they could embarrass or defeat him, their prestige would be regained, and their terrible disasters of the last year condoned, will incite them to the utmost effort of desperation to destroy him. It is the duty of all sensible Union men not to exult, not to be transported with excessive expectation, but to watch and hope and pray. All the circumstances—the absence of HOOD'S army, the blithe courage of SHERMAN'S men, his own indomitable energy and great genius—favor our noble General. We may justly believe that he will keep his Christmas by the sea. But we ought to guard against the possible consequence of undue elation. If, forgetting the chances of war, we insist that there is nothing but absolute success to be expected at every step of SHERMAN'S movement, we may find ourselves paying the penalty of our own folly in a depressing and overpowering reaction of feeling.

THE LATE PLOT.

THE plot to burn the hotels and create universal confusion utterly and even ludicrously failed. It might have been destructive of life and property as terrible as it was wanton. It was quite sufficient, however, to show the spirit of the whole rebellion. The "divinity" which starves Union prisoners to death, and suffers them to fall a prey to filth and vermin, consistently attempts to burn innocent women and children.

The enterprise is another illustration of the delights of State sovereignty which the rebellion professedly fights to maintain. We have, in the attempt of Friday night last, a fair intimation of what we are to expect when New Jersey and Vermont and Pennsylvania are independent powers between which and the independent empire of New York a quarrel chances to arise. And yet not quite so in the cases we suppose. If either of those States were a nation at war with another, war would not be conducted exactly in this "chivalric" method. It requires the imbruting of the spirit of a whole community by the custom of holding men and women as slaves before such fiendish malignity is developed.

But we can see in this plot the agreeable consequences of a possible war with "the Southern Confederacy," if that name should ever become a thing. "In the peace approach," as the rebels secure and sigh over war, will perhaps inform us how much blood and sorrow would be saved by patching up a truce with men capable of these things, instead of showing them that neither by such crimes, nor by the great wanton war which they have forced, can the Southern people ever succeed. The inevitable consequence of the plot will be a firmer purpose and a more unhesitating hand in striking at the heart of rebellion.

"SERFS."

THE Richmond *Examiner*, speaking of the significance of the late election, says, "It is the last plain that we must defend ourselves with all our force, or else sink into serfs; and we must stand together, or else sink together without a hope of redemption."

This is an illustration of the method by which the Southern mind is led astray. The Union is the cause. The South is vaguely called by the rebel leaders "our country," and submission to the equal laws of the United States is sinking into serfdom. And this is not politically true, for from the Administration—in other words, are the constitutional minority in this country serfs? If they are so regarded, how is it possible to go down to 1860 the rebel chiefs controlled this Government. Is it then so very unfair that, having by their own interpretation so long held the rest of their fellow-citizens as serfs, they should now take their turn?

But nothing is more amusingly false than such an assertion. It is the last device opium to prejudice and passion. In the year 1745 there was the last STUART rebellion against the British Government. It was suppressed by force, and the authority of the Government was restored. Were the Scots who took part in that movement or their descendants serfs? In 1794 Whisky insurrection was put down by WASHINGTON. Are the Western Pennsylvanians serfs? SHAY'S rebellion was overpowered and tranquility restored. Are the people of Western Massachusetts serfs? The attempt at forcible nullification in South Carolina was repressed. Have the South Carolinians been serfs ever since? If so, why have they regularly taken part in every election until they, with their friends, were defeated? Are not the descendants of PETER BROOKS was a serf raising his hand against his master? Have the men who lead the rebellion been until the year 1861 what GURTH was to IVANHOE, "thralls born and bred to the Saxon"?

The folly of such talk is transparent. If they were not serfs in the year 1859, when they acknowledged the government of the common country, how will they become such when they again acknowledge it? If a man resists the law, and the law is sustained, he is not a serf if he yields, when the penalty of the law is satisfied, and he returns to his equal allegiance with all other citizens, he is no more a serf than they. If JEFFERSON DAVIS was not a serf when he was Secretary of War under this Government, he can not be a serf when he is simple citizen under it; no, and he does not become a serf should he be executed for capital crime against it. Are the "Confederates" who are punished for offence against "the Confederacy" serfs? If they are not, neither are the "Confederates" who yield to the authority of the United States Government.

But they say it is not the Government of their choice. That maybe, but that is not a valid plea for resistance. The recently-elected President was not the preference of the city of New York. Is the city therefore a congregation of mere serfs because it peaceably accepts the result of an election in which it took part? There are whole sections of Georgia and North Carolina of which MR. DAVIS is not the choice for a leader. Does the *Examiner* consider them serfs because they do not accede and declare that their "country" will have nothing to do with the DAVIS tyranny at Richmond?

It is by this kind of frenzied and futile talk that the minds of the Southern people are excited. They are beyond reason now. Nothing remains but to destroy their military force, and to hold them as a child struggling with rage is held, until he falls exhausted, and his mind, gradually surmounting blind fury, begins to see the truth.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

THE first point is safety. The road itself built in the best way, of the best materials, should be carefully and constantly watched, to ascertain when renewals of rails, sleepers, and bridges are necessary. Equal vigilance against accidents of running. There is but one way in which this care can be secured, and that is by the exaction of the sternest penalties for every accident.

A railroad is a pecuniary enterprise, and if imperfect construction and careless superintendence entail losses, the loss there will be adequate completeness and care. If, for instance, the Legislature of New York were now in session, and should decree a law that for every fatal railroad accident within the State the Company should be liable not only to the payment of damages in exemplary individual suits of the passengers, but should also pay a round sum into the State Treasury, so large that two or three penalties of the kind during the year would consume the profits of the road, there would be such a scrutiny of roads, such an organization of carefulness along the lines, as has never been known in the country, and railroad stock would ascend to a delightful value as a permanent investment.

When the rigors of the law are so sure that the mere sight of a doubtful-looking rail or an ancient sleeper appalls the switchman and the laborer with the fear that if it splits or breaks or rots their individual pockets will suffer, and with the fear of losing his life, but his dividend, we may be very sure that whatever human skill and foresight can do to avoid accidents will be done.

No Company, of course, should be held responsible for what it clearly could not help. For instance, we would not have it liable for the death of a passenger in the cars from apoplexy. That might be construed as a super-refinement of justice. And an ordinary Railway Commission there should be, which should strictly investigate all the circumstances of every disaster, large or small. Such Commission should have a suit against the offending road in the name of the State, and the extreme penalty should be exacted.

It is only in some such way that the public safety upon railroads can be secured and public confidence restored. The universal conviction now is that travel is becoming daily more dangerous, and that the Life Insurance Companies will soon excuse themselves from railroad risks. A stoppage upon the road, or an unusual movement in the cars, excites the most unpleasant emotions. Certain roads are viewed with peculiar apprehension, and men breathe more freely when they are safely at the end of them. The curious old speculations are revived that, according to the statistics of railway travel, every man will be killed a certain number of miles is liable to have his arm broken; a few more and his leg is in danger; and after a certain number of miles devoted his neck may be broken at any moment to keep the inexorable statistics straight.

Thus we mention the legend of the Minotaur, and thus, in the neatest and most becoming traveling dress, we expose Andromeda to the monster. It is only the form of the horror that changes. What is the essential difference between the annual sacrifice of seven fair youths and seven lovely maids of Athens to the insatiable brute of Crete, and the annual sacrifice of seven youths and maids of Baltimore, let us say, or New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis, to the insatiable locomotive Fate? We plume ourselves at our peril upon our superior civilization. The test of civilization is respect for human life and liberty.

Railroads are for the convenience of the people, and the people are fools if they do not take care, by law, that they shall not be the victims of the railroads. When the Central Road comes to Albany this winter and asks for favors, let the people grant them only upon fair and unquestionable conditions.

THE POLICE.

A SOBER, brave, or more skillful body of men than the police of New York does not exist. This great restless city lies safe in their protecting care. Firm, courteous, prompt, irresistible, they are a model band of citizens and officers. Their services in the draft riots of 1863 are already historical. Their efficiency in the late incendiary plot is not less memorable.

No men in the country fill more arduous and responsible positions than the Commissioner of the Board of Police Commissioners and Superintendent KENNEDY, and no men fill them more fully. Indeed the public knowledge of the singular sagacity and ability, with those of their associates, inspires a consciousness of security like the presence of an army.

No legislative act was ever more entirely vindicated by the result than the appointment of the Metropolitan Police. It should have been enough to satisfy every honest man that it was both just and desirable, that it was bitterly opposed by the then Mayor of the city. Not one of the ill consequences predicted has ensued. It has never been a partisan body or worked to party ends. The city has never been so safe, the rights of every citizen so secure, the method of police business so exact, comprehensive, and efficient as since the appointment of the Metropolitan Police. Their daily service is an incalculable benefit. There is no more honorable uniform than that they wear.

TRUTH-TELLING.

IF is amusing to see how a man in a passion lets the truth escape him. The London *Times*, which has constantly striven to reconcile the rebellion as the noble effort of an oppressed people to recover and defend their liberties, and has with pitiful sneers falsified every fact in the history of the war, unguardedly tells the naked truth in a late article written under the consciousness of the extremity of the rebel cause.

It is speaking of the project of arming the slaves at the South, and the *Times* innocently remarks: "The South has no reason to doubt that the people will fight just as bravely in support of the cause of slavery, *which is the cause of the master*, as he will in the cause of liberty." And it adds with particular fine feeling for the rebels: "The man who would submit without a murmur to the imprisonment of his horses or his property very likely shrink back with a species of superstitious horror from the attempt of his own Government [at Richmond] *to deprive him of those very slaves for whom he has already thrown a long and desperate game.*"

This is as it should be. The *Times* confesses that this insurrection is an effort to save slavery; and the paper whose sacred principle is the fond "fair play"—the representative of the aristocratic governing class of England—deliberately re-echoes as a manly assertion of an undoubted right the armed effort of a body of men to overthrow a Government, which they do not pretend have ever wronged them, merely for the sake of preserving slavery. Does any really intelligent and thoughtful Englishman wonder that his country is detested by all other nations when he sees that its leading journal, holding a position which no other paper holds in any other country, is guilty of such a crime against human reason and civil society?

We do not for a moment forget the sympathy and generous service of our friends in England who, understanding the war, truly appreciate and despise the course of the *Times* and its adherents. But the fact of which we speak will help explain to them the indignation which they have seen and heard in America. England. They may be very sure that if the mine owners any where in England should revolt against the British Government for the sole purpose of more surely imbruting the unhappy miners, no American statesman in office would applaud their insurrection as the founding of a nation, as MR. GLADSTONE said of this rebellion; and if any leading newspaper here, clearly recognizing the object of the insurrection, openly supported it, it would be overwhelmed with the derision and wrath of the great body of the people.

BENEDICT ARNOLD REDIVIVUS.

THE following extract, from a late number of a valuable partisan journal, is in the style and spirit of BENEDICT ARNOLD'S sneers and the old Tory flings in the Revolution:

"Does any one suppose that a war which, with every successive month, grows nearer to the end that conducts it, when very disasters are turned to profit, and the bloodiest victories 'rolled into one,' only bring the end the more near up? No; it will be clung to just so long as it can be work at with profit by speculating managers."

The people of this country have just decided, by an immense majority and in almost every loyal State, to maintain their Government and the Union, and this extract represents the war to that end as conducted by a "cabal." It implies, moreover, that the war is both unnecessary and mercenary. The terms in which it describes a bloody struggle, forced upon the people of the United States by rebels who seized the national property, fired upon the national flag, and defied the national authority, reveal a total want

of sympathy with the national cause, and the sour and malignant spirit of a defeated partisan.

Yet the papers and orators, who speak of this great unavoidable and truly sacred war as wicked and fratricidal, were the loudest supporters of the Mexican war and of the Seminole war, and have always carried a chip upon their shoulders begging Great Britain to knock it off. Thus they are not opposed to war in itself. They do not object to bloodshed. They do not grieve over disaster as such. Not at all. When *they* can conduct it, as they did the wars of which we speak—when *they* can coin the blood into dividends, where they can find profit in disaster, then, indeed, "war exists by the act of Mexico," then our honor imperatively requires that blood must be shed—the blood of savages whom we have stung into rage, the blood of a weak and wasted people whom we can bully.

But when our own fellow-citizens, fairly and constitutionally defeated in an election, fly to arms and overwhelm the country with all the untold horrors of sudden and diversified war, then to resist them, to try to save by the sword to which they appeal the Government, and civil order itself—to use the heroic darlings of every home following their high hearts and consciences to the field—to endure the strain of taxation—to face all the chances, present and remote, of so tremendous a civil convulsion, this is a struggle in which the whooping admirers of bibliktering and Mexican and Seminole wars can see nothing but fratricidal madness, and a war worked with profit by speculating managers.

The policy which this kind of carping represents brought this war upon the country, and every day shows that the people at last fully understand, and therefore utterly despise, BENJAMIN ARNOLD in whatever form he reappears.

THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY NUISANCE.

"BETWEEN the great cities of the Union, New York and Philadelphia," says a correspondent, "a single Company monopolizes the right of way across the State of New Jersey, and while refusing the privilege to every other Company, furnishes upon a single track road accommodations which in the people of any respectable village in the West would spurn with contempt."

In case of foreign war, as he truly remarks, the transmission of large bodies of troops and munitions between New York and Philadelphia would be practically stopped. There was, indeed, a time when the peaceful capitalists of Washington was threatened. The Camden and Amboy Road was found to be utterly inadequate to the transportation of troops across New Jersey. One of the new roads carried some thirty thousand soldiers, running trains by day and night; and the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company has brought a writ to compel the Raritan and Delaware Bay Company to pay over into the Camden and Amboy treasury the receipts for this service to the hurried Government.

To the State of New Jersey, notoriously controlled by this giant monopoly, no one man looks for redress. But a bill has passed the United States House of Representatives authorizing the use of other roads in New Jersey for lawful business, at their rates, and it only awaits the action of the Senate to make it a law. It ought to be entitled "A Bill for the relief of the Nation," and should be passed by acclamation at the earliest day. The Camden and Amboy monopoly has become a national nuisance.

CAMPS OF PRISONERS.

THERE is no doubt that there was a formidable plot at Chicago for the release of the rebel prisoners, and though them loose upon the city, abandoning it to the ravage of an immense armed and organized mob under the leadership of Morgan, a number of the rebel officers. The horror of such an event it is not easy to imagine, and we can well believe that the inhabitants of the city are still restless with the consciousness of the peril they have escaped. It will always remain as a proof of the odiousness of party-spirit that the prompt action of the Government to prevent the insurrection and the innocent men, women, and children, our neighbors and friends, from murder, wrong, and pillage at the hands of a drunken and infuriated rabble, was denounced by party newspapers as a reign of terror. Such a course was simply an appeal to the passions to which disloyalty was exposed, and from which it was happily saved.

But the circumstances should be very gravely considered, and ought to change the policy of the Government in regard to the disposition of prisoners. To establish an immense camp of prisoners in the immediate neighborhood of a great city, and close to all the dangerous elements in the population of every city, is to invite danger. Such a camp threatens the city. A sudden descent upon it by a few hundred determined ruffians, or the opening of the gates by stealth and treason, and the arming and release of the desperate horde to rage and ravage at their will, is not only easy but probable, and the revelations at Chicago are the proof of it. If prisoners are to be massed, it should be in some fort or upon a carefully guarded island, and not near a large town.

But whether the Government changes its policy in this respect or not, we hope that the spectacle of party malignity, which the Chicago plot produced, will be freshly remembered for the benefit of the country. To stigmatize the summary exposure and prevention of a massacre, with unspeakable horrors, as a reign of terror, a reign of terror inaugurated by the Government, compels the inquiry what these papers would have said of the plot if it had not been thus discovered. Would they have called it "a rising of the people," or "a great popular reaction," or "the people moving?"

The document which we take the name of the people in vain, who denounce "the Government" as if it were a tyrant above them instead of being the people themselves constitutionally expressing and executing their will, are enemies of the country and of human nature quite as dangerous as armed rebels, and a thousand-fold meaner.

RICHARD HILDRETH.

WE observe with the greatest regret a statement that RICHARD HILDRETH, the historian, who was appointed Consul at Trieste by Mr. LINCOLN, is hopelessly ill with a softening of the brain.

MR. HILDRETH is one of the quiet, patient, persistent, and efficient workers, who do less for their own fame than that of others. He belongs to that great body of unrecognized redeemers and authors who supply the hard-earned material upon which the brilliant few work, and insects, who invisibly construct the reefs upon which islands rise, in whose foliage the most brilliant birds soar and sing.

His history of the United States, from the settlement of the country down to 1821, fills six volumes, and is a monument of faithful labor and extensive research. It traces with clearness the steadily-progressive development of the great controversy which has been ended in civil war, and a body of political information quite unsurpassed. It is none the less valuable that MR. HILDRETH is a Federalist of the Hamiltonian school. A recent event only proves the distinction that HAMILTON was not altogether wrong in his estimate of the tendency of our system. The work has the evidence of labor; but it is clear and concise and honest, and is indispensable to the student of American history.

Luther will be remembered for several the same qualities of accuracy and thoroughness; and his long fidelity to the principles which brought the Administration into power four years ago has entitled him to more than ordinary appointment. We had hoped that his labors might be suspended and his health established in the mild climate of Italy; but if the news be true, MR. HILDRETH is under the heaviest and exhausted scholars by whose melancholy fate all hard workers with the brain should be warned.

CHARLES WESLEY'S POETRY.

One of the most striking features of the literary history of the last two or three years is the revival of hymn literature. The initial impulse seems to have been given by KEBLE'S "Christian Year," which, in other States, and in the Church shared in the movement, both in England and America. New editions of hymns, ancient and modern, have appeared with almost every year since 1850. Almost every school of Christian thought and feeling has given into the hands of the people its peculiar collections. The Lyra Germanica was followed by the Lyra Anglicana; the Lyra Eucharistica by the Lyra Messianica; and the Lyra Domestica by one to relieve closed that series. The less pretentious collections, under simpler titles, are too numerous to mention. Even the Unitarians have issued, not two or three as good enough to be cherished in the Church as permanent possessions.

It is a little strange that the best of these collections sound to be the work, not of any school or sect, but of lay-contributors. Even the late English lawyer, *The Book of Praise*, by SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, her Majesty's Solicitor-General, for excellence and comprehensiveness of catholicity, of spirit and in literary taste. It selects the best of old hymns and new, without reference to sect or party in the Church. The hymns of WATTS and WESLEY appear more frequently in its pages than in any other—proof at once of SIR ROUNDELL PALMER'S critical skill and of his freedom from sectarian prejudice.

It may appear that one of our New York merchants has devoted his leisure for years, like the British Solicitor-General, to studies in sacred song. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY DEMILLE has issued, in before us in a volume entitled "*Sacred Poetry, selected from the Works of the Rev. CHARLES WESLEY*, edited by a Lay Member of the Protestant Episcopal Church (New York: Kelley & Brother, 1864)." Such a collection has been necessary. The works of the executive critics have agreed, we think, in placing CHARLES WESLEY at the head of the Christian lyrists. It is recorded to the credit of WATTS, his contemporary, that he said he would give all he had written for the honor of being the author of WESLEY'S magnificent hymn, entitled "Wrestling Jacob." The London *Quarterly* calls WESLEY "the most sincerely inspired of the modern Church." JAMES MONTGOMERY, a cool poet and critic, declares that he "has celebrated the everlasting themes of Christian experience with an unction, affection and a splendor of coloring rarely surpassed." SIR ROUNDELL PALMER gives to the republics of a good hymn, "simplicity, frankness, and reality of feeling; a consistent elevation of tone; and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not jingling or trivial." No writer has met these requirements more fully than WESLEY. A mere setting forth of Christian doctrine in verse does not constitute a hymn: the thought must be fitted to the needs of song; the hymn must be really lyrical, or it will not endure. Such hymns can not be made to order; they are the spontaneous product of Christian thought and feeling, working by and through the imagination. And in point of spontaneousness, poetic feeling, and harmony of numbers, CHARLES WESLEY is, of all hymn writers, *facile princeps*. Batches of the dry stuff called hymns by the thousands who never heard his name. The highest test of poetry, according to COLERIDGE, is that "we resolve to it." And the hymns of WESLEY stand this test to perfection.

The literary and Christian public will thank the editor of the beautiful volume before us for his labor of love. It contains the cream of CHARLES WESLEY'S poetry—not merely the hymns given in the ordinary books, but many others that have never before appeared. The form of the work, as to typography and binding, is equal to its matter. No more beautiful gift-book for the holidays has appeared; and in this way it will, we trust, reach hundreds of families. And all who examine the book, and can appreciate it, will rejoice that MR. THOMAS MCMILLEN'S years of leisure have been so gracefully and profitably employed.

TO THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

THE following letter suggests that the Commission shall extend their business. But we are very confident our correspondent will see that to suggest nothing less than that the Sanitary Commission shall become the great army sutler, and that it has been established for the sole purpose of making it Private ——— and all other victims could be relieved of the extortioners, but he must try again to devise a satisfactory method:

"CLUB OF DISCOUNTED NEB, NEAR THE FRONT, Friday, Nov. 25, 1864.

"DEAR SIR.—None can so truly appreciate the labors of the Sanitary Commission as do we who are their beneficiaries in camp and field. Their labors are gigantic, and at first sight it would appear unjust to seek to tax their operations additional; but if you will allow me a kindness to be compensated, I hope the proposition made will commend itself.

"Sutlers, as they now exist among us, are a sort of necessary evil. They charge us exorbitant prices for every little luxury the soldier can get, and one of their principal current would rival any yet given from rebeldom. Take the following prices current: Eggs, 75 to $1 25; cured potatoes, 15 cents per pound; cheese, 60 cents; onions, 15 cents; source sweet-oil, 30 cents; butter, 60 cents—and every other thing in proportion. Now what we want is that the Sanitary Commission shall be sold if labor so far as to furnish the few articles we want at compensating prices. Get the Christian Commission were to do this, they would find the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. This would require but an additional department, and would be under the management of a small army of clerks. These clerks should be discharged sergeants and officers, when qualified once to be had.

"Please make the suggestion, and oblige many victims.

"YOURS, PRIVATE ———."

FOR THE SOLDIER'S CHILD

THE New York State Volunteer Institute was established about eighteen months since at Soquenon Bridge, Westchester, New York, to furnish a home for and to educate the sons of dead or disabled officers and soldiers, and if funds enough can be raised, it will become a National institute of a State institution. It is a military school, but it provides for the education for any honorable pursuit.

The appeals to public charity for projects connected with the war have been so many, and the manifold duties of the citizen to the soldier have so largely increased, that the promoters now propose to relieve those who wish to aid the institute link by charging a small sum to a portrait. That they may furnish shelter, food, clothing, and a liberal education to the children under their charge they ask fifty thousand subscriptions at two dollars each, for which every subscriber will receive a fine steel engraving of each of the President, General GRANT, or any corps commander, and also a certificate representing a share in the distribution of real estate in and near the city of New York to be made on WASHINGTON'S birthday, February 22, 1865, the profits to be devoted to the benefit of the Volunteer Institute.

We are informed that the institution has the approval of General HOOKER, Governor SEYMOUR, the late General CASEY, and Mr. ERCK, Superintendent of Public Instruction. The President is Mr. H. T. HAINES, and the Treasurer Colonel H. R. RANDALL, P. O. box 4262, New York city.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN

DAVIS, Sherman has reached the sea on his way expect us to hear of important results in progress. The rebel Journals will not afford us and comfort to the enemy's people. But from various sources of information to which we may be assured that he has not met with no reverse. This much appears to be certain, that he started on November 14 in two columns on the line of the two principal railroads that run from Atlanta to the sea—Macon and Savannah—and that his advanced cavalry has taken Milledgeville, which lies between the two routes above mentioned.

These two railroads are the Georgia Railroad, which runs directly from Atlanta to Augusta, and thence to Savannah River, and the Macon and Western Railroad, which runs from Atlanta to Macon, and thence to Barnesville, and then takes an eastward course through Macon to Savannah. From Atlanta to Macon is 194 miles; from Macon to Savannah 180 miles. Sherman's orders for the march were issued November 9. The right wing, consisting of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, was to be commanded by General Howard, and the left, consisting of the Fourteenth and Twentieth, by General Slocum. Each regiment to be reduced to three and one ambulance, and each brigade a due proportion of ammunition and provision wagons and artillery. Each soldier to carry specially all the country during the march, each brigade having its foraging commander and foraging party. Fifteen days' provision aboard and three days' forage. No destruction of property to be permitted when the army is unmolested, but in districts which offer resistance a devastation to be made more or less relentless, according to the measure of hostility. Able-bodied negroes may be taken, unless there should be a scarcity of supplies. It is probable that to General Sherman's cavalry will be committed the necessary destruction of railroads, while the infantry will move steadily onward to the new base of operations.

On the 16th General Beauregard issued a manifesto to the citizens of Georgia, calling upon them to rally around Governor Brown, to obstruct the roads in Sherman's front, to cook, and rear, and presidingly to be with them. The latter promise he appears, from the late Macon papers, to have redeemed, by leaving Hood to fight Thomas in Central Tennessee.

THE SHENANDOAH.

A cavalry reconnaissance was undertaken November 21 by Brevet Brigadier-General Duffié, under General Torbert. The enemy was found strongly intrenched at Fisher's Hill, on the North Fork of the Shenandoah. Here an engagement took place, which resulted in the enemy's abandoning, was repulsed; but it was ascertained that Kershaw's Division had left the Valley for Richmond. On the same day Duffié's Division made a reconnoissance toward Front Royal.

EAST TENNESSEE.

General Breckinridge, after his defeat with Burbridge on the banks of the Holston in West Virginia, proceeded to the Virginia and East Tennessee, where about the middle of November he effected a junction with Vaughan's force, then marched against General Gillem, who had had his victory over Vaughan and a pursuit of the latter to Bristol, Gillem, base on Bull's Gap, where he was receiving reinforcements. On the 12th, leaving turned Gillem's position at Breckinridge, with Vaughan and Duke, made an attack a little after midnight, and succeeded in completely routing his left and left his left in full flight. Gillem then fell back to Strawberry Plains, where, with the brigade under Holston, the enemy's advance was checked. Burbridge has been sent to Cumberland Gap to prevent the rebel force from falling into the enemy's hands.

GENERAL THOMAS'S CAMPAIGN.

General Thomas evacuated Pulaski November 23d; and the rebel General Hardee, Hardee's corps, was close on the enemy's pursuing. Our forces fell back first to Columbia, which was reached and made by the rebels more than to Franklin, which is only twenty miles south of Nashville. Here Schofield was left to fall back on his first reinforcements.

The circumstance lately made by our gun-boats up the Tennessee developed the fact that the river was lined with rebel batteries as completely as the Yazoo. The district was under the command of the rebel General LOVELL. Hood's army was reported by deserters and scouts to be 80,000 strong, with 32 guns.

THE PLOT TO BURN NEW YORK.

On the night of November 25 a band of conspirators, under rebel auspices, attempted to execute their long-threatened plot to fire the city of New York. By the interdiction of the conspirators to set fire to all the principal hotels, and to the shipping in one line of docks, and on the other destruction of Broadway, while at the same time the Academy of Music and other places were to be set on fire, become a matter of distracting alarm. If the plot had been successful, there was reported by deserters and scouts to be 80,000 strong, with 32 guns.

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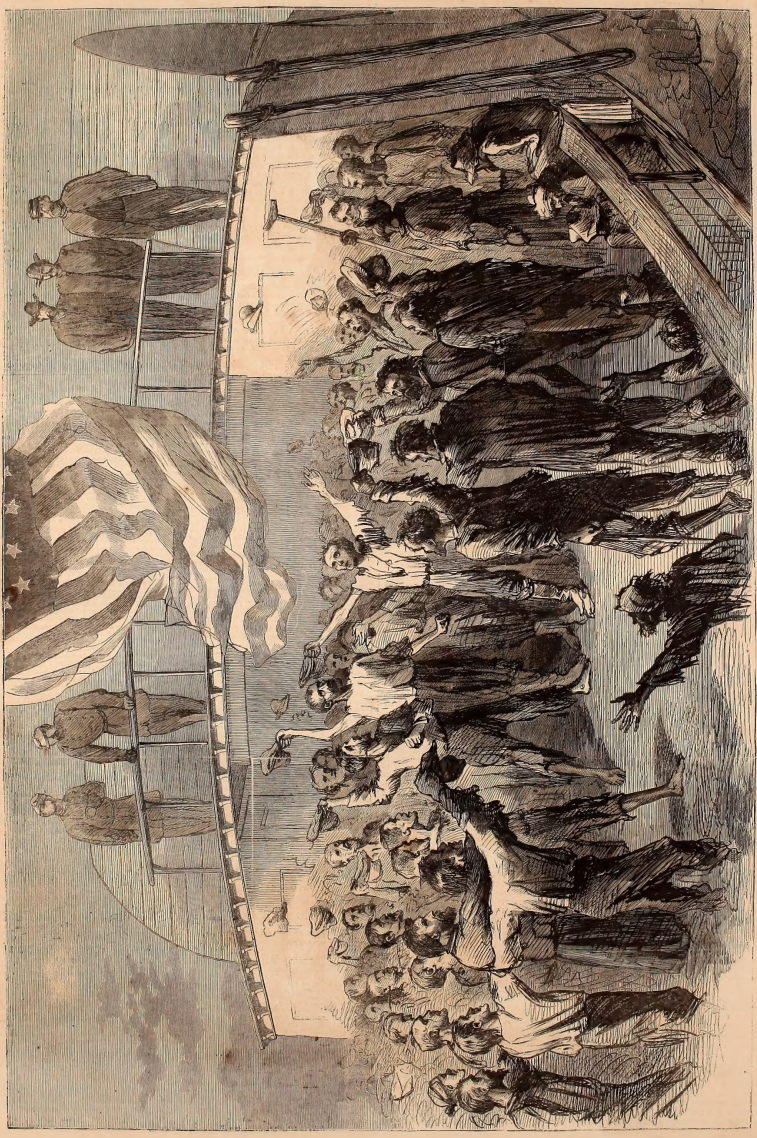


"THANK GOD!"—RECEPTION OF OUR EXCHANGED PRISONERS ON BOARD THE "ELIZA HANCOX," NOVEMBER 18, 1864.—SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WARD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SERVING OUT RATIONS TO OUR EXCHANGED PRISONERS ON BOARD THE "NEW YORK."—[SKETCHED BY WILLIAM WAUD.]

OUR EXCHANGED PRISONERS

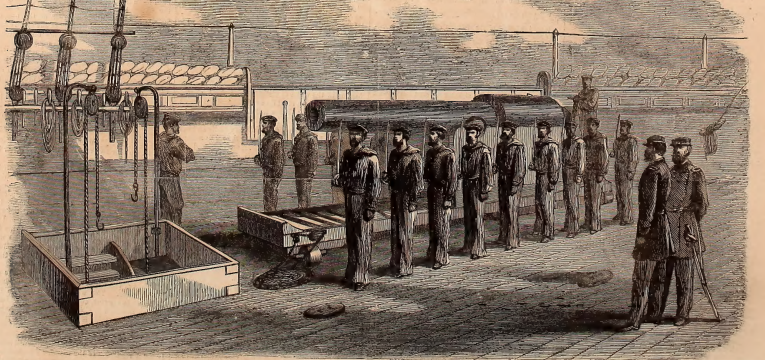
No more touching scene has occurred during the war than that which glorified the deck of the *Elm Hancox*, Colonel MULFORD'S dispatch boat, on Friday, November 18, and which we illustrate on page 786. On that day we began to receive from the rebel authorities those of our exchanged prisoners who were in the best condition for removal. Shouting and cheering, they step on deck under the protection of the old flag. To these few the prisonpens of Andersonville have become only a remembrance, except in so far as the terrible record of the life there lived is written in their gaunt faces, scurvied limbs, and exhausted strength. The link which has bound them to the horrors of the past is broken, though it has left its scars and lacerations on their limbs. No words can describe the exultation of these long-sufferers at their release. Scrofulous cripples throw away their crutches and walk erect with the inspiration of simple joy; men who by want and home-sickness have been brought to the verge of idiocy, or been smitten for months with almost hopeless melancholy, shout for the old flag and for Colonel MULFORD, and, regardless of the presence of their rebel companions, sing,

"Rally round the flag, boys,
From near and from far,
Down with the traitor,
And up with the star!"

Nor is it easy to describe the good cheer inherent in plenty of hot coffee and boiled hams for men who for months have been literally starving in a country abounding with provisions. We have on this page illustrated the scene on board the *New York* as the rations of ham and coffee were served out to the prisoners. To the luxury of palatable food is added that of the bath and of clean, new clothes.

The number of prisoners already exchanged is twelve hundred and forty-six. According to late advices the exchange was interrupted on account of the damaged railway communications on the line of SHERMAN'S march. We hope that SHERMAN will compensate for this by redeeming all our prisoners at Millen. The prison-camp at Andersonville was almost entirely vacated early in November; east of Milledgeville a few miles is "Camp Lawton," which it is not improbable that our cavalry has reached. The stockade at Millen contains several thousand of our prisoners; and there are a large number in the hospitals at Savannah. The largest prison-camp in the rebel States is at Florence, about one hundred miles from Charleston, in the northeastern part of South Carolina; here, within the space of thirty-two acres, sixteen thousand prisoners are confined.

At Andersonville there were, a few weeks ago, from twenty-five to thirty thousand prisoners. So dreadful was the pestilence engendered from the close contact of the men, from filth, and from starvation, that eleven thousand of these were thrown unconfined into the trenches around the stockade. Then, when inhumanity itself shuddered at its own extravagant malice—when even the rebel surgeons protested and uttered complaints which more than bear out the statements which we have received from returned prisoners—then the prison was broken up and the prisoners dispersed. The regulations and treatment of the prisoners at Florence are similar to what they were at Andersonville, and the mortality nearly as great. It must be remembered that every feature of this barbarous and inhuman treatment was unnecessary. Our prisoners could have easily been supplied with food, for the Southern people are not suffering for the want of subsistence; the only difficulty has been that of transportation, and this had no application to the region in which our prisoners have been confined. Nor was there need of suffering from nakedness or insufficient warmth; the former we ourselves would have promptly relieved if the opportunity had been given, and the latter could easily have been relieved by the plentiful supply of pine wood in forests immediately surrounding the prison-camps.



SUNDAY MORNING INSPECTION ON BOARD THE GUN-BOAT "METACOMET."—SKETCHED BY GEORGE WATTERS.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

ALLATOONA.

DISMOUNTED from his horse,
On the summit of the hill,
Stood our gallant General CORSE,
And he stood erect and still.

He could see them far below,
From the summit where he stood,
He could see them come and go,
All the rebels under HOOD.

Under all the far-off trees
He could see them form their lines,
They were gathering like bees
Beneath the oaks and pines.

And the hero watched them now
As a man may look on death,
With a clouding of the brow
And a quickening of the breath.

For the traitors were a host
That hourly swelled and grew,
And around him at his post
The loyal men were few.

Then heavenward looked he,
And a prayer was in his eyes,
But the banner of the free
Waved between him and the skies.

And the blue of heaven was blent
With the stars, as if, just then,
Twas an answer God had sent
To the leader and his men.

Up the hill the flag of truce
With its folds of dingy white,
Came as if it could assuage
Our Great Captain the fight.

And the message that it brought
From the rebel in the wood
Was as if a coward wrought
As a scribe for General HOOD.

"Now yield to our strength,
Ere we come with might and main,
For yield ye must at length,
And the bloodshed will be vain."

On the flag gazed General CORSE,
As in thought, but not in doubt;
Then he leaned upon his horse,
And he wrote this answer out:

"Ye may come when'er ye will,
Ye may come with might and main,
I will answer for it still
That the bloodshed is not vain."

Back, underneath the trees,
Went the flag of truce, and then,
Like clouds of climbing bees,
All the valley swarmed with men.

No pen can paint the strife,
Nor the long and desperate fight
When we gave life after life
For our flag and for the right.

We saw the false ranks reel,
And all the bloody morn
They sank beneath our steel
Like newly-mowed corn.

Bleeding and faint our chief,
But watching still, he stood,
With a smile of grim relief,
The retreating ranks of Hood.

And he murmured, "I mourn the dead,
And bless the powder like rain,
But 'twas true as truth that I said,
It should not be shed in vain.

UNION REFUGEES.

WE give on our first page an illustration representing UNION REFUGEES AT KINGSTON, GEORGIA, on their way North. The number of these arrivals is daily increasing. Since SHERMAN with the main body of his army entered southern and southwestern Northern Georgia, this region has become one not very safe and pleasant to those who have by the presence of our army been emboldened to declare their preference for the old Union. The Richmond journals tell us that the population of these localities with peculiar satisfaction, on the ground that it diminishes that opposition in Georgia which has always been an element of danger to the Confederacy.

INSPECTION ON BOARD THE "METACOMET."

WE have frequently given illustrations of the inspection of our land-forces. We give our readers this week on page 789 a representation of the crew and guns of the gun-boat *Metacomet* at their Sunday morning inspection. The *Metacomet* belongs to Admiral FARRAGUT'S Gulf Squadron, and mounts ten guns, some of which appear in the sketch. This is one of our lately-built gun-boats, having been in commission during the last year only. She took a prominent part in the capture of the forts in the fight with the *Tennessee* in Mobile Bay last August.

FRONT AND REAR.

THE interesting sketch which we give our readers this week on page 786 represents a curious but saddening feature of the battle-field. Look at the picture of the battle at the front, where our poor soldiers, battling for the country—their and ours—are risking precious lives, are suffering from severe, if not mortal, wounds, and their blood stains the contested field. Turn them from this picture and look to what is going on in the rear. Here, under shelter of heavy wagons, are teamsters and rutlers, and other non-combatants, playing cards, or engaged in other amusements, as regardless of what is going on a few rods distant at the front—what games contested or what problems solved—as if they were congregated together at a fair. Between the mimic strife in the rear and the exciting game at the front how short a space, but a contrast of what opposites!

THE STONE RIVER MONUMENT.

THE Stone River battle-ground is in the vicinity of Murfreesborough, Tennessee. Indeed the battle there fought is frequently called the battle of Murfreesborough. The battle was fought on the last day of 1862 and the second day of 1863, and was one of the most severely contested on record. Our force, under General ROSECRANS, numbered little more than 40,000, while General BRAGG commanded an army of over 60,000. Our loss in killed amounted to 1500, in wounded to 7245; the total loss being twenty per cent. of the army engaged. The fighting really lasted three seven days, and resulted in our occupation of Murfreesborough. No more gallant fighting was ever done than by our army at Stone River, and it is fitting that over the resting-place of so many brave heroes should be erected this memorial of soldierly fellowship and of popular gratitude.

CAPTURE OF THE "HOPE"

WE illustrate on page 797 the capture of the blockade-runner *Hope* by the United States steamer *Quaker city* on the morning of October 22. The vessel was chased out from the bar of Cape Fear River and captured after a run of five hours. She was one of the fleet of the fine old blockade-runners; she was built in Liverpool in 1864 at a cost of £50,000. Her crew numbered sixty-eight men. She was built of steel, and her engines are from the Victoria Iron Works. She is 400 feet long, 40 feet beam, and 11 feet 300 English measurement. Every thing about the ship at the time of its capture was in an excellent condition. Her cargo also was valuable. The *Zalka* is a small boat intended for a sea-going vessel, presenting a great contrast to her prize, which is a powerful ocean steamer. She has since captured the *Lizzie Stirling*, bound from Wilmington to Nassau, with 900 bales of cotton.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE END OF TABLE-TURNING.—An inmate of a lunatic asylum, driven mad by Spiritualism, wishes to try to turn the multiplication-table.

A CANINE EPITAPH.

To kindred earth all dogs must pass—
This one's already there;
At people say, he's "gone to grass,"
I hope, poor dog, 'tis clover.

The son of a fond father, when going to war, promised to bring home the head of one of the enemy. His father replied, "I don't want the head, my boy, come home without a head, provided you come safe."

WHY is October the right month for a pugilistic encounter?—Because it is the season for a fight.

"MORTO FOR CROQUET—"She Stoops to Conquer."

AN Irishman was challenged at the polls in Windsor, Vermont, to take intoxicating liquor as a test oath. After much hesitation he handed over a paper that proved to be a bill against himself for two barrels of whisky.

A FISHY CONUNDRUM.

Q. Who swallowed Jonah?
A. The whale.
Q. Then why is a milkman like a whale?
A. Because he gets his principal trade out of the water.

WHAT are the two most sinful letters in the alphabet?—N Y.

WHAT are the two most intemperate letters of the alphabet?—X B.

WHAT two letters of the alphabet shall become a necessary adjective?—S N shall.

WHAT two letters of the alphabet are an ornithological adjective?—D R.

WHAT two letters of the alphabet are most like a peacock?—P N.

WHAT two letters of the alphabet have least in them?—M T.

WHAT two letters of the alphabet are best to drink?—B E or A L.

WHAT two letters of the alphabet are most like the curtain of a drone?—B P.

WHAT two letters of the alphabet resemble an affectionate remembrance?—A I.

WHAT two letters of the alphabet are not cheap?—D R.

WHAT two letters of the alphabet don't you want your child to be like?—A K.

"I say, old fellow, what are your politics?" said one friend, quizzing another. "Conservative; my father was Conservative," he replied. "And I was born religious" continued the other. "Protestant; and my father was Protestant," was the answer. "And why are you a bachelor?" said the other. "Because my father was a—sir, confound it! Bachelors will be bachelors, I suppose."

CAUTION TO IMPOLITE BACHELORS.

A lady of our acquaintance, whose temper is not generally considered to be of the best, was lately visited by a gentleman. The incautious young man failed to admire a new bonnet she had on. Mad as a March hare. She told herself out for his capture, successfully—we regret to say —and now that poor man has only been heard to admire her bonnets, but, worse than all, to pay for them!

TOO LITERAL.

CHITTENDEN (*who has been long waiting*). "I say, waiter, how long will the steak be?"
WAITER. "About four inches and a 'arf, Sir!"

A QUESTION FOR OUR HOUSEKEEPERS' BOOK.—Why is a lady preserving fruit like one of the West Indian Islands?—Because she becomes a Jam-aker.

A chiropodist in Paris commences his puff with these words: "All the world has corns; the forest, bobtail, but! Rosso doubles had corns; Judas had, probably, and you, ladies and gentlemen, need not blush to expose your feet to the operator."

WHY is Shylock a most difficult character to perform?—Because it is almost an impossibility to do a Jew.

BEEF TEA.—A venerable Scotch divine, who in his day and generation was remarkable for his primitive and simplistic mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighboring parish. On her proposing to make some beef tea, he inquired what it was, and being informed he promised to drink it at his next dinner-hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterward, when the lady was surprised to see the beef tea almost undiminished, and to hear it pronounced by the worthy clergyman a most excellent thing to had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having tasted a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. "Ay, sir," quoth the divine, "the tea may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did!"

A RIDDLE OF A CONUNDRUM.—From what city of Europe would you be most likely to get a bottle of soap?—Turin (Turcen).

A DEATH MAN.—One who isn't afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new ones.

EXTRAORDINARY FACT.—A modern physiologist notes the extraordinary fact that, at the dinner-table, every time a man takes off his shirt collar his mouth opens.

A gentleman being provoked upon his taste a lady's home-made wine, was asked for an opinion of it. "Why, madam," said he, "it is a candid one," said her guest, "since eating and drinking are concerned. It is diminutive indeed."

ADVICE TO RAILROAD AGENTS.—Hire out those beyond your station.

Deserters from the battle-field may appropriately be called the flock of sheep.

HOW TO TAKE HIM.—"You don't know how to take me," said a vulgar fellow, to a gentleman he had insulted. "Yes I do," replied he, taking him by the nose.

THE FRIEND OF A COAT.—A rich manufacturer at Solon, whose last remarkable bankruptcy, went to a celebrated tailor at Paris to order a coat. He asked the price. "A thousand francs," said the tailor. He thought the tailor had "If I shall furnish my own cloth," he said. "Just as you like," was the reply of the tailor. The coat having been made, the manufacturer naked what he had to pay for the making. "A thousand francs," was again the reply of the tailor. "But I furnished the cloth." "Sir," said the tailor, "I never reckon the cloth; I always give it into the bargain."

"I'VE ESCAPE."—When it breaks out.

WHY is gas like poetry?—Because it is always found in metre.

Upon a traveler telling General Doyle, an Irishman, that he had been where the bags were so large and powerful that a few of them would form a man's height on the level, the General quietly replied, "My good Sir, we have the same animals in Ireland, but they are called Jackasses."

"CHILDREN," said a considerate mother to her assembled progeny, "you may have every thing you want, but you mustn't want any thing you can't have."

"SO you are going to teach school?" said a lady to her modest young friend. "Yes, madam, sooner than do that I would marry a widower with nine children." "I would prefer that myself," was the quiet reply; "but where is the widower?"

The anger which flushes the face is not so deadly as that which makes it pale. The red heat is less intense than the white.

CONSOLATION TO CRIPPLES.—Why is a man with a cork leg never likely to be forgotten by his friends?—Because he is re-membered.

WANTED.—The receipt which is given when a gentleman says "pays his respects."

A country clergyman was a good deal astonished one day by the jollity of the mourners at a funeral "a breakfast," said an old gossip, and in explanation, "Bless you, Sir, they're only dissembling their grief."

THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE.

"AH! it's a nice thing to be the belle of the village; to sit behind the little street with a quiet, independent air, and feignedly unconscious that all the marriageable girls are looking out with envy; and then at the door, every tripping along toward the sea-shore, pretending not to see Fred Wilson, the young farmer, as he half reins in his stout colt to bow to the passers, and is waylaid by the retiring waves for an hour on the hard, firm sand, with a little coquettish nose poked up and upon the top of those wanton tresses, floating down and half-covering a charming little figure, every golden hair being a very chain to entangle poor hearts at every turn.

Not a but sollitary but the an old bachelor of five-and-forty, down by the sea-side for the benefit of his health and to get rid of his money, wondered. I had just turned out of my lodgings, and was following in the wake of the fair craft, Amy Ellis—when at Rome we must do as the Romans do; and being in a fishing village full of amphibious farmers, I of course, as a discontent upon me to follow sea-faring, which of course I did very badly and out of place. I was soon down upon the sands among the shingle, dog-fish, sea-eggs, star-fish, and jelly-fish, and the stranded shells of many a shipwrecked cockle.

I was very much surprised upon reaching the shore to find that Fred Wilson had made a circuit, and crossing the sand-banks, had reached the spot where Amy was walking, and, followed by her side, leading his horse by the rein. The sight put me in mind of a picture of years ago, when I used to go down to gambles, and wild-flower gathering, and I felt rather lonely as I thought of years slipped by, never to return, and of the old days, and looking for one child to sea at the pallid rising moon, I had gone into a deep fit of musing, living the past over again, and thinking of the future, when my right hand, as I thought was broken by the heavy thud, thud of Fred Wilson's horse as he scattered up to me. In a minute he pulled up at my side, and I was about to ask after Amy when I saw the last flutter of her ribbons, and the last wave of her hair as she stepped lightly through the gap in the sand-bank. Something was evidently wrong, for Fred was looking most fearfully blue. He was a favorite of mine, for I used to set him down as the *beau-ideal* of a bluff young Saxon farmer, and by way of cheering him up, I pressed him to sup with me, perhaps rather selfishly, for it would help to cheer me up, too.

I could see plainly enough what was the matter, and I had to use a great deal of persuasion before I could gain his consent; but I carried my point, and an hour afterward we were chatting over the fire, smoking some capital Havanas which I had brought down with me, and drinking some brandy-and-water, the essence of which had never paid duty, and under whose influence Fred had become communicative. He was in love, and Amy was a jilt—a flirt; he was half mad, he said, and nothing could give him any satisfaction but breaking the heads of Harry Henderson and a few others. But he would not do that; he would leave the place for good, that he would.

And so days and weeks rolled by, and my stay had almost reached its fullest limits.

I had only another day to spend at Delathorpe, and felt rather reluctant to part from the quiet village and the hospitable friends I had met with. I felt, too, that I should regret much the salt-sea breeze which had given me back my health—rich peat peat that the sea can produce. My last day was a *fête day*—at Delathorpe Dancing," a day annually looked forward to as the reunion of friends and relations. The parties in some of the farm-houses rendered rather strongly, and it fell to my lot to be under the same roof as Amy Ellis and Fred Wilson. Cross purposes were rife; flirting was in the ascendant, and a dark cloud hovered over Fred's brow, growing blacker as the evening wore on.

At last, tired of the heated room, I made my escape to enjoy an evening walk upon the water, and had hardly reached the intervening bank when I started at a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, the thick sand having muffled the footsteps of my follower. I found on turning that it was my young friend Wilson, and I could just see by the dusky twilight that he were my thing but a pleasant aspect. I knew his complaint so well that I would not revert to it, but walked out with him over, and, lighting up, we climbed the sea-bank and sat down in silence. It was a warm, close, heavy autumn night, thick with mist and vapor, and the darkness was fast closing round. The sullen wash of the water upon the shingle, the constant heavy roll of the waves upon the shingle aided to the drowsiness of the evening, while a sighing breeze, which kept coming in fitful gusts and dying away again, served to my shore-going weather-wisdom to portend a storm. As the waves broke upon the shore their sound seemed, as it were, to fill up the superabscent light were the appearance of the tail of some huge rocket rushing along the sands. Fred's thoughts were evidently with the pretty one left, and he smoked on in silence, while I watched this peculiar phenomenon with interest. At last I broke the silence and said, "It not this very much like a storm coming on, Fred?" But before he could reply a rough voice at my elbow exclaimed, "Storm it is, and as sure as guns; glass has been going down ever since one o'clock, and what with this fancy tide and the low land's coming on, we reckon we shall have the bank pretty well shaved before morning."

Our informant was one of the revenue men, who, with his glass under his arm, had come up unobserved and given us the unasked benefit of his opinion on the weather. He touched his hat and walked on, and we could just see that he was buying himself with striking up the top spar of the coast-guard, which stood on the highest part of the sand-bank.

"Tell you what," said Fred, "there's a row coming on, or else old Snodger would never be letting down the flag-staff, for he doesn't do that for a capital of wind. It's odd, too, you were saying you would like to see one of our storms, and now it is coming the very night before you leave; for come it will, that's certain. If old Snodger sees a storm a brewing'd you may depend upon seeing the yeast cone flying over the nine-hills. By Jove! what a bluff! he continued, as a sudden gust nearly took his cap off.

"Well, I really should like to see one of the storms you describe," I said; "and, in my present mind, and bodies washing ashore for days after, but a storm without injury to life or property; for indeed there is something majestic in the warring of the elements—the rushing winds, the sounding floods, the rolling whole-bit one the tempest, the artillery, and the vivid flashing of the arrowy lightning. There is something to my mind intensely grand in the war of the elements, Fred."

"Yes, very," said my companion, dryly; "very poetical, no doubt; but, as in this case, intensely disagreeable. If you will take my advice, you'll come with me from among these pattering drops, and try to find a little more pretty indoors."

"Not for worlds," I exclaimed; "that's the most sensible speech I've heard you make lately. I believe you are growing into the true character, and are going to give a manly tone to the bent of your feelings."

This was a signal for further conversation without doors, for the rain was beginning to stream down, and the wind bowling in fitful gusts over the "watry plain." We descended home, and with cigars, coffee, chocolate and cigar, retired to my bedroom. Upon closing the casement, I could tell that the wind had much increased; but the darkness and rain proved themselves insuperable obstacles to my leaving the house by any stormy-going path, which the wind was not sufficiently high to create the "mountains high" waves that would satisfy the desire of my friend Fred Wilson on the sea-coast.

Sleep fell softly on my eyelids—one of the great blessings of the sea and sea-air—and I remember no more.

The wind rushing by the house lulled me to my rest, and I was soon in the land of dreams, or rather in that deep, sound repose where waking banishes the sleeping workings of the brain.

I must have slept for some time when a sudden noise, that seemed to my waking senses like thunder, roused me with a start, and I listened anxiously for a repetition of the sound. I looked toward my window, but every thing seemed of pitchy blackness, and for a time the startled pulsation of my heart, with its heavy throb, throb, was all that

could hear, beyond the furious wind which was now raging fearfully, making the house rock to its very foundations. Ever and anon there would be a lull, as when I first awoke, and then again the cascades would rattle and the blast shriek by. Suddenly a flash illumined my room for an instant, there was a pause of a second or two, and then the loud boom, as of a gun, reverberated round the house. At first I took it for thunder, but my collecting thoughts told me it was a distress signal. I turned out of bed and hastily dress-d, and on going to the window I could see that there was a fire on the shore. Directly after a vivid blue light shone out seaward, and by its glare I could discern some thick black mass in the distance. It was now plain enough to me that a vessel was on the coast, for they bore but na ill reputa, and I had heard more than one tale of their fatality.

On descending the stairs I found my landlady up, and comforting herself with a cup of coffee, and from her I learned that the wife of the pilot was on the shore, for a large vessel had come on the sands. Resisting the old lady's persuasions to have a cup with her, I was soon to the beach, and on passing the opening in the bank was for a time dazzled by a large fire upon the sands, which was blazing up and roaring beneath the violence of the wind, and lighting up the assembled crowd. Where the vessel lay all was intensely black, for the light of the fire was not pierce to her, but the foaming waves, as they rolled over and tumbled with fearful violence upon the beach, seemed to reflect the fiery beams in vivid flashes.

People were running to and fro, excitedly giving orders which no one executed; the men-of-war's men tried again and again, but the men could not get any communication with their rope to the vessel, and if they could have done so the distance would have been very doubtful, as the sea had risen to a fearful height. Another flash, and the mainmast of the vessel sent a thrill through the breasts of those who burned to render aid, but were helpless; and a dull struck by my heart as I thought of the dire straits of my fellow-creatures. An excited crowd on my left then took my attention, and I reached the spot to find the life-boat being dragged rapidly down in its track, but could not be manned. Most men shrank from encountering such a sea, and those who would have dared it were dragged back by wives or mothers, half frantic with fear. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene: the roar of the sea and waves was deafening; here and there they threw up cash, spar, or plank, only as it were, to pounce upon it as it was sucked back with fearful force, and as they came racing in, chasing one another till they arched over and broke in cataracts upon the sands, drenching us with the spray. For the same tearing by with redoubled fury, and as straw, fagots, and driftwood were piled upon the fire, the sparks and flames rushed in a stream landward, and blazed up afresh upon the wild scene. On nearing the boat I was well earnestly talking to the men, and in reply to my inquiring look an old man shouted in my ear that half the crew were not fit to go from "the drink" and they would volunteer.

All at once a light form with streaming hair rushed up to Wilson and clung wildly to his arm, and, as I stood by his side, Amy exclaimed, "But you will not go, Fred? Oh, tell me you will not be so mad." Then she paused as she perceived me standing by, "do not let him go!" Then turning again to Fred, she continued, almost shrieking, for the wind every bar words, "Oh, Fred, stay, stay; for my sake, stay!"

But fatterness was in the heart of Fred Wilson, and with a cold gesture he loosened her hands from his arm, and turning to me, made a sign that I should remove her. I half led, half carried her away, and, turning my head, saw Fred Wilson climb into the boat, shouting, "Now, my lads, who dares?"

Amy was sobbing and wringing her hands, and begged pathetically that I would go back and stop him, relating to me how fearful he was.

Two or three of the neighbors relieved me of my half-fainting burden, and I turned back toward the life-boat.

To be awakened at any time from a sound sleep to some scene of excitement always produces an indescribable feeling of there being a want of reality in what passes, but never did I feel this more strongly than on that fearful night. The flickering light of the waves and the howling of the mighty wind had a bewildering effect with which it was hard to combat, and it is as if in some such dream I looked from which I was anxious to awake and be freed. The boat was only three parts manned, for the men, brave though they were, dared not face the billows. Old weather-beaten fishermen shook their heads at it and looked on to another that "that there chap," for they'll never launch her," and I, knowing the peril of those on board, gnawed my lips at my own impotence and want of energy.

All this had occurred in a very few minutes, and even in that short space the gale seemed to have increased in fury. At times it was impossible to keep to stand against it, and with clothes drenched with spray, it seemed to numb and paralyze mind as well as body. I gazed like light from the lighthouse, and where she lay, and we heard, or fancied we heard, the shouts of those on board, for they were only five or six hundred yards distant. Every one present was in a state of the greatest excitement, and though fresh arrivals were constantly appearing, all shrank from a combat with the fearful sea-now running.

I appealed to a stout fellow by me and pointed to the boat, but he shook his head as a knot collected round, and his stated as the unanimous opinion of the group as he said, "It's no use, matter. It 'ud be us' ye gettin' shut of o' this life. She must go to pieces directly: an' as to Master Fred there, he couldn't find a gainer way to the church-yard than tryin to launch that boat."

I found I had only to look at a man after this for him to turn away and, sick at heart, I felt that the venture must be desperate when these men, born in the place, and upon this spot, dared not make the attempt.

On looking round I found old Wilson by my side, a fine old gray-haired farmer, with a coil of rope on his shoulder. On seeing me he spoke, and I could see the old man was all of a tremble as in a broken voice he said, "There's my boy trying to get out the boat, and I can't go and stop him. I can't stand here and know some of God's creatures are being choked with the sea-water and howl my lad back from going; but Lord knows, Sir, I shall be ready to throw on my knees if they can't launch her."

If I were asked, and gave a frank reply, I should say that I was decidedly not constitutionally a coward. As a boy at school I dreaded fighting, and it was only after repeated blows and ill-usage of various kinds that the pugilistic instinct was roused within me, in my breast which proved a terror to my enemies, and drove away Jack Brown, our bully who would fight, crying, with the bridge of his nose seriously damaged. And on this memorable night, surrounded by the excited crowd, and with Fred Wilson appealing, or rather invoking, me to help him within my breast, and a nervous trembling about my knees, all the symptoms of cowardice. Love of self, thoughts of home and friends whom I might see no more, the danger of the enterprise, the boiling surf, and the mighty billows rushing from other madly shoreward, all tended to increase the feeling; and then came a reaction; another gun made the ground tingle through my frame, and I felt that the old Adam rocket I fancied I could see forms clinging to the rigging of the dark, indistinct mass out on the sands.

I looked at Fred as he stood at the boat's head, with the blazing fire lighting up his noble manly form, and his features and the surrounding crowd before him, and then, with a muttered "God help me!" I was at his side, followed by a score of others. The cheers broke forth again, for my example was followed, and two stout young fellows climbed in before. The men were ordered to their places by Fred, and then in a whirl of excitement I was in my place, with a strong ash blade in my hand, ready with my companions to push off the boat when the cruel sea.

Rushing waters—choking spray—blinding surf—and the noise as of a thousand cataracts in one's ears, and we were launched amidst the boiling confusion of mad billows. Then came a struggle, and we were beaten back and the boat almost stove in by being dashed upon the beach. It was quickly run on the ridge of the bank, and as I sprang out a semi-shelter of a row of piles, we were again launched, and this time with better success, backing water to the direction of the vessel, which was now a dark hulking like a cork upon the mighty waves which seemed almost to curl over her in their rage. As we neared them the storm grew severely feeling, and I felt in a perfect frenzy, straining at my oar with nerves in a state of tension for the battle with the waters.

At last, after a tremendous struggle with winds and waves, we were under the lee of the ill-fated vessel, and then it was some time before we could communicate with her by a rope. Go close up we could not; for the waves were dashing her against her decks, and the passengers and crew, about thirty in number, had been driven aft and huddled on the sloped over toward us as the vessel lay upon her beam-ends. At length we got ten in our boat—one more fellow, and we should be safe. Fred held the end of the rope, and with pale, agonized face disappearing in the hissing waters. Another struggle with the breakers, and the freight was landed, the boat was hurriedly partaken of, and soon we were again under the vessel's lee, returning this time with every available person on board, all down from rope of communication. We landed them, and then, half exhausted, we rested on our oars, regardless of the crew, who were clinging fast to the mainmast.

The moon was just sullenly breaking, and seas were fearfully high, as we drew away from the vessel, which lifted with each wave, and then came down with a fearful crash. It was evident she must soon go to pieces, and a momentary desire to make one exertion in order to finish our task.

As we reached then the mast went by the board, and the drowning wretches were plunged into the boiling surf. We were backing water toward the vessel, and consequently could not see what was occurring, in obedience to our cockswain's warning cry we pulled forward to avoid the tangled mass of rigging close by us. We were successful, and as I rose and we reached them and took them off, one of them holding with a deadly grip a submerged body, which we took in as a corpse. Then the boat appeared, and we were about rowing shoreward when a hand rose from the waters and clutched my oar. It was never my fortune to witness in history a struggle and dagging energies, blinded and almost drowning, to save a fellow-creature's life.

I remember little more, except seeing, after a quarter of an hour's hard rowing, the heads of the little group of people standing on the beach, the cheers we heard, and then there was a crash and a heavy shock: the boat was capsized, and we were all struggling in the water. The cockswain shouted within me; I knew it was a struggle for life or death, and I escaped to swim; but I don't recollect striking any particular blow in the struggle. The struggle lasted I can not tell, but it was ended by my being dashed by the waves on the beach, and I recollected no more until I found myself lying on the sand, surrounded by a throng of anxious faces, and on my left side Fred Wilson, his face pale across, lay Fred Wilson, our gallant cockswain.

Sobbing, weeping, and ringing both her hands, holding his head in her lap, was Amy, and even in the half-confused state in which I felt I could not help something like a grim smile coming across my face at the sight before me, so perfect an exemplification was it of a woman's nature. Rough but willing hands were pressing "aqua" fit enough upon me, the effect of which was to make me try to rise, but only to sink back helpless; for I found I had a dislocated knee, and in company with the seemingly lifeless body of poor Fred, I was placed in a donkey-cart and taken to the Wilsons'.

The rest of our party, as I afterward learned, were safe, but any thing but sound; for bruised—in one instance maimed—and half drowned, they had been dragged ashore by those awaiting their return.

I staid at Wilson's house waiting for convalescence, and sharing with Fred in the ministrations of Little Amy. Poor Fred was nearly at death's door on one occasion, for the shock of his blow, the excitement, and the terrible cut he received, left him with a wild fever, from which he recovered but slowly.

But Amy—quiet, subdued, little tearful-eyed Amy—seems every day, and Fred seemed in no hurry to get well, as I doubled about with a crutch and a stick, and one afternoon, when just walking from my garden door, I heard well-known voices in the adjoining apartment. In my half-waking state I can not be sure of their import, but they sounded like "Fred, my darling," and again, darling?"

"Never, dear Fred, oh, never!"

And then followed something like a sob or a sigh, and a sound that put me in mind of lying with a child in a little white covered cot, with a fair, sweet face nestling on my arm, and a pair of soft lips parting from mine to whisper, "God bless you!"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A WRITER for one of the rebel journals gives the following account of gossip in regard to the handwriting of General Lee and General Longstreet:

"Some days since I was in the room of General Lee and General Grant in now before me, and I have been much struck with the handwriting of the former. The character of the style has brought forward on either side. General Lee's hand-writing is bold and rather stiff, the letters long and well-rounded, and very distinct. He leans heavily upon the pen, and his words are all written in a clear, bold hand. The words, as if writing were a labor to him. The following is a fac-simile of the letter in which he resigned his place as General Grant:

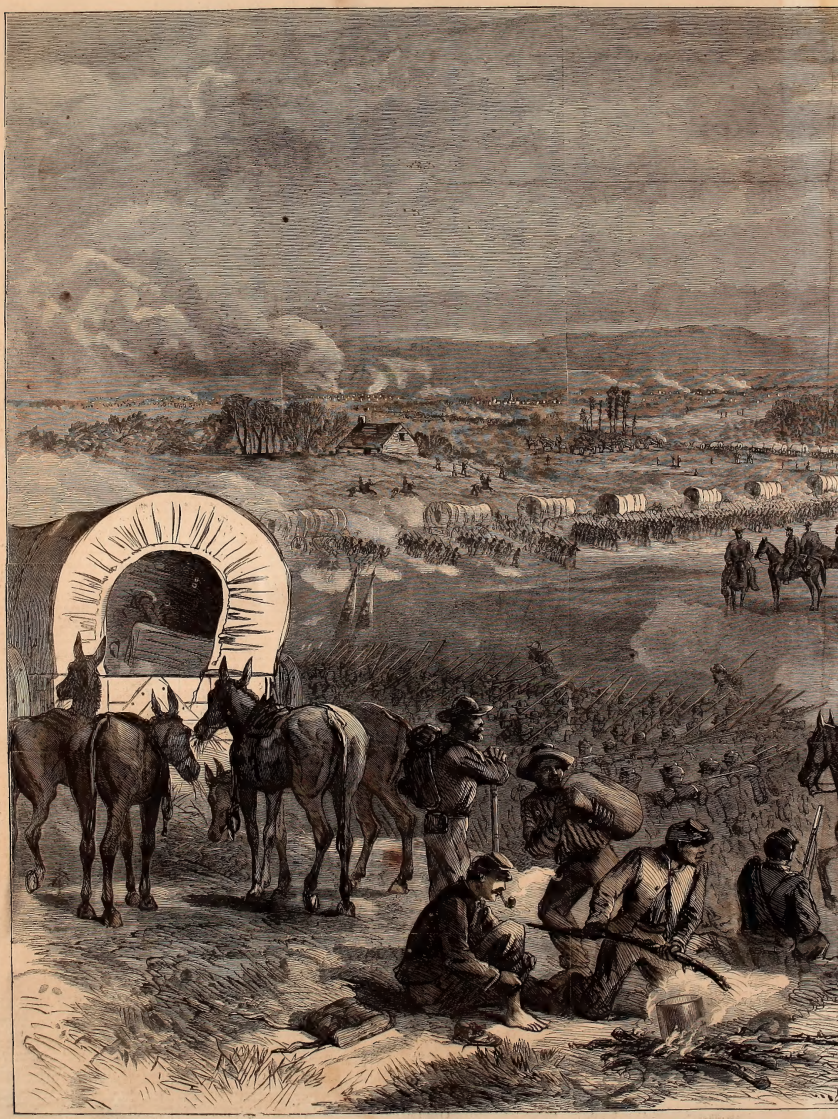
"'Richmond, Va., April 20, 1861.

"'Sir: I have held your letter of the 15th inst. accepting a copies of letters from Judge Gold Camp' of Fi-Fifteen Regiments of Infantry, Two Cavalry and Ho-Hoh's E. M. States Sec'y of War and Lt. Col. Mulford of the County of Ca-Cavalry, Virginia.

"General Grant's handwriting, on the contrary, though not so bold and different, the letters as long and well-rounded and even, is nevertheless very legible and very striking. It is full of energy and action, and he crosses all his t's to the right, and follow one after another with a little space between them, which has impressed me as a peculiarity of his brigades on a rapid march around Lee's right. Longstreet's handwriting is very fine and small, and a running hand. The words occupy much space from left to right, and are very small and legible. His t's are crossed with attention to punctuation, abbreviations less, and is equally legible. He never leans upon the pen in his rapid composition, yet in reading his letter I can not but picture the fact that he is a thoughtful, reserved man, full of fire and action, always in motion, and always in a hurry.

"Stonewall Jackson's hand-writing is such as what would be denominated as experienced and characteristic. Neither bold nor rather stiff, but neither of these. As we selected to take charge of a country school, if their selection should be agreeable to the wishes of the Gov. We have two more witnesses, in two no who occupy more of the world's attention than any other two men. I mean to say that 'great men write poor hands.'"

Mr. Bowman, Superintendent of the Boarding Institute of Indianapolis, has had a little boy only eight years old, the son of a deaf and dumb mother, living at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, with him for a few months. He was a very bright child, and was taught by the signs and finger alphabet. He was soon able to converse with the deaf and dumb children in the institution, and to read from the lips of



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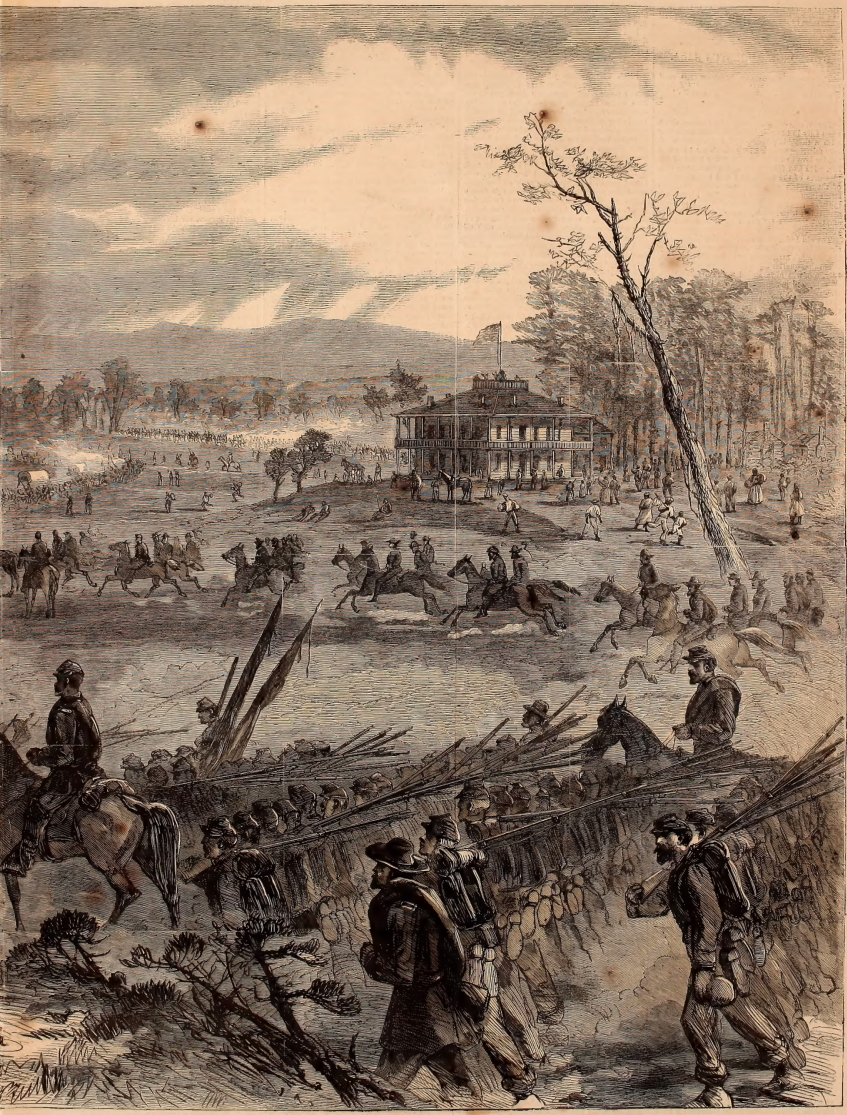

ROUGH CENTRAL GEORGIA.—[See Page 786.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LX.

SIR WILLIAM LOSO had called many times upon Lily at her new home, hovering about her with a throbbing heart, and a declaration of love faltering upon his tongue. That pure and tender love had rolled back twenty years of his life. He had fasted his full upon all the vain pleasures of the world, and had become sated of them; but now, with the image of Lily's sweet innocent face ever before him, his zest for life was renewed; he felt that there was yet something better worth living for than all the empty pleasures in which he had wasted his youth.

The old Indian had received him kindly, and shown him much favor. He was flattered by the baronet's attentions, and liked his company. From that quarter he had every encouragement. Lily, too, was always glad to see him, and often expressed her gratitude for all his kindness. But it was only gratitude. Sir William saw that she was still thinking of Edgar, adoring the idol had revealed its worthless clay, and the scales had fallen from her too trusting eyes.

Constant, who was aware of Sir William's passion, and favored it, wrote to the baronet and informed him of the discovery of Edgar. Sir William immediately called at the hotel and learned all particulars. The letter did not surprise him, but he was infinitely relieved to find that Lily's eyes were at last opened, and that she had escaped the danger which he so much dreaded. So pure and disinterested was his love for the girl, that for the moment he had no thought of himself. And so scrupulous was his sense of honor, that he drew a check for two hundred pounds, and insisted upon Constant sending it to the scape-grace in fulfillment of the promise which he had given him; "not actually made, by the overtures of Frans Stumm."

"The scamp does not deserve it," said Constant.

"Perhaps not," said the baronet; "but that is no reason why I should be less than generous. Get the check cashed at the bank, and give him the money in your own name."

The money was duly conveyed to Edgar, and the first thing he did on getting out of the opening-house was to array himself in a dandified suit of clothes, and call at Sweeney's, that Constant met him in the hall. The sultan was as high and mighty, as haughty and supercilious ever. He threw upon his suit and swaggered into the hotel with the confident air of an invading Czesar. His manner cowed Edgar at any words, "I have come, and when I have seen I shall conquer."

"You may consult upon me, my good fellow," he said to Constant, with a patronizing air. "Your trouble shall be well rewarded; but between you and me and the post," he added, tapping Constant on the shoulder with his cane, "I begin to suspect that the little party soon you, eh?"

Constant could scarcely keep his temper.

"You have come on the wrong errand," he said. "I will send up your card. No doubt Miss Blunt will be glad to see you."

Greyfaunt stared at the name.

"Blunt!" he said; "is that her name?"

"I should have thought," said Constant, "you would be acquainted with the name of a lady who is so devoted to you."

"Well," said Greyfaunt, "her mother called herself Madame Ernestine; but then these circus women take all sorts of absurd names. I only knew her as Lily. Surely her father was not that dirty, drunken Griffin Blunt, who put an end to his miserable existence in the Seine?"

"Miss Blunt's father was a gentleman, Sir," said Constant, glaring at him angrily. "But here is Miss Blunt's answer."

The servant who had taken up Greyfaunt's card here returned and presented him with a letter.

"I am instructed," he said, "to return this to you, and to say that Miss Blunt has gone out."

Greyfaunt was completely taken aback. He saw at a glance that it was his own letter, the letter he had addressed to Constant. He opened it hurriedly to make sure, and his eye fell upon his own words, "If you serve me in this you shall have no reason to complain of your share of the plunder."

"Why, what does this mean?" Edgar stammered out.

"It means, Sir," said Constant, "that the lady is now aware of your true character, and has nothing to say to you."

"And you did this?" said Greyfaunt, with an assumption of indignation.

"Yes, I did it," Constant replied, deliberately, "and from the bottom of my soul I rejoice to think that I have saved this innocent young lady from the toils of a worthless wretch."

"Insolent scoundrel!" he cried, "how dare you insult a gentleman?" And in the heat and passion of the moment he struck at Constant with his cane.

The hotel-keeper avoided the blow, and with great coolness walked up to the dandy, wrenched his cane from him, and broke it across his knee.

"Turn that man out of the hotel!" Constant said, in a tone of command to his servants.

Two stalwart fellows in livery immediately stepped forward, and, seizing Greyfaunt by the collar, hurried him down the steps, and thrust him into the street, Constant throwing his broken cane after him.

It is possible that the great-fallen sultan, as he slunk out of Great Grand Street that day, recalled a similar scene in which he had used some share. Poor Griffin Blunt was avenged.

Lily's first feeling, when she perused the damnatory letter addressed to Constant, was one of bitter grief. But when she began to reflect, and to examine her own feeling, became one of shame. She had deceived herself, and in her blind selfishness had been ungrateful to one who loved her tenderly and truly. When she went back to the retrospect of that Green, with dismay, and remembered how she carried away with her the image of the tall, handsome gentleman who was so good and kind, who took to his home the poor little lost girl, who caressed her so tenderly and gently at parting—when she remembered that it was this image which she carried away with her to Paris, that it was this image that she clung to and loved, and that Edgar was merely a new appearance of that beauty which she had indued with all the generous qualities of the tall, handsome form that was filling from her memory—she hid her face in her hands and sobbed for very shame. The god of her idolatry was Sir William Long; and all that was noble she had heaped a mere jest, which her fancy had invested with its attributes.

Sir William sought no interview with Lily until after the day of her disenchantment had passed away. He called every day, however, to make kind inquiries, and always left a message that Constant never failed to send up to Lily's room.

At first Lily was relieved to find that he did not ask to see her. She was afraid that he would despise her. She at least felt that she was not worthy of his love any more. She reproached herself bitterly, and often sat for hours in her own room rocking herself to and fro, with her hands clasped over her face, and sighing and crying pitifully.

"How can I ever look in that good, generous face again, and tell it how false I am?"

But as days passed on, and Sir William still continued to call, and to send kind messages, trying to see her, Lily began to feel uneasy. Did he despise her? and were these merely calls of formal courtesy? Or, if he loved her, could she found herself anxiously asking why he did not come. Every afternoon, about the time she was accustomed to see him, she would find herself standing behind the curtains in her uncle's grand sitting-room, peeping out into the street to watch for his carriage. Many broughams and carriages drove up to the door of the house in Great Grand Street opposite, and Lily had no means of recognizing Sir William's carriage unless she saw Sir William himself. One day a brougham stopped, a footman approached the door, and stood talking for a few minutes with its unseen occupant. At the close of the colloquy the footman walked to the corner of the hotel-keeper by a long thin, white hand. It was his hand! Lily did not even forget it! It was the hand which had fondled and patted her at Greenwich—the hand upon which she had noticed the great diamond ring—the hand with the big ruby, whose motto was "Hope and Fortune."

Fortune had come, and she valued it not a straw. The grandeur by which she was surrounded chilled and terrified her; the jewels which her uncle had given her, and the gold chains binding her to a blank and soulless life. The hope at her breast, the hope of love and accord, had not yet been fulfilled.

"Oh, why does he not come? why does he not come?"

The very next day the brougham drove up to the door, and from her love's watch-tower behind the window-curtain Lily saw Sir William get out and enter the hotel. Almost the next instant the servant announced him.

Lily's heart was fluttering in her breast like a scared bird in a cage. The room swam before her eyes, and she was about to fall, when the handsome form of the visitor appeared, and pinioned between two others. She heard her name mentioned, and lifting up her eyes from the ground saw Sir William standing before her, the calm, earnest, loving face which had first won her heart, and which she knew that she had so long sustained and cheered her in the time of her misery and solitude.

"Tell me, my child," said William, almost doubtfully, "am I welcome? Are you glad to see me?"

Lily could not reply. Her eyes fell, her head dropped upon her bosom, and she sank upon a couch.

Sir William sat down beside her and begged for an answer.

"Lily, Lily," he said, "I have loved you with the same love ever since you were a little child at Greenwich. Have you forgotten it?"

Poor Lily! It only pained her the more that he should think she had forgotten that bright day. She felt in her conscience that she had given him cause to think so.

"Forgotten it?" she said. "Oh no, no, no!"

"Do you remember it well?" said the baronet.

"As if it were yesterday," Lily replied.

"Do you remember," he continued, "do you remember asking me if I were good? I was not good then, but I became a better man from that day. You asked me if I ever went to church. I confessed to you that I never went to church. But I went to church on the following Sunday, and on many Sundays after. Do you remember the apple, and throwing the peel over my left shoulder, when it fell upon the carpet in the shape of the letter W? You clapped your hands and said, 'How nice!' and asked me to be your sweet-heart. But you were a child then. You don't remember it as I do."

Quite unconsciously Sir William was cutting poor Lily to the very quick. She remembered all these things, and had thought of them often and often, clinging to them with a longing, loving heart, until the day that Edgar appeared. Then she began to forget. But he had cherished them from day to day.

"Oh, Sir William," she cried, "you make me feel that I have been very ungrateful, very foolish, very wicked."

"Lily!" he exclaimed; "what have I said to pain you?"

"Nothing," she said. "It is not you who have given me pain; I have made the scourge for myself. I know the deep debt of gratitude I owe you—"

"Still that cold word, Lily," he said, pitifully.

She hung her head and sobbed.

"Sir William," she continued through her tears, "I ought to throw myself at your feet and beg your forgiveness on my knees; you, who have been so good, so kind, so trusting; while I—but I can not speak what is at my heart. Leave me now; I am not worthy of you; let me write to you and explain all, and then if you can forgive me—"

Her tears choked her utterance. She rose from the couch, left the room, and rushed from the room, sobbing bitterly.

Sir William Loso left the hotel with a sad heart, sorely troubled and perplexed. He could only guess at the cause of Lily's distress. He distrusted his own judgment, found himself forswearing—for having loved the worthless Edgar, perhaps. Or possibly she might have discovered, as Sir William was her mother's well-known benefactor at Ranelagh, and was pained that she could not requite that kindness with love. Or it was the thought of his age. He was forty. He had spent the best of his days. And Lily? Lily was just budding into womanhood. As yet, maybe her the world lay all fresh and new, with joys and pleasures yet to be tasted. Why should he mar her bright young life with his? And yet the disparity was not so great after all. Marriages between forty and twenty-five-and-twenty-two, and, when made for love, there was no reason why they should not be as happy as any other—nay, happier, for the love was not of forty in no feeble fancy no boy's caprice. As for Sir William, he knew that he could love Lily with an abounding affection. He had watched over her and done upon her to the last; ay, that he could worship her as a holy being, and bow to her as to a guardian angel.

His waited anxiously for the letter. It came on the next day, and was as follows:

"MY DEAR, GOOD, KIND FRIEND,—I scarcely know what to say to you now that I have sat down to write the letter which I promised. My heart throbs, and my head aches, and my hand trembles as if I were about to commit a crime. But I am not ashamed. I have spoken to you; I have revealed to me, now that I have awakened from that delusive dream.

"What I wish to say is, that I have never ceased to love you from that day at Greenwich, which I so well remember. You, my friend, my father. I know it now; but how how can I tell you? I carried your image away with me to Paris, and there it was taken by my mother. I carried away with me not only a vision of your face, but a memory of your kindness, the pressure of your gentle hand upon my hair, the soft touch of your lips upon my brow. I was a solitary girl at school. I had no friends to correspond with, and so I never wrote home to tell those days like the other girls. Often for days and nights together I used to dream about you, about your face, with your smile, with your touch, with your kiss. When I wished to pray to God I used to think of you again; and every day you, like a light in the dark. You were the embodiment of to me of all that was good, and beautiful, and true.

"I hung my arms about the neck of the violen which I conjured up. I was a child, a lonely child, without father or mother, or friend to love. In you I loved father, mother, sister, brother, and every thing that is good and beautiful. I was a child no longer. I grew up; years and months and weary years passed, and hope was becoming extinct, when I met with Edgar Greyfaunt. A stranger, extinct; and it seemed as if I were doomed to be misery, he knelt at my feet and implored me to forgive him—to let me forget you. I did not forget your goodness, for that was always about me, like an essence, filling my heart with its perfume. But I did not entwist sign was false. When I closed my eyes now the vision seemed faint and indistinct. I could not see you. I was forgetting your form and features. And yet my heart was clinging to the best memory of my life. I was a heathen, and was to one visible sign in which to embody the attributes of my deity. Edgar Greyfaunt appeared, and he became my idol. He was handsome, and possessed many of the qualities which I had so long sustained and cheered her in the time of her misery and solitude.

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was it in his manner that did not please her? She did not think him humble enough. The subtle demon of pride, that sat ever like a familiar spirit at her elbow, whispered her that he took too much for granted. So she refused him; when all the while he was to her the crown and glory of manhood—when she was hungry for his love, and would rather have had the right to weep over his grave than to share with any other man a kingdom.

He took her refusal quietly enough. It was not like him to make ado. They were silent a little while after that, and then she said—

"So you go away to-morrow?"

"Yes," he replied, somewhat sadly—"my furlough is over, and some other things are over for me too. I should hardly care to stay longer, Miss Mayne, even if I could."

She longed passionately just then to tell him that he was yielding his hopes too soon. If he had been less ready to raise the siege on the first note of defiance the fortress might yet have surrendered. But she kept her secret obstinately. Colonel Eustace was above any petty resentment—above even the bitterness of wounded pride. He was not less kind than usual. His little soldier, as they both called her, lingered long through the woods. He gathered a few fire-tinted leaves as they went along, and gave them to her—his last offering.

She wore them that night. She made a garland of them for her dark hair, and fastened a bunch of them on her breast. She had seldom looked so beautiful. An unspoken longing flushed her cheeks to flame. Her eyes were brilliant with the light of brightness, her lips scarlet. She wore a thin, gossamer-like black dress, shot with golden stars. Heaps of invitations were in her room on her dressing-table. On brow and bosom burned the vivid autumn leaves. Colonel Eustace could not soon forget the radiant vision. He danced with her that night. It was the first time. When he first came his watchful eye had prevented; and later they had so much to talk about that they had let the music sound, and the "dances dance in tune, unheeded. But to-night there was something in the wild waltz music that seemed akin to both their moods. They whirled around in swift circles, but never looking at each other, her breath coming and going against his cheek. She wished the music would never stop. She felt a heart-sick longing to rest on that hour eternal. If she could dance on forever, supported by his arm, with his eyes meeting and answering her own, she would have been content, she thought, with such an immortality. But pitilessly soon the waltz was over. They began to form sets for something else; but she and Eustace her left the dancers with one accord. After that one bewildering waltz any thing else would be tame.

They passed into another room, and he asked her to sing. She went to the piano willingly enough. She knew he would have refused him nothing this last night. She ran her fingers over the keys, and they broke at her touch into a burst of—what? It was in the music the long-ing cry of a soul. It swelled out on the salt seawind which came in at the windows—a plaint of hate, of misery, of despair. Then she sang:

"Oh let the solid ground
Not fail beneath my feet
Before my life is found
Which some have found as sweet!
Then let come what come may:
What matter if I go mad?
I shall have had my day.

"Let the sweet heavens endure,
Not close and darken above me,
Before I am quite sure
That there is one to love me;
Then let come what come may,
To a life that has been so sad:
I shall have had my day."

When she rose her eyes met his. Her voice had had not one half the wild power that was in them. She told as plainly as eyes could the story of her repentance—her longing for the past of great price she had thrust away from her out of her listless hand. He had reverenced her less he would have ceased to love her. He fancied he so far above all trifling, or vanity, or fickleness, that he supposed her yes must be yes, and her nay, nay; and so made no attempt to change it. In the dark, appalling eyes, in the pathetic paint of the rich voice, he read, indeed, the longing for love: but he thought it was for another love, not his; and so he took her proud sight, and good-by, without saying any thing of his disappointment, or giving her any opportunity to take back her refusal. She stood a moment, trying to conquer her pride. She longed to whisper,

"I forgive you all what I did and said to-day;" but smoked she could not. If he had spoken only one word—but how could she speak first? So she shut the gate of her Paradise with her own hand.

"Good-by," he said; "I shall be off before you are up to-morrow; so I must thank you to-night for some happy hours."

"Good-by, Colonel Eustace;" pride made her voice steady. "I shall think of you, and summer, and Thornycroft—three pleasant remembrances, I suppose?"

Her words were light enough; but she turned away suddenly to hide some traitor tears—looking back, though, to smile and wave her hand as she went up the stairs.

In her own room she looked at her life just as it was, putting aside all disguises, and leaving for pride itself no refuge ground. The first thing was pale. She loved Giles Eustace with all her heart. She had never loved before; and she knew it was not in her ever to love again. So the blow she had given him had been the death-blow of her own happiness. She tried to look on into the weary, coming years—years lighted by no such dreams as most girls cherish of some fairy prince yet to come, some story yet to be told which shall set life to music. Her prince had come, and been sent away unacknowledged. What fabric was left of which to make her dreams? She had been happy enough without love until this summer; why should not the coming years be like the past, and yet more abundant? Why did the old routine look so inexpressibly dull and wearisome? She not the long night through, pitying herself for her loss.

In the early morning she heard below a bustle of preparation. She knew Colonel Eustace was about to leave. A wild impulse seized her to go down, even then, and tell him all. She rose and looked at herself in the toilet-glass. By the sickly rays of the lamp, which had burned all night, her face was wan and ghastly. What if she should not be able to see him alone? Could she go down in her evening dress, with the faded flowers and lusterless eyes which told the story of her vigil, and meet half a dozen other pairs of eyes? But perhaps there would be time even yet for a fresh toilet. Dressed suitably for morning she could go down and mingle with the rest. If she had an opportunity to see him alone she could use it. She took off her dress and brushed her hair out hurriedly. Stopping, though, to tear carefully aside every one of the vivid-tinted leaves she had worn the night before—his last gift. And as she was fastening her dress with hasty, trembling fingers, she heard him say good-by, and looking out she saw him ride away. The last opportunity was gone. She said to herself that fate was against her; but it is my private opinion that if she had finished dressing in time she would not have gone down—her enemy was pride, not fate.

A little later they went back to New York, she and her mother and the old nurse once again. Never had Miss Laura been so enchanting. You are surprised? You thought, perhaps, that she had found that herself up in fields of fashion and frivolity—or, perhaps, you picture her as a nurse in a soldier's hospital? Not at all—nothing so close to good. Then you reckoned without due knowledge of human nature, or forgot to take into account the fact that it is a law of life that a society that trouble matures a woman into a saint. You shall not find in every girl to whom fate has given a heart-break the making of a Florence Nightingale. The majority resort for distraction in their troubles to precisely the same things they have been doing all their lives, and bring devotion with herself—only made her more dangerous. She had no lack of lovers, and she had her choice from the full height of her indifference, and ceased to think it too much trouble to please. She was afraid, perhaps, that the world would guess at her secret; and the ceaseless pressure of her pain goaded her to a kind of reckless, desperate gayety that was profoundly fascinating to all who came within its influence.

At last one of her admirers seemed to distance the rest. She was more attentive to Frank Lorilard's nothings, more complaisant of his humors, than she had ever been known to be before. He was a self-complacent fool, and he thought her conquered—knowing well the code of society, and walking by it without turning to left or right. You never would have thought her heart-broken to look at her. There was something in his cool self-possession that had almost the effect of greatness. But he was not great—he was brilliant. His talents were those of fully-cultivated whisker were unexceptionable. So were his coat and his waistcoat—and his boots. So was he—in one manner. So was his conversation. He talked platitudes with an air of sense and originality which imposed upon Laura Mayne. Truth me, it did not impose upon Laura Mayne. Yet she deliberately made up her mind to marry him and the half million of money that he had inherited.

Of course she must marry some time—it was expected of her. It made little difference to her whom. When she has set neither ambition nor love before her, she is apt to be indifferent. Lorilard no candle can make it noonday. So she smiled benignantly on his wishes, and let him dangle, and sang for him, or danced with him, whenever he asked her. Only there were some songs she never sang, and there were waltz tunes she never, or even Mr. Lorilard could persuade her to dance. It was keen torture when she heard it. It carried her back to Thornycroft. She felt the sea-wind creeping in at the windows, and heard a voice that only her ears could hear—she looked into eyes full of fateful light, and thrilled in every nerve to the spell.

But when Mr. Lorilard proposed she accepted him. It was not necessary that he should be eloquent in all things to speak hastily. She had read that day the order that the Army of the Potomac should advance. She knew that the Fifth Corps must go with them, to danger, and likely enough to death. She should never see him more, she thought. If she had had him like that she loved him! If he had but once kissed her, but once held her close to that true heart of his! But he was not her lover. What could it matter what cold prayers for pardon when death has sealed the lips? She accepted it with courtly grace. Then was not much fire or fervor in his nature. All that there was Laura Mayne had given. But he really loved her as well as he could love any thing in the universe, except himself. He gloried in her beauty—her grace, her accomplishments. Then he thought, had any Lorilard carried home a more fitting bride.

His calmness did not last after he went away. She hated herself for the bargain she had made. She struck the hand he had kissed with a frantic passion of scorn. She walked to and fro in her room with eager, hurrying steps, like one seeking escape and finding none. Then she said to herself, with a bitter sneer,

"Take it easy, Mrs. Lorilard that is to be. You have not sold yourself for nothing. Do not speak the beauty your lord so prizes by any unseemly frenzies."

If Colonel Eustace had wanted any revenge he must have been satisfied had he seen her that night. With the dawn of the next day her composure came back to her. She knew what she had done, and she meant to look the consequences in the face. She thought the future life could be not much worse than her life the past winter had been. The very intensity of her first emotions had produced by the law of reaction a passive, torpid, quiescent state, which she mistook for resignation. Mr. Lorilard was charmed with her sweetness, and urged an early marriage. She was ready enough to comply. One done, she thought, she should be able to let her mind rest on the prospect that stung her so ceaselessly now. She should be done with longings and regrets after her marriage vows had put an inevitable gulf between—written its epitaph.

In the very midst of her preparations came the fighting in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania. With a terrible, tearing fear at her heart she searched the list of the wounded, and found his name—"Wounded dangerously, Colonel Giles Eustace. Until she read that sentence she had not quite known how dear he was—how her life was bound up with his. She was powerless, then, to lay the ghosts which haunted her. Her own soul spoke to her a mercy which would not be silenced. Dead or alive, she knew she belonged to that man. What did her betrothal vows mean? What had she been going to do? With a calmness that surprised herself she communicated the news to her mother. She had the newspaper in her hand, and pointed mutely to that paragraph.

"Our friend of last summer?" Mrs. Mayne asked.

"Mother," she said, not heeding the question, "I must go to him at my own soul. I should be sinning against God and myself to marry any one else—sinning against him also, for he loved me. Mother, you must tell Mr. Lorilard that I can not marry him."

There were few things that Mrs. Mayne would not have done for her daughter without remonstrance. She had no intention of refusing to do this one service. She had no objections to make. There was a pitiful helplessness in her voice as she gasped,

"What shall I say? Laura, how can I?"

Laura looked at her a moment as she sat there, white of lip and trembling of limb; and in the midst of her own pain she made excuse for her at the dismay pictured so strongly on her mother's face.

"You need not do it," she said, soothingly; "you shall not. It was my place for me to ask you. I can do it myself much better than you. Be tranquil."

But she had spoken rashly. They both knew what it was—the only one who came so early. Mrs. Mayne made her escape hurriedly, and Laura summoned her courage for the battle. It was not easy to interrupt Mr. Lorilard's tender speeches. He was quite too self-confident to observe that they were misplaced. He sat silent, trying to think what to say, until he mentioned their wedding-day. Then he wrote come, passionately, eagerly, in spite of himself. Laura was more direct than she had meant they should be.

"I can never marry you—never. I love another man with all my heart and soul. I should be sinning alike against you and Heaven to become your wife."

Here was a case in which Mr. Lorilard's code of rules failed him. He had never contemplated such a possibility, and had to find his way out of it as best he could, without help from precedent or conventionalities. He answered with an emphasis which others than Laura Mayne should start at anger.

"It seems to me, Miss Mayne, you have taken a singular time to make this discovery."

"I knew it from the first," she cried, "only I thought I could forget it. But I can not. I can not. Forgive me. I never meant to wrong you. I thought I could love you as well as you expected me to. But I did not realize how impossible a task I was attempting."

He took refuge in coldness.

"I am grateful for your efforts in my behalf," he said, sullenly; "but I could wish you had understood your own mind a little sooner. You have made a rich ridiculous. Of course, after your very emphatic expression of your sentiments, I can have no more, and shall make no attempt to change your decision."

He rose to go. She sprang forward and clasped her hands on his arm.

"But you will forgive me?" she cried. "You will not go until you have said that?"

His cold, handsome face contrasted the pleading eyes, the earnest, lovely face. But he turned away, evidently

"I at least, am no hypocrite," he said. "My feelings toward you must matter little; you have shown supreme indifference to them."

With those words he coldly withdrew his arm from her clasp and went away. Fifty him a little. If his love, now that he was no deep or so intense as some men's, he had given her the best he had to give, and she had wounded him in the tenderest point.

To her the shock, when she read that newspaper paragraph, had been like the finding of her soul to Indian. All her possibilities became actual from that time. Pride, selfishness, indolence retreated like baffled foes, routed in the conflict. For the first moment she was her best self. She would have gone to Colonel Eustace, but she felt that she had no claim. She could not write to him lest he should be too ill to read her words. So she contented herself by trying to be what he had fancied her. She took up all her tape of sewing-bags again, even in this world. Hope was a component part of her splendid, resilient temperament. If she had seen him lying dead before her she would have hoped still; only she would have lifted her waiting eyes to the world of spirits, and her faith would have been strong enough to anchor itself there. While he yet lived she believed that they must some time meet; and she tried to grow worthier of him. She was not sad. Her mother, knowing her secret, wondered constantly at her cheerfulness.

One day, in June, his sister, Mrs. Meredith, came to see her. They had been somewhat intimate at Thorne croft, but had not met often during the winter. Mrs. Meredith had been ignorant of her brother's proposal and its rejection, and had believed him and Laura Mayne the best of friends merely. She had heard of Laura's engagement to Frank Lorilard; and, like the rest, thought, need make no difference about her errand.

"My brother will be home to-night," she said, as soon as she was seated.

The drawing-room was fashionably dark, so she could not see the swift flash that stained her listener's cheek.

"Colonel Eustace?" Laura asked, with instant regaining of her self-command. "I thought he was seriously wounded."

"Yes, he was wounded, but not so severely as was at first reported. He is almost well again already. He will be here to-night, and next week he will go with us for a few days to Thorncroft, and then back to the seat of war. I wanted to have a few of his old friends there to welcome him tonight. I don't think he will be fit for much enjoyment, for he will only travel from Philadelphia to-day. Will you come? You may bring Mr. Lorilard with you if you like."

"Mr. Lorilard is no longer at my service," Laura said, with a smile.

Mrs. Meredith was too well-bred to ask questions.

"Come alone, then," she said, graciously; "but don't fail to come. Giles knew you so well last summer I am sure he will be glad to see you."

When her visitor was gone Laura went into her room, and took down from a peg in her wardrobe the dress she had worn that last night at Thornycroft. She had never worn it since. She would wear it to-night. She took out of a casket the fire-tinted autumn leaves. They were bright as ever, and fresh as the day they had evening in Meredith's drawing-room she looked just as she had done that other night. It wanted only the salt, suggestive sea-wind blowing through long, low windows, the square, old-fashioned room, to make complete the resurrection. Colonel Eustace thought so as he looked at her, and felt a chord in his heart that he had long believed silenced begin anew to vibrate. Her eyes and her cheeks were bright with a feverish expectation between hope and fear—she was radiant as his memories of her.

He was changed, as she had dreaded. He was a little lame, but there was no trace of the peril through which he had passed on the bronzed, handsome face.

Later in the evening, when he had been as polite as any one—more needful, he stole a little time for pleasure. He asked Laura to sing. She sat down again, and sang the old song with its old, passionate cry of love. And when it was over, her eloquent eyes met his, and this time a ray of enlightenment shot from them into his mind. He walked with her to a recess where roses were quite alone, and touched, as he stood beside her, the vivid autumn leaves.

"Leaves do not turn in June," he said—"these must be last year's trophies?"

"No, dear love."

The low voice quivered with emotion. The dark eyes sparkled beneath his gaze. He bent nearer to her, and whispered,

"Did you love me, Laura, after all?"

Then came her confession—a confession which, in its humility, would have reclaimed graver faults than hers. She told him not only the foolish pride which had made her refuse him at first, because she thought he was not humble enough; she told him just what her life since had been. She omitted no detail of her engagement with Frank Lorilard. She did not spare herself a single pang of humiliation. When she had told all, she said, simply, as her reward,

"I am afraid you will love your faith in me when you see I am so much worse than you thought me."

No matter for his answer. Lovers' raptures seemed to need a letter at first hand—some lie that makes them eloquent when they lose the indorsement of look, and tone, and gesture.

The next morning he made his appearance early at Mrs. Mayne's. After a little talk with Laura, they summoned her mother to their councels. Colonel Eustace looked hard to be convinced at once. Next time he went away, he said, he wanted to leave Laura his wife. He wanted to be sure that she would come to him constantly, and come to him if he needed her. Mrs. Mayne was of too kindly and sympathetic a nature to object. She only raised a little dilemma—what about the wedding-dresses?

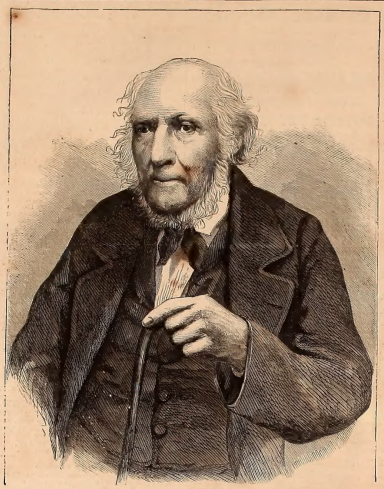
This Laura settled. She would not buy new dresses, she said, but would wear on that occasion the preparation. It was not a time, when sons and brothers and husbands were dying on battle-fields, for American women to buy and flaunt, and flutter in gorgeous plumage. She would wear a white muslin, and be married without ornaments, as a recognizing resolution which some girls would have considered as courageous as leading a forlorn hope. So it involved her sacrifice. The years of her vanity were past. She had taken hold of the true meanings of life.

The next day they were married, and then they went with the Merediths to Thornycroft for one happy week. They roamed again through all the old paths, and remembered the old days together in these new days so much dearer and sweeter.

Just a week went away—and then it was over. At length he went away. Laura has known the anxieties, the watching and waiting, of a soldier's wife. So far her husband is safe: but if he falls she will scarcely grudge, to the cause for which he fights, the costly sacrifice. It will be only to wait a little longer—to look forward to a heavenly home, and a heavenly meeting, instead of an earthly one. She thinks, as she walks alone through the old paths, and gathers the fire-tinted leaves of this year's autumn, that come what will of future sorrow she dare not murmur, for she has had the full sweetness of love and of life—she has had her day.

THE BATTLE-FIELD—AT THE FRONT.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

THE BATTLE-FIELD—AT THE REAR.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 790.]



DEACON JOHN PHILLIPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN G. RAWLINGS, GENERAL GRANT'S CHIEF OF STAFF.

DEACON JOHN PHILLIPS.

DEACON JOHN PHILLIPS, whose portrait we give above, is a resident of Sturbridge, Massachusetts, where he voted at the last Presidential election, having reached the age of 104 years. He has voted for General WASHINGTON and at every subsequent Presidential election, except that of 1860, when he was prevented by illness. At the recent election he was escorted to the Town Hall in a carriage, over which floated the American flag. At the announcement of the arrival of the venerable patriot at the door of the Hall, the citizens of the town, in token of reverence and respect, arose and stood with uncovered heads, while a detail of soldiers bore the "Old Gentleman" to the desk in front. He expressed the satisfaction he felt at seeing so many of the soldiers who had periled their lives in defense of the country, and desired to take each one by the hand. A line was formed of all the returned soldiers present, and each one was introduced to the venerable patriarch, with a statement of the length of time each had served in the army. The Deacon had a son present, who was seventy-nine years old, and who addressed the citizens.

Two sets of ballots were presented to the venerable voter in full view of all present—one being a ballot for ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the other for GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN—and the old gentleman was asked to take his choice. He reached out his hand and said, "I will vote for ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

The following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted by the town:

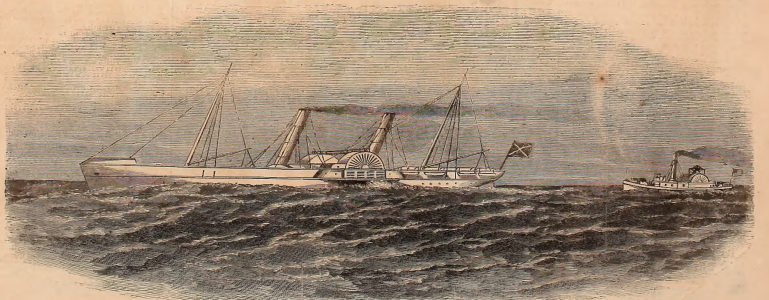
"*Whereas*, our very venerable and highly respected fellow-citizen, Deacon JOHN PHILLIPS, who is this day one hundred and four years four months and nine days old, and who still retains his mental and physical faculties in a high degree; and, whereas, he has traveled some two miles to attend this town meeting, and has deposited his ballot for presidential electors and State officers, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That this be entered upon the records of the town, as a lasting memorial of his undying patriotism and devotion to country, and as an incident perhaps unparalleled in the annals of our Government."

MONUMENT ERECTED BY CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS ON THE STONE RIVER BATTLE-GROUND.
SKETCHED BY D. M. F.—[SEE PAGE 795.]

GENERAL JOHN G. RAWLINGS.

GENERAL RAWLINGS, Chief of Staff to Lieutenant-General GRANT, and whose portrait we give on this page, was at the breaking out of the war engaged in the profession of law at Galena, Illinois. He was a townsman of General GRANT, and upon the appointment of the latter as field-officer, RAWLINGS, then a young man, was selected by him as a member of his staff. Since then, except at brief intervals of illness, he has retained this official connection with General GRANT. Upon one occasion he was wounded in the performance of his military duties. One feature is characteristic of him, and that is his modesty. One of the first hotels in this city was not long since honored with his presence for several days, but the proprietor did not until the last moment discover that he had been entertaining the chief of General GRANT'S staff. This is a peculiar feature distinguishing the Lieutenant-General himself from other men, and those whom he gathers about him have very much the same character. General RAWLINGS in a peculiar manner enjoys the confidence of General GRANT.



CAPTURE OF THE BLOCKADE RUNNER "HOPE" BY THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "ÆOLUS" OFF WILMINGTON, OCT. 22, 1864.—SKETCHED BY S. M. LANE.—[SEE PAGE 795.]

The New York *Tribune*, in speaking of Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs, says: "These instruments have been blown by the wind of genuine success from Boston to San Francisco. That Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have succeeded in making a superior small instrument, from little bandbox-like things to those which, though portable, and not larger than a piano, can make themselves felt in a church, is the universal opinion of the musical profession. They agree that no such mechanical works of the kind can be found in equal perfection in Europe. The tone is pure and full, and with a harmonium body for so small a provocative mechanical force. They stand rough traveling, bad usage, and will live in climates which will kill American melodeons."

In our advertisement last week of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company there was an error in some of the copies. All communications should be addressed to the Company, New York Office, P. O. Box 6368, instead of Box 868, as printed.

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The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company has been organized under the laws of the State of New York, for the purpose of mining for petroleum, and other minerals, and dealing in the same. It has located its principal business office in New York City, has its transit and shipping depot for petroleum in the world, and has taken measures to establish a connection with Liverpool, the most extensive petroleum market in the world, all under the direction of the Company. The managers and stockholders of the Company include among their number gentlemen largely interested in the petroleum business and who have gained both wealth and experience in the trade, by which justify the confident expectation of speedy, intelligent, and profitable management. It is believed that by a judicious investment of the funds of the Company dividends of from two to five per cent. a month on the capital stock can be realized.

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List of Lands and Property.

FIRST.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 1, on the upper McElhenny Farm, containing ten acres. There are three wells on this lot, two of which are now producing about fifty barrels a day each, the third about ten barrels. A new well is also now in process of drilling, and will soon be completed. On this property are three good engines, tankage for over eleven hundred barrels, tubing, tools, office, &c.

THIRD.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 3, on the lower McElhenny Farm, containing one acre, and known as the Hatch lease, being the lease next below and adjoining the well-known Empire Well, which is now producing one hundred barrels a day. On this lot is one well producing about ten barrels, and another well which has been flowing eighty barrels a day, and which is expected to yield again, as soon as a "Horner," or air-gauge, can be put in, which is now being prepared, and a third well is now in process of being located. A fourth is down about four hundred feet, and is confidently expected to be a good well. There are three good engines, tankage, tubing, and an office on this lease.

THIRD.—One-fourth of the working interest of two lots adjoining, on the late Widow McClintock's Farm, containing half an acre each. On this property there is one well, known as the Phœnix Well, now pumping twenty barrels a day; and another down two hundred feet, which is expected to yield a good supply of oil, being within a few feet of a well on the adjoining property, producing one hundred barrels. Engine, tankage, and a short distance from the celebrated "Hammond Well," yielding three hundred barrels a day. A third well will be sunk immediately on this lease. The property is subject to a royalty of one-eighth of the production.

FOURTH.—A lot of oil land, in fee simple, on the Caldwell Branch of Oil Creek, containing about one hundred acres, lying on the south half of that part of the farm on the east side of the Caldwell Creek, about two miles above Titusville. The Briggs Oil Company own the land on the opposite side of the creek, on which a well is now about to be put down. The surface show of oil on this land indicates that it is a valuable piece of property. The above named property of this Company will be immediately put under development.

FIFTH.—A lot of land in fee simple, containing about one hundred acres, situated on French Creek, about four miles from the Allegheny River. All the land in this vicinity is good, and excellent lubricating oil is produced from wells in the neighborhood.

SIXTH.—A lot, in fee simple, of oil land on Cherry Run, containing about seventy-five acres, situated about three miles above Titusville, and only one mile from the Allegheny River. On this land on Cherry Run has been purchased, and all the wells put down have been productive. One well is down five hundred feet, which is said to be a good well.

SEVENTH.—Two-thirds of the working interest in the "Wheeler Well," on the John McClintock Farm, containing one acre more or less. One well is now producing about seventy barrels a day, and steadily increasing, and there is ample room for two more wells on the lot. There is an engine, tankage, and all necessary tools on the property, which is subject to a royalty of one-eighth.

EIGHTH.—One-thirty-second of the interest in a lease of one acre on the Farrer Farm, near the Buttonwood Run, and adjoining the well known as Dubuque Well.

NINTH.—One-sixteenth of the interest in two acres of the Oil Creek Farm, adjoining the Mowbray Well; with a good engine, one thousand feet of tubing, &c., &c. On this land are two wells, both of which have flowed, and will, quite probably, on if worked.

TENTH.—One half of the interest in two acres of oil lands on Cherry Run. This locality is now producing a great extent of oil, and is considered, large interests are being purchased in the immediate vicinity.

ELEVENTH.—Fifty acres of land on Oil Creek, five miles above Titusville, having a frontage on the creek of one hundred rods.

TWELFTH.—The Ridgway Farm, so called, comprising eighty-five acres of land near Titusville, having a front on Oil Creek of one hundred and fifteen rods, and having already upon it one well, which promises to be one of the very best on Oil Creek.

THIRTEENTH.—Two hundred acres of land, three miles above Titusville, with a front of three hundred rods on Oil Creek, and known as the Keenan Farm. This land is unimproved, and by expensive considered good property.

[N.B.—The three tracts last mentioned are not only valuable as oil land, but also for their lumber, being heavily timbered, and containing water-power and mill-privileges. Parties desiring to purchase lumber can have it by entering the demand for their saved lumber at 50 per thousand feet at the mill.]

FOURTEENTH.—Half of the interest in a lease of one acre on the McClintock Farm, known as the Buttonwood Lease. This tract fronts for thirty rods on Oil Creek, and contains two wells. Of these No. 1 is now producing about fifty barrels a day, and No. 2 will produce about the same when a derrick and engine for the latter can be set up.

FIFTEENTH.—One-sixteenth of the interest in two acres on the McElhenny or Funk Farm, near to Titusville, adjoining the Empire Well. On this lease one well is already down, and producing six barrels of oil per day.

SIXTEENTH.—One hundred and sixty-eight acres of land on Oil Creek, in the oil region of West Virginia.

SEVENTEENTH.—One hundred and eighty-five acres on Cow Creek, West Virginia.

[N.B.—The two last-named parcels of land border the two creeks mentioned, and are immediately adjoining all territory of the best character, and which is now producing as much as any on Oil Creek.]

EIGHTEENTH.—Seventy-five acres in fee, near Franklin, Venango County, Pa., with a front of eighty rods on the river. There are now yielding twenty barrels a day, having upon it three wells already producing, and four ready for tubing, with the necessary engines and tankage.

NINETEENTH.—The Palmer Farm, so called, being one hundred and sixteen acres in fee, three miles from Titusville, extending one hundred rods along both sides of Oil Creek, and a good oil land in every respect.

TWENTIETH.—Seventy-one acres in fee, on Little Oil Creek and Thompson Creek, four miles from Titusville.

TWENTY-FIRST.—Sixty-six of the twenty-five of the working interest in the oil produced, on a lease situated on the west side of Oil Creek on the Lower McElhenny Farm, and known as the Hyde Lease. There are seven on this land, having tubing and socket-rods on the same, and paid for, and a good eight-horse-power engine ordered.

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"Capital oil," as it sometimes called even now in drug circles, is used to be collected by the Seneca and other Indians from the surface of Oil Creek and springs in that region. The first company formed for the purpose of this business was small [illegible] and was formed at Titusville in 1857, and in August, 1858, at 71 feet, the drill fell into a cavity, and the well began to yield about twenty barrels a day. Other companies were soon formed, and the yield of oil being found to be abundant, the business assumed the importance of a regular capital and a still greater speculative interest were at once attracted to it.

The Oil Region is now located in Western Pennsylvania, Southern New York, Northeastern Ohio, Northwestern Kentucky, and Western Virginia, not to mention other new fields from time to time found. The business has now been in operation for the last six years and has every consistently been progressive, with the flags, success, and innocuous fortunes made. The commercial uses of Petroleum have increased quite as rapidly as the supply, and the demand for it may be imagined from the facts in familiar, that it is now used in every household in the land, and that the Petroleum Exports from this country for the year ending with this month will reach, in value, at least **Twenty-five Million Dollars.**

In making preparations to carry on the business extensively, Large as the number of companies already formed, not as striking as the vast extent of the part already proved of these unknown subterranean treasures of oil. In a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands substantially as one of the early enterprises, and offers inducements only exceeded by those very few companies whose stock is practically sold out to stockholders. Such will be the case with the future advantage of early subscribers, from this reasonable start in business, only a limited portion of the stock of the Company is offered at the present rates.

As one evidence of the opinions of experts about the quality of the property of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, we copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. Mowbray, an operative chemist of reputation, established at 11 Nassau street, and prominent in the oil business from its very beginning:

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 416.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1864, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 810.]

TWO PICTURES FROM THE WAR.

ALL through the wearying summer day,
The blaze of heat, the dusty road,
Our toiling columns stretch away,
Sore burdened with the knapsack's load—
And winding o'er the rugged hills
Bright waves of steel roll billowing on,
Till War's stern, solemn splendor fills
Dark valleys from the world withdrawn.

Day wanes apace · the failing feet
Have respite from the toilsome track,
Uncounted eyes in slumber sweet
Close round the watch-fire's ruddy glance.
The night-hawk skirts the distant wood,
And from the far-off summits glow
Dim warnings in the solitude,
The watch-fires of a crafty foe.

To-morrow's dawn may bring the strife,
The shock of battle; yet the sleep
That chains this throbbing tide of life
Is like a spell, so wild and deep,
Dreams sweep each stormy, turbulent breast,
The happy Past returns again,
Joy sits within the heart, a guest,
To banish hence corroding pain.

God guard and keep them! O'er the hills,
Far re ching to their Northern homes,
My yearning aspiration thrills,
And on the haunted night-wind comes
The whisper of a porch rose-twined,
A graveled walk, an open door,
A lattice sweetly jessamined—
A shadow falling on the floor!

Sad woman's eyes; and bearded lips
Beside the bivouac murmur low,
As if the dream had found eclipse
In sympathy's deep overflow.
The drowsy clock ticks by the wall
To count the listless hours away—
While rings afar the shrilling call
Of bugles sounding for the fray

Sweet childish faces gather round,
Sweet infant voices fill the room,
As ever greets her ear the sound
Of children's chatter—"When will he come?"
And she, with marble lip and cheek,
Turns shuddering from the shadowed floor
To stifle words she may not speak—
"Perhaps he comes to us no more!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

THE SITUATION.

IT is December, but active war is still going on. The operations in Tennessee, SHERMAN'S march across Georgia, and the terrible tenacity of GRANT before Richmond, do not look much like winter-quarters. It is useless to speculate, and the Associated Press dispatches prophesy more than enough. That the rebels fight as fiercely as ever their general charges against the storm of death at Franklin shows That the Union soldiers have the stordiness that secures ultimate victory and the swiftness that baffles the most frenzied impetuosity was proved by the same battle. General THOMAS, who saved the day at Chickamauga when even ROSECRANS gave up all for lost, is a man in whose equality we may all confidently count. If HOOD fails in Tennessee, it will be an irreparable moral disaster to the rebellion.

OF SHERMAN there will probably be authentic news before these lines are read. We have not disguised the dangers and difficulties of his march, while we have felt very sure that nobody could measure them more accurately than the General himself. We have endeavored to be prepared for delay, and to face the chance of serious opposition to his progress, in view of the vital importance of such opposition to the rebels But if rebellion still means and summons every impediment he emerges safely and timely upon the coast. SHERMAN, too, will have won a moral victory which will shake the enemy's heart. And it is by moral victories that the advantages of military successes are secured.

As each of the three chief points of interest the prospects of the national cause are clearly encouraging to the most impartial survey, while the record of the year can not furnish the least hope or comfort to the rebellion. It is still in arms, indeed; it still contests. That is all that can be said for it. On the other hand, the nation has steadily advanced in the suppression of the insurrection, and has declared that it does not mean to hesitate or delay, or spare any cost of money, time, or precious life, to maintain its existence. It is not yet finally successful. It has not finished its work. But it is steadily finishing it, and Rome was not a failure because it was not built in a day.

We shall be very glad if we can contribute in any degree to promote a healthful condition of the public mind; guarding it equally against mad ecstasies and foolish depressions. The cause is not gained or lost by a battle nor by a campaign. The noblest cause defended by arms, and committed to the chances of war, can not have a campaign or unvarying success; and a nation which can not endure occasional defeat can not achieve permanent victory. We were children when the war began; we ought to be men now. There is every reason to anticipate that this year will end in glory for the country. Let us be calm, and patient, and grateful; neither intoxicated with the success we look for, nor in despair with the reverse that is always possible.

CONGRESS.

CONGRESS assembles under pleasant auspices. It is not in the dark. It can have no doubt. It has heard from the people. It knows what the country wishes and expects. It has had the plainest declaration that the Government is to be maintained by force of arms, and that there is to be no parley with rebels, except to receive their submission to the Constitution and the laws.

We do not anticipate any remarkable change in the conduct of those in the Opposition who, during the last session, had no other policy than impeding the Administration and paralyzing the efforts of the country to save itself. Gentlemen whose votes cheer the rebel Congress will still claim that they maintain a "legitimate opposition" to CHARLES JAMES FOX. "Democrats" who profess the profoundest respect for the popular will, will vote as if the election had gone exactly the other way. Representatives who are "in search of slavery as any body" will vote against allowing a constitutional chance of settling the question.

Fortunately these gentlemen are few The responsible majority of the present Congress, and a still larger one of the next, come fresh from the people, freshly inspired by the high and noble national impulse which has recorded itself in the late election. The very universality of the patriotic feeling will, we believe, chasten and moderate crudeness of legislation, because it is an assurance of ripeness and sagacity in the popular mind which does not require to be excited and spurred by abnormal action.

We have a right to expect great calmness, decision, and precision in the legislation of this winter.

THE "FLORIDA."

WE have forborne any remarks upon the seizure of the *Florida*, because the facts have been very inadequately stated, and because we were very sure that the question of title, so wisely adjusted the *Trent* case would be fully competent to deal with this. Indeed there has been no event during the war which more clearly proved the ability of the Government of State and the good sense of the country than the issue of the *Trent* difficulty. It would be hard to find in any history a more thorough acquiescence in a conclusion so adverse to the inflamed national passion and expectation as that case furnished. The general feeling upon all points of international law, or, more correctly speaking, agreement, was increased in the case of the *Trent* by the exact precedents of the public mind, still freshly chafing with indignation at the British prompt concession of belligerent rights to the rebels. But the moment the fine American tradition was stated and explained by Senator SUMNER and Secretary SEWARD, every man saw that the national honor demanded the surrender of the two rebel emissaries, and they were promptly surrendered without a murmur, and with the intelligent consent of the country.

The conduct of Lord PALMERSTON, the representative of the hostile British aristocracy, and the tone of the English hostile press, will not be forgotten while the name of Lord CHARLES BARING and the English press friendly to our cause will be always gratefully remembered. For a fortnight Lord PALMERSTON declined in Parliament an explanation of the readiness of the United States Government to do whatever honor and precedent required, and for a fortnight he and his friends did what they could to secure success to the rebellion by plunging the United States and Great Britain into war. Lord PALMERSTON, his press, and his friends, were willing to risk the fidelity of the United States to their own principles, even when that fidelity required a severe sacrifice of feeling.

In the present case, the seizure of the *Florida* in a neutral port is one of those acts of which British naval history is full. The English hostile press breaks out in the same kind of savage and revenge upon the report of an incident which has a myriad British precedents. A most competent and intelligent authority furnishes to the Boston *Daily Advertiser* an elaborate and careful paper recounting the various seizures of ships made at various times and in various ports of various nations by Britannia, ruler of the waves. The paper is worthy of enduring form and preservation as a comprehensive record of swaggering, blatant, bullying tone of the English press, and too often of British statesmen, which has earned for Great Britain the same kind of hearty hate which was felt for the United States while our Government was administered in the blustering and domineering spirit of Slavery. Upon one occasion a British fleet instructed the British Ministry to apologize to the Portuguese Government for a gross offense of the kind we are considering, but especially charged him that under no circumstances should he consent to restitution of the prize.

The obstreperous scolding of English hostile journals we have happily learned to despise; and certainly in the present instance no intelligent American can hear it without a smile of amused contempt. Unfortunately the sinking of the *Florida* has prevented the possibility of her restitution to Brazil, should that course have appeared to be required by our own precedent and by international understanding. It is greatly to be deplored that, since she was not destroyed in the act of seizure, she had not remained afloat until the question could be decided. If it shall now appear that the rights of a neutral had been violated by the *Florida* herself, the case, like that of the *General Armstrong*, will be one for friendly reference. If it shall be proved that her seizure was a plain violation of a neutral port, we have no doubt that every faithful American citizen expects that the most simple and immediate apology will be made. One newspaper indeed thinks that such a course would be a sore blow to the national honor! But that is more surprising in a paper which thinks that the duty of citizen to his country and Government ends with an election.

What all honest men desire is that justice shall be done to the injured State of Brazil, and honest men do not feel their honor wounded by frankly apologizing when they see that they are in the wrong.

A LETTER FROM GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE paper upon precedents of British offenses against neutrals, of which we have spoken in what we say of the *Florida*, is attributed, probably justly, to Senator SUMNER. It has elicited a letter from Goldwin Smith, dated Cornell, which was published in the Philadelphia *North American*. The reply is admirable for its temper, and for its assertion of a higher international morality than usually appears in such discussions.

Grant, says Professor SMITH, that what you say is true. Yet the offenses were mostly committed when you were parts of the British empire, and when her glory and shame were yours. And grant again that England has done such things as are not still unworthy—and that upon plead the shortcomings of England sixty, a hundred, or three hundred years ago as precedents for the extenuation of your own unworthy acts to-day? But her later assertions and conduct show that England has changed her feeling, and that such acts would not now be justified. And even if that were not so, is it a lofty course, in the present circumstances, to inflame ill-feeling between two countries because the violent in one loudly censure what the calmest and wisest in the other do not approve?

These questions come properly and forcibly from an Englishman who is in the fullest sympathy with us, and who feels how necessary to civilization is peace between America and England. And he, upon his side, will certainly understand that it is very agreeable for a nation, struggling as we are, to be savagely attacked because of an unauthorized act of a single officer in a foreign port, before the facts are known, and before the Government or public opinion have had a chance to express themselves; and that it is especially disagreeable coming from a maritime nation whose history is full of exactly such acts, and which boasts itself as the only nation not because of its regard for neutral rights, but from its great jealousy of our power and prosperity.

The motive of Professor SMITH'S letter, deprecation of hostility and hostile flame between England and the United States, will command the sympathetic approval of every sagacious and patriotic American, and he has earned the right to say what he does, because he has never hesitated to denounce in the boldest and most forcible strain the attempt of his own country in suffering herself to become the base of rebel principles upon our commerce. His hope is, as the hope of all true men must be, that the better theories and feelings in England will not allow themselves to be dragged into the mire of mere bravado and reciprocal insult.

RAILROAD TRAVEL.

IT will be shameful if the public attention now directed to the danger and discomfort of railway travel in this country does not lead to greater safety and convenience. There is at the present moment nothing more uncertain than a railway train. There is nothing regular upon the roads but irregularity. No traveler is now so wild as to expect to make connections. Every traveler is glad if he arrives two or three hours behind time with a whole skin. Every line is overcrowded with passengers and freight. The trains toil along from point to point, and patience never had so universal an opportunity for doing her perfect work. One hapless gentleman reports that he recently waited two hours at Utica upon the Central Road, reached New York two hours behind time upon the Hudson Road, and Boston four hours late upon the Massachusetts Central. The delays on the latter line now makes his arrangements to arrive a day late, and so insures himself against disappointment.

The delays would be more tolerable if comfort could be secured. But money loses its power when you take a train. Money will buy you comfort and seclusion every where else but in the cars. You may dine for fifty cents or five dollars at any restaurant; you may choose your hotel and your rooms in it, and be alone or in the crowd; but in the train you have no choice. Your money is banished and powerless. You must pay six dollars to go to Boston, or three dollars to Albany or Philadelphia; but you must sit back by jowl with drunkards and fanatics, and no amount of money that you would gladly pay can protect you. There are plenty of decent people with whom you would willingly sit, but you can not. You must sit with the fumes of whisky, you must hear the rhapsody of profanity and indecency, and thank God that your fingers have not yet been broken by the gracious Railroad Company.

A gentleman was lately traveling at night upon the New York Central Road with his wife, who was an invalid. A huge, hulking fellow came in and sat down by the stove and began to smoke a pipe. The smell and smoke were very unpleasant to the lady, and the gentleman, going to the smoker, mildly told him that smoking was not allowed in the car. The reply was a whiff. After a little time the gentleman asked the smoker if he would be kind enough to lay aside his pipe, as it made the lady sick. The reply was a surly grunt of refusal. Thereupon the gentleman knocked the pipe out of the smoker's mouth; and there would have been a serious row except for the timely entry of the conductor and the remonstrance of other passengers. The incident is not the exception, it is almost the rule. When the Central Railroad asks the Legislature this winter for the power to raise the rate of fare, why should not the Legislature require the Company to provide cars, because of different prices, that those who wish decency in travel, and who do not wish to sit with drunkards and blasphemers, can be accommodated? It is hotel, if people prefer the company of the barroom, they go there and sit; but what would be thought of a hotel which compelled every body to sit in the bar-room?

There are smoking-cars upon all the trains, says some railroad director. Very well, if people choose to smoke in the other end of a train, and to fight if you complain, it may be possible to carry the point after a struggle that the offensive party be put into the smoking car. Why not prevent the chance? A man may come into your room at a hotel with his pipe, but the chances are against it. The whole system is to what can be easily done to secure comfort. Why not have a drunken car instead of condemning all the passengers to the society of a set? Why not compel those upon whom the Railway describes a fellow marching up and down the car, flourishing his whisky-bottle and stumping every body who did not vote for MCCLELLAN to step forth and be chastised. The conductor did not even attempt to remove him.

There is no reason whatever why every railroad company should not be compelled to protect passengers from such discomfort. In England, and upon the continent of Europe, there are different kinds of cars, and the traveler is infinitely more comfortable than upon our higgledy-piggledy roads. The truth is, that our whole system of railroad travel, in point of safety and comfort, is entirely behind the age.

"REFORM IT ALTOGETHER."

MANY of the daily papers justly censure the absurd prophecies of the Associated Press that "General ——— is fully prepared for any force that the rebels can array against him," or the special dispatch which asserts that "a gentleman has just arrived who declares that the fate of Richmond was sealed if the plans of General THOMAS," all of which remarks were tolerable enough before the battle of Bull Run, three years ago last July, but have been simply silly ever since.

But while the papers justly censure such folly, why do they print it? If they omitted it they would gain both the space occupied by the silly dispatch and by their own indignant comments upon it, while its publication merely depresses the public mind, which has learned to look in these foolish boasts of the Associated Press dispatches only the most frightened whistling to keep up courage. Does the public let every newspaper omit them, and we shall all be gainers.

LITERARY.

"THE Journal and Letters of Samuel Curwen," edited by G. A. WARD (LITTLE & BROWN), is a new edition of a work published some years since. Mr. CURWEN was a Colonial Tory who left Salem, in Massachusetts, where he was an Admiralty Judge, after the battle of Lexington, and went to Philadelphia; but finding that patriotism was inconveniently hot in that city, after being singed a little, he embarked for England, and remained there until after the close of the war. He was sixty years old when he left his country, and an old man when he returned to America. His journal is the record of the foreign residence of the Tory refugees during the Revolution, and is full of interesting details of the English life and men of that time. Mr. CURWEN

was evidently a prim, precise Puritan, by no means cast in the heroic mould. But a lover of his native land and a very sagacious observer of events, as his letters, no less than the diary, show. It was no light trial to be torn away from his home, his wife, his position, his fortune, his long habits of methodical comfort, at an age when most men abhor change, and to be thrust out over the ocean, friendless, poor, and in extremely low spirits. His spirits indeed were permanently low, and it is from the bed of his dry, cold inventory of the famous places and objects he saw, which he lots down as a man in unhappy circumstances mechanically repeats a prayer, totally unconscious of the words. The book is a curious and valuable sidelight in the history of that time.

To a wide circle it has a peculiar interest also from the name of its editor, GEORGE ARVINSON WARD. Mr. WARD was a descendant of Judge CHIEVER, and very recently, after this handsome volume was in print. He was perhaps to his death the best living representative of the old Puritan County Federalist. His hostility to "TOM JEFFERSON" was as earnest in 1864 as that of the Hartford Convention in 1814; and his familiar knowledge of our political history and men made him a most entertaining and instructive companion. Mr. WARD was one of the most genial and generous of men. He had the simplicity of a child with the courtesy of a gentleman of the old school. He could not bear the victorious cheerfulness of his nature, nor his faith in noble principles, nor his patriotic fidelity. He encountered and overcame sad many misfortunes with unquerulous patience, and toward the end of his life, after more than one warning of a sudden death, which he received undismayed, he returned to his native place, and at once sympathizing in all its interests, a good citizen and a true, kind, gentle-hearted man, he was busy to the very last, and upon returning to his home one weeks since from a flower-show, sank quietly asleep, and was seen of men no more.

"The Autobiography of Lieutenant-General Scott" (SHELDON). This is a work which has been awaited with curious expectation. The author has been one of our historic men for half a century. He has been upon familiar terms with many of our most famous men. He has been often behind the scenes, and now as the curtain is finally falling upon his own part the veteran actor steps to the front and makes his farewell speech. There is something pathetic in the position which invites criticism. As the eye falls upon him the spectator remembers the services he has performed, recalls the good intentions rather than the inadequate fulfilment, and as the player leaves the stage is disposed to bid him a kindly farewell. We do not, let not how silently and retire? Why should he speak who can not speak wisely? Why publish a book which if not written at all is a unutterable relief if mentioned must be described truly? And the simple truth is, that this is one of the most unsatisfactory books ever published. It has none of the especial charm of memoirs, that delightful, genial picture of the private lives of public men and relation of characteristic incident which, if properly literary dinlaia to note, is yet the most delightful episode of history. The book tells in a dreary way what was already known of its author's services but as a picture of American life and men during the long life of General Scott it is worthless. We prefer remarks the want in our literature of proper personal memoirs, and the work then proceeds to two volumes to make at least what more stupid and deplorable. The book will not injure the national gratitude to the aged hero for his faithful and undoubted patriotic service; it will be merely counted among those acts which all his sincere friends will regret and the country hastens to forget.

"From Dan to Beersheba: Travels in the Holy Land," by REV. J. WYCLIFFE PUTNAM, D.D. (CARLETON). A simple, earnest, valuable book, describing Jerusalem and the whole tour in the Holy Land, both as careful and full as its details and descriptions that it is an admirable *vade-mecum* for the traveller and a capital manual of reference for the student. Nevertheless we think an attack of the Bedouins upon his party, sixteen against four, in which the clerical author and friends showed themselves to be efficient doctors of the Church Militant. Every Eastern traveler will turn the pages of this modest and well-illustrated volume with peculiar interest.

"Margaret Denzil's History" (HARPERS) is one of those stories which are so good that we are sorry of them before we read them. This one has excited so much interest as it appeared serially that, as it came complete, it must be found for so remarkable a tale. It has been attributed to several noted persons, but we believe, with others, by QUEEN VICTORIA. But it is very clear that if that good lady had been capable of writing such a book she would not have waited until now to reveal her power. "Margaret Denzil's History" is doubtless a woman's book, and one of those which must be read by every one who would be familiar with the remarkable mystery of literary power which, in our day, seeks its expression in the novel.

"Under the Sun" (*Le Mondit*) (HARPERS) is another vegetarian novel. It is a highly-wrought, exciting, even exasperating tale, descriptive of the subtle influence and the inexorable method of Jesuitism. For the information reader it has an authoritative interest, and for every reader a profound warning.

"The Seer; or, Common Places Refreshed," by LEIGH HUNT (ROBERTS BROTHERS). This is a fresh and truly beautiful edition of one of the most delightful series of essays in English literature. They are genial, dainty, delicate little treatises upon familiar topics and daily experiences, graced with all the charms of the poet's fancy, and garnished with the spoils of the most exquisite culture which is marked in LEIGH HUNT. The publishers will be certainly thanked for giving so fair a form to so choice a work, and so timely and fit for a gift-book.

"Arizona and Sonora: the Geography, History, and Resources of the Silver Region of North America," by SYLVESTER MOWRY, of ARIZONA. (HARPERS.) A compact, plain, and detailed account of the mineral resources of the region, given often in the words of the official authorities. It is full of useful and apparently accurate information.

THERE COMES A TIME.

THERE comes a time when we grow old,
And, like a sunset down the sea,
Slopes gradual, and the night wind cold
Comes whispering and and chillingly;
And then the gray
At Winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all frosty fall away,
And lips of faded coral say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leap as leap the laughing main,
Are dead to all its mirthful parts,
As prisoner in his dungeon chain,
And dawn of day
And night are one,
The moon hath into darkness rolled,
And by the embers wan and gray,
I hear a voice in whisper say,
There comes a time when hearts grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime
Is shrouded in the mist of years,
And beauty, fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent tears;
And thought grows dark!
But oh! the spark
That kindles youth to hues of gold,
Still lingers in the heart and may pay,
And fond affections lingering say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing Spring
And golden Summer cease to be;
And we put sober robe
To tread the last declivity.
But now the slope,
Which leads
Beyond the sunset we behold—
Another dawn with fairer light,
While wafted from above through the night
There comes a time when we grow old.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 5, the Thirty-eighth Congress assembled at Washington to hold its second and last session. In the Senate the Chaplain officiated. After prayer by the Chaplain, and after the usual notice to the House that the Senate was ready for business, the credentials of Mr. Nathan A. Farwell, appointed to fill Mr. Fessenden's unexpired term, were presented, sworn to, and he was duly sworn into office. It was received that the President of the United States could not attend as ordered. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, offered a bill authorizing the construction of a railroad bridge over Wyoo on the lakes, and appropriating for that purpose one million dollars. Mr. Lane introduced a bill to prohibit the payment from the Treasury of the Kansas militia, who had been employed in the suppression of Indian outbreaks.

In the House, 180 members answered to their names at the commencement of the session. Messrs. Colfax, Blair, and Fenton, were appointed by the committee from the House, conjointly with a committee from the Senate, to wait on the President and inform him that both Houses were ready to receive any communication he might have to make. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, introduced a bill to repeal Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, and tier over. Mr. Ca. Sumner, of Illinois, offered a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of repealing the tariff on coffee, sugar, tea, and similar articles. On motion of Mr. Colfax, the Committee on Appropriations was tabled, 68 to 49. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, offered a resolution directing the Committee of Ways and Means to be instructed to inquire into the expediency of providing a sinking fund to pay off the whole indebtedness of the public debt. Mr. Washburne offered a resolution to instruct the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill to repeal the Revenue bill at all, to lay a tax on all stocks of dealers imported into the United States.

The only changes which have taken place since the last session in the Committees of the House are as follows: Mr. Blair takes the place of James Bayard, resigned, for Maryland; Mr. Dawes, Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, resigned; Mr. Anderson, for Mr. Rollins, resigned; Mr. Hooper, for Mr. Bailey, deceased; and Bowden does not return. Bowden, together with Vallandigham, was arrested for treason. The two Senators from Louisiana are R. K. Cutler and Charles Smith. The Senators from Tennessee are Andrew Johnson and Lovejoy, deceased, for Illinois; Samuel Knox that of Missouri, Jos., resigned, for Missouri. Mr. Lovejoy succeeded that of Sheldon, for New York. Governor Fenton holds his seat until the commencement of the extraordinary session.

The appointment by the President of the Hon. Salmon P. Chase for Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, in place of the late Chief-Justice Taney, deceased, has been received by the Senate December 6, and immediately confirmed.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President's Message was transmitted to Congress December 6. It is a very long document, and commences: The President regrets the condition of our Foreign affairs as reasonably satisfactory, and proceeds to refer to his last at length on our relations with the South American States. Alluding to the disturbance of the Republic of Mexico by a feeble authority to furnish the republic with a gun-boat to assist in suppressing the rebellion, he says that he has given its operations in arresting the slave-trade. The President briefly alludes to the two projects to connect America with Europe, the one by sea and the other by land, as satisfactorily under way. His refers to the temporary difficulties which, after the decease of Consul-General Thayer, resulted in a suspension of diplomatic intercourse with the United States; to the suppression of the Chinese rebellion, and the opening of the Japanese ports to trade, mentioning that the ports of Norfolk, Fernandina, and Pensacola have been thrown open to the world, he proceeds to the consideration of the difficulties on the Canadian border. He recommends that notice be given to the British Government that after the expiration of six months the United States must feel at liberty to increase their naval armament upon the Lakes, if they shall find it necessary to do so.

The President also recommends an amendment of the act for the encouragement of emigration which shall prevent the practice of fraud against immigrants on their way hither or on their arrival in port, so as to secure them a free choice of occupations and places of settlement. He reports that the enterprise for connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific States by a railroad through with a view which gives promise of success, notwithstanding the embarrassments arising from the want of labor and means. The route of the main line of the road has been definitely located for over 1,000 miles westward from the initial point at Omaha City, Nebraska; and a preliminary location of the branch uniting San Francisco with the road from Sacramento, eastward, to the great bend of Mucker River. The probable early development of gold, silver, and cinnabar mines have been added to the many inducements for the construction of the road. Between Nevada and Rocky Mountains and the subordinate ranges lyond State organizations, which a richly repay exploration.

It is believed that the products of the mines of precious metals in that region have, during the year, reached, if not exceeded, $100,000,000 in value.

The President recommends that further attention be given to the reorganization of the Indian system.

The number of invalid pensioners is 28,479, of which 710 are from the Navy. The number of widows and orphans on the Army Pension Rolls is 28,445, the Navy pensioners numbering 1,121. The claims pending June 30, 1864, $4,864,615 have been paid to pensioners of all classes.

The President refers to the General Statement, which through Georgia as an evidence of our great increase of relative strength. Over 30,000 citizens residing in each of the States of Arkansas and Louisiana have organized loyal State governments and framed constitutions, which in movements in a similar direction should not be overlooked. In Maryland an election for State officers will occur next year.

The President congratulates the country on the fact that the number of votes cast at the election in the loyal portion of the country is greater than the corresponding number in 1860, by 800,000, notwithstanding the depleted condition who could not vote and the hugely augmented population of the Territories. He also points out that the recovery of the nation in respect of men are not in any measure exhausted by the war.

Negotiations for peace with the insurgent leader the President announces, have failed. He says that he has distinctly and frequently declared that he would accept of no terms inconsistent with the Union. We are in fact thus to the issue of war. When the Southern people are beaten by the sword they will return from the field and submit to the debate of their leaders, then peace will follow upon "terms." In regard to the Emancipation Proclamation, the President says that no change by legislation or by decision of the courts shall be made in the conditions which shall fix the status of the Slave. The Government could not, if it would, maintain war against them.

Upon the question of the Rights of Labor, the President should remain, we would subject them by the peaceful means of Emancipation, courts, and bonds."

In taking this position the President declares that he retracts nothing heretofore said by him as to slavery. He repeats his former declaration that he will not attempt, while he remains in the Executive office, to return, or to modify the Emancipation Proclamation. "Nor," adds he, "shall I return to slavery any person who has been free by the terms of that Proclamation, or by any of the acts of Congress.

"If the people should, by whatever mode or means, make it an executive duty to re-enslave such persons, another, and not I, must be their instrument to perform it.

"In stating a single condition of peace, I mean simply to say that the war will cease on the part of the Executive whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it."

The President recommends that Congress should take early measures for the payment before the State Legislatures the proposition for an amendment to the Constitution which has been before the people for consideration for a recent election to have indicated a desire on the part of the people that such amendment should be adopted.

The proposition came up at the last session, and was carried in the Senate by a vote of 38 to 6, but was not in the House, receiving only 95 votes against 66; a two-thirds majority is required. Twenty-four members of the House did not vote at all.

REPORTS OF THE DEPARTMENTS.

The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury accompanied the President's Message.

The fiscal year ended July 1, 1864. The receipts during the year from all sources, including loans and the balance in the Treasury at the commencement of the year, were $1,394,796,007 69; the disbursements, $1,393,056,159 08, leaving a balance in the Treasury of $39,739,848 61. Deduct from these amounts the amount of the principal of the public debt redeemed, viz., the issues of loans in substitution therefor, and the actual cash operations of the Treasury amounted to $1,242,315,456,647 61; disbursements, $865,434,667 93; which leaves a cash balance in the Treasury of $39,739,848 61. Of the receipts, there were derived from customs $105,316,169 99; from lands, $588,333 79; from direct taxes, $475,649 80; from internal revenue, $109,741,134 19; from miscellaneous sources, $1,021,845 39; from loans applied to the part of the balance, including former balance, $623,643,929 13. There were disbursements for the civil service, $17,305,076 66; pensions and Indians, $1,517,930 97; for the army for the year ending June 30, 1864, $690,791,604 93; for navy, $85,735,329 79; for interest of the public debt, $53,685,017 15; making an aggregate of $1,393,056,159 08, and leaving a balance in the Treasury of $18,949,058 71, as before stated.

The Secretary of the Treasury favors an increase of taxation sufficient to pay the war. The entire expenditure to July 1, 1864, was $1,740,000,469 49. The Secretary is of the opinion that the whole of the debt may be paid by banks of loans not authorized by Congress.

The Report of the Secretary of War has not been received.

The Secretary of the Navy reports that including the vessels under construction December 1, 1864, there are 588 vessels, mounting 4,610 guns, carrying 510,396 tons, being an actual increase during the year of 29 vessels, 467 guns, and 71,396 tons. Of the 588 vessels, 161 are iron-clads, carrying 1,587 guns, and 236 are now in the naval service, including officers and men, 51,558. During the year 264 vessels, and the whole number during the year 324 vessels, and the whole number captured or destroyed by the enemy captured, and not to be reported. The total expenditure of the Navy Department for the year ending June 30, including the cost of the insurance squadrons that have been called into existence to turn the city of Mexico, is the sum of $85,734,329 79, and less $258,667,102 93.

The Secretary recommends the construction of a new navy-yard and suitable establishment for the construction of iron-clad vessels. He also recommends the construction of the rank of Vice-Admiral in our naval service.

The total expenditure of the Navy during July 1, 1864, amounted to $19,268,955 78, and the expenditure to $15,644,329 79, leaving a balance of $3,624,625 99.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

The news from Sherman is still indefinite: indeed it is impossible that it should be otherwise while he is beside his main army with any degree of accuracy. The Mayor of Milledgeville says that the Yankee army has despoiled the citizens of food, and has taken their mules and horses. He also reports the destruction of the railroad bridge and the bridge across the Oconee. The State House and Executive Mansion were saved. There is no certain information that Sherman has moved his main army east of the Oconee, but the report of the burning of his bridges reached Milledgeville. The Richmond *Enquirer* of December 1, on the other hand, says that Sherman had reached Millen. The Richmond *Enquirer* of December 1, on the other hand, says that Sherman had reached Millen. It declared he opinion that he would reach the coast in safety. The Richmond *Examiner*, two days afterward, denied the report and predicted Sherman's defeat. It is impossible for us to say whether Sherman's main army is east of the Oconee, or whether the attacks that side of the stream are merely blinds made by the cavalry, while the main body is moving between the Oconee and the Ocmulgee toward Brunswick. In the late case it has been a long journey to Millen line, and the route is more unfavorable than the country usually selected.

An expedition under General Foster sailed from Port Royal on the 1st inst., and on the 2d entered Broad River, down to Boyd's Point, where a force was landed which proceeded five miles inland to the Charleston and Charleston Railroad, which runs from Charleston to Savannah and Charleston to Augusta. The object of the expedition was to co-operate with Sherman. The expedition was under the command of General Orlando Brannan, Colonels Read and Harden, which they represent as having been a dreary battle.

GENERAL GREGG'S RAID.

On the 1st of December General Gregg started southward on a reconnoissance, with the object of avoiding the rebel right. He Stopped Stony Creek Station, taking two prisoners, who he released, and ten belonged prisoners, and destroying large quantities of property, including 200 cords of wood.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

HOOD'S army fronted Nashville on the 1st of November. Up to this date Forrest had remained on the Tennessee River, in the neighborhood of Savannah, while the main body of Hood's army was in the vicinity of Florence and Tuscumbia, the line at Corinth, the base of supply, amounting to from 18,000 to 15,000, moved westward, Hood at the same time moving northward. Both columns by this advance finished our positions at Decatur, Huntsville, and Athens, which were evacuated on the 25th. Thomas's army falling back on Columbia, 45 miles north of Nashville, the 5th the 23d Army Corps crossing Duck River between our cavalry and General Forrest, the latter having reported with the body of the infantry. The enemy time Hood was moving past our left northward across the Duck River, crossing at Davis's Ford, 15 miles from Columbia, who was at Columbia, from Nashville. He had crossed Duck River by the 26th. As soon as the fact was discovered Schofield continued the retreat from Columbia toward Nashville, the 23d Corps moving on Spring Hill, Thomas following. Wood was Hood's pursuit that Forrest caught up with Schofield at Spring Hill on the 29th. A severe fight followed, in which Wilson, united by a portion of Schofield's command, and Forrest, vainly tried to bring on a general engagement, but our force withheld to Forrest's attack in order to retain the Big Harpeth River, and 18 miles south from Nashville. The next day, November 30, the battle of Franklin was fought. Schofield determined to wrest attack before crossing the river. Franklin is on the south bank of the river. The river the army being drawn up in a semicircle like around Franklin, Schofield's line of battle was formed behind the strong fort on the north side of the stream. His army consisted of the Fourth, Twenty-third, and Twenty-third under Cox: the former held the right, the latter the left, and the 23d the centre. Cox's Corps and Riley's of Stanley's connected, forming the centre. The cavalry consisted of Wilson's corps, under Cheatham, Stewart, and Lee. These corps attacked the centre and left of our line. The attack at first was made chiefly on the centre. Charge after charge was made, ending in failure. In the repulse of these the Major-General Cheatham was killed; in another fell Brigadier-General Adams, and in the same charge Brigadier-General Gist and dreadful than such as we have ever known. Hood's army being drawn up in a semicircle like around Franklin, Schofield's line of battle was formed behind the strong fort on the north side of the stream. His army consisted of the Fourth, Twenty-third, and Twenty-third under Cox: the former held the right, the latter the left, and the 23d the centre. Cox's Corps and Riley's of Stanley's connected, forming the centre. The cavalry consisted of Wilson's corps, under Cheatham, Stewart, and Lee. These corps attacked the centre and left of our line. The attack at first was made chiefly on the centre. Charge after charge was made, ending in failure. In the repulse of these the Major-General Cheatham was killed; in another fell Brigadier-General Adams, and in the same charge Brigadier-General Gist and dreadful than such as we have ever known. Hood's army being drawn up in a semicircle like around Franklin, Schofield's line of battle was formed behind the strong fort on the north side of the stream. His army consisted of the Fourth, Twenty-third, and Twenty-third under Cox: the former held the right, the latter the left, and the 23d the centre. Cox's Corps and Riley's of Stanley's connected, forming the centre. The cavalry consisted of Wilson's corps, under Cheatham, Stewart, and Lee. These corps attacked the centre and left of our line. The attack at first was made chiefly on the centre. Charge after charge was made, ending in failure. In the repulse of these the Major-General Cheatham was killed; in another fell Brigadier-General Adams, and in the same charge Brigadier-General Gist and dreadful than such as we have ever known. Hood's army being drawn up in a semicircle like around Franklin, Schofield's line of battle was formed behind the strong fort on the north side of the stream. His army consisted of the Fourth, Twenty-third, and Twenty-third under Cox: the former held the right, the latter the left, and the 23d the centre. Cox's Corps and Riley's of Stanley's connected, forming the centre. The cavalry consisted of Wilson's corps, under Cheatham, Stewart, and Lee. These corps attacked the centre and left of our line. The attack at first was made chiefly on the centre. Charge after charge was made, ending in failure. In the repulse of these the Major-General Cheatham was killed; in another fell Brigadier-General Adams, and in the same charge Brigadier-General Gist and dreadful than such as we have ever known.

NEWS ITEMS.

A few weeks since a party of rebels, duly commissioned by J. R. Anderson, Confederate Secretary of War, organized a conspiracy for the destruction of our commerce on the Pacific. The plot, laid by Thomas Harris, consisting of about twenty men, left Havana at the close of September, in the steamer *Georgiana*, and, after touching at Nassau on the Guatemala, one of the Panama Railroad line of steamers, and sailed Panama. They arrived at Panama on late, but determined to visit the *Saturday*, which would leave Panama on the 1st of October. They were detained at sea and then use her or a privateer against vessels of the fortie 42d parallel of latitude. Before the time their conspiracy became known to our officers, and when the party had left Panama, the plan so carefully concerted had been completed for their capture. When the vessel left Panama it had been learned that the steamer had the United States steamer *Lancaster*, under Commander Dove, in port, who was ordered to watch the suspicious vessel. Among those Thomas Hogg, Brigadier-General of Texas, and Colonel Thomas Harris. The remaining accused officers have been accepted bail by the President, to which Mr. Lincoln assented. General John A. McClernand, Brigadier-General of U. S. A., has resigned his commission.

Mr. A. W. Thayer has been appointed Consul of Trieste in the place of Consul Hitchcock, late, deceased, obliged to resign on account of ill health.

The Secretary of the Navy was found in one of the berths of the Second steamer *City of New London*, supposed to have been placed there by some person. Jane Irvine the vessel started from New York. The fine had been landed, but fortunately became extinguished before ignition of the targets was effected.

General Hood, with a large force of cavalry, is thoroughly clearing out guerrillas from Loudon County, Virginia, destroying every mill, barn, and house in which or hotels, and effectually breaking up the rebel plans for raising the Stars and Bars.

General Banks has returned to New Orleans to resume command of the Department of the Gulf.

General Humphrey has assumed command of the Second Corps, on relief from duty to General Hancock. Reporters report that General Ewell's Corps has gone southward.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

FENIAN MULLER, the murderer, was executed November 26. Up to the last moment he protested his innocence. His ghostly adviser, who was one of the priests that just before condemned by the Judge, and the reports that just before Muller was swung off he confessed to the murder in these words: "I am the murderer: I have done it."

GREECE.

The new Constitution passed the Assembly November 1. The discussion had been protracted to such a length that the Assembly finally decided to vote only in and inform the wrongdoer that if they did not complete their work in a specified time they would exercise their liberty of action, throwing the responsibility on the Assembly. He also advocated the creation of a Council of State to take the place of the suppressed Senate. Indeed, his ministers declared that the King would sign the Constitution only on this condition. The royal order had the effect, and the King's proposal was adopted by a vote of 111 to 15.

BRAZIL.

Our Consul-General at Rio Janeiro on the 14th of October solemnized the marriage of Miss Ward to Miss Viera, Brazilian Secretary of Foreign Affairs, offering ample reparation for the capture of the *Florida* by Captain Collins.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.

GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.

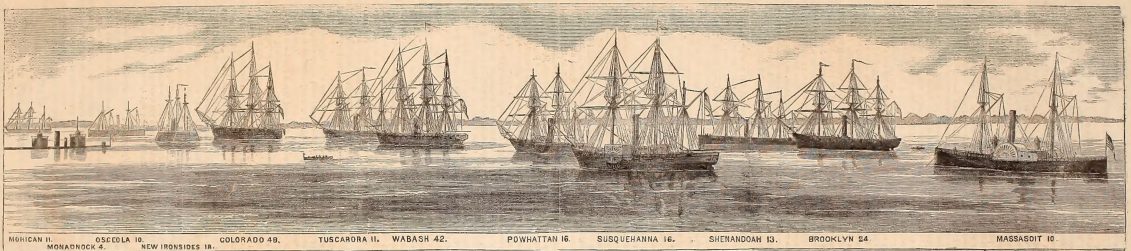
GENERAL JOHN M'ALLISTER SCHOFIELD, who commanded the Federal troops engaged in the recent battle at Franklin, was born in Chautauqua County, New York, in 1831. He graduated at West Point in 1853, and his present rank in the regular army is Captain of Artillery. He was at an early period of the war connected with the operations in Missouri. He was with General LYON at the battle of Wilson's Creek. Upon the removal of General CURTIS he was placed in command of the Department of Missouri. Early in 1864 he was removed to allay dissatisfaction which had grown up in his department and transferred to East Tennessee. He took a prominent part in General SHERMAN'S summer campaign; and when the latter started upon his grand march through Georgia, he was left with General THOMAS to assist in the campaign against General HOOD. General SCHOFIELD, in his conduct of the retreat of our forces upon Nashville, has given fresh evidence of his distinguished ability as a soldier. The battle at Franklin was forced upon him by the pressure on his rear of a rebel force outnumbering his own command, and little time was afforded him for defensive preparations. But he succeeded in gaining a signal victory, and so severely punishing the enemy that his retreat was continued without molestation. It is impossible to say what the result of a defeat might have been.

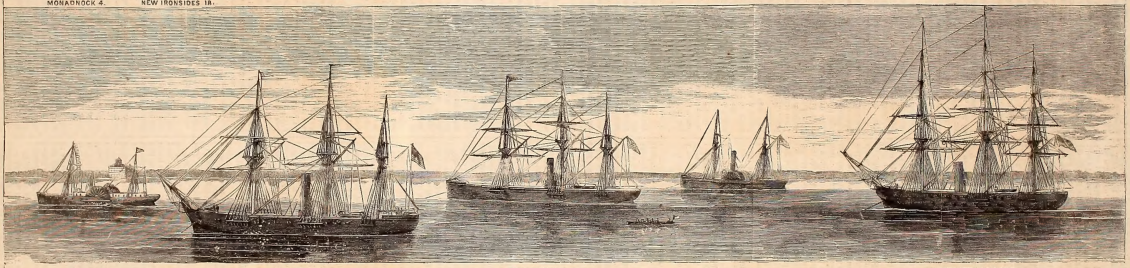
GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY.

GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY.

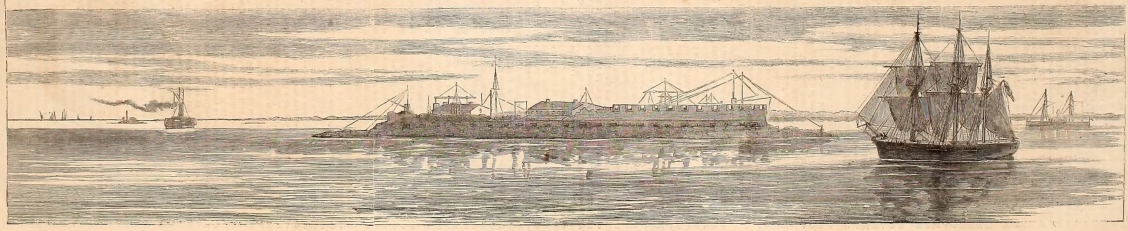
GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY, who so notably distinguished himself in the battle of Franklin, is a native of Ohio. In the year 1861 he fought in Missouri, and in the subsequent year followed the advance of our Western armies, after the capture of New Madrid and Island No. 10, into Mississippi. In the battle of Corinth he led the brilliant charge which crowned the victory of the day. In the battle of Franklin two corps were engaged, the Fourth and the Twenty-third. The latter was commanded by General COX; the former, under General STANLEY, held the right. It was on the right and centre that the heavy shock of the battle fell. The two brigades holding the centre were WAGNER'S of the Fourth and RILEY'S of the Twenty-third Corps. CHEATHAM'S entire corps of the rebel army, supported by LEE'S, fell upon this portion of our line in repeated charges, and at last, after several repulses, broke through. Two of the rebel leaders had already fallen, CLEBURNE and ADAMS. The centre broken, Colonel OPDYKE'S brigade, which lay behind in reserve, confronted the enemy's advance. STANLEY came up at this crisis, and ordered OPDYKE to restore the broken line. The advancing rebels were attacked in flank, and many of them captured. General STANLEY, while leading OPDYKE'S brigade to the charge, was wounded severely but not dangerously.

TORPEDO RAFT IN MOBILE BAY.—SKETCHED BY GEORGE WETTERE.—[SEE PAGE 816.]





OUR FLEET IN HAMPTON ROADS.—Sketched by John Everding.—[See Page 810]



FORT WOOL (RIP RAPS), HAMPTON ROADS.—Sketched by John Everding.—[See Page 810.]

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

WE were the last of our family, and Robert was an invalid.

Looking up from the cluster of purple grapes I was embroidering on a pair of slippers for him, one early October day, he said,

"There are *real* grapes down in the meadow, Margy; suppose we take a walk."

"Agreed."

Dropping the worsted work, I was ready in a moment.

We went out through the kitchen entrance, cautioned by Aunt Hannah not to stroll too far. In the orchard near the apple-trees, where we breath their burden of red and golden fruit, swept the ground on either side, awaiting the autumnal harvester. They spoke silently of our white-haired father, who, since the last autumn, had been gathered to the heavenly harvest. They were his trees, planted by his own hands. "Who, in the coming years, would eat the fruit of his labor?" I reflected sorrowfully, and attempted to hide a tear by stooping to pick up a winter apple.

"Throw it away, sister; it is too hard."

"It is not the apple which is too hard, Robert," I replied, choking with my ill-timed words.

"Don't, Margy!"

He took the hand which had just dropped the apple and said,

"What a pleasant day it is! How brightly the sun shines here in the valley! And, above the hills yonder, who ever saw them robed so royally!"

Royal indeed they looked in their forest garments of crimson, gold, and purple. For the time my thoughts were diverted.

"Fringed gentians!" I exclaimed, as we passed the meadow stile. "Look, Robert! They are my autumn favorites; coming with the frost, as though they would comfort the earth for the loss of her summer flowers. I used to have a fancy that angels sowed the seed of the fringed gentian."

I was an enthusiast amidst the flowers of every season. Often in childhood I had run reverently to kiss the first spring livervort or blue violet; and all my life since I have loved them, in sorrow and in joy; and hope to love them still, and recognize my earthly favorites when I pass the "dark river" to the land of flowers.

Robert smiled, either at the warmth of my words or the simplicity of the fancy. His was a calmer, less mature than mine. Sometimes serenely amidst the droughts and overflows of life, like a rich river fed from unfailing springs.

"I think this a very pretty flower," he said, pulling a spike of the wax-like neottia. I am no botanist, Margy, but why is not this an orchis?"

"Because it is only an orchid, I suppose," said, "and favors an orchis just as you and Cousin Lib Hazel favor each other. She has the broad forehead and Roman nose of the Millers, while her other features are *ubi generis*. Look here! That neottia is an orchis just as the splendid cardinal-flower is a campanula. Some botanist will call them both *scrophulaceæ*."

We went forward slowly, talking as we went of the natural resemblances and distinctive features of plants, until we came to Spring Brook.

"I want to carry you over," Robert said; "but you are a little too heavy for me now. We must go along to the stepping-stones."

The grape-vine was on a small island formed by a division of the current. Smooth stones had been planted in the stream by my brothers when boys, to facilitate the passage to and from the island. We could go nowhere but some memorial of one of them was visible.

The rich odor of the grapes regaled us from afar.

"I know there are a plenty," I said, hastening forward to the natural arbor formed by the alders and wild grape-vine. "Oh, Robert! there never were so many before!"

His cheeks were crimson, and his eyes shone with an unwonted lustre as he entered the shady inclosure. I mistook it for pleasant excitement.

I declare, brother, you are better for the walk already! And do look at the grapes! Won't Aunt Hannah's eyes stare when she comes to see them and count over her jars of preserve-jelly and marmalade!"

"They are very fine," was his quiet remark, as he threw himself wearily down on the mossy grass. "Can you get as many on a stem with out my assistance?"

"Not as many as I can carry home."

I had only a small hand-basket. To fill it was the work of a few minutes only. Then I gathered the ripest, fairest clusters I could find for Robert, who I knew would never recline so indolently but for weariness and weakness.

We sat in the meadow eating the grapes and watching the sun as it peered through the vine-leaves and shamed among the alders, which already stretched their shadows across the stream to the green meadow beyond.

"The afternoon are getting shorter and cooler, Margy. Shall we go?"

We arose and walked homeward very slowly. Robert leaned more on me than on his staff.

"Dear-a-me, children, 'tis gittin' late, and too cold for Robert, I'm afraid. 'Tis clear as a bell, though; and a grain of white frost wouldn't surprise me none to-morrow morning."

Aunt Hannah's prophecy was correct. There was frost next morning, feathery and white on the lowlands. I knew it before I arose. My hangs seemed pierced with a hundred minute spears.

The fire burned cheerfully in the breakfast room, as it burned the evening before. We tried to be cheerful too, and to speak and act as usual. But the night, with its sore anguish, had been only a dream. Breakfast over, I sat down to put the finishing touch to Robert's slippers, while he read the paper—not aloud, for he was too hoarse to speak much above a whisper.

"Margy, listen to this advertisement," he said, after a period of silence:

"FOR NEW ORLEANS.—TOUCHING AT HAVANA AND KEY WEST—The new steam-ship *Republic*, Commodore Jones, will leave next month, as previously announced.

"How would you like a sea-voyage, and a letter at the South?"

"Better than any thing in the world, Robert! I am sorrowful now with the thought sprung a new hope for my brother. "Why have we not thought of it before? I am certain it would cure you. Shall I write to-day?"

"I believe it would be of more lasting benefit to you than to me, Margy. We will think about it."

All day the subject was discussed. In the evening we told Aunt Hannah we had decided to sail from New York in five days. She made no first surprise she appeared to approve the plan, and entered into our arrangements heartily. She said, with a hint of a tremble in her voice, every thing snug before winter set in, and get the farming all started in the spring against our return.

Aunt Hannah had managed every thing since our father's death, and was more faithful to our interest than to her own.

We were far from rich, but had bank-stock sufficient for our simple expenses and more; there would be no mortgage on the farm.

The new idea possessed me entirely, and lifted me quite above anxiety and despondency. The traveling trunks were brought forward and packed almost as cheerfully as though the winter journey were to restore at least instead of a pilgrimage for health. Only when Aunt Hannah insisted on a little roll of flannel, or a bundle of sacks of fresh herbs, I smiled, she said, would my heart sink for a moment.

"I just know, had we better let it go, Robert?" I asked, aside.

He answered, "Of course."

Careful Aunt Hannah! Often had we to bless her wise foresight when far away.

The last day at home was sad, in spite of our best efforts to be cheerful. Neighbors came to offer assistance and kind wishes, and though their words were as encouraging as possible, something in their looks and tones made me almost regret the step we were taking. They had been there the good God did not permit me to outrage the faithful heart which had borne our burdens for years, and I thank Him for it.

She did not weep, but was more than strange in my manner, but sat with her mind apparently absorbed in thoughts as far removed from her hurrying as mine were from her quiet peace and joy. My wayward heart softened with silence, and when I left she suggested it was growing late, and asked if she should call Robert in, now reduced to a few brands, I only answered. I was not ready, could not speak to him to-night.

How long I sat watching the fading of those brands to embers I can not tell. Not a sound was in the house except Aunt Hannah's step, unyielding cough from the room above, magnified by the solemn quietude of the night, and shutting out every other sound. "Could I not pray for peace of mind?" suggested a compassionate angel. "Could not I pray for Robert?"

Pray? On my bended knees I should have uttered only blasphemies. I would have said, "Unequal are thy dispensations, O thou cruel, evil, Sovereign of the Universe! Thou knowest we have not wronged Thee, that Thou shouldst thus load us with disappointments, while others are crowned with blessings!"

I assumed no attitude of prayer. The "eye that sees in secret," and knows all the thoughts and intents of the heart," marked all the scorn and irreverence of mine. At that moment I was far before arrayed itself against Infinite Goodness.

Only gray ashes lay like a mould on the hearthstone when I arose and went to my little room, my chamber, shading the light as I went, lest its rays should shine into my brother's room. I opened a moment—all was silent. I would have gone in and pressed a kiss upon his lips, but feared to disturb him. Not against him, my dear, noble brother, was my heart hardened, but against our Father in heaven!

I lay down, but not to sleep. I heard a choking sound, like a restrained sob; then a smothered cough, which soon burst forth with more violence from the very effort to check it. Rising with nervous energy I ran across the hall, and the next moment, with my arms clasped firmly around him, exclaimed,

"This is too bad! God knows it is wicked and cruel! My poor, darling brother!"

"Margy! oh, Margy! don't say such things," he said, faintly, at the same time laying his head upon my shoulder, as I knelt beside him. "Our ways are weak; but God is strong, and wise, and good!"

Had any one else made the assertion at that moment I would have disputed it, but could not distress him further with my impiety.

"Are you weary, Robert?" I whispered.

With the words my heart melted, and tears gushed forth in torrents. Robert wept too, and folded his arms tenderly around me. It was the first time our hearts had opened to one another in all our grief.

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CHAPTER II.

We made no stay at Havana. After taking a slow passage through the Gulf stream we had decided to go to Key West without change of steamer. If we did not like there, we could go on to New Orleans or return to Cuba. We had learned in New York that an old and valued friend of our father's was stationed at Fort Taylor as post surgeon. We were sure of our father's friend; and the welcome accorded by the kind physician and his family proved we were right.

Key West is one of the largest of the innumerable little islands that encircle the southern coast of Florida. Its name is said to be a corruption of the Spanish *Coy Huesso* or *Isle of Bones*. The Key is a coral formation, about five miles in length, and a mile or so in width. The waters all around the island are of a beautiful emerald tint, contrasting strongly with the deep blue of the ocean beyond. Fort Taylor, on the southwest point of the Key, is built of brick, with a foundation of solid stone-work. Three sides of this strong fortress, semi-hexagonal in form, are washed by the sea, while the diameter, or the side facing the island, is also separated from the land by a wide ditch, through which the tide flows constantly. The city is nothing more than a country-looking town, half-hidden in groves of cocoa-nut trees. It promised abundant repose of the very kind we needed—repose blended with novelty. We were pleased with the place at first sight, and determined to remain.

That evening found us comfortably established at the garrison hotel, seated out upon its wide veranda, and conversing with Doctor M'I——— on the distracted condition of the country and the prospects of a civil war. He was an unswerving Unionist; so was Judge M———, and a few others also, to whom we were subsequently introduced. But it did not take long to discover that on this little island, beneath the flag of Fort Taylor, were men busy in sowing the seeds of political discord and rebellion.

For a time Robert seemed to gain strength, and our daily rides and drives over the island were delightful. The flower-garden to me were a rich source of pleasure. Such a profusion of roses, jessamines, and crape myrtles I was certain was never seen elsewhere. The lowliest cabins were embowered in blooms, and for the first time in my life I had leisure to satiety. I sometimes fancied their ceaseless perfume a disgust to Robert, who once remarked, when we were sitting, that "tropical flowers were too sweet; he liked the scent of apple orchards better than orange groves." Another time we sat on the veranda at evening; he complained of the sickening odor of the jessamines, and the next morning all the flower-scents was that of the garden pink. We had a whole border edged with them at home. I think he was homesick.

As the winter wore on we grew tired of Key West. It seemed too circumscribed and isolated either for health or development or happiness. Its great cocoa-nuts, majestic palms, and hundred-leaved aloes ceased to interest when Robert grew no better. Occasionally the many eulogiums on the climate the atmosphere was too dreamy for an invalid, began to take of change. We spoke of Cuba; Robert did not like the idea of Havana. We spoke much of New Orleans; but it was too near spring to render New Orleans a desirable place of residence. Besides, the secession troubles were waxing warmer and warmer every day, and were likely to render the social atmosphere of a large Southern city uncongenial to strangers who sought only for health and repose.

We were debating the subject one morning when Doctor M'I——— called. "Where shall we go next, Doctor, since we have resolved to leave the Island?" Robert asked.

"I have been thinking about it since you mentioned the subject the other day," he replied, "and have made up my mind what I would do in your place. I would go to Tampa Bay. There is a thriving little settlement there around Fort Brooklyn, with the best climate in the world for both summer and winter. It is entirely unscathed from east winds, and refreshed by perpetual breezes from the Gulf. Brooklyn down in Florida! I was ordered there on duty during the Florida war, and after a year's residence came away renovated and ready for work. I think of the North another summer, but go there and stay until you are benefited."

Political troubles were suggested.

"Even if they should become more serious," the Doctor replied, "I don't think they would be likely to affect you there much, as it is a place of no political importance. Communications with the Island from the North are infrequent, and I don't apprehend any interruption at present."

We conversed for some time upon the advantages of the Tampa settlement, the last which we had before heard very little, and were pleased with the Doctor's recommendation and suggestions.

A week later the steamer *Magnolia*, which for some time had been coasting northward, turned its prow to the east, and was soon making headway among the keys which stand guard on the outer boundary of Tampa Bay. The dark-blue waters were a shade more lightly tinged as the vessel sped onward, leaving an island here and an island there echoed a regional verdure.

Passing the light-house it came to anchor at last, with the few shores of the main land on either side. The main land was before us also, though still too far away to be distinctly visible. We were to cross from this little steamer which formed the interchain of communication with the Hillsboro. The passengers all clustered on the upper deck of the *Magnolia* to watch the craft which had been duly signaled, and whose smoke was floating like gray vapor in the distance.

How every thing thing becomes an interest to the traveler at sea! Men who in the busy street would scarcely turn their heads for an armada, only a few hours from terra firma will be seen with anxious eagerness straining their eyes, or directing their glasses, toward any object, however insignificant, which chances to greet their vision. Such real interest did the little boat from Tampa awaken in a hundred minds on the *Montoya-Bird*, and a third the *Cracker*. A gentleman called the *Mosquito*, or *Rattlesnake*; and so we had names *ad infinitum*.

Meanwhile the little steamer, puffing porpoise-like, advanced until we could read, plainly lettered on her sides, *The Scottish Chief*. Three cheers for *The Scottish Chief* were called for, and responded to with a will, and a moment after reaching cheers came back from the gallant little boat. A number of gentlemen were standing on the guards when she came along-side; and that was the last observation until the plank was crossed: then Robert and I moved forward on the deck of the strange vessel waving adieus to our companions on the receding steamer. We were quite alone, going by ourselves to a land of strangers; but with my brother no spot on earth seemed lonely. Not an island of the seas, however remote or isolated, I would not have neared with joy had it promised health and strength to my host I said.

Robert looked pale and weary when the excitement of the change was over, and we were about to go below for rest, when a gentleman approached us with a stool in each hand.

"Allow me to offer you the best the boat affords," he said, with marked ease of manner. "The accommodations here are very poor indeed."

My brother accepted the seat, and thanked the stranger for his courtesy. I preferred standing; and while the gentleman still remained in conversation strayed away a little distance, watching every feature of the beautiful bay and its evergreen shores. After two or three days of sail, rounding another point, and passing another island, lo! the city, namesake of the bay, lay just before us, with Fort Brooke on the left, bonneries and deserted. Magnificent trees overshadowed the low wooden cottages, and the lofty old garrison. Century-old live-oaks—the remains of the primitive forest—draped with the pale, graceful Alhandia (or Spanish moss), diminished the stranger with their size and beauty. Giant mulberries, blossoming oranges, and limetrees with their fragrance far and near, seemed to mark the effect on my brother, who had risen and stood leaning over the guards.

"Lovely! is it not, Margy?" he said, in answer to my silent inquiry.

"Charming! I've nothing wanting but our glorious old flag. The citizens of Tampa should keep it waving, for picturesqueness if not for patriotism."

A frown gathered suddenly on the brow of the stranger, whose features I now scanned for the first time. They were fine enough in point of mobility, bold enough for manhood, and handsome enough to captivate any mere lover of beauty. So I said anyone at first glance; but, on looking, moreover, that the frown increased rather than diminished at the effect of the whole.

Robert made no reply to my remark; but the gentleman, addressing his words to him, said, "Florida has now a new banner to wave, brother, for weal or for woe!" then touching his hat slightly, went forward and disappeared.

"Who can he be?" I said, when the steamer lay at the old Government wharf. The few passengers who had accompanied her merely for pleasure were already ashore. There was a crowd collected around the landing, eager for news, but no sign of a stranger. The Lieutenant of the Florida House, the most eligible stopping-place in town, was not distant; but if disinclined to walk through the heavy sand, he could send one of the boat-hands for a vehicle for us.

We thanked him, and sat down quietly to wait. The Captain soon made his appearance again, and said that Colonel Hamilton, one of the gentlemen who had just left the boat, had sent his carriage and servant to convey us to the hotel. Who Colonel Hamilton might be we knew not; but a boy in the servant-garb declared himself, and said he came for the sick gentleman and the lady, Robert no longer hesitated. Wading through the heavy sand, the boat was soon reached the hotel. The same gentleman who had proffered attentions on the boat stood amidst a group of men on the piazza, and came forward to receive us.

"Only a hotel keeper on the look-out for customers," was the first suspicion, which his words speedily contradicted.

He greeted my brother with the warmth of a friend, and said, "Our host being absent to-day, and the servants here very slow, I took the liberty to send my own carriage for you, landing at the door. I hope you are not very much fatigued."

Robert took the hand so cordially extended, and thanked the stranger with an air of depression which told how sincerely he appreciated his kindness.

Pleasant apartments were speedily provided for us, notwithstanding the Supreme Court was in session, and judges, lawyers, and officials of various sections of the State thronged the hotel. How it occurred that two of the finest rooms in the house should have been overlooked at first did not transpire, although we congratulated ourselves much on the good fortune. I did not care so much for myself; I could have endured any inconvenience with the end in view. But for Robert—heavily as he battled with bodily encumbrances, courageously as he confronted disease—my heart overflowed with gratitude for him whenever he could be spared the slightest pang or comfort. That he would ultimately recover I had fully believed from the moment we left the chilling breezes of the North, and set our faces toward the sunny South.

The days passed very pleasantly at Tampa. Nothing could be finer than the atmosphere, which in midwinter seemed a luxury to breathe. The change promised to be no less beneficial than agreeable, and Robert grew more cheerful continually. Our host and hostess did every thing for the pleasure as well as accommodation of their guests. To my brother their attentions were unremitting. Here, as every where else, he became a special favorite; and rides, drives, sails, and fishing excursions down the bay were constantly proposed for his amusement and benefit. Every morning Colonel Hamilton's light carriage was at the door for a drive into the pine woods which surrounded the town. The Colonel always accompanied him on these excursions, for which reason I never went, though often politely assured that the vacant seat remained a standing invitation. I did not like the man. He was too popular altogether. For Robert, I was readily tolerated me on my brother's account, therefore took every occasion to thank me for it. I felt sorry at times that Robert should like him so much; but his attentions to him from the first, delicate aid discriminating, were exactly of a character to win his regard.

The Colonel was a lawyer from the interior, or rather immense farm. He was single, and a widower. As soon as the Court adjourned he would of course go away. On my own account I would not be sorry, as we were natural acquaintances. I would only regret my brother's loss.

Haunting political excitement waxed warmer and stronger. One by one the Cotton States had followed in the South Carolina wake of secession, just as a simple flock will follow the lead of one unruly sheep. Every mail brought news of agitation along the border, and of inundations of the tide of war from the North and South. The Star of Peace grew dim and dimmer, while Mars, fiery and red, cast its sickening rays over the whole heavens, from horizon to horizon.

While hope for our beloved country was dying daily in our hearts, Robert was growing stronger and better. His cough abated, and his spirits grew buoyant and cheerful. It was evident he had left consumption behind on the coast at last. Should we risk another change, or the chances of war on the enemy's soil? I was effectually resolving the question in my own mind before Robert mentioned the subject.

"Margy," he said at length, "the crisis is at hand. Shall we remain here, or go to the side of the war, or go home?"

"There, my thousand times!" I replied, unhesitatingly, "unless as it is. No one would injure you, Robert."

"I am glad to think of myself, Margy, but if you, in case any thing should happen to—"

He did not finish the sentence, but turned away with a quivering lip. I knew what was in his mind, and, putting my arms around his neck, said, resolutely,

"Nothing is going to happen to *you*, Robert. The climate is curing you, as I knew it would from the first. Doctor Kane wrote you not to return North on my account, and I would endure rebellion forever rather than risk a hair of your head. I am not a fanatic on whatever our principles here, or sanction treason by word or deed; and *I* never will. I would die first!"

The gentleman smiled, and the brother's fine nerve was to provide funds which would be available in any contingency, as bills of exchange were impossible at the present time. The first draft from Key West came soon; another from New York would make us independent if worse should come.

Like a thunder-clap broke upon us one week April and listening ear to replies, cool and candid, it is true, but savoring strongly of the rank spleen which for thirty years the South had been fostering, of which laughing, as I was in danger of a relapse; when, turning my head suddenly, a sight was revealed which made me start to my feet. Standing from the shelter of a tree was a human figure, ghastly and horrible. The sunken eyes, the terrible discovery brought both gentlemen to their feet in an instant. Robert lifted me from the saddle and supported me in his arms, while Colonel Hamilton went to observe more closely. The giddiness or faintness passed away soon, leaving a dull, sickening pain impossible to describe.

"Let us go," I urged. "Oh, Robert, you are ill! How pale you are!"

He made no reply. Hamilton came up at the moment. He observed the change which had fallen on my brother's countenance, and said, kindly,

"This is too much for you, my dear fellow! You should have remained in care of your sister to me. You shall do so now."

"I need no further care," I said, starting up suddenly, "if Robert is recovered. But, Sir, will you not aid my brother?"

I was much alarmed, and spoke with an earnestness which surprised me instantly.

Robert sat leaning his head upon his hand in an attitude of exhaustion, while the Colonel bent over him, speaking in an undertone, which I could not understand. I saw him take something from his pocket, and put it in his hand, put one hand to his own pocket-knife in return.

"Are you ill?" I said, with a faint suspicion of the truth. "Oh, my poor brother!"

"I shall be better in a minute, Margy," he said, faintly; "I was not much alarmed."

Colonel Hamilton, who was now tenderly supporting Robert, said to me, "I think your brother unable to ride back to the town on horseback. Would you be afraid to go by yourself and order the carriage here immediately? The distance is not great, and you have only to give your horse the rein; he will take you directly to the hotel."

"I think I can manage," I replied, when Robert interposed; "I believe I shall be able to ride soon."

"I can allow you to run no risks. Miss Miller, I would not ask you to leave your brother and perform this service if the spot were not too lonely for you to remain here. One of us must go."

"Let it be me, then," I said, resolutely. "I am ready."

"I rode one of the Major's horses," he continued, "and, fortunately, mine will be fresh. He will find the Key-to-the-Swamp Branch; he knows the spot. I think your brother will be better soon."

He spoke with a warmth of interest which made me forget for the time how much I disliked him, and I suffered him to aid me into the saddle again.

Swift as the wind flew my good steed, out of the pine woods, through the shrub-oak and palmetto barrens, on to the town. Not a moment was lost, and my arrival at the hotel in such wild haste and alone drew every gentleman on the piazza to the street in an instant.

"Major Thomson, please order Colonel Hamilton's carriage in a moment. My brother is very ill."

It was all I could say before bursting into tears.

Whatever the political errors of the South, no one shall say she has not hearts generous and tender, easily touched to sympathy with sorrow.

A dozen men were outstretched to assist me from my horse; voices only a minute since stern and bitter in their denunciations of my loved New England were demanding now in soft-spoken tones the nature of my brother's attack, whether I had left him alone, and his distance from the city; all of which I answered as soon as I was able to control my emotion.

In anxiety for Robert I forgot to mention the horrid discovery we made in the pine woods, and not until the carriage was at the door, and the kind landlady with two or three other gentlemen were mounting to accompany it, did it occur to me. I then related the circumstance as briefly as possible.

"Judge Moody," said the Major to one of the gentlemen on the piazza, "it seems those cursed Regulators have been at work again. There's another man dangling from a pine-tree. I expect they found him tampering with the negroes of yesterday. Now, Tom"—addressing the driver—"away like the wind!"

It was soon said than done, for no carriage was ever able to make above a snail's speed on the roads of Southern Florida. Corduroy bridges are Macadamized in comparison with the jagged, ragged palmetto roots which at every step almost lie in wait, like embedded fangs, in the deep sand. Interminable seemed the path of return, lengthened by anxiety and impatience. The gentleman on horseback left us far behind, and when we reached the spot stood dismounted and waiting.

Robert was standing also, leaning on Colonel Hamilton's arm, very pale, still, though a sweet, gentle smile overspread his features.

"I reckon you your brother, Miss Miller, latter, as I promised," the Colonel said while assisting him to the carriage.

"Allow me to see him for it."

I could not speak to Robert; but folding one arm around him as he took the seat beside me, and clasping his hand in his hands, I felt like one who has recovered a lost treasure.

"Give me the lines, Tom, and you ride by Miller's horse and lead the latter. He'll need you here wait a while." With these orders Colonel Hamilton took the front seat, and drove very carefully over the rude paths which led to the more open road.

I regret exceedingly the fright you have had this afternoon, and its cause," he said, turning and addressing us when the way no longer demanded careful attention. "I shall be here in Florida a secret organization as singular as it is dangerous. A set of men ruling themselves Regulators believe the safety of our city exposed in them. Many of these are good men morally and socially, but monomaniacs on this subject. A friend of mine was hung, who would not scruple to commit any deed which has blackened the annals since the days of Cain. If a person arrested and tried by a legal tribunal is condemned, they often overthrow the sentence by setting him at liberty. If such a one is acquitted, and happen to fall under their ban, they try him in secret conclave by their own laws, and sentence him to death or execution, according to their opinion of his deserts. Several legal opinions have been set at naught by these means a few years ago, and the one in the present instance. Yesterday a man—a stranger in the country—was tried on suspicion of aiding the escape of runaways, and honorably acquitted. To-day he is hanging like a dog. It was whispered this morning that the prisoner was watching, and for the war-news I have no doubt a search would have been instituted; but in a community like this one thing speedily gives place to another.

"But why, may I ask, are not the victims of their diabolic acts arrested?"

"It is only a bravado of the collective mass, perfectly safe in uttering, *'Thus decree the Regulators!'* while not an individual of them all would dare assert, *'I did the deed!'*"

We arrived safely at the hotel, and for two or three days Robert remained feeble and languid, then began to mend again. Not until he had seek to consult me for his own comfort.

The spring comes, following one another in close succession, came at length to a final adjournment. The city had been full all this town comparatively lively ever since our arrival. Every day now left vacant seats at table, and it was apparent that the hotels would soon be left alone. Most of those would follow in time, and it was not certain that my brother and I would not be the only summer boarders.

For some time an excursion to one of the orange groves—or "Old Tampa," a section of country bordering on the outer bay, had been contemplated by the hotel company and a few of the citizens. It was a place of historic interest, being the first landing-point of De Soto's party; and the remains of his fortifications were said to be distinctly visible after a lapse of nearly three centuries. At the first mention of the excursion Robert and I had expressed a wish to be of the party; on account of his illness it had been postponed.

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MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

We give on our first page this week a portrait of General GEORGE H. THOMAS, who now leads the principal army of Sherman in the Western campaign. General THOMAS was born in Southampton County, Virginia, in July, 1816. He graduated at West Point in 1840. In the Regular army THOMAS, in 1861, held the position once occupied by General Lee, that of Colonel of the Fifth cavalry; but in 1863 he was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship. After the battle of Mill Spring he commanded a corps in Buell's army. He retained command of this corps under ROSECRANS. At the battle of Chickamauga his skill and the courage of his command saved the day. In SHERMAN'S Georgia campaign General THOMAS commanded the army of the Cumberland, one of the three grand divisions under SHERMAN. General THOMAS'S career from the victory of Mill Spring down to the present time has been brilliant and successful, and we are sure that his conduct of the campaign against HOOD will confirm SHERMAN'S judgment in leaving to his hands the entire Western campaign.

TORPEDO RAFT OFF MOBILE.

THE sketch on page 804 shows the appearance of one of the torpedo rafts which the rebels have lodged in Mobile Bay to impede the progress of our fleet toward the city. A few vessels of the fleet are visible in the back-ground, while in front the sailors are engaged in the delicate and dangerous operation of removing the torpedoes from the raft. An unusually high sea does not by any means facilitate this process; the sailor straddling the torpedo and plying the wrench is alternately dipped under the mounting waves, and then again made visible for a brief interval to his anxious comrades, to whom as to himself a slight slip of the hand or a brush of the wrench against the side of the torpedo would certainly be the occasion of utter destruction. Each of the torpedoes represented weighed 440 pounds empty.

OUR FLEET IN HAMPTON ROADS.

On page 805 we give an illustration representing the Federal fleet gathered at Hampton Roads. Fortress Monroe has since the beginning of the war been the grand place of rendezvous for our fleet, and the starting-point of all the principal naval expeditions. Here the Burnside and Port Royal expeditions were assembled before they sailed away. Here the fleet gathered at this point is of especial interest in view of the naval operations which, during the next few months, will play an important part in the war. This fleet comprises a large number of vessels, each of whom has a history of her own. Some of them, like the Minnesota and Roanoke, were at the first picture of Port Royal; the Wabash was flag-ship on that occasion. The Powhatan, so long engaged in the exciting chase after the Sumter, the Florida, who caught the Chesapeake; the Colorado, who destroyed the privateer Judah; the Niagara, who helped fight the Merrimac; the New Ironsides, flagship in the grand naval attack on Fort Sumter in April, 1863, and who some near being destroyed by a torpedo a few months afterward; and the old ship Brooklyn, who gained for herself such distinction at the capture of New Orleans and in Mobile Bay last August.

We also give on the same page a sketch of Fort Wool, named after the old and able General who so long commanded the post of Fortress Monroe.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

RECKLESS DRIVING.—A cabman has lately driven his own mother out of her senses.

ENGLAND'S "MAIN DRAINAGE."—Taxation.

A HUMOROUS and beautiful young lady being asked by her mamma where she was going, said she was going to practice archery with an Irish beau and school.

PATRON OF THE SCAFFOLD.—There was a laird in the north of Scotland, who died some thirty or forty years ago, who had a great partiality for attending executions; and his local standing would appear to have made his presence at such times a matter of duty on him. On one occasion, unfortunate wretch was about to be "turned off;" the rope was adjusted, every thing was ready. The laird, as man, however, stood waiting with apparent anxiety, evidently for the arrival of some spectator. Judge, then, he did not proceed with the business, he replied, with a look of surprise at his questioner, "The laird is nae come yet!"

NEW WAY OF LEARNING LANGUAGES.—A well-known spiritual medium says that if one can see, you can, with his aid, at a point most remote from the shore, easily make out the language of a ship's crew.

AN anxious mother in Scotland, taking leave of her son on his departure for England, gave him this advice: "My dear Sandy, see that ye bring good company, and get all ye either ye can from the scriptures—look every thing ye can. But the English are queer knaves, tackle people, and cheat them, Sandy. Never fight a bald man, for ye canna catch him by the hair."

"JEM, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Smithe." "Pooh, nonsense! tell me what letter do you like the best?" "Well," dropping her eyes, "I like U best."

SERENADE FOR DECEMBER.

YOUR Troubadour's nose is beginning to freeze.
A violent cold on his chest he's suffering from.
As he chants to the tune of a light catarrh.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S DEFINITION OF LOVE.—A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a good deal of lying.

MR. LOWER, in his excellent work on "English Surnames," has a story of a man who fell into a pit somewhere in Wales, and whose cries for assistance were heard by a passing stranger. "Who are you?" inquired the traveler. "Jenkin ap Griffith ap Robin ap William ap Evan ap Ieuan," was the reply. "Why, what a lazy set you must be, to lie rolling in that hole, half a dozen of you! Why, in the name of common sense, don't you help one another out?" was the answer of the disgusted traveler as he rode away.

WHY does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl?—Because she's too young to show much reflection.

OH, HOW ARTFUL!

WIFE. "Whenever I want a nice snug day, all to myself, I tell George my mother is coming, and then I not nothing of him till one in the morning."

THERE is a story told of an imperial highness waiting thrice on the same evening with an English lady at the Court of Berlin. The lady, flattered by his attention, frankly expressed her gratification at the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady, "your highness must be very fond of dancing." "Not at all," was the unembarrassed response. "What, then, may I ask, can be your imperial highness's motive for so often visiting me?" was the excited personage's curt reply. "I dance to perspire."

Wanted, for a museum of arms and trophies, Falstaff's ancient Pistol.

It is a part of the Boston creed that one who is born in that city does not need to be born again.

A STERN REALITY.—The Man at the Wheel.

THE Rev. J. F. Gardiner, a missionary in Rupert's Land, gives the following word of eighteen syllables as an illustration of the peculiarities of the Indian language: "Kegyweehaeyhowkeeuneeneehoomeethinewup" ... "I will dine with you."

NOTICE FOR THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—"The Cart before the Horse."

Why is a hair-cutter like a sheep?—Because he is a lamb-barber.

QUERY FOR PROFESSOR OWEN.—Is Neptune a Kingfisher?

PROOF POSITIVE.—Old John B——, was a hypochondriac, and one of his favorite subjects was the state of his health. One day, as he was taking a seat, his wife, who was behind him, attempted to sit down gently, and he did heavily to the floor. "There!" cried she, triumphantly, "I told you you'd be the death of me some day, with your mode of glass than I am, else you would have been broken into a thousand pieces!"

AN Irishman was summoned for refusing to pay a doctor's bill, when he was asked why he refused to pay, "What for should I pay him?" he said; "he has failed to give me any thing but some emetics, and the niver a one could I keep on my stomich at all at all."

Judge Rooke in going the western circuit had a great stone thrown at his head; but from the circumstance of his stooping at the time, it passed over him. "You see," said he, "I been an upright judge I might have been killed."

"Father," said a little father, apparently reflecting intently on something, "I think I send you any of my wedding-cake when I get married." "Why, my boy, what was the fond father's inquiry. "Because," said the young philosopher, "they didn't send us any to you."

If a man is given to liquor, let not liquor be given to him.

DR. Dolobran was a stiff Tory and always drove splendid cattle. One day one of his tenants, who had been petitioning his team, asked the doctor not to think the less of his prayer if the horses ran away with him, as it was out of his opinion in regard to politics. "Most certainly not," replied the doctor, "for I am sure that you know much more about horses than about politics."

"Ned, who is the girl I saw you walking with?" "Miss Biggs." "Biggs! Biggs! well, she must be the one I'm going such a name." "So I think," rejoined Ned; "I picked her up much that I offered her mine, and she's going to take it."

AN ENGLISH BELL.—At a shop window in the Strand have been exposed for sale two bells, which, by a few trifling improvements, who will be treated as one of the family."

"FIRE day for the race," said a wag to a sporting friend one bright morning in May. "It's entirely contradicted against this friend. "Why, the human race, to be sure," was the reply.

UNCLE LUTHER.

WE ran away together, Edward and I; and perhaps we were wrong to do it, but we loved each other very, very dearly, and I was to be left to bring a dear, good papa and mamma, for I only had an uncle, who had never been very kind to me since he became my guardian, and Edward, who was like a father; and, as he said, it seemed very hard that, because his father and my uncle were not friends, we were to be separated forever. My boy—I had a foolish habit of calling him my boy that I am not sure I shall ever be able to break myself of—had had been brought up to expect a large fortune, and taught no profession; while every one said that I should be an heiress, and as my uncle was very likely, for there was no one else who had the slightest claim to inherit upon him.

But when Uncle Luther entered Edward from the house he told me that if I ever spoke to him again I could not expect a penny from him; and as it seems that Edward's father said much the same thing when my boy confessed his love for me.

"Do we care for money, Edward?" I said, and you and I be separated for the love of gold? I have youth and strength, and I can win my own way to fortune with the best of them."

For my part, to be with him was enough, and so it told him.

One bright moonlight night he met me at the garden gate, and in an hour the wedding-ring was on my finger, and I had promised to love, honor, and obey my darling while I lived.

Edward was not quite penniless. He had a few hundreds left him by his mother, and with part of this: to travel to the Far West, where lands are cheap, and buy a farm there, and begin a wild, happy country life, pure at first, but thriving for a competence in old age. It seemed a pleasant plan, and I think it would have been successful, for the very day after we were married we started for the West. I remember my darling as he stepped into the cars, so tall and strong and manly, with his bold, free glances at him, and read in the eyes of other men that they knew how strong and beautiful he was; and I was very proud of him sitting beside me, so watchful of my comfort, so fond and proud of me.

The cars whirled on behind the smoking engine. People chatted, and ate lunches, and took naps, and I am sure that there was no thought of fear in the heart of any one there. A handsome bridal party many of them had been rattled and screamed away across the country, and often over even that very bridge which at present was trembling, and there was not such a thing as anxiety in any countenance I might believe in warnings and presentiments, but there was not. Of that I am quite sure, and always shall be.

For my part my mind had wandered to our Western farm to be, and with his arm about my waist, I sat quietly looking at the green fields and the blue water and the purple mountain-tops so far away, when a crash, a rumbling sound, a chorus of wild screams and cries, a horrible fall, and all was darkness and chaos. When I came to myself the blood was streaming from my temples, and I lay in the midst of broken fragments of wood and iron. My first thought was of Edward. Oh, my darling! I looked to the right and to the left. I could distinguish no one—only protracted groaning forms, and others wildly crying. Amidst the rubbish, or breaking those they found to an open spot on the grass beyond. A man stood near me. Perhaps he was looking for me, unharmed and well himself.

I called aloud, "Edward, Edward!" and a faint moan answered me. Even though I was, I soon and groped about, listening and peering, and soon—oh, great Heavens! I never shall forget that moment—found my husband under a barricade of joists and bars, I saw his face at the bottom, beyond my reach. I screamed his name again, and he answered, faintly,

"Thank God, you are safe!"

Then I asked, "Are you hurt much, Edward?"

"I think so. My head is not, and I can move my arms, but there is an awful weight upon me. Oh, my God! what will I do if you are killed?" in a poor woman here also—dead, I think. I can bear it if you are safe, only tell them to come soon."

Then I flew for assistance, and the next thing I knew I had clutched a stout old man by the arm, and was not praying but commanding him to take my husband out of that awful place. He scolded me. They were at work already; but, oh! what a long time it took to get away the heaped-up mass.

Body after body was spread on the grass before they took him up and carried him on a rude litter to the spot where my darling's arms were lying.

He was alive still. I thanked God for that. And I tried to be calm and help them. All the weight of those beams and boards had fallen on his lower limbs, but otherwise he was not greatly injured. They gave me a cordial to drink. After a while they told me that he might live, soon that he would. And so, at the little wayside tavern, I nursed him back to life, and prayed for him night and day. So that when the old surgeon—a good, fatherly man—took me into the garden one day, and, bidding me be calm, told me that I would never be quite strong again, and that he must be a cripple for life, I could listen with a few tears, and tell him that I had heard what he expected before.

But I prayed him to tell Edward, and not to leave him to tell me.

Well, we knew our fate, and we met in one long, tearful embrace. And he said, "My dearest, can you love a poor, helpless cripple, who would never have sought to win you had he known he should come to this?"

And I answered, "Oh, Edward, better than I ever did the strong man of whose good looks I used to be so proud!"

And he trusted me, and went to sleep with his poor head upon my arm; and I sat there all night, praying God to comfort him and bless us both.

By-and-by he got about on crutches. It was a glad and a sad day to both of us. And the color returned to his face, and the hair began to curl, curl dark and crisp again about his head. And at last the old rich tones came into the sweet voice. He was as well as he ever was. Of course the idea of that wild life on a Western farm was over. And our money was almost gone. Neither of us had any hope of inheritance, and we knew, young as we were, that we had a hard struggle before us.

Edward could think of but one thing. He had learned book-keeping at school, and he was fond of writing—perhaps by those means he could earn a living. And so, in my own heart, resolved that my needle should not be idle, though knowing how hard it would seem to my boy that his wife should work for money, I said nothing to him about it. We went back to New York—I was glad enough when the journey was over, for every sound startled me, and grief had rendered me timid—and, after at last engaged two rooms on a third floor, furnished them very plainly, and went to house-keeping. An old Scotchwoman, who had accompanied us ward to a certain Mr. Baxter, and so we were able in.

What I could do to make our little place a home I did with all my heart, and I found some fine work and worked at it when Edward came home. Indeed, it when I heard the first click of his crutches on the stairs. I had his slippers ready and his dressing-gown. And I was happy. A little cookery-book I had to contrive cheap luxuries for our table. One of the greatest trials that our poverty brought me was the living by rules to my husband's means, which he must tell over night and morning.

Sundays we went to church together in the morning, and in the afternoon I read to him or he to us, or we talked quite gayly sometimes, for real love will make people merry in spite of any thing.

One day we read in our newspaper the marriage of Edward's father to a young lady whom he knew well. And after that what little dreams I had of ultimate reconciliation between the two faded from my mind entirely.

It was a month from that time when—twas on a quiet Sunday eve, and we had been reading "Prue and I," that we delight in—I married lovers all the language—strange steps came up the stair, and, following them, a rap at the door. I lifted my head from my dear boy's shoulder and went to open it. And there stood without a bent old man in a ragged coat, leaning on his cane and peering at me with his great blue eyes—eyes that were very bright for so feeble an old creature.

"Does Edward Millbank live here?" he asked.

"Speak loud, for I'm very deaf."

And when I said and nodded "Yes," he came in. He was a very old man—so wrapped about about the throat in dingy shawls, so bent, and so white haired. My dear boy arose and stood with one hand on my shoulder, looking at him.

"You don't remember me, Edward?" said the old man.

"No," replied my dear, "and yet—"

"What's that he says?" asked the old man.

"No? Ah, I didn't expect it. You've forgotten the rides on old Ajax, and the fishing in the little brook, and the young man who carried you on his shoulder so often when you were a baby. You've forgotten your mother's brother Luke?"

"Uncle Luther!" cried my dearest boy, and his eyes glistened. He stretched out his hand, and the old man came forward and shook them. Then he said,

"Sit down, nephew, sit down. I heard of your railroad accident, but I didn't know—" There he stopped with a glance at the crutches, and went on in that loud key peculiar to the extremely deaf.

"You all thought I was making my fortune abroad, didn't you? Well, I've made it, and spent it, or lost it, or got rid of it somehow, you know. You don't need to be told that when you look at this coat. And I came home a week ago, recovering that I had a rich relation—your father, Ned—and went to him to see how he would welcome me. He had a fine young wife like a dollababy: and for welcome he told me there was a poor-house for vagabonds like me. I asked for news of my nephew, and was told that he'd been kicked out of doors for marrying to his liking. So I came here—got your direction from your employer—knew you were poor, but didn't know—" Again that glance at the crutches —that pause—and something glittering on his hand.

Despite his oddity, and his shabby clothes, and deafness, I began to like old Uncle Luther.

"You have married, Uncle," said my dear boy. "I should not have expected such a change in you."

"Have I any change, did you say?" queried the old man, with his hand at his ear. "Oh dear, no —not a dime! That's purty good for a poor man. Can you let me creep in here, or haven't you enough for yourselves?"

There seemed very little use in trying to speak to him, but Edward held out his hand and shook that of the old man again.

That seemed an answer. Uncle Luther nodded, took off his dilapidated hat, and drew closer to the little stove. We all three had our feast together, and at bedtime I contrived a sleeping-place for the old man, and did the best I could to make him welcome. But when his heavy breathing told that he slumbered I crept close to Edward and whispered,

"My dear boy, can you afford this—you, who said no for the sake of riches?"

But he answered: "Olive, my Uncle Luther was my mother's dearest brother; and while I have a home it shall be my mother's home, even if he has been so kind to me when I remember him a babe and toothless one."

And I kissed him and said no more.

I never knew until afterward how he denied himself every thing for my sake, and worked until that weary distance to save a miserable fivepence, my poor, dear boy! I worked harder too, and Uncle Luther sat and read, and thought he had my sewing to grow dearer every hour. He could not hear a word we said to each other, and was no restraint upon our conversation.

Winter was deepening, and with it came new expenses. Another pound of beef and fried bread told on our slender purse; and there were lights and coal. Sometimes my dear boy—the broke down, and reproached himself with having brought me to such things, blighting my life, he said—as though having him I had not my greatest treasure.

Those long winter evenings; and it is now my dear boy's head to do some copying for a young lawyer, the son of his employer; and this was the way Warren Baxter first began to come to see us. He was friendly to Edward and quite gallant to me, though I could see that he had in a certain sense of our humble home and its appointments. I never liked him; but I said to myself, "He is Edward's friend, and I will be friendly and foolish," and tried to banish my aversion.

At last Mr. Baxter began to drop in in the daytime, bringing work to copy, which seemed to should be engaged in the evening. And I first noticed that his visits were an impression on my mind that his glances were not quite such as I might return; that his compliments went beyond the bounds of husbandly politeness. But what could I do? He was so necessary to Edward that it would be no light matter to offend him.

One day, a very cold midwinter day, with a leaden sky which threatened rain, and a cold mist in the air, I sat close by the window at work, when Warren Baxter entered. He had a cold and catarrh in his hand, and was more than usually brisk and cheerful.

He pulled off his handsome fur gloves, warmed his fingers at the fire, and roared to Uncle Luther touching over my head.

"Cold day, Sir, cold day!"

"Don't hear what you say," said the old man, complainingly; "I'm getter deaf in this weather always."

"Very cold," said Mr. Baxter.

"Bad coals! I should think they were indeed," said the old man. "Half cinders, and twenty cents a pail at least."

"You're so interruption to any conversation any how," muttered Warren Baxter, with the most polite smile. Then drawing a chair close to me he began to trifle with my work.

"What beautiful stitching!" he said. "Only such fingers as yours could accomplish it. Are you work too hard. I'm afraid you'll spoil your eyes; and that would never do."

"My eyes are strong," I answered, coldly.

"The strong and beautiful are found together sometimes then," said Mr. Baxter.

I made no answer.

"You have the loveliest eyes in the world," said Mr. Baxter. "And, if you will let me, I'll look in the glass. It seems a pity that— Heigh-ho!"

I put my sewing by, and went to the other side of the room. He made some remark about a draught from the window and followed me. You were never meant to sew for a living and wear coarse cotton gowns," he said.

"If I am suited with my dresses no one else need be troubled on that score," said I.

"Ah, but are you?" You love beautiful things; you have been used to refinement. You like to look well, I am sure."

"I look well to my husband, Sir," I answered: "that suffices me."

"You must look beautiful to any one," said Mr. Baxter; "but that is not the life for you. My dear—"

"Sir!"

"Mr. Wat Dee Millbank, you can't object to that. A humdrum, hard-working day, few comforts, no comfort. Passings passed watching your husband scribble, when you might be the belle of any ballroom."

"I beg you to cease this conversation, Sir," I said; "I am happy in this humble life of mine. I will not ask you to cease."

It does," he said. "Come, let us be good friends. You are so cold—so chilling. It is all very well to keep this up before strangers, but I know that you can't be happy, with poor food, poor clothes, such lodging as this, and a husband to whom you must be a nurse, while many a handsome young fellow would give his eyes for you."

I started to my feet, and pointed to the door. "Your way lies there, Sir," I said. Should I repeat this to my husband—"

"He'd knock me down, I presume," said the rascal, with a sneer.

"Now, my dear little woman, no acting is necessary, none whatever. I'm a man of the world; that husband of yours would be none the worse for our being friends."

"Go!" I repeated, "and never enter these doors again."

"Are you in earnest?"

"I am. Go!"

"Do you know what harm I can do Edward Millbank if you offend me?" said the young lawyer. He even his living by me. I can at will increase his salary. A word from me would lose him his present situation. Reflect. Don't anger me. It would be very hard to make me angry with you, yet you might do it and rue it also."

All I could say to him was, "Begone!" and in a little while I was alone, with the door locked between us.

Then I paced to and fro, and did Uncle Luther looking at me inquisitively. Would the insolent wretch really revenge himself so wickedly? Had I harmed my poor dear? Yet I could do nothing else.

I seldom gave way to tears, but they would come now. I threw myself down on the floor, and, buried up in the corner like a frightened child, wept bitterly. Soon a hand touched me, and I saw Uncle Luther at my side.

"Don't cry, my child," he said. "The Lord will provide. The darkest hour is just before day. Whatever troubles you, take heart. As yet, you and I only—me, the Lord will have pity on you."

A few days after, I was startled to say, Warren Baxter came to our house again. I had been absent taking home my sewing and doing my humble marketing for the week.

Opening the door quickly I ran against him ready to come out. I could see that he was heartily ashamed of himself, for he looked down and studiously blushed. He muttered an almost inaudible "Good-day," and something about having left some papers for Edward to copy and went down stairs quickly.

On the table I found a note directed to my husband, and the usual roll of paper. At least he was not so bad as I believed he would be.

Edward came home early and in a happy mood. Poor fellow, he was very light-hearted naturally, and only twenty-four that very day—too young to be so overwhelmed by all his trials and misfortunes. He laughed and jested, told some odd stories of an old lady who called Warren Baxter father, in hopes of discovering the contents of a will he had made for her brother; praised me as the best cook in the world; and made love to me as though I were not his wife; but that he always did.

After supper, sitting over the fire, he said:

"Nelly, Warren Baxter lost a magnificent gold watch and chain to-day."

"The old gentleman?" said I.

"No, Wat Dee," he added thing. There had been something the matter with it, and he had taken it out to mend. I had it upon my desk, partly to show me its beauty and partly to examine the works. Just then there was a disturbance in the street—a fight between two porters. He went to the window to look out; old Mr. Baxter, the other clerk William, Warren, and myself.

"When I was over I went back to my desk, and the watch was not there; but as Warren Baxter had left the room I supposed he had taken it with him and gone to the office, which, you know, is but three doors off.

"Two hours after, however, he came running in in great haste, and came straight to my desk.

"'I took that for what watch, I hope,' he said, 'as I told him that I had not seen it, and no one had, it seemed.

"Wilson, the old gentleman, two porters, who had been in the room, and even a small crowd outside, all were questioned. It seems impossible to suspect any one, and the watch must be gone for good.

"It may have slipped into a drawer, or some box, or pile of papers.

"So I suggested," said Edward; "and we rummaged all the afternoon. Warren could scarcely have been more excited if his dearest friend had been lost or stolen. To me it was an unfathomable mystery."

I could not, do what I would, banish the terror which stole over me when I heard this story. Warren Baxter was a bad man: he hated me now, and my husband—oh, surely, surely, he had no power to harm him!

I prayed softly to myself, with my face hidden on my dear boy's shoulder, as we sat there before the fire.

At nine the church clock, close at hand, had just struck, and our little time-piece, a minute or so slower, echoed the notes with its silvery tongue. Some one knocked loudly at our door, and Edward's "Come in" was answered by the entrance of three persons: old Mr. Baxter, Warren, and a strange man buttoned up in a large over-coat.

My dearest looked surprised as they drew to welcome them, and I could see across the fire a new look come over the face of the stranger, a look of strange, half-smile about the mouth, which for the moment altered him completely.

Old Mr. Baxter stopped a tear from his lashes as he spoke, and putting a hand trembling with emotion on my dear boy's arm—

"Mr. Millbank, relations," he began; remember, that I am no party to this. I came to tell you so —that is all. I can not express my indignation or my shame that a son of mine should so insult one whom I consider a dear friend."

Edward looked from one to the other with a gleaming eye and compressed lips; and Warren advanced, brushing his glossy hat with his right kid glove.

"I know that Millbank will take no offense," he said. "I do this only in a spirit of justice. The porters and I have searched, and if I did not; and the watch is too valuable to be lost. I—ahem —the fact is, as a matter of form, a mere matter of form, as a matter of justice, I have requested—"

"Speak out, Warren," said Edward, quietly. "Merely a form, my dear boy—nobody suspects you; but I am familiar, and you are not, with forms."

My boy's eyes sparkled; his cheek flushed scarlet.

"This is an insult I never expected to bear," he said. "A gentleman is still a gentleman, however poor—you should have remembered that. You should know better, Warren."

He paused, and his cheek turned pale again. He sat down and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh, my God!" he said, "that I should be search this poor home of ours. Olive, love, be calm; it is the merest formality, not you—"

"I believe the dog would send a search-warrant into his own father's house," said old Mr. Baxter. "If I will answer for him, Edward, I will."

"Father, you are aware this is a mere form," said young Baxter. "We legal gentlemen are obliged to do these things."

The strange man who had entered with them fastened a shield to the breast of his coat as he spoke.

"Not much to search, I believe," said Warren, with a covert sneer—"only two rooms and a closet, I believe."

"Not far, indeed," said a voice from the fireside, so clear and low that it was scarcely louder than it came from the lips of Uncle Luther. "Officer, I'll tell you where to find the watch and chain."

"Never mind, Sir," said the officer. His drivel means nothing," said Warren; but he turned pale as he spoke. I saw that, and gathered hope from it.

"He is neither quite so childish nor quite so deaf as you imagine, Sir," said I. "Search for the watch and chain are hidden under the upper bed in yonder room."

"In the name of Heaven, what do you mean?" cried Edward. "Do you dare accuse me of—"

Under the bed in that room," continued Uncle Luther, in his old and feeble manner. "Mr. Warren Baxter placed them to-day with his own hands for safe-keeping."

"Driveling fool!" ejaculated the young lawyer; "do you hope to save exposure by such a subterfuge?"

Prove that my statement is true!" said Uncle Luther; and the policeman entered our little bedroom, and returned in a few minutes with Warren Baxter's watch and chain in his hand.

"I am sorry, very sorry, that this should be the end of our visit," said the young lawyer; but Uncle Luther interposed;

"Unluckily for you it is not the end," he said, "for you found on my bed a dirty, drunken, disreputable man to deal with, and never recognized Luther Standish in his disguise. Villain, do you know me again?"

Upon the floor as he spoke fell the wrappings handkerchief, false hair, and the gray-haired, rosy-cheeked wig, and a keen-eyed, gray-haired man stood before us.

Warren Baxter shuddered, and clung to the doorpost for support. I think he would have made an effort to escape, but that Uncle Luther set his back against the door.

"Yes, Luther Standish is your accuser," he said, "and I have heard you say that he has known what happened here and elsewhere. He also came back to ask an account of an unfaithful steward. I have answered for you, Warren. I have learnt the suits uttered to that sweet lady, that true and loving wife. I saw you steal in on your vile errand, and hide yourself in the room as yet by me unseen, polluted by your very touch. You have signed your own death-warrant. Officer, I command you in the name of the law to arrest yonder villain."

Then Uncle Luther turned to us. "My dear children," he said, "you have suffered much, but listen to my story. I have lived a lonely life and in far distant lands for many years. Growing rich and yearning for home and old friends, I returned at last. I dreaded being welcomed for my gold alone, and thought to test the hearts of those I hoped to meet.

I sought you in your humble home, and was received me. Then I came here. You took me in and comforted me; then I should have told my secret, but I had another motive for disguise: I wanted to watch yonder rascal. He was my man of business, and from certain sources I learned that he had proved unfaithful to his trust, embezzled sundry valuable documents, trusting in my long absence and seeming negligence for escape.

"His last act was to forge my name. I have proofs, villain, proofs you can not combat. And you can no more harm yonder gentleman than you can save your detestable and cowardly self. Edward, my dear father, even though I could not bear you, yet you never spoke one word that was not kind and generous.

"Olive, my dear—nay, never give way now, you who have been so brave through so many trials."

That was the last I heard. Then the room began to swim before me, and I could not see my darling's loving face, and struggling against oblivion for a moment, fainted quite away.

When I awoke I was lying on my dear boy and Uncle Luther were with me in the little room, and I heard them say that all was right, and Warren Baxter came after, so that I only know that Warren Baxter was punished, but not how; and my dear boy became Uncle Luther's heir.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A STRANGE STORY.—A truly melodramatic anecdote is in circulation in Paris, which must be accepted without material vouchers as to its truth, inasmuch as being given to the world by those who are not ordinarily favorable. A Russian nobleman, extremely wealthy, and very reserved and melancholy, has appeared of late in the best circles, where he has been received on distinguished introductions. The Russian became remarkable for wearing a ring of colossal proportions, composed entirely of the finest opal. As this gentleman's society became daily more courted, the ring was also noticed as being worn on the left hand, on the middle finger, and the character of the ring or the cause of its being worn, and the reserve of the wearer equally quiet and unbroken, made him a most interesting individual. A lady, however, who was piqued to know more than others of the matter, at last succeeded in the requisite end, and said, "Monsieur, every one is very much struck with the singular character of your ring. Will you tell me why?" He should be delighted to know his origin." The Russian made a mystic sign with his hand, as though to invite her to hide to him, while he replied, "Madame, the ring is such a jewel, as you may imagine, that the curious gathered round while he continued: "This jet substance is the body of a toad, which I burnt at a stake in the Russia; this was Italian. I promised her that I would preserve it, and I have kept my word." Another report in my world, which had never been broken. I tote the body of my wife Germaine, during the most silent watches of the day promised to radiate it, by powerful dissolvents and by great compression, to the smallest size that could see to wear it as a souvenir. For eight days he labored almost constantly at my presence, and I saw the size remains gradually decrease and intensity till the residue was the compact mineral you see. Such is the ring which, my dear wife, who, as I promised, I will never quit day or night during my life."

FAMILY CONFESSION.—In the family the law of pleasing ought to extend from the highest to the lowest. You are bound to please your husband; and your children are bound to please each other; and you are bound to please your servants, if you expect them to please you. Common sense pleasant in the household, and nowhere else. I have known a man to be a very good fellow out of his own husbands. If you had seen them in their own home you would have thought them a most unhappy pair; but if you had seen them in the street, or in the counting-house, or any where else except their own home, you would have thought them almost demoniac. But the opposite is apt to be the case. Which is the reason why Christianity, among strangers, we hold ourselves with self-respect, and we behave as if we were ashamed of it. Now, the proper way to conceive," I have played a part long enough, and now I am going to be myself. I am a Christian. We are ugly, and stupid, and blunt, and disagreeable. We have been trying to be graceful, and polite, and agreeable to our friends, but we have the hardest things into velvet, and that make life pleasant. We expect to be disappointed in future; and in future it will be profitable—where it will bring silver and gold.

NATIONAL IDEAS OF PARADISE.—The Laplander believes Paradise to be situated in the interior of the stone or garden. The Mussulgoes imagines it among the islands of the rust Pacific. The Greenlander expected that there would be iron wounds, or wax drowned, went to a cool and delightful place, there to enjoy the society of the departed, who died in battle or captivity were welled to the palace of the sun, and led a life of endless delight. Even the abode of four more years in the splendid habitation, they imagine could be changed into a cheerful festival of reveling song; having at the same time liberty to ascend to heaven and descend to earth, to revisit friends, and indulge in dancing songs. The Tonquinese imagine the forest and the mountains to be the residence of the blessed, and those who exercise an influence over the affairs of mankind: and in their ideas of heaven, the joys of future happiness regard a delightful climate, and atmosphere surcharged with a three-quarter moon, and the most delicious food, as the summit of earthly felicity. Among the Arabs a tine country, with plenty of water, is the very highest object of their promised bliss. There is a tribe of America who believe that the souls of the just are conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding with grapes and other delicious fruits. The Hindoos imagine the seat of the blessed to consist of the "island of the good and brave;" their hell, that of the "island of the wicked." The Druids, it is said, as we are informed by Ammianus Marcellus, believed that souls did not migrate to the regions of future happiness from places of sorrow, enjoying, at every succeeding change, a more perfect felicity.

THE following is a carefully prepared estimate of the number of slaves owned in the South by the Abolitionists or by the owners of the war, viz.: In Utah and Nebraska, 5; in Delaware, 1,798; in Maryland, 87,189; in Kentucky, In Indian Territory, 1860; in Texas, 30,457; in North Carolina, 331,059; in Arkansas, 47,060; in Alabama, 435,080; in Mississippi, 436,631; in Virginia, 549,000; in Tennessee, 275,784; in Louisiana, 331,726; total slaves, 1,968,600.

THE vintage of Xeryz is one of the loveliest sights in all the world. The hand holds then the great feast of wherefore, all Europe and Asia are represented. The wealthy the men are gathering the sweet grapes and dropping the bunches to the women and children who place them in their hands and show them away in the white wooden tubs. All the while the music of the band beats the time of mirth, with its gray own patiently cheering the call, and the and then comes the great wine-press, which with its pretty nets on their foreheads have not suffered to banish; their complexions are the color of the ripe fruit around them at keeping the beautiful beasts, or climbs up and helps himself to some of the delicious fruit that hangs on the wagon. And round and beyond as on every side are other vine-clad hills, with their rows of walnut and olive trees, and further yet the grand mountains and the lovely lake—the emerald green, the purple, the golden, the russet, the tints of the garlands tilt, far away. Most Cents with its crown of vine-leaves, and the fine setting sun.

THE WRONG INSTRUMENT.—A native church had recently been erected, and some friends of the vicar made a fund subscription to purchase a harmonium, capable of playing a certain number of tunes, and presented the gift to the vicar. He was in fact, constructed on the same principle as the hurdy-gurdy organ, and by the turning of a handle regulated one. Then I came here. You took me in and comforted me; then I should have told my secret, but I had another motive for disguise: I wanted to watch yonder rascal. He was my man of business, and from certain sources I learned that he had proved unfaithful to his trust, embezzled sundry valuable documents, trusting in my long absence and seeming negligence for escape.

"His last act was to forge my name. I have proofs, villain, proofs you can not combat. And you can no more harm yonder gentleman than you

the congregation inaccurately joined in with the lively notes, and rather drowned the new air selected for the occasion. The minister held up his hand as a signal to stop; but the former mistaking his meaning, only made the handle revolve with greater rapidity; he stamped with rage and impatience, but faster and faster went the instrument, till the congregation were almost breathless in their efforts to keep up with it. At length the minister took a seat with the vicar of the subject; he observed that the congregation expected nothing, and cease to the usual conclusion that there is no scandal where there is no discovery. He substituted to the vicar for one day, but had the mistake confined without delay. It is said that the congregation still sing those tunes with the lively instrument which is their devotions at the opening of the church.

RESURRECTION.—Almost incredible as it often there is some superstition connected with this convulsion. In Sonar Southern India, the snake and also the night shade. It is there tell us that when the "King of Serpents" carried Buonaea to Solomon Islands. Thence he returned to Ceylon, no bowled a salutation, which was taken up by the entertainment; and when the horrid god had run through the palace it was re-echoed by the whole city. In Europe the superstition is that St. George, when he had slain the dragon upon the means, because during a certain peculiarity the company are in a kind of total sympathy.

UNION FOR DISPLAY.—The world is crazy for show. There is not one person in a thousand who does fair best in the world. Every man and woman sold for more than they are worth, and to extract enjoyment as he goes along. There is but one thing to be done. That is the eye of eternity. There is no end to the spring, the mimicry, the false pride of the superficial arts. If anything more outrageous, we admit, to live up to one's enlightened convictions in the times. Come and endeavor to join in the general chase you are located out of reach; there is no room for you. You are not in the circle of gratuitous. You are not in the society within the means. It resides in its purpose necessarily exclusive. It can be ready for the right, provided for there is something fresh rare in such an example.

"TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN."—A lady residing in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris, a few second young days since had a visit she had made in the department of Finisters, bringing with her a very pretty orphan girl, Jeanne Pierrette, named Yvonne S——, whom she engaged as her waiting-maid. Yvonne was very fond of her new mistress, and the lady died. When the body had been prepared for the funeral, and only a short time left before the corpse was seen to go stealthily into the room, lift up the shroud, and press hastily upon the lips of the dead one a small brass ring which, at its express desire of the deceased had been left on the finger. On examination, the ring was discovered to be untouched, but a paper was seen attached with a bit of thread to the coffin-plate, which was found to be a letter addressed by the young orphan to her mother, who had been years ago, "To my Mother: "My good Mother,—I have to tell you that M. S—— has died, and that I am now without a home or friends. I beg you to make known to us in a dream, whether I should apply to any one to take care of you. I shall myself, in order to write you, of the opportunity of my departure, to be with you. Your loving child, who has resigned "To my Mother in Heaven." The person alluded to is a lady who was one of the tradesmen of the deceased lady, who, having been struck with the good conduct of the young girl, had taken her into the office of service.

AN amusing anecdote is related as having occurred just before the coronation of the English of King Leopold. He was in love—it may, indeed, be doubted that he was ever out of love—with a pretty girl, the daughter of a poor dancing to a beautiful canary belonging to the proprietors of a coffee-house, near Charing Cross. The lovely child for her notes lever should, at any price, procure it for her. The landlord, knowing that they were in the habit of being fined to part with her pet for any sum of money. The landlord, however, refused to bring the bird, or to endure to see her face again. Thus goaded, Mordaunt hit upon a very clever project. Assuming the disguise of a Welsh dancing, he found a canary closely resembling the superb songster which was so charmed his lady-love. It was a new canary, and could not chirrup a note. Listening to the coffee-house, he quickly ascertained to what hour it was his custom to breakfast, and he made for her bird. "Oh that he'll sell this canary, Sir?" "Sell it! no more than I'll sell my own child, mine our good King was compelled to have one of his own taken away from him."

A REGIMENT and soldier of the French gendarmery were recently returning from Castre to Cepreno. On arriving at a certain point they were met by a number of men, all of whom were the celebrated brigand chiefs Guerra and Chiavone. Instead of flying, they advanced boldly, mistaking the French for Political guards. To sit quietly upon their horses was impossible. Each man, on receipt of their arms, when two were arrested and bound, the third getting off with his horse. In a short time, all could be released, which were refused, and captors and captives continued their journey, arriving about dusk at the called Sarcatine, they were encountered by the band of brigands, who, on seeing the two brigands bound by the third man, who had fled. To Capasso's order to release the brigands at once, when a violent struggle ensued, in which one of the gens d'armes on the ground, and the other, on flying, was shot by a second brigand. Not content with that, the brigands pierced the bodies with their daggers, broke their guns, and then mutilated them in a most barbarous manner, cut off their ears, and mutilated them. Such is the report of one of the gendarmes upon the spot, and in Rome is credible when we call to mind the well-authenticated brutalities which the Italian brigands have been guilty of for years by the bribes of the Church, the defenders of Divine Right. The Church's military auxiliaries are now on the alert. A strong detachment was sent to the scene of action, and by the 15th of November had captured Chiavone and taken to Rome.

WONDERFUL MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES.—In the year 1570 a blacksmith of London, named Mark Scaliot, made a gold chain, which he presented to Queen Elizabeth, and also, composed of eleven several pieces, and a pipe key, and a stem wrought and finished; but one piece of gold. He also made a chain of gold of forty-three links, to which was fastened a lock and key, all of the same piece of gold the neck of a flea, it drew the same with ease. The chain, key, and lock of gold, but one piece of gold. In 1799 a man exhibited in London two fleas, one drawing a kind of car, and the other a sort of chariot, with the harness as a wonderful invention called "The Pantheon; or, the Temple of Gods," and the work of several years and great expense. It consisted of five curious pictures, the painting and contrivance of which were extraordinary. Small figures, about one hundred in number, moved their heads, eyes, arms, and fingers, and were set before admirers the living creatures.

THE FIRST MANNER.—In the reign of James I. men and women were looking-glasses publicly—the men, as they rode or walked, combing the hair that fell over their ears or glorious, or on their bosoms, or sometimes (like the dress of our days) on their backs. Their beards, too, were then made of feathers, inserted into silver or ivory tubes. At least one person brought this art to bear, and a whole stone was placed behind the door, upon which he sharpened his beard to be entered. In 1564 a Dutchman, named William Boonen, brought the first coach into England, and it is said the sight of it put both horse and coachman to a stand. Before this, he is said to have first invented hats and bands made of straw.

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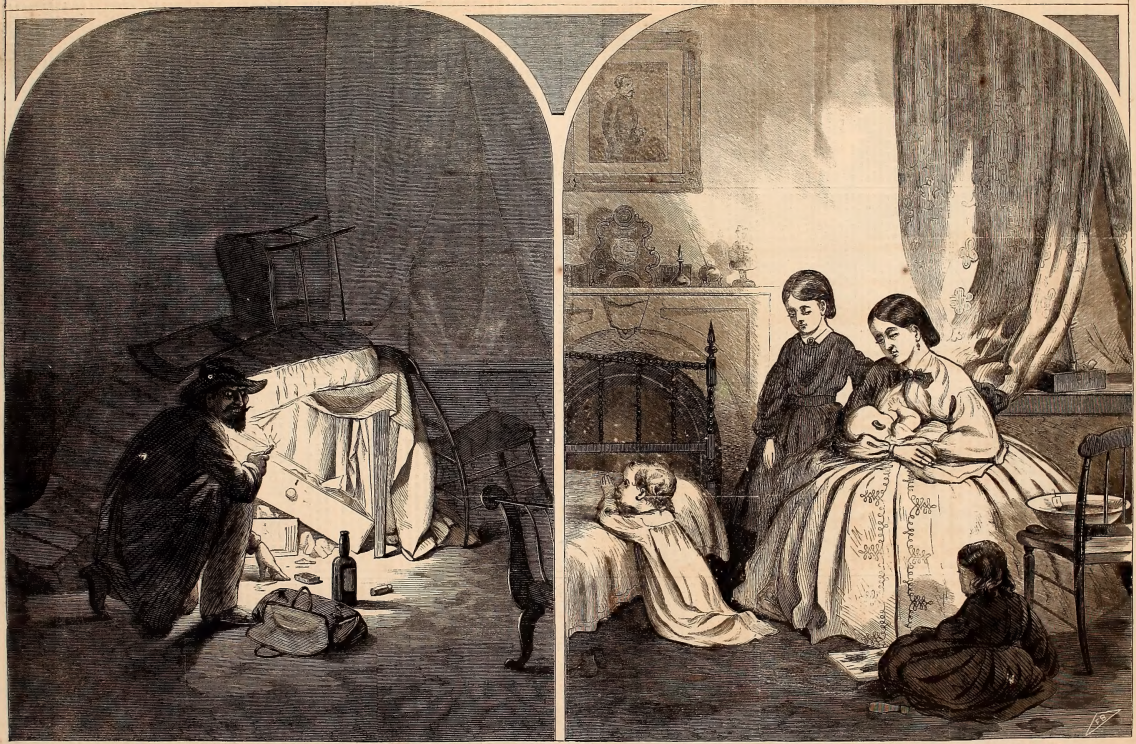

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN (*about to Fire the Hotel*).—"These Yankees will learn what it is to incur the Enmity of a proud and chivalric People."

LITTLE CHILD.—"God bless dear Papa, and bring him safe Home. Forgive our Enemies, and turn their Hearts—"

[*From the New York Express.*]

DR. VON EISENBERG'S ÆSTHETICO-NEURALGICON.

So numerous are the "Schools" of Medicine, and so bitterly does each of them denounce the theory and practice of all the others, it is no wonder that many persons have come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a Science of Medicine, and that all medical practice is mere guess-work, if not actual humbug. But this hasty conclusion is wholly erroneous. The existence of so many schools and theories shows that many men are busy gathering facts, making investigations, and trying to master their significance. The great error is that each school in theory believes the truth and science confined to the others, though in fact the practice of all the schools is gradually assimilating. There no able Allopathist now administers in any ordinary case the enormous doses which were once the rule; and no able Homœopathist adheres to the infinite dilution of Hahnemann.

So many able and earnest men are devoting themselves to medical investigation that it would be strange if new discoveries were not made. Among the most brilliant of these—we may indeed say the most brilliant of all—is that of Dr. VON EISENBERG in regard to the *Æsthetic action of Medicines*; we may properly call it the "Spiritualization," when the Latin *Spiritus*, vigour, comes our word "Spiritual," signifies primarily simply "the air."

This discovery of Dr. VON EISENBERG, like most other discoveries, is apparently so simple when once made, that the wonder seems to be that it was not made and practically applied long ago. The greatest single advance made in medical theory since the days of Hippocrates, is that of Hahnemann, that the potency of medicines depends not so much upon the quantity taken into the system as upon their minute subdivision, so that they may be brought into immediate contact with the affected organs. He indeed carried his theory to an absurd extent, diluting and rubbishing until there was only a drop of medicine to many hogsheads of water. Hahnemann and his followers, the Homœopathists, knew of no more efficient vehicle of dilution than water. They then fell just short of that which constitutes the starting-point of the brilliant discovery of VON EISENBERG, to whom it occurred that if the air could be practically applied to this purpose, the most minute subdivision could be attained without the excessive dilutions of the Homœopathists. Medicines could then be inhaled or breathed in, instead of being merely swallowed, and thus a class of organs be directly reached which had heretofore been inaccessible to the direct action of medicine.

Many of the most important and vital organs of the human frame can not be reached by medicine in a solid or even in a liquid form. Thus the lungs are shut up in a bony cage to which access can be had only through a fine wind-pipe, the opening of which is closed by a valve, called the "epiglottis," so sensitive and so delicately constructed that it will not allow the passage, except by rude force, of the most minute crumb or the smallest drop of liquid. Every person who has "swallowed the wrong way" the smallest substance, whether of liquid or solid, knows the feeling of strangulation thereby occasioned. A man can not, if he would, voluntarily swallow any liquid or solid into the lungs or the passage leading to them. Herein lies the true reason why Consumption has been so incurable.

The causes of diseases commonly known by the name of Consumption are essentially of two kinds. One consists of the formation of "tubercles," that is ulcers in the body of the lungs; the other of *inflammation* of the lungs or the passage leading to them. If we could reach these organs directly by medicinal application, there is no reason why ulcerations or inflammations of the lungs might not be cured as readily as those upon the hand or face. Now pills or draughts, when swallowed, do not go near the lungs; they pass down the "*orifice*" *into the stomach*. To take pills or potions with the hope of directly curing Consumption, is as absurd as to take them to cure a boil on the arm or an inflammation of the eyelid. Indirectly, of course, the proper pills and draughts are of aid in all of these affections, by benefiting the general tone of the system, and thus enabling it the more readily to throw off disease. But directly, we can not too often repeat, they are of no use, for the very sufficient reason that they do not touch the diseased organ. Medicines can only touch the lungs when administered, not in a solid or liquid, but in an earthern or "*spiritualized*" form.

These remarks apply equally to diseases of the passage leading from the nostrils to different parts of the head, such as the throat and ear. These diseases, though not so fatal as Consumption, are yet often dangerous, and always annoying. For persons are unexperienced, more or less, with the aurymanes of colds, catarrhs, and influenzas. These, smell, hearing, and sight are impaired and not infrequently destroyed temporarily, and sometimes permanently, by these diseases.

Such is a brief outline of some of the facts which led Dr. VON EISENBERG, acting in the spirit of the Bremen philosophy, to the discovery of the theory of the *Æsthetic Inhalation, or Spiritualization, of Medicines*. The next task to which he set himself was to find some means of making his discovery of practical use, by investing some mode of administering medicines in an ethereal form. The ordinary means were clearly unavailing. You can not administer air by a tea-spoon. After the labor of two years, and an outlay of $2000, he succeeded in perfecting the apparatus of which the accompanying illustration gives a view, and which we shall now attempt briefly to describe.

On entering Von Eisenberg's establishment from the visitor will observe what appears to be three distinct machines, or elegant forms of exquisitely finished workmanship. These are, however, but parts of one apparatus, the connection between them being made beneath the floor. First there is what appears to be the beam of a double engine, elegantly finished in silver, which, by pressure, produces an atmosphere entirely purified of all vicious or deleterious substances. This atmosphere is forced by the instrument into a large cylinder constructed under the floor of the basement, capable of receiving ten hundred and fifty pounds of condensed air. From this cylinder the purified atmosphere is made to pass into a second large cylinder or chamber previously impregnated with the medicated vapors. From this second chamber, by opening a valve, the air, now thoroughly medicated, is permitted to proceed to the operating-room, where it is received into a second piece of mechanism, which presents the appearance of a triumphal arch supported by two bilky silver columns, into which the prepared air passes, into a third chamber of pure silver, built between the columns and forming the crown of the arch, where it is again mixed with various medicinal preparations.

From this chamber the spiritualized medical vapor is passed, when required, through a second invisible channel, to what appears to be the third machine or apparatus—a beautiful and elaborate instrument, consisting of not less than twenty-four magnificent crystal glass vessels, each charged with a different medical preparation. The largest of these vessels is capable of containing two gallons; four, one gallon each; ten receivers, that hold each one pint; eight, one half pint each; and one vessel, holding a pint, arranged with a neck like a douche, and with the single object in view of restoring health to the eye; and another, similarly constructed, the end somewhat similar to the mouth-piece of an ear-trumpet, which is used for the sole purpose of acting energetically upon the entire nerve. Besides these twenty-four vessels, there are four others capable of holding one quart of fluid each, to which are attached very elegant velvet tubes, which are to be used as inhalers, as mentioned by arranged that the patient, once he places one of them to his lips, must inhale the medicament of the vessel to which the tube is attached. The peculiarity of these tubes rests in the fact that the sufferer is compelled, however unaccustomed to their use, to breathe in the medicine. He can not refuse to receive into his throat and lungs a portion of the scientific medicinal matter with which each vessel is charged. These machines have attached to them gauges or indicators, showing how much the patient consumes at each operation, thus graduating the accuracy down to it may be considered advisable to throw into the system, or externally on the eye or the ear.

It is, of course, understood that the vessels are charged with different and independent medicines—preparations not only for the eye and ear, but for the head, and nasal organs, the throat, the chest, and the lungs. Each is applied according to the nature of the disease and the progress of the patient toward complete restoration. It should be remembered that the leading object of the entire apparatus is to purify and spiritualize the medicines used, so that they can be profitably, directly, and energetically employed. This fact alone is worthy the consideration of the diseased.

There is yet another instrument connected with the apparatus, by which the Doctor has given the name HEMM-INHALATIONS (from the Greek μεσον, mesos, "square," and πνεῦμα, pneuma, "the air"). This instrument, also placed in the immediate neighborhood of the lungs, is the invention of Dr. VON EISENBERG. By it he is enabled to diagnose or examine the chest or lungs; and by it he arrives at an exact knowledge of the roundness of the respiratory organ.

As to the entire apparatus, we have no hesitation in saying that we regard it as a wonderful invention—one that, if it is not so costly, we have little doubt would be adopted by every hospital and medical college in the country. We are satisfied it would well repay, even if he had to pursue all the way from Europe, the scientific man to see and examine it. It is a marvel of mechanical complexity, and yet, when its machines are considered, of extreme simplicity and great beauty. That it will in every respect fulfill the expectations of the inventor, we have every reason to believe. It has been constructed with an accurate knowledge of its ultimate uses. One experienced in the specialities for which it is particularly intended as is the Doctor, and for which he has long felt the necessity in his practice, could make no failure. With it he will be enabled to surmount obstacles that were hitherto deemed to all but impossible to contend. He can now approach with certainty and diagnose thoroughly every disease that in the course of his extended practice he must attend or threaten, therefore, who are in any way afflicted with loss of sight or hearing, with catarrh, bronchitis, chest or lung disease, we earnestly suggest a visit to the consulting apartments of Dr. VON EISENBERG. There he will be speedily made to know the possibility of a cure in even complicated cases, and will be encouraged to proceed until he is discharged thoroughly renovated and cured.

It will have been observed that the apparatus above described is intended also to bring the ethereal medicines into direct action upon the nerves. The nervous system is the source of many diseases. All physicians admit this, and all profess at least to be able to apply a remedy. The Allopathic, Homœopathic, and Hydropathic, by prescribing opiates, anodynes, etc., may, and do, alleviate the pain arising from impaired or diseased nerves; but this does not restore the nerve, it is only temporary relief—a relief, too, to some one nerve at the expense of the entire system. The *Æsthetico-Neuralgicon* of Dr. VON EISENBERG not merely allays the irritation, but restores the nerve to its normal condition. The Doctor's theory is, that each nerve has a specific office, and has its own peculiar susceptibility. They, for example, the nerve of vision is insensible to touch; and, on the other hand, the nerve of touch is insensible to light, and so on through the whole system. The great excellence of this æsthetical instrument is, that it can be applied, not on gross-work principles, which are on principle at all, but that it can be applied with accuracy and certainty to any nerve or nerves that are weakened or impaired—to the different nerves of motion, or sensation, to the eye, the ear, or the tooth, or to paralysis.

To the complicated and beautiful apparatus Dr. VON EISENBERG has given the name of Æsthetico-Neuralgicon. It is derived from the following Greek words: ἀισθητικὸς (AISTHETIKOS), *aesthetic*, or *Atmospherical*; νεῦρον (NEURON), a nerve; ἄλγος (ALGOS), *pain or disease, with the termination* -κων (-KON), equivalent to the English termination -*ic*, *meaning pertaining to*. The meaning of the compound word, when fully expressed, is "*An apparatus philosophically constructed for treating diseases of the nervous system.*" And this describes exactly the character and object of the apparatus. It is constructed on the strictest principles of the Bremen philosophy. No experiment has entered into its conception or execution. The end to be attained was discovered by the most rigid induction of facts; and the means were adapted to the end, by the most careful consideration of every part.

A few words may properly be added respecting Dr. VON EISENBERG, the inventor of the valuable apparatus, which can not fail to effect a revolution in some of the most important departments of the science and practice of the healing art. His early professional training was received at the most famous institutions on the continent of Europe. Knowing that the science of Medicine was of low rank, and that for any one men to be able to attain high skill, must lead to toiler great advances beyond his predecessors, in every department, he resolved to devote himself to the special investigation and treatment of diseases of the Head, Throat, and Lungs, with especial reference to affections of the Eye and Ear. Deep enthusiasm for his profession, joined to natural talents for investigation, and unwearied industry, soon placed him in the front rank of his profession in Europe, a position which was awarded to him in the United States immediately upon his taking up his residence among us. This eminence will be more than confirmed by his recent invention.

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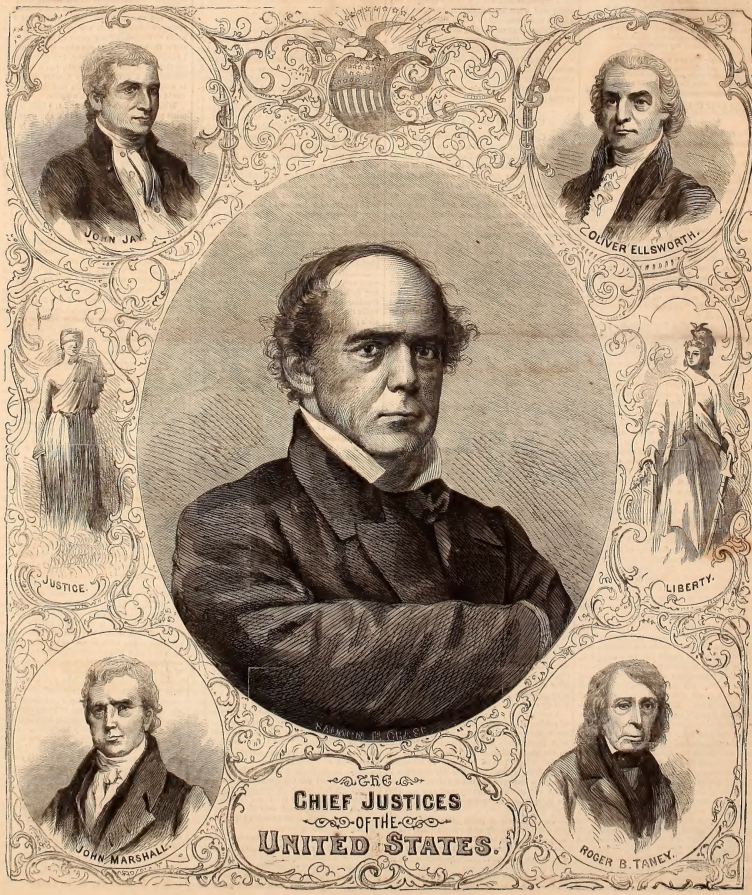

BARBARISM.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE REPORT OF THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY APPOINTED BY THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION, 1864.

O scrupulous record! most pathetic page
That fills the blood-stained volume of our years!
Love, how itself is fired with holy rage
By scenes that bathe a Nation's heart in tears.

Reading, what veiled vicious fill my eyes
Of loathsome privies crammed with starving men,
And baleful swamps, where, 'neath the open skies,
The brave, like beasts, are herded in their pen!

I see their crouching forms, their vacant stare,
The hopeless look of eyes that can see not weep,
The wan, plucked faces, that were once so fair,
Of lovers gnawing their foul rags in sleep.

I see their bony fingers spread in vain
For one sweet morsel—spread in vain to take
The dear bon bitter—or to still relish
The trinkets sacred for love's tender sake.

I hear the keeper's oath—the idiot yell,
Breathing the hyper-oaths of a colonist woe—
The brutal retch that broken hearts avail,
The murderous shot that lays the captive low.

There, veiled in clothes through the misty night,
To child or mother from the cold they strive,
Or pacing fetid chambers prey for light,
Or prone on blistering sands creep all alive.

These are thy fruits, O thou barbaric curse!
This Slavery is the crown that decks thy brow:
This is the blood-stain which thou dost wear
There the fiend deeds thy charities allow!

O dark the hour that saw thy shameful birth,
And dark and blighting all thy guilty reign!
Rouse, freemen! smite the monster from the earth,
And on the nation God shall smile again.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1864.

SHERMAN.

HOW often, as the alarm of SHERMAN'S march rang into some unprepared town in Georgia which had before only heard the war afar off, it must have bitterly recalled to the mind of some thoughtful Georgian the prophecy of ALEXANDER STEPHENS four years ago. He foretold ravage and desolation. He pictured the woes of war which his mad neighbors were about beginning. He tried to show them that war was unnecessary for their own purpose—and that, once begun, it would be hopeless for that purpose. Others in the same State predicted the same result. "It will be a long and cruel war to save slavery," said one of the largest slaveholders in Georgia, "and it will end in universal emancipation."

And now at last, after four years, the prophecy is fulfilled where it was uttered. It is fulfilled by the General who said a year ago in Atlanta that "war is cruelty, and you can not refine it;" and therefore they who have brought war upon the country will be cursed forever. Every man in the State who can bear arms has been frantically summoned to the field. The cast of the Government has been hurriedly removed. The prisons have been emptied into the militia. Towns and villages are burned. Fields are wasted. There was a wild cry of universal confusion and alarm, and the whole State yet quivers with the terrible tread of SHERMAN and his men; and as the appalled, thoughtful Georgian listens and sees, it is impossible that he should not ask himself whether it were worth while to begin a war whose pretense was puerile, whose object was revolting, and whose consequences are utterly ruinous.

The Government of the United States, after a profound doubt whether any considerable body of citizens actually meant to bring upon the country every dire extremity of civil war—after a natural delay in employing every military resource to crush the rebellion, whose easy employment implied such bloodshed and desolation—after exhausting every hope that the rebels would listen to the dictates of common sense and a conciliatory policy, has been taught that swift war is the surest mercy, and putting its armies and navies in the hands of the most devoted and skillful soldiers and sailors, now wages destructive war, that by the flaming sword the authority of the people may be maintained, and the ferocity of rebels subdued.

Of that tremendous and inflexible purpose the late election was the evidence, and General SHERMAN's march through Georgia the first signal illustration. It has vindicated the truth of General GRANT's conviction that the rebellion was a shell—strong only upon the edges; that behind the two rebel armies there is no substantial, self-defending population, and that the rebellious section can be victoriously penetrated from end to end by a resolute leader and a true and tried army of loyal men. It is in vain that the rebel papers and orators assert that every overrunning their territory. It is in vain that they declare SHERMAN's movement is a retreat, and that he might as well have fallen back to Tennessee as have marched forward to the coast. The moral triumph of a movement which reveals the fact that every available rebel is in the army of LEE or HOOD, or that the home population is so indifferent to home defense that the folons must be turned loose and armed, is incalculable.

It is true that while the armies remain the rebellion survives. It is true that if ATLANTA and Vicksburg, if Richmond and Wilmington, are occupied by us, and the armies that defend them escape, we must advance to the next point at which they make a stand. You may take Richmond, says DAVIS, as you have taken New Orleans and Memphis, but you have not conquered us. True; but those events mark the rapidity with which we are conquering. Even the war waged by the rebels upon the Government must inevitably acknowledge the laws of war. It may be simply and bravely fought, the determination may be desperate, the conversion of society into a camp may be complete, but all wars waged with an object which the civilized world both sides end in one way, and one only, and that is the triumph of the side which is strongest in men and in resources.

It is folly for the rebels to say that they will never be conquered, and will never yield. Their rage does not make them more than men. Sullen hate, indeed, is not easily distinguished any where. We do not expect it to be in the rebel section. The chiefs will always hate the Government, and be always ready to employ against it. But that is the oldest fact in history. We shall "possess and occupy" the insurgent region; and when the passionate hearts, as they are not now permitted to know, that the people of this country mean nothing ungenerous or unfair, but that they do mean, as they will have proved, to the utmost of their power in this reunion, then the same human nature which, being deceived, has led the rebels so steadily and so long to wage a wicked war, will, being undeceived, gradually assent to a righteous and prosperous peace.

ULTIMUS ROMANORUM.

MR. CHARLES O'CONOR is reported to have said, at the meeting of the bar upon occasion of the death of Chief Justice TANEY, that he hoped the historian would not have to record that magistrate as *ultimus Romanorum*—the last of the Romans. It is natural that Mr. O'CONOR should indulge such an apprehension. His speech at the Academy of Music about a year or six years ago, and his remarks made, if we remember correctly, at the office of Mr. RICHARD LATHAM upon the very eve of the election, followed that Mr. O'CONOR was of those, to whom also JUDGE TANEY belonged, who were willing to make any sacrifice whatever to the faction which has menaced the country in war.

As for JUDGE TANEY, Mr. O'CONOR is aware that, in view of the history of his appointment to his high office, and of the aid which he lent the faction in the South which is now fulfilling its menace, he has been very leniently treated since his death. Historic justice has its own acts and words rather than the eulogies of any admirer. But if she does record, as Mr. O'CONOR fears and every true-hearted man hopes, that he was the *ultimus* of such *Romanorum*, History will never make a more gratifying record.

ON A LATE MESSAGE.

IF any man would know how the character of this country has been ennobled during the year, let him compare the Message of President LINCOLN with that of President BUCHANAN in December, 1860. A century of civilization seems to have elapsed between them. For the latter document two astounding doctrines were set forth: one that the Government of the United States had no power to defend itself from destruction; the other, that constitutional resistance to the manifest designs of the Southern leaders was virtually reasonable! The depth of national degradation was revealed in the last Message of President BUCHANAN. The height of true national glory is foretold in the present Message of President LINCOLN. Between the two templates a return of the faith of the nation to the principles on which it was founded. Neither Mr. BUCHANAN nor his Cabinet, nor his chiefs, had the dimmest conception of the character or significance of the American Government. They hated it heartily, and they were ready to destroy it the moment they lost control of it. Their conduct has opened the eyes of the people as nothing else could have done. We now perceive the necessity and value of a form of our fundamental principles; and at the same time the real spirit and intention of the men who directed the Government five years ago are plainly revealed.

Contrast this calm, simple, concise statement of public affairs—this firm, manly expression of the noblest national aspiration for equal justice with BUCHANAN's feeble whine for submission to the slave power, or with JEFFERSON DAVIS or JEFFERSON DAVIS at Macon, or his elaborately false representations in his messages in favor of a war upon the mildest Government, in order to perpetuate Slavery, and the real character American state paper should and what it should not be.

The prospects of peace as set forth by the President are exactly what every faithful citizen supposed them to be. When the men who began this war upon the Government lay down their arms, and yield to the Constitution and the laws and acts in accordance with it, the war will cease. It can not cease, except in the overthrow of the Government. Those whom four years have not taught this truth will never learn it. Those who think that the authority of the Government should be maintained by incessantly requesting rebels to mention the conditions upon which they will be pleased to obey the laws belong to the rebels in heart, and have been utterly repudiated by the people. In common with the rebels, they think the Message very "unconciliatory."

But its tranquil tone of faith in the people, and in the cause of the people attacked by slaveholders; its respectful and dignified bearing toward all other powers; its plain and pleasing statement of the steady increase of population and of the national resources; its assurance in heart-felt congratulation upon the release of Maryland from the deadly spell of Slavery; its truthful and encouraging representation of the progress of the war; its direct and conclusive dealing with the proposal of "negotiations," and the lofty confidence in a peace and union immediately founded upon justice which breathes all through it, make the Message, which is now familiar to the country, one of the sincerest, most noble, most honorable, and most truly American papers in our political history.

"CHIVALRY."

BRITISH Toryism and slaveholding chivalry have a profound sympathy not only in the fatal fact of their hatred of liberty, but in the love, in the choice of epithets and arguments to prove their own propriety to the rest of mankind. The Richmond *Examiner*, speaking last winter of the Yankees, cheerfully and chivalrously remarks: "One would suppose that creatures abounding in the stenches of moral decomposition would never be alluded to in decent society. But somehow the habit of expectorating upon the vermin that swarm the Northern mind has become a matter of gentle nature, and the time drags heavily on the Southerner who refuses to indulge himself some twenty times a day in a volley of direful anathema against the Yankee.....So the tiger that laps blood and the beetle that gorges excrement are both Yankees of Northern kingdoms. It follows that our feeling toward the people of the North, the scarabei and vipers of humanity, should be characterized neither by rage or nausea.....The emotions of passion are out of place when one is merely scalding chinches [bed-bugs]."

Now if this freedom of gentle natures from rage, and this elegance of phrase which, as you see, delicately breathes "chinches" for a more vulgar word, do not prove that people who suffer their prisoners to rot and starve are "chivalric;" if they do not show that men who steal negroes and sell them are "gentlemen;" that who wipe peasant women and sell their children, are "gentlemen;" and if they do not establish beyond peril that such chivalric gentlemen have a perfect right to govern the Government of their country at their pleasure, we are really afraid that these things are not susceptible of proof.

In the same "chivalric" spirit, evidently characterized as the preceding extract is, "neither by rage or nausea," the sympathetic Tory journal, the London *Herald*, a chief organ of the "English gentleman," calls the President of the United States "a vulgar, brutal boor, wholly destitute of political science, of military affairs, of every thing else which a statesman should know.....a vacillating, helpless imbecile."

Considering that the American slave-drivers and the British Tories claim to be peculiarly and exclusively gentlemen, the word gentleman is in extreme danger of falling into bad odor. Even the London correspondent perhaps may, that the wretched chinches who "gorge excrement"—that is, who work for our living and do not sell their children—have nothing about it. O fie, low-scrabbel and co-vipers! let us restrain our useless rage and nausea, and be scaled in silence by these "gentle natures."

MR. WEBB'S LETTER.

IF we are to apologize to Brazil for the capture of the *Florida*, we ought also to apologize for the apology that has been made by our minister, Mr. WEBB. It is impossible not to feel, upon perusing the correspondence dispatch to the Brazilian Foreign Minister, that he hailed with enthusiasm the infrequent opportunity, and gladly harnessed himself to the heavy yoke into the deeps of diplomacy. Mr. WEBB is a gentleman of undoubted ability and experience, but he has evidently fallen into an unhandsome position by what he is pleased to call, at the end of several sheets of paper, "this hasty note!" That is the sole pleasantry in his dispatch, and the paragraph in which it is a part comprises all that he ought to have said. "In the perfect conviction that the Government of the United States will promptly do all that is consistent with its proper dignity and the honor and dignity of Brazil, the undersigned asks your Excellency to excuse," etc., etc., and renews the expression of his, etc., etc.

Such a note would have saved the honor of both countries, and secured Mr. WEBB's immortality as a diplomatist. But does he think it suits the dignity of his country to say in effect: "England has proved by many of the great powers, and you, a little and insignificant power, declared equal belligerence between us and our rebels. We protest, but we can't help ourselves," and as you, small and wretched as you are, have followed England to do a mean thing, we must apologize to you as we should be obliged to apologize in the same circumstances to England, reserving to ourselves the right of doing something about it when we are able."

We do not quarrel with Mr. WEBB's statement of the hostile conduct of England and France in the indecent haste to acknowledge the rebel belligerency. We do not complain that he says the United States do not wish to be such an international custom. We only regret that he says these things upon such an occasion and with such evident spite toward Brazil. If general remarks upon the subject must have been made, why not treat Brazil as an independent power, and declare firmly and courteously that the United States protest against Brazil's recognition of the rebels as naval belligerents, reminding the doubting up of the fact and the making wry faces at England? Why log in England merely to say that if it were not for her and the other powers Brazil would not hear us apologizing? Mr. WEBB speaks of "the great injustice of England, to which Brazil, also, as soon as possible gave her sanction and approval." Does not that sentence turn the edge of the apology? Surely it is not very dignified nor polite to represent this country as saying to the rest of the world, "Ah! you are decidedly villains. I have my hands full just now, but as soon as I get them free, then, you rascals, you'll catch it. Meanwhile I'm only your very humble servant." It seems to us that St. John and Machiavelli would equally smile at such a stance.

While our hands are full and the hostility of other nations expresses itself in many ways, let us be silent. If we must speak, let us in the freest, plainest, and calmest words protest. But whatever may be our just indignation, honor and dignity alike require that we should not fawn at the mouth, nor shout unseemly huzzas, nor brandish our clenched fists in futile wrath. A nation should not argue when its arguments have no guns behind the n. It can only show its enemies and its friends its equal terms. If the terms are unequal, then let us have silence and bows, if bows must be made, under protest.

It is not the ability, patriotism, truthfulness, or argumentative skill of Mr. WEBB's dispatch that are objectionable but its heat and indiscretion. A nation may be expected to offer an apology which is proffered him with a pair of tongs. "His Excellency Señor JOAM PAZEOS DIAS VIEIRA of the council of his majesty the Emperor, Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," may possibly ask the author of "this hasty note" to be good enough to explain his explanation.

LORD WHARNCLIFFE & CO.

LORD WHARNCLIFFE and a party of British rebel sympathizers recently asked permission to send an agent to this country to comfort the rebel prisoners in our hands. Mr. ADAMS, to whom his lordship addressed himself, properly replied that if Lord WHARNCLIFFE and his friends wished to help rebels, the best service they could render would be to minister to their diseased minds, since their bodies were well cared for, and to show them the wickedness and folly of their assault upon their Government, which never harmed or sought to harm them. It was well and worthily said. If his lordship will pardon a Yankee expression—and surely an Christian a soul will be charitable!—we would suggest to him that no English rebel sympathizer, from Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. RUSSELL down to Lord WHARNCLIFFE or the Rev. Mr. PARKER of the peace petition, has been able to get up and go through in the morning to find Mr. ADAMS napping.

If Lord WHARNCLIFFE and his English friends, however, are really anxious to soothe the suffering, we have the honor to inform him that the Government of a power in friendly relations with the Great Britain is defending itself and the cause of equal civil liberty against a ferocious, rebellion begun for the purpose of ruining that friendly nation and perpetuating human slavery —objects which it would be as much Lord WHARNCLIFFE or any honorable Englishman to suppose that he favors. The rebels have in their power at Andersonville and elsewhere thousands of men, their loyal fellow-citizens, whom they starve and torture in a manner hitherto unpracticed among people calling themselves civilized, and utterly incredible. Lord WHARNCLIFFE and his friends may see in the following extract from a letter sent to England not only a full and harrowing description of the fearful sufferings inflicted upon these brave men for the crime of defending their country, but also copies of the photographs appended, which tell the ghastly tale as no words can tell it.

We shall be very happy to record that Lord WHARNCLIFFE and any considerable body of "the nobility and gentry" of Great Britain are so profoundly touched by this vast and cruel suffering of the faithful citizens of a friendly power, that they have held "Liverpool bazars" to raise money for their relief, and have sought through the resident minister of that power to send it to them. Meanwhile, Lord WHARN-

cutter & Company will not be surprised that their proposal to feed loaves to the hungry, and to help those who are humanely restrained from the effort to destroy this country, is seen to be exactly what it is, an attempt to encourage and perpetuate human slavery—another attempt of the English *Deerhound* to save the sinking British pirate *Alabama*. Why should Lord Wharncliffe take such extraordinary pains to teach Americans a deeper hostility to the British aristocracy?

A RAILROAD "ACCIDENT."

The *Evening Post* says that a gentleman who arrived last week in this city, a few days ago, from the West, reported "an accident" upon the road over which he had journeyed. "What was the nature of it?" asked a friend. "Why we got through on time, and without a break-down," was the reply, 'and that is the only occurrence on a railroad, in these days, which ought to be called an accident."

Of course as our paper is issued but once a week we are not long able to keep pace with this record of railroad disasters. Among the most recent may be mentioned that upon the New Jersey Central Railroad. Two freight trains ran into each other a few days ago, although the Western Express came along and smashed into the wreck, destroying the locomotive. "No person was seriously hurt," it is said, "a few necks were broken outright, but how many nervous shocks entirely ruining the sufferers will date from your unreflectingly unnecessary and criminal event nobody can say.

"No person was seriously hurt"—but no thanks to the Company. Their duty was to run freight trains was out of time—or they both were. That was the culpable fault of the engineer. Then no flag of warning was sent out toward the approaching express train, or if so, it was disregar'.d, which was the criminal neglect of the engineer of that train. Such incidents, as the *Post* says, are not "accidents." They are no more accidents than the burning of a barn which has been carefully fired. There is simply a question whatever for carelessness, and a Company which does not make the strictest investigation of the circumstances, and publicly and vigorously dismiss the offending agents, trifles with the public safety.

LITERARY.

We find in the Paris letter of Mr. Childs's Publishers' Circular, a valuable monthly manual of literature of current merits we have not seen mentioned, the following characteristic anecdote of Alexandre Dumas:

M. Alex. Dumas has amused the town this week by a characteristic letter. The town of Cavaillon, in the department of Vaucluse, in Provence throughout France for its musk-melons. All the markets on the Rhone and Saone, and, indeed, itself, draw their supplies of the best canteloups from this southern city. The inhabitants of the town are justly proud of possessing so valuable a public library. They applied to eminent persons to aid them, those with donations in money, those with gifts of rare works. They applied, among others, to M. Alex. Dumas, who returned this answer: "Sir,—The treasury of the interior post letter I hastened to confer with my publisher, in order that it might send you the two or three hundred volumes of my works which have already appeared, and that he may send you the remainder as soon as I have finished. I am too happy to accede to the great honor you do me. But it was enough to say to M. Alex. Dumas, a boorish Mayor, that I give three books on one condition. If the town of Cavaillon has the honor of Cavaillon itself, like their melons very much, and I wish that, in exchange for my three or four hundred volumes, there may be sent, by municipal ordinance, a pension for life of twelve melons annually, the cost of carriage to be, of course, at my charge. Receive, etc. Alex. Dumas." M. Dumas, the well-known publisher, is in this week the delivering letter of the novelist, which will go far to exhaust the cause of his bankruptcy. A thousand encouragements to tell the story in M. Dumas's words: "We were dining at Mme. Doche's. Mme. Doche" residence is near the Champs Elysées. M. Alexandre Dumas—the eternal sponged-upon—had, as he always has, a great many guests. He told the story. "Well, Pierre, here are a great many Champagne-glasses, but I own to you, I have only twenty francs in my pocket. Some in the cellar. Then go buy some as the restaurant of the Frères Provençaux." The servant whispered to Dumas that there was inside each the words "No credit—no future," and that the cellar was empty. "Well, then, at the Café Anglais." "Sir, there are only two Dijon 300 bottles in the cellar." "No regret! Two seconds!" The servant: "I've not got one with me." Dumas: "Pierre!! you are a rogue! you are a thief! Be off with you!" Pierre went off at once, but before he went he told how Dumas called him back. "Come here, old Dumas. I have taken you out as a thief, but I have not got a good servant—you know, you rascal! that I can not get along without you. But when you do sell me a good servant, for the name of Heaven, give me credit!" M. Nadar asserts this anecdote to be literally true.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 5.

The Senate met at 12 M. Mr. Clark, of New Hampshire President *pro tem.* Mr. Foot, from the committee to wait on the President, reported that the Message would be sent at 1 o'clock, and the Senate adjourned till that hour. Upon the reassembling of the Senate the Message was received and read, and the usual number of copies ordered to be printed. Reports from the Secretaries of the Treasury and the Navy were also received. A resolution (Mr. Sumner, Mass.) was introduced and adopted, that the President furnish the Senate with any information in possession of the State Department relative to any correspondence or overture recently made by British subjects in aid of the rebellion. The Senate then went into secret session. The appointment by the President of Hon. Salmon P. Chase for Chief-Justice was confirmed without reference. The nomination of Hon. James Speed for Attorney-General and of Governor Dennison for Postmaster-General were referred.

In the House, before the reading of the Message, Mr. (Mr. Stevens, Pa.) were introduced and referred, to prohibit the exportation of gold and silver coin, and to prevent gold and silver coin from being negotiated for more than their current value. A joint resolution (Mr. Stevens) in relation to the tax on gold was also referred. A resolution (Mr. Brandell, Pa.) providing a system for the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of exempting from tax the manufactures of the states and interests of widows in the estates of their deceased husbands, was referred. A resolution (Mr. Ely) adopted, that the Committee on the Conduct of the War inquire into the causes of the disastrous results of the Red River campaign under General Banks. Bills were introduced (Mr. Julian, Ind.) prescribing

the oath of office, and providing for the collection of all persons practicing law in the Internal States, and providing for the forfeiture of fees in certain cases. A resolution (Mr. Boutwell, Mass.) was adopted, that the Committee on Military Affairs be directed to inquire and reporting a bill prohibiting the transit of goods, wares, or merchandise to or from the States declared in rebellion States in possession of the persons engaged in rebellion and beyond the line of the loyal States, except in supplying the safe of any goods, wares, or merchandise to persons not engaged and terrified in aid of the rebellion, or authorizing the purchase of the products of the territory occupied by the rebels in any of the States declared, acted with the army or navy of the United States, but prohibiting the sale or transportation of the products of the States, either upon credit or otherwise. A resolution (Mr. Stevens) was adopted, that the President's Message was then received and read, together with the accompanying documents, and be referred to the Committee of the Whole.

December 7.

In the Senate, a bill was introduced (Mr. Lane, Ind.) and referred, to authorize a special session of the United States District Court for the State of Kansas. Resolutions had not yet been announced, and bills were left to be on the following morning. Mr. Sumner (Mass.) intended the time for the completion of the Metropolitan Railroad to Georgetown. Mr. Wilkinson (Minn.) and Mr. Ky.) was also ordered to be on the table, that the Secretary of the Interior report to the Senate the names of the court-martial to investigate the conduct of General Pope in the Indian campaign in Minnesota. Kentucky. Governor Hahn's communication, accompanied by the Governor of the General Assembly of Louisiana, was received on the table by the President *pro tem.*; and Mr. Wade, of Ohio, presented resolutions from the citizens of Louisiana. Mr. Morgan, of New York, presented the resolutions of the two houses of the Legislature of that state, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Wilkinson (Minn.) presented a memorial, and ordered to be printed. The President presented to the Senate copies of the Letter of the Secretary of War.

In the House, the vote referring Mr. Stevens's bill to raise and improve our internal revenue, to provide more than their current value was reconsidered, and laid on the table by a vote of 73 to 68. Mr. Ashley (Ohio) (Mr. Cole, Cal.) to establish an ocean steamship mail between the United States and Asia. Mr. Wilkinson (Minn. Wis.) was adopted and referred to instruct the Committee on Judiciary to report a bill amendatory of an amending Section 3, Article 1, of the Constitution, that representatives to Congress shall be apportioned among the States according to their respective number of qualified electors. Mr. Wilkinson (Minn.) offered a bill to establish a navy-yard at Cleveland, Ohio. A resolution (Mr. Wilkinson, Minn.) that the soldiers who enlisted with bounties to enlisten enlisting, and raising their pay to the original amount of enlistment. A bill (Mr. Ely) adopted instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of fixing an ad valorem on all sales of merchandise.

December 8.

In the Senate, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, gave notice that he would on the 19th inst. introduce a joint resolution for the restoration of the Union and peace, and for the violation of the Constitution and laws by a portion of the people of the several States. The Senate proceeded to the election of Doorkeeper, and Mr. Harris, of Maryland, was elected by a vote of 29 to 9 for Mr. Forney, of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Doolittle, Harris, Davis, Johnson, M'Dougal, Powell, Saulsbury, Nesmith, Wright, Bayard, Kennedy, Corwin, Clark, Van Winkle, Conness, and Henderson, to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Messrs. Foster, Sherman, Fessenden, Trumbull, Grimes, Hicks, and Chandler, to the Committee on Finance. Messrs. Wilkinson, Howard, Wilson, Powell, and Fessenden,

Select Committee on Military Affairs—Mr. Wilson, Chairman; Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, Howard, Nesmith, Morgan, Sprague, and Brown.

Pensions—Mr. Foster, Chairman; Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, Wade, Walker, Henderson, and Richardson.

Post Offices—Mr. Foster, Chairman; Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, Wade, Walker, Henderson, and Richardson.

Patents and the Patent Office—Mr. Corwin, Chairman; Messrs. Howard, Sprague, Chandler, Nesmith, and Saulsbury.

Public Buildings and Grounds—Mr. Foot, Chairman; Messrs. Trumbull, Grimes, Powell, and Hendricks.

Territories—Mr. Wade, Chairman; Messrs. Wilkinson, Morgan, Sprague, Hale, Lane of Kansas, Carlile, Davis, and Richardson.

The Pacific Railroad—Mr. Howard, Chairman; Messrs. Wilkinson, Sprague, Chandler, Nesmith, Saulsbury, Conness, and Brown.

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Public Lands—Mr. Harlan, Chairman; Messrs. Pomeroy, Foster, Howard, Wade, Conness, and Hendricks.

Private Land Claims—Mr. Harris, Chairman; Messrs. Carlile, Pomeroy, Doolittle, and Brown.

Indian Affairs—Mr. Doolittle, Chairman; Messrs. Howard, Nesmith, Lane, Kansas, Henderson, Brown, and Richardson.

The following are the Joint Standing Committees:

Joint Committee on Enrolled Bills—Mr. Howe, Chairman; Messrs. Morgan and Powell.

Joint Committee on Engrossed Bills—Mr. Howe, Chairman; Messrs. Cowan and Hicks.

Joint Committee on the Library—Mr. Collamer, Chairman; Messrs. Johnson and Howard.

Joint Committee on Slavery and the Treatment of Freedmen—Mr. Sumner, Chairman; Messrs. Howard, Carlile, Pomeroy, Buckalew, Brown, and Conness.

The credentials of the Louisiana Senators were then referred. A memorial (Mr. Sumner, Mass.) in relation to foreign immigration was referred. A petition (Mr. Morgan, N. Y.) was presented and referred, signed by William C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, John A. Dix, U. S. Grant, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, and many other, and many others, asking an appropriation for a fund for the support of a Soldiers' Home for disabled soldiers and seamen of the Army and Navy of the United States. Mr. Sherman's bill for the construction of revenue cutters on the lakes was referred, also all other bills and memorials of a private character. The case of Gemmy Payne was being discussed when the Senate went into executive session, the General being accused by Mr. Powell as guilty of heinous barbarities on citizens of Kentucky, and defended by Mr. Trumbull. A large number of nominations were communicated in the executive session. A message from the President was read recommending a vote of thanks to Captain Winslow and Lieutenant-Commander Fuller, of the navy, in relation to the Sumter resolution relative to aid furnished by British subjects in the rebellion. The resolution was then read. Mr. Sherman's bill adopted. Mr. Adams that the Liverpool Bazar had produced \$1,000 for the Sanitary Commission by an accredited agent to visit our military prisons to distribute aid among the prisoners. Mr. Seward's reply, declining the application, was also communicated. The Senate also adjourned till Monday.

In the House, Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported back the joint resolution explanatory of so much of the Internal Revenue Act as relates to the tax on gold. The resolution by the false construction of the Revenue Act by the Commissioner from imposing a tax of over \$3 where it should receive \$1 a thousand. Mr. Brooks, of New York, suggested that the tax on gold be reduced to 1 per cent. Mr. Stevens's gold was a one-cent stamp. The President's message was communicated. A letter to Captain Winslow and Lieutenant Colling was referred. A bill (Mr. Shenck, Ohio) to provide for the pay of officers of the Navy on the list unemployed officers. A resolution (Mr. Shenck) was adopted that the Secretary of the Navy inform the House the number of officers unemployed, pursuing during the war, and reporting the names of those who have resigned or died and had, together with the reasons for the same. The House adjourned till the 19th.

December 9.

In the Senate, a bill was introduced (Mr. Lane, Ind.) and referred, to authorize a special session of the United States District Court for the State of Kansas. Resolutions had not yet been announced, and bills were left to be on the following morning. Mr. Sumner (Mass.) intended the time for the completion of the Metropolitan Railroad to Georgetown. Mr. Wilkinson (Minn.) and Mr. Ky.) was also ordered to be on the table, that the Secretary of the Interior report to the Senate the names of the court-martial to investigate the conduct of General Pope in the Indian campaign in Minnesota. Kentucky. Governor Hahn's communication, accompanied by the Governor of the General Assembly of Louisiana, was received on the table by the President *pro tem.*; and Mr. Wade, of Ohio, presented resolutions from the citizens of Louisiana. Mr. Morgan, of New York, presented the resolutions of the two houses of the Legislature of that state, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Wilkinson (Minn.) presented a memorial, and ordered to be printed. The President presented to the Senate copies of the Letter of the Secretary of War.

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Mr. Doolittle, Harris, Davis, Johnson, M'Dougal, Powell, Saulsbury, Nesmith, Wright, Bayard, Kennedy, Corwin, Clark, Van Winkle, Conness, and Henderson, to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Messrs. Foster, Sherman, Fessenden, Trumbull, Grimes, Hicks, and Chandler, to the Committee on Finance. Messrs. Wilkinson, Howard, Wilson, Powell, and Fessenden,

Select Committee on Military Affairs—Mr. Wilson, Chairman; Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, Howard, Nesmith, Morgan, Sprague, and Brown.

Pensions—Mr. Foster, Chairman; Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, Wade, Walker, Henderson, and Richardson.

Post Offices—Mr. Foster, Chairman; Messrs. Lane, of Indiana, Wade, Walker, Henderson, and Richardson.

Patents and the Patent Office—Mr. Corwin, Chairman; Messrs. Howard, Sprague, Chandler, Nesmith, and Saulsbury.

Public Buildings and Grounds—Mr. Foot, Chairman; Messrs. Trumbull, Grimes, Powell, and Hendricks.

Territories—Mr. Wade, Chairman; Messrs. Wilkinson, Morgan, Sprague, Hale, Lane of Kansas, Carlile, Davis, and Richardson.

The Pacific Railroad—Mr. Howard, Chairman; Messrs. Wilkinson, Sprague, Chandler, Nesmith, Saulsbury, Conness, and Brown.

Revolutionary Claims—Mr. Chandler, Chairman; Messrs. Dixon, Morrill, Wade, Walker, Henderson, and Richardson.

Public Lands—Mr. Harlan, Chairman; Messrs. Pomeroy, Foster, Howard, Wade, Conness, and Hendricks.

Private Land Claims—Mr. Harris, Chairman; Messrs. Carlile, Pomeroy, Doolittle, and Brown.

Indian Affairs—Mr. Doolittle, Chairman; Messrs. Howard, Nesmith, Lane, Kansas, Henderson, Brown, and Richardson.

The following are the Joint Standing Committees:

Joint Committee on Enrolled Bills—Mr. Howe, Chairman; Messrs. Morgan and Powell.

Joint Committee on Engrossed Bills—Mr. Howe, Chairman; Messrs. Cowan and Hicks.

Joint Committee on the Library—Mr. Collamer, Chairman; Messrs. Johnson and Howard.

Joint Committee on Slavery and the Treatment of Freedmen—Mr. Sumner, Chairman; Messrs. Howard, Carlile, Pomeroy, Buckalew, Brown, and Conness.

The credentials of the Louisiana Senators were then referred. A memorial (Mr. Sumner, Mass.) in relation to foreign immigration was referred. A petition (Mr. Morgan, N. Y.) was presented and referred, signed by William C. Bryant, Henry W. Longfellow, John A. Dix, U. S. Grant, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, and many other, and many others, asking an appropriation for a fund for the support of a Soldiers' Home for disabled soldiers and seamen of the Army and Navy of the United States. Mr. Sherman's bill for the construction of revenue cutters on the lakes was referred, also all other bills and memorials of a private character. The case of Gemmy Payne was being discussed when the Senate went into executive session, the General being accused by Mr. Powell as guilty of heinous barbarities on citizens of Kentucky, and defended by Mr. Trumbull. A large number of nominations were communicated in the executive session. A message from the President was read recommending a vote of thanks to Captain Winslow and Lieutenant-Commander Fuller, of the navy, in relation to the Sumter resolution relative to aid furnished by British subjects in the rebellion. The resolution was then read. Mr. Sherman's bill adopted. Mr. Adams that the Liverpool Bazar had produced \$1,000 for the Sanitary Commission by an accredited agent to visit our military prisons to distribute aid among the prisoners. Mr. Seward's reply, declining the application, was also communicated. The Senate also adjourned till Monday.

In the House, Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported back the joint resolution explanatory of so much of the Internal Revenue Act as relates to the tax on gold. The resolution by the false construction of the Revenue Act by the Commissioner from imposing a tax of over \$3 where it should receive \$1 a thousand. Mr. Brooks, of New York, suggested that the tax on gold be reduced to 1 per cent. Mr. Stevens's gold was a one-cent stamp. The President's message was communicated. A letter to Captain Winslow and Lieutenant Colling was referred. A bill (Mr. Shenck, Ohio) to provide for the pay of officers of the Navy on the list unemployed officers. A resolution (Mr. Shenck) was adopted that the Secretary of the Navy inform the House the number of officers unemployed, pursuing during the war, and reporting the names of those who have resigned or died and had, together with the reasons for the same. The House adjourned till the 19th.

December 9.

In the Senate, a petition of Messrs. Lab Brothers, bankers of Boston and New York, praying Congress to make good and certify to the Secretary of the Treasury the sum of \$9,000, was referred. Mr. Sumner, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill authorizing the President of the United States to transfer gun-boat to the republic of Liberia. A bill (Mr. Sumner) to admit persons, be on Finance, reported a bill, which was passed, authorizing the collection of duties on revenue entries for warehouse bakes, and appropriating one million of dollars or so much as is necessary to pay the same. A bill (Mr. Wilson, Mass.) was referred, to encourage enlistments in the army by making free the wives and children of colored soldiers now held as slaves in the South. The House bill establishing a uniform system of bankruptcy was referred and ordered to be printed. Mr. Anthony's credentials as Senator from Rhode Island for six years were presented.

In the House, a resolution (Mr. Eliot, Mass.) was referred, declaring that the State of Louisiana may resume its political relations with the Government of the United States. A bill (Mr. Cole, Cal.) was referred, granting lands to aid in the construction of a railroad from Cal. to Ore. (Mr. Cole) was introduced and moved to be referred to a select committee of seven, to establish a mining department, with a commissioner and the necessary clerks and assistants, to collect statistics of mining and diffusing useful information throughout the United States. The House, A resolution (Mr. Chandler, N. Y.) was adopted, instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of reducing the tax on distilled spirits. The House resumed consideration of the bill to establish a mint on the east-ern part of New London. The bill was laid on the table by a vote of 89 to 85. The House then took up the Senate resolution reported during the last session by Mr. Illinois Ward, of New York, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, requesting the President to terminate the Reciprocity Treaty with Great Britain, and to give the requisite notice for the abrogation of the treaty, based on the true principles of reciprocity as existing the trade between the United States and the British North American provinces. The question pending from last session was on the passage of the resolution. The House now considered. A substitute was offered (Mr. Mercur, Pa.) which, while it declared the treaty should be made on reciprocal and satisfactory, providing for the adjustment of any matters of difference between the two Governments, and requesting the President to give the Government of Great Britain the notice required by the second article of the treaty of June 5, 1854, for the termination of the same. This substitute was rejected and the whole resolution, thus amended, was passed, 85 to 51.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

At recent advices General Sherman's army had crossed the Ogeechee River, and, passing Millen, had advanced to-ward Savannah. The city was then found plenty of provisions for his army, and had advanced with great deliberation. On the 13th inst. Gen. Foster, captured Fort Pemberton on the railroad from Charleston to Savannah, thus isolating the latter from the North. This will be a great help to the advance to Sherman, if the latter intends to attack Savannah. There is much excitement in the city and the people are divided, both by the Savannah, and on its right by the Ogeechee River. The Confederate forces are said to be concentrating in the rear. According to the latest Richmond news Sherman was only fifteen miles from Savannah.

GENERAL HOOD'S CAMPAIGN.

General Hood's army, after the battle of Franklin, retired northward in a partially broken condition. General Rousseau still holds Murfreesboro, On the 9th the main body of Hood's army was at Columbia, encamped on both sides of Duck River. The rest were at Spring Hill, across the river, 8 miles to the north. Forrest was at Lynnville, 12 miles to the north-east. After crossing the northern branch of Rutherford Creek he destroyed the bridge after him. To march the remaining 12 miles to Pulaski he would have to cross pushed up close to the enemy's works at Hatcher's Creek. General Cox's forces were at Mount Pleasant, Hatchford, and succeeded in destroying twenty miles of the railroad. The Confederates were less than 100.

On the 7th General D. U. Ledbetter captured the rebel position opened Decatur, Ala. This will open the river above to the canal from the rebel fire, which has hitherto been very annoying.

NEWS ITEMS.

The St. Albans robbers have been released by the Canadian authorities.

Virgil Corrington, of Company K, Nineteenth Illinois Volunteers, who lately served as a Commissioner of Exchange at Savannah, Andersonville, Georgia, has been promoted to the rank of Colonel by the President.

Mr. Thomas Bragg, brother of Gen. Braxton Bragg, and has some thirteen cousins all fighting under the Stars and Bars. He is twenty years old, but has served since the war began.

The returns since our last publication from Wisconsin, Washington, Baltimore, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Portsmouth, Nashua, Providence, Rhode Island, Maryland, New Orleans, Mound City, Illinois (for our river), and Indiana, are unanimously in favor of the Union ticket. It is urged upon Congress to pass some measures for the encouragement of the manufacture of salt, so that we may be independent of foreign nations in this respect. The production of salt in the United States is one of the Government now, while four companies are engaged making salt by the process, of which one produces 3,325,000 pounds last year, although there were nearly 100 tons of powder used in the blasting.

The Navy Department has advices from Admiral Porter of the capture of Fort Fisher, at the entrance to Cape Fear, Federate steamer *Armstrong*, of six hundred and thirty tons measurement, mounting two guns, very fast, was captured by the Cuyler and *Gettysburg* on the 4th of December after a chase of 40 hours. The name of the vessel was thrown overboard in the chase.

Brigadier-General Hatch, Provost Marshal of this city, commanding the Second Division of the Ninth Army Corps, has been promoted to be Major-General by Brevet, "for distinguished and gallant conduct in the several actions since crossing the Rapidan from the 4th to August 1, 1864.

Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles, commanding First Division, Second Corps, has been promoted Brevet Major-General for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, and Petersburg.

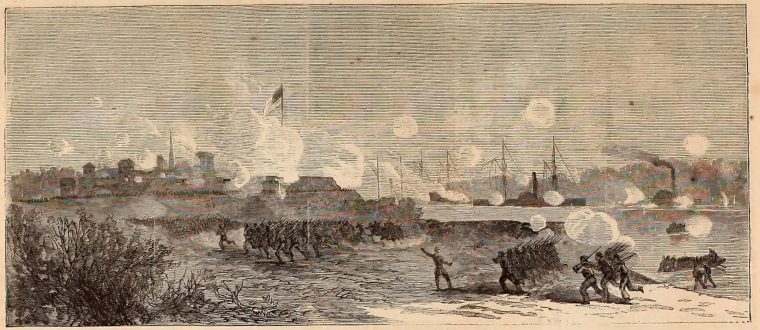
FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

The news of President Lincoln's re-election had reached Europe by the steamer *Asia*, and was almost unanimously hailed by English and French journals. No surprise was manifested at the result, but the London *Times* unquestionably mentioned the fact. The London *Times* regards it as a fortunate circumstance that the President is favorably disposed toward despotism; but thinks Mr. Lincoln not objectionable to foreign governments.

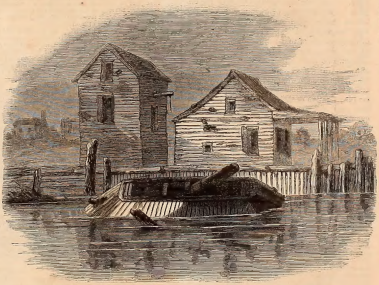
THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

The Franco-Italian Convention, by which it was determined that the French troops should be withdrawn from Rome, and the Italian capital be transferred from Turin to Florence, was signed on the 15th of September. The Convention consists of a preamble and 3 articles. In the preamble it is declared that the sovereignty of the Pope should be defended by the Catholic powers, but that it was necessary that the Pontifical States should be relieved from the obligation of maintaining a regular army disproportionate to their resources, and which was a heavy burden on the finances of the Holy See. The first article stipulates that the French troops shall be withdrawn from the Roman territory within two years, but that they may take the place of troops existing State Books; that Italy undertakes to prevent, further, any attack upon the territory of redressing all outstanding international differences. The second article stipulates that the French troops shall be withdrawn from the first day of each year, 3 6-60 per cent. per annum, with coupons attached, to the amount of the capital issued for their face, with the first added. A series of resolutions was introduced (Mr. Ashley, Ohio) for the restoration of peace to the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and the Senate resolution (Mr. Ashley, Ohio) was adopted, and the Senate resolution (Mr. Ashley, Ohio) was adopted, and the Senate resolution (Mr. Ashley, Ohio) was adopted



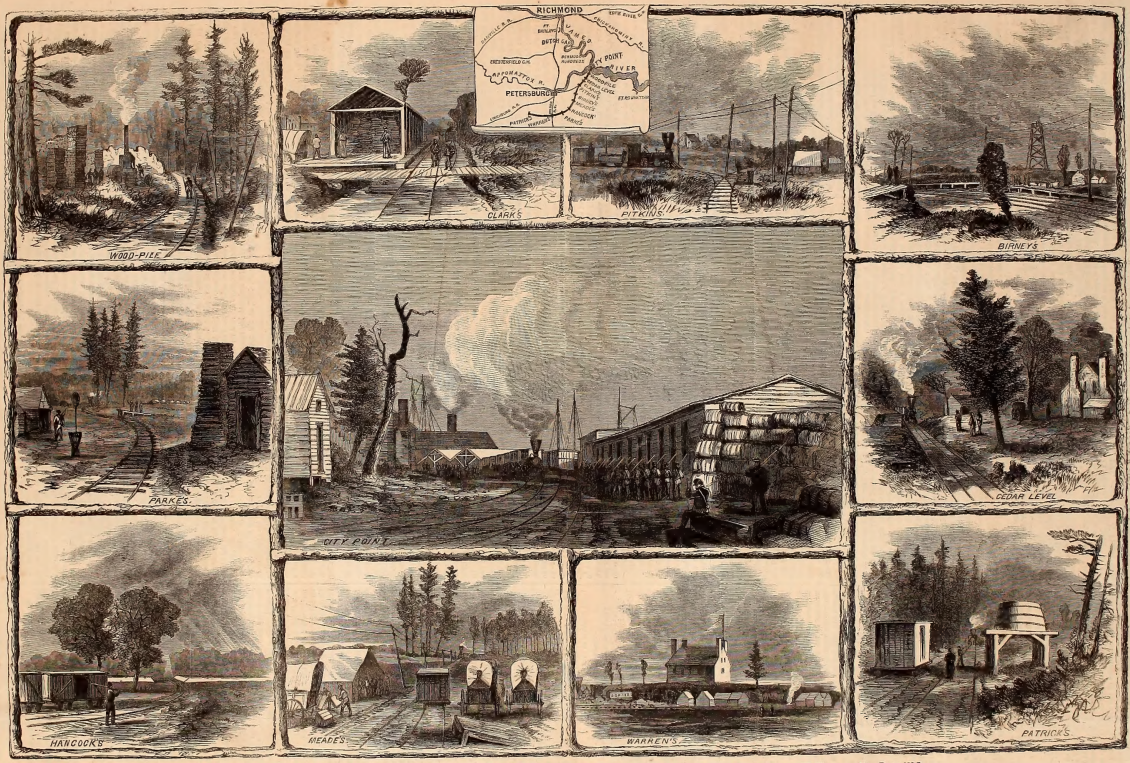
THE ATTACK ON FORT BATEMAN AT THE CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 31, 1864.

VIEW ON THE ROANOKE RIVER, NORTH CAROLINA.



APPEARANCE OF THE REBEL RAM "ALBEMARLE," OCTOBER 31, 1863.

THE CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA, OCTOBER 31, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 822.]



VIEW OF THE STATIONS ON GRANT'S MILITARY RAILROAD, FROM CITY POINT TO HIS EXTREME LEFT.—From Sketches by A. W. Warren.—[See Page 822.]

CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN JAY, the first Chief Justice of the United States, was born in New York, December 12, 1745. He graduated at Kings (now Columbia) College, in 1764, and was admitted to the bar four years later. When the Revolutionary troubles came on he took a prominent part in the contest. He was the youngest member of the first Congress, which convened in 1774. We can barely allude to his civil services during the Revolution. In 1777 he prepared the draft of the Constitution of the State of New York, and was appointed the first Chief Justice of the State. In 1779 he was sent on a mission to Spain. This Government demanded as a condition of recognizing the independence of the United States, that the possession of Florida and the exclusive right to navigate the Mississippi should be guaranteed to Spain. Jay refused to consent that the interests of our great river should be shut up by a foreign power. In conjunction with ADAMS, FRANKLIN, and LAURENS, MR. JAY negotiated the treaty by which Great Britain recognized the Independence of the United States. In 1784 he returned to his country, and was appointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs. When the Union took the place of the old Confederation, WASHINGTON requested him to select any office which he might prefer. He chose that of Chief Justice of the United States, to which he was appointed in 1789. In 1794 he was sent to Great Britain as ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY, to negotiate an important treaty. This treaty, which settled many questions in dispute between the two nations, was violently opposed by the Democratic party, especially at the South. He was absent a year and a half, while time he was elected Governor of New York. He then resigned the Chief Justiceship, was twice re-elected Governor, and, in March, 1801, in the fifty-six, resolved to retire from public life. President ADAMS, wishing to retain his services for the public, nominated him for his former place as Chief Justice, then vacated by the resignation of OLIVER ELLSWORTH, who declined, on the ground that he had deliberately made up his mind to retire from public life, and duty to his country did not then require him to decide. He retired to his farm in Bedford, New York, where he died May 17, 1829, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. While the question of the adoption of the Federal Constitution was before the people, HAMILTON, MADISON, and JAY projected the famous series of essays called the *Federalist*, of which the second, third, fourth, and fifth numbers, furnishing no more until the sixty-fourth number. During the greater part of the interval he was laying between life and death. A party of medical students had violated the grave to acquire subjects for dissection. They were put in prison; but a mob threatened their lives. JAY and others, under the lead of HAMILTON, joined to prevent the mob. They were not successful in the latters, and JAY was struck on the temple by a stone, and almost killed. He recovered only to be able to write the single additional paper, on a subject which he was especially requested to undertake. To this accident it is due that the *Federalist* is incomplete. It is, was not rendered still more valuable by contributions from one who was recognized as the ablest political writer in the United States. JAY was one of the noblest and purest characters in our history. Party-spirit ran higher in his day than ever it has in the most virulent period when attacks were made by party writers and speakers. WASHINGTON himself did not escape detraction; but no man, except a few violent partisans in South Carolina, however much he might oppose his public policy, dared to squeeze the perfect integrity of JOHN JAY.

Upon the resignation of MR. JAY, JOHN RUTLEDGE was appointed by the President Chief Justice of the United States. He was born in 1739, in South Carolina, whither his father had emigrated from Ireland four years before. He studied law in the Temple in London, and returned to Charleston in 1761, where he at once gained the highest rank at the bar. He espoused the cause of the colonies at the outset of the troubles with Great Britain. In 1776 he was appointed Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Colony of South Carolina. It was owing to him that Fort Moultrie was built, rendered so famous in the early struggle. General LEE, who commanded the Continental troops, pronounced the fort a "slaughter-pen," and ordered it to evacuate it. RUTLEDGE wrote to MOULTRIE, "General LEE wishes you to evacuate the fort; but you will not mind what comes from me. I would sooner cut off my hand than write one." When the Constitution of South Carolina was framed, RUTLEDGE refused the office, on the ground that it was too Democratic. He finally yielded his scruples, and was appointed Governor, with the title of Dictator. In 1791 he was appointed Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and in 1791 Chief Justice of South Carolina. In 1795 he was nominated by WASHINGTON Chief Justice of the United States. The treaty negotiated by JAY with Great Britain excited a storm of indignation in South Carolina. RUTLEDGE made a violent speech against it at Charleston, and two days before his appointment as Chief Justice reached him, in which he spoke in bitter language of the leaders of the then dominant Federal party, of which he had hitherto been considered a member. In August, 1795, he presided at a session of the Supreme Court, and in November started to hold a circuit in North Carolina, when he was attacked by sickness, and his mind was apparently affected. His wife, and the remembrance of his recent Charleston speech, induced the Senate to refuse to confirm his nomination—a refusal by no means disagreeable to the President, who was strongly in favor of JAY's treaty. Mortification at this rejection extinguished the last remnant of RUTLEDGE's sanity, and he died in 1800 at the age of sixty-one.

The President then nominated as Chief Justice Judge WILLIAM CUSHING of Massachusetts; the nomination was confirmed; but MR. CUSHING, after holding the commission a few days, resigned on account of ill-health. As he never acted in that capacity his name does not properly belong to the list of Chief Justices.

OLIVER ELLSWORTH was then nominated and confirmed as Chief Justice. He was born at Windsor, Connecticut, April 29, 1745. His studies commenced at Yale, were completed at Princeton, where he graduated at the age of twenty-three. For a time he was a teacher, then commenced the study of theology, but subsequently decided on the profession of law. He had then entered his twenty-first year, and gave him a farm of wild land and an axe. While slowly working his way at the bar he cleared his land for farm with his own hands. His early career gave no promise of future eminence; but the first upward steps once taken his progress was sure. He was appointed to the Council, and shortly was elected to the General Assembly. In 1777 he was chosen delegate to Congress, in 1784 Judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut, and in 1785 returned to Congress. In 1796 he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States. His unequivocal probity and the soundness of his judicial decisions gained him the highest respect.

In 1799 he was sent, against his wishes, as minister to France, though still retaining for two years his seat on the bench. His health failing he resigned his office in 1801, He died November 26, 1807, at the age of sixty-two.

JOHN MARSHALL, a direct descendant of our Chief Justice, was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, September 24, 1755. His father was a farmer in narrow circumstances, but decided ability. There were no schools in what was then the frontier region, and the early education of the future Chief Justice was commenced by his father, who for about a year by the clergyman of the parish, with whom he began to read Horace and Livy. By his own unaided exertions he subsequently became a fair classical scholar, and was intimately acquainted with English literature. He had just begun the study of law when the War of Independence broke out. In 1775 he was appointed lieutenant in a company of minute men. In the afterward joined Continental army, and was present at the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. He continued his legal studies at intervals during the war, and at its close commenced practice. He soon rose to eminence at the bar and in politics. He was elected to a small but distinguished body of men through whose influence Virginia was induced to accept the Federal Constitution. In 1794 WASHINGTON offered him the post of Attorney-General, and subsequently the mission to France. Both offers were declined. The French Government having refused to receive MR. PINCKNEY as minister, MR. ADAMS, who was then President, appointed MR. MARSHALL as one of three envoys to that country. Shortly after his return he yielded to the personal solicitations of WASHINGTON, and consented to become a candidate for Congress. President ADAMS at the same time offered him a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court, which was declined. MR. MARSHALL went to Congress, after a sharp contest, taking his seat in December, 1799. There was excited session which followed he was one of the ablest supporters of the administration of MR. ADAMS. In May, 1800, he was nominated and confirmed Secretary of War, but he declined to accept the appointment. Shortly after he accepted the post of Secretary of State. On the 31st of January, 1801, he was nominated Chief Justice of the United States, a position which he held for thirty-five years, until his death in July, 1835, at the age of eighty years. His commanding character, sound judgment, and felicitous diction, added to the dignity and importance of the judicial seat, and the magnitude of the questions which came before him for decision, entitle MR. MARSHALL to stand all parallel with JAY and ELLSWORTH at the head of our Chief Justices. Besides his judicial labors he was the author of a History of the American Colonies, and of a Life of WASHINGTON, which we must still regard as the best yet written.

ROGER BROOKE TANEY was born in Calvert County, Maryland, March 17, 1777. He was the eldest JACKSON appointed him Attorney-General of the United States. Two years later MR. DUANE, then Secretary of the Treasury, refused to remove the Government deposits from the United States Bank, by which refusal he lost his office, and was appointed in his place. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination; but in the mean while MR. TANEY had made his way with MR. JACKSON by the removal of the deposits. JACKSON then nominated him as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the resignation of MR. DUVALL. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination. MR. DUVALL had left the bench in 1835, and JACKSON at once nominated MR. TANEY for the place. The Democrats having now a majority in the Senate appointed Governor, and in 1836 MR. TANEY became Chief Justice—a position which he retained until his death, October 12, 1864, a period of twenty-seven years. Chief Justice TANEY will be known by the famous "decision," or rather "opinion," in the Dred Scott case, in which, going beyond the question before the Court, he undertook to give a full and general question of the status of persons of African descent in the United States. The Constitutionality of Negro has been attached to him on account of a sentence in this opinion which apparently affirmed that blacks had no rights which whites were bound to respect. The context shows that this was the very reverse of the meaning intended to be conveyed by Judge TANEY. He says that it is now difficult to realize the state of opinion on this subject at the time of the formation of Government. Blacks were then regarded as beings of an inferior order, *"and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect."* This outrageous sentiment is mentioned only to be impliedly condemned. The "opinion" of the Chief Justice, harsh enough as he gave it, being to the effect that no person whose ancestors were imported to this country and sold as slaves was any right to sue in a court of the United States, or could become citizens of the United States. It is due to the honor of our highest judicial tribunal to state that the opinion of the Chief Justice did not affirm, but did by plain implication condemn, the doctrine that such persons "had no rights which whites were bound to respect." MR. TANEY's last notable public act was in May, 1861, when the case of John Merryman came before him. This man was arrested near Baltimore, on charge of being an officer in a company raised to aid the rebellion. He was imprisoned by the military authorities in Fort M'Henry. He prayed for a writ of *habeas corpus*, which was granted by Chief Justice TANEY. General CADWALADER, the commander, refused to obey, on the ground that the execution of the writ of *habeas corpus* had been suspended by the President in the State of Maryland. The Judge issued an order for the arrest of General CADWALADER. The Marshal was not allowed to serve the writ. The Judge then expressed openly an opinion, denying the right of the President to suspend the writ, and affirming that it was the duty of all military officers to obey it. He added that if the officer had been brought before him he should have punished him for contempt and imprisonment; but as he had no force capable of carrying his order into effect, he should report the whole case to the President, and call upon the Executive to perform the duty of the court. No further action was had on the case. MR. TANEY died October 12, 1864, at the age of eighty-seven, having filled the chief judicial chair of the country for the seventy-seven years. He owed his appointment to the two party-partisan services which he rendered to President JACKSON. As a jurist he can not be ranked with the great men who had occupied his seat before him. His political opinions have been impeached, even in the case of his unfortunate opinion in the Dred Scott case, or the later and more flagrant opinion in the Merryman case, given by which he will be chiefly remembered in after years.

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE, now Chief Justice of the United States, was born in Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1808. His father having died, he was sent at the age of nine years to Ohio, and put under the care of his uncle, Bishop CHASE. After graduating for a time at Cincinnati College, he entered Dartmouth College in New Hampshire, from which he graduated in 1829. He went to Washington, where he opened a school, at the same time studying law under the direction of WILLIAM WIRT. Having been admitted to the bar, he went to Cincinnati, and commenced the practice of his profession. To this for some years he applied himself exclusively, taking no prominent part in politics. In 1830 he married the first Democratic party. In 1841 he first took a decided part in politics. He was then a member of a Democratic Convention of those opposed to the further extension of slavery, and was the author of the Address unanimously adopted by that body. He was subsequently elected to the Legislature, spent movements having this end in view, and was President of the Free Soil Democratic Convention held in Buffalo in 1848. The Democratic party in Ohio had at this time assumed the position of hostility to slavery in the Territories. MR. CHASE was chosen United States Senator in January, 1849, receiving the votes of all the Democratic members of the Legislature, together with those of others who were in favor of free soil. Though elected as a Democrat, he declared that if the party withdrew from its position on the slavery question he should withdraw with it. This he did formally in consequence of the action of the Democratic Convention held at Baltimore in 1852. The Republican party was then organized. MR. CHASE took the position of one of its acknowledged leaders. Soon after the close of his Senatorial term in 1855 he was elected Governor of Ohio. He was re-elected, his second term closing in 1860. In 1861 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, in that year he was next after MR. LINCOLN and MR. SEWARD the leading candidate for the Presidency. He had at one time been again brought forward to the Senate of the United States, and had he taken his place would undoubtedly have been the leader in that body. He resigned his seat in order to accept the position of Secretary of the Treasury—a position for which he was especially pointed out by the success of his financial policy while Governor of Ohio. It is honorable to all the persons that his name as a leading competitor of MR. LINCOLN for the Presidential nomination should have received and accepted his nomination as member of the Supreme Court. Presidential canvass of 1864 approached a strong effort was made to bring forward MR. CHASE as the Union candidate; but the general sense of the party was so unmistakably in favor of the re-election of MR. LINCOLN that MR. CHASE withdrew from the canvass, and gave his influential support to MR. LINCOLN. Meanwhile, finding that Congress hesitated to carry out the financial system which he had devised, MR. CHASE had on the 30th of June, 1864, resigned the post of Secretary of the Treasury. Almost the first important action of MR. LINCOLN after his re-election was to appoint MR. CHASE to the most important position within the executive nomination. The death of Chief Justice TANEY left the office of his high office at the age of fifty-six, with a sound legal reputation, and with a physique which gives reason to hope that he may be able to perform its duties for a period as long as that of his predecessor.

The Supreme Court of the United States consists of a Chief Justice, with a salary of $6500, and nine Associate Justices, with salaries of $6000. It holds one session annually at Washington, commencing on the first Monday of December. For judicial purposes the United States are divided into nine circuits, in each of which a Circuit Court is held twice a year for each State by one of the Justices of the Supreme Court and the District Judge of the State or District. The following is a list of the Justices of the Court, with the date of their several appointments:

Chief Justice.—SALMON P. CHASE, of Ohio, 1864.

Associate Justices.—JOHN CATRON, Tennessee, 1837. NATHAN CLIFFORD, Maine, 1858. DAVID DAVIS, Illinois, 1862. STEPHEN J. FIELD, California, 1863. NOAH H. SWAYNE, Ohio, 1862. SAMUEL F. MILLER, Iowa, 1862. SAMUEL NELSON, New York, 1845. NOAH H. SWAYNE, Ohio, 1862. JAMES M. WAYNE, Georgia, 1835.

CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH, N.C.

WE engrave on page 820 four illustrations relating to the recent Capture of Plymouth, North Carolina. One of these gives a view on the Roanoke River, on which Plymouth is situated; the others relate to the battle which resulted in the capture of the city, and the appearance of the rebel ram *Albemarle* after the blowing off of her casemate.

On Monday morning, October 31, the fleet, under Commodore MACOMB, having succeeded in making the passage up Middle River into the Roanoke, nine miles above Plymouth, formed in line of battle and steamed down the river at 11 A.M., in the following order: *Bull, Shawmut, Otsego, Wyalusing, Tacony*, and tugs *Martin* and *Stanley*. The *Bull* is an old New York ferry-boat, and has been in several many fights, always doing good service. She was ahead, being able to fire two heavy guns directly ahead. The *Shawmut* rushed that all were right, and the fleet steamed on, the pilot picking his way among the obstructions. As it rounded a bend it encountered a battery of both guns half a mile distant. As each ship came within range a terrific broadside of grape and canister was delivered within their works, driving all from before it. There were batteries were then encountered and engaged, while the fleet got into smoother waters. Along the water front of the town were filled with sharp-shooters. The *Bull* seemed ready to lift into the air from the explosions and concussions of artillery. She slowed up, and the *Shawmut* dashed past, and as her steering gear was disabled she was severely cut up, and many dead and wounded covered her deck. Thus the fight went on till the rebel magazine was exploded, scattering death in all directions, and setting the town on fire in several places. From this moment the rebel fire slackened, and a party landing from the ships silenced the guns on the forts, raised the Stars and Stripes at 30 minutes past 12. The retreating rebels were pursued by shell from the *Tacony* and *Wyalusing*, inflicting great slaughter among them; and within an hour none remained except some fifty prisoners. The *Shawmut* was found sunk at the wharf. The captain had endeavored to destroy her as much as possible by exploding a torpedo in her magazine that had been placed under the boilers. Nothing. She now lies on the bottom, with only the upper part of her casemate out of water, and the top of that blown completely off.

GRANT'S MILITARY RAILROAD.

ON page 821 we engrave a series of sketches, giving a plan of GRANT'S Military Railroad from the point where it leaves James River to Patrick's Station on the left, with views of the several stations. The road follows in general the line of our intrenchments. The object of such lines is to render the rapid means of communication a military necessity. Since General GRANT first took a position in the rear of Petersburg, these lines, both offensive and defensive, have reached a high degree of elaboration. Besides this railroad there is a "gridiron" of ordinary roads running in every direction.

HOMES OF REBEL WOMEN.

THE interesting illustrations of the Homes of Rebel Women, drawn by our artist, MR. WATTS, and given on pages 824 and 825, may be relied on for their perfect accuracy, being drawn from life. When General FREMONT'S forces fought their way into Richmond houses on or near our picket line to remove families, sending them through the lines at Seven Pines, the artist accompanied him. We wonder if he never saw such destitution. The centre picture, the girl and baby in cradle, was one of the first we saw. Her husband and all her male relatives were in the Southern army, and she was alone, with nothing in the shape of food or drink in the house, sitting sadly, rocking her child beside the cold and empty fire-place.

In another house we found a woman with a number of little children, stooping over a wretched fire parching corn, the sole thing eatable in the house.

In another, two girls were rubbing corn on sheets of tin nailed to boards, a rude contrivance for manufacturing meal. In this house we found a man, but he was in bed, helpless with rheumatism. The middle sketch is from the outside of the hole named but, and is a fair representation of style of residence inhabited by these unfortunates.

The second sketch represents a woman aged, and nearly as helpless as the children who surrounded them. However, they were spinning and doing whatever household-work, with the loom, had formerly supported them. The room shows was their husband, who was absent serving in the rebel cause.

"The woman taking the oath of allegiance is one living within our lines, and being destitute, draws a ration from the Government Commissary. By a late order all persons living within our lines above the age of sixteen, male or female, must take the oath of allegiance to the United States or go through the lines.

The sketch of shell bursting in a house is an incident that occurred lately. In the house shown in the sketch of the fight near our rifle-pits a lady was sitting at the window, and two slightly, by the bursting of a shell, which also killed her dog; and her boy was wounded by a Minié ball. In all these cases we visited we found no males between fifteen and fifty."

GUERRILLA DEPREDATIONS.

THE two illustrations on page 829 refer us to scenes of frequent occurrence along the border line separating the Union and Rebel armies, and in the border States. The northern portion of Missouri is more infested with this scourge than any other section. There the citizens of the same State are arrayed against each other. The most daring guerrilla operations of this war have been performed by MOSBY in the east, and by MORGAN and his fellows in the west.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

LONG time ago the dawn of day
Streamed through the low roof thatched and torn,
Where in the straw-clad manger lay
The Christ-child of the Virgin born.

The sun's glance touched the sleeping ass,
And chased away the gloom of night,
It flooded all those fruitful hills,
And smote Bethlehem's hall with light.

And in the East arose a star,
High over Judah on that morn,
The wise men saw it from afar,
And knew the great Messiah was born.

To-day with reverent hearts we keep
Sacred the memory of His birth
Who summoned from the grave's hushed sleep
Dead Lazarus back again to earth.

Who gave the multitude to eat—
At whose command the tempest ceased—
Whose feet walked upon the sparkling, rare and sweet,
Many anointed at the feast.

Through His atonement drew we nigh;
GREAT GOD OF BARTHS! unto Thee
We lift our fervent voices high,
Grasp Thou the sword of victory.

Let harsh oppression pass away,
And warm hearts sin from off the earth,
And ever sacred be the day
That gave the blessed Saviour birth.

Let black-winged pestilence disappear,
And war with all its horrors cease,
And may we in the tempest hear
The solemn voice of Christ say "Peace!"

SANTA CLAUS'S WISH COUNCIL.

IT was a blowy time with the generous old gentleman, for this was the night of his famous Wish Council; and the knotted brows of his Secretary, Blushes, and the piles of memoranda by which he was surrounded, testified to the amount of business on hand, while the air was full of the applejack, but to the unlucky visible forms of the wishes. Some were jolly and rosy in their intangibility, even giving signs of mortal etcetcry: some sweet and airy, like hair impalpable delicacy; others, hungry, eager, starvingly thrust these rosy vapors, and stretched forth bony fingers beseechingly to the genial Saint, to be stood smiling before his widemouthed, glowing fire-place. In the instant that the formal wish was gained from and minutes the supplication was carefully recorded by the nearly distracted Secretary, and it faded forever into nothingness. There were visions of fair children, with golden curls and rosy lips, begging, stocking in hand, for candy and toys; of spare and stout gentlemen with cravats, desirous of new editions of choice authors; of stylish dames who longed for pugnics, or Hoxton, or mantles, velvet, or glacé; young girls beseeching vapory evening dresses, and all manner of gold and gear; of ragged children praying for a mere glimpse of what Christmas joy, for a crumb from a rich man's table; of gaunt men in rugged uniforms begging for letters, for sympathy, for common food and clothing, for deliverance from prison, and vermin, and starvation; of other men not so gaunt and prison-worn, brave, hardy, and enduring, all turning loyally to the dear fireside for the light and warmth of the Christmas hearth which may not be denied them. And sadder sights than these were shadowy women, with begging rags, starving cheeks, and forgers pride and bleeding; asking for tea, blankets, food for the workers, medicines and care for the sick; thrusting out ill-spelled bills for unpaid work in sickness and; and fair, pale girls falling away over desks, over needle-work, and asking not to be forgotten by those who had been their guests in happier days, when their best friend filled a soldier's saddle and not a soldier's grave.

The wish had sway from the first gap of the Saint, and he walked anxiously up and down the room.

"Something must be done," said he, "different from what I have been done before. The days when the reindeer and I could manage this thing are over. One of Grant's wagon-trains could not carry the things I am expected to deliver. The days when a tiny stocking full of candy and nuts, a cake and a picture, or a wagon-load of toys and a jumping-jack would satisfy a child, appear to have passed away forever. Here's Fenella M'Fleuser wants a set-boat for her doll. Mrs. Katrina Van Trondlebehe wants a velvet cloak and royal ermines. Does she indeed! I've a great mind to bring her a catfish, and I have done it at times! And forty thousand others as reasonable as they. Fact is, I must quit it" and he threw the green-ice so warm that he threw off his mink dressing-gown, and kicked his slippers vigorously into one corner.

"Rachel Blushes, my buffalo-skin cloak, and see that the reindeer are ready in six seconds;" and the old gentleman flew round in a style quite astonishing in one of his age. "I'll see the parents themselves, and try to talk a little common sense into them. But what's this?"

Only three little—mother and daughters—for if you count the Topsy, who carried their white operacloaks over her arm. Mamma Dell in velvet and point-lace, a diamond pin confining the tiny collar. Daughter Clementine in white satin and bridal veil, red pouting full pouts, in her waxen cheeks. Sister Belinda as a bridesmaid in silk and blond.

"Your servant, ladies," bowed Santa Claus—and if he could have blushed at his ex-slavery he would have done so, had not nature anticipated any movement in that direction by tinging both cheeks and nose with the deepest carnation—"and what can I do for you?"

"We have a great favor to ask, Sir," replied Mamma Dell; "we are in grief, too, though that is not what we came to say to you. We were once a very happy family when Miss Katarina deigned us in mentine, and Clementine was engaged to the Zouave. But at the height of this gold went up, Katie's father made a fortune, and the poor Zouave was utterly demolished by the poker accidentally falling upon him as he lay on the rug in front of the fire. And Katie, instead of asking Uncle Sam to mend up our poor friend, took him up—oh, horrors! she threw him into the blazing grate. Imagine the feelings of a doll of sensibility at this awful moment! And all Katie would say was,

"'My papa is rich, but he can never mend one.'

"I crew of poor Clementine's attachment. I longed to fly to her, but you know we can not stir till bedtime of our own will. In the mean time Aunt Olive captured our prostrate forms, carried us off to her room, and arrayed us as you see, announcing that she was going to Demorest to Lord Dandbray, wherever he is, and that the wedding was to take place in the new Church-house on Christmas-eve. Meanwhile we lie hid in Aunt Olive's bureau drawer."

"Indeed," sobbed out poor Clementine, "I'd far rather marry the broken Zouave than this dreadful Dandbray, who is certain to be horrid, if I do have pearls and satin to wear"

"Yours is certainly a hard case," replied Santa Claus, who had listened attentively; "but I don't seem to be a case for my interference exactly."

"That is what I am coming to," said Mamma Dell. "Of course you are aware of where the poor Zouave from his ship grave; but while we were under Aunt Olive's care a poor woman came in (the window fastened, as you know) to carry off some shirts she had been making, and the drawer wasn't quite shut, and we couldn't help hearing what was said. She came to ask a shorter day for fire, and looked so hungrily at the children who were hanging on their mother's skirts and crying that Arthur left Katie to offer her some; but Katie said, 'she wanted all there was—there was none too much for her.'

"Then the children ran off to play, and Aunt Olive took us out and began to work on our dresses; and Mrs. Goodchild came back for the shirts and dollars, and blamed her for soiling them so much while making them. Then Mrs. Pettibone sighed, and looked at her dress (we could tell by the rustle, you know), and I heard her mutter,

"'All that money on those Frumpery dolls, and my Nellie dying at home without one comfort!'

"Now, when I heard her I was greatly grieved, and wished I could help her, but I can not, you know. Now, Sir, if you can help her, please do it, and do it quickly."

Blushes now announced the team, and Santa Claus, blowing his nose fiercely on his red bandana, offered seats to the dolls in his sleigh.

Hastily ascending the steps of iron for his night-ride, while Topsy wrapped her mistresses in their opera cloaks, the old gentleman hauled them in, jolted Topsy on good part, and mounted over her head all the way home. Tying his team to the lightning-rod, he helped the little brown-ye the flue of Olive's room, and, dropping another story, made his most unexpected appearance before Mrs. Goodchild's astonished face in drowsy ede as they dozed before the parlor grate.

"Servant, Sir," was the salutation of the Saint.

Now Mrs. Goodchild is a very worthy woman, as you may suppose, but a descendant of a Dutchman—the man whose hand always weighed a pound and his foot always kicked a beginning by hauling his skins which he was purchasing of some poor wretch of an Indian, and consequently Snyder was rich. Myndert and his wife looked very much astonished, as well they might; but they had been at Mrs. Lintcrwood's ball the night before, and were not too sleepy to do any thing but stare drowsily at the apparition before them, and Myndert stolidly removed his pipe to say in a deep voice,

Santa Claus brushed off the coal soot from his furs, threw back his capote, and wiped his face as he replied,

"I am St. Nicholas, at your service; and you are Mr. Myndert Goodchild, I believe."

Myndert nodded, in great amazement.

"My business is to talk to you concerning Christmas. I have a little commission to execute in favor of every body for the holiday season. Time was when I was equal to the demand; but it would take a stocking big enough for Gargantua, Pantagruel, and all that the children ask for, or a sugar-maple, if they have a Christmas-tree; and the wishes of the children abolish me entirely. Now, Sir, the children want gold and silver tea-sets for their dolls, and twelve courses of dinner, or a wagon-load of the grown-ups want every thing they ever heard of. Now, Sir, it's time to stop this nonsense. Children are just as happy with a bit of wax, a bit of knife and a handful of candy as with all this nonsense. And, if you do it to get talked of, you'd answer your purpose just as well by sending some to the soldiers, or the prisoners, or the Orphan Asylum, or the poor at your very door. There's the widow Goodchild, for instance, three children, a broken heart—the man of her was of fire and water, and the very

THE EFFECT OF THE REBELLIO
UNDER FIRE
THE SOL
MANUFACTURING CORN MEAL

ON THE HOMES OF VIRGINIA
THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.
DIER'S WIFE.
THE GRANDMOTHERS

DINING—CORPULENCY—LEANNESS.

No. I.—ON DINING AND DINERS.

ANIMALS feed; man eats; the man of intellect alone knows how to eat. The Creator, in making it obligatory on man to eat to live, invites him thereto by appetite, and rewards him by the pleasures he experiences. Therefore good living is the act of our judgment, by which we give preference to things agreeable to taste to those which do not possess that quality. The pleasures of the table—for all ages, all conditions, all countries, and all seasons—they are the concomitants of all other pleasures, and with the rest are gone, they console us for our loss. In fact, the discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of mankind than the discovery of a new planet. Men who eat healthily, or get drunk, do not know how to eat or drink. It is a common saying, "Tell me what you eat, and how you eat, and I will tell you what you are." The art of dining is quite distinct from the art of giving dinners; yet every one must admit that a gastronomy is a science well worthy the study of persons of intellect of both sexes; and it will lead them to the conclusion that a little more study in the selection of their dishes, in the management of their kitchen, and the attention to the comfort of their guests will enhance tenfold the pleasures of the table, and make their dinners select. It is said that a dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye; so a man who invites friends to dinner and takes no personal interest in his dinner is not worthy of friendship.

If we are to credit ancient writers, their banquets were great festivals. Fish and game were brought to be head, though the demand made prices run high. Reclining on couches covered with purple, every art was brought into requisition to satisfy the guests. The good cheer was heightened by agreeable conversation, and dining became a science. After the third course singers were introduced, and conversation relaxed. Learned men devoted their pen to describe these enjoyments. Great writers traveled by land and by sea to discover where was most delicate for the table was produced. When Rome became the center of the riches of the world, the luxury of the table was carried to a degree almost incredible. From the locust to the ostrich, from the dormouse to the wild boar, every thing was tasted. Fishes was an especial object of luxury, and was brought from distant lands in pots of honey. But it was chiefly in the accessories of the repast that this gigantic luxury was carried to an extreme. All the furniture requisite for the banquet was of costly material and exquisite workmanship. The number of courses was gradually increased till it exceeded twenty, and after each course another set which had served for the previous course was removed, and fresh supplied. The most delicate perfumes enriched the banquet-hall. A single dinner at the end of the seventeenth century. Under their pretty fingers some of the dishes assumed fantastic appearance. A boar was served up in the form of a serpent, the hare with the ears of a cat.

It was Louis XIV. who had the Épine Dîné—*le bonne épine*—he called it—brought from the East; and it is to his old age that we are indebted for *liqueurs*. Thirst had increased in the age of progress, and that difficulty to live which so often manifests itself about sixty. Brandy, mixed with sugar and perfumes, was substituted to him in a potion he called "Cordial potions." This was the origin of liqueurs. It may be observed that about this same period the chicken was flourished par excellence in England. Queen Anne was fond of good cheer. She did not think it beneath her dignity to converse with her cook; and English cookery-books, many of them "after Queen Anne's fashion."

The Duke de Richelieu, a *grand gourmand*, worthy of friendship, invited his friends to repasts as delicate as they were well selected. From the most authentic source we learn that the most delicate *pigeon, morceaux* as tasty as on the river's banks, and turkeys gloriously truffled, were the favorites.

Fortunately we have been attributed to the Duke de Richelieu the following anecdote, which gives our opinion much weight:

The Duke invited

"Kittie, my child, I am astonished at your remarks as well as at your condescension. Won't your grandfather a South Carolinian?"

"One of my grandfathers; so at least I have been very often told. The other was a Massachusetts Yankee. Do you wonder that truth and error struggle within me so mightily?"

Kittie could not help saying such naughty things that bright May morning, so overflowing was her heart with life and joy.

Mrs. Harris did not comprehend all which her daughter's words implied. Not so with the sharpwitted "Cracker" woman.

"That girl is entirely the most audacious thing ever I did see. She's grown altogether too large to her age.

These observations, though made in an undertone, were distinctly audible to every one in the cabin, as two persons intended it to be. Perhaps Colonel Hamilton looked annoyed, and it strengthened the opinion I had before formed of his interest in Miss Kittie. Mrs. Harris was more than annoyed: she was insulted; and her outraged feelings must have expression.

"You are a very impertinent woman! If you can not make use of less offensive language I shall beg you to retire."

"Oh, mamma," interrupted Miss Kittie, who saw at once the absurdity of asserting rank or place on a public boat, "you have misunderstood. I began it myself, all in play, and gave occasion for saying even severer things. We'll call it quits, now, and behave ourselves, won't we?" she said, smiling at the rustic group before us.

"If you've had enough so have I," said the spirited woman, in a good-natured way; and swords were sheathed.

Robert, who, as usual, had remained quiet, smiled approvingly, and said to Miss Kittie,

"Suppose we go and make a reconnoissance? Will not Mrs. Harris accompany us to the upper deck?"

Mrs. Harris said she preferred remaining with Chris in the cabin, and lowered what little strength she had for a ramble on shore.

Colonel Hamilton, who stood deferentially waiting her reply, now offered me his arm for a promenade. I hesitated a moment, then accepted it, and we followed Robert and Kittie.

Beneath the white awning a few couple were moving slowly through a Spanish dance—the favorite dance of the country. Every movement of the Minorcan girls was in harmony with the graceful measure; every expression of their mobile features united with the wavy tones of the music. To watch them was like listening to a charming poem under the blue skies of summer.

"Are you really so fond of dancing, Miss Miller?" Colonel Hamilton inquired, as I stood wholly absorbed in their many movements.

"Yes; I love it like any divine accord."

"Will you dance with me?" he requested a moment after, in a lower tone; "I see they are arranging for another set."

I looked to see if he were in earnest. Very grave was the expression with which he regarded me; and I felt certain that my eyes, as they fell upon the black dress, and then more timidly, unfairly toward my brother, filled with tears. I was ashamed of the emotion which had betrayed me from replying, and turned away to conceal it.

A moment after I felt the tending of his tall figure toward me again, and heard him say, in a tender, troubled tone, almost a whisper,

"Forgive me my unfortunate words, Miss Miller, and believe that I sought to give you pleasure instead of pain."

He went away then, and I saw no more of him until he came to say the plantation-grove was in sight, indicating the direction with his finger. A solitary pine on the summit of a lofty mound was distinctly visible. "Another hour or less," he said, "would bring us to anchor within a hundred yards of the shore. Major Thomson had brought his own boat for the use of our party, or we should not be so favorably off after the steamer east anchor."

Preparations were made to dine before leaving the boat. Tables were spread in both cabins, laden with substantials and delicacies—chickens, wild game, and oysters, the latter with the inevitable bacon—the *sine qua non* of a Southern meal. The aroma of coffee was diffused far and wide. I can not say that the appetite was done to the tempting viands, for it was early to dine, and, moreover, every one appeared to be thinking more of the coming ride than the pleasure ahead than of eating. The table-committee proposed that every thing should remain until the exercise on shore had produced better appetite.

It was a time of general excitement when the steamer cast anchor, and her two small boats were brought along-side. Every one was in haste to debark; few were willing to wait even a second passage to the landing; but those few, amidst the eager, loading throng, shone brightly conspicuous. Miss Kittie was one of these, and never looked lovelier than when she whispered to Mr. Thomson, whose boat was just along-side,

"There is a dreadfully disappointed party! Let us wait a little and they are gratified."

"I will do no such thing, Miss Kittie! Who, I beg to know, needs more time to climb the bluff than our own party of invalids? Not a remonstrance, Miss Kittie! I've seen this scrambling operation before, and came quite independent of it. When my own guests are waited upon my boat and boatmen are at the service of the party, not before."

Two or three women and children, who had rushed forward into the yawl, were politely handed out by the inflexible proprietor. There was some doubt whether our own party could all go together, and Miss Kittie again insisted that we would be left if any one. Mr. Thomson tried to speak gruffly and look savagely at her while he helped her to the seat beside her mother.

"Take care of her now, Madam," he said, addressing himself to Mrs. Harris. "A pretty mess she was near getting me into by persisting in gratifying those intrepid women who know no more of politeness than a parcel of tom-noddies. They used to come it over me to my cost; but I am no longer to be victimized."

"I am very glad," said Mrs. Harris, "you have succeeded in your move up the bay, where you could be taught proper distinctions of rank of fortune. Often's the time she's come to me to switch her, to save some child of a turkey who had got into mischief."

"At my instigation, no doubt, mother. But just look ahead. Don't you see that nice old gentleman waving his hand to us? He must have enjoyed your fun. But I intend to have him my gallant to-day. I give you fair warning."

"The old gentleman is Captain Philippe, the owner of the plantation," Colonel Hamilton said; and he arose and waved his hat in token of recognition.

The place, like most on the bay, was guiltless of wharf; but the prow of the little *Sylph* ran boldly into the sand on the beach; we were then enabled to go ashore dry-shod. The old man welcomed our party with the most cordial kindness, shaking each one by the hand with the warmth of an old acquaintance, and kissing the ladies with true French gallantry. To Kittie and myself he made an extra bow, saying, gayly, to the Colonel who introduced us,

"Tuiere-vous! Je veux avoir!"

To which he replied in the same tone,

"J'en suis au desespoir!"

"How else! Let us all speak French this afternoon," said Miss Kittie! "Monsieur Philippe, est ce-là le chemin de l'orangerie? Je suis enchantée!"

The manner was irresistible, and we started for "l'orangerie" without delay. A short walk led us through the shade of trees, and a gentle promontory, then a gradual ascent to the region of beauty. Magnificent orange and shaddock trees, grouped with the live-oak, covered the entire year, and laden with new bloom, were visible here and there on every hand. Some fruit had been drawn us aside but for the determined words of our venerable escort.

"Don't touch, mesdemoiselles! Fine in ze orchard! pleuty fine! O mon Dieu! dat's notsin'!"

We passed the residence of the old gentleman on our way, half-buried in oleanders and figtrees. It was a miserable, tumble-down looking concern in itself, built of logs and clay, standing several feet above the ground upon wooden blocks. Rude steps led up to a front piazza, all overrun with clustering roses and honeysuckle, which glorified the place, and made the rude benches beneath more inviting to repose than the costly sofas of many a palace-mansion.

"L'asile," he said, observing our eyes turned toward the dwelling. "Rustique, but très confortable."

The gate of orange-wood swung open at the old man's touch, and then we were fairly ushered! As far as the eye could extend were walks of live-oak and myrtle, and beneath the fruit larger and finer than were ever seen beyond their native groves. Those of our company who had preceded us were in the midst, some scattered beneath the trees, pealing and eating the luscious oranges which lay on every side. Down one arcade, where the trees were until wearry, then sat down to finish our repast. Several men were picking fruit for market—" much more than usual," the proprietor said—because so South care more for cannon-ball now zan zey vere ongaze."

When rested and satiated with fruit, Colonel Hamilton proposed we should visit the mound and lime-pyramid, which was the only thing in an opposite direction. On our way we passed fig-trees laden with fruit; bananas, golden and creamy, waiting to be plucked; pomegranate by the very odor of the little jelly-boxes we sometimes get at the North, and pomegranate-trees without number. A little patch of Spanish-wetting planted like cabbages we found to be pine-apples, the leaves had not seen to be gathered.

In all the South is no lovelier spot than the plantation of the old Frenchman on Tampa Bay. We thought, after the mound, that the ascent which brought us to the summit of the lofty mound reared by De Soto and his unhappy companions, there could be no lovelier view in the world. With the exception of a little opening toward the bay, the sides of the mound are planted all around with trees in the early days of the adventure, with an open area on the top surrounded by a single lofty pine-tree, visible at sea.

Standing beneath that ancient tree, gazing Guilfward, what a pleasant chat we had about the adventurous Spaniards! How much of enthusiasm, their toil, privations, and disappointments! "No wonder," we said, "that in a spot so enchanting the old Castilian should have dreamed of waters of immortality! No wonder, in a clime where winter never frowns rudely on the verdure of summer, where flowers never fade and the air is always soft and balmy, he should have sought for an earthly paradise in vain!"

"And some of us are scarcely less credulous now," Robert said, smiling, I thought, a little coldly, though his eyes sought me with a look glowed with pleasure.

"All the world is credulous, and superstitious, too," quickly responded Miss Kittie, with a look which seemed to say, "We came here for a good time, and don't let a shadow fall upon us to-day." "Isn't so, Miss Margy? Hadn't you rather see the new moon over your right shoulder than your left? I had a hundred times. But don't you wish now we had the old Spanish flag to raise here on De Soto's fortification this afternoon?"

"I do indeed!" I answered. "I would sooner see it float over this whole country again than that detestable rebel rag yonder;" and I pointed to a secession flag waving from a schooner-mast in the bay.

"You speak very warmly, Miss Miller," Colonel Hamilton said, with one of the darkest of his dark frowns. "That rebel rag, as you call it, is destined to command the respect of nations, and to find its way into every port of the civilized world."

"Confusion to traitors!" I exclaimed, meeting his dark glance defiantly. "May they all perish like Arnold, grave diggers designed as Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr!"

"All you Northerners want is our darkeys," whined Mrs. Harris.

The old Frenchman was on his feet in a moment.

"You look here!" he said. "See zat licette pig smuffing at ze sour lime. Not one bit will he taste it. He plides in ze sweet orange and ze ripe fat. Ze sweet orange make ze very best pig. What for you will eat sour fruit here to-day, when ze sweet is plenty?"

Captain Philippe's analogy was too original and too just not to produce its desired effect. We laughed, grasped the old man's hand, and promised to eat only sweet fruit while we remained with him at least.

We did not break our promise. Here and there through the fragrant groves we strayed, examining curiously the fortifications, laughing in pleasant speculations relative to the experience of that first adventurous band whose earthworks had defied the hand of Time. Something more we longed to know of those brave, honorable men than history or tradition has yet unfolded.

Too soon came the shrill retinga-call from *The Socotra Chief*. The gentlemen purchased fruit until the Captain of the steamer refused to take it aboard, saying, if they persisted, we should all get as much as sure as fate.

The sun was low in the west when the last boat from shore discharged its human freight: the tents in the offing quickly grew to weigh anchor and depart.

The second call to dinner was responded to with greater alacrity than the first had been. I was left quite alone on the upper deck, feeling no desire for food. The distant charm possessed me. Seldom had I seen the tropic green clothed with the gold and purple of the evening clouds before, and I felt that no change could give to glory until my heart was full to bursting. Thoughts of our far-away Northern home came to me like visions of the fearful mysteries of another May sunset, on whose wings a serene soul passed from the evening of earth to the blessed morning of heaven. My eyes grew dim to the beauty before me, but they could not be allowed the luxury of tears while every drop was sternly remanded to its fountain.

At that moment a soft sound of footsteps startled me; it was a stealthy sound. Followed soon by a servant with a tray of coffee, which was accepted without remark. Miss Kittie came next to say there would be music in the cabin as soon as the tables were removed, and that the invalids had decided to return to the upper deck. She was going down to have a dance if she could find a partner.

In a moment she was gone, and other footsteps drew near.

"Allow me to take your cup, Miss Miller," it was Major Thomson who spoke.

"You seem a little sad this evening. I trust no thoughtless word of mine has wounded you."

The kindness of his voice prevented the reply which trembled on my lips, "that his words had no power to wound me." I simply answered that a person might be meditative and not sad.

"True," he replied, "but you are a little sad nevertheless. Let me console you by saying I have never seen your brother as well since his arrival as now. He was just telling me that he looks like a person in returning health."

"God grant it! Without him life were nothing to me. Let us join him if he will not return on deck."

"Will you not allow me a moment's conversation first?"

"Certainly, Sir, it you have any thing to communicate;" and I resumed my seat.

He went away for a moment and returned.

"I will not detain you long," he said, noticing perhaps ill-concealed reluctance on my part to listen. "I know that your brother's consent to speak to you, but no encouragement from him whatever that my words would avail me. I can not leave this place without revealing to you my real feelings. Robert has become like a brother to me, Miss Margy, are dearer than sister to brother."

I was thunder-struck, and stared at him inincredulously.

"I have not deceived myself with the belief that I have interested you. Only say that you will distrust me, as I have sometimes distrusted, and that I may cultivate your esteem, and I will rest contented for the present."

I could not have surprised me more than your words, Colonel Hamilton. I will be as frank as yourself. If esteem is of any value to you, you have won it already by your kindness to my brother. I can never cease to appreciate it. But I will not deceive you: I will not suffer you to believe me susceptible of any warmer regard."

"Don't speak for the future, Miss Margy. Your decision for the present I must accept."

"I must speak for the future, Sir! I can not forget what barriers are rising higher and higher every day to separate the North from the South."

"What are barriers to love?" he interrupted. "You have heart-lessons to learn yet, dear Miss Miller, if you believe affection will not overleap all boundaries, social or political. Warmly as I love the South, identified as are my interests with her interests forever, my heart at this moment accords to a Northerner such reverence as it has never yielded before."

"You have been married, Colonel Hamilton?"

"Very happily."

"I do not comprehend you. Let us go down."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUNG lady has been heard to declare that she couldn't go to light for the country, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and die on old moist, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as any body could be called upon to make.

BY A LEATHERHEAD.—The saying that "there is nothing like leather" is justified by the fact that it is our sole reliance.

"When things get to be worst they generally take a turn for the better." This proverb applies more particularly to a lady's style dress, when she can not get a new one.

Why are women who endure matrimony like railroad trains?—Because their failure to connect occasions much disappointment.

NOW WHAT'S YER INTENTIONS.

Ah, sure now, 'tis too bad indeed:
What makes all this flourish'ring an' cookin'?
Yer mouth's as silent as the dead,
Thof, faix, ye won't mintion an spakin'!
There's a secret 'neath yer white vist, I'm sure,
An' it's the subject he mintions,
An' if ye don't be frindly, he'll spake out
Before ye have toyed yer intintions.

Now, Mike, don't be such trus of wid the thought
Maud's the laste bit in a hurry;
But thinkful, it sense comes to be sought
But to kape me poor heart in a flurry.
Och, sure, if he'd wish to pershid
Flactations, an' shirtin', an' dissitations,
Yell take me advice—say him—
An' tell me jist what's yer intintions.

I'd not be so cruil as to kape ye in pain
The big batch of promise regin ye;
So, darlint, jin toe bog is the plain
Thy while there's the lone-gark widin ye.
Yell not be so much alone like this same,
Me finger to take the dissinsion
An' now shall be sure a-dhrame
That way to be tuned yer intintions.

The merchant who measures his goods honestly adopts a single yard.

"You're a man of figures," as the mathematician said to the dancing-master.

A gentleman, taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I want a room, madam, I never left a lodging but my landlady shed tears." She replied, "I hope it was not, sir, because you went away without paying."

A learned coxcomb once said to a witness, "Sir, did I not see you at the theatre on the evening of the representation of the pleiniff?" "I know not what you may have understood," said the witness, "but if my eyes served me properly, I certainly did witness a manœuvre that would attract much attention."

The only ever-lasting people on earth are the shoemakers.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber of a victim who was undergoing the operation of shaving. "I shall," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call easy. If you are shaving me as you have to grow tolerably easy; but if you are shaving, it goes hard."

A WILDERMAN'S OATH—An affi-David.

A householder, in filling up his schedule at the last census, stated the children, "There have been seven, but of his children as born "in the parlor," and the other "up stairs."

A paper refused lately to publish eulogies gratis, but added, "We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

In a late number of a New York paper a new announcement of a lady's death appears, terminating thus: "Friends will kindly accept this announcement as her removal."

How to teach a young dog to swim—Pitch him into a river and tie him down in the river to keep principle.

The only "item" that there's no humbug in—A truism.

Woman, as we learn from Genesis, is a bone, and that may be the reason why so many dogs are always fighting for her.

Why isn't a joint-stock company like a watch?—Because it does not go on after it's wound up.

Why is a tobacconist a very worthless tradesman?—Because he puts down on consideration.

It is said that lean natures seldom indulge in swaggy; but we have frequently seen guns in "store."

"I wish," said a son of Erin, "I could find the place where men don't die, that I might go and end my days there."

Why is a spider a good correspondent?—Because he drops a line to every one.

A rich man made his will, leaving all he had to a company of fellow-citizens to dispose of, but reserving to his right hon'ble friend a portion as pleased himself. The latter having sent the company for his share of the property, the lawyer inquired whether they wished to carry out the will of the testator, and if so, what provision they proposed making for the latter? "He stole about a tenth part," said they, "and we will retain for ourselves the other nine."

"Now, my son," said the judge, "the tenth part is yourselves, and leave the rest to the heir; for by the will he is to have what part pleases him."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

If you wanted to buy a fiddle cheap, where would you go?

To a chemist, and buy some drops, as they would give you a violin cent ool.

Why is a messenger the most likely person to make money?—Because he *spoke* R (a poker) *and shave* L (shovel).

What great astronomer is like Venus's chariot?
Herschel (her shell).

How is it that the Liturgy of the Church of England encourages polygamy?

Because it enjoins you to take four (for) riches, four (for) sooner, four (for) better, four (for) worse.

When would a farmer have the best opportunity of overlooking his pigs?

When he has a sty in the eye.

Why are Indians called Aborigines?—Because *the Pegs sent them a bull, and they thought it was a boar (bore).*

FLEET OF WHALERS IN THE PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO.—[SKETCHED BY M. C. PALMER.]

FLEET OF WHALERS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

WE give herewith an illustration representing the Fleet of Whalers in the port of San Francisco. Our correspondent, in a letter dated October 29, says that during a few previous days no less than twenty-four whalers had arrived from the Arctic ocean. The presence of so many whalers in the port at one time had never before been known; perhaps half a dozen on one occasion has been the highest number previously reached. For several years past the whaling fleet has rather avoided San Francisco, and which is chiefly indebted for its recent presence to the facility afforded by this port for instant telegraphic communication with owners at New Bedford, whose wishes as to the disposition of cargoes can thus be immediately ascertained. The number of whales is said to be diminishing yearly, and eminent scientific authorities have advocated a cessation of the fishery for a period of years.

APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE VELOCITY OF PROJECTILES.

WE give on this page an illustration of the ELECTRO-BALLISTIC APPARATUS, recently invented by Major NAVEZ, of the Belgian Artillery, for measuring the space of time a cannon-ball would take in passing over a few yards. Let two upright screens be placed before the gun, the first distant 50 yards and the second 150 yards. Between the screens is 100 yards; what time is taken by the cannon-ball in passing from the first screen to the second? The same pendulum always performs its vibrations, whatever be the extent of the arc, in the same time. A seconds pendulum will tick seconds, whether the arc passed over be ten or forty degrees. If, then, a pendulum can be set in motion when the cannon-ball penetrates the first screen, and stopped when the second screen is reached, the arc over which it passes during the interval would be an exact measure of the time occupied. As the whole arc, fully completed, is to the partial arc, so is the time of describing the whole arc to the time of describing the partial arc.

The real thing to be accomplished is to start and stop the pendulum at precisely the right moment. This is accomplished by the principle of magnetism. Two pendulums are used, which, by means of a spring, are made to move in exact unison. One of these is called the main pendulum; the other, which is smaller and more delicate, the index pendulum. The main pendulum is connected with the first screen by means of a magnetic line, going and returning, so as to form a current. When the ball strikes the first screen the current between it and the main pendulum is broken; this pendulum, which has previously been held by the magnet, is now, at the breaking of the current, set in motion, the index pendulum keeping exact pace with it. Now the pendulums are in motion; but when the ball strikes the second screen how are they to be stopped? A separate contrivance, called the Conjunctor, is connected with this screen by a magnetic current, which is broken by the passage of the ball. The Conjunctor is so contrived that, at the breaking of this current, a new current is established between a large magnetic battery and the index pendulum; and the moment this is accomplished the latter is stopped, being attracted to the iron arc along which it is moving. The new current was established by the pressure of a steel needle downward into a jar of mercury at the breaking of the current between the Conjunctor and the second screen. The problem is now solved. Suppose that, when the index is stopped, two degrees have been passed over of an arc which, completed, would measure forty degrees; and suppose that our pendulum ticks seconds. Then the time taken by the cannon-ball in passing the 150 yards is one-twentieth of a second, one yard being passed in one-twenty-four-hundredth part of a second. By this contrivance a skillful operator is able to measure pretty accurately to the three-thousandth part of a second.

ELECTRO-BALLISTIC APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE SPEED OF CANNON-BALLS.

GUERRILLA DEPREDATIONS—SEIZING HORSES.—SKETCHED BY W. D. MATTHEWS.—[SEE PAGE 822.]

GUERRILLA DEPREDATIONS—"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!"—SKETCHED BY W. D. MATTHEWS.—[SEE PAGE 822.]

PETROLEUM.

Our readers will find in Nos. 414 and 415 of *Harper's Weekly* an advertisement of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company. Daniel S. Dickinson is the President, and he is associated with gentlemen of experience in the business. A careful study of the Prospectus will reveal the advantages of the investment. The discovery of Petroleum is so recent, and the necessary demand so large and increasing, that this Company may be said to proceed upon a permanent basis. Their Prospectus speaks modestly and fairly, and the name of Mr. Dickinson, who has here, we believe, for the first time associated his name with any corporate enterprise, should satisfy the inquirer that it is not a mere speculation. All of the funds paid in forms the working capital of the Company, and no commission with it is interested in selling the Company land or property at a fictitious value or at any profit. Stockholders, therefore, are mainly interested in the profits of the Company. A limited number of shares are offered at a subscription price of five dollars per share, without further tax or assessment, which is but half the par value. Several of the trustees are located in the oil regions, and have acquired their wealth and experience in the business, and have a personal supervision over the Company's affairs, and it is expected that large quarterly dividends will be regularly paid from the 1st of January. Subscriptions at the price indicated will only be received during the present month. Office of the Company, 71 Broadway, New York. Post-office box, 5508.

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"And holds a Christian's plighted troth,
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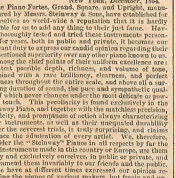

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VIII.—No. 418.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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What Lor He Drew at Glumper House.
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His own Ghost Story.
VI. ANOTHER FAST LODGER RELATES
Certain Passages to Her Husband.
VII. MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES
How Jemmy topped Up.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Eighth Volume of Harper's Weekly, ending with this Number, may obtain gratuitously from the principal News Dealers a* TITLE-PAGE AND TABLE OF CONTENTS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

CHRISTMAS.

It is a merry Christmas although the cloud of war yet rests upon the land. It is merry because the great gale of victory parts the cloud, and gives glimpses of the heaven of peace beyond. It is merry because every man feels now that the people are able to subdue the rebellion; and moreover of all because they have just declared that they will do it, and show from the Mississippi to the sea that they are doing it.

Yet now, as from the beginning of the war, the purpose of the country is only peace and good-will to all men. It has learned that a peace which it simply unquestioning submission to the meanest injustice is only more fearful war. Neither baseness nor cowardice are peace, except as death is. War is sorrowful, but there is one thing infinitely more horrible than the worst horrors of war, and that is the feeling that nothing is worth fighting for, and the blindness which does not see that war is often the safest, surest, shortest, and least bloody way of peace.

More truly than ever before the legend of this country is good-will to all men. If it will hold fast to it peace is forever secure. The strongest and most unfailing force in the world is a man. The most visionary and impracticable of men is he who sneers at ideas. If this famously practical people had not hitherto believed in principles it would have had no civil war. If it will only cleave hereafter to the principles it now acknowledges it will never have war again. It is bullies and bad men who are always fighting. It is the just men who are at peace.

To-day, then, under the Christmas evergreen, the country sat only for peace, and broadest only good-will to all men. Despite the sharp war, its bountiful feast is spread. It stands, as Mr. NAST represents in the large picture in to-day's Number, holding the door open to welcome the rebellious children back to the family banquet. It does not forget one of their crimes. It remembers the enormity of their offence. It will take good care that the root of bitterness be destroyed forever, and that the peace of the household shall be henceforth secure. But it asks what it can command. It invites where it can enforce. It says now, as it has said from the beginning, "Submit to the laws made by all for the common welfare, and there will be no more war."

Nor does that country for a moment forget the sad and solitary hearts and hearths upon which the light of the holy season shines. It is a grief too deep for anger, and it requires that such sorrow as this Christmas can bring shall be made impossible hereafter. They rest from their labors, the young and brave who have made this country better worth living in. The mothers that are broken with those completed lives time will soothe, but can never wholly heal. Yet never did seed seem more surely sown to spring and crown the happy harvest-home than those precious lives. In a deeper national faith, in a purer nationhood, in sobered, serious, and nobler individual lives the harvest of that heroism shall be seen.

"Come home—come home, then," says the mother. "While you refuse you shall be scourged with fire. I have no anger. Your crime grew because I suffered it to grow. I have no anger, for in the heart-blood of my darlings my sin is washed away. I ask for peace, I breathe only good-will. But Peace you have learned that I mean to have!"

GENERAL THOMAS.

THE indomitable soldier who saved the day for us at Chickamauga after the commanding General supposed it to be lost, has won another and decisive victory before Nashville; and the name of THOMAS is henceforth as popularly precious as that of GRANT, of SHERMAN, and of SHERIDAN. The management of the Tennessee campaign has been masterly even to eyes that are not military. SHERMAN confided to him that part of the country. HOOD's victory would have been SHERMAN's humiliation as well as THOMAS's defeat; but SHERMAN knew his man, and THOMAS knew his men, and simultaneously with SHERMAN's arrival upon the coast HOOD is driven back, baffled and routed and disgraced.

Poor General HOOD went upon a fool's errand, and JEFFERSON DAVIS retires in sorrow to the rear of the Yankees; announce to the Georgians that Sherman's return was to be more terrible than that of NAPOLEON from Russia; utter at Macon, Augusta, and Columbia a few hysterical sneers and cries, hasten home to Richmond to watch the game—and presto! in two months HOOD is routed, and SHERMAN has victoriously traversed Georgia to the sea.

These are facts which every rebel can plainly mark. They can see how SHERMAN has handled DAVIS, as the elephant disposes of the boll in the Bengazoo arena. They can see that the elephant gazes at him, and as the furious animal plunges toward him, with one blow of the elephant's trunk he is thrown by the ring-nose, and with one pressure of his foot he is trampled to death. DAVIS, with every other rebel, has found his master.

And while the air rings with victory it is impossible not to contrast the present command of our armies with that of previous years. Against the Union armies, with GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, and THOMAS at their heads, what have the rebels to show? After LEE at Richmond, who has given himself to the task of defensive and a very poor aggressive soldier, there are some partisan chiefs, and then nothing. Neither BEAUREGARD, nor BRAGG, nor HARDEE, nor EARLY, nor LONGSTREET, nor JOE JOHNSTON have shown great military genius. They were the favorites so many of our minor Generals, but while we have patiently endured the winnowing of time, and are at length rewarded with truly remarkable soldiers, the rebels had exhausted theirs at first. And from the moment that the United States began to be relieved of its fancy and political generals our success has been steadily increasing. The only real disaster to the Union cause during the last year was the disgraceful Red River expedition, and that was accomplished by a soldier. No man could ask for a more able leadership of our armies and navies than that they have.

And let no skeptic say that HOOD's army will only withdraw and must be defeated again; and that therefore no real advantage is gained. For although THOMAS should be as unable to cut the English did the French army after Waterloo, yet HOOD's army deprived of fifty guns, with thousands of its men, and several of its chief officers captured, with the consciousness of total failure in its attempt, and of a tottering cause all around it, may be a strong still, but it is not the same army that with foolish pride invested Nashville. It is not an army that can impede or perplex General THOMAS. The year ends in national glory: let it also end in national gratitude.

THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND.

THE speech made by Professor GOLDWIN SMITH on the evening before the news from England is described as sad. It is not surprising that it was so when we reflect how determined the rebel instigators of war in this country and in England are to make us so. It is not surprising that it was so when we reflect how determined the rebel instigators of war in this country, while they thoughtful American and Englishman, knows that such an event would be a profound misfortune to civilization itself.

Certainly it should be enough to make the most exasperated enemy of England pause, to reflect that his wrath is used by rebel emissaries as a tool against the whole country. Is there a thing that would set all the bells of Richmond ringing, that would be more than an offset to SHERMAN's and THOMAS's victories, more than new LEE's arm to strike more cheerfully and heavily at GRANT, is a menacing difficulty, and unlikely a war, with England. The rebels and all the rebel agents in Canada are working; and if this foolish Justice COURSAL could, by his release of the St. Alban raiders, occasion war, a cause of lead would justly be given to Canada by the rebel Congress, as the greatest benefactor of the rebellion.

That the governing class in England are, as a body, opposed to us is true, and the reason of the opposition is obvious. The only excuse for a monarchy is its cheapness. It is a better police or it is nothing. But if it can be shown that a nation can govern itself and suppress a fearful rebellion, and conduct a general and most exciting election in the midst of civil war with perfect tranquility, then a republican form is demonstrated to be cheaper, easier, and better, and what can a monarchy say for itself? The objection to our system has hitherto been that it was never tried. In June, on a calm sea, your pretty yacht sails smoothly enough, has been the cry, wait until January and a tempest; they are now here, and if out of the tornado the yacht safely emerges, the critics must be dumb. The aristocratic or feudal form has sincerely disbelieved in our popular system. It could not with it success. Its success was its own destruction. Therefore, with few exceptions, the aristocracy of England has been against us, and the commercial class, which hopes one day to be aristocratic, follows in its wake. The aristocrats and the snobs are our enemies. But they are not England.

Not only GOLDWIN SMITH says that "the main body" of the English people are not against us, but EARL RUSSELL at Blairgowrie, more than a year ago, distinctly avowed that the British Government would be neutral because the majority of the people sympathized with the Government of the United States. These are witnesses from both sides. GOLDWIN SMITH is one of "the main body" for which he speaks. Lord RUSSELL is one of the governing class, which the opinion of the main body controls.

Now although it is true that the aristocracy directs the acts of the Government, it has no card in that direction to the popular sentiment. It stopped the rams very decidedly, not only because it was told that it should regard their departure as a virtual declaration of war, but because it knew that a war with the United States would not be popular in England. The English and a hundred years ago, which was that of the aristocracy unchecked by the people, would have long since recognized the rebel Confederacy and made war upon us. But as governments come to represent the people, directly or indirectly, they grow wiser. It is the people that pays, the people that fights, the people that suffers, and they will not blindly or foolishly rush to war. In our own case the British aristocracy, the party of the rebel sentiment in Europe and Canada, would gladly embroil the two nations. But what have the American people to say? What people to gain by war?

National honor is not vindicated by giving way to passion or prejudice. A hot and furious nation is no more respectable a sight than an angry man. The hasty insolence of manner in a government should no more disturb the national equanimity than the superciliousness of an English lord should exasperate a cool American gentleman. He is a gentleman who keeps his temper, and whoever keeps his temper best respects his character and defends his life.

If the sound public sense of England can not restrain its Government from direct or indirect acts of injury and insult upon this country, war will, of course, follow, sooner or later. But, meanwhile, let us all carefully discriminate our friends from our enemies, nor be swift to suppose that the aristocracy represents the English national acts. The meeting in Liverpool to protest against the escape of the *Alabama* was quite as significant as many of the vessel. The timely detention of the rams by Earl RUSSELL was quite as important a fact as the rescue of the rebel Semmes. The English "sympathy" and the repudiation by the Canadian authorities of the judgment of COURSAL is a much weightier event than that Dogberry's release of the St. Alban robbers.

GENERAL DIX'S ORDER.

IN view of the information in his possession of contemplated raids, and of the formal release of the St. Alban robbers and murderers, General DIX could not do less than authorize the pursuit of invaders upon our soil wherever they might flee for refuge. For the solemn judgment of a court must be held to be final until it is reversed, or until it is repudiated by the executive authority of the Government, and meanwhile the frontier is exposed to raid, invasion and massacre. But when the President learned the prompt disavowal by the Canadian Government of the action of Justice COURSAL, and, in turn, resolved to avoid unnecessary complication by revoking the order. For if Canada means to guard her own frontier it is much better that she should do it than we.

Yet General DIX's order was not necessarily, in an offensive sense, hostile. The decision of COURSAL was not a declaration that the people of Canada did not defend a neighboring nation from attacks proceeding from Canadian soil. That is not the opinion of Canada, as expounded by COURSAL, did not maintain her neutrality, and consequently did not protect our rights. In such cases the international custom or law is very clear and unmistakable.

PHILLIMORE, a chief authority upon international law, says: "A rebellion or a civil commotion, it may happen, ignites a nation. While the authorities are engaged in repressing it, bands of rebels pass the frontier to shelter themselves under the protection of the conterminous state, and from thence, with restored strength and fresh appliances, renew their invasion upon the state from which they have escaped. The invaded state remonstrates. The remonstrance, whether from favor to rebels or feebleness of the executive, is neglected, or, at least, only complained of remains unredressed. In this state of things the invaded state is warranted by international law in crossing the frontier and in taking the necessary means for her safety, whether these be the capture or dispersion of the rebels or the destruction of their stronghold, as the exigencies of the case may require."

VATTEL also says: "If his neighbor affords a refuge to his enemies, enabling them to recruit and attack him at leisure, he must either prevent them from so doing, or else they may be sought and fought on his territories."

The release of the St. Alban raiders was, under the circumstances, properly taken as a declaration that the Canadian law can not or will not protect the neighboring nation. For if it were said that the warrant of arrest was not properly signed, the reply was why, in a case so momentous, was it not properly signed? What fleet, of itself, indicated fear or flight? So rebels" which PHILLIMORE cites as justification of pursuit by the aggrieved nation. Or if it were urged that perhaps the 24th of November would be properly signed, and perhaps the next Judge would decide differently, the reply was that in the mean while American citizens might be robbed and murdered. Moreover, there was no reason to suppose that the Canadian Government or people would disavow the decision of COURSAL. They have been uniformly and furiously hostile to us. The same robbers might depart in the same night upon another expedition. General DIX knew that such enterprises were making ready. He could not tell how soon the Government would act, if it acted at all, and it was for the immediate state of things that his order was intended.

The unexpected and entire repudiation of COURSAL's decision, which the Canadian Government is understood to have made, properly terminated the necessity for such an order. If Canada says she will protect our rights upon her soil, she is entitled to expect waiting until the fact is proved either that she can or can not. Nor can the judgment of COURSAL be held to be proof that she will not, since public opinion and the executive authorities refuse to acknowledge it.

ARMING THE SLAVES.

THE Richmond *Enquirer* declares that the only hope of the rebellion is in arming the negro in destroying its corner-stone. "Let us free and arm the slaves," it says, "to defend a Confederacy whose highest is the recognition of slavery. And General LEE is reported to cry Amen! It is in vain that JEFFERSON DAVIS and his associates insist that they are fighting for State independence, and care nothing for slavery; because the world knows, and they have themselves announced, that they wished to make independence for the purpose of maintaining slavery. They claim that they are essentially a different people; that their social and political institutions are inharmonious with those of the rest of the country; that, in a word, the North and the South are incompatible. If that were so, it is not another way of saying that they cherish slavery, and the rest of the country does not. They began the rebellion to save slavery, and now they propose to abolish slavery to end the rebellion. The military form and the logic of this infamous conspiracy against civil order and human nature break down together. The pretense of Confederate State is as hollow as the "Confederacy." The whole moral and military rebellion is a shell which is gradually crumbling in the grasp of a people faithful to liberty and law.

The practical question of arming the slaves is interesting. What would be the effect of the movement, even if the mere proposal did not cast an apple of discord into the happy family of "free, sovereign, and independent States of the late Southern Confederacy"? Would it prolong the war? Would the slaves fight for the slaveowners?

It is obvious that the large mass of slaves are so ignorant that they might easily believe their masters when told that the Yankees would sell them to Cuba. But the truth is, as the slaveholders themselves and confirmed by universal testimony, that the slaves perfectly understand the war. Notwithstanding our military policy and the opening of the struggle; despite the foolish orders of our Generals, and the painful stupidity of the swaddle that "we don't care about niggers, one hair of a white man's head, or the sympathy of the slaves—they have been patient, intelligent, and sympathetic; always our best friends, our most faithful allies, and ready to our own cause than we ourselves have been. They have never doubted, according to the most trustworthy testimony, any more than the laboring classes of Europe, that the cause of the Union and Government was their cause. The fear of being sold to Cuba or by the Yankees will not be very terrible to them.

There is another important consideration—whether many of the slaves who are attached to their masters and the plantations on which they live will not fight for them? Undoubtedly in some instances this would be the case. But it is the house servants, not the field hands, who would do it; and while the house servants might be willing to defend their homes when they were in imminent personal peril, they would be needed elsewhere to fight; then for the very reason that they are the most intelligent of slaves, they

would be the very worst of soldiers in the Southern cause.

The arming of the slaves by the rebels would be the very recklessness of desperation. Under some circumstances it might enable them to hold out a little longer at certain points. But it would give the United States a vast armed militia of resident population in the very district where they will be needed; it would terminate party divisions in the loyal section of the country; and it would settle all cavil about the loyalty of the enormous majority of the people of the revolted section, for when slaves are freed they become, even to the most stupid Northern pander of slavery, "people," if not citizens of men and women.

But such is the present condition of the rebellious section that the urging of the suggestion would probably disintegrate the "nation which Mr. GLADSTONE thinks that JEFFERSON DAVIS has "created."

EARL RUSSELL'S LETTER.

In his reply to the manifesto of the rebel Congress sent to him by Messrs. SLIDELL, MASON, and MANN, Earl RUSSELL makes a singular historical misstatement. "Our British," he says, "was since 1783 remained, with the exception of a short period, connected by friendly relations with both the Northern and Southern States."

Great Britain, his lordship ought to remember, treated in 1783 with commissioners of the United States—a single power—and since 1789 Great Britain has had treaties and relations also with the United States—as single power. Great Britain has had no relations whatever with "Northern and Southern States," for such States are expressly forbidden by the Constitution from entering into any kind of relations with foreign powers. Great Britain has no more been connected with Northern and Southern States than the United States has been connected with Kent, Yorkshire, and Wales. Great Britain has no more been connected with Northern and Southern States in America than with the Department de l'Eure, and Algeria, and Martinique, in the French empire. Has the relations with the Government of France and with the Government of the United States.

In what manner has Great Britain, as LORD RUSSELL declares, had friendly relations with both the Northern and Southern States? He has sent ambassadors to either? Has she made treaties with them? Has she received ministers from either? If, in case of internal commotion in Great Britain, Mr. SEWARD should calmly declare that the United States had always remained connected by friendly relations with the Highlands of Scotland, the city of Dublin, and the Welsh Principality, he would merely show an ill-feeling toward the Government of Great Britain and a ludicrous ignorance.

Nor need it be said that our objection to LORD RUSSELL'S letter shows that sentiment plays neither side. If he had said that the British Government still maintained its neutral position toward the Government of the United States, and those citizens who were endeavoring to cast off its authority, he would have stated the exact truth. But when he speaks of the relations between the Northern and Southern States he implies that the contest is not between a government and insurgents, but between two governments. But if it be between two governments there is no reason why Great Britain, as a neutral power, should not equally recognize both. If France and Spain were at war, Great Britain, as a neutral, could use no other language than she does in regard to our struggle. Of necessity, therefore, she virtually concedes the political existence of the Southern Confederacy, and it is a needless insult to its representatives to designate it as the "so called" Confederacy.

Great Britain, as a government, has laid down the principle that immediately upon the outbreak of a rebellion in a country with which she is at peace she will hasten to invest the rebels with the belligerent rights she concedes to the government. We will not say that she has abused the extraordinary principle she has asserted. But we do say that, viewing the domestic affairs, ill will, for many many years before she will be earnestly praying that other nations may have very short memories or very long forbearance.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 14:

In the Senate, joint resolutions were reported from the Naval Committee and passed, tendering the thanks of Congress to Captain Winslow and Lieutenant Cushing. A petition was presented and referred, from several line officers in the army asking for additional compensation. The joint resolution offered and referred on the 13th, declaring free the slave children of colored soldiers, was reported back with the recommendation that it be passed. A number of private petitions were reported; also a bill (Mr. Trumbull, Ill.), which was passed, authorizing the hauling of a special session of the United States District Court in Indiana. Two resolutions (Mr. Chandler, Mich.) were offered. The first resolved that the Committee on Military Affairs be directed to inquire into the expediency of organizing an army corps for the defense of our Canadian border; the second that the Secretary of War make out a list of such ships and cargo destroyed by Anglo-Rebel privateers, with a valuation thereof with interest from the date of capture, and demand payment in full from the British Government. Both resolutions, being objected to by Mr. Johnson of Maryland, lie over. The resolution offered on the 12th by Mr. Doolittle of Wisconsin and tabled, relating to taxation on sales and an extra tax of 25 per cent. on railroad fares, was taken from the table after some debate, and referred. A resolution (Mr. Reverdy Johnson of Maryland) was adopted that the Committee on Military Affairs and the Militia be instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing an act of Congress, of March 31, 1801, entitled an act to remove the United States Arsenal from St. Louis and to provide for the sale of the lands on which it is located. The joint resolution offered on the 12th in relation to Great Britain of the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The Senate then went into executive session.

In the House, a bill (Mr. Wilson, Iowa) was reported and passed so amending the act of July 17, 1862, to define the rank and compensation of officers in the army, as to say that any alien of twenty-one years and upward who shall have served in the volunteer or regular service of the army and been honorably discharged, may become a citizen without any previous declaration, and shall be entitled to receive more than one year's residence. Bills making appropriations for diplomatic and consular purposes were referred. A resolution (Mr. Brooks, N. Y.) was passed, that the Committee on Foreign Affairs inquire into the expediency of providing by treaty or otherwise for the protection of our Canadian and provincial frontier from murder, arson, and burglary on the pretence of rebel invasion. A bill, discussed at length but not passed, was reported from the Military Committee and passed 68 to 59, providing that all white citizens who were Brigadier-Generals or above in the service of the United States who, on the 15th of February, 1865, shall not be in the performance of active service corresponding to their respective grades of rank, and who shall not have been in such service for a like term or terms three months continuously prior to that date, shall then be dismissed from the service, with the rule of right to all emoluments, or allowances of such grades as officers so dropped. Any officer who shall be dismissed under the provisions of this section shall be filled by the appointment of some other officer. But no officer is to be appointed to the foregoing section when the appointment would have been occasioned by wounds received, or disability incurred in the line of duty while in the military service, or by his being a prisoner of war in the hands of the enemy. The provisions of this bill apply to General of volunteers, or Brigadier-General of volunteers, who shall not be in the performance of active service under the authority given in section four of the act approved July 4, 1864, for the organization and employment of volunteers to aid in enforcing the laws and protecting public property." The bill was opposed by those who think that so do arouse from the rolls, shall not thereby be disqualified from receiving the full pay, allowances, etc., to be remitted to his position and duty as an officer of the regular army. The House then went into committee on the purchase or construction of six steam revenue cutters on the Lakes and appropriated \$600,000 to carry out the object of dollars. The House then resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the bill (Mr. Stevens, Pa.) to amend the Bureau of Illinois in the chair. Mr. Brooks addressed the Committee in favor of the bill. The House then at a late hour dinner to negotiate with the South.

December 15:

In the Senate, a resolution (Mr. Sumner, Mass.) was adopted that the President be requested to communicate information concerning the arrangement between the United States and Great Britain relative to the naval force to be maintained on the Lakes. A petition from officers of the army for additional pay for the period of the war was referred. A resolution (Mr. Lane, Kansas) was adopted that the Secretary of War inform the Senate if he has instructed to inquire as to the truth of the alleged charges that the contracts for supplying the army are in the management of the Government in the navy-yards, Quartermaster's and Commissary Departments, and if so, what steps for the exclusion of loyal men, with preference to persons who are Democrats. The bill (Mr. Trumbull, Ill.) passed on the 14th, but then objected to, in reference to the organization of the Supreme Court of the United States, was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The resolution (Mr. Wilson, Mass.) directing the Committee on Military Affairs and the Militia be instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing the act of Congress of March 3, 1797, entitled "An Act to more effectually provide for the National Defense by establishing a uniform militia throughout the United States, and the several acts amendatory thereof," so far as relates to the enrollment of all male citizens between the ages of 18 and 45, resident in the several States, and to provide more to color, and also to submit such other provisions as may be necessary to organize the militia system of the United States, and report by bill or otherwise. At a late hour the Senate went into the consideration of executive business. A resolution (Mr. Anthony, R. I.) was adopted instructing the Committee on Military Affairs and the Militia to inquire into the facts connected with the assault on Providence, July 10, 1861, by the Confederate forces on the 10th.

In the House, a resolution (Mr. Holman, Ind.) was referred, directing the Secretary of War to furnish a copy of the order issued by Gen. Sherman, in relation to the rebel on condition that they should be discharged when the exigencies of the service will permit. A bill, dated December, 1863, addressed to the Governor of Mississippi, directing him to call a convention of the people and which to abrogate and annul the ordinances thereof, was passed and have been applied to all other States. A bill to amend the act of March 3, 1863, relative to the writ of habeas corpus, was offered, requesting the President to communicate all information relating to the imprisonment of Lieutenant-Colonel Jacobs and Colonel Wolford. The resolution, adopted the 12th, was referred. A bill was passed providing for a special term of court for the District of Indiana. A resolution (Mr. Pendleton, O.) was adopted, directing an investigation of all the facts as to the practical working of the Quartermaster's and Subsistence Department, and to inquire into the actual condition of the present, and what measures should be passed to secure to them employment independent of pensions. A resolution (Mr. Cox, O.) was adopted that the Secretary of State communicate to the House all communications on file in his office, with reference to the difficulties upon the Northern borders, and which have not been referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A resolution (Mr. Goodrich, N. Y.) was referred, directing an inquiry as to the establishment of a New York Arsenal. On Monday, Mr. McClernand reported, from the Committee on Military Affairs, a bill for the better organization of the Quartermaster's Department. The Senate joint resolution was passed thanking Winslow and Cushing. A bill (Mr. Donnelly, Minn.) was referred, relieving all persons applying for the benefit of the exemption and homestead laws, from the draft who they had not deserted from the army, or resisted the draft, or rendered themselves in other being convicted or inducted, or discouraged sentiments, and providing that whenever such persons could be proved, the land should revert to the Government. Mr. Davis, of Maryland, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a resolution that Congress has a Constitutional right to an authoritative voice in declaring and prescribing the political policy of the United States, as well in the recognition of new Powers as in other matters, and it is the Constitutional duty of the President to repeat that policy, not into the domestic relations of any of the Powers of the world, but into the Congress of the United States, and the reporter of foreign policy by Congress is sufficiently proved by his vote in favor of recognizing the Confederacy, while pending and understatement, is not a fit topic of diplomatic cognizance. The resolution was adopted by a vote of yeas 80 to 61. Mr. Davis then asked to be relieved from service on the Committee on Foreign Affairs, saying that the Committee on Military Affairs would have more than it could attend to. The foreign correspondence with reference to the Mexican question was called for. Three quarters of a century ago we had a difficulty with this country, and that difficulty was settled by arbitration, as proceeded. The very same objections and appeals were made then as now. Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, Mr. Wilson, Mass., and pressed upon Jefferson, then Secretary of State, and he called attention to the facts resulting them from the life of Jefferson. Genet said Jefferson had discussed a friendly proposition with Genet had brought from his own nation, and said it ought not to be adopted without consulting Congress. Genet having got Jefferson stopped him, Jefferson stopped him, and explained the position of our Government, saying, "that all these matters belonged to the Executive Department, even if Congress were in session they could not be referred to it." Genet asked "if Congress was the sovereign?" and Jefferson said "No," and that Congress was sovereign only in making laws, the Executive in executing, and the Judiciary in construing them. Said Genet, "Congress binds us by treaties, and these shore-spruce," Jefferson said, "No, there are very few cases arising out of treaties of which Congress can take notice." Genet was entitled. We have no treaty stipulations which extend as far as that. He could not see any thing more mischievous than for Congress to pass a resolution. By it we should only deny a constituent power on the part of the Executive, and destroy the harmony of our Government by the division of power. In the course of the debate the House limited its action to the single question before the table. Mr. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, said that no stones that he had failed to see the least analogy between the position of the two gentlemen from Maine. Jefferson very properly told Genet that Congress had no right to interfere with treaty stipulations existing, by the Constitution, are the supreme law of the land. This is the only question before the country. He could not see that it had any bearing on the question before them. The House refused to accept Mr. Davis from further service on the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A bill (Mr. Ashley, O.) was introduced, and referred to be printed, to guarantee to certain States, enforced or overthrown by rebellion, a republican form of government. Mr. Ashley gave notice that on the 6th of January next he would call up the bill. Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, said that the object of the bill was to declare that the United States will guarantee to the States, the Constitutional amendment for the abolition of slavery throughout their limits, and that he would demand a vote upon the resolution the Monday following. A bill was passed making appropriations for invalid and other pensions, and the bill making appropriations for the diplomatic and consular establishments, the joint resolution, giving the true construction and meaning to so much of the Internal Revenue Act as relates to the tax on bonds and cigars, and in addition to the above, passed a bill providing that, in calculating the time of service required by the twenty-first section of the act entitled: "An act increasing the responsibility of officers in the army, and for other purposes," approved July 14, 1862, for the withdrawal of goods from any public store, and general warehouse for exportation to foreign countries, or transhipment to any port of the border or waterways of the United States, if such exportation or transhipment of any goods shall enter for the whole or in part of the duties imposed by law, shall have been prevented by reason of any order of the President of the United States, the time during which such exportation or transhipment of such goods shall have been so prevented, or as aforesaid, shall be excluded from the said computation. The House adjourned till the 19th.

December 16:

In the Senate, a bill (Mr. Grimes, Iowa) was referred, to create the rank of Vice-Admiral in the navy. A resolution (Mr. D. Wilde, Wis.) was referred, authorizing the President to issue letters of marque to citizens, or to such thereof as might be necessary to build fortifications and floating batteries for the protection of lakes and harbors against attacks of piratical and hostile expeditions organized in the British provinces for enemies of the United States. An interesting debate followed the introduction of the resolution (Mr. Wilson, Mass.) to amend the act of July 17, 1862, so as to authorize the enrolling of the colored men into the militia. Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, said he was not in favor of arming the blacks, and though we ought never to cease to claim our rights, he would be willing to see the question settled until we had subdued the rebellion. A bill (Mr. Lane, Kansas) was referred, authorizing the people of Colorado to form a State government. A bill (Mr. Henderson, Mo.) was referred to authorize the Secretary of War to suspend or suspended for military purposes. A joint resolution (Mr. Henderson) was introduced to provide against the probable invasion of Missouri by the rebels. Mr. Sumner's bill to improve the organization for carrying the mails on account of color was passed 31 to 5.

In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the Revenue laws by changing the time for levying the tax on tobacco. Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, introduced the resolution laid on the table on the 15th, declaring the right of Congress to shape the foreign policy of the United States. It was passed. Mr. Stevens, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported back to the effect that the act to provide internal revenue for the support of the Government, established June 30, 1864, be amended in the fifty-fifth section by striking out the word "February" wherever it occurs, and inserting in lieu thereof "January" after the second section was passed. In addition to this duty now imposed by law, all spirits of domestic production held for sale on the 1st of January, 1865, shall be subject to a duty of fifty cents per gallon. The clause levying an additional tax was struck out. The bill, thus altered, was passed. The House went into Committee of the Whole, when Mr. Spaulding, of Ohio, spoke of the President's Message, indorsing its principles in regard to finance.

SHERMAN'S NEW CAMPAIGN.

That Sherman acted wisely in committing to Thomas the campaign in Tennessee, Hood's recent crushing defeat amply testifies. As to the wisdom of his own operations in attempting a march across three hundred miles of the enemy's country—that is demonstrated by his completely successful result. Sherman has reached Savannah, and, by the capture of Fort M'Allister on the 13th, has succeeded in establishing communication between his army and Dahlgren's fleet. In a dispatch, dated on the evening of that day, he declares that his army is in splendid condition and "rejoicing in any thing." He has not lost a wagon on the trip, but he has destroyed over two hundred miles of rails, and consumed stores which were essential to the Confederate armies. He has gathered in a large supply of negroes, mules, horses, etc., and has been more in better condition than when he set out. He has invested Savannah, which, according to all reports, has a garrison of 15,000, and a population of 25,000. The defense of Savannah has been entrusted to General Hardee.

ADMIRAL FORTER'S FLEET.

On the 13th there was a grand naval and military pavilion, under the command respectively of Admiral Porter and General Butler, left Hampton Roads for Wilmington. The fleet consists of 60 vessels, and is composed of the most formidable ships in the navy. Many of these are iron-clads. Upward of a hundred transports accompany the expedition. There is no part of the world that boats provided with torpedo machines. The *Shawsheen*, the largest of these torpedo-boats, is about 200 feet, and altogether the fleet mans 820 guns. General Weitzel accompanies General Butler. The expedition probably reached New Inlet on the 16th. The recent destruction of the Wilmington Railroad was intended to prevent General Lee from transporting troops rapidly to the point of attack.

CO-OPERATIVE EXPEDITIONS.

Toward the close of December Gen. Canby sent out expeditions from Vicksburg and Baton Rouge to co-operate with Sherman. The expedition from Baton Rouge, consisting of 2000 cavalry under E. D. Osterad, returned December 4. On the fifth this column, after having moved on Jackson, attacked and destroyed the Big Black Bridge on the Mississippi Central Railroad. The movement cut Hood off from large quantities of supplies and forces which had been accumulated at Jackson. Thirty miles of the track were destroyed, including culverts, and 3000 bales of cotton. The column from Baton Rouge, under General Davidson, advanced in the direction of Mobile.

A NEW DRAFT.

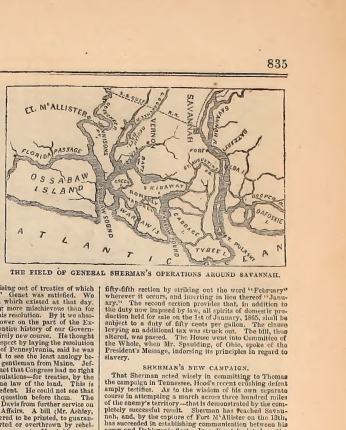
A call has been made for three hundred thousand more men, to supply deficiencies occasioned by large credits allowed.

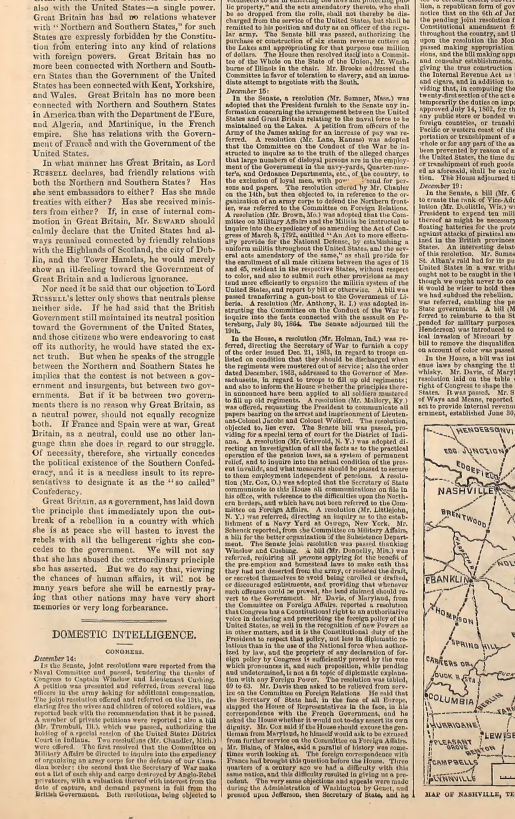
NEWS ITEMS.

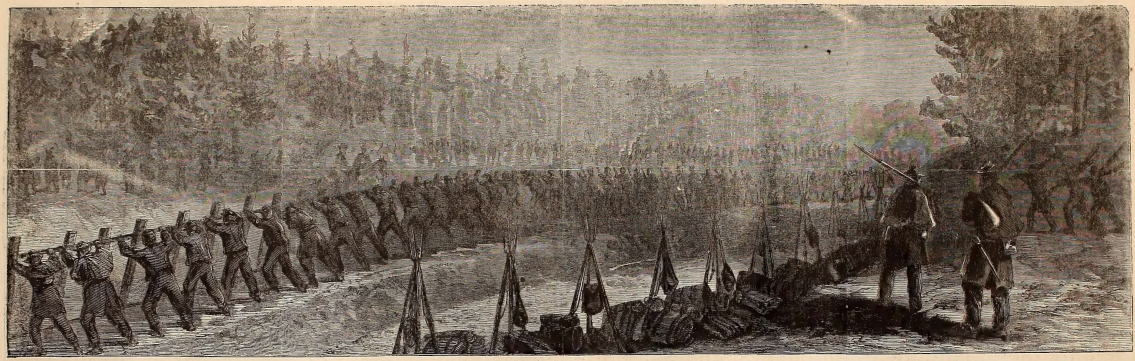
One Minister to France, the Hon. William L. Dayton, died December 1, of apoplexy, while on a visit to the Hôtel du Louvre, in Paris.

Burbridge, according to Stoneman's command, has captured Bristol, in Brockinbridge's rear, on the Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad. He then destroyed the railroad and took Abingdon. It was expected by the rebels that Saltville would be attacked.

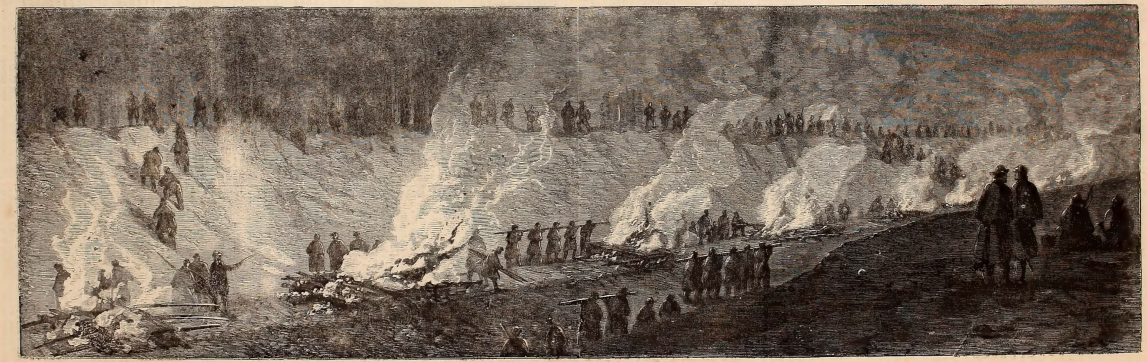
Hood's official report of the battle of Franklin claims a victory, and reports 4500 killed and wounded. Among the loss of rank Major-General Cleburne was killed, and Major-General Adams and Brigadier-General Gordon wounded. Brigadier-General Gordon captured.





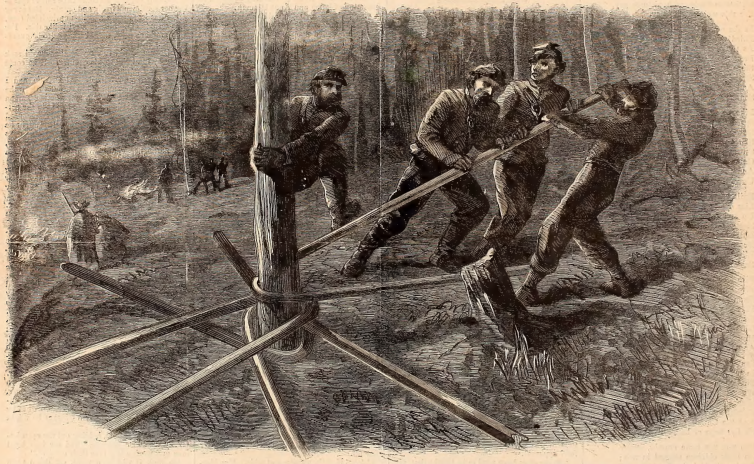


GENERAL WARREN'S RAID—THE FIFTH CORPS TEARING UP THE WELDON RAILROAD NORTH OF JARRET'S STATION, DECEMBER 8, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 838.]

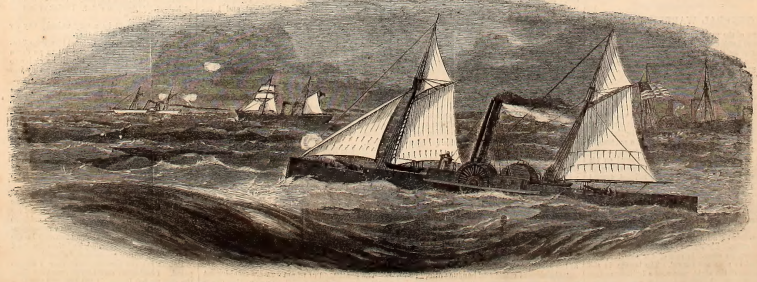


GENERAL WARREN'S RAID—DESTRUCTION OF THE WELDON RAILROAD NORTH OF JARRET'S—BURNING OF TIES AND RAILS.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 838.]

GENERAL WARREN'S RAID—DESTRUCTION OF WATER-TANKS AT JARRET'S STATION.—SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—[SEE PAGE 838.]



GENERAL WARREN'S RAID—SOLDIERS MAKING A GREEK CROSS (THE FIFTH CORPS BADGE) OUT OF THE HEATED RAILS OF THE WELDON RAILROAD. [SKETCHED BY A. W. WARREN.—SEE PAGE 838.]



CHASE AND CAPTURE OF THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER "ARMSTRONG" BY OUR GUN-BOATS, DECEMBER 4, 1864.—[SEE PAGE 838.]

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

In the far-off Polar seas,
Far beyond the Hebrides,
Where the icebergs, towering high,
Seem to pierce the wintry sky,
And the fur-clad Esquimaux
Glide in sledges o'er the snow,
Dwells St. Nick, a merry wight,
Patron saint of Christmas night.

Solid walls of massive ice,
Bearing many a quaint device,
Flanked by graceful turrets twain,
Clear as clearest porcelain,
Rearing at a lofty height
Christ's pure cross in simple white,
Carven with surpassing art
From an iceberg's crystal heart.

Here St. Nick, in royal state,
Dwells until December late
Clips the days at either end,
And the nights each way extend;
Then with his attendant sprites
Scours the earth on wintry nights,
Bringing back in well-filled hands
Children's gifts from many lands.

Here are whistles, toys, and toys,
Meant to gladden little boys;
Skates and sleds that soon will glide
O'er the ice or steep hill-side.
Here are dolls with flaxen curls,
Sure to charm the little girls;
Christmas books, with pictures gay,
For this welcome holiday.

In the court the reindeer wait;
Filled the sledge with costly freight.
As the first faint shadow falls
Promptly from his icy halls
Steps St. Nick, and grasps the rein:
Straight his coursers scour the plain,
And afar, in measured time,
Sounds the sleigh-bells' silver chime.

Like an arrow from the bow
Speed the reindeer o'er the snow.
Onward! Now the loaded sleigh
Skirts the shores of Hudson's Bay.
Onward, till the stunted tree*
Gains a loftier majesty,
And the curling smoke-wreaths rise
Under low chimney skies.

Built upon a hill-side steep
Lies a city wrapt in sleep.
Up and down the lonely street
Sleepy watchmen pace their beat.
Little boots Santa Claus:
Not for him are human laws.
With a hop he leaves the ground,
Scales the chimney at a bound.

Five small stockings hang below,
Five small stockings in a row.
From his pocket blithe St. Nick
Fills the waiting stockings quick:
Some with sweetmeats, some with toys,
Gifts for girls, and gifts for boys;
Mounts the chimney like a bird,
And the bells are once more heard.

Santa Claus! Good Christmas Saint!
In whose heart no selfish taint
Findeth place, some homes there be
Where no stockings wait for thee—
Homes where sad young faces wear
Painful marks of Want and Care,
And the Christmas morning brings
No fair hopes of better things.

Can you not some crumbs bestow
On these children steeped in woe;
Steal a single lock of care
Which their sad young faces wear;
From your overflowing store
Give to them whose hearts are sore?
No sad eyes should greet the morn
When the infant Christ was born.

GENERAL WARREN'S RAID.

One of the most successful expeditions against General LEE'S communications was that undertaken recently by General WARREN in his raid on the Weldon Railroad, which we illustrate on pages 836 and 837. The Fifth Corps, accompanied by MOTT'S Division of the Second and GREGG'S Cavalry, made up the attacking force which set out from the left, 7, having been previously withdrawn from the lines around Petersburg and massed near the Avery House. In the midst of a driving rain, which continued all day and the next night, WARREN moved rapidly down the Jerusalem Road to the Nottaway River, which he crossed by means of a pontoon at Freeman's Bridge. The next day, leaving a cavalry guard at the crossing, and posting pickets on flanks by cavalry, he continued his march through Sussex Court House, east of the railroad, toward Nottoway Bridge. This point was reported by the enemy's cavalry, which was steadily driven back. The bridge was reached at noon and destroyed. It was 200 feet long, and spanned the Nottoway River. The raiding column was now secure against any attack from Petersburg, and completely annihilated the railroad south of the bridge for a distance of eight miles. The track was lifted up, ties and rails together, as shown in one of our sketches, and heaped in piles and burned. The bonfire, in the darkness of the night, presented a brilliant spectacle. The rain had ceased, and it was now bitter cold, and this fact did not diminish the zest of the soldiers for making bonfires. Jarret's Dépôt was burned early in the morning of the 9th, and the work of destruction continued thence southward. During the day two bridges—each 60 feet long—were burned, and at night WARREN had reached Bellfield Station, near the Meherrin River. Twenty miles of the railroad had been completely destroyed, and no opposition had been encountered. A reconnoissance toward Hicksford on the river having developed the fact that the enemy was strongly posted at that point, with considerable artillery, WARREN turned northward on the 10th. On the return the town of Sussex Court House was burned in retaliation for the murder of several of our soldiers by the enemy at that point. A large number of contrabands accompanied the returning column.

In estimating the value of General WARREN'S raid it must be remembered that LEE had previously contrived to convey a large amount of supplies to his army by means of the Boydton plank-road, which connected the Southside Railroad with the point where the Weldon had been interrupted. He had also nearly completed a branch railroad from Stony Creek Station to the Southside Road. The portion of the railroad destroyed by WARREN is south of Stony Creek Station, and until the road is repaired LEE is entirely cut off from eastern North Carolina, and from the region of Virginia east of the Weldon Road. This raid will be of great service to General GRANT; its work was done in three days, and it was effected with the loss of less than one hundred men. The great success of the expedition was due to General WARREN'S skill, and to his personal superintendence at every point. His high spirit revealed itself with glory, and especially General CRAWFORD'S Division, which led the advance.

CAPTURE OF THE "ARMSTRONG."

WE give on page 837 an illustration of the chase and capture of the blockade-runner *Armstrong*, and our gun-boats. She was captured 60 instant, eighty miles off Wilmington, by the steamer *R. R. Cuyler*, *Machigonne*, and *Gettysburg*, after an exciting chase of eight hours, during which nearly one hundred shot and shell were fired. Most of the shells striking her on the starboard quarter, then bursting and setting her on fire. The fire was extinguished before any serious damage was done. The *Armstrong* is very fast, and averages fourteen miles per hour. She is an iron-side steamer of 700 tons burden. She was on her first trip from Wilmington, and was laden with cotton.

MARGARET MILLER.

A STORY IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was late that night when the little steamer came to her moorings. Twice she got aground, with the prospect of waiting for the returning tide; but "All hands forward!" and she slid over the shoals in triumph. Vainly we urged Robert to disregard the call, and avoid the misty night-air by remaining in the cabin. He could not be prevailed upon while ladies were assisting to lighten the boat. Considerations of need and increased thoughtlessness next morning, accompanied with great weariness and weakness.

Neither of us went to bed at last; for, with broken rest and solicitude, I was almost as much exhausted as my brother.

Colonel Hamilton came at ten to give Robert another taste of the pine-woods—"Perhaps the last," he said—and was surprised to find him so ill.

"But you'll be all right again in a day or two," he said, encouragingly. "Every convalescent has 'pull-backs,' to teach him prudence perhaps."

"Or patience," my brother responded, in a tone in which grief and gentleness were pain fully apparent.

"Some of us have need to be taught that, my dear fellow, but not you. I had never strength to endure suffering, physical or mental, for a moment without murmuring."

Colonel Hamilton's voice was almost as soft as my brother's.

"I shall come to you again directly after dinner," he said, as he turned to leave the room. "Your sister will need a nurse."

"I have been trying to prevail upon her to take either rest or a ride this morning," Robert said.

"My carriage is at the door, and I would gladly accompany her to another of my flowering plantations. Possibly I might persuade her bracelet lost on that other very unfortunate excursion," he added, turning to me.

"Oh, no! I had left the bracelet with which I encircled my bouquet; but never having mentioned the circumstance, you could not understand how the Colonel should have learned the fact. There was not a ray of intelligence in the glance which met my look of entreaty, only a quiet waiting for a decision of the question of the ride.

"I am too fatigued to ride this morning, but the siesta is a temptation to which I will yield willingly."

Robert and I dined together in the full enjoyment of dressing-gown and slippers. He was more comfortable than in the morning, only a spot with comparative ease, though the cherry-like glow of his cheeks mocked the fainter bloom of health. While we were lingering over our coffee the Colonel came to fulfill his promise.

"Guiltless of cigar," my brother said, smiling him a welcome, and pointing to the box he seated at the same time.

"Guiltless of coffee and bananas also," he returned, nodding significantly at our dessert.

"So much the better. These bananas came by the last boat from Key West, and are very fine."

Jimmy was ordered to bring an extra cup and plate. I played hostess until a second cup of coffee was offered and declined, then retired.

A long, unbroken slumber, a sweet consequent of the last night's nervous wakefulness, ensued. The last thing I heard was the low, indistinct sound of the gentlemen's voices in the adjoining apartment. When I awoke the sun was far down in the west. Listening, I heard no sound in the adjoining room, and wondered whether he had not gone below. A few minutes sufficed for my toilet; then raising the latch softly, I entered, and found him sleeping upon the sofa, the Colonel still sitting beside him, and holding his hand as tenderly as a woman.

"I talked your brother to sleep," he said, apologetically.

"He is no worse, I hope?"

"Oh no! only a little fatigued. A day or two of rest will bring him up again, I think."

"I am afraid I have kept you from your hospitals for. I am very much obliged to you for your care of my brother."

"You will accept nothing for yourself then?"

"Nothing."

He was gone, and I sat down in the seat he had just deserted. My brother slept still, though disturbedly. Changes, like crowding thoughts, passed over his countenance so rapidly as to alarm me. He whispered inarticulately at first; then, his features calming down to a smile, he uttered, distinctly, "Margaret, Margaret, you promise me never to lose sight of her;" and held his breath like one listening for a reply.

I answered—"Never!" thinking he might be dreaming of home and Aunt Hannah.

"God bless you, my good friend!" was his earnest response. So earnest it awoke him! His eyes fastened upon me inquiringly, and he smiled.

"I thought Hamilton was with me, Margy!"

"He has just left you," I replied. "I slept the whole afternoon, and he sat with you until I came."

"He is one of the kindest of men, Margy?"

"Every one appears to think so, Robert."

"And why do you not like him?"

"I accord him all the good qualities, but noble qualities should not blind one to radical defects."

"What are the faults you discover in him?"

"The chief of all—*disloyalty!*"

The next morning we were aroused by the eagle-horn blowing vigorously for the Hillsboro ferry-man. It seemed to say—"Hasten up! I bring you news, great news for the glorious cause." Every one in the garrison knew the language of Jerry Dining's horn when it neared the river; and there was a general rush for the ferry.

"What next?" I asked myself, as the shouts of the men and boys penetrated to the heart of the town. "Has Fort Pickens so soon followed Sumter, or another cowardly Twiggs delivered the arsenals and forts of another State into the hands of rebels and traitors?"

Neither; but the Secretary of Massachusetts men had collected the streets of Baltimore on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington. For this, bonfires were lighted and the crowd huzzaed.

Robert was unable to go to the ferry, and Colonel Hamilton was the excitement and obullition. Maryland had shown herself worthy of a place in the Southern Constellation. Massachusetts and the accredited Butler were on their way South; South Carolina and the heroic Maxey Gregg were on their way North; there was fun afoot; one could see for we was all the South wanted!

Good of heavens! what an hour, when the sons of patriots strike at their country's flag, and brothers delight in brothers' blood! Only a few days ago Colonel Hamilton, as though still we were not so very fine a thing to be jubilant over after all.

Colonel Hamilton was not at table. Mrs. Harris, who seldom left her room in the morning, was all animation, and said she would go home with the next steamer, and took her negroes would hear about the war and run away if they got a chance. Miss Kittie tossed her mirth, and spoke in a tone subdued and quiet.

We all met at dinner, when the war-news was the topic of conversation. Robert and I remained silent until a lady whom I disliked said, maliciously, I fancied: "We are going to have more speeches at the Court House to-night, Miss Miller, to rouse up the people. Will you go and listen?"

"Thank you, no, Madam! It is not necessary to go abroad to hear treason nowadays."

Every one in the table was upon me. I was certain. I looked only at Robert, who sat as undisturbed as though I had simply said "No" to the offer of more tea.

"Who are to be the speakers?" Miss Kittie asked, more in the tone of one who would break a disagreeable silence than one who cares for information.

"Madam Rumor is not communicative on that point," she replied, gayly. "With strictest inquiry I could only learn that our friend Colonel Hamilton here would not be one of them, and that the new preacher, whose secession views have already been somewhat elaborated, would be one. How do you think the Colonel will construe your remark, Miss Miller?"

I was indignant, but managed to smother both anger and contempt so as to reply haughtily and coolly:

"It is of no consequence to me, Madam, how he construes it. If it suit him, he can accept it; if not, he is at liberty to reject it."

The gentlemen at the table were speaking sat obliquely opposite me. There was neither frown nor scowl on his face, such as I often noticed when he was displeased. On the contrary, I thought he looked amused, and it annoyed me.

Miss Kittie and I went out on the upper piazza after dinner, while the gentlemen were smoking below.

"I don't understand a thing what all this quarrel is about," she said, sadly. "If the South is in the wrong I don't wish to know, for I am a Southerner. But I don't see, my love, why individuals need indulge in personal spite, like that impertinent old thing at table. I can not help liking you just as well as though you had been born in my grandfather Gaisden's house instead of my grandfather Harris's; and I wish you and your brother would go home with us to Mississippi."

"Bless her fine Kittie Harris!" exclaimed a voice before I had time to reply to her warm-hearted words, and Colonel Hamilton stood near us, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "Those are my sentiments, well expressed. We have too many haters on our side, and I have no reason to doubt the feeling is most heartily reciprocated."

"I will answer for the North, Sir," I returned, warmly. "The North feels no hatred against the South. She loves our common country, and is deeply determined to stand by it, or if not suffer it to be overthrown, even though compelled to crush its foes."

"You speak very warmly, Miss Margy."

"I speak as I feel, then. When the troops of the United States can, if necessity require, march from Maine to Texas, and from Texas to Maine again peaceably, I shall be able to speak more calmly and coolly."

"A lady ought at all times to be safe in speaking her sentiments freely and openly. But every nation has its fanatics and its unprincipled men, who scruple at nothing in a crisis like this. For your brother's sake, then, I beg you to be guarded, Miss Miller."

"Do not think, Sir, my brother would seek safety by infidelity to his country. If he could be so base I should disown him."

He bowed and retired. Miss Kittie and I were again alone, and fell to speculating on the probabilities of a blockade, and whether Tampa was of sufficient importance to be put in the catalogue of Southern ports. Kittie had commenced the packing of their trunks, that they might be ready at a minute's warning when the next steamer was signaled. It was not the case day, and Kittie begged we would accompany them down the Bay.

While we were talking about it, and planning a correspondence, Robert came with a letter for me. I knew, instantly, something to look of anxiety on his face, though masked with a smile.

"A letter for you from New York, Margy. I was expecting one myself, but it did not come."

I read and read my mine, then, as a sort of communion, I said, soothingly: "It is from a mutual friend, and gives account of a great demonstration at Union Square."

I began to read, and when I came to where the battle-rent flag of Sumter was taken amidst deafening cheers to the bronze statue and placed in the hand of the "Father of his Country" by the very same man who had nailed it to the mast amidst the storm of rebel shot and shell, my brother's feelings overcame him, and he wept like a child. Kittie's eyes moistened also; but it was but one of my moments of weakness. Had I been a man I would have made a speech then and there, for I felt strong enough for martyrdom.

Colonel Hamilton's carriage stood at the door. It was not long before we heard his well-known step, firm and equal, though soft as a woman's. He came, looked inquiringly from one to another, as though suddenly checked in what he wished to say, and uncertain whether he might not be an intruder.

"Read this," I said, holding out the open letter by a sudden impulse, "and see how loyal men and women still love their country."

He took it without a word, sat down upon one of the vacant seats, and read it carefully from beginning to end. Then he hastily passed over his eyes, as though they were misty; but when he returned the letter without a single remark there was no trace of feeling whatever.

"I came to invite you for a short drive this evening—positively the last," he said, turning to Robert. "I see you ask for a day's leaving town to-morrow."

"To-morrow will be a very unlucky day for us then," returned my brother.

"Don't go to-morrow, Colonel Hamilton," interposed Kittie. "I want you to see the Bay with us. I think it will be easier to say good-by there than here. Please stay just one day more."

I would gladly be persuaded, Miss Kittie, but my letters to-day are urgent, and I have never before felt reluctance in leaving Tampa."

I brought my brother's palmetto and dusted him when he decided to ride, then went with Kittie to sit with her mother until tea.

Early that night the citizens began to gather around the Court House. We heard loud cheering for Beauregard and the Baltimore boys; cheering again for South Carolina and Maxey Gregg; then a vociferous call for Colonel Hamilton.

He was smoking on the lower piazza, but at the call arose and walked leisurely toward the assembled crowd. Not long after we heard his voice in earnest declamation, though unable to distinguish what he said. That it was satisfactory, however, was clearly demonstrated by the noisy shouts that succeeded, and the man stood publicly committed to the cause I hated.

Robert fell into parting more than I anticipated. I had never seen him so overcome since the day we left home. I left him and the Colonel together, and ran away to Kittie's room,

for their grief was sympathetic. More than half an hour elapsed before the latter came to the door of Mrs. Harris's room to say farewell. He offered me his hand a second time, and said, "Remember me always as your brother's friend and yours, Miss Margy." The touch of his hand for a moment became a pressure, and he was gone.

I did not return to Robert until he sent for me; then the name of his friend was broached by neither of us. We talked of Kittie, however; he regarding that he felt unable to accompany the little party from the hotel to the steamer, and insisting that I should go without him. All day we waited in momentary expectation of the signal which would take away another friend whom we had found in that far Southern land. It was nearly nightfall when it came at last.

The prospect of a moonlight excursion could not induce me to leave Robert, who had been out of spirits all day. In vain Miss Kittie laughed, and tried to say gay things as usual to both of us—recollective of the times we would have when we came "to make that visit to the old plantation." She broke down in the midst, and burst into a flood of weeping. We put our arms around her, and held her fast until Chris came the second time to take her away.

"I will write to you every mail," she said; "every single mail! Don't forget me."

We stood on the piazza waving the departing carriage until it was out of sight; then hand in hand went back to our own rooms, feeling more than ever that we were alone—"strangers in a strange land."

A letter from Colonel Hamilton came the next week, remarked Tullahassee. I will not copy it, but from its cheering influence on Robert inferred it was the bearer of agreeable tidings. The Colonel's name seldom passed between us. At sometimes wished Robert would speak of him, knowing how much he must love him.

But the first thing that really enlivened us was Miss Kittie's journal, sent back from New Orleans. It was a document calculated to excite heart-shadows, like its fair originator; and we laughed as heartily over "Kittie's three days' adventure at sea" as we had often done over her gayety on land. Chris's sea-sickness, and her mother's anxiety to get home before the darkeys heard the war-news, were worthy of a Dickens.

Our friends had been gone a month, and we were learning to live without them, when Robert was able, in the morning, lounging on the piazzas and reading the news at evening. Our kind host and hostess were relieved from all their exertions for our comfort and happiness, no less in their attempts to shield from petty annoyances than by efforts to give positive pleasure. We came to regard the war as a fixed fact, our separation from home complete. Day after day we had heard the silver cords of the Stars and Union parting, and thought sorrowfully of the deeds of evil fathers; of their trail and contagion; their hopes and prayers, while laying the foundation of their glorious work.

We thought again of the blessed fruits of that Union; of the peace, prosperity, and happiness which had flowed in like a river, until tyrants grew pale before the majesty of the free republic, ready to match its strength with giants of the Old World. We thought, too, of those brave men who had stood side by side in the Senate-Chamber and on the battle-field while that nation was walking from glory to glory—grand men, who grown to mortal foes; and more sorrowfully still we thought of brothers of the same parents and heart-kindred who had become mortal foes in their enmity than the sons of strangers. Then the mocking shouts, already heard in the distance from loud-mouthed despots, rang in our ears, until I could have fallen on my knees in all humility, and begged our misguided brethren to return to our father's house.

Such thoughts were the result of calm, undisturbed reflection. But let the subject matter be spoken again to assert the principle, or palliate the offense of those same erring men, and gentle thoughts would have taken wing in a moment: we would have reasserted "No truce with traitors; no concession nor compromise; no oil on the bitter waters of strife; justice is inflexible, and demands the uttermost farthing."

CHAPTER V.

I HAVE come now to the saddest leaf of my record. After lingering over trifling incidents to keep the great event as far away as possible, it must be met here again in imagination as it had to be met first in terrible reality. Months and years of entrancing love and happiness the pang. I have learned to think of other loved and lost ones with a sort of pensive pleasure; but Robert's memory is keen, and weaves with tears. Never until death closes the gates of life behind me also shall I cease to lament thee, O my brother!

Brief as the final struggle of his existence will be my task in the closing life. I will be grateful to linger over. I thought him better, at least no worse, and so wrote to Kittie on the very morning of his death. Knowing well that his gentle, invalid ways, with his habitual cough, sometimes better, sometimes worse, with his pallid weakness and weariness, made me interpret life to the ever-present danger. Moreover, from the first I had fully believed the climate of Tullahassee would effect an ultimate cure. That he knew better, and saw the event not far distant, I know now from the testimony of his own words, the last he penned:

"The time is at hand when I shall have to claim the fulfillment of your promise. I have felt a single doubt of your ability to the sacred trust imposed on you—not one. I am sure there is there uncertain time, and I shall not call it untimely. I have nothing to repeat, nothing further to add. Do not try to console Margy; she will be brave, and bid me pass 'to God and home.'

Never! I can not tell her, nor would it avail to lighten the stroke. You can say, when it is all over, how much more I have suffered for her than for myself. My dear Colonel, what should I have done without you? I thank Heaven humbly for giving me such a friend. Your two letters are sealed carefully, and marked—to be returned. Take my dying love and blessing."

Little did I think when placing the writing materials before him what he was about to write, or that the precious words would ever be returned to me, to be read, wept over, and preserved among my most treasured treasures.

We had spoken the day previous of going with the Mayor to fish for sheep-head in the Hillsboro. He came for us; but Robert complained of illness and indisposition to make the effort. The Mayor did not urge him, but promised a splendid day for dinner.

After he was gone Robert lay upon the sofa and slept until noon; awoke with a sense of chilliness, although it was warm in a tropical climate. I wrapped him in blankets, and sent for a physician without finding much alarm. When he came, he was sleeping again very heavily. He examined his pulse, felt of his brow, and inquired if he had slept as much the preceding night. I thought so. He ordered warm balm tea to promote perspiration, and said he would call again in the evening. It would be better not to disturb him.

Dinner was sent up. I waited for him, and sat down after hour before I knew much he would be refreshed by such quiet sleep. Not a shadow of suspicion crossed my mind. Without a murmur, as though mind and body were alike steeped in repose, until almost nightfall, when his eyes unclosed and fastened on me inquiringly. How bright they looked in their fixed, earnest gaze!

"What a nice long sleep you have had, Robert! Do you feel better for it?"

He would have spoken, but began to cough, and expectorated a little blood. At the same time putting his handkerchief to his lips. He could not control the flow. The crimson stream bought half a dozen persons to the door. Robert's hand grasped mine convulsively, his head drooped on my shoulder, while the red tide was pouring fast from the seat of life.

"Don't touch him! I exclaimed when they would have removed him—"don't touch him, unless you can save him!"

No mortal could do that. Long before the blood ceased it was over. Margy turned bewildered and his breath departed.

Of the moments I do not know. Who unclasped his hand from mine, took his head from my shoulder, or wiped his red lips, I never knew. Memory did it tenderly. I have no doubt, and removed my own blood-stained dress, and laid me upon the bed where I found myself with returning consciousness.

I had forgotten nothing. The last thread memory dropped was the first one she picked up. I thought I had only fainted for a few minutes.

"Take me to my brother again. I feel better now."

"Are you strong enough?" asked kind Mrs. Thomson. "I am afraid you are ill."

I was resolute; and leaning on her arm reached the door of Robert's room. It was dark and quiet. She opened the shutters. The bed had been removed, but a low couch stood in its place, upon it lay my brother, dressed neatly in black. He bewildered.

"Is not this Thursday?" I inquired.

"Yesterday," she replied. "You have been ill, Miss Miller."

I was ill again, and would have fainted but for Mrs. Thomson's words.

"They wished to bury your brother this morning, but neither the Mayor nor your friend would consent to it."

"Bury my brother!" I exclaimed. "Oh, Mrs. Thomson! I am going to take Robert home."

In an agony of grief I threw myself upon the couch, pressed my cheek to his, and said:

"They shall not bury you, Robert, my poor brother! I will never leave you here alone. Never! We will go home together to Aunt Mary."

I heard smothered sobs. Some one raised me gently but firmly from the couch and carried me back to my own room. My eyes were closed. I saw nothing, heard nothing, until Mrs. Thomson came and sat down by me again, took my hand, and said:

"Poor fatherless dear, poor Miss Margy! They shall not bury him."

With this assurance I must have slept.

The next morning she came to me early into my chamber. If it had been shining for the last three days I had not seen it. I tried to think what the sunshine was, but the thoughts would go no further than "Robert is dead!"

"Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy!" as Miss Kittie used to call him, brought up a bouquet with my breakfast, and waited for me to notice it.

"It is pretty, Jimmy, but I don't care for flowers any more.

"Mars'r Robert liked dem dar sort, Miss. Poor Mars'r Robert!

Jimmy had been my brother's waiter ever since my arrival, and I learned all his little likes and dislikes, even to his favorite flowers. I looked up, and saw the boy's eyes fixed sorrowfully on me. His mouth was half open, and he began to sing, with that plaintive inflection no Saxon tongue has ever caught,

"Dar'll be no more sorrow dar!
Dar'll be no more sorrow dar!
In Hebben above, what all is love,
Dar'll be no more sorrow dar!"

Burning drops were on my cheeks.

"Don't cry, Miss, don't! Mars'r Robert's done gone to dat dar 'appy Land."

"Don't see it, Jimmy! It is out of sight."

"Oh! dat's 'cause de cross, dey we find 'em sure, Miss."

The fountain of tears was opened. I took the flowers and went into Robert's room by myself. Some one had opened the shutters, and let in the sweet morning air and sunshine. There he lay, wearing the same smile still, the very semblance of life. Kneeling down beside him, I put the flowers in his hand, kissed his pale forehead and lips, and struggled to be calm. But the barriers were broken; the tide would gush forth.

"Oh, Robert! are you really smiling upon me? Tell me where you are now! Do you know I am all alone in the world since you left me? All gone: father, mother, George, Willie, and little Dobby. I can not live alone! Robert, come back for me!"

The piazza door suddenly unlocked, and some one entered the room. I could not be mistaken in this tall, manly figure even.

"Colonel Hamilton!"

He came near, put his hand upon my head, and was silent. I heard him weep.

"Colonel Hamilton, see what death has done?"

"Miss Margy, let me try to comfort you. It breaks my heart to hear you go on so. I promised Robert to be his friend after death brother to you; and I promise you now, here in his presence, that you shall never want a friend while I live."

I tried to thank him.

"Have you just arrived?"

"I have been here two days. Your brother's letter reached me on Wednesday morning. I set out without an hour's delay, and arrived Friday evening—too late."

"Did Robert send for you?"

"No, Miss Margy, but I wished to be with him at the last. Thank God, he needed no one but you!"

He took a letter from his pocket, quietly unfolded it, and read a portion of what I have before quoted:

"Do not try to come to me. Death has no terrors, and I have no fear. Love me better! Poor Margy! I can not tell her. When it is over, you can say how much I suffered for her. Oh, Colonel, be kind to her!"

He read no more, and was returning it to the envelope.

"Would you part with that, Colonel Hamilton? I have no letters of Robert's, except a few written while he was in college. We were not always together."

"You shall certainly have it if you wish," he replied. "Much as I prize it, your claim is before mine."

"I have no claim, Sir. I am willing to owe it to your generosity."

"Margy, have you eaten any breakfast?"

"I am not eat."

"I will ask Mrs. Thomson to send you a fresh piece of toast, and a cup of coffee. When you have taken it, I wish to speak to you again of your future home."

He led me to the door of my room, and said:

"I will come for you in half an hour." Mrs. Thomson came herself with the second tray of food.

"I know just how this you like your toast, and have brought it buttered it myself. It is nice, honey, and you will eat it when I have taken so much pains."

"I will try."

I ate it all, choking with every mouthful.

"You'll be better now," she said. "You've took nothing but drink for three days. Mr. Thomson shall shoot a bird for you to-morrow. I want to comfort your heart now, and dress you myself. Your hair is in a dreadful snarl."

I submitted as before.

"Do you care which of these dresses you put on?"

"No."

"The bombazine has crape folds. 'Tis the most suitable; and here's a collar and undersleeves to match. I hear the Colonel in the other room again. You'll soon be ready."

A light rap at the door was answered by Mrs. Thomson.

"Has she eaten?"

"Like a lamb."

"Thank you. Your husband has perfected every other arrangement. I must speak with Miss Miller now."

"Miss Margy," he said, taking my hand and leading me back into my brother's room. "I have to tell you of the last wish which Robert wished. In the first place, to be buried in a metallic coffin, which fortunately has been procured."

"I am not going to have him buried here, Sir. I will take him home!"

"Margy, listen!"

"By way of Key West."

"Margy, for seven or seven years, before we have another steamer. The blockade is effected."

"I will go across the country, then."

"It is utterly impossible. Listen to me, Miss Margy. If you wish to go home, I will procure you a passport, and you shall go to the line myself. When, as soon as the war-clouds break away, if I am still living, Lwill bring you your brother. Your promise on my honor as a man."

"I can not go away and leave him here, Colonel Hamilton."

"I have another proposition to make, one which Robert liked better on account of your feelings. Your mother you should remain in Florida until the close of the war. He made arrangements which I will communicate to you to-morrow. I never speak of the burial, which will have to take place to-day. Have you ever visited the cemetery?"

"I can not have him buried here; it will kill me! Oh, if it only would!"

I rose on this morning early, and selected the spot I liked best. Would you like to go and see it?"

"No, it don't matter much. Who would you like to have read the service?"

"Not that minister who abuses the North so. He should be buried without a prayer sooner."

"Very well! I do not like him either. But there is Dr. Branch, who is a Northerner and a good man too. He has been a preacher. I will send for him to do it. Now, Margy, go and rest. I will come for you again in an hour."

"Colonel Hamilton, do you say Robert is to be buried in an hour, and ask me to go away and rest? Can you be so cruel as not to leave him to me one day longer?"

"I would gladly grant all you ask, but it is impossible."

His decision alarmed me.

"I must stay here with him this morning, Colonel Hamilton! Go and leave me alone. You don't know what it is to be so utterly bereft."

"My poor child! I pity you."

"You can not help me. Leave me, and I will try to do what is right. Don't think me ungrateful.

He went away. I heard him pacing up and down the piazza a long time, while I sat trying to reduce my broken thoughts to order. "It is true," I said, "that I can not take him home?" Reason replied, "It is true. He must be laid here for a time, then his precious dust may be removed to mingle with kindred dust. It is you who should see it done, not a stranger."

I was gazing at Robert still when Mrs. Thomson's footstep announced another visitor. What wonder if my excited imagination for the moment believed it was he who counseled me to rise superior to weakness, or that I should have responded,

"For your sake, Robert, God helping me, I will do it!"

Kneeling down beside him, and clasping both his cold hands in mine, I prayed, as I had never prayed before, that Heaven would hear and help me in my weakness. What bitter, bitter cries burst from my heart in anguish! What groans, and sobbings, and tears, until other sobs mingled with mine; other forms were kneeling around me. Then some one arose silently, calm voices, entreating peace and consolation for the stranger's heart broken in their midst.

When the noise ceased some one led me away. Mrs. Thomson brought bonnet and mantle and tied them on me. Her husband came and said he would walk with the bearers, Colonel Hamilton would take us. The citizens, two and two, walked behind us. No coffin, the bearers bore it. A solitary carriage followed, until it came to a clump of cedars, and an open grave in one corner of the rural cemetery. There they left my poor brother.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

NEW NOSEGE COMB, UNSPOLLAR WITH SCHOOL-BOYE.—"Take care of Cæsar."

KEEPING SILENCE.—The females of some of the Indian tribes, in order to keep silence, fill their mouths with water. Our women fill theirs with tea, and gossip more than ever.

What an insect is man! Even royalty itself is infinitely small. In fact, to borrow the announcement of Mr. Fechter, "The King's but a fly."

We hear a great deal about young ladies' accomplishments. Bless their little fibrous hearts! Before they marry they ought to perform quarantine in cotton, and serve seven years to fine and polishing.

What eales, Sir, should be a horse
That's young, and years shine?
D'ye give it up? Why, Sir, of course,
A horse has hoofs and be off.

TOO HAPPY.—A newly-married man says if he had an inch more of happiness he could not possibly live. His wife is about an inch taller than he is, and he has such a shingle every day to keep him from being too happy. "What life he has been passing a year," remarks our friend; "and as will probably feel like playing hot cakes with him the next year, and that not lovingly."

SPORTING FASHION.—*Dangerous Style of Tie for a Fox-hunter.*—A Fall for the Neck.

What is the most sensational Periodical of the day?—The Fowler Monthly.

A merchant running out from his counting-house to get his lunch, was impeded in his progress by a poor man with a small basket. "I am a poor old general, the architect told the man to go with his wheel-barrow to—no matter where. He looked round, and curtly replied, "Maybe, my friend, we should be more in your House's way there than here."

When you see a dwarf, you may take it for granted that his parents were small deal of it.

Phrenologists place the bump of invention upon the skull; but a nose three inches long is a great projector.

The oyster is indeed a queer fish. We have long heard of the oyster's cry, but it is for the first time that we and the Berlin papers to teach us that there is such a thing as the oyster-in-a-fever. But as it is to that the delicious bivalve is to be found in that Prussian stream!

A FOOL JOKE.—Why is Harry like the place where chickens roost?—Because he's a fowl-story.

THE SHORTEST TIMES OF CHRISTMAS.—A lady's foot.

"Why, Sambo, how black you are!" said a gentleman to the other day to a negro waiter at a hotel; "how in the dickens you get so black?" "Why, Sah, I'se a-tryin' to wash myself one time, but my dar ole chile was born there was an eclipse."

"My son," said Springkle senior to Springkle junior, thinking it advisable to enlighten the boy on the propagation of the human species, "my son, do you know that chickens come from eggs?" "Do they?" said Springkle, "I thought eggs came out of chickens." Springkle senior closed the chapter.

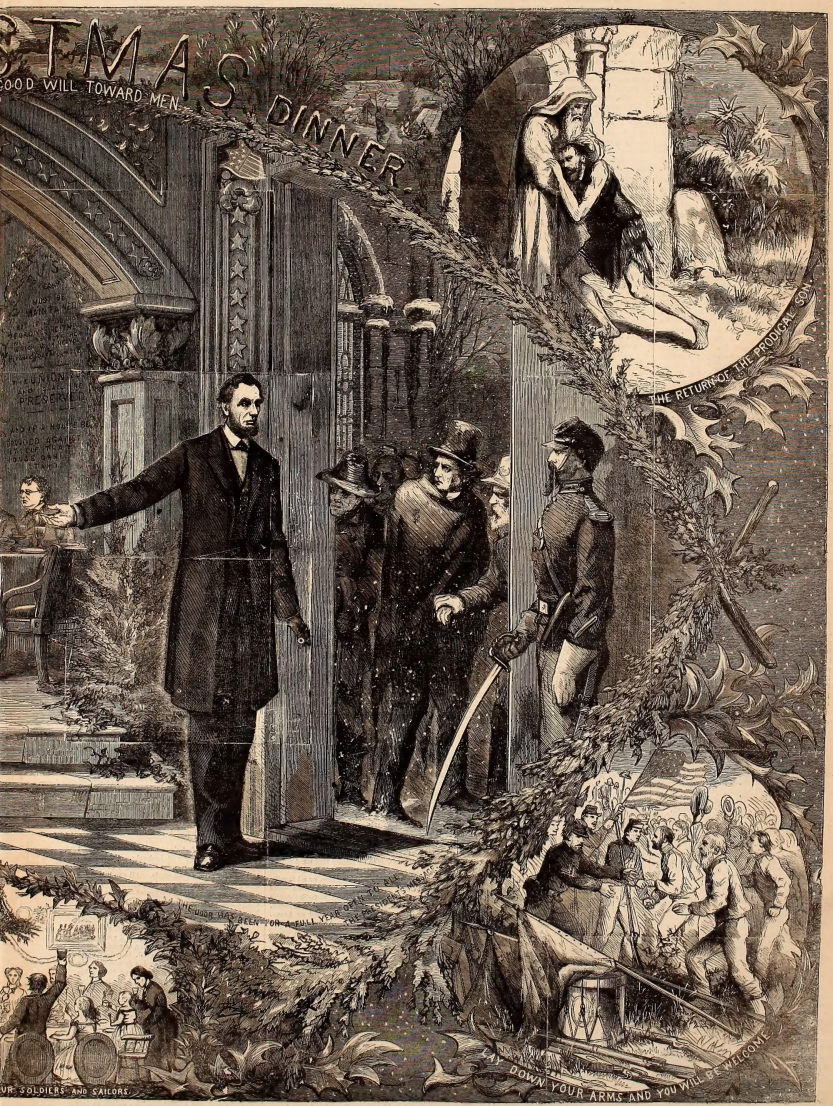
How quickening it is to be suddenly lodged in a prison cell for the night, and released the following morning with the comforting reply to your inquiry, "You are the wrong man."

Why is slavery like an over-boiled egg?—Because its yoke is hard.

In an action, lately, Mr. James said it was a lamentable thing to see "two tailors in the same suit."

How a couple of infant statues out of a bridge, if you would have a representation of "the babes in the wood."

THE UNION CHRI
PEACE ON EARTH AND
VICTORY HOLDING OUT THE OLIVE BRANCH TO SUBMISSION
FLAG
SLAVERY
FREEDOM
UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER
THE HOME TOAST GOD BLESS


TMAS DINNER
OOD WILL TOWARD MEN
THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON
DOWN YOUR ARMS AND YOU WILL BE WELCOME
UR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

THE CHRISTMAS SOLO.

THE Christmas of 1863 is so fresh in the memory of all who may read this little narrative that some of them will at once recall the incidents which, under the slight veil of a change of names of persons and places, I shall now relate.

In the rural district of this country, the Christmas holiday is not generally as much observed as in the city; but certainly the village of Buford numbered among its inhabitants so many city people that it retained many metropolitan customs, and one of these was the celebration of Christmas with a degree of fervor which could hardly be surpassed even in a Roman Catholic town of Italy.

Our church, the only one eastern in most Episcopal churches in country-places, depended chiefly for its vitality upon the assistance of ladies. A bachelor—Miss Story we mean—Ella Story, if I remember aright—played the little organ, and another lady —Matilda Ann Wragg—acted as choir leader and first soprano. This Matilda Ann Wragg was a daughter of Rev. Amos Wragg, who had been rector of the parish ever so long ago. He had been supernumerated some fifteen years since, and his only child, Matilda Ann, lived with him in his old house near the church, another parsonage having been built for the new incumbent, Mr. Watkins.

Matilda Ann Wragg had never been married—and as she had long since passed the bloom of youth she was necessarily an old maid. I must say, too, that she was not exactly like the typical old maid who are caricatured in ill-natured valentines; for she was tall, and gaunt, and skinny, and had bilious eyes and a sharp nose inclining to red. She had, moreover, a very glib tongue, with the use of which she was well acquainted, while I am afraid that she knew very well how to govern not only her body who came in her way. I well remember once applying to that lady a verse of Scripture slightly altered to suit the occasion: "Who hath babbling? who hath contention? who hath redness of eyes?" To which the reply naturally enough was, "Miss Matilda Ann Wragg."

In the choir Miss Wragg was complete despot. Not even the new minister, a weak, little man, fresh from a theological seminary, presumed to question her taste or judgment; and I verily believe he lived in constant fear that she should unfairly pounce upon him like a jaguar and marry him against his will. But, as I have said, she was very docile, and always referred all musical matters to the lady in question.

Miss Wragg, I should think, had been in years long gone by a fair singer, and now her voice had assumed a sharp, cutting tone that seemed to harmonize, however unpleasant the combination might have been, with her visage-like aspect. She was very fond of high tunes, and was never satisfied unless she had at least two F's and one G above the staff in every service. She was also strong enough on these high notes, but her middle register was so weak as to be almost inaudible. She never missed a Sunday at church, was very exemplary and devout in her deportment, and when she kneeled during prayer spread her skirts so that she took up nearly the whole organ-loft, leaving the other members of the choir pinned up against the margin, with room not even enough to breathe or cough; a measure would certainly have been out of the question.

Last Christmas our little church of St. Epaphroditus (see Philippians iv. 25) made unusual preparations for the celebration of the Blessed Day. The choir had procured a new anthem from New York—it was that in F flat major, by Popkins, Op. 127—and a High Church clergyman of Hoboken had sent a *Te Deum*, composed by himself, which contained an elaborate solo for Miss Wragg. Besides all this our rector, Mr. Watkins, had written a Christmas Carol, which the Sunday-school scholars were to sing in chorus to a tune resembling between a march and a bacchanalian song, after the fashion so much in vogue nowadays. The words were as follows:

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

On the glorious Christmas morn
Lord we sing to thee;
For our Saviour Christ was born
On this happy Christmas-day.
In the manger,
Heavenly stranger,
Then wert born
This blessed day.

When the Wise men from afar
Journeyed on their weary way,
Guided by a radiant star,
To the place where Jesus lay—
In the manger,
Where the stranger,
Where the infant
Jesus lay.

Men and angels thus adore
Him, to whom we sing and pray;
And to Him should we the more
Ceaseless love and homage pay.
To the stranger
In the manger
Who was born
On Christmas-day.

The choir at rehearsal were very cool to Miss Wragg. They looked, indeed, critical for some time, smouldering under the ashes of habitual and conventional respect, a genuine dissatisfaction against her ways of old and her voice had so palpably deteriorated that this dissatisfaction was but natural. Her solo in the *Te Deum* was painful to listen to. Sharp, shaky, and uncertain, her thin, querulous voice, sadly out of tune, grated upon the ears of the most unmusical; but she was firm in her determination to sing, and directed the rehearsals with more than her usual abrupt severity. Perhaps she was aware that she was not the less used to with pleasure, and that her powers were failing.

The members of the choir finally decided that she must be got rid of; but who was to tell the cat? Miss Ella Snow, as the organist and as one entitled to have some little authority, was at last persuaded to suggest, in a most humble way:

"Miss Wragg, don't you think it would be better for Miss Johnson or the tenor to take the solo?"

Miss Wragg darted a sudden suspicious glance around the choir, and the guilty singers—for they were all in the conspiracy—shrank up closer to the margin of the organ-loft, as if expecting a biting reply or an abrupt dissent; but they were almost touched to note that the next moment the features of the soprano assumed an expression of real pain as she timidly replied:

"It's written for the soprano, Miss Snow. I think I had better try it."

The tenor here blurted out that Miss Wragg ought to let Miss Johnson sing it, for she at least knew how to sing it. But the lady took no such mark; but the other members of the choir were emboldened by it, and the tenor himself said, rather more confidently, that, in fact, Miss Wragg's voice was suffering with her severe cold perhaps it would be better, after all, for Miss Johnson to take the solo—if, indeed, he casually added, it were not better to let the tenor sing it.

Now Miss Wragg had no cold at all. She knew it, and she knew that the choir knew it too. She said, in a tone decisive, to be sure, yet mild enough for her:

"I think, ladies and gentlemen, that I will take the solo this time." And she added, in an absent, melancholy way, that she would try and rest.

No reply was made, and the rehearsal closed in a moody, sullen manner enough to all concerned. The singers, instead of lingering, as otherwise, over to the rector's house, and officially informed that portentous clergyman that Miss Wragg was to sing in that choir on Christmas-day the most stupendous solo Miss Johnson corroborated this view of the case, and even the tenor, in his heart of hearts, was glad he would not play the organ any longer for Matilda Ann Wragg, even if she was poor old Parson Wragg's daughter.

Poor Mr. Watkins was frightened nearly out of his wits; but he was spurred on by his choir, by his desire to have gifts for the Sunday-school, and by a vague sense of relief which even the mere prospect of Miss Wragg's downfall afforded him. Let, after all, she was a parishioner of his, and he knew better than any other that under that sharp severity of manner there lay a compassionating exterior, there lay a moral strength which kept alive some of the most useful charities of his parish. He knew that when an utterly unpleasant duty, shabby, poor family were in distress and poverty, Matilda Ann Wragg was the first to visit them; and he could not forget that only the last year she had he opened the door of poor old Dame Watson's little house by the river, he noticed that the room was nearly swept, a bright fire was in the grate on the hearth, a bowl of chicken soup was warming beside it, and a gentle voice was reading these words of David:

"Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there be none upon earth that I desire beside thee."

"My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.

He had to look at the window before he would have recognized Matilda Ann Wragg in that voice.

So Mr. Watkins was disposed to deprecate any action on the part of his choir. Then, when he remembered that one of his old professors from the Theological Seminary—a man, too, of musical taste—used to spend Christmas with him; and what would this Mr. Gramby think of the high G of Miss Wragg? He was too timid ordinarily to venture to attempt to write a note to the lady, courteously but decidedly telling her that the interests of his parish would be endangered by her kind willingness to sing anything from the choir. Of course there were thanks for past services, in which the members of his congregation, he hoped, gratefully joined.

Poor Miss Wragg! When she had said in the choir that she would like to sing "only this time" there was a meaning in the phrase which even she herself knew, and a further significance which not even she dared avow. But now that she was told to desist her. She had, however, too much personal dignity, as well as too great a respect for the pastoral office, to venture to revisit the choir after the rector's note. For the first time for many evenings there was no light twinkling through the windows of the little front parlor of old Parson Wragg's house, and the antique, many-legged piano-forte was as silent as the quavering voice of the ex-soprano. But her! yes! there in the little kitchen sat poor old Parson Wragg by bedridden, you might have seen the attentive and sympathized old woman who was bending against the table with her face buried in her hands.

It was Christmas-eve, and busy youths and maidens were at work trimming the church with greens. The choir was arriving at a great rate, and even in the organ-loft, the clear soprano of Jane Johnson reaching the G squarely and touching the F, and there was trouble somewhere; for the little band of singers had been so used to the systematic, if despotic, management of Miss Wragg that they now had degenerated into anarchy, and more than half the rehearsal-time was spent in arguing little points which the ex-soprano would have decided by a word. They also felt a vague distrust of themselves and of their recent success, and would, if they had been rather severe on the fallen potentate whom they did not name at all, but thought of inwardly as "that poor Matilda Ann Wragg."

Suddenly there was a movement of surprise in the body of the church. The young men dropped their festoons of ivy and the girls their wreaths of evergreen; and listening, the choir heard the exclamation, repeated by several voices,

"Drowned!"

"Drowned just below the milldam. They saw the body near the shore, and Roberts, the miller, secured it."

Who was it? whispered the members of the choir to each other in alarm. But a whisper whispered they each seemed to feel that it was the late soprano.

"She had been to Widow Watson's with a basket of victuals," continued the relator of the news in the body of the church. "and Mr. Walters from Smith's Corners saw it all. He says she was walking slowly along the bank, toward dusk, singing. The wind was blowing toward him, and he could hear the words. He says they were from the *Te Deum*." When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin."

Each member of the listening choir felt a sudden thrill of pain. These were the words of the soprano solo.

"She walked on," said the man, "to near the highest part of the bank, just above the bridge, when her foot slipped and she fell over the ledge. Walters says she gave a scream and tried to save herself by grabbing at the grass, but that there was nothing to grasp hold of, and soon she was out of sight. The current swept her away, and when Walters and the others saw her floating down by the mill it was too late."

The appalled group at the church after this intelligence put up the greens quickly, though sadly, and there was no more rehearsing by the choir. An event so unusual was startling enough to the people of a quiet country village.

Christmas of last year came on a Friday, and on the Sunday following the funeral of Miss Wragg took place in the little church. Many came who had never been there before. The High Church minister from Hoboken was there; but besides him there were many poor people from the factory town near Rulford, and they all had a kind regretful word and a pitying look for the parson's daughter, who, cross as she looked, was always so ready to come to them when they were sick or in misery; and the people of the village, where she had lived so long unappreciated, began to doubt whether they had ever really known the old maid. Had they not entertained an angel unawares?

The members of the choir agreed among themselves to take care of the dead lady's pastoral charge, the old Widow Watson; and Jane Johnson and Ella Snow went to see the poor old creature the very day after the funeral. She was quite voiceless enough in her sorrow: and, not knowing how the unconscious ears around the south of her bearers, she told them how Miss Wragg had talked to her about the choir; and how she had said she knew that Jane's voice was harsh and thin; and how she had meant to give way to younger and better singers, but wanted to sing *so much* on that Christmas-day, for it was the last time she expected that very Christmas since—; and then she burst into tears.

Old Mrs. Watson further said that, after a few moments, Miss Wragg took from her bosom a locket and showed it to her a portrait. "I knowed who it was," added the bereaved old woman—"it was the young clergyman of Rulford—a helper to Parson Wragg—years and years ago, before I lost my boys, by years ago or more. But I never supposed before that he was any thing to Matilda Ann—I never should have guessed it, ma'am. Well, well, after all, I knowed her better than any of you."

Do we *really* know any of those whom we meet day by day? Do not others near us seem to wander whose outward mannerisms lie hidden the love, the sorrow, the tragedy, the "beauty of holiness" which made our poor sopranos one of those who will be His in the day when He shall make up His jewels?

MRS. BUSWELL'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.

THE happy mother of three sons three years ago. All grown to fine manhood. For when the boys came in to her, all on fire with the spirit that was breathed in from the very atmosphere of those days, that low wan fire, she said, would have helped them strap on their knapsacks had she been needed at the work. As it was, she knit their socks and mended their Bibles, and sent them off, stout-hearted, with a dry eye.

The eye was not so dry one summer day not long after, the day of M'Dowell's Bull Run—two of the boys never rose from that battle-field. Still she was a proud mother. She gloried over her dead, as afterward, all to preserve this cherished name of country. It went far to console her.

And there remained Will. What a boy he was now, to be sure! How ardent, how heroic, how tender, how compassionate! What an eye he had, large, gray-violet, and liked, looking straight through you! What a brow! Such a noble, broad bend as the brown hair parted from it! There was something in just that one lock of bright hair and the incessant, childlike way of its falling that must appeal to every woman's heart. It did to Nelly Sanderson's—that, or something else, or all together.

And the good it did you to hear his laugh—his mirth that seemed to carry the very warmth through your very heart as you listened. A handsome, merry boy: a boy to be proud of. Yes, she was. Blessed are the pure in heart! And so Mrs. Buswell's thoughts kept running.

That Frank would be injured in the battle in which he died was a comfort to her mind as certain as was that Christmas-day would come. Frank was to be with her on Christmas-day—that was all arranged; when he was to tell her about Will and Jack—about the last words, their last deeds, their last looks—the two boys whom she had watched from childhood from manhood, and who in those three years had grown back again to be as tender memories as the babies and long before.

Then, all told, Nelly Sanderson would come in and sit beside him, and look across to her for admiring sympathy in every thing he said and every thing he did; and perhaps—who knew?—Frank had promise of promotion—before he went back to the cruel war again, he would leave Nelly with her to stay forever her own daughter; for Frank and Nelly had been engaged something, into which though she knew about it, she had never obtruded herself.

How eagerly Mrs. Buswell set her house in order now that Frank at last was coming! In order it always was; she had to displace every thing that she might put all to rights afresh, and satisfy herself. The britannia shone, the chintz sparkled, and the linen was like a smooth snow-drift. And such pies as there were in the pantry: puffs and patties, jelly-tarts, each one a picture in crimson and snow: a great brawn; the cold ducks brown from the spit and, down cellar, home-grown's great turkey lately asking to be basted! Mrs. Buswell smoothed down her apron in complacency, and betook herself to his bedroom. Every thing there was white and sweet; the bed a refreshment to tired limbs to look at—very like he couldn't sleep in it, he said, himself so accustomed to hardship; the toilet-covers dazzling; the prayer-book open at the Thanksgiving service; and, remembering that Nelly Sanderson had brought in—a cluster of red-berried roses—all blooming in the white vase, for the room was just warmed from the sun-rays. Mrs. Buswell went and hid her face in the pillow where her boy's head would lie that night. Perhaps she was ashamed that even the empty room and the walls—save one for the slips of engravings the boy had pinned up there from the illustrated weeklies—should find should see the smile that kept growing broader and broader upon it, till, from sheer happiness, it was nothing but a smothered laugh. Yet, when she raised her head the place was wet, after all, with tears.

It was well for Mrs. Buswell that in that happy moment she touched the fountain of which her springs it saved poor heart and brain much racking. She had need of all her wits, and more than her wits, in another room, she went in and found the rector there awaiting her. It gave a single plunge, and then her heart became like a stone in her left side. She knew what his entrance in that way meant even before he turned his sad, quiet face, accustomed to such errands, to her. For a moment she could bring grave black and swarm before her; she staggered to a chair. "Is it Will?" she dryly asked, with her hands outstretched, "you needn't tell me, if it is—I'll be it now. My boy's with his brothers!"

She understood what the rector had come to tell her. Of all his company going gayly into the engagement but ten had come out alive, and he was not among them. And since no words were there which would avail for consolation, the ministers of Heaven knelt beside her and offered up his prayers, which could to life here will in purpose. But Mrs. Buswell's heart was too heavy to be dragged from its depths. Frank was to have been with her on Christmas-day, but she sat at his moment, and now the place was empty, empty as a grave. Oh, that grave was full—full and heaped up, in the black place his dear white suffering face—the little baby once that had slept on her bosom—and the brave, handsome, gallant, fearless one of all, of all her blossoms fallen, and the thorny old stem left! And Mrs. Buswell broke into a storm of sobbing, which, for the relief of them all, the ministers neared Nelly, the orphan Nelly, her dead boy's sweet-heart. "He was all she had," said Mrs. Buswell. "Oh! he was all I had, he!"

So Nelly was sent for, and all unsuspicously and happily, full of pleasant expectation, and pleasure, came over. Once every moment had brought her it a fear, but now had not Providence itself halted in its superlicence to sending them all such a one promise that he would be with them on Christmas-day?

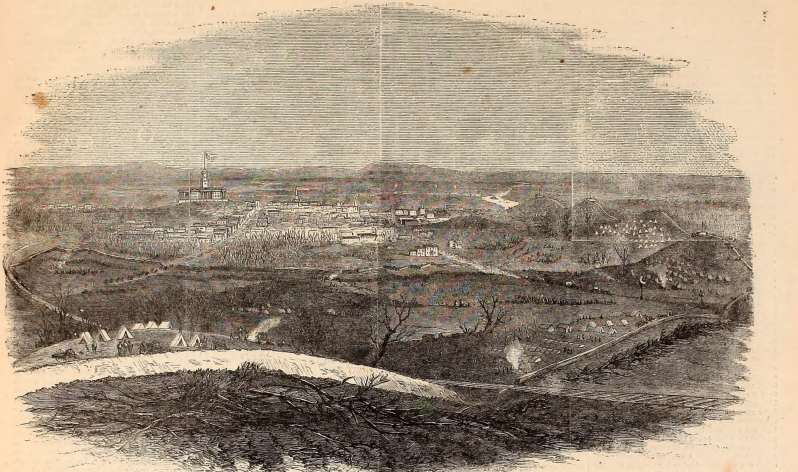
Mrs. Buswell, feeling the work before her, had tried to dry her face and to compose herself for a brief while. She called Nelly in a trembling voice from Frank's room. And without knowing why, Nelly trembled in unison. Then, as gently as speech could do it, the mother essayed to break the matter to her, till, hurriedly, finding it beyond her own strength, she flung her arms about her and clasped the girl to her breast, for she should never see Frank any more. And far from comforting her, as she hung upon her there, under the potency of the blessed Christian name, the girl seemed slowly growing into a petrifaction herself, and though Mrs. Buswell helped her to the bed, and sobbed her face into her hands as well, she utterly neither wept nor groan, only looked at her with wide-open wonder. Then, at last, Mrs. Buswell endeavored to repeat to her all that the good rector had said to herself, for though at the moment she had seemed to pay it no heed, it had evidently lived into her heart as a picture might be stamped upon a plate left in the camera uncovered by its black face-cloth. And Nelly had listened to the lie of no use. Then Buswell gave way to her own grief again, and it seemed to her that she raised and supported the poor girl, who would lose Nelly also. "Oh, that was because I was so ungrateful and said I had nothing left!" she cried.

"You need not fret about me, Mrs. Buswell," said Nelly at last, feebly and brokenly. "I shall do very well. I am content God should take from me he lent him to us a long while. All the bitterness of the time to come I gave him. Only I—I—it seems—now that it is all confirmed—to take the life out of me, so take my life with it. Besides, you have me though you were expectin' him."

"I *did* expect him!" sobbed Mrs. Buswell. "He was going to tell me all about my Will and Jack. Now I must go on and on all alone. I never shall know about him either, how it was, or when. Oh! with his head in the black earth, the fine curly head that I used to kiss after his father died lay here and nestled in my neck! And there's his mother, and she'll be with him, and I'll be left like he might use it and launch when he first opened the door, with its turnover in it, and its bunch of raisins, and its cocoa-nut cake. Oh! but I can't live! can't live down? Oh! the Christmases we used to have, with the little white night-gowns and the bare feet pattering about the floor at daybreak. Oh, they're all gone!—I thought we'd have them over again in Frank's children. But now—" And lying down beside Nelly, and drawing some clothes up over them, Mrs. Buswell lay sighing and complaining, sometimes also praying by turns, till from the exhaustion occasioned by her grief she slept, and Nelly, to whom, in an alarm at the great wide-open eyes she had first administered an opiate, at last slept too.

Perhaps there is nothing in the world like that first awakening after any sudden sorrow. One has the whole blow over again, and that at an instant before the faculties are fully equal to the shock. Nelly did not wake. Mrs. Buswell sat up shivering on the outside of the bed, piled some blankets over her yet unconscious companion, slipped off and away to bathe the fire and be where again she might know the wild abandonment to tears and cries without disturbing any out to be her witness, for with time comes reserve. But by-and-by, when, feeling as if such vehement misery were wrong, she hesitated herself over more about the piece, every thing seemed made to stab her. All the gathered goods in her pantry cruelly smote the good-housewife's soul: there would be plenty of Christmas-leggues though before soon to divide it with; she could send her neighbors, to some neighbors. Joy had come home, some mother whom Heaven had not stripped of every thing, and her heart grew hard and angry. She took her afternoon cup of tea —for Nelly still slept as she had lain down in her clothes on the outside of the bed—and she made a bitter wish her tears. Then with the inflexible instinct of her kind, she swept and scoured all bright and clean again, as if it were necessary for her to outtreat every outside brilliancy with the darkness of her spirit within. There still hung the stocking from the mantel-shelf, filled, as she had left it, with all the reminiscences of his boyhood, filled too with dainty nickknacks of Nelly's needle-work, such things as are never concluded to any one's boyhood's age, but a happy sense of laughing and caressing she had pictured to herself when he should have taken her down and he should be to comment on his awkward knees. Now those dead hands would never lighten it; he had not the heart to take it down herself. Walking to and fro, she went to the window, perhaps attracted by the whistle of the express-train rustling over the valley; all was such clear crystalline weather outside, from such a throne of azure the sun was scattering his golden shafts, such fine and dazzling rays of snow, such white and deep drifts along the fields, all was so pure, so bright, so fresh, and in the midst she glad church bells began to ring out their burden of blessing and rejoicing. Mrs. Buswell turned away and went again into the inner room, and there, as the prayer-book opened her glance, still open as on yesterday, something bent her knee and her spirit, and she kneeled, repeating the words unless her lid unable to see them, for the fast-falling showers of warm tears anew, she found it in her heart at last to thank God with words of her own that she had taken her darling into the folds and trials of earth to Himself.

And as she still knelt there, her head bowed upon the the page, she heard the outer door open and shut with a quick clam. She paid it no attention. Then the handle of the inner door turned, and there was a foot upon the floor. It was some neighbor to see if she wanted a good turn, she said vaguely to herself—but in a moment, as the foot crossed and came nearer—that a neighbor's step? Never! What had happened? Was the earth quaking and shaking and rolling away from under her feet? Had the heavens fallen, and had she caught Frank again, or was it he, the great brown fellow, the stalwart bearded hero of a hundred fights, who had caught her and tossed her in his arms and kissed her face all over from crown to chin as cup-fond as if she were a child and not he? And Mrs. Buswell, all herself again, returned the saucy intruder a round box on the ear for the deep deed, and then, for the first place twenty times to pay for it, so soon as it came her turn for kissing; and as suddenly, to make the round of her admonition complete, burst into tears, such different tears from all the rest she had shed, and wiped them away with his neckcloth, and found something told Frank that mother and son were not alone in the room; he looked anxiously, uncertainly by about; and then the blankets piled above Nelly,



ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND—NASHVILLE AND ITS FORTIFICATIONS.

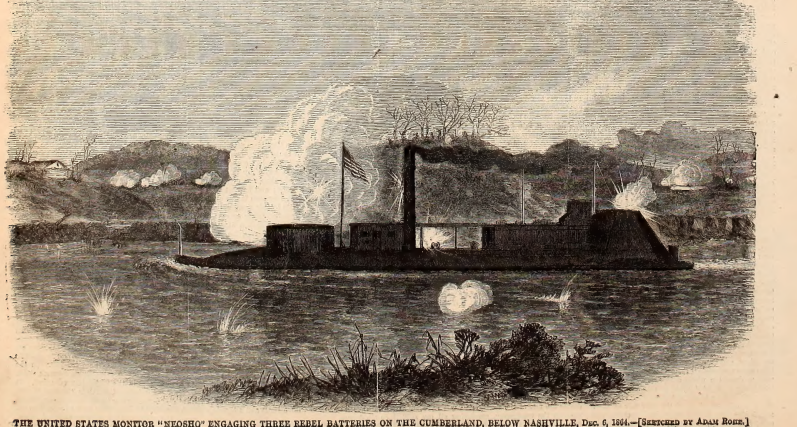
WILSON'S cavalry in the mean while advanced until it rested on the hills six miles from Nashville. A new line was formed, and our forces were ready for the attack on this by 5 P.M. The charge was made in the face of a fire which would have been intolerable if the rebels had not fired too high; but when the works were reached their defenders fled in confusion, leaving their cannon and many prisoners behind them. It was now too late to pursue the advantage. The day's work was over, and THOMAS had to show for it long lines of intrenchments captured from the enemy, sixteen guns, and over a thousand prisoners.

The next day brought still more glorious results. WILSON'S cavalry turned the left of their new line and captured many prisoners. SCHOFIELD carried several hills, capturing six guns and many prisoners. SMITH carried the salient point of the enemy's line, capturing sixteen guns, two Brigadier-Generals, and about two thousand prisoners. This with one of his divisions: the other—GEARY'S—captured the intrenchments in its front, with all the artillery and troops left in them. WOOD, next on the left, took up the assault, carrying intrenchments, with eight guns and six hundred prisoners. In the mean time General R. W. JOHNSON, in cooperation with the gun-boats, drove the rebels from their batteries below Nashville, capturing a large number of prisoners. All day HOOD had been falling back, having during the previous night withdrawn his right and taken up a position covering his line of retreat on Franklin.

On the 17th HOOD was pressed beyond Franklin, where he left behind him 1500 wounded. His front and flanks were infested with perpetual attack. While passing through Franklin KNOPF's cavalry division captured five battle-flags and 250 prisoners. JOHNSON struck his flank beyond Franklin, capturing a large number of prisoners.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

A COMPLETE revolution seems to have taken place in the modes during the past twelvemonth. Such strange and such curious costumes have rarely been seen in so short an interval, during which ladies perfectly *comme il faut* have alternately, not to say sometimes simultaneously, patronized bodices, coats, canes, and coquettes, without, after all, sacrificing any of their personal attractions, which, fortunately, they can not abdicate by any fashion-freak. The latest sign of this closing season of artifice is the open announcement, by the principal



THE UNITED STATES MONITOR "NEOSHO" ENGAGING THREE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE CUMBERLAND, BELOW NASHVILLE, DEC. 6, 1864.—[SKETCHED BY ADAM ROSE.]

PORTER'S FLEET LEAVING FORTRESS MONROE.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 853.]

coiffure, of ringlets at so much per dozen, for wearing under the bonnet or by the side of a bow!

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Walking Dress.*—Gray poplin robe, trimmed on the body and skirt with black dentated velvet and long chenille fringe, disposed in the manner shown in our illustration. The corsage is a basques, and open in front as well as behind. The ceinture, placed underneath, is fastened by two buckles, one in front and the other at the back of the waist. Rose-colored velvet bonnet, ornamented with flowers on one side only; the chemisette depicted in this figure forms at the same time the crown and the bavolet.

Fig. 2. *Ball Dress.*—Robe of white tulle over satin skirt ornamented with a deep ruched flounce. The ruche de bal (so which the name of the Harmonia has been given) is an angle cashmere remedy, embroidered with red cashmere representing branches of coral. The trimming round the edge is composed of black and white velvet balls, from which depends a fringe in white yak. The corbeille is a mixture of gold, red, and white, and is also provided with the wreath-cloth, red and yak fringe.

Fig. 3. *Chevelure Dress.*—Brown velvet robe, buttoning behind throughout. The principal feature of the figure is the Rémonier pelerine. It is velvet, ornamented with passementerie chevelure. The simplicity of this small pelerine renders further explanation unnecessary.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1864.

A PRODIGY.

HAVING carefully examined, ourselves, in all its details, the charming little new TEN Dollar Sewing Machine (the "little Prodigy") that has appeared at the horizon of the thousand and one discoveries of the day, we have come to the conclusion that it is impossible to find a conception, in the realm of mechanical art, so complete, combining so singular a practical utility with a price so very moderate. Usefulness, prettiness, cheapness, all are there, and in a quasi Lilliputian compass; it is the *multum in parvo* of the ancients. At the eve of the holidays it is a good fortune; and exporters have, also, on their side, a favorable opportunity to save in Europe, Havana, and South America, to the purses which unloosen their strings, at the advent of the new year, the articles of their choice.—*Courrier des Etats Unis, Dec.* 13, 1864.

The above little prodigy (the *only perfect* machine of its kind) is for sale at WHEELER & WILSON'S, 237 Broadway, New York (in the store). Sent, packed in a practical box, with all the necessary complements, as well as very FULL PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS, to all parts, on receipt of $10. Address J. P. RICHTER, General Agent, 487 Broadway, New York. (See advertisement of "A Little Prodigy.") Beware of inferior imitations.

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FIRST PREMIUM $5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

! Just out. The FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most wonderful and *elegantly constructed* NOVELTY; it positively sustains in operation; runs the *straight needle*; sews with Donnay & Grover Thread; makes the running stitch *more perfect* and regular than by hand; will *gather, hem, ruffle, blind-stitch, run by braiding, &c.*, &c.; requires no lubrication *or change of stitch; is not liable to get out of order*, and will last a LIFETIME; is in fact a perfect and most useful *Christmas or New Year's Gift for a Lady.* Description of the *Prize.*—At length the declaration so long sought for, combining *usefulness, speed*, and *elegance*, has been gained. The inventor of this compact and beautiful machine will at once command admiration for its *speed, portability, and ease* with which the work is done will make it the FAVORITE with the ladies.—Com. Adv. S. STEPHENS, Jr. P. O. Box 5643. "For the dressmaker it is invaluable, for the household it supplies a want long felt."—*Philad. Ledger Book.* It has a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—N. Y. *Evening Post.* This ingenious and useful machine is *perfect* in its construction, and is now one of the *Lions* of the Philadelphia exhibition. No one will pay $50 or $100 for a sewing machine, when for $5 one can be bought for $5. This wonderful machine was awarded the FIRST PREMIUM by the NEW YORK STATE FAIR, showing its superiority over all competitors. Imitations or *infringements* of this GENUINE ARTICLE are now in the market. Beware of them. Each machine is warranted for seven years, and is put up in a $5 paper case, and is sent by express, C. O. D., subject to examination, on receipt of $5, when it will be sent to any address on receipt of $5. Address, in full, GEM FAMILY SEWING MACHINE CO., 102 NASSAU STREET, New York City.

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On receipt of one pail envelope, with the address written thereon, we send one pair beautiful white or fancy colored GLOVES, free, by return mail, to any soldier in the service, or to his relatives who will forward the Glove and send us the envelope. Address, WEBSTER & CO., No. 160 Bowery, New York.

☞ Country papers please copy, and send bills.

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MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, at direction, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description, viz.:*

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1.00, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1.25, the Elastic Pen; and for $1.50, the Times Pen. These Pens are all numbered, but comprised in sizes to Numbers 5, 6, 7, and 8 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES WITH PENCILS.

For $1.00, the Magic Pen; for $1.25, the Lucky Pen; for $1.50, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1.75, the Elastic Pen; and for $2.25, the Excelsior Pen.

For $2.50, the Unlimited Good-Writing Gold Pen, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast *Six Gold Pens!* Sized from 5 to 8, *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

THE FAMILY PEN AND PENCIL.

The name, "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size only. No. 1 being the smallest, No. 9 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest, adapted to Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Large Gold Pen Nibs are Broad Nibs; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Bunbeu Points. The engravings are fac-similes of the size and points.

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For $1.25 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 2 Pen, 2d quality.

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For $2.00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2.25 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2.50 a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $3.00 a No. 6 Pen, $4.50 a No. 7 Pen; $5.75 a No. 8 Pen; $6.50 a No. 9 Pen; $7.50 a No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

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A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $10 00, if sent to one address at one time, in any case, on $35 50, 59 per cent. on $40 00.

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UTERINE CATHOLICON (Marshall's).
An Infallible Remedy for "Female Weakness," and all Uterine complaints of women.
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